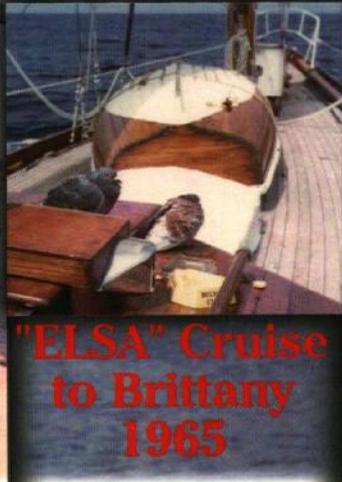
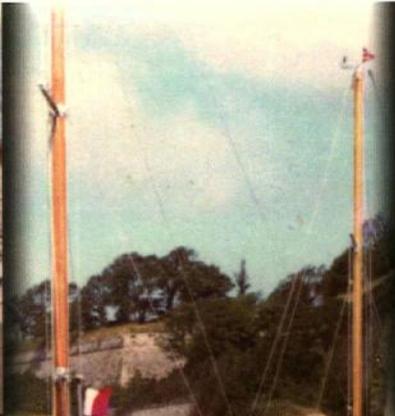




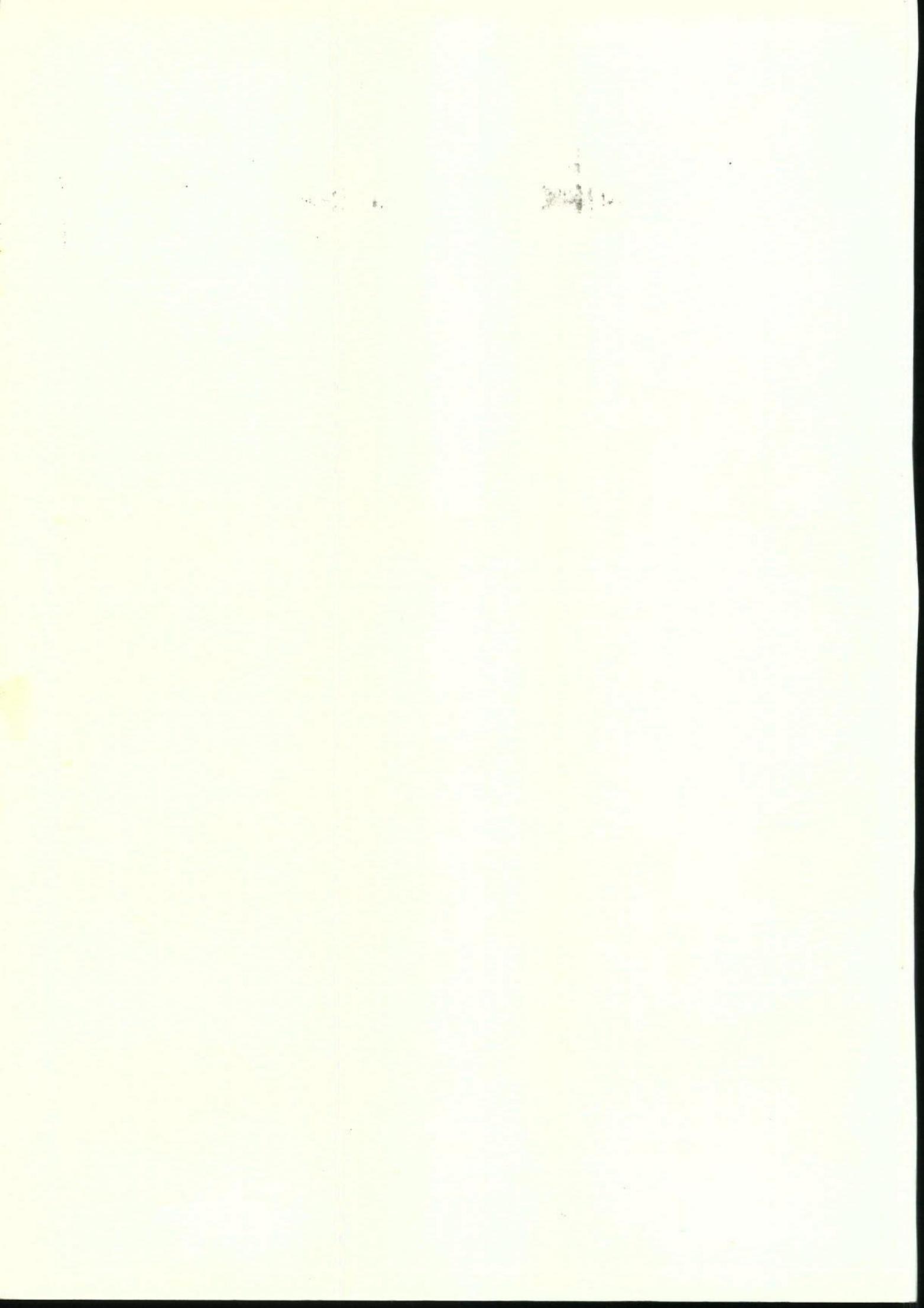
Irish Cruising Club

1995 ANNUAL



**"ELSA" Cruise
to Brittany
1965**





IRISH CRUISING CLUB ANNUAL 1995



High summer at Tory Island, August 5th 1995.

Kevin Dwyer provides us with a colour montage from his photography of thirty years ago taken during "Elsa's" cruise to Brittany that year. Kevin makes reference to the cruise in a Dunn's Ditty at the end of the Annual.

Main Photograph - "Elsa" in Le Palais Harbour, Belle Isle, 8th July 1965.

Top Left - Conor Doyle at the helm off the coast of Brittany with his father Tom Doyle sitting to the right. Standing in the hatch was Jack Kelly know as "the other skipper".

Top Right - Photograph by Conor Doyle of a somewhat younger Kevin Dwyer. Note the Royal Munster Yacht Club Ensign.

Bottom Left - Jack Kelly spotted "Cooleen" at anchor in L'Orient. Jack had worked on her for six years before she departed from Crosshaven in 1945.

Bottom Right - The French sail training schooners "Belle Poulet" and "Etoile" fully dressed in Benodet on Bastille Day 1965.

Hon. Editors Note on cover illustrations.

Kevin Dwyer, in providing us with excellent colour photography over recent years, has established a quality of cover presentation of which we can be proud.

Kevin has asked however that he be allowed, in the context of the Annual, to move sideways – thus making way for other members to have their photographs and illustrations published on the cover.

To Kevin we offer our gratitude.

From our Members, we invite submissions next year.

1994 Annual Front Cover – Trawbreaga Lough (known locally as Strabreagy). The prize winner (a copy of new E&N Directions) drawn from the correct entries – **James R.Nixon**.

PHOTO: *Kevin Dwyer*

Back Cover

Bishop Light. PHOTO: *W.M. Nixon*

ISSN No.: 0791-6132

Submissions for 1996 Annual

To reach the new Honorary Editor, Paddy Barry, 21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin (tel 280 0820) by 15th October 1996 at the latest.



Origination

The 1995 Annual was typeset and pages formatted, including many texts supplied as word processor discs, manuscripts OCR scanned, computer graphics of charts created, all text illustrations scanned and placed by DOTS (Dublin Online Typographic Services Ltd., 3-5 Camden Place Dublin 2. Telephone: 478 4511). Composite colour page film and complete planned imposed litho film output by DOTS.

Printing and Binding

ColourBooks Ltd, 105 Baldoyle Industrial Estate, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. Telephone 8325812.

Irish Cruising Club Annual 1995

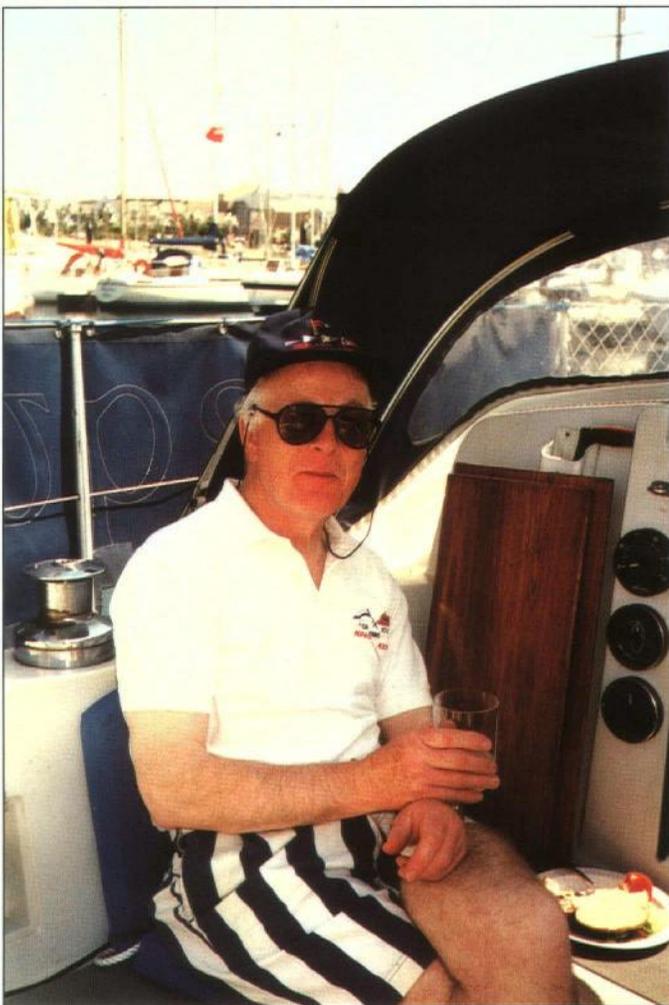
Contents

Honorary Secretary's Report	iv
Honorary Editor's Note	x
Challenge Cup Awards	xi
Index of Cruising Grounds	xiv
95.01 <i>White Shadow's</i> circumnavigation of Ireland	David Nicholson	...	1
95.02 Pepper in Greenland	Peter Killen	...	6
95.03 <i>Elysium</i> visits the Sunny South-East	Bill Rea	...	14
95.04 Turkish Delights	Betty Hegarty	...	20
95.05 <i>Tallulah</i> in the Scottish and Irish isles	Alan Rountree	...	23
95.06 <i>St Patrick</i> in Scotland	Paddy Barry	...	29
95.07 "Ramadan Cruise, Karachi(Pakistan) - Al Hedaydah(Yemen)	Stuart Nairn	...	33
95.08 A return to Shangri-La	Robert Bar	...	41
Daphne French	Appreciation	...	46
95.09 <i>Twayblade</i> 1995	Jonathan Virden	...	47
95.10 Down and back	WM Nixon	...	49
95.11 The Horny Toad vs The Old Speckled Hen in the English Channel	Dick Lovegrove	...	55
95.12 "They don't cheer in Tonga.."	Brian Smullen	...	63
Clew Bay Schooner	66
Maxwell McKeever	Appreciation	...	68
95.13 Parton to the Baltic and Guernsey	Barry Bramwell	...	69
95.14 Azores Regatta	Henry Barnwell	...	73
95.15 Family cruise around Ireland	Cormac McHenry	...	79
95.16 Red Velvet Circumnavigates Highlands and Islands	Paul Butler	...	82
95.17 From West to East — Greece to Turkey	Ann Bunting	...	87
95.18 "Spain, Portugal, Porto Santo and Madeira"	Bernard Corbally	...	91
95.19 <i>Sceolaing</i> to the Channel Islands and northern France	Dermod Ryan	...	99
95.20 A Sentimental journey in Denmark	Paul Østerberg	...	103
95.21 Juno to Galicia	Len Curtin	...	106
95.22 Howth Yacht Club Centenary cruise to sunny Scotland	Geoff Whelan	...	111
95.23 "Gentlemen do not beat to windward"	Donal Walsh	...	115
95.24 Round again (Ireland of course)	WM Nixon	...	119
Dunn's Ditties	127
Photo Competition	135
Molly B – Dublin, China, Vancouver	136
Favourite Places	137
List of Past Officers	138
List of Award Winners	139
List of Members	143
List of Yachts	151

Honorary Secretary's Report

What a glorious summer! For those of us wont to say "when I was a lad the summers were much better", then 1995 was better than the best of them and not only did it start at the end of June, but it continued so far into October that those lifting their boats in that month looked with envy on those lucky enough to have a marina at hand.

But summer did not quite start in time for the event of the year, the Commodore's circumnavigation. Returning from the Azores in May he cleaned ship and promptly set off to meet his members at their home ports. His first port of call was Dunmore East and to get there on the appointed day he had to ride a full gale from Crosshaven. But he was enthusiastically received and the pattern was set up for a most successful first ever round Ireland by a Commodore in office. It is estimated that by the time



The Honorary Secretary gets in some practice for the visit by the Americans and others in 1996.

PHOTO: Fiona McHenry

of the final port of call, Youghal, (where a civic reception was held to mark the occasion) he had met more than three quarters of all the active members. Tralee claim the record, they had 100% of their local membership attend!

It is always difficult for the Commodore and committee to keep in touch with all members spread across the thirty two counties and along two thousand miles of coastline. This was a most imaginative "first" by David Nicholson which seems greatly to have been appreciated by members everywhere. It involved substantial local organisation and the Commodore was delighted by the way in which he was received at his many ports of call.

Going back to the beginning of the year, at the election meeting held in January, all those who had not been elected in 1994 attained membership and their names are recorded below. That is the end, at least for the time being, of the "carry over" and unless your committee decide that it should be instituted again, applicants not elected in future years will be required to reapply if they wish to be considered again. At the meeting held in accord with rule 5.(i), it was decided that the maximum number of applicants who may be elected in 1996 shall be ten.

At the time of writing a very substantial number of applicants are likely to be proposed, so the election meeting next January is again going to be very difficult with many worthy applicants disappointed. It is likely that the committee will tend to favour younger, cruising applicants as there is growing concern at the advancing average age of Club members.

The Annual Dinner was organised by Fred Cudmore on behalf of the southern region and he, by kind permission, invaded the west to hold it in The Brandon Hotel, Tralee, on 18th February. Over 300 attended, composed of 140 members and 170 guests, and with the owner, Tom Clifford in the background keeping a careful eye on arrangements the dinner itself was a great success. Brendan Bradley had been persuaded by the Commodore to give a brief slide show of the '94 Brittany Rally which was an innovation appreciated by many, though some felt it distracted from drinking time. The address by the distinguished guest, our member Cdr Bill King, was nautical in tone, witty and short and judging by the acclamation which followed, just what those present wanted to hear!

For some, the local politicians had caused problems by altering the date of their dinner to clash with ours thus causing some members to be accommodated in the annex. Not normally a problem, except that it was an extremely wet weekend and rubber ducks were not available to ferry the finely dressed attendees across to the ball room.

As the 105 members gathered at the Royal St George Yacht Club on 24th March for the AGM they were concerned to hear that the Commodore had been involved in a car accident on the way to the meeting. Fortunately he was only badly shaken, as was Vice Commodore Brian Hegarty when he was advised at 17.00hr that he was presiding. But the good financial report pre-

sented by the Hon Treasurer helped to set the tone for a positive meeting. Surplus cash had been generated by good sales of the new South & West Sailing Directions, cash which would be largely absorbed by the printing of the next edition of the East & North, due before the end of the year.

The Hon Treasurer said that he did not propose that any defaulting member be read out. His new system for subscriptions was up and running, but there were a number of members with whom he had not yet caught up, due to unrecorded changes of address etc. This, he expected, would be the last year that administration difficulties would prevent reading out of any subscription defaulters.

The incoming committee was elected without opposition and the Vice Commodore then paid tribute to the four committee members standing down. He said Arthur Orr had through years of hard work brought the sailing directions to a level unequalled by world standards. Dermot Ryan while standing down would continue to chair the Publications sub committee. Robert Shanks had served first as Hon Treasurer between 1979 and 1984 and then as a committee member representing the northern region. Frank Larkin had served the west and the Club generally very well over many years, organising two Shannon rallies and at least one Annual Dinner. The Club owed a debt of gratitude to all for their services. He then welcomed back to the committee Liam McGonagle who had escaped for a few years and Jarlath Cunnane from the west and Ronnie Barr from the north, both elected for the first time.

The Vice commodore said that he would not attempt to make the Commodore's address in his absence, but there were a number of matters he would like to comment on.

The Brittany Rally, our first offshore rally had been a great success due entirely, (well almost), to the efforts of Brendan Bradley whose organisation of everything, including the weather, had been impeccable. The Tralee dinner had been a great success in spite of lack of organisation of the weather by the Hon Secretary. The Annual 1994, what could he say about it except that Ronan Beirne had yet again excelled himself and in handing over his editorial quill to Paddy Barry had also handed over a level of expectation for future editions which St Patrick himself will be hard put to emulate. He thanked the Hon Secretary and Hon Treasurer and Malachi O'Gallagher who had already put in much hard work as Hon Compiler of the Sailing Directions.

Under "Any Other Business" James Cahill was called upon to speak to the motion he had tabled concerning the dangers to navigation from overhead power



Donal Brazil and David Nicholson at annual dinner Tralee 1995.

PHOTO: Donal Walsh



Joe Woodward illuminates his gesture at the annual dinner.

PHOTO: Kevin Dwyer



Gerry Sheridan, Jack Gallagher and Donal Brazil at South Coast Rally Youghal 1995.

PHOTO: Donal Walsh

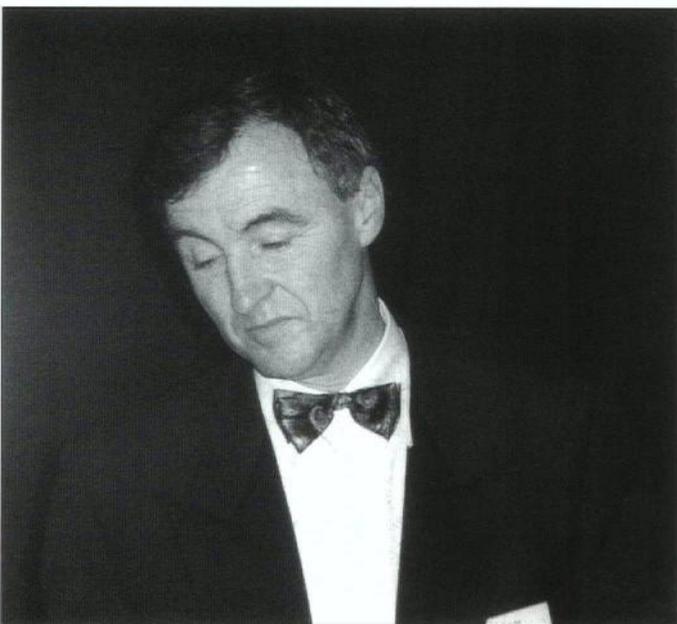
lines. This provoked considerable discussion and sympathy. John Crebbin then spoke from his position as Chairman of the Irish Sailing Association Cruising Sub Committee. He said that the matter of obstructions to navigation had been taken up with the Minister for the Marine and was being pursued by the ISA. MM d'Alton suggested that the Inland Waterways Association should also be involved. The Vice Commodore told the meeting that the committee had decided some time ago that a national matter, such as this, would best be left in the hands of the national authority but we would expect that the ISA would keep us fully informed of their efforts on our behalf.

Ed Wheeler then raised the question of new membership applications and suggested that there was confusion among members as to when or if they could propose candidates. The Vice Commodore strongly refuted that there was any confusion at committee level as to when or how applicants could be proposed. The procedure was clearly set out in the rules which were applied by the Hon Secretary.

The meeting then closed and moved to the presentation of prizes, before which the Hon Secretary read a letter from Wallace Clark in which he offered to present a cup to the Club in memory of his son Miles. This had been gratefully accepted by the committee and it would be presented in accord with the wishes of the Clark family, for the log judged to be of the best literary merit.

For their June Rally, the east region had again decided to go north, to Carlingford Lough. The northern region joined in and in fact the new Vice Commodore Michael O'Farrell, seeing that he lives on the Lough, was allowed to organise the event. The Commodore was attending as part of his circumnavigation and a very large turnout of yachts, 33 in all, stretched the capacity of the marina to its limit. But Pedro berthed all comers, including *Islay* sailed by Bill & Pam Kellett who came over from the US for the rally in 1989 and have been cruising European waters since then. The Commodore's reception was held on the "Creststone", one of the concrete ships built for the first world war and now forming part of the marina breakwater. Her hold has been converted into an excellent reception area, very suited to the event. The meal was then held in the main hotel in Carlingford town and was very satisfactory for those who managed to get seated. The following yachts were noted:

Saki, Alannah, Errislannan, Trilogy, Rionnag, Evolution, Safari, Maximizar, Erquy, Growl Tiger, Two Can, Misty, Caranja, Islay, Elysium, Delphin, Jennifleur, Lindos, Meander,



"Caught napping" Kevin Dwyer at annual dinner Tralee 1995.

PHOTO: Kevin Dwyer

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

Flag Officers and Committee 1995

Commodore	David Nicholson	3rd year
Vice Commodore	Michael O'Farrell	1st year
Rear Commodore	Patrick Walsh	2nd year
Rear Commodore	Liam McGonagle	1st year
Hon Secretary	Cormac McHenry	6th year
Hon Treasurer	Donal Brazil	3rd year
Hon Auditors	T P Glasheen & Co	2nd year

East:

R M Beirne
B Bradley
M O'Gallagher
B Hegarty

North:

C E Ronaldson
M McKee
H P Kennedy
R G M Barr

South:

B O'Callaghan
D J McClement
A Baker
F Cudmore Jnr

West:

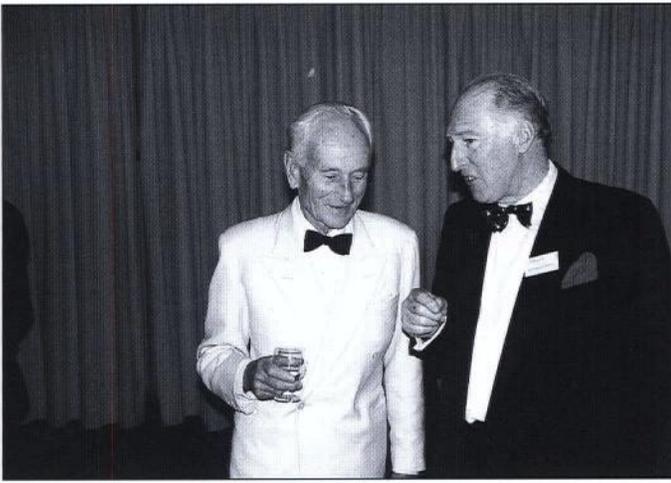
P J F O'Sullivan
J Cunnane

New Members Elected 1995

Pierce Butler	Dublin
Hans Hellstern	Kinsale
Eric Hill	Dublin
Guy Johnston	Dublin
Gerry Sheridan	Waterford
Dermod Lovett	Cork
Alan Rountree	Wicklow
Cyril Kilgrew	Cork

Deceased Members

T P Hogan
Robert Cassidy
Daphne French
Norman Hughes
Alan H Paul
Maxwell McKeever



Bill King and Commodore.

PHOTO: Fiona McHenry



Gerry Sheridan, Olivia Meade and Eamonn Meade at the annual dinner.

PHOTO: Donal Walsh



The Honorary Secretary with his wife Barbara, with Michael and Eileen Coleman at the annual dinner.

PHOTO: Kevin Dwyer



The Commodore, David Nicholson with Wallace Clark at the annual dinner.

PHOTO: Kevin Dwyer

Jabberwok, Lola, Marie Claire, Tudor Rose, Sparkle, Hylasia, Virago of Strangford, Isobel, Scotch Mist, Ocean Dove, Leemara of Howth, Alys, Cama, Cuchulain.

The final committee meeting of the year was held in Kinsale at the end of September. It was a very well attended meeting which, starting at 10.00hr had all committee members on their toes, bright eyed and full of bounce. A major decision was to go ahead with the printing of the new edition of the East & North Sailing Directions with the intention that it would be available for Christmas 1995. Barbara Fox-Mills stands down as Hon Publications Officer. The committee expressed their thanks to her for her work over the years. Arthur now takes over this task.

Arthur Baker, Cruise coordinator, reported on progress for our Rally on the south coast in 1996. This will be a major event. There are already indications of 140 to 150 yachts participating and the total budget now runs to around £30,000. With this level of exposure, the matter of sponsorship had to be considered and there was very serious discussion about all aspects of such a move. Finally, after contributions had been made by all the committee members present, it was decided that we would investigate the securing of acceptable sponsorship for the event with control of the nature and extent of the sponsors publicity remaining in our hands. It was also decided that the event should be budgeted to breakeven and it was noted that if sponsorship was not obtained, a loss of the order of £7,000 could be incurred.

After the meeting, a lunch was held in Kinsale Yacht Club attended by 90 members and guests. A very good meal had members using the excuse of the mist outside not to avail of the eight yachts which Brendan O'Callaghan had lined up for a

gentle cruise to Oysterhaven. Instead, they chose to walk down the marina and visit our sail training vessel "Asgard II" which was in port and which member Capt Tom MacCarthy had invited us to view.

As I write, the Lough Erne Rally is about to take place over the weekend of 21/22 October. Peter Ronaldson has been organising it and the bookings by members are such that he has chartered virtually every available cruiser on the lough at this time. With 25 boats taking part it promises to be another excellent event.

Commodore David Nicholson's three year term of office comes to a close at the AGM next March. He has introduced many new ideas and met most of his members. The level of support for events throughout 1995 shows that he has correctly anticipated the needs of the Club. It was another excellent year.

Cormac P McHenry
Honorary Secretary

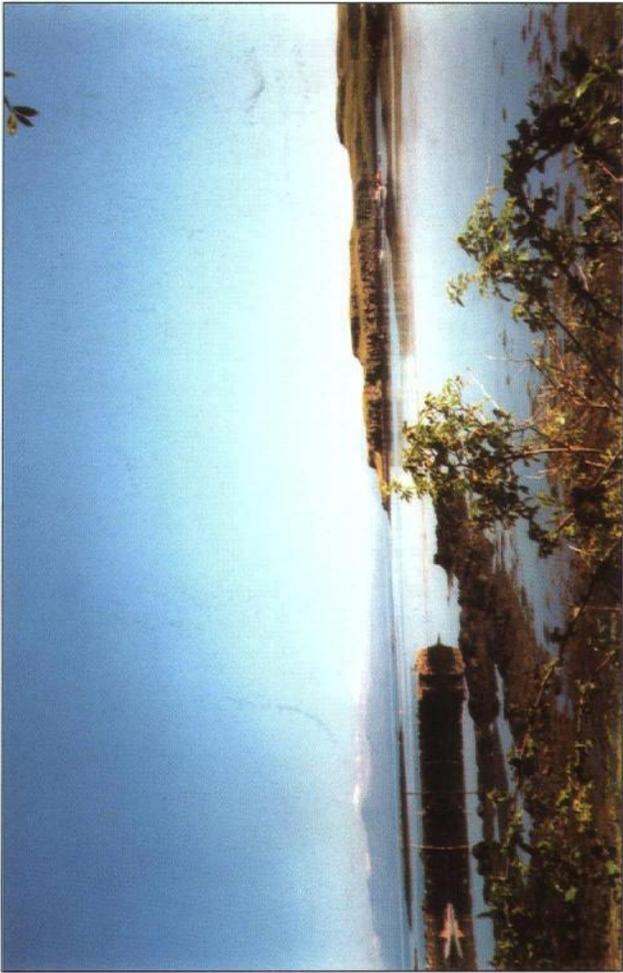


**The John B.
Kearney Cup**

For an outstanding contribution
to Irish sailing.

RONAN BEIRNE

By reason of his sterling service to the Irish Cruising Club and associated outstanding contribution to Irish Sailing, the Commodore has pleasure in awarding the John B. Kearney Cup to Ronan Beirne.

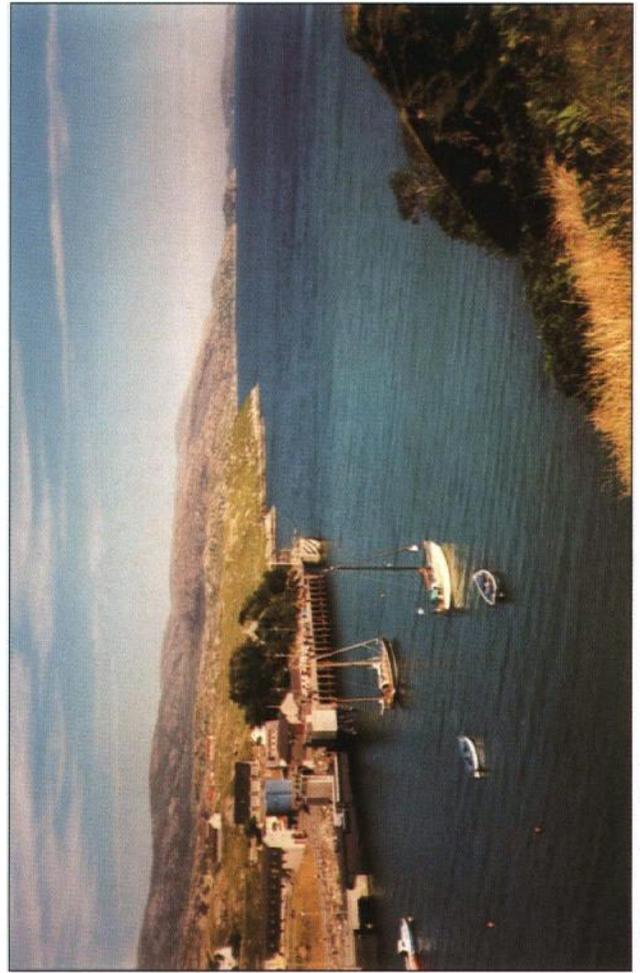


Tallulah anchored at Eigg.

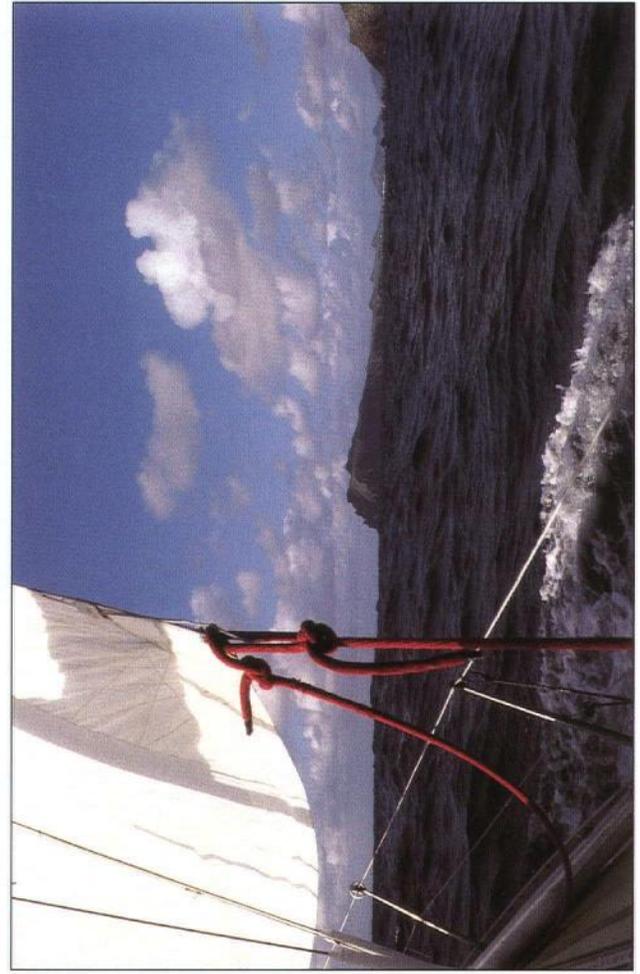


Lady Kate at Ploumanach 1995.

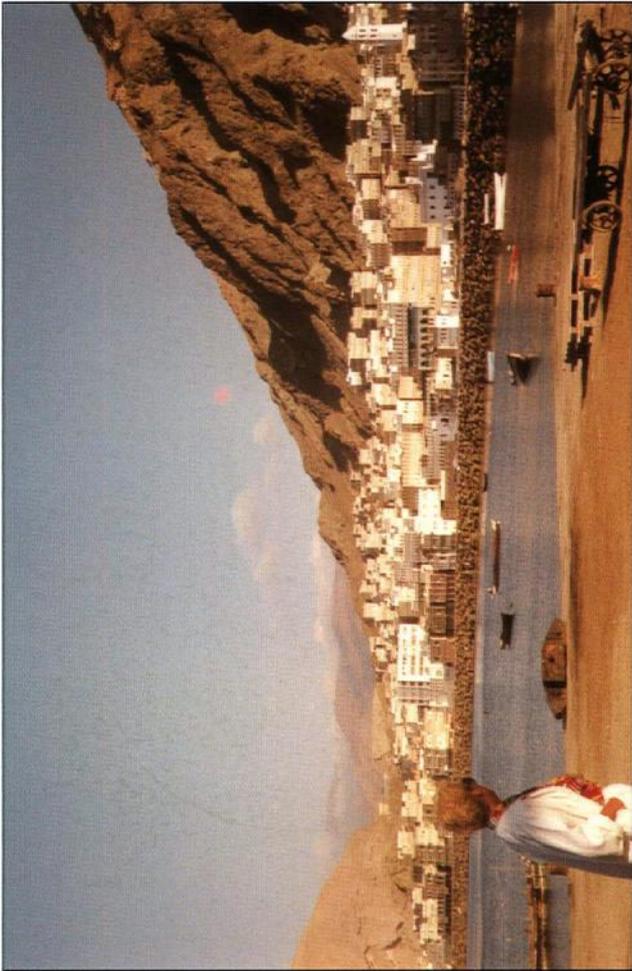
PHOTO: *Mary Walsh*



Tallulah anchored in East Loch Tarbert.



Sybil Head.



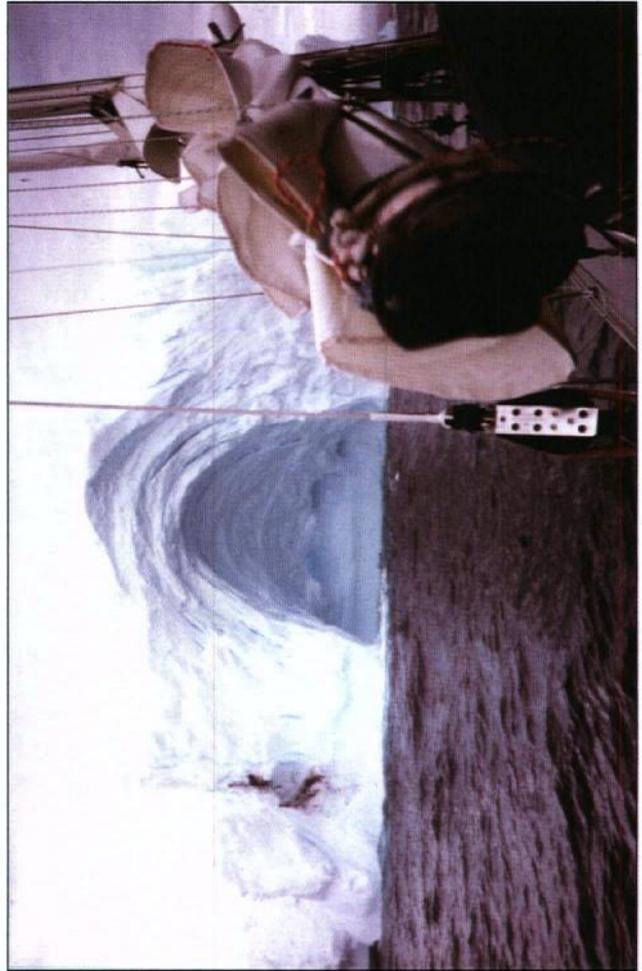
Al-Mukalla – early morning. Anthea looks over the old harbour.

PHOTO: *Stuart Nairn*



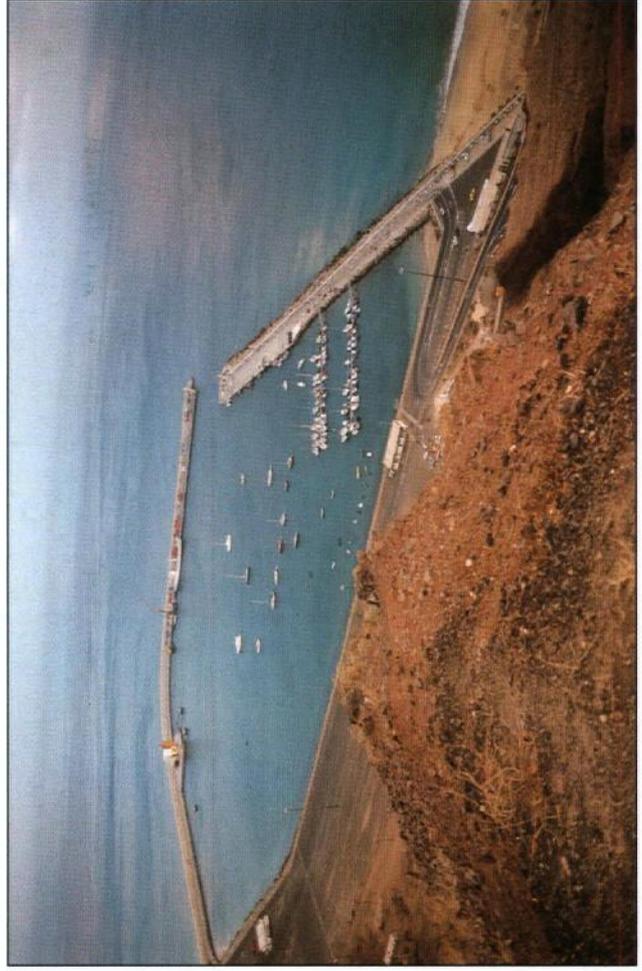
Fabulous beach at Porto Santo (Harbour in background).

PHOTO: *Ann Woulfe Flanagan*



Iceberg off Cape Farewell.

PHOTO: *Andrew Killen*



Porto Santo Harbour and Marina.

PHOTO: *Ann Woulfe Flanagan*

Honorary Editor's Note

As this annual is nearly ready for going to press, I take my pen in hand – or wordprocessor actually. Having been a very happy camper in the Club for the last ten years or so I now at last realise the work being done by so many others to make for this happy state of affairs.

I thank Ronan Beirne for handing me a well oiled machine. During Ronan's time the Annual has been established in this era of high quality and affordable colour. His sunny disposition concealed a granite interior which allowed of no compromise in quality. All I have to do is keep pedalling and everything should roll on.

Without Declan Clancy's technical support I would have sent the Annual back to the Dark Ages. Notwithstanding that this is Declan's nineteenth year in this role, he brings a freshness and enthusiasm rarely to be found in such competent veterans. I am the fourth honorary editor that he has taken under his wing. I thank you Declan for making my initiation so painless.

Even since I so recently rewrote the Yellow Sheet of Notes from the honorary editor, things have moved along technically. Slides and colour photos can now readily be scanned and printed in black and white, so these are now quite acceptable with submissions.

This year the proportion of logs submitted on disc went down. This may have been in deference to the incoming honorary editors bent for the traditional! However let me assure you that you may keep your old typewriters. Unless you are sailing and writing in very deep water indeed, I want all log submissions on disc, with 3 typed copies. So does the Honorary Treasurer. Without your disc, we have to either retype or scan to get onto a disc.

This year, on a members suggestion, I have included a new category on a trial basis – Favourite Places. We'll see how it goes.

For those who think that all logs are written year after year by the same people, I did a count through the Annuals and found that since 1981 we have had logs from one hundred and forty different members.

Finally, I must say that I really enjoyed reading the Logs and Ditties. As I fellow-travelled I felt the pain of "jibs without a clew" and the pleasure of drinks round cabin tables. I know that you will too.

With confidence in the Printer and in Brendan Bradleys distribution system, I wish you a Happy Christmas.

Paddy Barry



Previous Editor Ronan Beirne. His sunny disposition concealed a granite interior!

Challenge Cup Awards 1995

Ronan Beirne

This 1995 annual contains a great harvest of varying logs for which we are most grateful to their authors for recording.

The Commodore's legendary cruise around Ireland incorporating the regional meetings was a great success with some 650 members and friends participating. Scotland was visited by *St Patrick* for an early cruise with plenty of hill climbing. Scotland was also the venue for the Howth Y C centenary cruise on which many ICC members participated. This cruise is well documented by Geoff Whelan.

In the Mediterranean Ann Bunting sailed from near Athens to Istanbul where the Hegartys were also cruising *Oleander of Howth* with many ICC guests.

Denmark was visited by Paul Østerberg visiting the lighthouse where his grandfather was the keeper and Denmark was also the destination for Barry Bramwell in his newly commissioned boat.

The Walsh family of Dungarvan completed an impressive cruise to the Channel Islands via Scilly. The Channel Islands were also the destination for Dermot Ryan and *Sceolaing* on a fifteen day cruise covering some 770 miles.

Stuart Nairn crossed the Arabian sea giving an excellent insight to life on those shores but as Stuart joined a non members yacht this cruise does not qualify for an award.

Jonathan Virden sailed from Cornwall to Howth for the centenary celebration and returned to Cornwall singlehanded.

Galicia this year was a popular destination and Len Curtin gives a good account of a cruise with its share of incidents.

Having gone through the logs I make the following awards:

The Faulkner Cup – Peter Killen for his six week cruise of some 4,000 miles to Greenland in *Black Pepper*. Their courageous visit to the station at Cape Farewell was brave and skillful.

The Strangford Cup – to Bernard Corbally for an extensive cruise to NW Spain, Portugal and on to Madeira. A two month cruise covering some 3,300 miles with seven planned crew changes. Imagine having to join ship in Portugal on your bicycle! Bernard's crew are determined.

The Round Ireland Navigation Cup – to Cormac McHenry for a cruise with various members of his family. While Cormac set off from Dun Laoghaire on the Dingle passage race we all know he was really cruising and merely used this convenient departure date.

The Atlantic Trophy – to Henry and Ivy Barnwell for their cruise to the Azores where they visited all of the islands.

The Wybrant Cup – to Paul Butler for a Whit cruise to the Orkneys covering some 880 miles. The "specialité de la maison" in Tobermory sounds like your only man in preparation for a night passage.

The Fortnight Cup – to Dick Lovegrove who made the opportunity of returning *Hobo* to Dun Laoghaire into a delightful cruise taking in the Channel Islands, West Country and Scilly. A well written log of an adventure with a fair sampling of the local brews.

Glengarriff Trophy – to Bill Rea who provides much useful information on harbours so often passed on passage south. A delightful family cruise.

The Rockabill Trophy – to Brian Smullen. This is the great cruise which can only be achieved with considerable seamanship. Brian makes it all sound so easy.

The Perry Greer Bowl – to Alan Rountree. This is an award for a new author. Alan Rountree sailed from Arklow to Scotland and back around Ireland in a vessel built by himself and crewed by his wife and teenage son. What a great cruise.

The Wild Goose Cup – to Bob Barr. This is a new award presented by Wallace Clark in memory of the late Miles for a log of literary merit. This award goes to Bob Barr who has written of his "gallic enterprise" covering over 1,000 miles visiting many old friends and recorded in a well crafted log.

And finally the log which appeals most to the adjudicator, **The Fingal Cup to Winkie Nixon** for a three week cruise to Galicia, a most enjoyable log capturing the atmosphere on board and ashore in this wonderful destination.

I thank the Commodore for giving me this task which I have very much enjoyed and congratulations to the contributors who take the time to prepare their logs which give the membership such pleasure.

Ronan Beirne

Regional Area Awards:

East: The Donegan Memorial Cup to Barbara Fox – Mills for her hard work for the Club in running the sale of publications so important to the club.

West: Aran Islands Trophy to Paddy O'Sullivan for his ongoing services to the sport of sailing and his outstanding to the development of maritime facilities and to all ICC activities on the South west coast.

North: The Wright Salver to Adrian Spence for cruising his ancient Bristol Channel pilot cutter *Madcap* to Galicia.

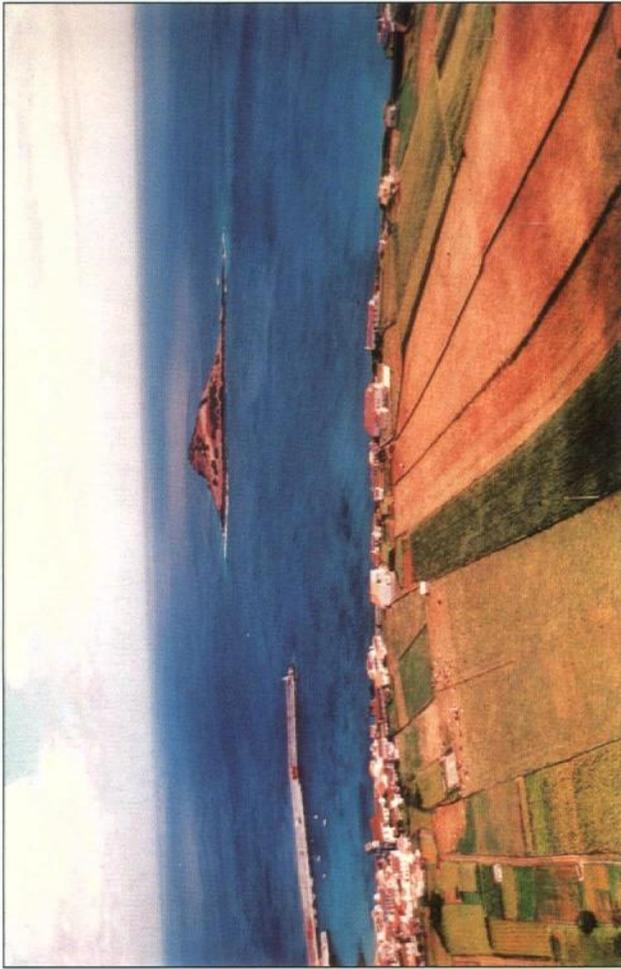
South: The Waterford Harbour Cup to Arthur Baker for his time consuming preparations for the forthcoming rally.

The Gull Salver for distinction in an international sailing event by a member sailing his own boat – Donal Morrissey for his success with *Jogger* in the Fastnet race.

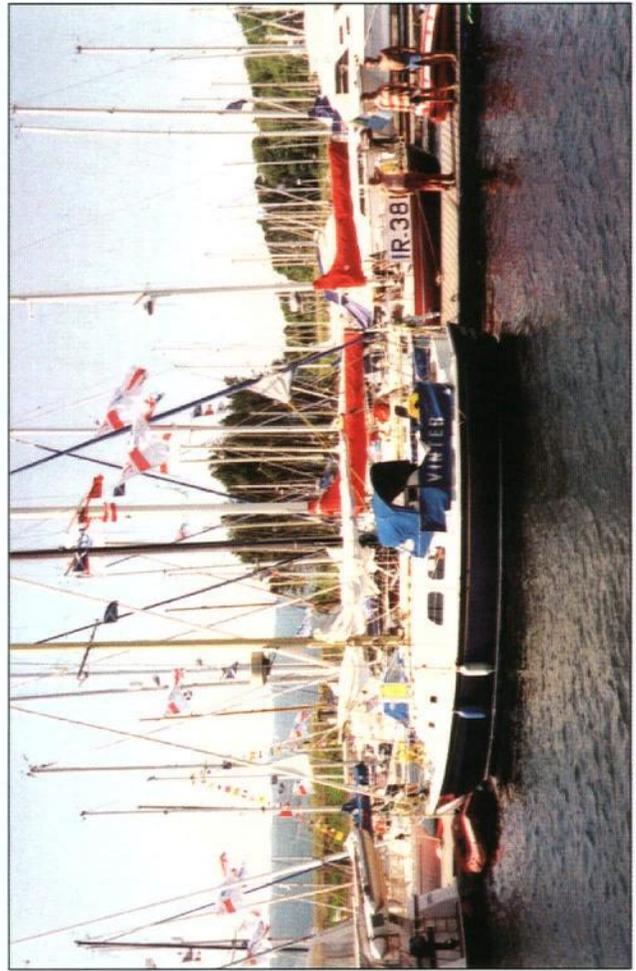


Sound of Jura, Shervuile Light.

PHOTO: Paul Butler

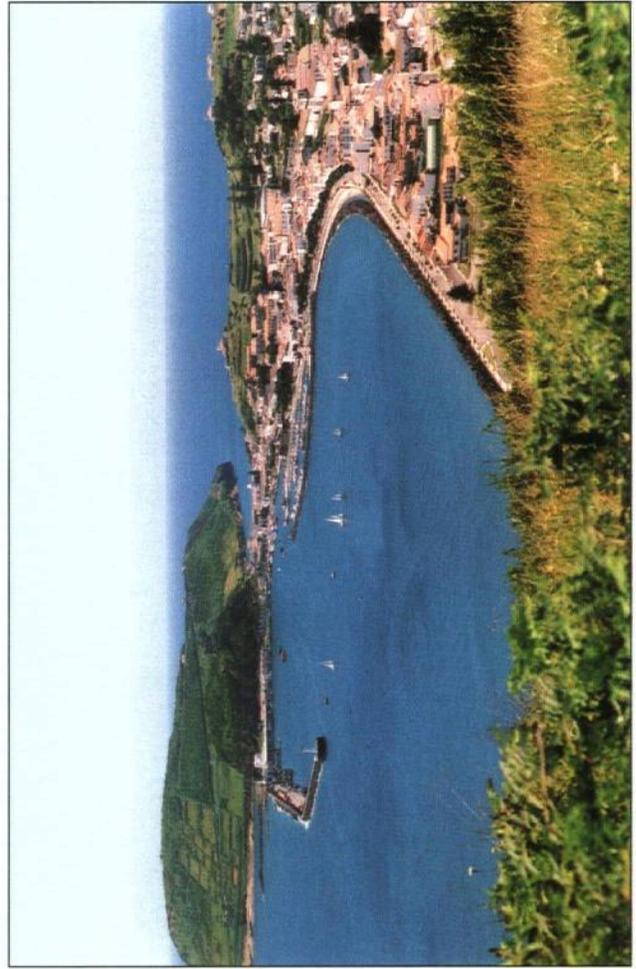


The exposed anchorage Vill Da Praia on Graciosa. Severe rolls develop in winds from S to S E.



HYC Centenary cruise to Scotland, with Brennie Conon's *Vinter* and Otto Glaser's *Tritsch-Tritsch IV* on the marina an Inverkip.

PHOTO: Cyril Geran



Horta Harbour looking due west. The marina with lights is in centre, with deep all round approach.

PHOTO: Henry Barnwell



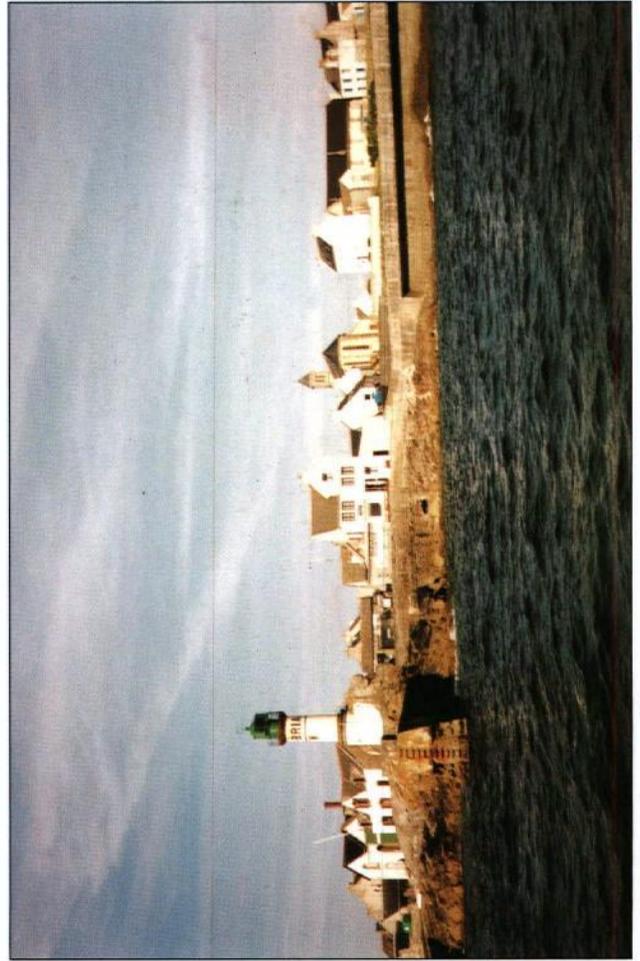
The skipper in Shangri-La.

PHOTO: R Barr (Jnr.)



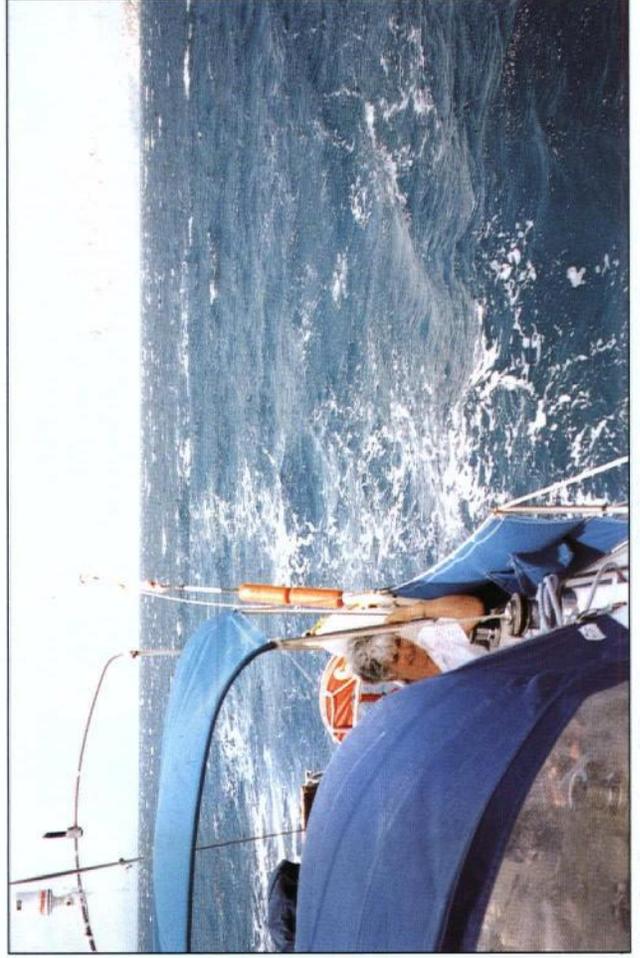
Malinbeg.

PHOTO: W Nixon



Men Brial Lighthouse at Seine.

PHOTO: P Barr



Ann Bunting on board *Faustina* on passage in Turkey.

Index of Cruising Grounds

Reference numbers: The first two digits of the reference number refer to the year of publication while the latter digits refer to the log number in the Table of Contents of that year's annual: eg 87.11 – Annual of 1987, Log no. 11

Aleutian Islands	93.04
America – North	87.11, 88.16, 89.18, 90.02, 92.01, 92.06, 92.22
America – South	87.02, 88.14, 88.16, 94.21
Antarctica	87.02
Arctic	89.02, 90.04, 92.20, 94.06
Atlantic Crossing	87.03, 88.16, 89.07, 90.10, 92.01, 92.03, 92.04, 93.01, 93.02
Atlantic Islands	87.03, 87.08, 87.19, 88.16, 89.10, 89.05, 89.07, 90.07, 90.10, 90.20, 91.19, 91.13, 92.05, 92.11, 93.02, 93.13, 93.15, 94.11, 94.13, 95.14, 95.18
Australia	88.13
Baltic	90.08, 91.22, 92.13
Brittany	87.16, 87.17, 88.05, 88.06, 88.07, 88.18, 88.19, 89.11, 90.03, 90.09, 90.12, 90.17, 91.15, 91.18, 91.08, 91.21, 91.06, 92.07, 92.17, 92.23, 92.25, 93.12, 93.19, 93.22, 94.20, 94.18, 94.01, 94.16
Caribbean	87.03, 87.21, 87.23, 88.11, 88.14, 89.19, 89.07, 90.02, 90.05, 90.06, 90.10, 90.12, 93.02, 94.03, 95.08
Channel Islands	89.15, 90.22, 94.20, 95.19, 95.23
Chile	88.02
Clyde	91.11, 95.21
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, 94.12, 94.25, 94.17, 95.11
Faeroe Islands	93.06
Falkland Islands	87.09
Greenland	92.01, 93.01, 95.02
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, 94.12
Iceland	91.13, 93.18, 94.06
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, 94.02, 94.14, 94.07, 94.10, 95.01, 95.05, 95.15, 95.24
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, 94.07, 94.09
Irish Sea	87.14, 87.24, 87.26, 88.03, 88.21, 92.09, 92.18, 93.14, 94.25, 94.16, 95.03
Mediterranean – East	87.10, 87.20, 90.14, 91.04, 91.24, 93.08, 93.09, 95.04, 95.16
Mediterranean – West	87.18, 88.08, 88.10, 89.08, 98.12, 91.04, 91.02, 92.16, 93.08, 93.09, 94.07, 94.15
Normandy	90.16, 94.17
Norway	93.08, 94.08, 94.06
Orkney Islands	87.05, 87.06, 90.13, 91.14, 93.07
Pacific	93.21, 94.05
Portugal	89.06, 90.07, 94.04, 94.23
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, 95.17
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, 94.10, 94.22, 95.06
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, 95.10, 95.22
Venezuela	88.14, 88.16, 90.19, 94.03
World Cruising	91.03, 92.10, 94.24, 95.07, 95.12

White Shadow's Circumnavigation of Ireland

David Nicholson

White Shadow had wintered in Horta and we had a short holiday there in April/May cruising among the lovely unspoilt islands. Graciosa was our favourite spot. Then we set sail for Kinsale via the North West Coast of Spain which took us just over three weeks. So after four years of ownership and some 16,000 nautical miles *White Shadow* was as last home in Irish Waters.

Ten days after our arrival I was due to set off on my trip around Ireland and Rob d'Alton, who had kindly agreed to come with me, was waiting to join the ship. The arrangements were all in place thanks to ICC members at each port of call. The purpose of this trip was to meet as many of the members in their own locality - and at the same time to cruise the coasts I had not yet visited. Putting together this journey meant fitting in with our Regional rallies and visiting Yacht Clubs when they were not involved in any other activity. Eventually, arrangements crystallised, though it was a tight schedule.

The Kinsale party was the first of many, and Keith Hunt had gathered a good crowd of members and friends who were entertained aboard and on the pontoon. The following evening Stuart Nairn had organised the upstairs room for us in the Royal Cork Yacht Club where a good party developed. Early on Saturday morning we set sail with Gerald Allen for Dunmore East, and with rising winds astern, were soon bowling along. *White Shadow* loves these conditions. During our recent Atlantic crossing we had not experienced a full gale but before we reached Dunmore East the wind instrument was showing a steady fifty knots and gusting to sixty knots over the last ten nautical miles.

Gerry Sheridan and Donal Brazil had everything organised for us. The welcome extended to us and the excellent lunch they treated us to in the Yacht Club, was a very special part of the overall trip.

By Monday the winds had passed through, and by Tuesday afternoon we had reached Dun Laoghaire. The Royal St. George Yacht Club had reserved a berth for us on the boarding pontoon and, with the very willing taxi service of Leo Conway and Brendan Bradley's organising expertise, everything fell into place. Over one hundred members and friends joined us. Commodore Bruce Lyster invited the crew of *White Shadow* to dinner along with the Commodores of all the other Dun Laoghaire Yacht Clubs.

When we arrived at Howth Yacht Club on Tuesday, party number five was ready and waiting to begin, as Barbara Fox-Mills had rounded up the locals. It had been great to meet so many members at these events and each port had its own atmosphere. Barbara's wonderful supper later on was equalled by the magnificent show of azaleas. What a sight!

My old friend Gordon Hunter and Gordon Gill joined us after Gerald had returned to Cork, for the next leg of the journey to Carlingford, where we were to join in the North and East Coast Rally.

There was a huge turnout of boats and members. Vice Commodore Michael O'Farrell laid on drinks in the hold of the old barge which forms part of the protection to the Marina - an ideal place and a really great weekend.

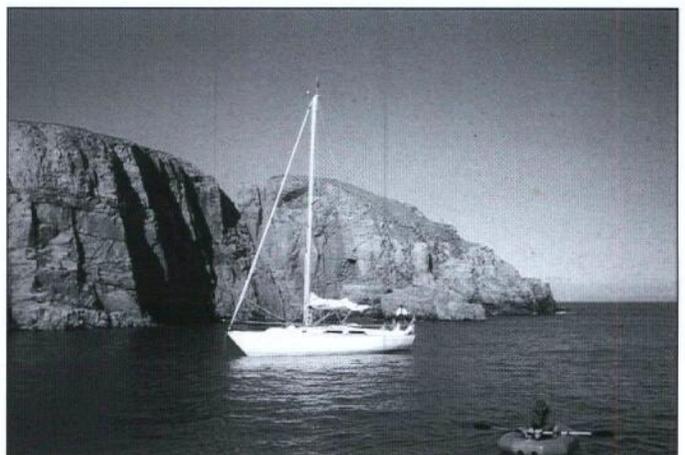
Michael McKee was awaiting us when we arrived in Bangor and had arranged a berth for us with space for Peter Ronaldson and Michael to bring their boats alongside - thus creating more space to host the big numbers.

We enjoyed all the facilities of Bangor and its excellent Marina. The hospitality of Michael, Peter and others was so good that, after a most successful party on *White Shadow*, we got harbour fever for a week! This was partly due to strong northerly winds and partly due to World Cup Rugby and European Championship soccer matches!



Stuart Nairn rows the Commodore and Joan round Ireland '95

PHOTO: K Dwyer



White Shadow anchored off Tory Island

PHOTO: K Dwyer



North and East Coast Rally, Carrickfergus marina, Carlingford

PHOTO: Rob d'Alton



Fastnet Rock

PHOTO: Rob d'Alton



Reception at Dunmore East

PHOTO: Rob d'Alton

Our new crew, Michael O'Farrell and Brendan Bradley, joined for the trip to Inisbofin. My original plan to take ten days cruising the North and North West and to visit harbours which were new to me, was cut to a swift journey of four days. None the less, the wind was free and the sun shone and we did visit Greencastle, Tory Island and Frenchport on the way.

The night in Tory Island was, for all of us, a magic experience. We walked across the island, met the local fishermen and in the peace of a beautiful June evening heard the corncrake. Altogether, something not to be forgotten.

Rear Commodore Paddy Walsh, aboard *Jillianna* was in Inisbofin to welcome us, along with David Fitzgerald on *White Heather* and Arve Osmundsvag on *Skarv av Stad* and Joan arrived by ferry to sail with us south to Fenit. Friday turned out to be wet and windy as the tail of a south westerly gale roared past, so it was Saturday before we set sail for Roundstone. We had a most enjoyable party alongside the quay wall, followed by a Rally dinner with music led by Paddy and Mary Barry who were down from Dublin for the weekend. After twenty four hours of continuous rain next day, we set off for Kilrush on Tuesday.



David Nicholson, Capt. Tom McCarthy, Conon O'Donovan

Twelve hours of motor sailing took us to the lock entrance after meeting the welcoming committee of bottlenosed dolphins and basking sharks. We passed through the lock without any difficulty and into the very peaceful marina. The following day was spent swimming and exploring the local countryside. Frank and Caroline Larkin arrived with friends and the ninth party got underway! What a wonderful way to spend the longest day of the year.

The bird life on this coast is quite different to that on the South Coast. We saw numerous guillemots, razorbills and puffins lazily getting out of the way of our travelling boat. Off Loop Head they were in their hundreds – a most dramatic scene.

Fenit, our next stop, was reached at 1730 hours on Thursday, June 22nd where we tied alongside the pier and welcomed our guests down a ladder. Paddy O'Sullivan, who has control over everything local, including the elements, had arranged that the tide would flood, so that all could, more or less, step ashore when the party was over!

Thanks to the kindness of the Commodore of the Tralee Sailing Club, Liam Freeman, we were guests in their upstairs room. This was the first occasion this room had been used and



At a reception in the Town Hall hosted by Youghal District Council for the Commodores visit, plans for the development of the port are introduced to the Commodore, Joan Nicholson and James Villiers-Stuart

PHOTO: K Dwyer

White Shadow

1 9 9 5





South Coast Rally. Jack Gallagher, David Nicholson, Hanet Navin at Ahernes, Youghal

PHOTO: Joan Nicholson

PORTS VISITED

(P = Party R = Rally)

Kinsale	P	Fenit	P
Crosshaven	P	Brandon	
Dunmore East	P	Dingle	
Arklow		Castletownbere	
Dun Laoghaire	P	Crookhaven	
Howth	P	Schull	P
Carrickfergus	PR	Cape Clear	
Bangor	P	Castletownsend	
Greencastle		Kinsale	
Tory Island		Crosshaven	
Frenchport		Ardmore	
Inishbofin	R	Youghal	PR
Roundstone	PR	Ballycotton	
Kilrush	P		

the evening the tide was rising so, once again, we tied alongside the quay wall. Brendan O'Callaghan and James Villiers-Stuart made sure the evening was a success. This was the twelfth and final party on board *White Shadow* and we enjoyed the company of many members and visitors until the rising tide brought us up to the level of the quay.

Dinner at Ahernes was a fitting end to the day.

Next morning all the boats took leave of Youghal and some called to Ballycotton for lunch en route to Cork.

It was a great pleasure to welcome over 650 members and friends to our twelve functions around the country. This included 200 members which, allowing for those living abroad, represented at least half the Club.

Many thanks to those whose active involvement ensured a warm welcome at each venue.

**Commodore's Circumnavigation of Ireland
White Shadow Party Venues**

Date	Port	Location	Numbers Attending	Organiser
May				
Thurs. 25th	Kinsale	KYC Marina	40	Keith Hunt
Fri 26th	Crosshaven	RCYC	50	Stuart Nairn
Sun 28th	Dunmore East	Harbour	40	Donal Brazil/Gerry Sheridan
Wed. 31st	Dun Laoghaire	R.St.George Y.C.	100+	Brendan Bradley/Leo Conway
June				
Thurs. 1st	Howth	Howth Y.C.		Liam McGonagle Barbara Fox-Mills
Sat. 3rd	N/East Coast Rally	Carrickfergus Marina	170+	Michael O'Farrell
Tues 7th	Bangor	Royal Ulster Marina	40	Michael McKee
Sat. 17th	West Coast Rally	Roundstone	30	Paddy Walsh
Wed. 21st	Kilrush	Kilrush Marina	10	Frank Larkin
Thurs. 22nd	Fenit	Quay Wall	20	Paddy O'Sullivan
Tues 27th	Schull	Harbour	20	Derek Harte
July				
Sat 1st	South Coast Rally	Quay Wall, Youghal	50	Brendan O'Callaghan/ James Villiers-Stuart
			610	

we appreciated being part of its opening event.

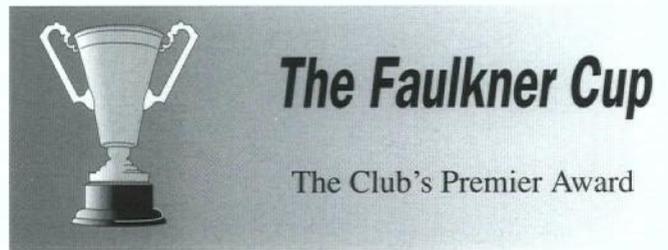
At this point Joan and I left *White Shadow* to attend the 275th celebrations in the Royal Cork Yacht Club. We rejoined the boat again when she arrived in Schull and here Derek Harte made sure our party went with a swing. Many friends enjoyed a drink on board while we were tied up at the pier.

On our way to the South Coast Rally in Youghal, which ended the circumnavigation for *White Shadow*, we briefly visited Cape Clear, Castletownsend, Kinsale and Crosshaven and had a short, unpleasant rolly night anchored off the pier in Ardmore.

Saturday July 1st. Boats taking part in the rally were arriving during the morning and anchored in the river. Conditions were very windy and the river was very choppy. The civic reception given by the Mayor was a unique occasion which was enjoyed by all. In

Pepper in Greenland

Peter Killen



The idea of sailing to Greenland first crossed my mind during our trip around Iceland in 1993 in my previous boat named *Cilla* (now renamed *Pen Men* and owned by Bobby Barr). I mentioned the idea to both Paddy Barry and John Gore Grimes, and they enthusiastically recommended the trip and suggested we try the West Coast since the majority of the population reside along that coast and also ice conditions are not as severe on that side of Greenland.

Next was the organising of a crew. We needed a maximum of six people to crew the boat, preferably without crew changes during the trip. This meant that the crew had to be available for a six week period. Ultimately, we ended up with Robert Barker (who had been on the Iceland trip), his wife Pat, their son Russell aged 20, Joe Phelan, who has spend the last millennium racing off-shore and decided to try cruising for a change, and my son Andrew aged 18. We spent the winter of 1994/1995 refitting the boat, and also preparing the passage plan having borrowed lots of charts and notes from both Paddy Barry and John Gore Grimes.

The work was divided among the crew as follows:-

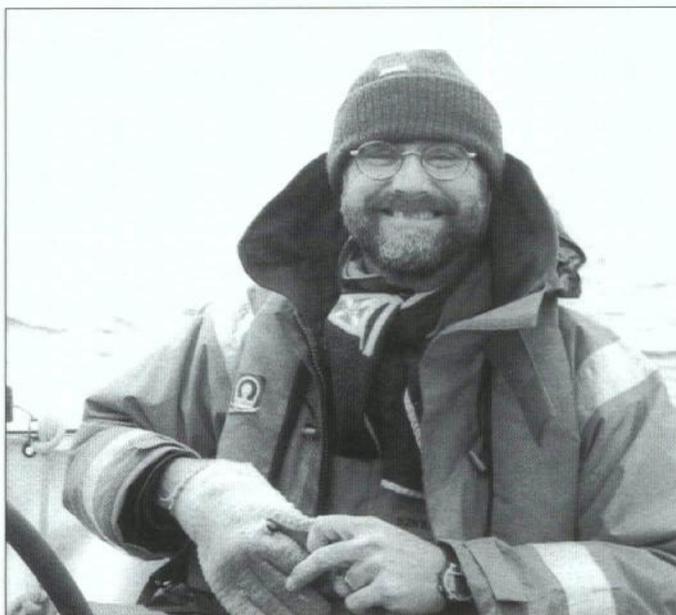
Pat Barker Communications, Stores and preparing a medical kit.

Robert Barker Engine Maintenance and electrics.

Joe Phelan Navigation and passage planning.

We also installed an SSB Radio, radar and Monitor self steering gear.

Finally, everything was ready, the boat was stored, and we had a drinks party on *Black Pepper* on the Friday evening of the 14th July, 1995.

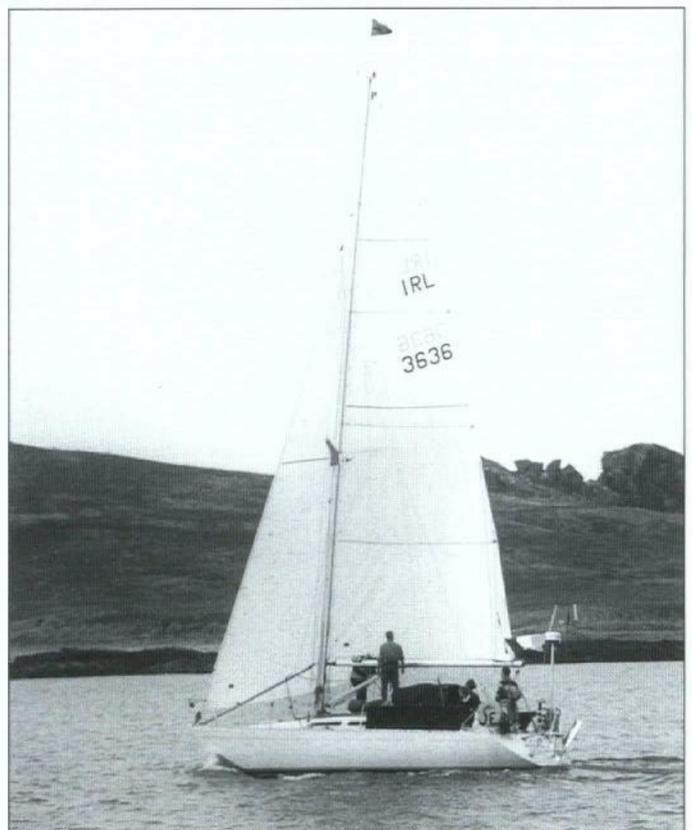


Peter Killen.

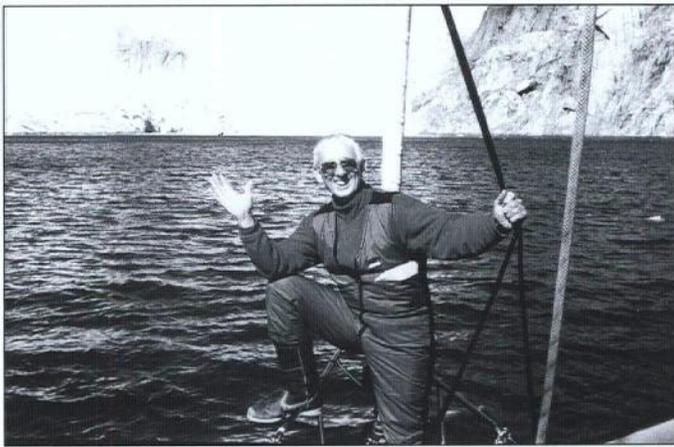
Black Pepper is a Sigma 36 designed by Dave Thomas. She is a competitive boat to race and at the same time is a fast and very seaworthy cruising boat, weighing 6 tons and has 8 berths in all.

On Saturday evening 15th July at 18.00 hrs David Lovegrove, who is Howth Yacht Club Commodore, fired two guns and we departed the harbour accompanied by Robert & Rose Michael on their boat, *Mystique of Malahide*, loaded with family and friends. She turned back at Ireland's Eye, and as we set the sails and the self steering the penny dropped that we were finally safely on our way in one very heavily loaded boat!

The trip up the Irish Sea and across the Atlantic to Cape Farewell passed without event. We had several days of winds swinging from East North East to South South West and finally ending up as a North Westerly gale for a two day period. On balance, however, we never found conditions too onerous and the boat behaved admirably. The only incident of note on the way over was a gigantic herd of pilot whales which crossed our stern early one morning. This was a truly impressive sight as they rolled and passed us lazily in huge



Black Pepper leaving Howth.



Joe posing in front of a glacier.

numbers. Looking back on the horizon we could see their black fins as far as the eye could see. We were mesmerised, and stood in the cockpit for well over an hour just staring. At another point a Spinnaker halliard got jammed in the head of the jib furling gear. By a vote of 5/1 it was agreed that Andy would go up the mast and sort it out – which he did, but only after one hour's hard work. The next occasion was when one of the battens in our fully battened main, above the cross trees, popped out at the inner end. This time Russell was dispatched up and again the problem was resolved.

On Wednesday 26th July, 11 days out, we had 99 miles to go to Cape Farewell. Despite that fact that it was a very bumpy run at this point, gin and lime was knocked back in fine style all round as we trucked along in South Westerly winds of about 26 knots.

The next morning, Thursday 27th July, at 6 am, we spotted our first iceberg on the radar, and soon after, at about 8 am, we were spotting our first Bergy bits through the fog. We sailed to within 8 miles of Cape Farewell without spotting land, but gradually the ice grew thicker and thicker until finally we found ourselves right into the icepack. It was impossible to move north any further. What had actually happened was that we had sailed up the inside of the icepack, which was stretching in a semi-circle from north of the Islands which are due West of Nanortalik, and out, southwards as far down as the Cape. It was impossible to get into Nanortalik, but we did try all day to make our way through various leads in the icepack in a northerly direction. Finally we gave up and had to drop back southwards and scout around the edge of the pack and into clear water once more. We really enjoyed the day, since despite the fact that the shore was covered in mist, the sun came out and the icebergs and icepack looked absolutely magical all around us. We stared in wonder at the different



Pat Barker.



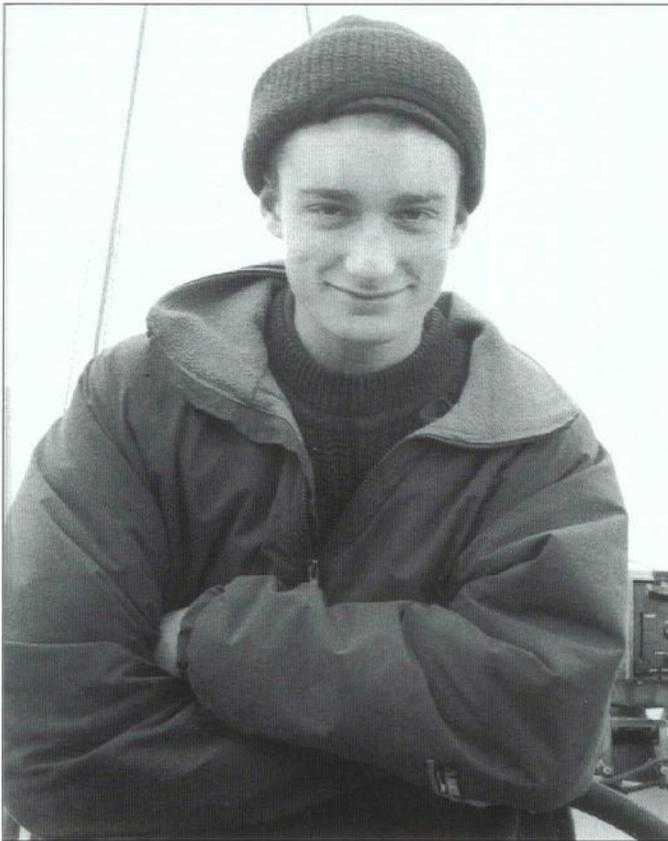
Rob Barker.

coloured ice in the icebergs and ice floes around us, many of which were dotted with seals and birds.

On up the coast we headed, and the next day we were in a strong Northwesterly wind gusting over 20 knots. The seas were extremely confused, and given the fact that the wind was onshore, we spent most of the night and the early part of the day beating out to sea, to ensure we cleared the pack ice. From radio reports which we had, we felt that we might have had to sail as far as Arsuuk, before we would be able to land. Finally by about 11 am on Friday 28th the wind was gusting North North West at 25 knots. Everybody was tired, the boat was slamming as we tried to beat into the wind, and it became obvious that little, if any, progress in the right direction was going to be made in these weather conditions. We, therefore, heaved to in dense fog waiting for the weather conditions to ease.

Towards the end of the period, Pat Barker, who had been trying to make contact with Qaqortoq Radio (Julianehaab), had the good fortune to be overheard by the pilot of the ice patrol plane which called us back on channel 16 of our V.H.F. Radio from right overhead, to say he had us on his radar. He told us that the ice across the entrance to Qaqortoq was breaking up, and he thought it would be possible for us to get in there. This was fantastic news, since it meant we could crack sheets and head straight for the entrance which at that point was about 30 miles due East. Off we went at a spanking pace, keeping a very close eye on radar. As we approached land the mist cleared, the sun came out, and by then we were on a high. We motor sailed up the Fjord, through bergs and bergy bits and jumbled ice floes. The scenery was magnificent and as dusk fell we could see the twinkling lights of Qaqortoq nestling in the hills five miles up the fjord. Finally, just as we arrived at the harbour entrance about 1 am on Saturday 29th July, the Aurora Borealis spread across the sky in a gigantic firework display. We were enthralled and watched it for the 20 minutes it lasted. We tied up at the pier, had hot whiskies all round and a long sleep.

Next morning first on the agenda was the local seaman's mission, where we had much needed showers and breakfast. Next we contacted the customs and police and while waiting for them had a quick walk around the town, which was very neat and attractive, surrounded by stunning mountainous scenery. The customs and police men were extremely friendly and efficient, and in no time at all we were cleared for entry without any bonded stores being sealed. Shortly afterwards the pilot of the twin otter aircraft arrived at the pier (we had invited him on board for a drink during our radio conversation with him the previous day). Regrettably he could not drink that day as he was on helicopter duty. He supplied us with up to date weather and ice information and disappeared off with a heartfelt thanks and a bottle of Jameson. Next up to the Qaqortoq Hotel, which had spectacular views over the fjord,



Andy Killen.



Russell Barker.

for sandwiches and drinks, and later that night we had dinner there, which was superb. Dinner consisted on a choice of Reindeer, Musk Ox, Whale, or Raisingbill. They all tasted equally delicious, and following a marvellous meal we helped the resident band out with a couple of Irish numbers, which certainly enlivened a slightly staid atmosphere, before finally heading back to bed, and more hot whiskies.

The next morning we fuelled and watered the boat and then headed up the Qaqortoq fjord, to Haviseq, to see the 10th century ruins of Eric The Red's long house, and the church which had been built there. The scenery was magnificent and the day beautifully warm. It was like a day along the coast of Turkey with ice !

During the trip up the fjord I managed to hit the only growler within a three mile radius of us, but luckily no damage was done. The next morning, Monday 31st July at 11.30 am we left Qaqortoq bound for Nuuk (Godthab). An Easterly gale was forecast and the barometer was dropping. As we cleared Qaqortoq Bay we had to make a very big detour to avoid a very large area of pack ice. We had a lovely motor sail up the coast, the promised gale still not being evidenced. The visibility as we came abeam of Cape Desolation was excellent, and the sky over the mountains was spectacular. The scenery was magnificent and the jagged rocks offshore concentrated the mind powerfully. The very name of the Cape would strike a chill through ones bones, and certainly one would need to give this Cape a very wide berth in heavy weather. During the night as we motor sailed on up the coast, a Greenland Command Boat, which we at first thought was a fishing boat, altered course and came over to us and having examined us without comment, turned away and resumed her course.

The calm weather held until early Tuesday. We had good visibility, magnificent scenery and good progress was being made. Gale warnings continued to pour in, and finally by about midday the wind picked up from the South West quickly increasing to 25 knots. We boomed out our jib, dropped our

main and were soon running at 7/8 knots straight down wind. During the afternoon the wind continued to swing to the South East as the barometer climbed, and by midnight we were in 30 to 40 knots of wind in very rough conditions. In general terms we found the Davis Straight to have very confused seas. I think it was a combination of the North going current which runs up along the West Coast of Greenland allied to the tidal streams and the winds blowing from the West. The seas which were kicked up could be quite vicious and certainly slowed down progress.

Wednesday 2nd August, - Surfing very fast under a poled out, half rolled no. 4 jib, with very poor visibility. Winds were blowing from a South Easterly Direction and by the time we arrived off the entrance of the Nuuk fjord, the gusts had increased to over 50 knots. Luckily the wind was still abaft the beam and at this point we were surfing at 12 knots down the waves with a storm sized furled jib. We called up Nuuk Radio to find out what conditions within the Fjord were like, and Joe who was speaking to them was told by the radio operator that it was sunny and warm in Nuuk and that the wind speeds were 8 knots. Joe told him what conditions were like where we were, and a few minutes later he came back to say that yes, he'd had a look out the window and it was now pouring rain in Nuuk and the winds were blowing at over 40 knots ! With this comforting news we headed on until we came upon a Greenland Command Warship. It looked about 200 feet in length, and altered course to come abeam of us. As she manoeuvred abeam we could see that she had a landing craft like ramp at her stern, which was dropped and there was netting floating out in the water behind her. At the top of the ramp a very large sea ranger type craft was stationed, ready, surrounded by a crew dressed in survival gear. The captain asked if we were in difficulties, as we appeared to be heading inshore, and at that stage were pointing towards some nasty rocks. Joe, who was still manning the radio, explained that we were in fact pointing more upwind in order to get more jib in,

and that everything was OK. Whilst he was explaining this, the rest of the crew had tumbled out of their bunks and were standing along the main boom in a 50 knot wind taking photographs of the ship!. Frankly, I don't know what they thought of us, but I presume the first thought that struck their minds was that we were a crowd of Irish head bangers! The boat was holding superbly and we had no problems as we headed up into the wind to make our entrance into the fjord. During all of this time the Naval Ship was stationed beside us, and in fact stayed with us for a period of about an hour and a half. We asked the captain during this time, if when we arrived in Nuuk, he and his officers would like to come on board for a drink, but the captain declined explaining that they did not intend to dock at Nuuk but instead were continuing on down the coast. However, we did learn the next morning that the ship had sheltered in the mouth of the fjord for the night and did not head on south until early next morning. We found it very comforting to have them along side us for that time and we were very appreciative of their concern.

By 18.30 on the 2nd August we had finally tied up in Nuuk in driving rain. We had contacted the port manager to find out where we should tie up given that there was a lot of large shipping, together with trawlers located in the Harbour. John Rasmussen, the port manager, a smashing character, arrived down to the boat shortly after we had tied up, (on the basis I think that we were from Ireland) and had a few hot whiskies with us. John, who was Dutch, was a very good guitarist and loved traditional music. He has been to Ireland on several occasions and thoroughly enjoys the place. We had a great old chat and played him one of the Dubliner's tapes which he thoroughly enjoyed. Next he insisted he would drive us around Nuuk immediately and show us the sights. We didn't even bother taking off our thermal gear, and piled into his jeep and away we went. Restaurants tend to close very early and last orders in Nuuk are normally about 8 pm. By 9 pm we were starving and ready to eat anything anywhere. The only place open at that time, John advised, would be a Thai Restaurant, which sounded terribly incongruous in the middle of this wet, windy, and what looked like, a very desolate place. He dropped us off at the doors of a very unprepossessing looking building, and we marched in probably smelling to high heaven. Inside the door the transformation could not have been greater. Here was a lovely Thai restaurant with beautiful Thai girls dressed in Thai national dress bowing and smiling at us.



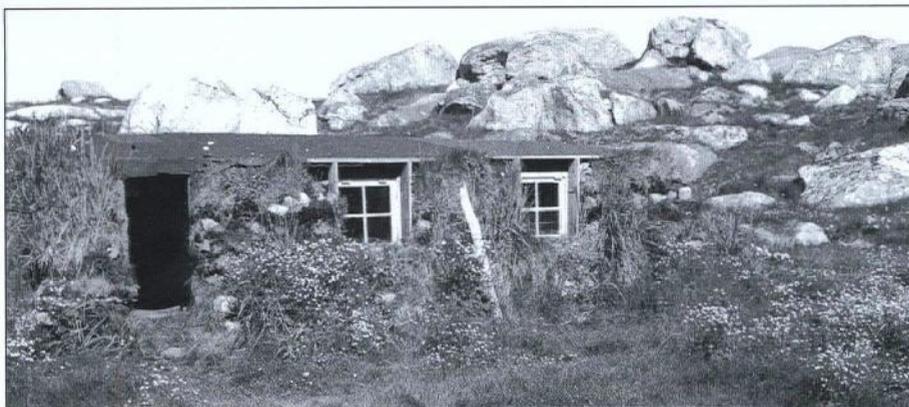
Andy striking a pose!

The situation was so weird and surreal, we had a terrible job keeping straight faces and watching our manners. We had a fantastic meal, and got taxis back to the boat where we tucked up warm and dry with the rain still thundering down and the wind still howling overhead.

The next day, Thursday 3rd August, 1995, turned out to be a rotten misty dull day. However, a lie in followed by showers in the seaman's mission, followed by a walk around Nuuk was thoroughly enjoyable. We bought presents for our families in a lovely little gift shop, and then had a few beers and something to eat in one of the main hives of activity called Crazy Dasys. This was a very nice fast food place. I suppose the best way to describe Nuuk would be to say that the new part of Nuuk, which is located next to the modern harbour is very commercial looking and not at all attractive. There are a lot of large apartment blocks which are purely utilitarian, and certainly the main street of Nuuk would in my mind look like Klondyke after the Goldrush.

However, the old part of Nuuk and around by the old natural harbour is much more attractive with little Danish style houses and a church all brightly painted dotting the landscape, and the views over the fjord from the top of the hill were magnificent. Again, John drove us around that evening to look at some of the surrounding area. They have skiing in the winter time out near the airport and they have a fine ski lift in operation there. We brought John for a meal in another restaurant called, Kristineaneyts, (which had a wild west theme!) and which was very pleasant. Then back to John's very swish house for whiskey and raw lumps of whale meat. Joe, who is a fully paid up member of Green Peace thoroughly enjoyed the raw whale meat. I thought it tasted awful. We were home by 3.30 am, and finally to bed. The rain was still beating down and the wind still howling.

Friday 4th August, turned out to be an absolutely beautiful day. We fuelled and watered the boat, and then spent a day walking and exploring the old town and the surrounding area. We watched bungy jumping, at the old pier, which certainly looked interesting. They were using an ordinary mobile crane which had a very tall jib, and the guys who were operating the bungy jumping were rigged up for business complete with jump suits, dark glasses, tans and blond hair. We watched a nervous tourist, who had volunteered, being put into the cage and up he went



A sod house in Nuuk.

with one of the operators, who was obviously whispering comforting thoughts into his ear. Once the caged platform had reached the maximum height of the jib, it was swung out over the water, and finally (after an act of contrition) the tourist jumped. Whilst this was going on the other operators were trying to entice us into having a go, but we said we would watch first before committing ourselves. Down plunged the tourist. Unfortunately, the operators had left the bungee elastic a little too long and the poor old tourist disappeared totally into the sea, the temperature of which was about two degrees. He re-appeared a couple of seconds later bouncing back into the air at an incredible speed and whacked off the boom before finally coming to rest hanging upside down like someone who had just been executed, (which was probably what had happened). They swung the body back over the pier where he was let down in to the comforting arms of the operators, who untied him and whisked him off rapidly before the rest of the crowd could decide whether or not he was beyond repair. We saw him shortly afterwards wrapped in towels and drinking coffee. We headed off in the opposite direction as fast as we could, whilst the guys continued to drum up business from new arrivals.

That evening we had a most expensive meal in a very nice looking hotel called Hotel Hans Egede. This is the only meal which we thought was over priced and the service was certainly not on a par with the service anywhere else we went. Once more the rain came in and the wind built up. Saturday the 5th and Sunday the 6th, we once more had a howling gale and the rain poured down. We went over to the passenger ship named the *Disco* which services the towns along the west coast of Greenland. We met the ship's master who showed us his most recent weather faxes. The position seemed to be that the wind would ease, and another low was not due in for approximately 24 hrs or so. We decided we would go, and departed Nuuk finally at 18.30 on that Sunday, taking the route inside the Islands which lie just off the entrance to the fjord, bound for Nanortalik. The wind at this point was blowing south 20 knots.

Monday 7th August – and we were motoring with a beautiful breeze from the North North West and a thick fog. The only thing we had to watch for during our passage up and down the West Coast were ice bergs and growlers. The icebergs showed up very well on the radar which was invaluable. However, we had to keep a very close watch for the growlers and bergy bits.

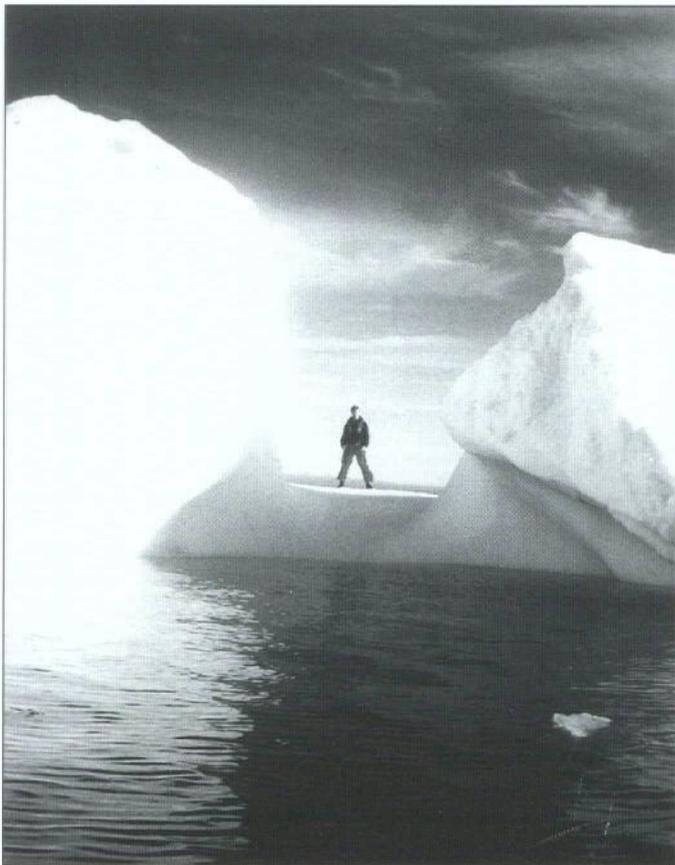
We did a total mileage through the water from Nuuk to Nanortalik of 390 miles. During this time we had only about 10 hrs. of head winds blowing in excess of 20 knots. The barometer, however, during that time dropped 27 millibar scaring the hell out of us. We were positive we were going to get the mother of a battering. Thank God it never materialised! At 17.00 hrs on Wednesday 9th we tied up in the old harbour at Nanortalik. The evening was magical, no winds, clear as a bell and wonderful around us. Nanortalik was one of the most beautiful spots we pulled into. We got a great welcome here, seeing that we were the first yacht to visit them the entire summer. I understand there had been a total of 10 boats in all, of various sizes, into Nuuk. We had found the Greenlanders everywhere to be extremely friendly and very helpful, but in Nanortalik they were really special. They were lovely gentle people who in general, as far as I could see, could get absolutely pie-eyed drunk on the smell of a whiskey cork. Otherwise, they appeared to us to be gentle, warm, intelligent people who were very proud of their land and their culture. Greenland is very heavily subsidised by Denmark and the other side of the coin is that many of the Greenlanders are unemployed and lead, I think, very frustrating lives living on social welfare. We spent the next three days there, hill walking, pottering around the village, and on the final day tobogganing down ice bergs and swimming. This all happened

because Andy and Russell had spent a couple of days rowing around the icebergs in the Bay in our rubber duck pulling it on to the icebergs and climbing up as high up them as they could, and then sliding down in the dingy. They got more and more blasé about this, until finally about 10 minutes after they had tobogganed down one iceberg, it capsized with an incredible roar and scared the bejaysus out of them. The next day we all went out on *Black Pepper* with the rubber duck, and Robert Barker and myself tried to copy the two guys at the tobogganing stunt. We managed, but certainly not with the same grace or style. The swim lasted about 3 seconds, I think. Russell and I decided we would have to go for a quick swim next to a berg, and jumped in off the rubber duck one at a time. I have never been in such cold water, and literally we both popped out of the water like rats up a sewer pipe.

We also had what everyone voted the best feed of the whole trip having booked dinner for the final evening in the Cape Farewell Hotel. The main course was fresh salmon stuffed with herbs and cooked to perfection.

In the evenings we used to call up to the Hotel Tupilak, which was the main pub in Nanortalik. In this bar they had the most sophisticated video disco set up, I have ever seen. The first night we came, Tina Turner, on a giant video screen, was giving her best at a concert which had been filmed live in Rio de Janeiro. The atmosphere was magical, and everyone was jumping around or weaving majestically depending on how far they were gone with drink. We thought it was great and stayed until 1 am. The following night we went in, and would you believe it, there was Tina Turner still singing live at the same concert. Everybody was enjoying themselves as much as ever, and to cap it all, Joe made a conquest since a drunk Danish guy fell in love with him! The following evening we called in for one last time prior to our departure, and as Tina Turner was still at it, we ran out of the place !

On Saturday 12th August, at 23.00, we departed Nanortalik and headed for Prinz Christian Sund. The night was calm, the



Russell striking a pose!

moon was absolutely brilliant, and the icebergs glowed all around us. We had a wonderful motor sail down the coast, and finally entered Torssukatak fjord at the start of the Fjord System which ultimately led into Prinz Christian Sund. The scenery was absolutely magic as dawn broke. We spent the entire day heading up the fjord.

Half way down through the fjord system there was a deep cleft in the rocks on our port side. Tucked inside the cleft was a little settlement of Augpilagtoq. The wind was blowing up straight up into the cleft at over 30 knots at times, and there was a fair amount of ice around the entrance. However, we decided we would have to look at this settlement, which was the only populated spot in the entire passage we were making. On our way into the entrance we had to put the engine in full reverse in order to slow ourselves down as the gusts were truly formidable. We edged in gradually next to the little landing stage and finally came along side at exactly 8.30 am in the morning. There was one lone Innu standing watching us arrive, and immediately started moving boat lines to allow us a more comfortable berth along side the landing stage.

However, it was impossible to stay there, since first of all there were large bolts sticking out of the stage where we were lying alongside, and there was insufficient water for us to lie on the landward side of the pier. We sat there for 10 or 15 minutes whilst two of the crew ran around like mad men taking photographs. It would have been magical to stay for longer but it was just impossible. We had great trouble holding the boat off the pier side, and Pat Barker's legs were practically breaking trying to keep the nose of the boat away from a protrusion jutting out from the pier under water, immediately in front of us. By the time we left, 15 minutes or so later, there were at least 25 Greenlanders there. We waved smiled and shook hands and backed away from the pier once more. Twenty minutes later we were out through the entrance of the fjord once more. We understand the settlement has about 200 people living there. The local economy lives solely on fishing, and really in the winter time it must be absolutely godforsaken, hidden right away in the cleft, with mountains rearing vertically over it which are a kilometre high.

By early afternoon we were deep into Prinz Christian Sund, which is a narrow canyon with vertical slabs of rock rising ominously on either side of us, and with water which is incredibly deep. There was lots of floating ice around us - this was breaking off glaciers which pushed down through clefts cut in the sides of the canyon. Finally in the early afternoon we motored into a large inset at the side of the Sund where an enormous glacier was hunched over the water. The water was flat calm inside the inset, and the pinnacles of ice were enormous. Some of them looked very unstable and so we started sounding our fog horn in the hope of shifting something.

The echoes reverberated along the glacier and whether as a result of the noise we were making or as a result of natural causes, one of the pinnacles, easily 100 feet high, suddenly broke away and crashed with a thunderous roar into the water. A wave of ice and water swept towards us fizzing madly as air was released. The smell coming up from the ice as the trapped air bubbles were released was very strange and very different to the surrounding smells. As we motored back out into the Sund we put some of the 10,000 year old ice we had collected from the water into glasses and celebrated with special gin and tonics all round. About an hour later we arrived off the headland where the Cape Farewell weather station is located. There was a small harbour immediately beneath the weather station and we radioed ahead to them for permission to land at it. They explained to us that the entrance to the harbour was practically completely blocked currently by ice, but that we could certainly try and enter if we wished, and we were most

welcome to visit them. We arrived at the harbour entrance, but had no luck getting through the ice. They then told us of a natural harbour around some rocks to the left of the harbour which was called American Harbour and where boats used to tie up prior to the new pier being built. The water was deep and there were rings inset into the walls on either side of the natural basin. Here we tied the boat fore and aft across the centre of the harbour and invited our hosts on down for drinks.

The Weather Station at Cape Farewell is located approximately 300 ft above sea level on a small plateau surrounded by rocks rising above the accommodation on the southern side and facing northwards up the Sund.

To reach the living accommodation one has to climb 380 wooden steps set into the hillside. Living and working accommodation comprises of wooden building which are secured to the ground by metal cables. Four people man the station and each person has a twelve month contract. They are in one of the most isolated spots in the world, particularly in winter time, and are delighted to have visitors.

Prior to leaving Nanortalik we had been told by Renne, the local tourist operator that we would get a great welcome at Cape Farewell and were sure to be invited up to their station for dinner. As we had headed down the Sund getting closer and closer to Cape Farewell, the conversation particularly among the younger members of the crew had turned more and more to the possibility of a slap up feed. You can imagine the disappointment therefore when it looked as if it was going to be impossible for us to stay the night as even in American Harbour, there was a large quantity of ice to the landward side of the boat which was moving around and which could easily float in our direction. Anyhow, our guests launched a large sea ranger type semi-rigid inflatable in the harbour and managed to punch their way through some of the ice and come around and join us on board. In no time at all we were sipping draught Guinness and hot whiskies in lovely warm sunshine.

Finally, after about half an hour or so, and to the delight of everybody they asked us whether we would like to join them for dinner. This put me in a bit of a quandary as I was anxious about anchoring the boat off the shoreline and certainly didn't want to leave her tied where she was. To complicate matters, the ice between us and the shore had started to move in our direction and it was obvious that we were not going to be able



Hotel Tupilak, Nanortalik, where Tina Turner did her bit.

to stay there much longer. They told us that they would be able to force a way for us into the harbour through the ice and once tied up next to the pier we would be as safe as houses. The worry then was once we moved we wouldn't want to get stuck in there indefinitely, and the options were therefore to regretfully decline their invitation or alternatively risk a delay and possibly even damage the boat. Having considered the options in a very seamanlike way I opted to risk the boat and accepted their invitation gratefully. In no time at all they were back in their launch and we were following them around the corner of the rocks and into the harbour. This took a bit of time because despite their very strong engine they had to move some very heavy chunks of ice away from the narrow channel entrance. However, after a lot of puffing, pulling and shoving and also having touched a rock on the way in, we managed to arrive in safety and tied up.



Andy and Russell shifting ice.

next to the small pier. During this time the tide had changed and was now flowing strongly northwards up the Sund at speeds of up to six knots in places. As we watched an iceberg literally went whisking past the harbour heading up the Sund at a right rate of knots! ! Finally, once everything was sorted out and having watched the ice settle once more all around the boat, we headed off up for dinner at the station where we met the Station Leader. We supplied the booze and they supplied what was an absolutely fantastic meal of roast venison, fresh fruit salad and god knows what else. They also asked us to sign their visitors book which they have had since 1967 and which included Paddy Barry, John Gore Grimes and Bill Tillman. We felt very honoured indeed. Andy had been on the look out for polar bears the whole way up the coast and asked them what the possibilities were of seeing them around. They told us that they do get visits from them from time to time and this is the reason why they have three or four dogs living in the open around the station at all times to alert them should one turn up. It seems the bears are carried down the East coast of Greenland on ice floes in the current and as the floes swing around the tip of Greenland, the bears cop on to the fact that it is time to get off and for this reason quite a few turn up around their station. They cheered us up no end by pointing out by that by the time they arrive at Cape Farewell they are usually starving from having been on their ice floes for weeks and are not that pleasant to meet, particularly in this condition. The last one they had seen had been approximately two weeks prior to our arrival and he had been pottering around the pier where we were now tied up. We were also very glad that we had read up the survival pamphlet which we had obtained in Nanortalik and which had explained what to do if one came in contact with a bear. The following is the summary of the recommendations which comes in the last part of the pamphlet after they have first outlined the sort of gun you should have and what part of the bear you should aim to ensure you stop him. If for some reason you do not have a gun do the following :-

- a) If the bear does not appear to have noticed you take no notice of him and move carefully away.
- b) If he moves at you do not lie down and play dead since he will come up and eat you anyway.
- c) If he starts charging at you climb a tree or a pole (I felt this particular suggestion was pretty useless since I never saw a

tree in the whole of Greenland and the only poles are so flimsy that a bear lightly moving against it would flatten it in no time).

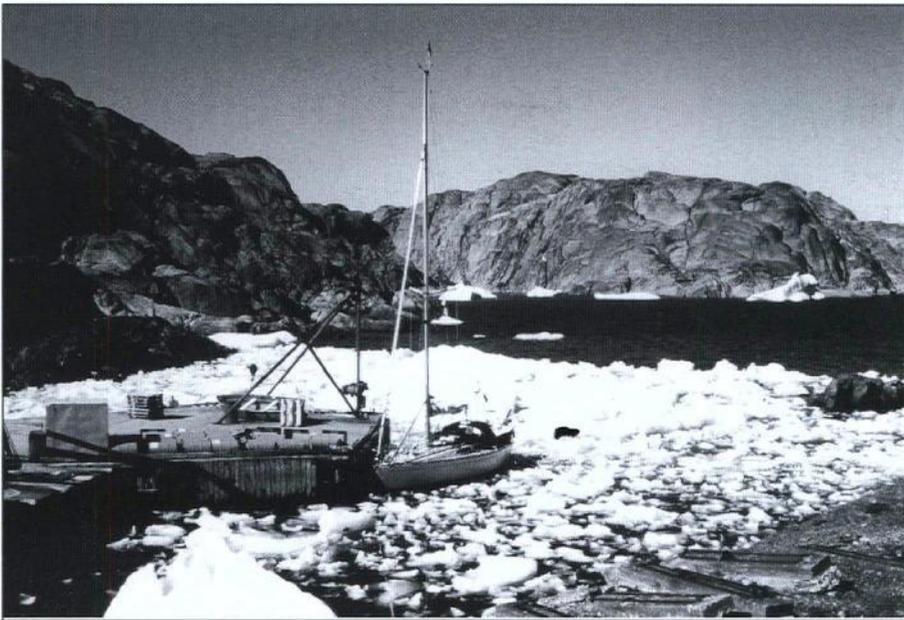
- d) If there are no poles or trees around, jump up and down, flap your arms and scream (Following which I imagine you should put your head between your legs and kiss your ass goodbye).

Anyhow, we finally left them at about midnight and headed back down to the boat and through the darkness, shining a torch around us and hoping for the best.

All the crew, apart from myself, slept happily throughout the entire night and I spent most of the night up pushing ice away from the sides of the boat as it scraped and bumped against our sides. The movement of the ice was caused by a combination of rising and falling tide and gusts of wind blowing into the harbour.

Anyway, by the following morning we were stuck in thick ice with the exit totally blocked. Two of our hosts arrived down from the weather station to see how things stood and invited us up for our breakfast. They suggested that what could be done would be to try and move the ice as the tide rose since at that particular time some of the larger chunks of ice blocking the harbour were aground. At this time I should say a bit more about our hosts. As I have said there were four in all, and each was there for a twelve month contract. They are obviously very balanced people and I understand have to go through very rigorous psychological tests before they are chosen. Indeed they told us that some years prior, one man committed suicide during the winter. The Station Leader is a man called Hannay who is a retired Ships Captain and over the years has spent a total of 12 intermittent years at the station. He explained that this would be his last year as he had already come out of retirement once to take a renewed contract for the current year and would be retiring definitely at the expiry of the contract. The others were named Michael, who was the electronics man, Neils a carpenter who again had over the years had many contracts at the weather station and would be I would have said a wild man and the third man was Hensey who was half Danish, half Inuit and a very interesting person, who was on his first contract. All in all, they were a charming lively bunch who made us most welcome and allowed us use all the facilities at their disposal.

Anyway, up we wandered for a marvellous breakfast before



Still iced in at Cape Farewell weather station.

heading down once more as the tide flooded to see if we could budge the ice. In short, this still proved impossible but the day grew warmer the sky was cloudless and, apart from my serious concerns for the safety of the boat, everything in the garden was rosy. We were invited back up for lunch which again turned out to be a sumptuous meal followed by Danish Schnapps. Neils and Michael then invited Andy and Russell out seal hunting and off the four of them went in the sea ranger. They were gone for about three hours and according to Andy had no luck (much to his relief), but a fantastic time shooting at ice and in general blasting away at anything that moved. Finally, at about 17.00 hrs we noticed that the wind had changed direction and with a full tide, the ice was starting to move slowly out of the harbour. We couldn't believe our luck, piled onto the boat and gradually made our way out into clear water once more. What a smashing end to a lovely trip down the Sund!

On Monday the 14th at approximately 18.00 hrs, Neils, Michael, Andy and Russell returned in a sea ranger and we bid our hosts goodbye having first given them a present of some more draught Guinness which they had grown very fond of and we finally set sail for Ireland. As we sailed out of the entrance of the Sund, Cape Farewell was beautifully outlined against the setting sun. There was no breeze and we motored along through a lovely sea and bid farewell to the last of the

ice. Unfortunately, we sailed into a fog bank before we were able to witness the Aurora Borealis for the last time.

We motored until 01.00 hrs on Wednesday 16th when at last the wind filled in from the southwest. The trip back to Ireland was uneventful, we had some good days and some bad days with winds heading us for two days. On one particular day we made 147 miles through the water, with a true distance made good of 47 miles. However, in general we had little if any bad weather and were all perfectly rested and looking forward to seeing land once more. From 50 miles out we could smell land. This is one thing I particularly remember since the smell was so vivid. I presume it was because there was very little smell from the land in Greenland given the permafrost, but the smells that assailed our nostrils as we approached Ireland were warm, fragrant and really tantalising. By 08.00 hrs Thursday 24th we were off the

cliffs of Rathlin and as we passed Fair Head we reckoned we were home despite the fact that we had a 30 knot wind blowing. We thought it was time to celebrate with a few hot whiskies. The morning flew as we sped down the coast dispensing hot whiskies until finally lunch time arrived and it was time to switch to wine.

By the time we reached the passage through the Copeland Islands, it was about 18.00 and we were feeling in really fine fettle. Darkness fell, the wind swung around to the nose and soon we were bashing into a 25-30 knots Southerly wind. This lasted the whole night but didn't dampen our spirits in the slightest and at 11.30 Friday 25th we shot through the entrance of Howth Harbour to a great welcome from family and friends. Just as well they were there to help us, since it was blowing full gale at this stage and we had a tight squeeze to get into our berth in the Marina.

Thus ended our cruise on a sparkling sunny day. I think in summary we all thoroughly enjoyed the cruise, and there wasn't a cross word spoken the whole trip among anybody. The distances were huge (over 4,000 miles) and I suppose if I were to go again I would like to either have more time to cruise along the coast of Greenland or failing that, concentrate on exploring the Fjords South of Cape Desolation.

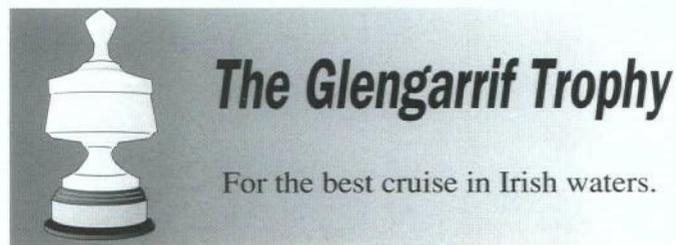
The family have issued an edict that next summer we turn right when we depart Howth!

TRAVEL LOG

					Miles Sailed	Engine Hours
15 July	Sat	18.00	Dep	Howth		
29 July	Sat	01.30	Arr	Qaqortoq	1708	63.5
30 July	Sun			Trip to Fjord	24	
31 July	Mon	11.30	Dep	Qaqortoq		
02 Aug	Wed	18.30	Arr	Nuuk	317	32.5
06 Aug	Sun	18.30	Dep	Nuuk		
09 Aug	Wed	17.00	Arr	Nanortalik	391	60
12 Aug	Sat	11.00	Dep	Nanortalik		
13 Aug	Sun	17.00	Arr	Weather Station	87	6
14 Aug	Mon	20.00	Dep	Weather Station		
25 Aug	Fri	11.30	Arr	Howth	1528	19
					<u>4055</u>	<u>181</u>

Elysium Visits the Sunny South-East

Bill Rea



Last year *Elysium*, a Shipman 28, went to Scotland where it was so cold and wet that it put this year's cruise in jeopardy. To make matters worse, May 1995 was a bad month and we were late in fitting out for the season.

"I don't like the way things are shaping up" said Eithne. She then reminded me of some of the misery that she had been subjected to on the boat in recent years and started to suggest alternative holidays. I knew that I would have to pull something convincing out of the bag, in double quick time, in order to keep her on board.

"Let's go to The Sunny South-East" I said "There is no long trip to get there; they have the best weather in the country and, if weather does not live up to your expectations, we will always be close to a train or a bus for Dublin". The last point seemed to clinch matters and we decided to give it a try.

Most yachts that visit the south-east are on their way to somewhere else. I have been zooming past it for years, with the object of leaving it astern as quickly as possible. When I examined the chart I found several interesting places that I had never even considered visiting before.

Brendan, our eight year old son, Eithne and I were up early on Saturday 15th July and it took us most of the morning to get the boat organised. It was a warm cloudy day with light variable winds. I was delighted to find that the tide was fair for a passage south, just as we were all set to leave; an auspicious start to the holiday.

Dun Laoghaire is our home port and Arklow is the first stop for gentlemen sailors, who like to sail only with the tide. We

did not go into the dock at Arklow, as I usually do, but picked up a mooring in the Avoca River, just off the pontoon reserved for the pilot boat, at about 21.00.

The surroundings were very agreeable and peaceful as we sat down to dinner, just as the sun was setting. We had got off to a good start.

We were very pleased with the mooring at Arklow. The shelter is perfect, the boat is kept clean and private and there are convenient landing places, for the dinghy, within a stones throw of the boat on either bank. We mostly used the slip outside John Tyrrell and Sons, where *Gypsy Moth IV* and many other fine boats were built.

The next day we went for a walk up the river, where we encountered a flock of geese, and also went north of the town where there is a very pleasant area of marshland, close to the beach, with all kinds of ducks and other birds.

The tides on this part of the coast are fascinating. The range is very small indeed (less than half a metre when we were there) and yet the tidal stream close to the shore runs at several knots, not much different to the streams on other parts of the coast with a much greater range. Where does all the water go?

A fisherman told me that it is all to do with the offshore banks, though he did not elaborate. The experts call it a tidal node and, having given it a name, they are usually content to leave it at that.

A tidal chart of the Irish Sea shows the Co-range lines centred around a point in the Wexford coast while all the cotidal lines appear to meet inland near Arklow and radiate out

towards the Welsh coast. I do not claim to understand it all but I do marvel at it. The miracle is that many factors, including the sun, the moon and the rotation of the globe, which changes the direction of the tidal streams (and the wind) to starboard as they move across the face the earth, have all come into balance at this point on the Irish coast and have remained in balance for thousands of years, creating a situation of almost no tide at Arklow.

Our next port of call was Courtown Harbour. About twenty years ago I recall that you could paddle between the piers at Courtown and this memory had caused me to erase the place from my consciousness as a possible safe harbour. The piers were built in 1847, by the Earl of Courtown, and the design was secondary to the famine relief which the construction work provided. The place has completely changed in recent years, due to a number of exciting developments.



Dinner aboard *Elysium* – Bill and Eithne Rea.

PHOTO: Brendan Rea



Entrance to Courtown Harbour.

PHOTO: Bill Rea

The local fishermen and yachtsmen came together in the early eighties and between them they have developed the harbour. The lock entrance was closed and the rivers were temporarily diverted to allow the harbour to be drained. It was all dredged, with mechanical diggers, to a depth of about 1.6 metres and fore and aft moorings were laid in an orderly fashion. It was arranged that a digger crane would operate on two days per week, to keep the channel between the piers clear. Courtown Sailing Club and the fishermen have every reason to be proud of their efforts.

We had to plug the flood tide from Arklow as I was anxious to arrive close to high water, even though Courtown is within the area of the tidal node with a small rise and fall. I headed for a racing mark off the piers, handed all sail and, with Eithne calling out the soundings from the echo sounder, we headed between the piers with some trepidation; *Elysium* has a draft of 1.6 metres.

We had 2.7 metres of water for most of the way in and this dropped to 2.0 metres at the shallowest part, which is at the blocked off opening to the fishing boat dock. The channel is supposed to be dredged to a least depth of 4 feet (1.2 metres) but care is advisable, if you have a critical draught, due to the erratic nature of the rise and fall.

Although the tides are small at Courtown they are very important for a vessel with a draft of 1.6 metres and I had difficulty in calculating them accurately. I was greatly helped by a retired fisherman, Jim Murphy; his advice was the most accurate and he has a great knowledge of the harbour. Basically the tide in the dock seems to fall to the minimum level in the first three hours of ebb and remains at that level for some time. It may even rise a little and drop again at low water. The level in the dock is affected by the

wind; wind from a N'yly quarter may mean lower than predicted levels. The volume of water flowing into the dock from the rivers will also make a difference.

When we arrived we moored at the seaward side of the dock where Eithne served a salad lunch in the sunshine. I had not yet received the advice about the sharp drop in water levels during the first three hours of ebb and we were soon touching the bottom. I thought that the range must be larger than I had calculated and I became more alarmed than necessary. I fixed a line to a fishing boat further down the dock and I was able to winch the boat into deeper water.

We next moored alongside a trawler called the *Sheila May*; she has a draft of 6 feet and remains afloat at all times (according to her friendly skipper). This is the best berth in the harbour for a fin keeled yacht.

That evening we received a visit from Noel Schorman who is Commodore of Courtown Sailing Club. He offered us a

fore and aft mooring right next to the steps on the landward side of the dock. We were told that there is some scouring from the river on that side of the dock and we moved into the new V.I.P. berth the next morning. I must say that the berth was very convenient and we spent the day there. Unfortunately we touched bottom at low water and I decided to return to the *Sheila May* for the following night. Touching bottom would not be a problem in some places but the harbour is subject to a surprising scend which is very alarming when the keel touches a stone.

I regret to say that the dock is silting up again (some say because sand blown into the river behind the sand dunes is washed into the dock) and I hope that it will be possible to dredge it again in due course.



Courtown Harbour within.

PHOTO: Bill Rea



Elysium at Polduff Pier, Co Wexford.

PHOTO: Bill Rea

There was everything for Brendan at Courtown. We had a wonderful day on the beach and, of course, visited the amusements in the evening. There are pedal boats for hire in the dock and, in spite of the availability of our dinghy, it was obligatory to try them.

We left Courtown Harbour at about two hours before high water, on Wednesday 19th July, with no trouble. The least depth between the piers was almost 2 metres.

The wind was blowing at about force four, from the south, as we beat out to sea and, as we approached Cahore Point, I wondered if we would get into Polduff. As it turned out there was plenty of shelter; the wind went S.W. and we had no problem in coming alongside the pier.

There is really only one berth at the end of Polduff pier and the depth is only about one metre above datum in that berth. The depth falls away very sharply about 20 metres from the end of the pier.

Eithne served us an omelette for lunch, washed down with a glass of white wine. We then went for a stroll towards Cahore before putting to sea again and setting a course for the Rusk channel, where we had the assistance of an ebbing tide.

As often happens the pleasant day deteriorated with a slight change in conditions. The wind went right on the nose and increased to force five. We could neither motor or sail without discomfort. The only thing to do was to batter on to Rosslare with an unhappy crew.

We had perfect shelter alongside two other yachts berthed at No 5 pier at Rosslare and, although the ship was decidedly damp, Eithne raised our spirits with a good dinner which we

followed by a run ashore.

Rosslare Harbour has always been difficult for yachts but it has improved in recent years with the development of the port, although this is not what the authorities intend. Since the development began there has always been at least one pier under construction and this has provided an unofficial safe haven for tugs, barges, fishing boats and, of course, cruising yachts on passage.

They are now constructing pier No 5 and it is difficult to see where yachts will go when this is completed. The fact is that cruising yachts we will have to find a berth somewhere as position of the place ensures that they will continue to arrive, from all directions, looking for asylum at the end of difficult passages.

I was very keen to make it into Wexford as I understand that there is now a buoyed channel with a reasonable depth of water. After a visit to the very fine supermarket at Rosslare and an early lunch, we left the calm harbour and hurtled north with a following wind and tide.

We were off Raven point in less than an hour but the weather was not improving. The visibility became poor and the SW wind increased to force six.

I had no difficulty in finding the fairway buoy and I noted that it was painted a sensibly bright colour. I put the boat on a course for the next buoy but all I could see were sandbanks. I did not like the readings that I was getting from the echo sounder and I was having difficulty with the allowance for set and leeway. I decided that 'the better part of valour is discretion' and turned the boat 180° before I lost sight of the fairway buoy.

Once more we found ourselves battering our way to Rosslare, (against wind and tide) with an unhappy crew. We arrived two hours later; twice as wet and twice as cranky as the day before.

This time we came alongside a hopper barge. Shortly after we tied up, a Frenchman arrived, in a 10 metre flat topped hard chine sailing boat with a deep keel, and tied up astern of *Elysium*. It was filled to the brim with his children, together with their friends and relations.

"Where have you come from" I asked, in order to be friendly.

"From Wexford" he replied, whereupon I went below without engaging in further conversation.

Soon after we arrived the fog came in and you could not see the light house on the end of the pier from our berth. (It would be no surprise to say that we could not see the light; it is hard enough to see that in clear weather). I was amazed to observe that the ferries operated as normal, and noted that the channel into Rosslare would be no place to take a boat in a fog.

This damp evening was the low point in the cruise and we went to bed early. At least the berth was sheltered and peaceful.

About four o'clock in the morning I became aware of a frapping halyard and at 05.00 I went on deck to find the boat dipping her bow and stern into waves (perhaps) one metre high. It was blowing force five from the north and we had no shelter.

The Frenchman was delighted with the northerly wind and departed at once for France, with the help of several of his crew. I was trying to work out how on earth I was going to get free of the barge when Mr Osbourne, the skipper of *Black Lady*, a steel ketch from Strangford Lough, turned up. He had spotted my predicament and was kind enough to come to my assistance.

I passed him the bread knife (an old friend in time of trouble) and we were soon free with no damage other than a broken fairlead.

By now there were several boats jilling around the harbour in a slightly dazed fashion. Once we were clear of the barge I was able to find smoother water for my crew to get up, and make ready for sea. At 06.15 we cut the engine and set sail for the Calmines Buoy and Carnsore Point.

The wind soon slackened off to NW force 3 and we found ourselves barrelling around the Barrels with a smooth sea and

a favourable tide. I could never have got them up early enough to take advantage of the perfect conditions if nature had not thrown us out of Rosslare.

We arrived in Saltee Sound at 09.00. I started the engine, handed the sails and motored around Sebbler Bridge to approach the landing place on the northern side of Great Saltee Island.

The wind was still blowing NW force 3 and I was afraid that it would be difficult to anchor. As we approached the island the swell dropped to nothing and we let go anchor in 4 metres of water, near a mooring buoy, and she lay very comfortably. The mooring buoy is used by a motor launch which brings visitors to the island from Kilmore Quay.

It had turned into a beautiful morning and we all felt like a good breakfast. We normally have something light but on that day Eithne served a good fry up of bacon, egg, sausages and toast. We were all enjoying ourselves in wonderful surroundings after a great passage (what a contrast from the night before).

After breakfast we blew up the dinghy and rowed ashore to the landing place on a boulder beach. The first thing we saw on landing was a notice in stone placed there by Prince Michael, the owner, and first supreme ruler, of the Saltee Islands. He welcomes everyone who respects the island and will leave it as they find it. As we walked inland up the grassy track to the interior, and breathed in the balmy air, we realised that this is a very special and magical place.

The main house was locked up and empty, when we visited, (I believe that it is used by ornithologists) but a small house, with a fireplace and an upstairs room, is left open for the use of anyone who may be stranded on the island in bad weather. Once again we read a notice asking us to leave it as we found it.

We made our way up to the top of the island, by way of a grass carpeted avenue planted with Cordylines (spiky palm trees). This lovely avenue enhances the mild tropical feel of the place and is a natural preparation for the discovery of the throne of Prince Michael, which looks out on magnificent views in every direction.

Michael Neale gained possession of the Great Saltee in 1943 and his coronation as 'Prince of the Saltees' took place in July 1956, by which time he had erected the stone throne (with his coat of arms), the obelisk and a flag pole for the royal colours. The flag pole is horizontal to-day but the other items are in good repair.

I hope that Prince Michael, or his successor, will not object to Brendan and I trying out his throne; it would be impossible for an eight year old boy, or slightly older children, to resist the opportunity to sit in such a regal chair.

Even on a comparatively leisurely cruise it is hard to find time for everything and we left with a vow to return. The Saltees are renowned for the large variety of birds to be found there (over 200 species) and it would be delightful to spend more time seeking them out.

The weather improved again as the day wore on; bathing in the hot afternoon sun was the order of the day, on the leisurely passage to Dunmore East.

As soon as we entered the harbour we were greeted by the cry of the Kittiwakes calling out to sailors like the Sirens of the ancient world. It was said that anyone who passed by the Sirens without



Polduff Village near Cahore, County Wexford.

PHOTO: Bill Rea

suffering themselves to be charmed by their songs should perish. Perhaps this is why so few sailors risk passing Dunmore East and why they find it so difficult to leave on schedule; if they have no schedule they may not leave at all.

We rafted up with a number of other yachts and soon got to know all the longer term members of the trot; each one of them had an interesting tale to tell.

I was invited aboard a beautiful Welsh motor sailer. The owner had built her himself and the standard of workmanship was superb. He had fitted her with every luxury and convenience, including a state of the art GPS interfaced with the automatic pilot.

When he was approaching Dunmore East a thick fog descended and reduced all visibility to nothing. In his anxiety he accidentally switched off the GPS and, because of the complicated switchboard, he was unable to switch it on again (until he got into port, of course). He became totally lost and sailed up into Bannow Bay, where the lifeboat found him when he called for assistance.

He had a good chart but he never used it to plot his position. I asked him if he kept a log book and he admitted that he did not have one on board.

I expect that we shall hear more of this type of incident in the future, as sailors come to depend more on electronics for navigation. I was reminded of the speech which Michael D'Alton made to our A.G.M. a couple of years ago asking the Club to promote traditional methods of navigation. I hope that some modification of his ideas will be seriously considered in the future.

Another member of the trot had sailed all the way from the Netherlands with his wife in their little boat about 8 metres in length. He had never been away for more than two weeks before and was absolutely thrilled with his early retirement; his friendly delight with the whole scene was a tonic.

His attitude contrasted with that of a grumpy neighbour from Dublin who complained about everyone and everything. When two Poolbeg chaps, in a large Nicholson, arrived directly from the Azores they were understandably upset when he tried to prevent them from coming alongside. What a welcome home.

I woke up (late) one morning and, from my bunk, I could see the Royal St. George Commodore's burgee flying from the top of a mast on the outside of the trot; it was *Errislannan* on her way to West Cork in cruising mode. Bruce Lyster kindly invited us aboard that evening and we were delighted to find that Brendan's new pal, who we had been meeting all day, was a member of her crew.

We left Dunmore East on Monday 24th July and headed up the River Suir. As soon as we passed Creadan Head the channel became blocked by numerous fishing nets which had been placed right across the river. We threaded our way through them with some difficulty and, at times, we were forced into shallow water away from the channel.

The river became peaceful again above Ballyhack and we enjoyed the wonderful scenery on the run up to Cheekpoint. We anchored in the recommended position off the pier, for a leisurely salad lunch.

There was a groyne just beside us, which was not shown on the latest Admiralty chart, and I noted that the depth was much less than that shown on the chart.



The Avenue lined with Cordyline trees, Great Saltee Island.

PHOTO: Brendan Rea

A series of groynes have been constructed on the south bank of the River Suir above Cheekpoint. These were constructed a few years ago and are intended to increase the flow of the river and deepen the main channel to Waterford at this point in the river. The groynes are marked but, as they are covered at high water, they could be a hazard to small craft not aware of their existence, especially at night or in poor visibility. The groynes have caused silting in the anchorage off the pier at Cheekpoint and the pier is now only suitable for shallow draught boats to go alongside.

After lunch we got out our 'yuppie phone' and telephoned the keeper on the Barrow Swing Bridge (051-388137); we could almost see the keeper from the anchorage. He was very friendly and agreed to open the bridge as we approached.

We wondered why the correct form of communication with the bridge is by telephone rather than by VHF, as you might expect. We later found out that the land based Iarnrod Eireann, who operate the bridge, do not allow their staff to communicate on the maritime VHF.

We tested them out on the way down river by calling 'Ross Harbour' on channel 16. We got an answer from another station who kindly telephoned the bridge keeper for us.

As soon as we entered the River Barrow we passed into a different world. Everything became rural and peaceful with cattle grazing in the fields and river birds peeping out from the reeds along the banks. The weather was magnificent and there is no doubt that this added to our enjoyment.

We went up river with the tide and planned to arrive at New Ross at about high water; this made navigation in the river very easy. There should be no problem as there is a least depth of 2 metres in the channel between the railway bridge and New Ross. I did have to concentrate quite hard at times and I was left with a great sense of admiration for the pilots who bring quite large ships up this very twisty river to New Ross.

On arrival at New Ross, at about 1600, we tied up to a derelict fire boat moored to a jetty on the east bank, below the town. The jetty was protected from the road by a locked gate.

We soon found that this prime berth is normally occupied by *New Ross I*. We had been intrigued by the activities of this vessel when we met her harrowing the bottom of the river on a difficult bend, earlier in the afternoon. The mud loosened by this operation is carried away by current leaving the channel a little deeper.



The Barrow Railway Bridge opens for *Elysium*.

PHOTO: Bill Rea

The crew of *New Ross I* were very kind to us. They allowed us to tie up outside them, when they went home for the night, and also gave us a set of tide tables together with a loan of the key to the gate into the jetty from the road. We were able to go ashore to explore the town, leaving the boat in complete safety. We later enjoyed the perfect privacy of a private berth, locked away from the general public. It was a beautiful calm summer evening and the clear sky was filled with twinkling stars.

The crew of *New Ross I* arrived at 08.00 the next morning. We were able to return their key and cast off ahead of them. It was a beautiful sunny summer morning and the trip down the Barrow was at least as pleasant as the trip up, on the previous afternoon. We passed through the swing bridge and entered the River Suir at 10.20. We turned to starboard and stemmed the ebb, passed the famous groynes, which I have described previously.

We left Little Island to Starboard and entered the King's Channel. Robert Barr described a grounding in this stretch of the river last year and we almost did the same this year (we would have gone aground if I had not read his log); when the chart says that there is less depth reported, you better believe it. There is an old fish trap close to the island and we found just enough water near this trap to allow us to pass into deeper water up the channel.

The island is served by a cable ferry across the King's Channel at the western end of the island. I planned to cross the route of the ferry and, realising the danger, I approached with caution and planned my passage to coincide with a time when the ferry would be stationery and unloading at the island.

As I approached the ferry it suddenly started up again, with no warning, and we were suddenly in a most dangerous situation; I hope it was an accident. I managed to avoid a collision by turning 180°.

We decided to go no further and picked up a private mooring just off the garden of someone's magnificent bungalow overlooking the river.

By now it was mid-morning. The sun was judged to be above the yard arm and the tide was falling fast. We decided to settle down and enjoy the sunshine.

In the afternoon we blew up the dinghy and rowed across to the island. We visited the Hotel, wandered around the lovely gardens and enjoyed the views of the river. We returned to the

boat with some difficulty as the tide was running very strongly.

We completed our circumnavigation of Little Island, in the late afternoon, and proceeded down river to Cheekpoint for an early dinner at McAlpin's. Once again it was a beautiful evening, at the end of a perfect day.

There is something special about dinner ashore with the boat at anchor and visible from the table. McAlpine's at Cheekpoint is one of the few places where this can be achieved, and it does wonders for the ambience.

We had the anticipated trouble with the depth of water in the anchorage. It was unfortunately necessary to watch the clock and ensure that we were under way before 20.30, the calculated time for taking the ground.

By the time that we arrived at the lower reaches of the river the fishermen had all gone home and we did not encounter the problems caused by their

nets on the way up.

We were all fast on the trot at Dunmore East in time for a night-cap in the cockpit and a review of the day's events in the calm of the evening.

It was now time to look at the calendar and resist the temptation to sail over the horizon and forget about the problems awaiting us at home. On Thursday 28th July a light breeze started to blow between SSE and SSW. We had perfect conditions for the passage from Dunmore East to Rosslare.

We were up in time for the tide the next morning and set a course to the north in poor visibility. The day soon cleared and we had a great sail to Arklow, with the wind blowing 3-4 from the south west.

I could not believe my luck when I discovered that the crew were ready for a third day of sailing, but the tribulations of our Scottish cruise were by now forgotten; they looked forward to another day of sunshine with the wind behind us.

We left Arklow as the tide started to flood in the early morning and we were in Dun Laoghaire for lunch on Saturday 29th July. Eithne was already planning our next cruise; The sunny south east was a good idea.

Summary

Date	Passage	Miles
July 1995		
15th	Dun Laoghaire-Arklow	33
17th	Arklow-Courtown	11
19th	Courtown-Polduff	5
19th	Polduff-Rosslare	20
20th	Rosslare-Rosslare	13
21st	Rosslare-Great Saltee	20
21st	Saltees-Dunmore East	15
24th	Dunmore East-New Ross	19
25th	New Ross-Little Island	12
25th	Little Island-Cheekpoint	4
25th	Cheekpoint-Dunmore East	9
27th	Dunmore East-Rosslare	32
28th	Rosslare-Arklow	34
29th	Arklow-Dun Laoghaire	33
	Total Miles	260

Turkish Delights

Betty Hegarty

This year we brought *Oleander of Howth* to Turkey and I decided to take the plunge and stop working from June – January. Brian and Bud Bryce went down to Sibari Marina on 2nd April and worked hard preparing *Oleander* for the season. They were joined in early May by Keith Hunt, and later Harry Byrne and Sean Flood, for the cruise to Istanbul. From all accounts it was most enjoyable, going via the Corinth Canal, inside Evin Island and briefly visiting the Sporades en route. The Skipper says these islands are very beautiful, especially in May before the season really gets going, and plans to return there to spend more time exploring.

I joined Brian at Atakoy Marina in Istanbul on 2 June. How casual that sounds! I had dreamed all winter of mosques and heulahs, of Troy and Trebizon, of crusaders and cuisine, and after a few days' rest, we set out to explore the great city with Ann Bunting and John Clementson who had arrived in *Faustina* to join up with us for a few days. The Bosphorous throbs with life. The ferries ply inexhaustibly between the Asian and the European sides of the city, carrying 700,000 people to and from work each day. Istanbul has a sense of urgency about it, but also a calm, quiet centre where the Blue Mosque and many other great buildings from the Ottoman period stand next to each other, delighting us with their exotic beauty. We ate well, the wine was good, the Bazaars fascinating, and then we were glad to put to sea, and visit the unspoilt islands of the sea of Marmara where the little communities thrive and welcomed us warmly. Our son Robin and his girlfriend had joined us and Hazel and Ronnie Barr – a good group. It was fun, as it always is, hearing the reactions of the young people and we spent happy days cruising through the green waters of the Dardanelles on the tide, watching the never-ending sea traffic. Then we reached Cannakali for a crew change and maintenance week.

When *Oleander* is empty except for Brian and me, things slow down. We allocate jobs, and time for exploring and hanging about. I love this part too, my sense is of time – lots of it. Five months, I tell myself, as I sit contentedly under cool green awnings, sipping chai (sweet Turkish tea served in tiny glasses) and watching the world go by. The Turks are very attractive – good looking, smiling, friendly and ready for a lot of fun as I struggle with the language. Quiet too – under the awnings there is a steady hum of conversation, rarely a raised voice. I have difficulty reconciling my impressions with the blood-thirsty warriors of the past and the bad image of their present Human Rights Reputation. When I talk to the people who can speak English, they tell me that they are Muslim but don't go to the Mosque. Caught between the extremes of Asian and European influences, they steer as steady a course as they can.

I'm always thrilled to spend time with my sister June and her husband Alan, and as a foursome on board, it works really well. When they arrived, we had dinner on board, exchanged

thoughts on Istanbul and fell into our bunks to be fresh for Troy next morning. We had a good guide, a copy of the Iliad like good tourists, and we enjoyed dipping in and out of the beautifully written and translated prose. Homer was some descriptive adventure storyteller whatever about the historical truth of all the details. The same guide had taken two crews of *Oleander* to the war memorials of the Dardanelles, and we reflected unoriginally, how little human beings had changed. Next morning we set off for the Aegean island of Bozcaada which is delightfully unspoilt and is well known for its wine. Brian and Alan came back to *Oleander* with a wheelbarrow full and experienced the warm, comfortable feeling that comes with a well-stocked wine locker on board. The northern Aegean coast is quite uncrowded and full of interest. We visited Asros, the citadel high over a fairytale harbour built about 800 BC. We met a colleague from Dublin unexpectedly, and squeals of delight followed – strange how welcome this sort of encounter is, bringing two worlds together. June, Alan and I went to Pergamun. Too hot was the verdict! But the magnificent site made it worth the effort.

Pergamun was famous for its library around 200 BC but in the early years of Christianity the great library in Alexandria was damaged by fire, and Marc Antony, out of devotion to Cleopatra, pillaged the library at Pergamun to replace her books. Later in the summer we visited Cleopatra's beach at Sehir Adalari. The great Queen brought sand from Egypt to this little cove, so that her lover could have "proper" sand for his swimming. We tested the beach, which really is quite different from any other sand we found in Turkey and applauded the Grand Gestures these two made!

Alan left us at Sigacir and June stayed on for our maintenance week and a new experience for *Oleander*. During winter planning, the Skipper had agreed, albeit reluctantly, to my friend and colleague Peig MacManus spending two weeks on board. Her sailing experience was a trip to Ireland's Eye with us on *Freebird* some years ago, but being a courageous and adventurous woman, she said "yes" to my invitation and it was decided she would join us for the maintenance week with June and then a week's gently cruising with the next crew. The time duly came for her arrival at Izmir Airport and June and I set off in a taxi to meet her. The flight was delayed, we missed her coming through Customs and when we eventually found her, Kathleen Dillon (in whose house Brian and I stayed in March) was sitting beside her! I felt I was dreaming – but no, Kathleen had decided she wanted to see what my sailing life was like and got a seat on the same plane as Peig, with the option of a Pension if we were too crowded, and a return ticket for the next week. My initial reaction was shock – what would the Skipper say? I needn't have worried, he said "Mmmm, Welcome" and went back to his book! Kathleen is also a complete stranger to boats, and I didn't hear what he really



Brian, Betty and crew. Sea of Marmara, on board *Oleander of Howth*.

thought until he was back in the circle of his sailing friends again, and then the story, as with all the best stories, grew and grew!

However during the week we four women had a marvellous time exploring beaches, hot mud baths near Sigacik and going away to see Ephesus and the fascinating Pamukale where warm calcium springs have made mountains and pools of amazing beauty and benefit. The time passed all too quickly, and June and Kathleen left us, our new crew, John and Eleanor Gough from Newry, arrived and we set off towards Bodrum.

It is difficult to describe a whole season afloat in a general way, and my efforts can only give a fleeting impression of the experience. As we went deeper and deeper into the summer, my body responded to the rest and the heat, and became more at ease with the physical effort needed living aboard. My feeling of wellbeing increased. I enjoy reading the history of all the parts we visit while we are actually there and can look and absorb the atmosphere of the different places. While I forget the details of the complicated inter-weaving and rise and fall of different powers, I am left with a sense of evolution which has led to the present time. I am filled with the beauty of the coastline; the sombre cliffs, the storybook mountains in the early morning mist, the trees covering the hills down to the sea. I am calmed by the dawn stillness, and refreshed by a swim in the glassy, warm water. I am exhausted by the Meltemi and the heat, and saddened by my inability to communicate with the Turks as I would wish. I am exhilarated when we have a good sail, creaming along at about 6 knots with the "Rolling Jenny" set and the bimini protecting us from the harshness of the sun.

On a more practical level, I was dismayed by the amazing amount of building along the coastline north of Bodrum. Half-finished blocks of holiday apartments seem to march over the

hillsides, down to isolated beaches, a blot in beautiful bays, an eyesore in hitherto unspoilt anchorages. Our best information is that they are second homes, being built by Turkish co-operatives who have run out of money, and consequently could take twenty years to finish! Fish farms too proliferate in this area and consequently I think the highlight of this cruise was a visit to Iassos. There Peig left us, having explored the ancient city and port on the southern slope of this pretty little village. Guinuzluc, too, was charming with amazing "displays" of fish outside the restaurants. We ate on board and went ashore for a few nightcaps lying, Turkish style, on the floor, leaning against long cushions.

Although the setting is spectacular, I didn't enjoy it there. It was much too hot, and the marina was a long way from the town centre, the markets etc. We had to renew our Transit Log here as they run out after three months. Brian needed all his considerable patience during this procedure. We checked out of Turkey and sailed across to the Greek island of Kos for the night. Brian spent hours checking into Greece, and out again next morning. Then we went back to Bodrum again and finally after several more hours dealing with bureaucracy, we had our new Transit Log. If we ever have to do that again, we will check out of Turkey, stay overnight in the next Turkish bay, and check back in again next day. The Skipper needed a few stiff gins after that exercise!

Peter Bunting and Elaine Thompson joined us here and we had some good sailing, and a bit of tough banging into the Meltemi between Bodrum and Marmaris. We spent a delightful morning anchored in the ancient port of Knidos where the ruins of the old city are best seen from the water. We were greatly relieved as the heat was so intense, so we simply walked as far as the cafe and sat under the awnings sipping cold, cold beers! Kechni-Bucca is another

exceptionally pretty place and there is ample space for all the yachts that are in this area at the moment. One of the benefits of the Meltemi is the way it keeps the temperature down. When we rounded the headland before Bozburum, the wind simply vanished and the heat built up even more. We decided that if we spend another summer in Turkey in the future, we will stay north of Bodrum until after July-August. In spite of the heat however the big bay of Marmaris is so friendly to boats of all description. It seems to say "Come in – there is room for everyone to find the cove of their dreams" and we got there in time to enjoy the busy town and the ice-cold water in the marina showers! Several times a day -!

Another crew change, Lysbeth and Andrew Hegarty joined us, and sadly our dear friend and cruising companion John Malcolm couldn't make it at the last minute due to business pressures. The Skipper and I were a bit apprehensive – would the young ones (not so young they now insist) be content with our company? They settled in beautifully, and we were all happy to be together. As we came south along the coast we spent a wonderful day visiting the Dalyan River and the ancient city of Caunos where we climbed up to the citadel well before the crowds arrived, and gazed at the silted river bed connecting Lake Koycegiz with the sea. As we explored further up we saw a green turtle, a kingfisher, beautiful long-legged birds in flight which we think were either egrets or spoonbills, and we spotted our first Lycian Rock Tomb! Eventually after Lys and Andy had gone, Brian and I climbed up to, and inside the Tombs. They are built into the rock of the mountain side, like houses, and are unique to the Lycian culture which flourished between 1000 – 500 BC. One of my favourite books of this year is "The Lycian Shore" by Freya Stark who sailed the Turkish coast in 1952 from the gulf of Smyrna to Phaselis (Tekrova) with the British Consul, David Balfour, in his motor-sail-boat *Elfin*. I read aloud from her writings when I am permitted, and although Lys and Andy kept my reading to a minimum, they enjoyed the day, the climb and the mud baths we had on the return journey to *Oleander*.

Two other notable incidents occurred that day. I lost the purse with six million Turkish L (about £90) in it for the trip, and in the evening as we anchored by the bow next to a large Turkish yacht skippered by the woman who wrote "Sailing to Paradise", Mikhet Anadol. She criticized our Skippers "sheet bend" on the stem line! We were horrified – but the Skipper's knot held and I did not find the purse.

Other highlights during the fortnight of spectacular cruising were the anchorages round Fethiye Bay and the whole area of Kekova. Here we found the sunken cities, Lycian sarcophagi and tombs scattered on the hills, near the villages, in the villages and a byzantine castle overlooking the whole amazing scene – what riches.

Lys and Andrew left us at Kos to take the long coastal bus ride back to Dalaman Airport. It was wonderful to have them



Istanbul Marina.

with us for two weeks during the summer, especially now that they are all living in their own homes. They have wise and witty methods of interrupting our parental habits, and after Lys and Andrew left, we cruised, well satisfied, slowly down to Antalya where *Oleander* will winter this year. Now we wait on the marina for our next crew to join us. Rob D'Alton, Michael O'Farrell and Jack O'Hare will arrive on 24 September for two weeks and finally Bud Bryce for our laying-up cruise. We are very pleased with all the technical services available here, and are looking forward to meeting Hassan Kacmaz who runs the marina. His fame as an able administrator and as a person who has built up several marinas already, has spread through the Mediterranean sailing grapevine.

Meanwhile we have another month to enjoy all the Turkish Delights, and the thermometer reads a pleasant 28° at midday.

Tallulah in the Scottish and Irish Isles

Alan Rountree

Following our snapshot visit to Scotland last September we decided that we would have a better look this year. The memory of the constant drizzle of our visit in '88 had by now become hazy and although wisdom and good judgment would dictate that we should go in early Summer our business is such that it decides our departure date. This year we were busier than usual and so everything was bundled into the boat on the 26th of July, our home was left in an appalling mess but we were away on the 27th.

The summer had been excellent so far and as we had been expecting the weather to break we only took on board 60 litres of diesel. The boat's capacity is 200 litres. Our boat is a Legend 34 which I built some nine years ago. I hired the moulds from BJ Marine and its construction was a pastime over a five year period. Its coachroof is made of cold-moulded mahogany and the size of the cockpit was reduced from standard thus allowing more room inside. There is an extra 3cwt. of lead in the keel and the height of the mast is reduced by 3 ft. There is a tiller pilot which works on an auxiliary tiller and an Aries vane gear which is connected to the main wheel. This year we had fitted a Rutland 910 wind generator in addition to a solar panel. Our Isotherm 3000 fridge had in the past been a juice gobbler.

Our crew of three consisted of Bernadette Rountree who was head chef and gybe forewarner, Brian Rountree who is fifteen years old and chief monster-fish catcher and myself the omniscient skipper. I might add that over the last eight years we have covered some 15,000 miles, all with basically the same family crew and so everyone is competent. This year Claire, who had just done her Leaving Certificate did not join us but has been with us every year up to this.

Anyway after a light breakfast and with a forecast of S.W. force 3/4/5 we set off from Wicklow and quickly settled down to boat routine. Brian decided he would take over as chef for the day and so read a cookery book and then ignored it and



Brian and Bernie relaxing ashore.



produced some fine grub. Our first stop was Clogher Head where we dropped anchor at 21.30. Being a little fidgety with our new found idle way of life, I decided that I would test the resistance of the thermistor of the fridge and while doing this a part of the printed circuit board touched a naked live wire and so that was the end of the fridge.

The following day was misty and windless. We motored all day to Donaghadee where we saw the word "MARINA" and an arrow painted on the sea wall. We could see no clear entrance, the wind was on shore and as there was no helicopter in sight to lift us over the wall we decided to tie up behind the main pier. There is room for two visiting boats. We later walked to the marina which is undoubtedly cosy, but strong nerves are required to enter. We had a restless night as some all night rod fishermen on the pier had blaring pop music to accompany them. After a good lie-in we got away by 11.30 and with a strong S.E. wind we reached out past Mew Island and onto Church Bay in Rathlin Island. The overfalls off Highlandman Rocks where the depth shelved from 80ft. to 400ft. in 100 yds. were impressive. Bernie predicted a gybe. We anchored on the east side of Church Bay, on a clean sandy bottom, and the holding was good. We strolled along the white stony beach to the village where Richard Branson has left his mark. The pub was pleasant if not a little plastic. On a previous occasion I had sailed past the eastern side of Rathlin Island so this time we headed west. There was a very strong tide off the S.W. tip of the island. Many boats were congregated around this point fishing for mackerel, apparently with great success. As we headed north towards Jura the fog closed in and visibility dropped to a boat's length. The wind was S.E. force 4 and it felt quite dangerous crossing the shipping lanes at speed. As we approached Jura the fog lifted, the wind dropped and we motored into Craighouse behind the Small Isles. Here we picked up a visitors mooring beside the yacht *Golden Harvest* ICC. An enjoyable night was had in the

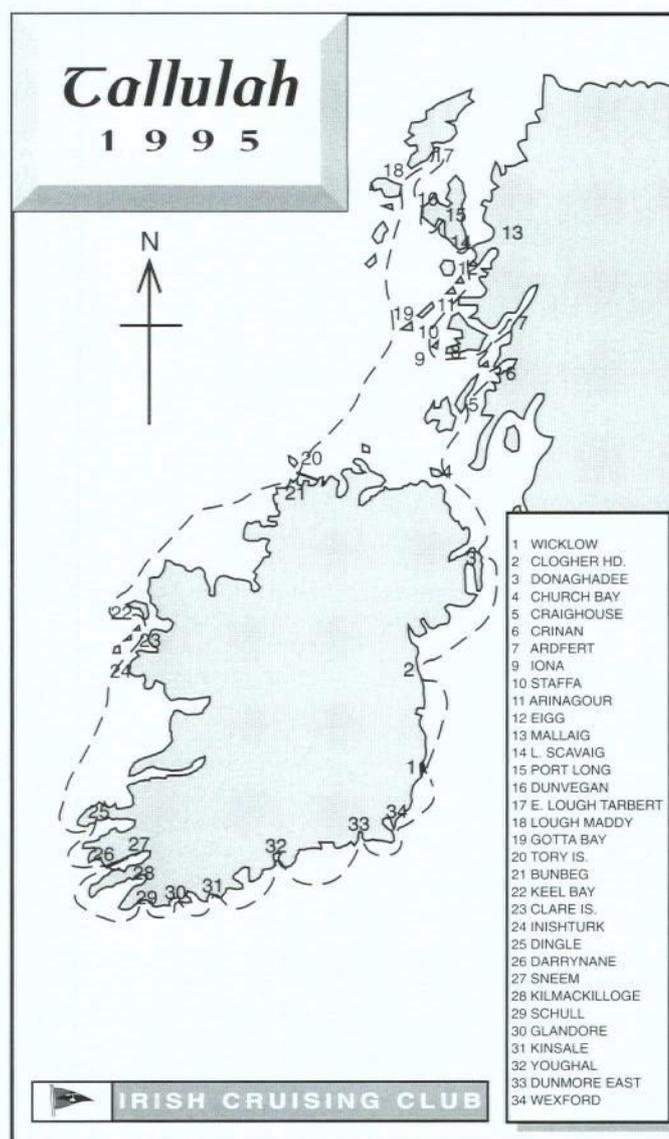


Tallulah sports her sun-awning.

hotel with good company. Apparently the local graveyard is worth a visit (about 1 mile from Craighouse). There are good shower and laundry facilities at the rear of the hotel. I made a telephone call to Toby of Sowester Marine who has promised to send parts for the fridge to Ardfert Yacht Centre. I might add that while I have not had much luck with my Isotherm 3000 fridge the difficulties are more than made up for by the excellent service given by Sowester Marine. And so on the 31st of July we altered our plans and motored in oppressive heat through the Sound of Jura and anchored off Crinan. We knew we would have to wait a day while the part for the fridge was on its way and we took the opportunity to have the Yamaha Malta outboard engine serviced in the Crinan boatyard. Our almanac indicated that petrol was available in Crinan. We located the pump at the lock but having been given the run-around, eventually the receptionist in the Crinan Hotel informed me that it was against EC laws to sell me petrol. The weather was still tropical and the following day we motored around the corner to Ardfert Yacht Centre. There is an excellent chandlery at the marina but petrol is not available. A very helpful staff member took our can to Oban and brought back a precious drop. We had a pleasant meal in the local hotel and retired early.

On the 2nd August the parts arrived for the fridge. The temperature was around 28°C and we were all very pleased to have the fridge working again. We filled up with water and diesel and set off for Tinker's Hole on the S.W. corner of Mull. The wind was S.W. force 3 and we had a pleasant sail through the Little Gulf of Corryreckan which lies to the north of Scarba. The array of rocks and islets on the S.W. corner of Mull is bewildering. The decca was very useful in picking out our small anchorage. There is a very dangerous rock in the entrance to this anchorage and great care is required to avoid it. There is little room to swing and during the night, as the tide turned, we touched the yacht next to us.

We got away early in the morning and motor-sailed the few miles to Iona where a local fishing boat hailed us and offered a mooring. The island is completely dominated by religion and is very touristy but also very pretty. We visited the interpretive centre, the old nunnery and the fully restored cathedral where we were taken on a guided tour along with the huge crowds that were constantly arriving by ferry. There was a brisk north wind as we dropped our mooring and sailed away in the company of *Greater Manchester Challenge* towards Staffa. Fortunately the landing point on Staffa is on the S.E. tip and so was reasonably sheltered. The bottom is rock and weed and our pilot book advised leaving someone on anchor watch. However, as our anchor had held fast while we had our lunch, we decided to take a chance and all go ashore. Staffa is a mirror image of the Giants Causeway with large columns of crystallised basalt all fitting together like a honeycomb. On returning to *Tallulah* we caught six small pollock which made a nice snack en route to Coll. Our route took us out through the Treshnish Isles where we hugged the northern tip of Dutchman's Cap a little too closely and lost the fishing lures we were trailing on the submerged rocks. With a northerly force 4 we beat out to Loch Eatharna, anchoring on the northern side of Eilean Eatharna. There are some visitors moorings on the south side but they are a little more exposed. Arinagour is the main town on the island and has a small hotel, well stocked shops and an interesting looking bistro. We decided we would stay put the following day and eat out. We spent the day fishing, watching the seals and generally enjoying the blistering sunshine. By the time we went ashore the bistro was booked out. The little church on the hill is beautifully constructed of gneiss rock. It was here that I fell in love with the rock from which many of the Hebrides are formed. The stratified rock with layers of white and green,

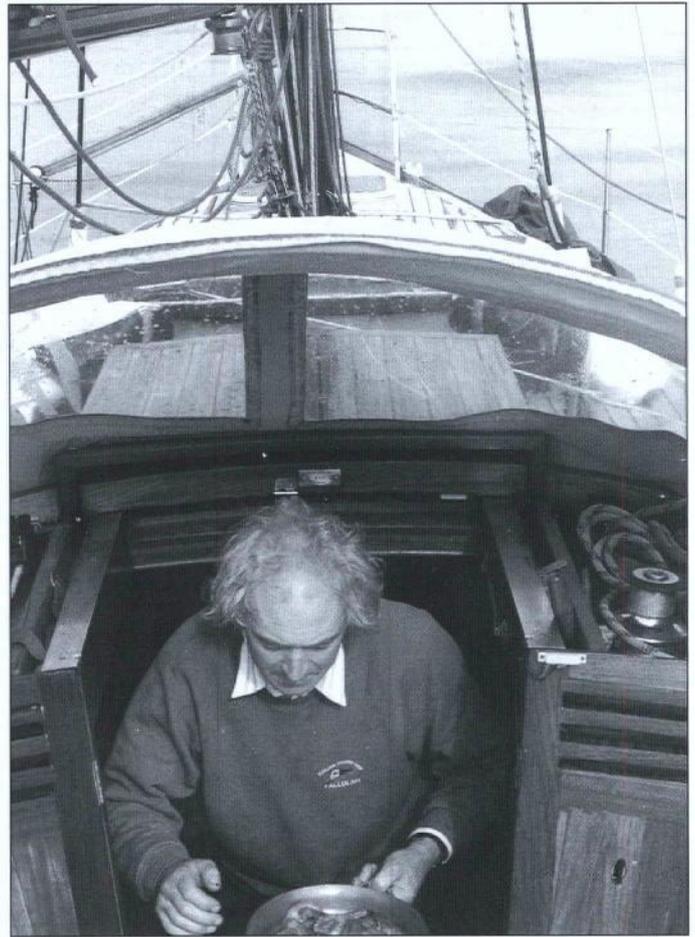


gives the stone mason a marvellous material through which he can express his art. By now we had become accustomed to the summer of '95 and on the 5th of August, having restocked the boat in Arinagour, we motored off towards Eigg in a flat calm. This is a most beautiful island and quite different to the others in that there are trees and vegetation. The harbour is very picturesque and there are some lovely sandy beaches. We walked around the bay and paddled in the lukewarm water. A shellfish and seaweed cookery book which we bought in the small giftshop later proved most useful. The island is apparently owned by one man and it was a shame to see the remains of his lovely Rolls Royce which caught fire only a year ago. It looked as if it was dragged from the bottom of the ocean having lain there for fifty years, such is the harsh atmosphere of these parts. With some regret we lifted our anchor and on to Mallaig.

We anchored behind the fishing pier using a tripping line as our pilot book suggested. There was a fair swell brought in by the northerly wind. As might be expected this is a fairly rough port but has excellent chandlery etc. for the fishing trade. We watched an Icelandic yacht trying to tie up alongside a small fishing boat. Suddenly fishermen popped out of their boats and with wild gesticulations left him in no doubt that he must instantly put to sea. I doubt if he has tied up alongside a fishing boat since. When we hauled our anchor we brought up a huge coil of winch wire and but for the tripping line would have been in trouble. Our next destination was Loch Scavaig.

We had a fairly hard beat out against small choppy waves but this was more than compensated for by the beauty of the place. The cliffs really did touch the sky and I think it is the first time that I experienced a dizzy feeling looking up at cliffs. For the most part it was calm in the loch but from time to time severe gusts fell from the cliffs and caused the boats to veer in all directions. We considered the place unsafe to spend the night and so we reached westwards through Soay Sound and eventually anchored in Port Long in Loch Harport, where there is a fish farm. The following morning saw us beating up the coast past Idrigill Point and by 16.00 we dropped anchor in Dunvegan. The west coast of Skye is wild and spectacular and the contrast with Loch Dunvegan is amazing. There are several hotels and we eventually picked Athol House for our evening meal. It was an excellent choice and provided a first class meal at a very competitive price in pleasant surroundings. The prawns in these parts are enormous and should not be missed if in the area. The local midges are particularly savage and there is simply no contest when they attack. Our pilot book suggested that it is probably worth trying insect repellents but that they are unlikely to be very effective. Also worth noting are the plentiful supply of mussels in the bay. There are three visitors moorings. Early the following morning we moved to the small private pier to take on water. A local fisherman thought that this was most unwise and suggested that it rusts everything it touches. He seemed to think that there was no such problem with the local whisky.

Our next destination was East Loch Tarbert in Harris and we again paid our respects to our Volvo Penta 2002. We anchored in 4 metres, south of the ferry and Bernie and Brian had showers in the Harris Hotel, a very pleasant spot, while I prepared the meal. Our starter was a fine chowder of Dunvegan mussels and cod and this was followed by chicken curry and then peaches and cream. On returning to the hotel we found the huge array of malt whiskies overwhelmingly tempting and in the end we bought two bottles of Cadenheads 18 year old malt. The garage next door to the Harris Hotel agreed to hire us a car, with absolutely no formalities, for £21. This plan proved a great success as we travelled from the Butt of Lewis to Loch Boisdale in the south of Harris. The scenery is spectacular with many lakes covered in lilies and dotted with islets. We had a swim on a beautiful sandy beach at the Butt of Lewis. We found the local people very friendly and



Skipper prepares grub.

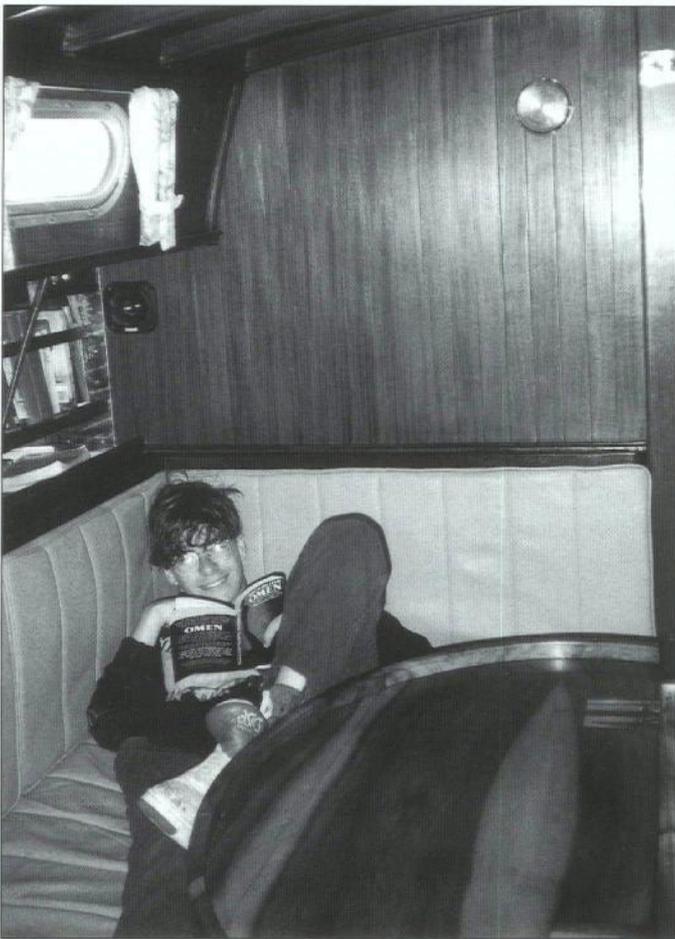
incredibly trusting. We visited a most interesting museum on the west coast of Lewis which was packed with beautiful antiquities and the place was open and unattended. We stopped at the house of Joan McLennan in Drinishader on the Golden Road in Harris. She was a tweed weaver and showed great pride in showing her craft to us. We had very little cash with us but this presented no problem as she parceled up £91 worth of her tweed and told us we could send her on the money when we got home.

The following day the wind was S.E. force 3/4 and we beat our way down to Loch Maddy where there are five visitors moorings. As there was no vacant one we dropped anchor close by with not a lot of swinging room. A large scale chart is essential to explore this loch as there are many dangers. The place caters for the camping fraternity and we found the pop music in the bar annoying. Friday the 11th brought a dramatic change in the weather with strong southerly winds which brought violent squalls down off the mountains whipping up the sea and causing *Tallulah* to lie over heavily with her toerail nearly in the water. With winds in this quarter Loch Maddy is very uncomfortable and I am sure the wind in the open sea was no more than force 7.

We again hired a car from Ask Car Hire in Benbecula and did a tour of the remainder of the Outer Hebrides. From a scenic point of view these islands do not



Felt roofed cottage in Tiree.



Brian relaxing on board.

compare with Harris and Lewis. The religious divide between the followers of Calvin in the northern isles and of Rome in the southern was very striking.

The weather forecast gave westerly winds for the next few days and so this was an ideal opportunity to make a break for Ireland. Up to now we had made no public pronouncements about where we intended going on this holiday but in the back of our minds we were determined to return home via the west of Ireland and so with little fuss this was agreed on. Based on the weather forecast it was decided to haul up our anchor at 06.00 on Sunday 13th and this would ensure that we made a landfall on Tory Island in daylight. Sailing was brisk but wet as we tramped along the east coast of Benbecula and North and South Uist and then all of a sudden, as we left the land and its shelter behind, we found the bad weather of the last few days had whipped the sea into an uncomfortable motion. The wind was S.W. and not W. and our course was taking us to Rathlin Island instead of Tory Island. We battled on all day until the reality dawned that our initial destination was going to be very difficult with the wind in this quarter so a quick decision was made to head for Gott Bay in Tiree. It was now dark and we must negotiate the Gunna Sound. Having read the CCC pilot book a passage through this sound seemed very unwise in darkness. It was decided to put away the pilot book and just use the chart and motor our way slowly and

use the decca and the tips of our fingers to feel the rocks. This plan worked fine and we dropped our anchor behind the ferry terminal at 22.30. We were satisfied with ourselves as we had missed a lot of hard spots. Tiree is a lovely low island in contrast to most of the Inner Hebrides and the village of Scamish, with its little harbour and sandy beach, is a pretty place. Some houses in the village have felt roofs which retain the shape and character of the original thatch. The excellent supermarket and butcher makes this an ideal spot to restock. The harsh reality that the wind was going to remain in the S.W. for the next three or four days was confirmed by a very helpful meteorologist in the Scottish Met. Office, telephone 0141-2483451 While we were delighted to have made the detour to Tiree, if we were to return via the west coast of Ireland we must press on towards Tory and motor sail if needs be.

While we bounced our way from Scotland towards Ireland, foremost in Bernie's mind was how soon we could make a link call to Claire, as the results of the Leaving Certificate were imminent. The reassuring loom of the Inishtrahull light showed that progress was indeed in the right direction and as we approached Donegal contact was made with home. Out of the blue a high speed Customs launch pulled alongside and we took advantage of this chance encounter by gleaning information as to the best landing spot on Tory. Catapulted by two 90 horse power engines these friendly Customs officers disappeared over the horizon in a matter of a minute or two. As the anchorage on the east side of Tory was fully occupied, we anchored in a small bay to the north. The walk from the north side of the island to the main town in the centre gave us an opportunity to take in the views of this near lunar landscape. In the glorious sunshine the village was stunningly beautiful and, with every building newly whitewashed, it looked like a good contender for the tidy towns competition. However, as the roads are untarred, one could imagine a quite different picture on a rainy day. We ate in the new hotel and passed a pleasant evening in company with some friendly locals. Our anchorage later proved rather uncomfortable as there was a fair swell.

The morning brought another scorcher and no wind, so a short hop to Gweedore was the obvious move. It was great to catch mackerel again as our diet had lacked fish in Scotland. Locals blamed the seals and mink but I am sure they could share in some of the blame themselves. Our pilotage into Bunbeg left a lot to be desired but, as we only had very large



Frank Ranalow, Skipper and Yvonne Ranalow in Darrynane.

scale charts, I suppose we were lucky not to go aground. We anchored in a pool outside the entrance to Bunbeg and collected some of the plentiful mussels when the tide was out. I would not recommend this source of mussels unless a bottle of Kaolin & Morphine is to hand. We all enjoyed extended swims in the clear lukewarm water.

Saturday the 19th was another lovely day and we made our departure for Achill Island where some of Bernie's cousins live. As night drew in Brian did the first watch taking us in by Eagle Island and then altering course between Black Rock and Inishkea South. This was a fine piece of pilotage for a fifteen year old, on his own, on a very dark night. As dawn broke we sailed in past Dysaghy Rocks and anchored in Keel Bay. It would be impossible to enter this bay in darkness as it is full of nets. During the day we moved to Keem Bay which is more sheltered and this gave us the opportunity to take our friends for a trip. Never having sailed before they found the four mile journey exhilarating and one ten-year old lad remarked "this is a mighty fine sight for the people on the shore to see." Our next destination was to be Clare Island but there were so many fishing boats moored in the bay that we felt there was not enough room to swing and, after a quick lunch, we lifted our anchor and made for Inishturk. We intended to visit the old shebeen but unfortunately Mary Robinson had got there before us and opened a new community hall which doubles as a pub. By anchoring south of the harbour and west of the lobster cages, very close to the beach, our walk in search of liquid refreshments was considerably reduced, but the return journey in the pitch dark, scrambling over the cliffs not to be recommended.

The following morning was bright and crisp with a light N.W. wind. We had a very pleasant sail to Dingle riding gently over a small swell. We made a link call to our friends Frank and Yvonne Ranalow who were meeting us in Dingle together with Brian's friend Julian Bloomer. As I spoke to Valentia Radio, coincidentally Frank was also speaking to them trying to make contact with me. A rendezvous was arranged for Dingle the following afternoon. By morning the wind had increased to force 4/5 and we were making 6 knots with the dolphins accompanying us. The early morning traffic into Shannon is amazing. The crowds to see the Dingle dolphin have not diminished but I think his performance has.

On Thursday the 24th we set off to Sneem with a strong westerly wind forecast. The rollers bouncing off the Valentia Island cliffs made the sea nasty and some of our visitors found the trip difficult. A sperm whale blowing close by us provided



Bruce Fennell and skipper sailing on South Coast.

a few minutes relief but a decision to alter course for Derrynane was not difficult to make. By the following morning our visitors all had perfect sea-legs and we set off for Sneem. The way out of Derrynane looked awesome and so we dropped sails and motored hard and we are all still alive. Sneem Bay was beautiful and we walked the two miles to the town where we had a very pleasant meal and a few pints in the Blue Bull Restaurant. The taxi driver who returned us to our dinghy very kindly shone his car lights so that we could see our way across the bay. A quick sail over to Kilmakilloge provided our sailing experience for the next day. The place is completely over-run with mussel cages. We came across many old moorings with unbuoyed rope lying on the surface and all in all found this lovely bay completely unsuitable for sailing. We eventually weaved our way to the Dereen Gardens at the south end of the bay and had a pleasant afternoon inspecting same. Frank and Yvonne are both very knowledgeable on things that grow and of course this greatly enhanced the experience for us. We returned to Bunaw Harbour for the night where O'Sullivan's pub is a very hospitable place. They recognised us as sailors and offered showers.

The following day we were sorry to say goodbye to Frank and Yvonne and with a N.W. force 3/4 made a speedy exit from Kenmare Bay. More mussel farms could be seen in Ardroom Bay. As we approached Dursey Sound Bernie began predicting a gybe and certainly the Sound was exciting with perhaps a force 6 N.W. against the tide. The wind continued to rise as we headed for Mizen running goosewinged at 7/8 knots. Bernie again predicted a gybe. This time it happened. The pulley, through which our preventer was rove, burst under the strain and a stanchion was bent right over. This probably took a lot of force out of the gybe and no more



Frank Ranalow wonders does skipper have any culinary qualifications.

damage was done. The moral of the story is that it is very important to bring a good gybe predictor along especially if they can double up as cook and navigator. Claire had by this time received her College offers and broadcast them with great pride over the VHF. However some College formalities had to be urgently completed and Bernie had to rush home. Frank had rung his cousin Tony Payne in Schull to see if a taxi could be ready to take Bernie home. Tony very kindly drove Bernie, Brian and Julian to Cork where they linked up with a taxi to Wicklow. I was now single-handed. The singlehanded sail from Schull to Glandore accompanied by hosts of Red Admiral butterflies provided a new experience. I spent the night in Glandore having a lengthy telephone conversation with Bernie attending to the details that had been neglected over the past month. I was to meet my friend Bruce Fennell in Kinsale on the 29th and after a day's sailing I tied up in the marina and soon met up with Bruce and Hal Blakely who manages the Trident Hotel. Hal very kindly arranged a berth for me in the Trident Marina as I was tied up under the exhaust pipe of a super-yacht from the Cayman Islands. We tried out the Cadenheads 63% 18 year old whisky and found it worked well. While roaming around Kinsale looking for an interesting restaurant we were presented with two tickets offering something free in an Indian Restaurant. We fell for it but regretted it later.

After cleaning the blade of the Aries self steering gear we set off for Youghal. Weed on the pendulum blade of the Aries gear causes a dramatic deterioration in its performance.

Youghal Bay was alive with fish and so I suppose this prompted us to make our way to Aherns. We dined in style leaving out nothing they could offer. After a very light breakfast, as our constitution hadn't fully recovered, we set off early for Dunmore East. We couldn't resist the temptation to collect a few mackerel. These provided our evening meal on the Honorary Treasurer's mooring. We were still not full recovered from the meal in Aherns and so a few pints and off to bed.

Some years ago I found a spot on the south side of the Saltee Islands where pollock are assured and so we diverted that way. The scenery on that side of the Saltee Islands is pretty and the huge gannet colony is impressive. That evening we made our way into Wexford at low tide. The echo sounder on *Tallulah* is very accurate and it showed us burrowing our way through the silt with the keel two feet submerged. The bottom is very soft in the channel as it is constantly churned up by the mussel boats. One doesn't have to be much of an athlete to get as far as the pub in Wexford and so it was easy to get our fill. I have always found the mussel boat owners very helpful but security is a problem in Wexford.

The forecast for Saturday the 2nd September was N.W. force 4/5. This prediction proved accurate and with a favourable tide under us we fetched Wicklow in nine hours. It had been a really great Summer and we were lucky enough to have availed of this window in our normal "temperate climate" to wander through some of Europe's finest cruising grounds and see them at their very best.

Date	From	To	Distance NM	Hrs	Mins	Power/Sail
27 July	Wicklow	Clogher Head	59	11	35	Sail
28 July	Clogher Head	Donaghadee	58	11	00	Motor
29 July	Donaghadee	Church Bay	43	8	00	Sail
30 July	Church Bay	Craighouse	38	9	15	Sail & Motor
31 July	Craighouse	Crinan	19	4	45	Motor
1 Aug	Crinan	Arderfern Marina	7			Motor
2 Aug	Arderfern Marina	Iona				M/sail
		Staffa				M/sail
		Arinagour	29	10	30	Sail
5 Aug	Arinagour	Eigg				Motor
		Mallaig	33	9	00	Motor
6 Aug	Mallaig	L. Scavaig				Sail
		Port Long	45	9	15	Sail
7 Aug	Port Long	Dunvegan	26	5	40	Sail
8 Aug	Dunvegan	East Loch Tarbert	31	7	30	Motor
10 Aug	East Loch Tarbert	Loch Maddy	27	5	45	Sail
13 Aug	Loch Maddy	Gott Bay	76	15	45	Sail & Motor
15 Aug	Gott Bay	Tory	117	26	00	M/sail
17 Aug	Tory	Bunbeg	12	2	45	Motor
19 Aug	Bunbeg	Achill	107	21	15	Sail & Motor
21 Aug	Achill	Clare Is				Sail
		Inishturk	26	8	40	Sail
22 Aug	Inishturk	Dingle	105	25	15	Sail
24 Aug	Dingle	Darrynane	29	8	00	Sail
25 Aug	Darrynane	Sneem	11	1	50	Sail
26 Aug	Sneem	Bunaw Harbour	10			M/sail
27 Aug	Bunaw Harbour	Schull	45	8	15	Sail
28 Aug	Schull	Glandore	23	7	00	Sail
29 Aug	Glandore	Kinsale	35	7	30	Sail
30 Aug	Kinsale	Youghal	36	7	00	Sail
31 Aug	Youghal	Dunmore East	33	7	00	Sail
1 Sept	Dunmore East	Wexford	42	9	15	Sail
2 Sept	Wexford	Wicklow	38	9	00	Sail

No of Ports and anchorages visited	33
Duration of cruise days	37
Miles logged	1194
No. of overnight passages	3
Average speed Kts	4.5
Miles under sail	830
Miles under engine	223
Miles motor sailing	141

Saint Patrick in Scotland

Paddy Barry

For the last few years we've discovered that a great way to open the cruising season is to rattle off to Scotland just about as soon as the boat, and the crew, is in commission.

And so it was that on Friday evening the 5th. of May we left Howth harbour just as soon as Jarlath Cunnane excused himself from an ICC Committee Meeting being held in the Club. An acceptable excuse for leaving an ICC meeting, I hope!

With us were Paul Cooper and Pat Redmond as usual, Justin McDonogh from Limerick after an absence of a few years and a newcomer Frank Nugent, more familiar with the high Himalayas than the low and wet levels of a boat. Oh yes, Harry Connolly and Donal O'Murchu were with us too, eight in all – in a boat with seven berths.

Writing up this type of cruise for the Journal I use the material available combined with photographs, assisted of necessity by memory. Mere reproduction of our ships log would make for very dull reading indeed – mostly. The material available is our running log, containing waypoints, bearings and distances; watches, forecasts and, when we're ashore, bits and pieces of paper stapled in for future reference. This is very different from the log I try to keep on longer passages, where every few days in quiet weather, usually at night, I'd write up the doings of the previous few days, with memory fresh and the running log to hand.

This was not one of those. We were bound for Skye, to 'lep' around the mountains and get as much time under sail as we could in between.

The following morning saw us through the Copeland Islands with nary a breath of wind all night, God bless our engine. Breakfast in the cockpit for all, the fettle was fine and no hardship at all. From mid-day we had sail up and carried the outgoing tide through the North Channel, east of Rathlin towards the Rinns of Islay.

19.00 'Wind gone to the west. Hazy sun. Cool.

Rinns ETA 21.00, with one hour of tide to spare.'

22.15 'Big mistake. Went into the bay.

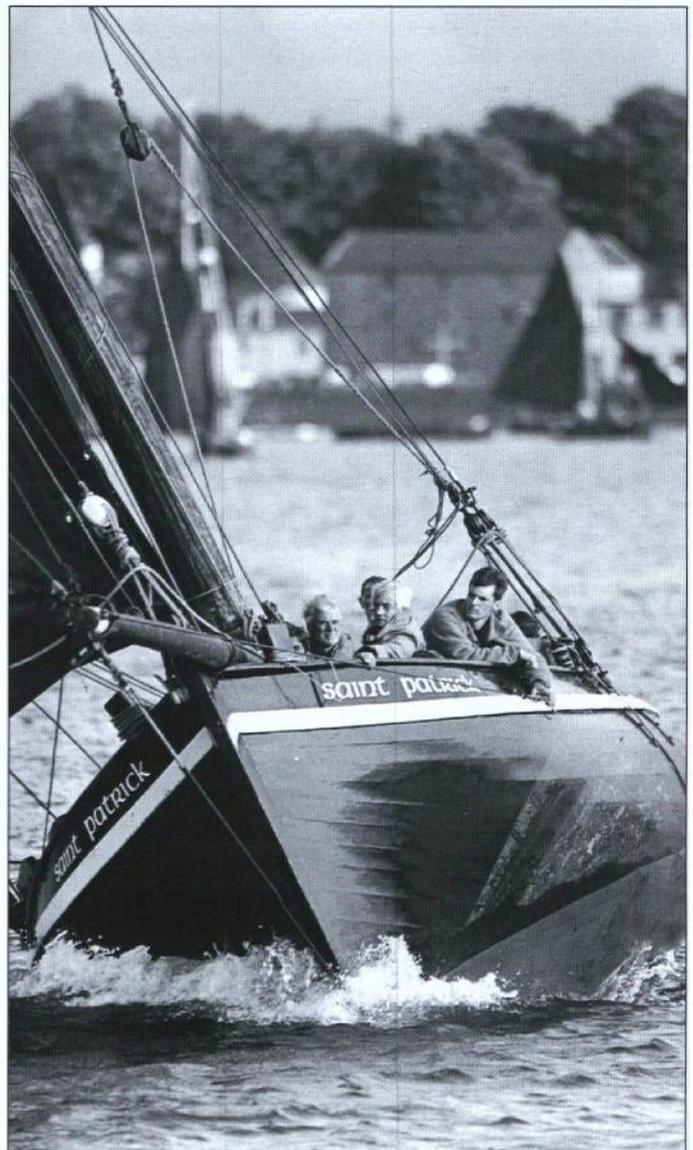
Dark and misty. No moon tonight.'

Yes indeed; we made our turn to the north after rounding the monument on the Mull of Oa, instead of rounding the Light on Orsay, now flashing, clear to be seen by even idiots such as we. A general tightening up of navigation and plotting was the silent and immediate result of that.

The forecast now gave colder northerly weather, 5 or 6, for Hebrides/Bailey, with rain or showers. In fact we didn't get it bad at all, so much so that by 10.30 hours next morning we were off the Island of Eigg, after passing outside Iona during the night and inside Treshnish Isles in the morning.

Now Eigg wasn't really on our List, but then it never had been on other years either and here was a grand opportunity. High Water allowed us to go right in to the small pier. But the depth under our keel, at 1.4 meters, bade us inflate the dingy and go to anchor.

From eleven to four in the afternoon we walked the island. First in the mist to the buttressed peak, An Sgurr. How well the Scots have maintained the purity of their place-names, notwithstanding that it was the same Sappers and Naval Lieutenants who made such a mess of ours! Across to the crofters village of Cleadale on the north-western side we tramped, returning by the tarred road. In the Cafe at the pier, now open because the ferry had landed, we bought descriptive walking maps — which showed all the features we had missed as we stepped along. We'll have them for the next time.



'Cruising' in Kinvara.

PHOTO: Eamon Ward, Clare Champion



Justin McDonogh, Paddy Barry and Frank Nugent.

PHOTO: *Harry Connolly*

Sunday. '16.30 hours. Sailing for Scavaig. One reef, one headsail. Good sailing in gusty mist'
'20.00 hours. Anchored in Loch Scavaig after an exhilarating close reach.' How snug we were.

Monday morning. Cold and showery.

Harry rhymed 'The forecast said Sunshine and Showers,
But then it rained for hours and hours.'

On with our walking gear and away along the Elgol coast path we went and up the solitary Bla Bheinn mountain for our days outing. Out to the west towards the main Cuillin ridge we heard the distinctive sound of a helicopter, trouble somewhere. On our return, five hours later, Paul, who had stayed around Scavaig, told us that the helicopter had landed close by, dropping off liferaft and some gear to lighten, and then in a

matter of minutes taken off. A couple of days later we read in the Mallaig paper that two climbers had been lifted off, after 48 hours exposure on a crag. One survived.

Tuesday. Scavaig, still. Brighter weather but still cool and cloud down to 2,500 feet. Six of us did the Dubhs Ridge, walking up the Loch Corruisk valley before taking to the rising rock. Mooching around the high ground, roping and abseiling, navigating through cloud and magnetic anomalies, we pretended to be enjoying ourselves. We came across a bunch of unsmiling crewcut army types on some sort of training outing, who definitely were not.

All the while Paul and Jarlath had done some seafaring. They took the boat round to the island of Soay, making in to the bay on the north side. They met a couple of new-age type



Paul Cooper, Frank Nugent, Pat Redmond, Jarlath Cunnane. Men at Sea. Content.

PHOTO: *Harry Connolly*



Saint Patrick.

PHOTO: Shay Fennelly. Claggan, Westport

women who were lumping bags of coal from the beach to their bothy on the island. I have a feeling that we didn't get the full story!

18.30 Up anchor and away for Armadale under engine. It's about time we got to a pub this week!

I'm sorry to say that Armadale was a bitter disappointment; that's not a criticism of the place, rather a comment on the mismatch between a very nice place and ourselves. We had a most civilised night, left on the dot of closing time —no choice, and took to our bunks after moving out from the jetty to anchor.

Wednesday. The day dawned fair and fine!

We, at least some of us, sailed out our anchor and reached

across the Sound of Sleat to Mallaig Harbour. Our plan was to get diesel and start towards the south.

However! We met Dan Convery from Argyll, starting his summer long sojourn on his yacht *Molita* on the Scottish west coast, who amongst other things was a fan of my old musical heroes, The Corrie Folk and then we met Toby Robinson, of Doune.

Toby had been Mate of the charter vessel *Lorne Leader* when last we met. Now he had set up in Doune, at the western end of the Knoydart peninsula, with his family. There they have a set-up that would gladden your heart, although God only knows how they make it pay. Essentially it's a boatyard with visitors moorings, sailing school, accommodation for



Harry Connolly and Pat Redmond 'lepin' around the Cuilinnns.

PHOTO: Justin McDonogh

about 20 and a restaurant. After anchoring in Doune, an hour by engine north of Mallaig, we had walked the sunny afternoon on the easy hills of west Knoydart. The walkers, by various routes, finished in the Estate village pub at Inverie on the northern shore of Loch Nevis. There Toby picked us up in the Robinsons fast and fine motor vessel. That night in the restaurant a fiddler who was staying there hardly got a look-in, as Frank Nugent and Toby's Da matched song for song. A most welcoming place.

02.45 Hours. Now it's Thursday. Back to *Saint Patrick* and away we went, southwards. Round Ardmurchan, raising sail to a following wind at daybreak, down the Sound of Mull on a cool and sunny morning, tide bound for a while but not badly as we were on neaps, and then away again through Luing and down the east side of Jura to tie up on the south side of Craighouse jetty at 19.00 hours. A most satisfying days sailing that was, the only navigational irritant being that we had passed too close to Goat Rock, that half-tide danger outside the most southerly of the three Small Isles, before making our turn into Craighouse.

On Friday we took to the Paps of Jura, gathering at the boat later intending to sail down the 20 miles to Port Ellen, a place none of us had been to. However the wind, though favourable, was a gusty force 7 or so. There were no objections when the call came to stay put.

We left Craighouse for Dublin in flat calm at first light, on Saturday 05.15 hours, getting up sail at eleven with a northerly breeze.

As we reached into home waters, Frank and myself were chatting. He said that people often enquire how he gets months



The Pier at Eigg with 1.4 metres under the keel we inflated the dingy and went to anchor.

PHOTO: Justin McDonogh

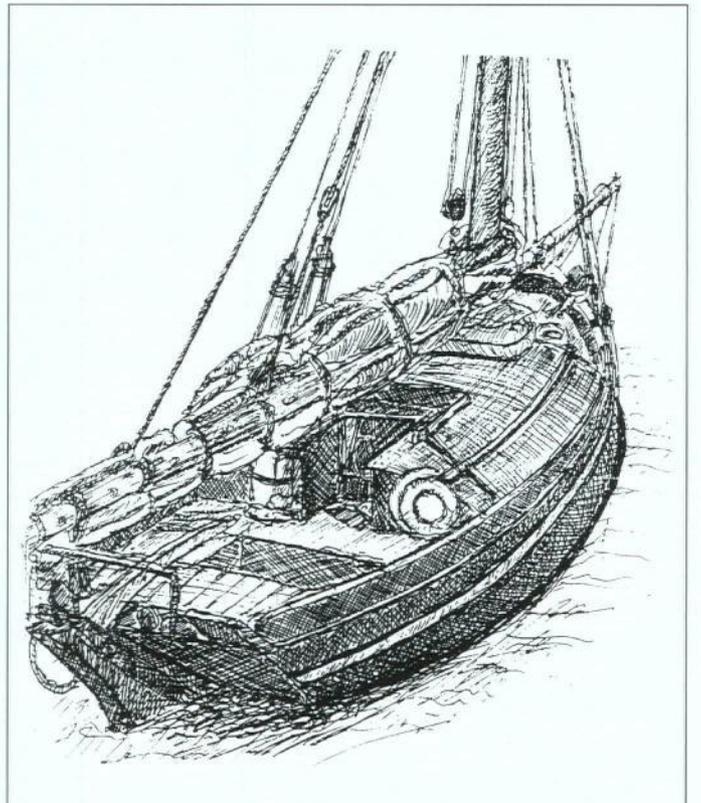
at a time off for his expeditions. (He was joint leader on Everest last year.) He says, "I ask" ! This week had been for him an introduction to sailing. Like many of us, his heroes are Shackleton and Tom Crean, and Frank had thoughts of combining some sailing in the cold with climbing.

Unfortunately, in that respect, the introduction had been incomplete – we hadn't had any bad weather at sea. We'd had great crack, no injuries, and unlike some of our other Scottish weeks, one of which ran to 13 days, this year we even got home on time!

Epilogue:

The Summer was great for us, as for all who enjoyed this most wonderful of Irish Summers. High Island still eludes our attempts to make a landing, but otherwise we visited them all.

However our final passage was not so good. The report to the Department of the Marine is included in Dunn's Ditties.



Ramadan Cruise Karachi (Pakistan) – Al Hudaydah (Yemen)

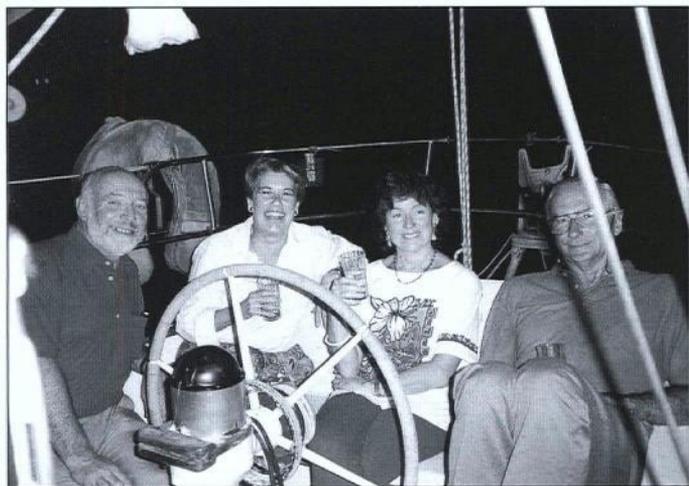
Stuart Nairn

I had been invited to crew on a yacht crossing the Arabian Sea early in 1995 and after a progressively more cramped series of flight from Cork via London and Bucharest was met by Barry Sheffield at Karachi airport at 0530 on Saturday, 21st January 1995. We quickly taxied through an unbelievable melee of traffic to the exclusivity of the Defence Marina Club (complete with armed guards) on Ghisri creek about three miles east of the city where *Moorhen*, a 37' Endurance ketch was moored off the club.

Barry, owner and skipper learned his sailing on the East Coast of England and his recent travels in *Moorhen* covered three years each in the Mediterranean and Baltic, his favourite cruising ground. Taking his chance on the collapse of the USSR in 1992, Barry boldly headed into the Russian canal system at St. Petersburg and worked his way down the Volga exiting at Rostov on Don. He was about ten days behind the late Miles Clark in *Wild Goose* (ICC Annual 1993).

At a meeting of the Cruising Association of which he is a keen member, he had accepted an invitation from Mr. Humayun Qureshi, the C.A.'s Honorary Port Officer to visit Karachi. He had hoped to carry on to South East Asia but had to abandon these plans and was now proposing to take the boat back to Falmouth via the Arabian Sea, Red Sea, Mediterranean and French Canals.

The other two members of the crew were Anthea Cornell, an experienced sailor, with a great sense of humour, who had raced a lot on the Crosshaven built *Longbow II* as well as *Outlaw* and Pauline Duart, another enthusiastic C.A. member. Pauline had the distinction of having sailed the Freemantle to Auckland leg on *With Integrity* in the 1989/90 Whitbread Race and she is an accomplished cook and navigator.



Farewell party Defence Marina Club – the whole crew. Stuart Nairn, Anthea Cornell, Pauline Duart and Barry Sheffield.

PHOTO: H. Qureshi

The Defence Marina Club, about four years old, staffed mainly by retired servicemen, is a mixed powerboat and sailing club. There are no keelboats but Optimists are very strong with the same sort of support from parents and club boatmen as we have here. There were also Enterprises, Wayfarers and some rowing fours. Activity peaked at the weekends and probably because it was winter (though in the 30 C range) was fairly slack otherwise.

Ghisri Creek itself is reminiscent of the Essex side of the Thames Estuary. It is set in low flat land with mangrove covered islands and sea walls in the foreground while in the distant haze the outskirts of the city can be seen and the perpetual honking of horns faintly heard. However even the staunchest admirers of Ghisri would admit that the creek is heavily polluted and can, at times, be malodorous. A club member joked that his friend had turned down a sailboarding invitation on the grounds that "if you are going to find tiger shit anywhere it would be in Ghisri Creek".

Nevertheless we grew to love our anchorage, tidal rise about two metres, with its absolute stillness at sunrise broken only by the call to prayer from the Mosque. Strings of draught camels outlined against the evening sky reminded us that we were in a land of deserts.

Moorhen certainly looked the part of the long distance voyager with a miscellaneous deck cargo of things which dare not be junked because you never know! There were even two rusty bikes for marina use, which had paid for their keep in Djibouti, nestling in the bowsprit pulpit.

A flock of acrobatic crows had voted our ketch rig a fun place to roost morning and evening and expressed their appreciation over decks and cargo. A smart handclap proved to be the way to move them on and we learned to keep them circulating like a well drilled picket line.

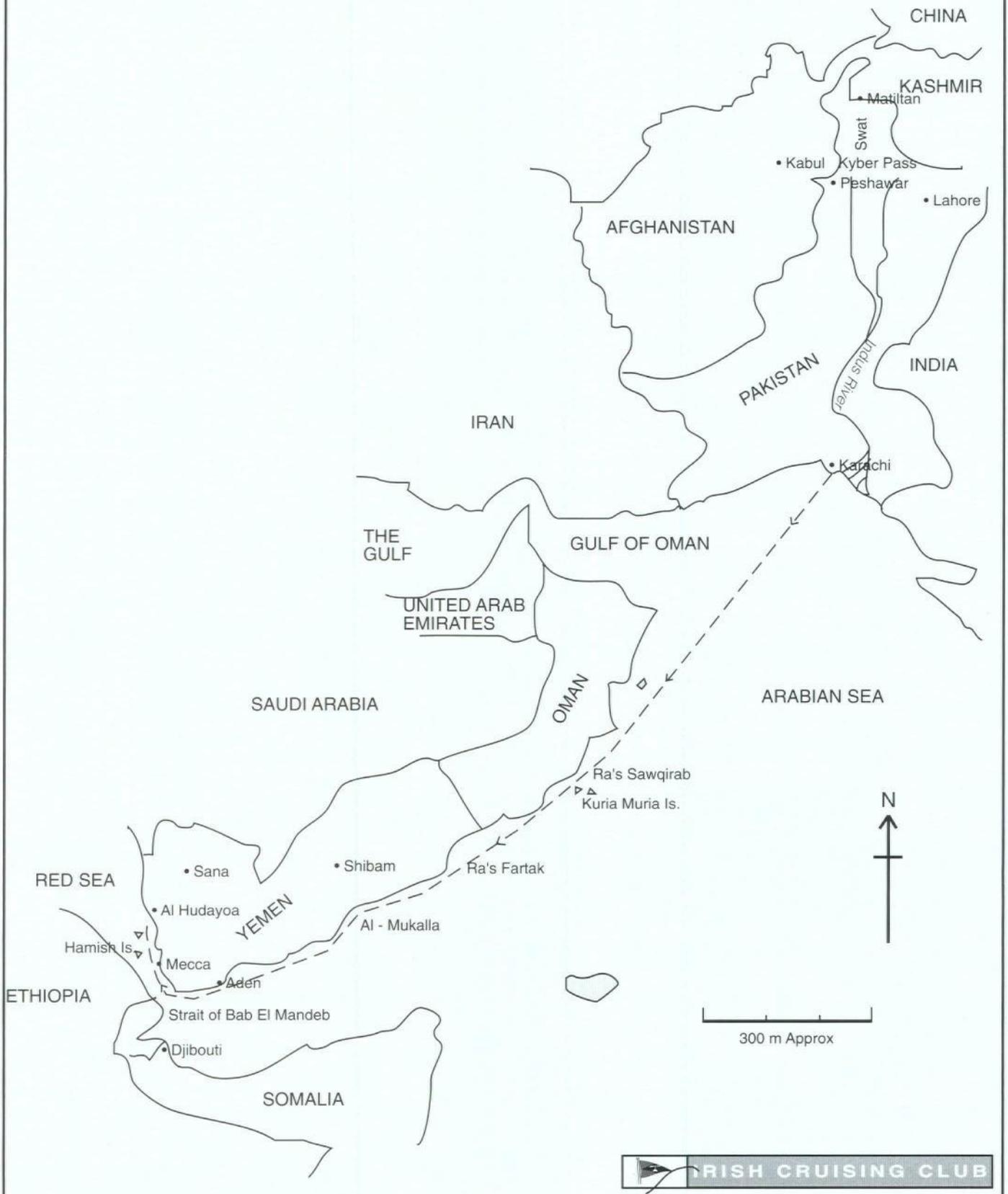
Before recommissioning *Moorhen*, we decided to see something of Pakistan and its 123 million inhabitants, so headed for the romantically named Khyber Mail train and a thirty six hour journey (900 miles) to Peshawar gateway to Central Asia and capital of the North West Frontier province.

Pakistan, a Muslim state, is a country of extremes, high mountains and deep seas, fertile plains and large deserts, intense heat and perpetual snow, drought and floods, exceeding wealth and dire poverty, modern technology and ancient ways, heinous crime and strict religious rules are but some. Living on a train, the only Europeans and scrutinised like pop stars, flung us in at the deep end and perforce we adapted to the different customs, food, clothing and habits of our fellow travellers. The lack of a common language (our Urdu was minimal) was a barrier but did not prevent Pauline receiving an invitation (politely declined) to travel with the driver and his mate in the cab for part of the journey.

In the steps of Rudyard Kipling we ventured, for a day, into the Khyber Pass (3,500 ft.), fired a Kalashnikov rifle at the

Moorhen

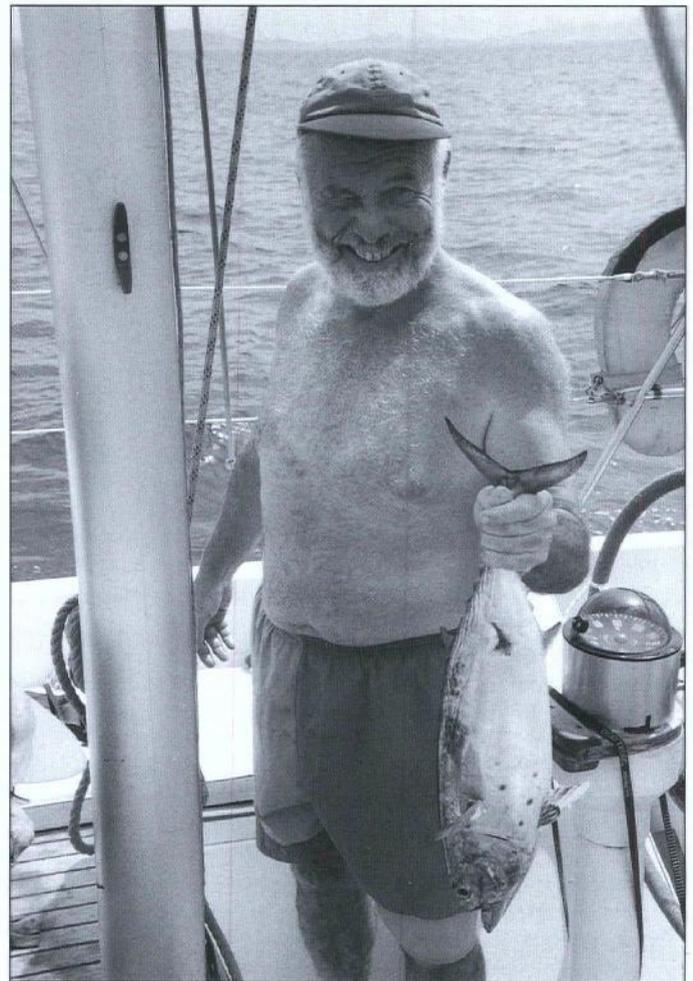
1995





Moorhen at Defence Marina Club pantoon. Full sail.

PHOTO: Stuart Nairn



Murray Stuart at Yemen coastline near small strait of Bob el Mandeb.

PHOTO: Anthea Cornell

invitation of our armed guard, examined the memorials to the many regiments who served here and speculated about the life of British and Irish squaddies in the many hilltop forts. We saw the one which Churchill had commanded as a young officer. We gazed over the border into Afghanistan towards Kabul and watched the heavy lorries winding their way with consumer goods to Pakistan and India.

The really high mountains now beckoned and by packed minibus we travelled, for a couple of days, to the Swat Valley which lies between the Hindukush and Karakorum mountains about 100 miles west of Nanga Parbat (26,600 ft.). Tourism is being encouraged and we spent two nights in the comfort of the Pakistan Tourism Development Corporation Rest House at Miandam. With a minibus and own Pathan tribesman driver we drove to the roadend at Matiltan (7,000 ft.) slipping and sliding on the packed snow for the last few miles. The highest mountain we could see, being deep in the valley, was Falakser (19,415 ft.) whose snowy summit towered majestically above us. We could also pick out flat roofed houses and tiny cultivated terraces reaching up to the tree line.

As a contrast we visited Lahore after a short (overnight) train journey and viewed the glories of the Mughal Empire (16th/17th Cent.) The Shalimar Gardens are famous with us because local women, mostly well-heeled student groups in colourful saris, were not at all shy about being included in photographs. Normally Muslim custom discourages or absolutely forbids photographing women.

The Badshahi Mosque, where before entering we deposited our shoes in return for a ticket, is said to be the largest mosque courtyard in the world for outdoor prayers. This was the only

one we ventured into as non-Muslims are generally not welcome.

For our tour of the Royal Fort and Palace we had a humorous guide who brought the past to life with his colourful tales about the "elephant carpark" and the goings on in the Royal apartments.

After five days sightseeing we found ourselves back in Karachi early afternoon on Monday, 30th Jan. As a change from local dishes we lunched at the Wimpy restaurant, very familiar and slightly pricey.

We wanted to leave by Tuesday, 7th Feb. so had seven days of hard work to victual and prepare *Moorhen* for sea. The most urgent job was to have the bottom scrubbed. Exhaustive enquiries about hauling out or even laying alongside a wall had proved fruitless but through the good offices of Captain Tahir, Club Secretary, a diver arrived to survey and quote for a scrub. He surfaced waving a fistful of muscles and emphasised the problems. But a price was agreed and we were advised that if God willed it he would start next day.

The Almighty saw things our way and the diver accompanied by his five very well behaved children started next day. He was slightly disappointed that the "nice English ladies" were not aboard but they returned in time to be suitably impressed by his handiwork. I was invited to inspect the bottom at close quarters but declined - we had all suffered slight tummy upsets as was to be expected - and I was not pushing my luck. Inspection later in clearer waters showed that he had done an excellent job.

Arising at dawn, before the heat of the day got to you, was the answer and we steadily slogged through all the tasks and

reduced the deck cargo. Barry concentrated on the mechanical, the girls on victualling and stowing and myself on deck, rigging and cleaning. As the temperature could reach 30/35 C, we usually had a siesta after lunch.

The Club Secretary and staff were most helpful, recommending the best suppliers and helping with transport. A large stock of beef was canned for us and this lasted until June. There were plenty of good markets for fruit and vegetables and supplies of tinned goods were readily available. We used powdered milk most of the voyage.

Liquor was a problem. Officially consumption of alcohol is forbidden but there are exceptions for foreigners and we obtained some local beer and spirits discreetly wrapped in plain brown paper bags.

At the beginning of February the Fast of Ramadan commenced and lasted until about 2nd March. During this time most adult Muslims touched no food or drink from sunrise to sunset. There are frequent breaks for prayer and national productivity drops by about 30%. It was important to allow plenty of time for religious obligations which could suddenly interrupt normal business and patience is vital if you wish to have a nice day.

We were lucky in having an Irish Contact, Donal Magee from Shannon, who with his colleagues Fergal Molloy and Mel Sexton advised us on the local scene. Donal is on secondment from Aer Rianta to manage the Duty Free Shop at the airport and, as we had little night-life, it was a welcome change to visit them at their well guarded apartment block. We were warned about the violence, political and criminal, that could erupt (20 people were killed one night) and on the precautions to take.

Formalities of clearing for Yemen were straightforward and as these required a visit to the main harbour Customs/Immigration offices we took the opportunity to tour that area. We visited the fish harbour which was crammed with boats (mostly 40/60 ft.) and watched the auctions. Most of the fish, we were told, is exported and there were several species of shark including about eighty little hammerheads neatly laid out to view.

Security in the harbour is strict (no photographs) because of the presence of Naval vessels. We took a boat trip out to the island where the Karachi Yacht Club is based. We had not



Racing Crew? on Pakistan fishing boat off Karachi. Note helmsman has high chair and tiller lines. PHOTO: Stuart Nairn

made any contact with this old established club (1911) and being a weekday there was nobody there but a watchman. Their fleet consisted of dinghies and centreboarders and it looked a very active club.

The Defence Marina Club staff were all most helpful and friendly as our departure drew near. At high water we came alongside the Club pontoon and filled our water tanks by hose. Diesel had to be brought by pickup truck and laboriously decanted into the tanks. *Moorhen* carries 450 litres in tanks and 120 in cans and 900 litres of water in tanks plus bottled water for drinking. The tanks were dosed with bleach and drinking water always came from the bottle.

We entertained Humayun Qureshi, his wife Aysha and many other friends and acquaintances including an elderly journalist, Mr. Jeddy, who had been taught to sail in a teak built *Sharpie* by a British officer long before Partition. It was then we began to realise how many friends we had made and how sorry we were to leave.

Captain Tahir entertained us to lunch on Tuesday, 7th Feb., the day of our departure. We were presented with "hot boxes" for the voyage. Mr. Jeddy photographed like mad and then casting off we followed Mr. Issaq, the club boatman, as he piloted us into the main shipping channel. The two unwanted bikes had been presented to Mr. Issaq's sons who brought them, gleaming, back to life.

We set a course of 240 Mag. through masses of small fishing boats with large crews, I counted seventeen on one forty footer. Six days later on Monday, 13th Feb. we made a landfall at the point of Ra's Sawqirab in Oman on the Arabian Peninsula and thence coasted SW, past Salala (Oman) a frequent stop for yachts, to Al-Mukalla, our destination in Yemen which we reached at 0030 on Friday, 17th February.

The passage was uneventful, the NE Trades blew steadily from the west so we had a lot of motorsailing. There were numerous spells of calm, especially at night (great for stargazing) and some short periods of 15 - 25 knots WNW which had us bowling along at 7 knots, occasionally reefed. We logged 1,195 nm. from Karachi to Al-Mukallah with a best days run of 142 nm and an average of 126 nm. Not bad considering the water, fuel and other stores we carried.



Staff of Defence Marina Club. Capt. Fahir 5th from left, Mr Issaq red jumper.

PHOTO: Stuart Nairn



Island of Hallarigah, Kuria Muria Islands off Oman.

PHOTO: *Stuart Nairn*

A Garmin 65 GPS navigated for us (how did we do it pre GPS ?) but we practiced sun sights with the sextant – the horizons were excellent, the results less so. We carried the usual wind, depth, speed, VHF, Navtex instruments. We also had an Aries windvane, Navico Wheel Pilot and Navico TillerMate which Barry linked to the vane of the Aries to reduce power consumption. They worked all well and relieved the watchkeeper of the chore of steering.

We took it in turns to cook dinner each day while working a two hours on, six hours off watch system. We ate well and enjoyed the new varieties of vegetables, fruit and spices acquired in Pakistan. Our frequent motoring ensured that the fridge kept our fresh food in good condition. One or two goodies, such as Christmas cake brought from home lasted well into the voyage.

The mizen was only used a couple of times as a steadying sail but the yankee jib and staysail were up and down as required to match the main. The gear is substantial, brass hanks, heavy dacron, simple and foolproof. The mizen boom was a useful support for the cockpit awning which was a necessity on calm days. Even in the cabin it could be 28 C or more.

The layout below provided a forecabin, a midships cabin, roomy heads opposite and large pilothouse saloon including dining table galley and navigation station. The engine was under the saloon floor with good access. The cockpit was just roomy enough for us all to eat on deck at once and with the mizen there was no shortage of handholds. The girls each had a cabin and Barry and I shared the saloon.

Shipboard tasks, washing, cooking, reading up about Yemen and relaxing on the spacious teak deck which ran uninterrupted all the way to the bowsprit grating, filled our days. The deck shower fitted by the mast was a particular boon and much appreciated for washing hair.

In the evening of the 13th we sailed through the Kuria Muria Islands group on which there were no signs of life.

Having extracted what little information I could from an out of date Admiralty Pilot, wouldn't you know it ! Our esteemed Commodore, David Nicholson with Joan and David and Margaret O'Morchoe, visited the islands (by helicopter) in the 1970s. Ye Gods, is there nowhere safe from his Commodorial visits. David says the islands are occupied by the military and the snorkelling is positively the best he has experienced anywhere.

In this area we had 30 knot versions of the "Belat" mentioned in the pilot as "violent squalls during the night". They certainly improved progress being mostly on the starboard beam and you could feel the hot blast of the desert.

By noon on Wednesday 15th, we were abeam of the high (670m) crumbling cliffs of Ra's Fartak in Yemeni territory and a mile later passed a tiny settlement dwarfed by high dunes. A four wheeled drive traversing the beach and open fishing boats drawn up above the breakers were the first sign of life on shore we had seen since Karachi.

During that night we passed through a fleet of trawlers and in the morning there were a dozen or so 20 ft. open canoes (widened at the stern for outboards) fishing near us on the Pelinurus shoal 97 nm from Al-Mukalla. Some approached close to but we declined to buy any fish or to give them cigarettes. The crews looked very piratical, their headdresses

and Futahs (sarongs) streaming in the breeze as they accelerated off to chase a shoal of dolphin.

On the last couple of days we had some light following winds but they usually petered out. We also had the first noticeable cloud cover for a fortnight - pleasantly cool.

At 0030 on Friday, 17th Feb., we berthed in the small new commercial Kalf Harbour about a mile from the old town of Al-Mukallah. This provides better shelter than the open roadstead off the town but is dirty and unattractive. We celebrated by demolishing the last drops of Bushmills.

Present day Yemen is an uneasy union of North and South. The North stems from the Kingdom of Yemen which became the Yemen Arab Republic (supported by Egypt) and the South originates from the British Aden Protectorate which became the Peoples Democratic Republic of Yemen, the only Marxist Arab state (supported by the Soviets and China). The United Yemen was declared in 1990 but the North/South divide still exists (sounds familiar) with politics, economics, religion and ancient loyalties providing focal points for dissent.

From the sea the town and its dazzlingly white high houses rising steeply to the boulder strewn slopes above is striking. In the narrow streets the buildings show a mixture of Yemeni, Arabic and Indian styles and there is much attractive detail in



With crew of Rehmani motor dhow 163 tons trading between India Gulf States Sri Lanka and Aden. Total crew 9. Draft 10ft loaded, 6ft light. Lays up July, August, September – the monsoon.

PHOTO: *Akbar Ali*

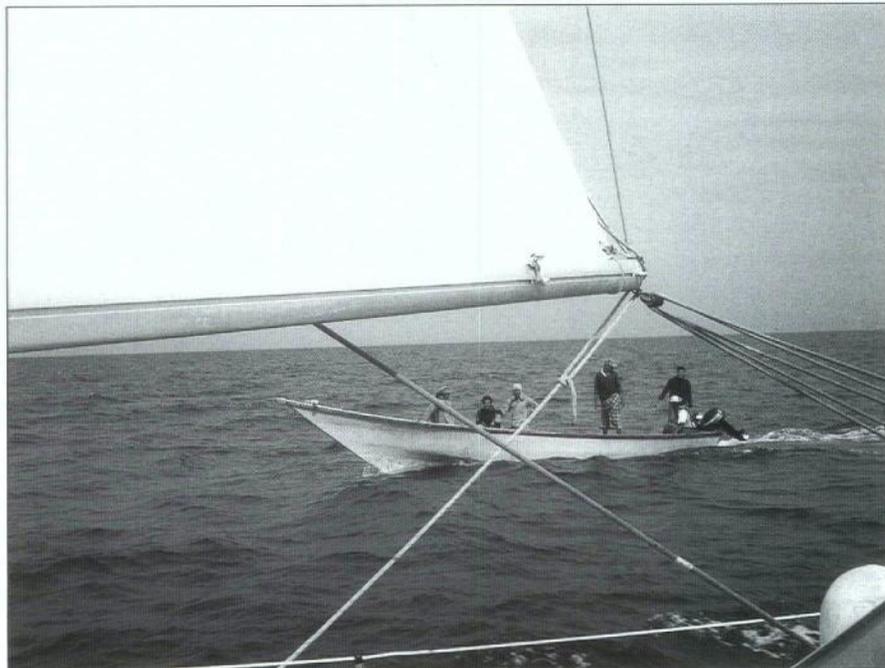
finely engraved wooden window blinds. There are numerous Public Call Offices so long distance telephoning is easy (about 10% of the population works abroad - mostly the Gulf States), Money Changing is also easy, there were money changers galore near the Mosque (where else) but the rates ..12 varied enormously from day to day. Rumour had it that fiscal control was exercised by locking up the money changers when policy dictated.

Morning was the womens' time when the markets were thronged with heavily veiled housewives. The middle of the day was hot and very dead but in the evening about 2200 hrs. things started hopping. Kerbside shops and stalls were in full swing, people squatted at the roadside playing cards or chess, chatting with friends, drinking tea or chewing Qat (fresh green leaves which are the national narcotic). There was a happy go lucky air about the proceedings and despite frequent power cuts which left you stumbling over potholes, small children and pavement stalls conduct was orderly. We found Yemenis to be friendly, very honest and helpful.

The streets are not quite as clean as in Europe but the more objectionable waste is instantly consumed by the goats which roam during the day. These public spirited animals are usually locked up at night by their owners in the ground floors of the houses. Unfortunately, they cannot digest plastic and other modern materials and Yemenis have yet to get to grips with a problem which has only recently been sprung on them.

We moved from Kalf Harbour and anchored in the bay off the town in the company of dhows and a handful of yachts, *Kichem Jenny*, *Mirage* and *Atlantis* being three of them. We used the dinghy to get ashore at the dockside. Al-Mukalla is a convenient stop for yachts crossing the Indian Ocean and several of our fellow "yachties" had come from Australia or South East Asia via the Cocos Keeling Islands. While safe enough at that time of year the open roadstead would be dangerous in the SE Monsoon.

About half of the yachts' crews comprised families with small children, one couple educating their daughter by correspondence from Australia. We would sometimes meet in the evening and the talk was all about self steering problems, water makers, other ports, etc. The gathering was very international and experienced but I never heard the subject of pirates in this area being discussed.



Yemeni fishermen. Nearing Al-Mukalla. First contact with Yemen



Small craft Kalf Harbour Al-Mukalla. I was chased away by Somali refugees and bitten by an Arab dog to get this photo.

PHOTO: Stuart Nairn

The dhow lying nearest us looked very domesticated with several women and children confined aboard and we discovered these were Somali refugees seeking asylum in Yemen. In common with the other yachts we gave them a present of spare tins of food. There were many more refugees ashore where some had alienated the townspeople by overmuch begging. Muslims are generous and must give one fortieth of their income in alms.

Barry patiently and expertly worked through the formalities of arrival and as could see the Customs/Immigration Office door from on board this ensured we did not miss opening times. Permits were required to get out the dock gates which were guarded by armed soldiers.

Ashore we ate simply, chicken or kebab style dishes in a restaurant (no name) near the dock gate usually with other yachtmen. The food was prepared in a barbeque on the street outside and while we used knives and forks, most of the other diners used their right hand. A wash basin was situated opposite the till and you could wash and brush up at any time. We were told that civilians carrying arms were in fact off duty soldiers (mostly from the North). A typical such fellow diner would be smartly dressed in futah, western style jacket and headdress with his Kalashnikov neatly folded by his knee, a pistol in his belt (jacket casually hitched over it) and a jimbaya (massive curved dagger) sticking out of his belt at the front.

One fact of Muslim life which we found disagreeable at times was the very strident calls to prayer by the Muezzin which, with split second synchronisation, issued from the powerful loudspeakers of all the towns' Mosques. In times past it was probably mellifluous enough but now it bounces off the cliffs driving everyone below.

Through Omar, the helpful Immigration Officer, we arranged to spend 19th - 21st Feb. in Wadi Hadramawt which lies about 100 miles inland across the high desert plateau. Wadi means "bed of a river dry except in the rainy season" and Hadramawt (100 miles long, 1.25 miles wide on average and 1,000 ft. deep) is the largest Wadi in the Arabian Peninsula. It might be better described as a rift valley.

Mentioned in Genesis (X, V26) its inhabitants claim descent from Noah's grandson Joktan. Its present population of 200,000 live on agriculture and goat

PHOTO: Stuart Nairn

herding and the fertility of the valley is ensured by an elaborate irrigation system fed by ground water; Chinese engineers installed the present pumping system. We marvelled at the steep sides of the Wadi where boulders the size of houses rested precariously, threatening the dwellings below. If God wills it they will tumble, but it had not rained for two years. Itinerant beekeepers with their pickup truck, tent and tunnel-like hives were occasionally to be seen. We also saw women totally veiled in the black burquah with high peaked straw "witches hats" working in the fields. The men drove the supporting transport.

The main tourist attraction is the ancient city of Shibam with its 500 closely packed tower houses, the most celebrated Arabic Islamic city built in traditional style. Crowded within a crumbling city wall the mud brick houses are five to seven stories high presenting an outline which has given the city the nickname of "Manhattan of the desert". Dating from at least the 3rd cent. AD the city is in receipt of UNESCO funding for much needed preservation work.

We stayed at the As Alam Hotel in the neighboring town of Sayun which was cheap, comfortable and complete with swimming pool (empty). The handful of fellow guests included an affable American (retired civil servant) visiting some of the many Archaeological sites and John, an Englishman drilling for oil, who kept in touch with Head Office by satellite telephone. Oil is the prize in this region hence the cool relations between Yemen and Saudi Arabia over a vaguely defined frontier. John told us about the everyday realities of running an exploration operation in the desert ranging from bureaucratic bungling to armed hijacks.

We left early on the morning of 21st Feb. and a seven hour taxi drive brought us back to the dock and our dinghy which had been looked after by Bernt, friendly German skipper of

Kichem Jenny.

Next day 22nd Feb., we took aboard fuel and water at Kalf Harbour and cleared with Port Captain and Immigration for Aden. Our taxidriver helped fetch diesel from the other end of town as there were no bunkering facilities for yachts at Kalf. But it was cheap, about £13 for 30 gallons. Water was available by hose and cost £5. We said farewell to our driver friend who presented us each with basketwork trays and proceeded under sail for most of the following night down the coast towards Aden, a distance of 267 nm.

The wind remained E 10 - 15 kts. and fickle for most of the next day but the main problem occurred when dismantling the leaking water pump, we chipped a piece off the rim of the drivewheel. We glued it back with Araldite which worked well and had a new one made up in Aden. There is a limit to the spares you can carry.

After a 60 hour passage, we anchored off the old British Customs Shed at Aden on Saturday, 25th Feb. and quickly made contact with Omar Hansa, Barry's friend from a previous visit who took us under his wing. We toured the sights like the "Tanks", eighteen high cisterns for collecting water (18 million litres) built in the 1st Cent.AD. We also saw the Somali refugee camp - not pretty, the former Army and Air Force quarters - sad and neglected, local hotels looted in the previous year's civil war - tourist hopes frustrated. Things were slowly returning to normal however, the Seaman's Club had reopened so beer would be available for some.

Omar had worked in the NAAFI hence his English covered dialect takeoffs like, "Hey Jock, gie's a crate o' beer and a boatle o' whusky." He had many tales to tell of his Service days. Aden, commercial capital of Yemen, is notoriously dirty and we had our boottop covered in oil the consistency of newly mixed Araldite and just as easy to remove. Attitudes



Somali dhows at anchor Al-Mukalla. Nearest vessel has refugees aboard.

PHOTO: *Stuart Nairn*



The marina Al-Hadayda. Yachts are not really catered for here
 PHOTO: Stuart Nairn

seemed different, "have you a present for the Customs Officer" Barry was asked. Across the bay off the refinery on Little Aden two tankers lay, impounded after the Gulf War. Despite its fine setting we did not warm to it.

We only stayed one day and in the evening visited a Chinese restaurant whose menu stated that beer was available with a meal, cheers. But not tonight, groans. But whiskey was, cheers. After some furtive toing and froing, we were each served with a tiny china cup and teapot. It was not exactly Black Bush but " 'twil do, 'twil do."

Next afternoon, Sunday 26th Feb., we left Aden anxious to cover the 230 nm to Al-Hudayda in the Red Sea. With 16 -20 kts. NE we had some of the best sailing to date as we sped past Little Aden and its refineries west towards the Small Strait of Bab El Mandeb on the Yemen side of the entrance to the Red Sea. As expected the wind then headed us. The Red Sea is notorious for its almost permanent northerly winds and much tedious motorsailing was required to complete the passage.

Our humour was improved however by catching a fine tunny which quickly cooked, made a couple of tasty meals. We passed offshore of the port of Mocca, famous in the 17th Cent. for its coffee exports, but quite close to the Hanish Islands. We were told these have some interesting anchorages and good snorkeling. We also spotted the only dhow under sail of the voyage, they usually have engines now.

Our passage was completed by motoring up the narrow dredged channel to the deep water berths of Al-Hudayda arriving at 2130 on Tuesday, 28th Feb. We secured under the bow of a Russian freighter, labouriously discharging with her own derricks. The harbour is like a larger Ringaskiddy with about fifteen berths.

Although late at night we commenced clearance formalities immediately which was just as well. The Immigration and Customs Officers slept in their offices but did not surface till late in the day. A bleary-eyed, stark naked, immigration officer disturbed in the forenoon is not a pretty sight. The cool of night is the time for action.

Everyone was otherwise very helpful and the following day, Monday 1st March, faithful Omar was at the dock gates (he had driven from Aden) to chaperone us. We planned to visit the capital, San'a from where I would fly home and a new crew member join. *Moorhen* was then tied up alongside a concrete barge in the middle of the harbour where she would be out of harm's way. We resisted employing a shipping agent but pressure was kept on us and in the end we succumbed as we required a watchman for the yacht.

Al Hudayda is not equipped to handle yachts and the docks are two or three miles from the town. But as the main port after Aden, it is a good centre for communications and is probably better than it looks at first sight.

Omar drove the four of us across the flat coastal plain where the houses look more African than Arab and up into the cool green mountains (we even had some mist) and through valleys of terraced fields with Arab style stone houses often perched on rocky outcrops in the hills, presumably for defence. We were now travelling through North Yemen sometimes called Arabia Felix "the Happy Arabia" and as if to make the point when we stopped for "coke", a bottle of Canadian Rye suddenly materialised and very potable it was too. After five hours we reached the high plain on which San'a stands and drove through the Bab al Yaman gate in the old city walls to find comfortable quarters in the Old Sana'a Palace Hotel.

There were eight floors or more and it was reminiscent of Bunratty Castle. Having to pound up and down the high stone stairs discouraged forgetfulness! The rooms had beds on the floor, thick walls and small windows. There was a lounge with low cushions round the sides interspersed with bolsters and stunning views over the city. The best rooms are traditionally at the top of the house.

The market was thronged with heavily veiled, self effacing women shoppers but someone was buying the Gucci handbags and little black cocktail dresses we spotted. The feast of Eid marking the end of Ramadan was at hand and everyone was intent on getting new outfits and organizing for the slaughter of a goat. It was like Christmas and Confirmation combined.

I flew home to Cork on Friday, 3rd March despite my tickets not being at the airport due to the holiday. But it was the will of Allah that I should get home as planned that evening and I did. *Moorhen* completed her voyage without major incident arriving in Falmouth at the end of September.



Aden – sun setting over Little Aden
 PHOTO: Stuart Nairn

A Return to Shangri-La

Robert Barr



The Wild Goose Cup

Awarded at the adjudicators discretion for a log of literary merit.

For most of my sailing life I have had to contend with an insatiable urge to cruise in Western France. Many the year I have carefully planned odysseys elsewhere, but as winter gave way to spring it has often happened that insidious French charts have slid across the desk and another gallic enterprise has emerged. I thought that a couple of delightful Round Ireland's and two admirable Scottish cruises had finally achieved a cure, but deep down I knew it was only a remission. I suppose calling my S & S 30 *Pen Men* (a lighthouse on Ile de Groix which has given me much consolation) was bound to start it off again - and it did. The joy of planning a return to old haunts and dear friends was bliss. I wondered whether there would be many changes after five years and if there would be the same *joi de vie* which had been the hallmark of previous years. In the event there was no need for concern on either score. La Belle France was in good heart and kindly friendship and hospitality abounded as always. It was great to be back. My first problem was crew. It transpired that all my regulars, like those invited to the biblical marriage feast, were busy with other things. This does not imply that I was obliged to search the highways and byways. On the contrary, I had the good fortune to entice two other club members to join the enterprise - Norman Long and Guy Johnston. With the benefit of self-steering, three is ideal even on long passages.

We set sail from Dun Laoghaire in a gentle NW on Wednesday evening, 31st May, bound for Falmouth. The weather was cheerfully overcast and we had an uneventful passage. There were two reasons for deviating to Falmouth. First, the two-hander Azores race was starting there on Saturday, 2nd June. Guy's skipper, Brian Coad, also an ICC member, was competing in his Rival 34 *Raasay of Melfort*. Colin Chapman, another member, was participating singlehanded in *Deerhound*. We perceived that on the eve of the race Falmouth would not be lacking in life. Our second reason was that Kay Long was staying with friends nearby and would visit us.

For the first time on the passage we got a really good sailing wind for the last lap from the Manacles buoy. We tied up at Falmouth town marina among the Azores fleet, fifty hours after leaving home, having logged 251 miles.

Falmouth did not blossom as anticipated. There were far too many people in the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club, the race centre, and there was

much distress when the bar was closed at 23.00 hrs. But it was good to meet Brian and some other competitors. Kay and friends came to see us off on the following morning. *Deerhound* was on a mooring in the outer harbour and we wished her intrepid skipper fair winds. We set sail for Ushant about half an hour before the starting-gun for the big tri-marans, the first group away. The conditions were brisk with a 25 kt. SW and a moderate sea. We were making over 6 kts., but the tri-marans thundered past as though we were stationary. We estimated their speed at 20-22 kts., mostly with full rig. It was an awesome sight.

The channel had moments of excitement. When crossing the shipping lanes it is difficult sometimes to estimate how one will fare with a particular ship and how it will respond. One large bulk carrier was hardly 2 cables away when she passed beneath our counter. The wind veered westerly and maintained a steady 21-25 kts. *Pen Men* responded gratefully and we averaged 6 kts. for the passage. At dawn the sun rose into a cloudless sky where, as it transpired, it reigned undisturbed for almost all of the next three months.

In mid-morning we entered the bay of Lampoul. About a dozen well sheltered white visitors' moorings are provided near the village pier in about 2 metres at LWS. We went ashore in good time to see Ireland play Wales in the World Cup; but imagine our chagrin when we found that it was not being shown on French T.V. and no-one in Lampoul seemed to have an interest in the BBC. However, later on an admirable



The heart of France. Jacques, Louis, Marie Claire, Guy and Norman at Rosbras, Aven river.

dinner at the Roc'h Ar Mor brasserie-hotel brought solace and our triumph over Paye Galles was properly observed.

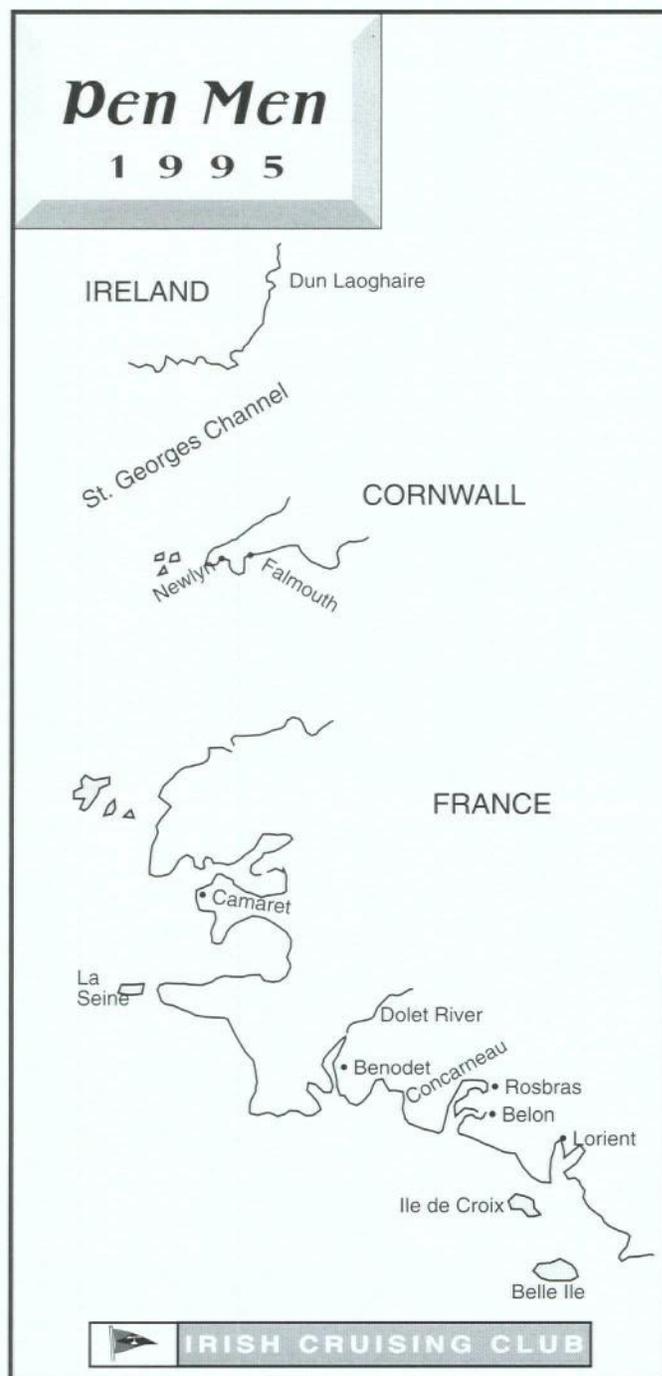
It was good to find that Ushant is still unspoiled. For many years its huge tides and proliferation of rocks caused me to sail by, but laterally I have been there on five or six occasions. Given tolerable wind and sea conditions, landfall at Lampoul bay presents no great difficulty. Although the Passage de Fromveur on the eastern side of the island is quite narrow with numerous rocks on either side, it is well marked and straightforward on the ebb tide.

The most remarkable feature of the village is the parish church. The steeple rises out of rugged simplicity and is the epitome of Roman grandeur. The reason for this architectural surprise is interesting. Early in the reign of Victoria, a large British ship bound for South America foundered on the rocks of Ushant in appalling conditions. The islanders performed incredible feats of bravery and managed to rescue over 400 passengers and crew. The Queen felt that such heroism should be specially rewarded. She learned that the parish church at Lampoul was in poor condition and she arranged for the donation of a large fund for construction of a new church. The islanders responded to this generosity with shrewd gallic acumen. Having built the church, they saw to it that there was a substantial surplus remaining in the fund. It is believed that this happy state of affairs did not arise by chance, but that the islanders perceived that a cash bonus per family would be appropriate and well earned. However, even then there was the long arm of Whitehall bureaucracy. The Treasury had sent a clerk of works to supervise the project. He insisted that the entire fund must be spent on the church or returned to London and so the carefully contrived surplus was spent on what must be one of the most elaborate steeples in Christendom. For the islanders of the day it was hardly conducive to prayer.

Our next port of call was that other tide-swept island, Ile de Seine, west of the Raz channel. Once again, entry from the north in reasonable conditions on the ebb is easier than most pilot books suggest. At the Cormoc an Abreden N card, buoy steer 195°m for Men Brial LH. Off the ferry pier near the lighthouse there is a large rock called Nerroth (dries about 10m at HW) to the west of which there is a narrow deep-water channel marked on the starboard hand by a green unlit tower. Nerroth is steep-to on that side and it is wise to sail closer to the rock than to the tower. Deep water (about 1.8m at LWS) continues for 50 metres or so beyond the life-boat mooring, but stay outside the line of the ferry pier and do not proceed further than the tall building marked "Restaurant" on the sea front. A spare fishing boat mooring may be available (i.e. one with no rowing boat attached), but, if not, the holding ground seems good. In June the last ferry leaves for Audierne at 16.30 hrs. and the ferry pier is then available, but the scend is substantial.

In medieval time the people of Seine (present population about 150) were regarded with fear and suspicion by the mainlanders. This was not surprising as they had a penchant for carrying away women and girls to supplement island stock. Some years ago a man in Audierne told me that Seine was the last place in Europe to receive christianity. He alleged unkindly that it was in 1927 and even now, he said, it is only on approbation. Whatever about the island's past, in 1940 Seine's reputation was gloriously retrieved. The men responded to general De Gaulle's clarion call to join his Free French forces. Every able bodied man and boy on the island, except the mayor and the cure, from 16 to 50 years, sailed for England in their fishing boats. One of De Gaulle's first acts after his return to France was to visit Seine and present it with the Legion d'Honneur. It is preserved in the parish church.

The village of Seine has changed little over the centuries. The streets are tiny and are said to be just wide enough for



rolling a barrel. Many houses have oak beams and furnishings retrieved from wrecks. Tradition has it that in the old days the islanders were not adverse to lighting false beacons to stimulate windfalls of that sort.

We walked out to the main lighthouse and worked up an appetite for Madame Brigitte's bistro, but she was closed. We soon found out why. She was dining at the new Men Brial cafe in the village – an admirable choice. It has plenty of character and good simple fare.

We passed a tranquil night at anchor and next morning four dolphins entertained us before we cast off for Benodet. There was a favourable tide for 6 hours and a 12-15 kts. NE ensured a fast passage. The early evening sun was perfect for showing Norman and Guy the glories of the Odet river. Later on we returned to the town marina. It has all usual facilities and the overnight charge was 106 frs. There is also a marina on the Ste. Marine side and hundreds of moorings. It seems that there are upwards of 2,000 yachts in and around Benodet, including Glusters of moorings up the Odet. But there are still a number

of secluded anchorages in idyllic settings up river for those wishing solitude. That night we had grilled sirloin steaks on board which had been vacuum packed by our local butcher. They had travelled well in a Cold box but not refrigerated. Vacuum packing has a lot going for it in providing fresh meat for two weeks and more if kept reasonably cool.

Our next port of call was at Rosbras in the Aven river to meet very old friends, Jacques and Marie Claire Rougeulle, who have featured prominently in other chronicles I have written. They have a lovely house on the river and have often cruised in company with us. This year Jacques has not been well and they were unable to join us in their beloved *Mouez Avel*. But, not to my surprise, the spirit of Captain Bligh lives on and there was Jacques, as always, in his dory to guide us to the mooring he had arranged for *Pen Men*. Marie Claire and her grandson, Louis, were on the terrace to greet us. It was wonderful to be back in the bosom of the family and to enjoy again their unique hospitality which has meant so much over the years. Lunch was cum toujours, fabulous. Bayonne ham and melon; magret de canard; les fromages. And, to crown it all, what has become a traditional dessert christened long ago – Poire Belle Marie Claire. All was right with the world.

That night *Pen Men* entertained the Rougeulles at Chez Jacky, a delightful waterside restaurant on the Belon river near the famous oyster beds. I was happy to find that it is as good as ever - one of my short list of exceptional fish restaurants.

Next day we visited the delightful old town of Pont Aven which is famous for its art galleries. It attracted many artists in the impressionist era, including our own Nathaniel Hone and Walter Osborne. After another gala luncheon at Rougeulles, they brought us to visit the small ports of Brigneau, Merrien and Doëlan just south of the Aven and Belon rivers. The first two have not enough depth for a keel boat at low water; but Doëlan appears to have more than two metres at LW neaps at the "new" pier (i.e., at the entrance on the port hand). There is a large fish factory on the other side with a distinctive red brick chimney which is easily identified at sea. The lighthouse on the starboard hand should be lined up with an inner lighthouse on the port side to give the correct line of entry. It is an attractive fishing village with some small trawlers but, it seems, enough space for occasional visiting yachts, at least at neap tide.

Early next morning we set sail for Ile de Groix and started preparations for another culinary extravaganza, the Cruise Christmas Dinner, which is traditionally held at Port Tudy. The spiced beef was unveiled and boiled for four hours. It was being served cold as main course with Norman's splendid Salade Humphry. First course was Le Saumon Fumé Irlandais (Sauvage) and the crowning glory was Le Soufflé Irlandais (Plum Pudding) avec le beurre Cognac – followed by Les Fromage and Cafe. Normally, the guests comprise the Rougeulles and crew, and other very old friends, Guy and Laurence Tonnerre. The shortfall this year was soon made up – but more of that anon.

Guy and Laurence own the Café de la Jette at Port Tudy which they have recently converted into an admirable small hotel. We got a great welcome and Guy, his usual effervescent self, invited us to the petite manoir of his Aunt Gilda which he inherited when she died in 1993. A formal visit to La Tante Gilda had been a command performance for years. She was a formidable old lady who had had a distinguished career, not least in sport. She flew the Andes in the early 1920's and was well known in motor racing and rallying circles. It was like old times drinking champagne in the manoir. Two other guests were friends of Guy called Charles and Florence Salzman who, it transpired, are devoted to West Cork and Kerry. This qualified them for an invitation to the Christmas Dinner. It turned out to be one of the best we have had over the years. A



The editor's next boat? *Lorient*.

PHOTO: R. Barr

traditional pattern was followed but with some variations. Norman, a true impresario, festooned the boom and saloon with streamers and balloons which added an authentic touch of Noel. Afterwards there was the usual visit to Chez Serge – that extraordinary Breton Irish shebeen hidden in the depths of the island. Serge, who had recently changed his lady partner once again, was looking the better of it and was his inimitable self. His draught Guinness is a credit to him and to St. James' Gate.

The crowning delight of the day was a gift which Guy Tonnerre gave me – a cup which had been awarded to Tante Gilda in 1953 for motor rallying. It was a delightful gesture and I was quite overwhelmed. I propose to christen it the Gilda Cup and I hope to present it to the Club as an annual award for the best French cruise - which, of course, must include Groix!

Next afternoon when the tide was right to leave the marina at Port Tudy – it is locked-in and the gates open for two hours either side of HW – we set sail for Sauzon, Belle Ile, which many believe is the most beautiful maritime village in France. I agree. Fore and aft visitors' moorings are laid in the outer harbour which is well sheltered except from the NE. We shared ours with a French boat which turned out to be very agreeable company. It was late when we got ashore and no-one was willing to feed us. However, when it seemed that all was lost we discovered a delightful little cafe called Les Embruns in one of the lovely old houses on the harbour front where savoury galettes, crepes miel and some award winning cider restored us greatly.

Sunday 11th was warm and cheerful but without wind. On route to Le Palais we dropped anchor at a small, sheltered beach. Guy and I had a swim before setting about a major clean-up of the hull. Norman rewarded us with another of his Salade Humphrys.

Le Palais is one of my favourite places. Despite the formidable Vauban fortress dominating the port, the many pastel shades create an air of gaiety which it is said attracted Sarah Bernhardt who lived out her days on the island in retirement. The museum in the fortress contains a fascinating collection of the Devina Sarah's memorabilia.

We picked up fore and aft visitors' moorings at the North Wall in the outer harbour opposite the ferry pier. Once again, there were a surprisingly large number of yachts around and we shared our moorings with two others. While having a quiet drink in the cock-pit, enjoying the favourite pastime of yachtsmen at Le Palais – watching some newcomers make heavy weather of mooring, especially when suddenly disturbed by the arrival of the car ferry from Quiberon at speed, we saw a fine 50 footer with only a man and wife aboard give an object lesson in how it is done. A little later the skipper, Hugh Read from Guernsey, (*Oboe V RCC*) paid us a visit. We sent him to fetch his wife, Diane, and from then on we never looked back. In due course we dined together at La Saline. It transpired that my old friend Madame Le Gers has retired. A nice young woman has taken over and her standards are in keeping with the traditions of the past, even if the inimitable *joi de vie* of the previous owner is a memory. The night ended most agreeably with drinks on *Oboe V*. It was a joy to meet the Reads. They are regular visitors to Irish waters and know many of our members.

Early next morning the customs arrived and the I.S.A. certificate of identity for *Pen Men* was put to the test. It was well received. Customs men are, I suppose, suspicious by nature. He expressed some surprise that the certificate was in French only! It might be well to have it in English also in future to complete its apparent authenticity.

Soon after departure for Lorient a NE 10 kts. appeared from nowhere and gave us a brisk passage which became brisker still when it freshened to 25 kts. In late afternoon we tied up at the visitors' pontoon in the heart of the town. It is about 100 metres long with no spines and is on the port hand cheerfully sign-posted "Visiteurs Bien Venu". When the pontoon is fully occupied, new arrivals tie-up along side those already there. Electricity is provided, but you need your own hose for water. The captain of the port's office is nearby. He supplies discs for the showers (10 frs.) which are in a small building on the other side of the nearby road-bridge. Not far from there at the end of

the inner marina is a pleasant brasserie called "Yesterdays". It seems to be much loved by local people and it was easy to understand why. There is an extensive menu at 78 frs. which could be the best culinary value in France. The tripe au calvados was a treat, especially after a formidable soupe de poisson.

An important reason for the visit to Lorient was to renew acquaintance with the inimitable Michel Stintzy. He describes himself, rightly, as a *maitre de fromage*. He offers a huge selection and buying from him is a unique experience. It is customary to explain when you intend to eat the chosen cheeses. He will examine his stock and select what is right. Rest assured it will be perfect at the appointed time. You will find his emporium at 74 Rue Marechal Foch near the top of the main boulevard which runs up from the marina. A visit to Michel Stintzy is most rewarding for anyone who loves French cheese.

Tuesday 13th offered once again perfect cruising conditions. A 20 kt. NE in a flat sea and hot sun gave us a fast passage to Concarneau. A well-known Irish yacht *Celtic Mist* was tied up at the outside of the marina and her celebrated owner was having a reflective evening aperitif beneath an awning as we arrived. Courtesies were exchanged on both boats.

We dined at another old favourite, La Coquille, in the commercial port and it was a delight to find that it is as good as ever. I do not know of any better fish restaurant. As to the marina; in my view it is the best and most pleasant in South Brittany. The captain is a kindly man who provides a genuine welcome and is most helpful. There is a full range of facilities, including a fuel dock and water hoses on the pontoons, which are often not available elsewhere. Ironically, the charge (97 frs.) for an overnight stay was the cheapest we encountered. The Visitors' Section, Pontoon D, is near the entrance and clearly marked. The only down-side is that the narrow channel into the commercial port, one of the largest fishing harbours in France with many big trawlers, presents a problem for yachts on the outer end of the visitors' pontoon. Many trawlers enter and leave the port between 02.00 and 05.00 hrs.. Most do so at speed and create substantial turbulence. It is important to ensure that your boat is well fendered and thoroughly made fast with springers. You should check your neighbour too!

The next morning we made an early start for Camaret as a huge rising sun appeared and a full moon, almost as large, took its departure. There were shades of Cecil B de Mille. A modest 5-8 kts. NE lacked enthusiasm. We motor sailed until early afternoon when it gradually veered to the NW and freshened to 24 gusting 30 kts.. This gave us a dead beat, wind over tide, through the Raz. A big confused sea had built up and gave us a rough ride for about four miles until well north of Trevennec.

I had not been to Camaret for about 20 years and it was good to find that it is still its own untroubled self. The marina has no spines and seems to be the same as of old. There was plenty of space and it is well equipped, including a diesel facility (31 ltrs cost 113 frs.). Shortly before our departure for Newlyn at noon, John and Jenny Cribben (ICC) arrived from the Scillies en route south in their lovely yacht *Alana* – an intrepid pair.

The channel passage was uneventful but a dead beat throughout. When 30 miles from the Cornish coast, the wind



Concarneau in the morning sun.

freshened to 25 kts. and gave us spectacular sailing fully reefed. In early afternoon on Friday we tied up at Newlyn outside a Scottish Arpege. I called on Andrew Monson, the Harbourmaster, who has done us so many kindnesses over the years. Our intention was to overnight at Newlyn and make our departure for home at 06.00 hrs on Saturday. However, Andrew gave me a copy of a special five day weather forecast he had just received which indicated that troubles, including "very rough seas", were in store at Land's End early on Saturday which was likely to last for some time. As work was beckoning on Monday for Guy and I, a final dinner at Newlyn had to be abandoned - but at least I got a shower at the Mission to Seamen. Three hours after arrival we cast off again into another dead noser for Runnelstone buoy. The wind had veered to the SW 18-25 kts.. There was a fairly big, lumpy sea, but it was manageable and we made good progress at 6 kts. with the tide under us. It did not hold all the way around the corner, but when it began to run against us we were off the wind and were well clear of the Longships before the strong flood set in. We had just got away from the heavy tides when an unheralded mini SW gale gusting 40 kts. tore across us for about eight hours. It was one of those little nasties which sometimes appear without warning in those parts. It built up a troublesome short sea with 6-10 ft. waves which occasionally broke on the port quarter. *Pen Men* was fully reefed and took it all in her stride, but it was too much for *Fred* the self-steering gear and hand steering was necessary to contend with the waves. By mid-afternoon the gale was gone and we were left with an easily manageable SW again and not too difficult long Atlantic rollers. A school of dolphins welcomed us back to Irish waters and performed splendidly for about half an hour. The Irish Sea was in tranquil mood. We picked up our mooring at Dun Laoghaire in mid-afternoon on Sunday and so ended a French cruise which will live happily in the memory with the others. It did me good.



An interesting sculpture at Camaret.

Synopsis

Period of cruise:	Wednesday, 31st May - Sunday, 18th June, 1995.	Nights at sea:	Six.
No. of crew (including skipper):	Three.	Total mileage:	1,033 n.m.
No. of ports/anchorages visited:	Twelve.	Average speed:	5.25 kts.

Summary

Ports and Anchorages	N. Miles	Hours	Sailing	Motor-Sailing
Dun Laoghaire-Falmouth	251	50	28	22
Falmouth-Lampoul, Ushant	119	22	22	
Lampoul-Ile de Seine	29	5	2	3
Ile de Seine-Benodet	52	11	7	4
Benodet-Rosbras, Aven r.	18	4	3	
Rosbras-Port Tudy, Ile de Groix	19	4	4	
Port Tudy-Sauzon, Belle Ile	22	4	2	2
Sauzon-Le Palais	5	1	-	1
Le Palais-Lorient	30	6	6	
Lorient-Corcarneau	32	6	5	
Concarneau-Camaret	61	12	6	6
Camaret-Newlyn	147	27	24	3
Newlyn-Dun Laoghaire	248	46	38	8
	<hr/> 1,033	<hr/> 198	<hr/> 147	<hr/> 51

Daphne French

Appreciation

With the recent passing of Daphne French in her 90th year, the sailing fraternity of Ireland have lost a dear, much loved and much respected friend.

Daphne, whose father was a brother of Percy French, was born and brought up in Co. Roscommon and for some time in England. Her life revolved around sailing and boats, since, as she said herself, "she read nothing but sailing and adventure books in her childhood."

Her sailing adventures were legion and most of them she described with some eloquence in the annals of the Irish Cruising Club of which she was elected a member in 1934, a year after she had bought a 30 foot ketch called *Embla*, at the age of 28. For her first two cruises to the west coast of Scotland she persuaded a friend to skipper the boat for her since "she had only done a postal navigation course"! For the second cruise she was awarded the Faulkner Cup, the Irish Cruising Club's premier award, for the best cruise during the season.

In 1935 while sailing in Dublin Bay with a friend she spotted the majestic four masted Barque, *Pamir*, which had arrived in Dublin with a cargo of grain, and they decided to seek a passage in her to Australia. The Master, horrified at the prospect of women aboard, put them off by saying they would have to get permission from the owners. Not to be outdone, her friend went to London and got permission, the only proviso being that the Master agreed. Their determination won over the Master. Their non-stop journey took them 77 days, from 2nd September to 15th December 1935 when they anchored in Port Lincoln, Australia.

They returned from Australia some time later on *L'Avenir*, a similar four masted barque. These two boats were the last of the Erikson Line sailing ships.

In 1940 Daphne sailed in *Embla* with a friend and a paid hand on a 2,500 mile 44 day voyage from Ireland to Stockholm for which she was again awarded the Faulkner Cup by the Irish Cruising Club.

At the start of the war Daphne went to England and joined the ATS, the Women's Army, and was given a job as a driver. Not satisfied that this was contributing a sufficiently to the war effort, Daphne resigned from the ATS and, with her typical sense of challenge for the unusual, became a Canal Boatwoman on the grand Union Canal delivering coal by barge from coalfields around Coventry to the factories along the Faxeley/Birmingham canal and down to the docks in London; her job because of the shortage of men, was to train women barge skippers on her two barges, *Capricorn* and *Cleopatra*.

After the war Daphne returned to Ireland and lived in Dunmore East where she became the Irish Cruising Club Port Representative. With a small legacy she bought a 4 ton yacht called *Dara*, which with various friends for crew she sailed to the Scilly Islands and along the South coast of Ireland.

When Daphne retired from sailing she took to a mobile home, living for four years in Killinick, Co. Wexford and subsequently, for the last 20 years, in Greystones, Co. Wicklow. Here this charming lady lived a life as close to nature as she could get. Her garden meant a lot to her and when "she got too old for that" she persuaded Amy Woods and subsequently Phyllis Ind to teach her to paint water colours which she did after the style of her Uncle Percy. She fascinated many of her sailing friends with her tales of the sea.

Daphne was a remarkable woman, entering into what was then a man's world, well ahead of her time. Life at sea is a great leveller and so it was that she was regarded with great respect by her male sailing colleagues.

Our sympathy goes to all her relatives, her cousins Phillis Killingly and Joan French, sister-in-law Clare, and her three nephews, Andrew and Paul French and Courtney Kenny.

D. O'M.

Twayblade 1995

Jonathan Virden

Twayblade made a small cruise in 1995. It was all rather a hurry, but we visited familiar places with much pleasure.

After the fun of the opening of the new clubhouse at Cargreen, our home port in Cornwall, complete with sail-past and ceremonial party, we left *Twayblade* there for most of June. At the end of this time she was broken into with little damage, but loss of some important gear, including lifejackets and the Tilley lamp, though not electronics which are kept ashore. The clearing up and consequential sorting-out took up much of two of the precious days of the time for cruising.

Joy, Joseph (14) and I came to Cargreen late in the evening of 9th July and were greeted with a most spectacular thunderstorm. The next day was spent ferrying, victualling, stowing and rigging for cruising.

On 11th July we motored down to Alec Blagdon's pontoon in Plymouth to complete preparation, and sailed in the following afternoon to Fowey on a steady broad reach in southerly f.4. We spent that night on the visitors' moorings without going ashore.

On 13th July we reefed the mainsail carefully and it remained reefed for the rest of the cruise because *Twayblade* is very well balanced with this first reef both with the big genoa and with the smaller genoa in more than about 22 kts of relative wind. We beat to Falmouth and went ashore to collect the Homer radio which had been sent to Mylor because B&G had taken so long to do a temporary repair on it.

Next day we sailed against a gusty f.6-7 to Helford, to pick up a convenient visitor's mooring and to see Hugh and Thilly Davies. In the evening Alix Boyd and Isobel, old friends of Joy came to supper on board.

On Sunday 16th July we sailed from Helford bound for Brest for the purpose of tanking up with plonk and other necessaries for possible use in Ireland later. At the start of this crossing we calibrated the nearly new Autohelm autopilot, and it then refused to work for the rest of the season, which caused much cursing as we had several periods of very light winds. The language was special when I was alone on the final leg coming home.

The first half of the crossing was an easy close reach. During the night the wind headed us enough to require a tack, and there was heavy drizzle for a few hours. In the early morning we ran out of wind, still with moderate visibility, and

we motored for 4 1/2 hours to the Chenal du Four. We sailed for a while with the end of the tide through the Chenal and then motored to the marina Moulin Blanc just east of Brest and tied alongside the inside of the breakwater at 17.40 BST.

This large and much advertised marina has the essential facilities, but is a considerable distance from the nearest rather basic Intermarche and from the city, which we visited by bus for tourism. We went to the former twice and learned that it was necessary to borrow a barrow from the marina to transport the considerable quantity of wine and beer we had gone to France to buy. Just before we left for the Scillies we spent a couple of hours at the Oceanopolis exhibition centre beside the marina. This was time well spent; there is much for anyone interested in the sea to see, on several levels in many senses.

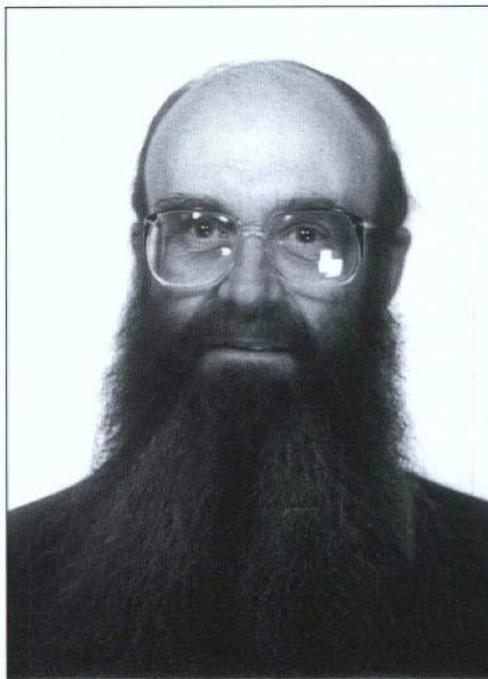
On 19th July we left at 12.55 hours and motored for 5 1/2 hours out of the Rade de Brest and north up the Chenal du Four with the start of the favourable tide. In the evening we hoisted sails and reached through the starlit night. The wind headed us and died at noon, so we motored over a quiet sea to anchor in South Cove, St Agnes, Scilly Is., at 18.10 hours.

This is a most favourite spot. For 2 nights and the day in between it was like the Caribbean, with brilliant sunshine and the added advantages of the Turks Head pub and a local farmer who sells fresh milk and potatoes which he digs fresh.

We had to leave on 22nd July in time to reach Dublin to meet Jane who was to fly there on 24th June from her strawberry picking. After failing to get extra diesel, and paying for fresh water from the desalination plant at St. Mary's, we motored out of the North West channel and set sail on a close reach towards Carnsore Point.

For all 23rd July the wind gave us a free reach and that continued until early on 24th when the wind died and we had made no progress against the tide near the Tuskar Lt. Ho. for 6 hours. We motored until nearly midday on a quiet sea until we could hoist the spinnaker in f.3 SSE. This proved quite difficult but we made much better if rather wild progress, almost all by-the-lee from south of Wicklow through Dalkey sound while the wind increased to almost f.6.

In Dun Laoghaire, my club, the Royal St. George, gave us fore/aft moorings very close to the pontoon. This was very



Jonathan Virden in passport mode!

sheltered and convenient for the shore and the club, but was amazingly noisy and quite overwhelmed by the ferries and the giant Seacat which creates great swirls when it comes and goes. The even-bigger Seacat had yet to start its service there.

Although we had reached Dublin at much the same time as Jane she stayed with Jennifer Guinness for the night. She joined us in the following afternoon when we had finished being tourists in Dublin.

Tom Shepherd and Mervyn Taylor and his family came to visit us and time flew past till rather late.

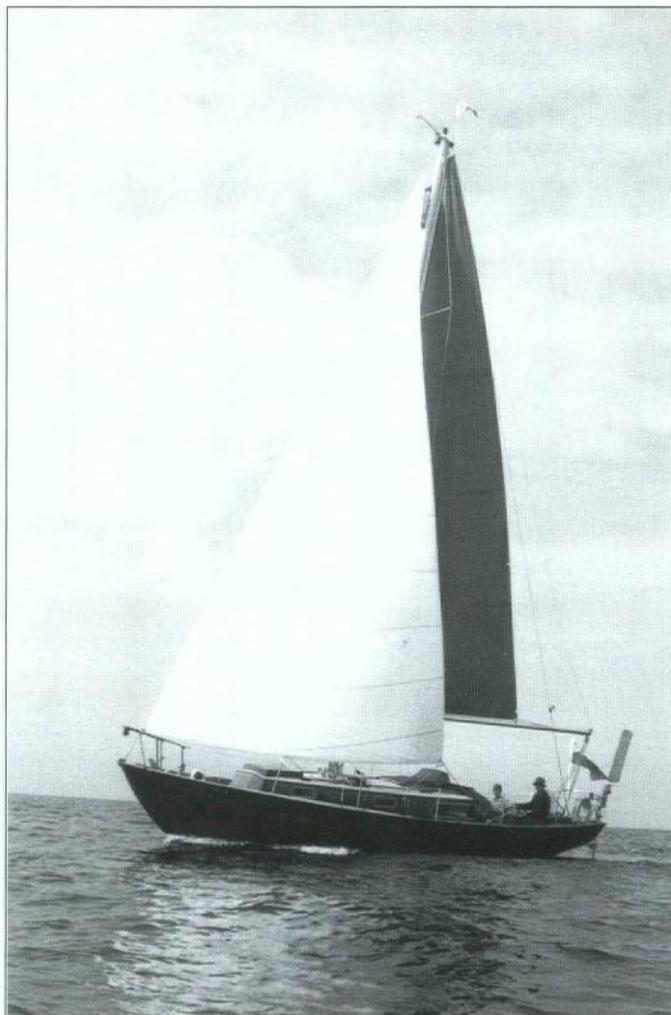
On the following morning, both Joseph and Jane stayed in their bunks while we motored to Howth. The sea was quite calm as we left Dun Laoghaire early to catch the tide at the Baily, but became most boisterous at the Baily Lt. Ho., and this persisted until we were well up Howth sound. Calm was restored in the marina where we stayed for the rest of our visit to Ireland.

We had really gone to Howth to attend the celebrations of the first hundred years of the club and its predecessors. But this was only an excuse for me to return to the harbour which I had known well some 20 to 30 years before, and to meet again many friends; they popped out of the mist all the time, including a previous owner of *Twayblade* whom I had not known before.

Joy and I took a hired car to the far West of Connemara to see a great friend of hers. Soon after we returned Joseph broke his elbow which put him into excellent medical care, but meant that he missed all the celebrations. And he was unable to return to Plymouth with me in *Twayblade*, so I had to sail home single-handed. We received much help in dealing with this accident, especially from Mervyn Taylor and Jennifer Guinness.

There were great parties centering round a sail-past by all boats of all types: the President of Ireland honoured the occasion on board a vessel of the Irish Navy. The imminent probability of thick fog made the short trip out of the harbour even more exciting than the few rogue drivers among the 30 boats taking part.

When it was all done, Joy and Jane flew home to work and I collected Joseph from hospital. He flew home 2 days later and I sailed to Arklow on the tide on 2nd August. A most helpful pair of Frenchmen assisted me to get alongside their yacht as the wind was most awkward in that corner of the basin.



Twayblade.

I left Arklow at 05.50 hours on 3rd August with no wind. After a while a light easterly breeze started and the Hydrovane could steer. This wind continued in various strengths and directions until I passed Lands End. For 20 minutes there was easterly f.7 but it fell away and I motored hard against f.5, and the tide, to reach Penzance while the dock was still open. There is much merit in an over-sized engine in a yacht:

Twayblade has 28hp, whereas 18hp would be plenty for most of the time.

As the easterly wind looked likely to persist at uncomfortable strength for several days I went home and returned to *Twayblade* on 8th August. The berthing master and his assistant were very helpful in extricating *Twayblade* from inside Jester, who was also sheltering from the Easterly, at the last moment before the dock shut.

I motored, still cursing the useless autopilot, to find complete peace at Mullion cove, on the West side of the Lizard. Next morning I motored past the Lizard in flat sea and motor-sailed close hauled in a single tack to Plymouth taking 13 hrs 25 mins to Alec Blagdon's pontoon. There *Twayblade* was laid up rather early because my crew for further sailing was disabled and other opportunities to sail were going to be overtaken by other events.



Twayblade in Howth.

PHOTO: J. Virden

Down and back – *Witchcraft of Howth* to Spain

W.M. Nixon



The Fingal Cup

This trophy is awarded entirely at the Adjudicator's own discretion for the Log which appealed to him most.

It was time to get to sea again. 1993's quick sail to the Faeroes was beginning to seem like part of the distant past. And though we'd raced round Ireland and had a bits-and-pieces jaunt around West Cork in 1994, it hadn't provided that feeling of fulfilment which can only come from a genuine cruise in which there's a beginning, a middle, and an end, with significant sea time at the heart of it.

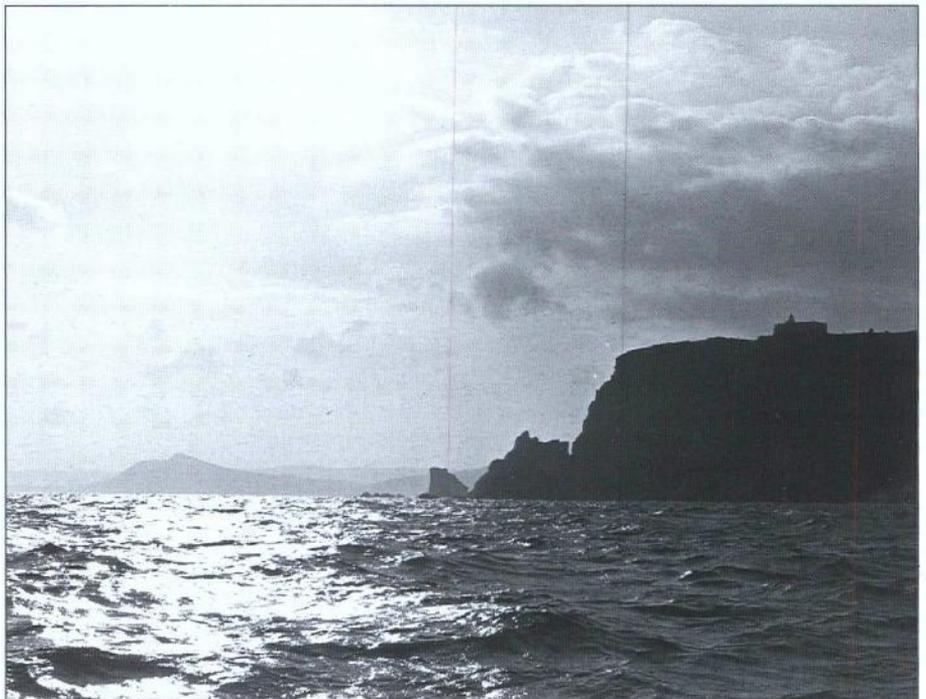
Yet the Faeroes dash had been only a fortnight, but we'd spent as much time in the islands as we'd wished. If we could carve out three weeks in late May and early June with a bit of flexitime at each end, would Galicia be possible? Certainly June seems to be the month to be down among the Rias, as July and August get bothered with fog. And we found that although, oddly enough, there are no direct connections or charter flights from Ireland to the pilgrims' city of Santiago de Compostela, Iberian Airways have daily scheduled flights from Gatwick. Santiago being just up the road from the best cruising area, anyone wanting to join for the week among the Rias could thus conveniently do so.

So it all hinged on finding the best possible crew for the longer haul, and one Sunday evening in the club bar in Howth in early Spring, I cast a fly over Davy McBride. First thing Monday morning, he rang back and said he and Damie would be delighted to go, more or less for as long or as short a time as needed. In fact, so enthusiastic was he that the problem was to prevent him broadcasting about the Awfully Big Cruise to Spain, for I'm absurdly superstitious about talking in advance any more than is absolutely necessary about even the most modest cruising plans, and by today's standards our plans were modest enough.

Anyway, we kitted out with charts from Jennie Guinness and Ross Courtney, threw a bit of gear aboard, and early on the morning of Thursday May 25th my briefcase went on to the boat, thereby establishing command headquarters aboard *Witchcraft*. The forecast for the weekend was dreadful, with huge southerlies expected almost everywhere. The call of the sea may be strong, but if the prospect is for several days of windward work in gales, that call becomes muted. However, we reckoned if we could just nip round Carnsore Point we might get a slant from the sou'easters ahead of the worst of the weather, and hole up in Dunmore East to wait for the conditions to improve while completing the annual re-fit.

With a brief overnight to wait out a foul tide in Arklow (where there are no harbour dues, but they have a charming way of relieving you of at least a quid a head for the lifeboat), we got to Dunmore with very little pain, concluding with a super sail with a free sheet along the south coast, smoothing our water by going over The Bridge inside the Saltees. Dunmore of course is the gluepot, and our stay was the pleasantest thanks to Davy's many contacts both in the harbour and ashore. Although there was much wind and rain, we managed to complete fitting out (more or less), consume heroic crubeens at Mrs Rockett's over beyond Tramore, get involved with the David Nicholson Commodore's Lunch in the club on Sunday May 28th, and put considerable business The Butcher's way, particularly on the Monday when Davy became 56 years old, and Damie rang her daughter in Denmark to find she'd become a grandmother for the third time. You're moving on through life when you have a contemporary shipmate of 56 summers whose girlfriend is a grannie.

Despite all that, we sailed with the weather improving at 0700hrs on Tuesday May 30th, more convinced than ever of the urgent need for a marina at Dunmore, for the freedom of choice in making your departure from there, rather than somewhere in the tide-ridden waters north of Carnsore, is a great comfort. *Witchcraft* sailed fast to the south with the wind freeing all the time and the Autohelm 7000 doing most of the



Headland of Galicia: Cabo Prior.

PHOTO: W.M. Nixon

work, while the style of the onboard dining was set by a great feed of Dunmore crabmeat prepared by Davy from a gift from yet another of his friends.

The first day on passage we saw a turtle. The second day we saw two whales. And the third day, we saw many porpoises and then we saw Spain, just three days and 12 hours out. The turtle was a surprise. I thought at first it was a seal, for all that we were quite far from land. But as we swept by it was clearly a large turtle, head up and paddling strongly on course for the Bristol Channel. Damie also thought she saw a basking shark. Being an isolated case, it was logged as a lone shark. As for the whales, there was no doubt they were whales, big fellows at that, and we nearly ran into them. They were just six feet away as we romped past. Davy said that even in the whale breeding grounds in Greenland with Paddy Barry in *St Patrick*, they'd never been so close to whales. Then came the porpoises, all around us as we shaped our course to cut across the shipping lanes in towards Cape Finisterre.

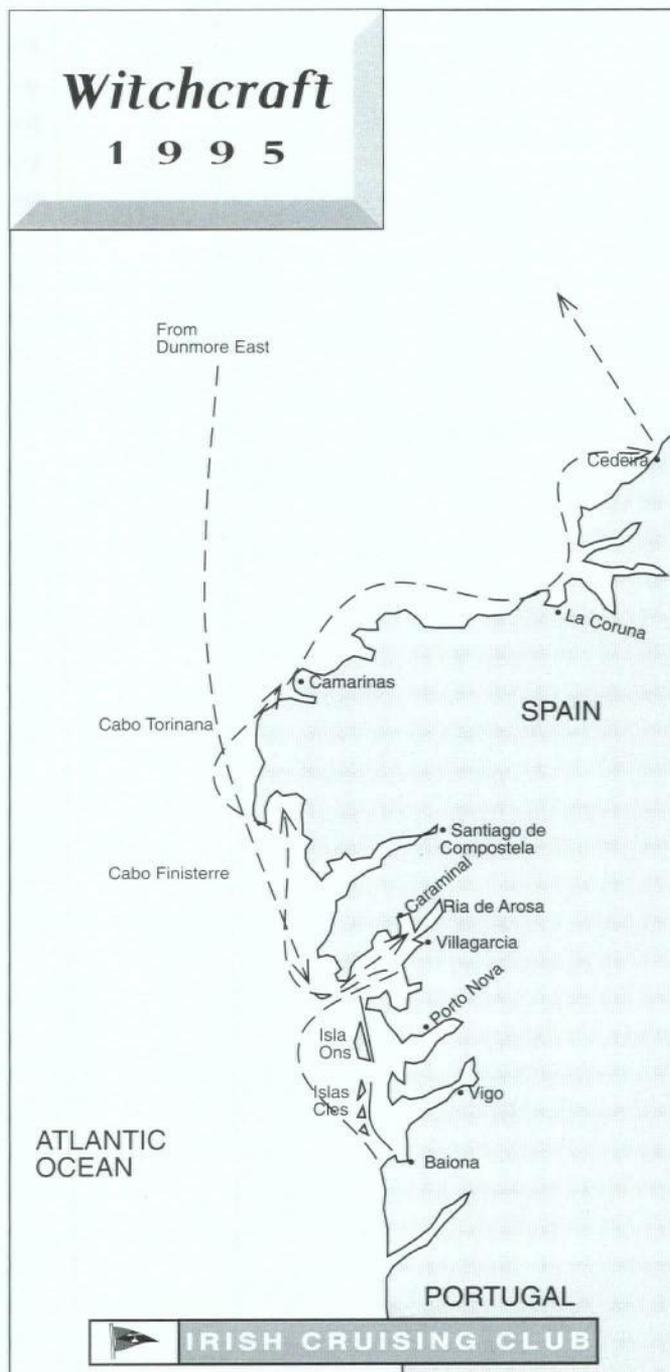
By this time the wind was nor'easterly, plenty of it and rising, with a gale forecast. We sighted Cabo Villano at 1900hrs Friday (June 2nd), had a lively roast chicken dinner scampering down past the sister cape of Torinana, then went past Finisterre itself in the dark, and by breakfast time we were berthing in the little marina at Villagarcia at the head of the Ria de Arosa, four days and one hour out from Dunmore, with 648 miles sailed at an average of 6.7 knots.

Harry and Joyce Whelehan and Georgina had flown down to Santiago on the Friday evening, but because of the southerlies we'd told them not to expect us until Sunday, so we'd a day to relax and enjoy the sunshine, have a little tin whistle concert as a celebration, and suss out Villagarcia and Galicia. Davy very quickly found Emilio Paz. He may sound like a South American revolutionary movement, but he's actually the manager of the friendly little Club de Mar in Villagarcia, and what he doesn't know about the town and the area ain't worth knowing. As Villagarcia is the handiest harbour to Santiago - the city is only 35 minutes away by train - the Club de Mar makes a useful base (tel. no. is 986-505084, Fax 507030). So by the time the airborne threesome joined on Sunday, we were well got. For their part, they were filled with enthusiasm for the Paradors, two of which they'd already sampled while ambling round Galicia in a hire car, and had enjoyed so much they'd taken a couple of rooms in another one in an old manor house just down the coast that night. So we'd a busy day and night of it, for as the eating scene isn't great in Villagarcia, Emilio had arranged to take us up to the hills to a restaurant run by a friend. At its most basic, Galician food seems to be like Irish stew but with fish - hake for preference - instead of mutton. But this was on a different level altogether, a festival of seafood, with portion control unknown. And then a night ashore. One hesitates to intrude personal matters, but the cool elegance of a good Parador has a most gratifyingly romantic effect on salty sailors in from sea.

The morning (Monday June 5th) found the nor'easter fresher than ever out of a clear blue sky. We went up to Rianjo and anchored off the beach for a leisurely lunch, but with the breeze still piping up, *Witchcraft* returned that evening to Villagarcia. As it happened, we'd a sick battery. Emilio immediately arranged for the local yard, Euroyates, to investigate, and they replaced it efficiently at reasonable cost after checking out the electrics, which thereafter gave no bother. Meanwhile the nor'easter built up to Force 9 and more, with "Carlingford kettles" sweeping down the Ria. But things were settling down next day, and in the afternoon we sailed past the many mussel-growing *viveros* across the ria to Pueblo de Caraminal. They've a little marina there, and we were directed into it, but if it had still been blowing fresh we'd have

felt more secure anchored in the inner corner of the main harbour. But after the gale, summer had finally arrived, so we strolled into this very pleasant town, and in a most stylish bar suddenly realised that a giant television screen behind us was showing the nightly bullfight live from Madrid. The fight may have been live, but at the end of it the bull was very dead. That said, it makes for remarkable television, and the Spaniards have polished the televising of it to perfection. It was also a reminder that while there are many Celtic traces in Galicia, you are nevertheless definitely in Spain.

With the heat now building with each new day, we settled into a gentle routine of lunchtime stops in a handy cove, with the afternoons spent out at the islands. At first, the preponderance of *viveros* in the more sheltered parts of the rias, and the amount of modern waterfront development in some of the choicer locations, both took a bit of getting used to, but gradually this miniature cruising ground grew on us. The people were friendly and generous - we ate mussels daily, and



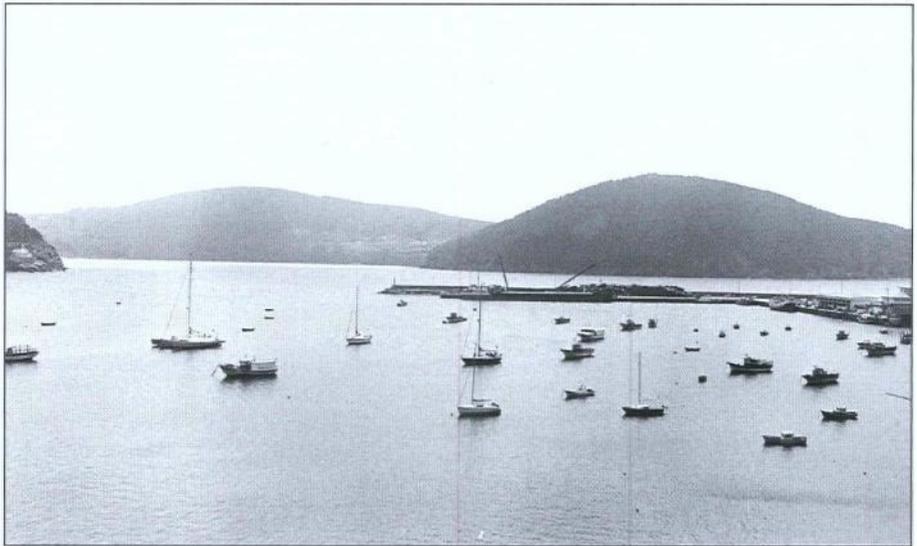
they were usually given as gifts from fishing boats - and offshore both the Isla Ons and the Islas Cies provided away from it all beachside anchorages, the former in particular being a gem, for though the latter is more like a South Sea island, it's too near Vigo and Baiona for a proper sense of seclusion. There was much swimming, particularly by Joyce, although being early in the season the sea temperature was decidedly crisp. Indeed, it never gets notably warm, which explains why the area used to abound in fish, something which led to the energetic Galician fishing industry which today causes so much bother to other fisheries.

On the mainland, we found a hidden rocky cove at Punta Miranda, and by complete contrast an overnight berth in Porto Novo, which takes fierce pride in being a bustling fishing port. Ashore, a restaurant with the unfortunate name of Titanic may have tried to impress with pink napery, but next door the down-to-earth Ton was the place where the locals ate, and we ate there too, with the satisfying view through the open door of *Witchcraft* lying to a mooring 700 miles from home.

Porto Novo provided Davy with a selection of fish for a barbecue next day out at Islas Cies. The sun and heat were intense, but the food was great, while our chef reflected on the fact that the last beach barbecue he'd cooked had been in a remote and desolate fjord of Greenland with the *St Patrick* anchored off. Baiona that night was far indeed from Greenland, a most stylish port with the Monte Real Yacht Club a place of friendly elegance. Next door, the Parador in the old Citadel worked its magic, and a lemon tree by the roadway somehow shed its fruit. Those lemons in due course sailed back to Ireland.

Time was now up for the airborne division, so I went with them by train from Vigo up to Santiago de Compostela, that cool granite city in the hills where the history of pilgrimage is alive on every corner, and you'll still meet dusty stave-carrying travellers who in some cases will have walked the longest of the old routes, from Liege in Belgium. In the high cathedral, the famous *Botafumeiro*, a giant censer, swings through an arc of 90ft spreading incense in flying clouds, controlled by a highly experienced hauling crew. They haul on a mighty line which goes round a giant sheave high in the roof vaulting of the cathedral, that sheave turning a sister sheave round which is the equally thick rope pulling the *Botafumeiro* into the heights, such that with skillful control the big thurible is soon roaring through a mighty arc with its line almost vertical at each end of the swing.

Originally, it's said, it was devised because, when Santiago was at its height as Europe's main place of pilgrimage, so many pilgrims slept in the cathedral overnight that this somewhat drastic method of sweetening the air had to be employed each morning. But now the swinging of the *Botafumeiro* is such an attraction in itself that they don't reveal at which Mass it is going to be used each day, though some special festivals guarantee a performance. As the other three had already been through the cathedral, though without seeing the *Botafumeiro* in action, they went off to see further aspects of this very attractive little city, while I toured the cathedral - it's a vigorous contrast between Baroque decoration at the heart of things, and granite austerity for the building itself - before going down to the museum in the crypts below to see the *Botafumeiro* itself in its display case. On asking the curator where it was, he said if I ran like hell I'd see it in use in the

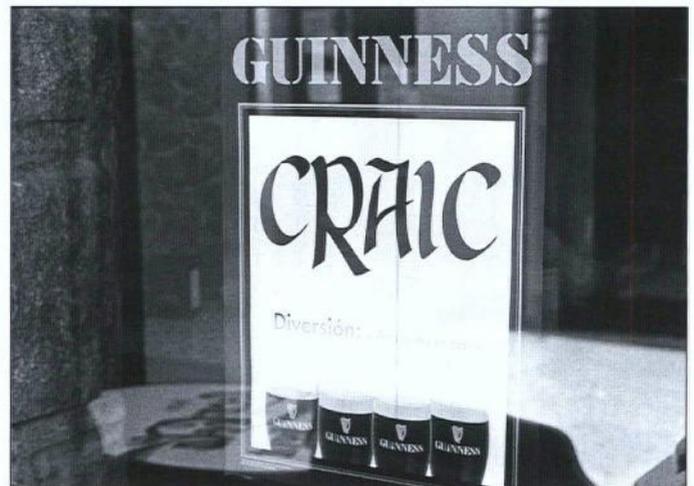


Cedeira is a very handy little port, but even so the crew of the little sloop just to the left of the end of the breakwater didn't know where they were. PHOTO: W.M.Nixon

cathedral, as the halyard team had just taken it up for its daily swing. Well, being a curator in a cathedral museum, he didn't quite say "run like hell". But that was the gist of it. And thus by pure good luck I was witness to one of the most extraordinary and moving sights you'll see in any cathedral anywhere.

Everything has to be done with utter precision, for once the *Botafumeiro* is getting up to speed, it is travelling very fast indeed, with a whistling roar as it sweeps through the narrow gap between the halyard men and the priests at the altar. The amount it is hauled on each swing is critical to build the arc, but no voices are heard in the early stages, and then as the clouds of incense spread, the organ music swells to emphasise what can only be called divine theatre. The whole "performance" must take barely six minutes. Perhaps the most startling thing is that as it draws to a close, there's utter silence just when a round of applause might be expected. Witnessing it leaves you in a special mood of elation, and by the time I joined the others for lunch I felt I could walk on water. Knowing what happened to the last person to do that, not surprisingly I'd come down to earth by the time they took a taxi to the airport, leaving me for a thoughtful walk to the station through this handsome little city where a group played the Galician pipes in the shadow of the cathedral.

Back in Baiona, there was the usual reaction of the profane after the sacred. With Davy and Damie I ended up in a tapas bar up in the back streets with the goal-keeper of the Vigo



A spot of Irish cultural imperialism found in La Coruna.

PHOTO: W.M.Nixon



The only way to get away from the noise of television in Spanish pubs is to drink on the pavement across the road - Nixon and McBride seeking peace in Camarinas. PHOTO: *Damie*

football team and the Captain of the *Pinta*, for Columbus's smaller ship had made her landfall at Baiona after "discovering" the New World, and a reproduction is berthed at the waterfront. Later, some delightful bankers also down from Vigo engaged us in a tequila-drinking competition, and then there was a night club with some remarkable folk music. And after that, back in the bar at the yacht club, we found Bill Walsh and the crew of *Carrigdown* ICC just in from Cork, though Manolo the steward, Davy's latest friend, had to make it clear that while our hero's tin whistling and bagpipe-playing impressions using a bar stool had been *such* a success the night before, the bar committee had indicated that horse play could go a little too far.....

The morning (Saturday 10th June) brought sore heads and the realisation that the wind was blowing straight from Ireland, and likely to continue to do so for some time to come, albeit out of a blue sky. So we got ourselves the 55 miles up to Cabo Finisterre with judicious use of the engine to utilise such weather shores as could be found. At Finisterre itself, it was blowing a northeasterly gale. The anchorage off the village was untenable, the anchorage off the beach a mile or so to the north was very exposed, and the wind was fairly shrieking out of Sardineiro Bay a couple of miles to the northeast. But right under the cliff headland immediately west of Ensenada del Sardineiro there was calm off a rocky little beach, and we found a perfect berth for the night that was in it.

Our stop was only the briefest, as the winds were in an established diurnal pattern of having a brief lull at first light, but building steadily from the northeast out of a usually sunny sky through the day until they'd reached gale force by nightfall. You miss the best of the lull if you wait for dawn - things are gentlest just as the first shreds of light appear, and it was then that we got away, avoiding an unlit scattering of little fishing boats working the brief calm down towards Cabo Finisterre which, after looking mighty vicious the evening before, was no more than a big pussy cat as we nipped round close inshore and made north to place ourselves for a fast close reach in to Camarinas as the new day's wind started to build.

As we berthed in the little marina, Davy had a thoughtful look. He'd been pondering on how to construct the

perfect tortilla, and that morning he succeeded so brilliantly that we logged it:

El Tortilla McBride de Camarinas

- 1: Take 6 eggs, 3 medium size potatoes already cooked, and 2 medium size onions.
- 2: Put 2 or 3 dessert spoons of olive oil in frying pan, and fry chopped onions until soft.
- 3: Take off onions and put in bowl, draining while doing so.
- 4: Crack the 6 eggs into another bowl and whip, adding salt and pepper to taste, and perhaps a pinch or two of mixed herbs.
- 5: Heat the pan, then take pan off heat and spread eggs into pan to depth of quarter inch. When bottom has solidified, spread on onions and diced potatoes, and cook gently for about five minutes before adding rest of the egg. *Gently* stir the top to level while still cooking gently. Then put under grill until light golden brown. Check if it is all cooked enough for your taste by opening middle.
- 6: If fully cooked, eat slowly with many mugs of tea or coffee according to taste if at breakfast, or red wine at other meals.
- 7: When *tortilla* finished, sit back in contentment with final mug of tea, coffee or wine, and repeatedly tell cook what a clever little fucker he is.

Camarinas was friendly with Fernando at the little club more than helpful, but there was a sad air to this most Celtic of all the Galician rias, for although the new breakwater has greatly improved the harbour, it seems to have been finished just in time for the decline of the fishing industry, and the biggest trawler in port was there to be broken up, her owner having been given £2 million by Brussels to do so. Thus there is renewed interest in the lace-making for which the area is famous, but frankly if there's a more boring way of earning a living than lace-making, then I don't want to know about it. Nevertheless we liked the place, and up the back streets I found two perfect *herreos*, the classic Galician stone store-sheds raised on supports. Returning from this through narrow streets, I found a dark little bar that seemed to be devoid of the curse of television (the Galicians share the Spanish fondness for noise), and was so excited that I returned to the boat to conduct the others to this oasis of peace, and s'helpmegawd as



Unexpectedly good conditions in the middle of the Bay of Biscay - Damie and Davy aboard *Witchcraft of Howth* heading from Spain to the Isles of Scilly with the Autohelm 7000 doing all the work. PHOTO: *W.M.Nixon*



Concert party - Davy McBride and friend.

PHOTO: W.M.Nixon

we stepped through the door a television in a hidden corner sprang loudly to life, so we sat on the pavement across the road drinking our beers in the sunshine just to get some peace.

There were other cruising boats in port, and some had been there for quite a while, including a Norwegian sloop aboard which Damie adjourned to celebrate her birthday with new friends and a bottle of Jameson. It's a corner where you can get stuck, and with the wind now set firmly in the north to northeast flow with a blocking high over south Greenland and an active low over Denmark, there was a risk we'd take root ourselves, for the usual homeward-bound ploy of laying out into the Atlantic close-hauled on starboard until you find the northwesterlies simply wasn't going to work, as there were strong to gale nor'easters the whole damned way out to Rockall. However, the local newspaper *Voice of Galicia*, which devotes an entire page to weather and shipping matters as befits such a determinedly maritime province, was indicating local easterlies along the north coast of Spain as far west as Cabo Ortegal. So we reckoned that if we could get ourselves up to Cedeira by a couple of dawn patrols, we might manage to grab the edge of those easterlies to get up towards Ushant and maybe find ourselves nearer some change in the weather.

Thus after another daybreak start, we found ourselves in early afternoon (Tuesday 13th June) fairly roaring in to La Coruna past the Torre de Hercules on our way to a slightly restless berth behind the Dique de Abrigo in the marina of the Real Club Nautico (it's the one on the left). They make a minimum charge for two nights at about £10 per night, but it was no hardship staying for two nights, as La Coruna has to be one of the finest seaport cities in the world. Somehow, despite the inevitable development, ships still berth virtually in the heart of town, while close behind the grand facades of the waterfront buildings there's a maze of characterful little streets which suddenly lead into a graceful and spacious city square. In the little streets the variety of bars and restaurants is astonishing, and we'd everything from bowls of must for swilling down tripe and chilis in one of the old Ribeiro wine bars, to Guinness with tapas in another, and of course there was a visit to a stylish restaurant where our master cook had to tell the chef how to make a Spanish omelette. As for the pastime of "people-watching", we reckoned that while the Galicians hurry about like everyone else during the day, in the evening and at night like all Spaniards they stroll in the style of toreadors. So now you know.

A final dawn patrol got us up to Cedeira, which is administratively part of Galicia, but has the flavour of Asturias to the eastward. As it had been our first port with *Ice Bird's* Spanish cruise in 1968, when we went on eastward to the Basque country from it, there was a sense of completion in making this *Witchcraft's* final Spanish port in 1995. But we

soon had other things on our mind. A little sloop from Finland which had altered course 180 degrees well down the coast to follow us into port sent a guy over in the dinghy, and he hauled out the passage chart for crossing the Bay of Biscay and asked us where we were. Cedeira not being marked on his chart, I pencilled it in. Then we found that though there was a handy diesel pump on the end of the little inner quay, it was duty free and only for the fishermen. But the man in charge was so embarrassed by this that, as we only wanted to top up a couple of little two-gallon plastic portables, he put them in the boot of his car and drove me to a garage on the other side of the village for fuel at top price.

If we hadn't bothered to top up the diesel, we would of course have been becalmed in the middle of the Bay of Biscay. But as we'd been so dutiful, the fates rewarded us with a cracker of a passage to the Isles of Scilly. We'd been pleased to note that there was indeed, as hoped, a good bit of east in the breeze by the time we made Cedeira, and when we got away at sunrise next morning (Friday June 15th), it seemed even more easterly, so though we'd some gruesome sailing on a very confused sea in the "lee" of the decidedly awesome Cabo Ortegal with ferocious gusts funnelling round the 2,000ft heights, we were at least laying the course. And as we cleared the land the seas eased, the breeze freed a bit more, and by afternoon we were comfortably tramping along in sunshine with a couple of reefs in the main and the genoa well rolled, with the old girl settling beautifully into her stride.

Thus the tactic of clawing our way up to Ortegal had placed us on the right side of the wind's curve, and we made northing at a great rate. As hoped, being further north brought better prospects of getting into a change, and by Saturday morning we'd a couple of hours of motoring before light breezes began building steadily from the west. Through Saturday afternoon, she was flying, but then Saturday night came in a stinker of strong winds, rain and fog. *Witchcraft* was flying through the rotten visibility (being Saturday night, we reckoned most fishing boats would be in port) as the wind briefly backed right round to the southwest. Then at daybreak Sunday it veered, though only to the west, as the front went through. We knew another trough was on its way, but maybe we'd get to the Isles of Scilly in the gap, and maybe we might even see a clearing sky. Clear sky did you say? That Sunday came in as the most perfect pet day you ever saw, glorious passage-making conditions with Davy clowning with the GPS as a sextant, and we came up to the Scillonian with the sun glowing gold beyond the Bishop lighthouse, and into Hughtown and ashore to the Mermaid for a couple of pints before closing time Sunday night after averaging 6.7 knots over the 428 miles from Cedeira.

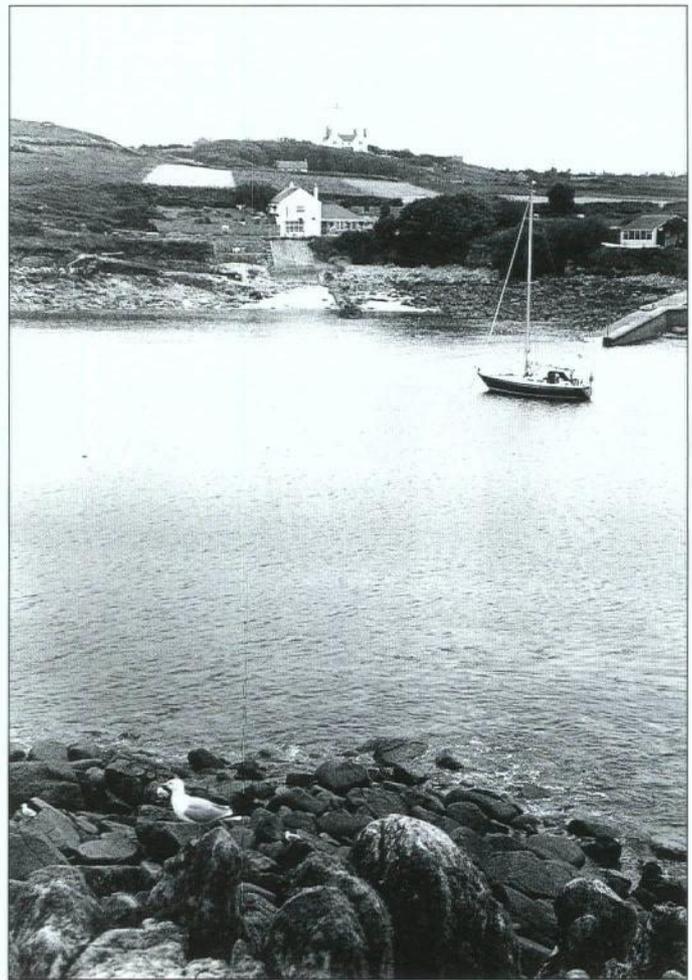
Even some awful sounds from under the counter as I gave her a bit of astern to dig in the anchor hadn't spoilt the enchantment of the evening, as I'd a feeling it was nothing worse than the cutlass bearing adrift from the P-bracket, and a quick dive over the side in the morning revealed this was indeed the case. By this time we were having visitors, starting with the jug-eared Assistant Harbour Master (they breed them specially with big ears so they can hear the rattle of a yacht's anchor chain going down at three o'clock in the morning) who relieved us of £7.50 for the privilege of lying in this rolly bay. Then came Len Smith, the friendly Customs man, who asked to be remembered to Cormac McHenry, whom he befriended in the Autumn of '94. Len helped us as well, as he guided us to Jim Heslin the ace diver. Jim's fine service launch *Moonshadow* has the motto across the stern: "Our Business Is Going Under", and he did just that for us, putting a temporary fastening on the cutlass bearing which was all we needed to get back to Howth.

Inevitably there was something of a celebratory party with Jim and others in the Mermaid, and then in fine form we went

across to Porth Conger at St Agnes, which is not a bad little anchorage, and if you're only looking for an overnight stop in the Scillies, you won't be bothered there for money by Captain Jug-Ears. I wanted to try the famous Cornish pasties in the The Turk's Head public house. They were much amused when I asked for one, as they're usually only sold to the day trippers who provide the island's main source of income, but in the evening when the trippers have gone the menu becomes classier.

We ate our way through it in due course, but I had a pasty anyway (it was delicious) as there's nothing worse than perusing a menu on an empty stomach. Then after the clientele had been entertained several times by Davy's complete repertoire on the tin whistle (it shouldn't take too long, but it goes on a bit because he keeps stopping for applause which he leads himself), we put out the welcome mat aboard *Witchcraft* for the Welsh crew off a yacht from Falmouth, and in the midst of much song and conviviality presented them with our crisp new copy of the *South & West Coast Directions* in order to persuade them to cruise to West Cork, which began to make it a rather expensive visit to the Isles of Scilly, but that was the last thought in anybody's minds by this stage.

And it was the last thought in Davy's head for some time, 'cos next morning he had what the medical profession describe as a membrane outrage (plain hangover to you and me), so there wasn't a chirp out of him all day as we headed north with light westerlies after clearing Scillonian in thick fog. In fact, the first chirp came not from Davy, but from a very lost little swallow which arrived aboard as we were about 15 miles south of Carnsore Point at dawn on Wednesday June 21st, appropriately Midsummer's Day. This one swallow certainly did make a summer. Davy was on watch, and when it fluttered into the saloon (which is big enough to provide a swallow with flying space), he gently followed it below and held up his arm in best Francis of Assisi style. It settled on his forearm for a rest, and then made itself at home inside the sprayhood for a sleep. It wasn't until we'd passed the Barrels Buoy and there was a real whiff of Wexford that it woke up and started preening itself. Then, with a further couple of chirrups to say: "Well sorry, but I really must fly," off it went, straight for the land after a circuit of the ship where the mood was by now one of total wonderment (for who on earth has ever heard of a swallow flying onto a cruising boat?) which if anything was increased by a glorious passage up the East Coast in perfect sunshine and a gentle easterly until we came to our berth in



A very handy little anchorage - *Witchcraft of Howth* in Porth Conger at the Island of St Agnes, anchored right beside The Turk's Head pub. PHOTO: W.M.Nixon

Howth marina at 2327 hours. Being just three minutes to closing time, Damie hit the pontoon running, and had celebratory pints set up for us by the time we caught up with her after securing the ship.

We'd been out of Ireland for three weeks and a day, and had sailed 1621 miles at an average of 6.3 knots with 16 ports visited, nine of them new ones.

SUMMARY

Passage	NM	Days	Hours	Minutes	Kts
Howth/Arklow	37		8	20	4.5
Arklow/Dunmore East	66		10	30	6.3
Dunmore East/Villagarcia	648	4	1		6.7
Villagarcia/Rianjo/return	11		2		5.5
Villagarcia/Caraminal	9		2		4.5
Caraminal/PtaMiranda/Ons	15		3		5.0
Isla Ons/Porto Novo	6		1		6.0
Porto Novo/Islas Cies	12		2	30	4.8
Islas Cies/Baiona	7		1	20	5.4
Baiona/Finisterre	58		9	30	6.1
Finisterre/Camarinas	26		4		6.5
Camarinas/La Coruna	51		8		6.4
La Coruna/Cedeira	29		5	30	5.3
Cedeira/Hughtown	428	2	16		6.7
Hughtown/Porth Conger	2			30	4.0
Porth Conger/Howth	216	1	14		5.7

1621 mles. Average 6.3 knots, 18% engine use.

The Horny Toad vs. The Old Speckled Hen in the English Channel

Dick Lovegrove

I might as well call a spade a spade. In 1995, due to advancing old age I decided that enough yacht racing was enough. My svelte figure no longer prances around the foredeck as heretofore, aches and pains (which can only be eased by strong drink) appear after a day's winch-grinding, and I now recognise that getting soaking wet while carrying too much canvas in an effort to propel a sailing boat in a direction which Nature did not intend it to go is a serious misuse of time which could otherwise be spent in more sybaritic activities. So when Richard Hooper kindly asked if I would like to join the crew of *Hobo V*, the Sigma 38 which he shares with John Bourke, for racing in Cowes Week, I declined (politely, I hope), but ventured that if they were looking for someone of mature years to pilot *Hobo V* back to Dun Laoghaire afterwards, I was their man. And that is how *Hobo's* magic homeward holiday was conceived.

No longer being a saltwater boat owner myself, one of the most attractive aspects of Richard's kind offer was the freedom to actually put together my own crew. First, I asked my family but they've all sailed with me before and quickly found reasons like "Work" or "Study" not to come. So I then approached some less discerning friends. Nick Thistleton signed on first. He has been my racing skipper of recent years and, apart from long suffering good humour, possesses the amazing talent of being totally immune to seasickness. Diesel leaks or troublesome heads in lumpy seas or oily swells are no problem to him. He says it is to do with having no sense of balance. ("I have to sit down to put my socks on" he says). David Freeman (I.C.C. member) and his wife Valerie (my personal dietician!) who are assets to any crew, were next to join. Ken Morrison and his wife Gilly, friends ("for more years than I care to remember"), who live in Belfast and keep their own yacht on Strangford Lough, made up the complement.

The crew arrived in Cowes on foot and heavily laden during the late afternoon of Friday 4th August, the last Friday of



The crew at play – Dick Lovegrove, Ken Morrison, David Freeman, Gilly Morrison.



The Fortnight Cup

Awarded for the best cruise undertaken in a maximum period of 16 days.



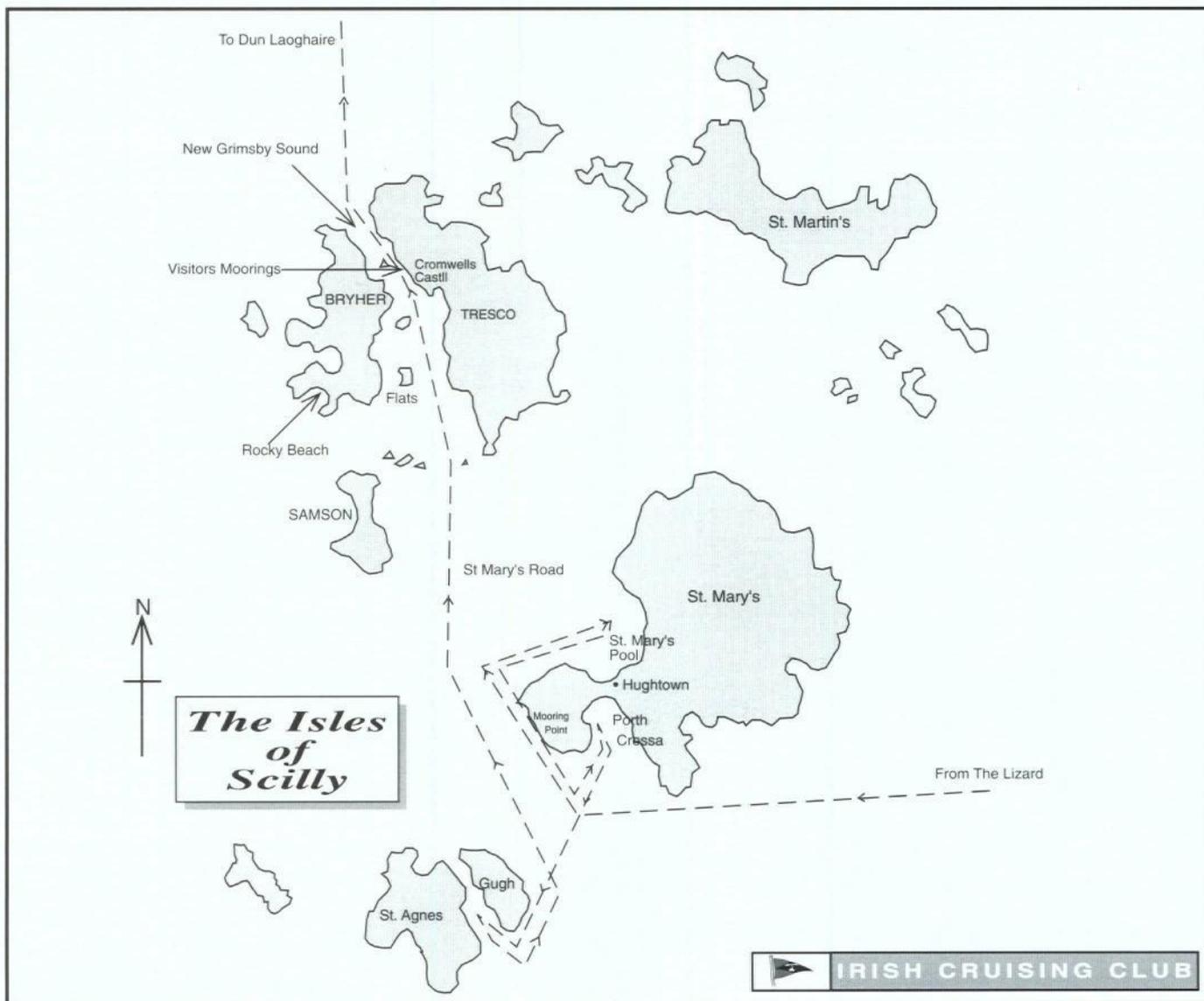
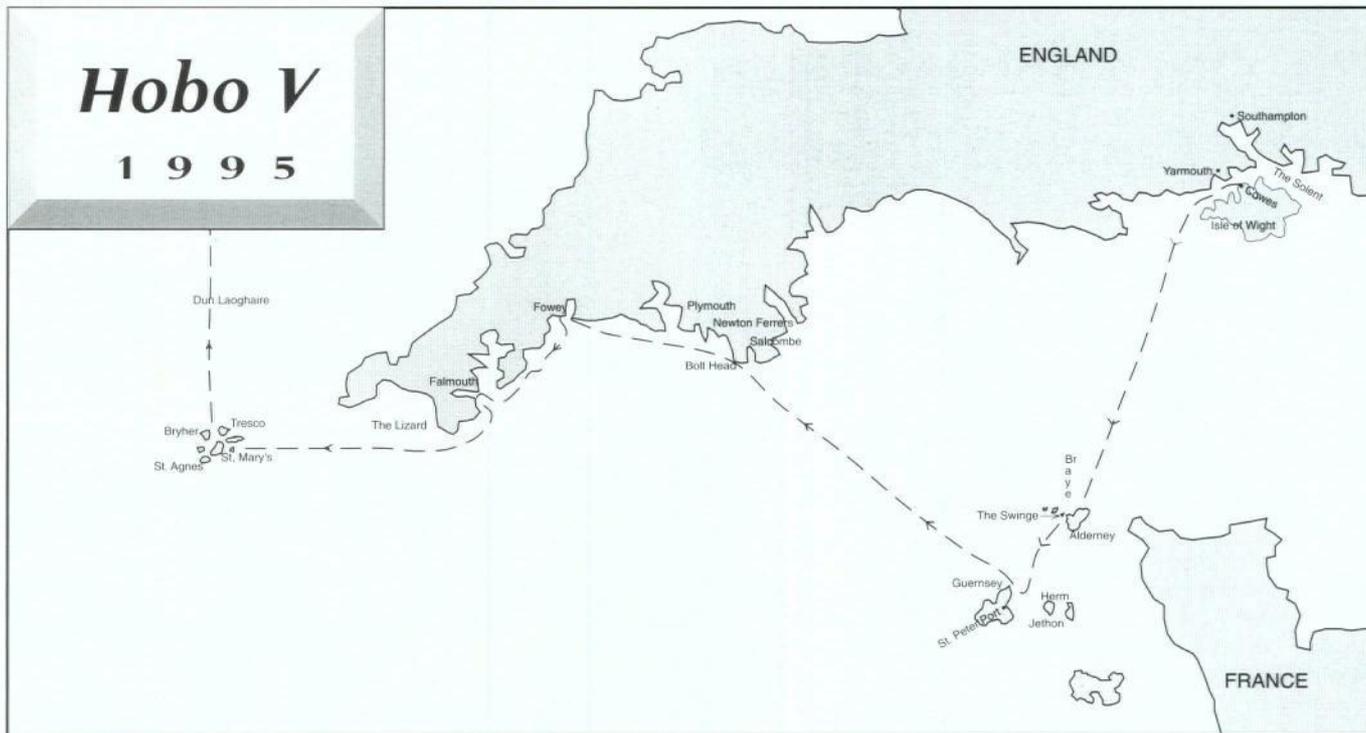
"Horny Toad – what a silly name for a beer. I'll try it anyhow". Dick Lovegrove. PHOTO: Ken Morrison

Cowes Week and I was immediately dispatched to find *Hobo*. My first reaction was that the fellow looking for the needle had it easy but, of course, I had reckoned without the Commodore of the R.O.R.C., for there, just as I stepped onto the marina, just past the ILC 40's and The Mumm 36's of the Admirals' Cup teams of many nations, was *Hobo V*. Thank you John! And thank you also for organising the tickets to The Royal Yacht Squadron for supper and for the fireworks display that night. What a way to start a cruise! A glorious warm summer night, good food and company on the lawns of The Royal Yacht Squadron, the lights of literally thousands of yachts illuminating The Solent and the flashes and flares, of what must surely be one of the greatest fireworks displays anywhere, lighting up the sky. Definitely worth bringing the No. 1's for!

Later that night, in search of more informal entertainment, we found ourselves in "The Pier View" where we stumbled, tripped and lurched onto what was to become the theme of the cruise - the pursuit of real ale. Richard Hooper had directed us there in the first place to sample his personal favourite, "Wadworth's XXXXXX" but I quickly re-acquainted myself with an old friend of Cowes Week 1993, "The Old Speckled Hen". For many reasons, and perhaps meeting with such old friends was amongst them, the crew made a leisurely start the following day. It was Fastnet Saturday and the buzz in Cowes was almost tangible. The American and South African Cup teams had worked on their boats under flood lights all through the night, and, of course, being located right beside them we had a grandstand view of the preparations of all the teams. We also had to attend to our own preparations. *Hobo* had naturally been stripped of all cruising gear for her highly successful Cowes Week campaign and our crew was divided up into

Hobo V

1995





The crew at work – David, Nick, Gilly, Ken.

teams to look after provisioning, water, removal of racing sails, etc. Richard gave us enormous assistance, not only in showing how everything worked, but also in driving to and from the house which they had rented with cargoes of saucepans, cutlery, dinghies, outboards, etc. At 16.30 we finally slipped our lines and the cruise proper began.

Our plan was to watch the start of The Fastnet Race and then follow the fleet down The Solent to Yarmouth for the night. I had thought that I might feel a pang of regret not to be going with the racers this time, but, even though the evening was fine and the forecast was for light N.E. winds, I found I was delighted, as we motor-sailed westwards, to have nothing more ambitious than "The King's Head" in Yarmouth in mind.

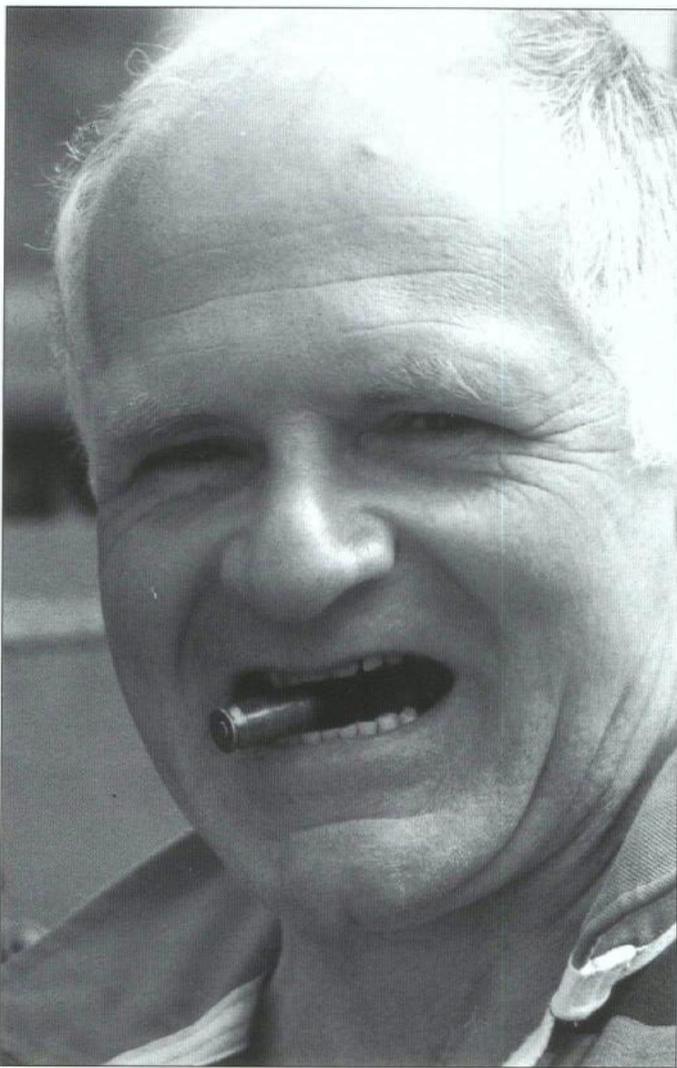
In fact, even this modest ambition was nearly thwarted. Not for the last time, we underestimated just what a crowded island England is. As we approached Yarmouth Harbour at about 19.30 we were met by "Harbour full" signs and a veritable flotilla of harbour police in dories intent on not only preventing our entrance but also making us join an orderly queue! Fortunately for us, shortly after we arrived, a yacht dropped its moorings just outside the harbour and we won the race to pick it up. As it happened, this was probably the better option as it was undoubtedly a quieter place to spend the night than inside the harbour and was well served by water taxis. Ashore, we enjoyed excellent pub food at reasonable prices in "The King's Head" and also resumed where we had left off with "The Old Speckled Hen". Entertainment was supplied for a while by a stag party, "Trousers up - Trousers down" and all that sort of thing.

On Sunday we were up early. Heather Thistleton, who was forced to attend to the day job had really only come as a driver for the weekend and now had to start the journey back to Knutsford in Cheshire. We also had to be on our way early to catch the first of the ebb down The Solent and we dropped our precious mooring at 07.50. John and Richard had given us no real time limit by which to have *Hobo* back to Dun Laoghaire but realistically two weeks was the most any of us could manage and two weeks was more than enough not only to do the trip in comfort but also to allow for some leisurely detours. The first of these was to be to the Channel Islands, so once clear of the Needles Channel, we turned left and headed for Alderney.

The weather forecast had warned of thundery lows in Northern France and it was a dull day with an awkward, lumpy sort of a sea. For a while the wind piped up from the N.E. and we set a spinnaker, but it didn't last and we were left with a light, fitful breeze which varied in direction and left us with little choice but to push on under engine and mainsail. The passage was uneventful and we arrived in Braye Harbour at the north end of Alderney at 19.30. The shelter in this harbour is limited and the best of it is on the western side close to the breakwater. There are two chains of large yellow visitors' moorings in this area and there are more on the eastern side, but we could see that the yachts there were rolling most uncomfortably. All the moorings were taken so we eventually dropped a buoyed anchor between the moorings on the western side and prayed that we would be able to retrieve it in the morning. We wondered about the propriety of tying up alongside a yacht already moored to one of the buoys but were shy of actually doing it. In fact, we subsequently received a leaflet from the harbourmaster which refers to "a maximum of four yachts per buoy" so we needn't have been so circumspect. Still on the subject of the moorings, the buoys have large shackles on top which are heavily rusted and which would chafe through soft mooring warp in jig time. The harbourmaster advises everyone to double up on warps and to fit some kind of anti-chafe device. We lay comfortably to our anchor and, after a lovely meal on board, turned in early.

Monday 7th August dawned dull also, but this didn't stop many yachts from leaving early. We took the opportunity to move onto a mooring and weighed our anchor without difficulty. It was a day for rest and recuperation, though from what it's hard to say. Interestingly, because the Channel Islands (though part of Britain) are not part of the E.E.C., etiquette requires that a Q flag should be flown and customs' forms had to be filled in. A water taxi took us ashore and we availed of the excellent free showers at the pierhead before strolling up the hill to the town. With the exception of the hideous concrete gun emplacements and bunkers built by the Germans during the war with slave labour, everything on Alderney is charming. The town of Braye has narrow cobbled streets and a timeless, unhurried feel to it. Admittedly our visit coincided with the August Bank Holiday there and many of the shops were closed, but when we came across a parade of old military vehicles we could have been forgiven for thinking that we were on the set of "Dad's Army". We followed the parade and a small crowd to a large field where there was a gathering in progress reminiscent of a parish fete of the 1950's. There was a brass band, a display of Morris Minors, an aerobatic display by a bi-plane and such classic games as "Swipe the Rat" and "Catch the Egg".

But even before this heady excitement, we had come across another local delight which set a standard for the rest of the cruise. In Nellie Gray's Beer Garden over a delicious lunch of tapas, prawns and whitebait, under skies which had now cleared to brightest blue, we encountered "The Horny Toad". For the uninitiated, "The Horny Toad" is a local brew which



Daivd bites the bullet.

not only has a kick like Cantona but also manages to taste particularly agreeable. The rest of the afternoon was lazed away in a gentle walk around the island, past the house of the late John Arlott of cricket commentary fame and pausing to paddle at Longis Beach. That night, the lure of "The Horny Toad" was irresistible and back we trooped to Nellie's only to find a scene of disarray. The kitchen which had done us proud at lunchtime now appeared to have fallen apart at the seams; everything was "off" and about the only thing coming out of it was a stream of bad language. Someone took an order for five sole on the bone and we settled back with some pints of The Horny Toad. Half an hour later, nothing had emerged, so we ordered another pint and checked the position about our order. No-one had heard of it. There was no sole on the bone anyway.

"What could we have?"

"I'm not sure what there is".

"Well we'll have another Horny Toad".

Amidst scenes which would have delighted a Basil Fawley enthusiast, we finally received our meal at about 22.00. It turned out to be scampi and chips which came as a surprise to all of us because no-one had actually ordered it. But thanks to The Horny Toad, nothing seemed to matter any more and while other customers stormed out, we enjoyed an hilarious night and some very nice scampi.

The next day (Tuesday) was bright (too bright for some!) and breezy. In a brisk northerly we hoisted the main and headed off southwards like a rocket through "The Swinge". Some serious calculations had shown that the optimum time

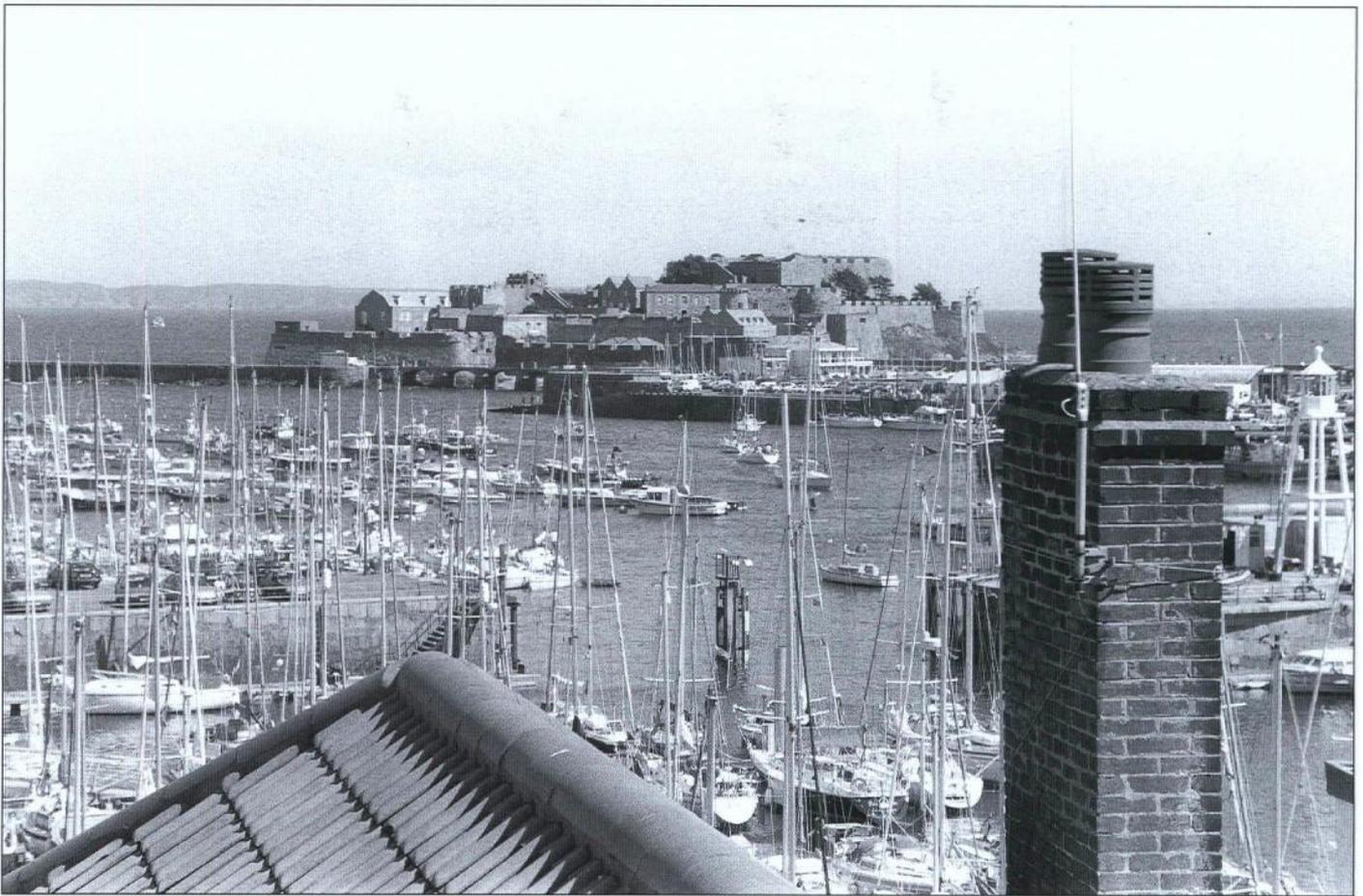
for a passage through this tidal river was 08.16 and we weren't far off with a departure time of 08.25. The sea was a glorious deep blue with lots of Persil white "moutons". You have to look out for the Corbet Rock and further south for the Pierre au Vraic Rock, but modern aids such as G.P.S. and chart plotters take so much of the guesswork out of navigation that these hazards were soon passed without a problem. In twenty knots, we ran dead down wind to Guernsey, picking up Platte Fougere easily in the sunlight and gybing to line up with the Roustel buoy. As we approached the harbour at St. Peter Port, a large ship emerged followed by a Sea Cat ferry. Gilly was at the helm and took immediate avoiding action, but these two were clearly taking no prisoners and both quickly accelerated to full throttle giving us the full benefit of their wash.

St. Peter Port is a busy, bustling town and an even busier, bustling harbour. On entry (when the traffic lights go green) you follow a buoyed channel and signposts around the southern perimeter of the harbour to a point where you have to decide whether you want to stay in the outer harbour and moor to unserviced pontoons or wait for the tide, lock into the inner harbour and berth at the marina. We had arrived at low water which would have meant a long wait to lock in so we opted to stay out, but while looking for a space on the pontoons and still following the signposts we managed to touch bottom briefly, so beware! A little wellie on the throttle had us off immediately and by the time the cannon which fires at noon each day had sounded we were ashore and enjoying some lunchtime libations.

Some serious shopping in the afternoon saw us avail of the Guernsey tax laws and the several large drink emporia fronting the harbour as we stocked up for the rest of the cruise. Prices were considerably cheaper than Dublin but perhaps not the amazing bargains we had been expecting. One drink supermarket was offering to fill your own bottle with gin for £4.85 which probably accounted for all the milk bottles on the step! That night we celebrated Nick's birthday with a meal in "Le Nautique" (up some steps overlooking the harbour) which not only served excellent sea food but also was not overpriced. Anyhow, as Nick himself always says as he reaches for his cheque book "You'll remember the quality long after you've forgotten the price"! The following day, on the advice of Peter Cumberlidge in "North Brittany and Channel Islands Cruising" we left *Hobo V* where she was and took a local ferry to Jethou and Herm. Jethou is private and you are not allowed to land but the ferry took us very close to the shoreline to view the puffin nesting sites. Because it was low water, we landed on Herm at Rosiere Steps rather than the main harbour and followed a winding footpath around the southern end of this captivating island. A bottle of wine and a delicious picnic in



Hobo V's Gun crew ready for action. Bray, Alderney.



St. Peter Port, Guernsey. Foreground: Marina. Middle Ground: Sill and Lock Gates. Background: Open Harbour.



The low tide anchorage at Rosiere Steps, Herm.

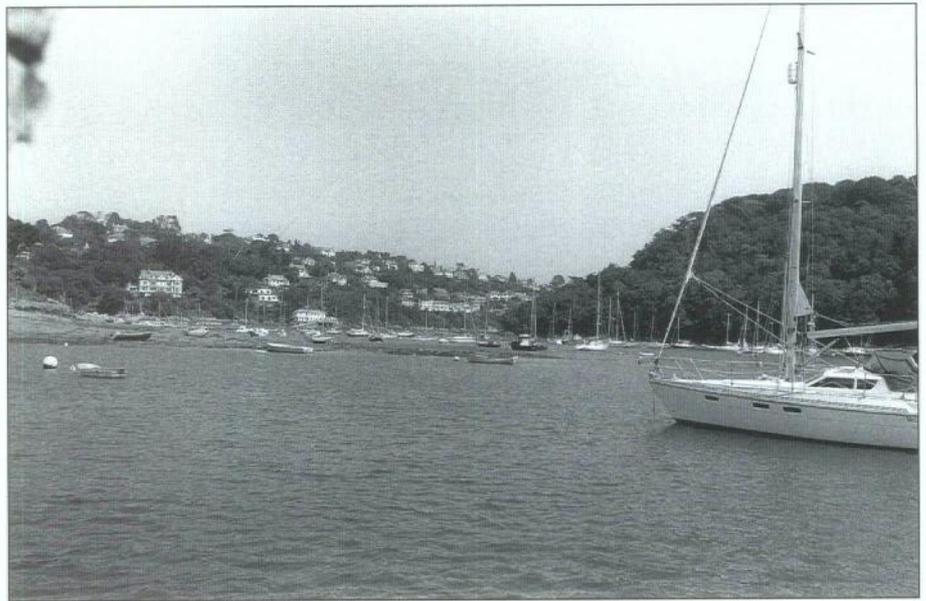
the sun and then on to the beach at Belvoir where I (just call me "The Great White Flab") swam for the first time in about ten years. A brisk walk across the island brought us to the main village and harbour where there are two pubs and some shops. It was all most attractive and well worth doing.

We were now halfway through our first week, and it was time to end this particular detour and make some miles towards Dun Laoghaire. We left St. Peter Port at 20.20 catching the last hour of the north going tide. The barometer was steady at 1023 mb., the forecast for Portland was "easterly 3 to 4 occasionally 5" and all seemed set for an easy passage. And so it proved to be. In fact, it was probably the best night I have ever spent at sea. It was warm, with a bright, almost full, moon, and under the ideal cruising rig of a No. 2 and full main we made effortless progress towards Salcombe. At the change of watch at 02.00, some swift calculations showed that we would arrive at Salcombe at 05.00 which is an uncivilised time to arrive anywhere and we decided to bear away a little and head for Newton Ferrers on the river Yealm instead.

As we closed the land, passing to the west of Bolt Head, the wind increased to the forecast F5, but we were broad reaching and *Hobo's* racing pedigree ensures that she is an absolute delight to sail in these conditions. From my bunk, I could hear whoops of exhilaration from Nick and Ken on deck as first 9.3, then 10 and finally 12 knots were recorded. Afraid, that we were missing out on the fun, David and I came on deck at 05.30 and shortly afterwards hit the record for the cruise of 13.2 knots. The sunrise was magnificent by 06.00 and we picked up a mooring in the river Yealm at 08.00. The log for the passage showed 88.1 nm. giving an average speed of more than 7.5 knots. Magic!

A word about Newton Ferrers. There is a bar at the entrance to the river Yealm which almost dries at L.W.S. but we had no difficulties despite the fact that, inexplicably, our echo sounder chose that moment to go down. We were using "The Shell Guide to the South Coast of England" and also MacMillan's Almanac but both were out of date to the extent that at the second transit which you follow on entry, the transit board astern which used to have a red stripe has been replaced by a board with a green triangle. Once across the bar you find yourself in a most picturesque river with magnificent woods sweeping down to the water's edge, but it is very congested with swinging moorings and amidst these it would be easy to miss the small red navigation buoy marking the outer end of Warren Point, which it is vital to leave to port on entry. We found a vacant mooring without much problem but later discovered a pontoon moored in the centre of the river near Yealm Pool which was not mentioned in either of our pilot books.

Ashore, it is equally attractive but facilities are very limited. At lunchtime we walked along the north bank of the creek to The Dolphin Pub for a ploughman's and pint. There is a small yacht club there also which possesses the only available showers but the club is manned by members and is only open at certain hours on certain days. After a lovely lazy afternoon on board listening to Elgar and the 5th Test Match in almost perfect English surroundings, we ventured ashore again in the evening. This time we chose the south shore of the creek and walked to a village called Noss Mayo (which sounds like a



The River Yealm at Newtown Ferrers.

West of Ireland samba band). Again we were caught out by early eating protocol. We arrived at The Ship shortly after 20.00 to find many items already "off" and although we consumed fair quantities of "Dartmoor Best" it didn't produce the same hilarity as "The Horny Toad" had done previously in similar circumstances.

On Friday 11th August, still in glorious weather we made a leisurely start. This time with the echo sounder working we recrossed the bar one and a half hours after high water and recorded a minimum depth of 5M. We hoisted the large spinnaker once we had passed the Outer Slimers Rock (what a wonderful name!). As we headed west across the entrance to Plymouth Sound, we crossed tracks with yachts finishing the Fastnet Race. After a while the wind fell light and within seconds we had the most horrendous spinnaker wrap I have ever seen. There was much climbing of masts and sliding down forestays after which it was time for a little tincture, followed by a swim, another little tincture, lunch and another little tincture as we drifted westward at about 4 knots under main and tide.

Fowey was another delightful stopover. It is a larger town with excellent facilities but still retains its charm. We made fast to a pontoon just above Pont Pill and were made very welcome at the Royal Fowey Yacht Club for showers. A gentle stroll around the town was followed by a cream tea at the Victoria Cafe - delicious and hardly a calorie in sight! Some investigations by Nick concluded that "The Old Ferry" at Bodinick was the place for us to continue our research into real English ales that night. It is a cosy old fashioned pub fronting onto the water and easily reached by dinghy. Sharpe's and Flower's were the most popular brews. Next morning, there was some leisurely exploration while we waited for the tide to turn in our favour in the course of which David and I visited the old parish church of St. Finbar, so called because early trade with Cork caused a small group of Munster exiles to establish themselves in Fowey.

By the time we departed, a weak front had arrived giving us some cloud and less sunshine than we had become accustomed to and it had also caused the wind to swing round to the west. A combination of that and sagging batteries gave the crew an ideal excuse for motoring to Falmouth without even attempting to hoist the sails.

Falmouth, as most members will know, is a large commercial town, but, it is a railhead and we were due for a crew changeover which necessitated finding a berth as near as

possible to the station. We first looked into Port Pendennis Marina, built by Peter de Savary of America's Cup fame which was brand spanking new but which looked expensive and was controlled by lock gates and so a bit restricting. We moved on to the Falmouth Harbour Visitors Yacht Haven which was very different in appearance but which was very close to the centre of town and which had an excellent free shower, toilet and laundry block at the head of the ramp. The only problem with it, as we discovered later on, was that at its inner end it has a minimum depth of 1.8M L.W.S.

Valerie Freeman arrived after a twelve hour journey from Dalkey and before long we were all seated at a restaurant entitled "No Jackets Required" where we had a good meal with a strong seafood bias. If Valerie wasn't exhausted after her tedious journey, the rest of us were after our short hop and we were all tucked up early. I woke in the middle of the night feeling that everything wasn't quite as it should be. At first I was inclined to blame the fish, but I only realised what was actually wrong when I got out of bed and fell across the saloon. We had dried out by about six inches and together with several other yachts were heeling towards the pontoon. *Hobo* draws about 1.8M and we had come off low water springs a day or so previously, so I feel sure that for us and so many other yachts to dry out by that amount means that either we suffered an exceptional tide or more likely that there are a couple of feet less water than stated at the landward end of the marina. Anyhow, we were afloat again and back in bed without bother an hour or so later.

We were up again early in the morning. Sadly Nick had to leave us and retrace Valerie's train journey northwards through England to Chester. For the rest of us, it was time for another detour, and waving "good-bye" to Nick at the fuel pontoon, we motored out of Falmouth bound for the Scilly Isles. The little front which had temporarily restricted our sunbathing had passed leaving a N.W. breeze F4-5 and a surprisingly lumpy sea. We motor sailed to maintain speed and had *The Lizard* abeam in a couple of hours. Here we met some really quite large seas and oilskins were required in earnest for the first time on this cruise. Ken "power sailed" us through the worst of the race and thereafter it was a mixture of sunshine and showers for the rest of the afternoon. At least, I am told it was, because I went to bed and slept all afternoon waking up at 17.30 just as we were entering St. Mary's Sound!

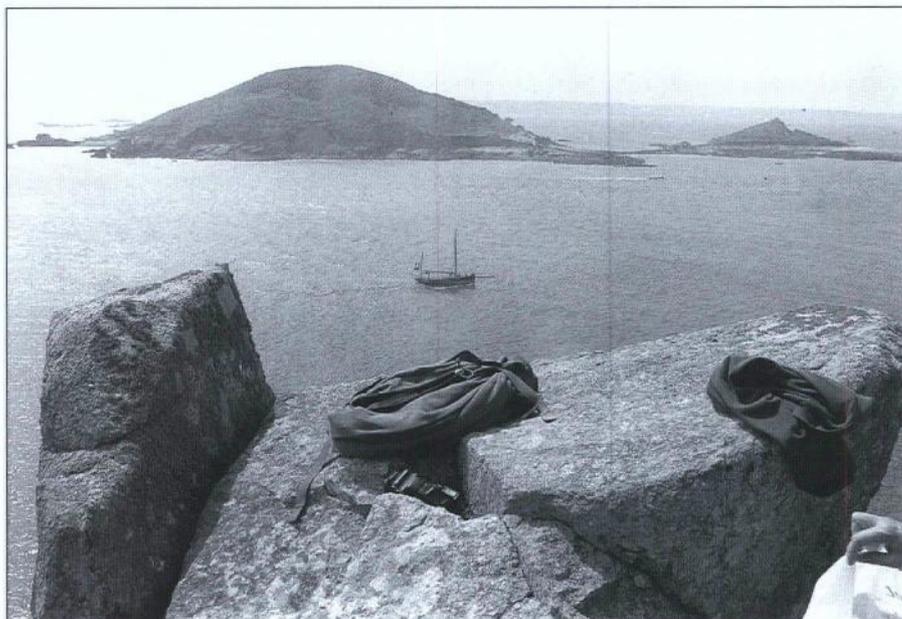
David and I had been to the Scillies before on several occasions but they were new to the rest of the crew. My own previous visits had coincided with some pretty unfavourable weather and my impressions, particularly of Hughtown, St. Mary's, were coloured accordingly. As we motored around to St. Mary's Pool, the wind was still in the N.W. although moderating and I could see that the fishing boats moored there were pitching a bit. We put Valerie ashore briefly to make a phone call and found ourselves tied up outside a converted trawler yacht owned by Peter Phillips of Round Ireland record fame and he recalled "sport mor" with Dickie Gomes and others. When Valerie returned we motored around the anchorage for a while looking for a suitable place to drop. I noticed that there were surprisingly few yachts there and eventually, still feeling uneasy, and rather to the disgust of the other crew members who had not had the benefit of three hours sleep in the afternoon (and who could hear the siren

song of "The Mermaid") I decided to leave St. Mary's Roads and motor back around to Porth Cressa.

As soon as we entered the anchorage at Porth Cressa I knew we had done the right thing. This is where all the missing yachts were. I had never been in here before but without difficulty we wriggled our way between the anchored yachts finding a suitable slot in about 7M., well inside Morning Point. It was a bit of a long dinghy ride ashore but well worth it for a quiet night. "Quiet", of course, is a relative term. In fact, nightfall found us in "The Bishop and Wolfe" where we had anything but a quiet night. With some apprehension we watched a couple of musicians set up a vast array of electronic apparatus but they turned out to be fabulous (to use a term from the era). The beer of the night was "Tinners" (which sounds like something a Dub might use for cleaning paint brushes) and before you could say "Fats Domino" there were scenes of excessive and unseemly dancing with David shaking a gamey leg with anyone prepared to chance it.

The cock crew late on Monday the 14th and we eased our way into a morning of shopping and showering, meeting up in "The Mermaid" at lunchtime for an excellent pub lunch of prawns, seafood pasta or smoked mackerel salad, washed down with Flower's Real Ale or Caffrey's according to taste. At 17.30 we weighed anchor and motored the couple of miles to The Cove anchorage between the S.E. corner of St. Agnes and the island of Gugh. This is another lovely anchorage, sheltered from all directions except South East and North West at high tide when the sand bar at the head of the anchorage is briefly covered. We went ashore for an evening stroll culminating in "The Turk's Head". The Burton's Ale we drank there was well favoured and it was deemed necessary to try a couple of repeat orders just to make sure that its quick rise up the pop charts was justified. Back on board, we were treated by Valerie and Gilly to a delicious meal of olives stuffed with anchovies, a fillet steak with salad and for dessert, fresh fruit salad with cream and just a dash of Creme de Cassis. There then followed a vicious game of poker, which, after much hilarity ended with Valerie and Gilly as big winners of about £1.00 each and me a poor loser of 20p.

Another ambition was achieved the following day when we motored across the Tresco Flats. David and I had done a lot of poring over charts and pilots to decide that if we left St. Agnes at 07.00 we could be across the Flats with an hour to spare before high water. The passage is well buoyed and in flat seas



An Old Gaffer approaches the anchorage at Rosiere Steps. Jethou in background.

and good visibility there is no difficulty. For the record, The Hulman Beacon is referred to in all three of the pilots which we had on board as having a "balustrade" topmark but in fact this has been replaced by a black triangle. The minimum depth we encountered was 3.7M. We picked up a very smart visitors' mooring in the Sound between Tresco and Bryher just south of Cromwell's Castle at 08.20. The bulk (numerically that is) of the crew went sightseeing and swimming but I awarded myself a morning off and spent the time listening to music, tidying the fo'c'sle and generally mucking about. We all met up in The New Inn for lunch and then "did" The Tresco Gardens. It had turned into a glorious afternoon and after a gentle wander around this splendid estate it was deemed necessary to cool off with a swim at a nearby beach. Unfortunately, it was low tide which produced a lot of "oohs" and "aahs" from the gentlemen swimmers as critical parts of their anatomies became slowly immersed.

That night saw us back in The New Inn, certainly to sample "Fuggie Ale" and "Castle Eden" but specifically to hear the visiting "Segovia Trio" who were classical guitarists and who presented a virtuoso programme. It was very different from our recent night in "The Bishop and Wolfe" but every bit as enjoyable.

We had planned to depart for Dun Laoghaire the next morning but as we were enjoying ourselves so much and the weather was so good, we were reluctant to go. So we didn't! Instead we ambled around Bryher in the warm sunshine and

had our last swim at Rushy Beach at the south end of the island. As we wandered back to *Hobo* in the afternoon we knew that our departure could not be postponed longer and at 15.45 we sailed off the mooring and headed north. If the sail from St. Peter Port to Newton Ferrers was my most enjoyable overnight sail ever, the trip from Tresco to Dun Laoghaire ran it pretty close. The forecast was for E. winds f3-4 and that's exactly what we got. A close fetch on a flat sea, hot during the day, warm at night with excellent visibility. We carried the No.1 and the full main and we clocked up the miles at a steady 6 knots. Just to show what civilised folk we were and how far we had come from those long forgotten days of racing, we dropped the genoa while we enjoyed dinner of salmon with all the trimmings. For the sake of comfort we hadn't bothered pointing too high and we were tending to fall to leeward of our course to the Tuskar, but as luck would have it, as we closed the Irish coast, the flood tide started to run and we quickly made up the 5 or 6 miles we had slipped below our rhum line. At 14.00 approx on Thursday the 17th we glided between the Tuskar and Carnsore Point after a near perfect landfall. Shortly after we entered the Blackwater Channel, we had to turn on the engine and motor the rest of the way home. It was another lovely night and the only entry in the log records the smoke in the air from the gorse fires burning on Bray Head and elsewhere in the Dublin Mountains. At 02.15 we tied up at the Royal St. George Y.C. *Hobo V* was home and the crew would have to get used to Guinness again!

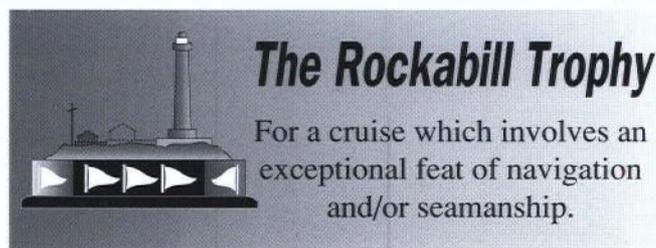
TOP TEN REAL ALES

1. The Horny Toad	Nellie Gray's Beer Garden	Alderney
2. The Old Speckled Hen	The Pier View Bar and The King's Head	Cowes Yarmouth
3. Burton's Ale	The Turk's Head	St. Agnes
4. Tinner's Ale	The Bishop and Wolfe	Hughtown, St. Mary's
5. Sharpe's ale	The Old Ferry Bodinick,	Fowey
6. Fuggles Ale	The New Inn	Tresco
7. Wadworths XXXXXX	The Pier Inn	Cowes
8. Castle Eden	The New Inn	Tresco
9. Flower's Ale	The Old Ferry and The Mermaid	Bodinick, Fowey Hughtown, St. Mary's
10. Dartmoor Beer	The Ship	Noss Mayo, Newtown Ferrers

Date	Passage from/to	Power/Sail	Distance nm
Saturday 5th August:	Cowes to Yarmouth 1.0.W.	Engine	12
Sunday 6th	Yarmouth to Braye, Alderney	Motor - Sailed	74
Monday 7th	Braye		
Tuesday 8th	Braye to St. Peter Port, Guernsey	Sail	20
Wednesday 9th	Fowey to Herm		
Overnight	St. Peter Port to Newtown Ferrers	Sail	88
Thursday 10th	Newtown Ferrers		
Friday 11th	Newtown Ferrers to Fowey	Sail	22
Saturday 12th	Fowey to Falmouth	Engine	20
Sunday 13th	Falmouth to Scillies (Porth Cressa)	Motor - Sail	65
Monday 14th	Porth Cressa to St. Agnes	Engine	2
Tuesday 15th	St. Agnes to Tresco	Engine	6
Wednesday 16th	Bryher		
Wednesday 16th to Friday 18th	Scillies to Dun Laoghaire	Sail 75% Engine 25%	208
			517

“They Don’t Cheer in Tonga”

Brian Smullen



Zaberdast is a 66' Sparkman & Stephens sloop with which I took part in the EUROPA ROUND THE WORLD RALLY. We started the second half of the trip in Bora-Bora – a classic volcanic South Seas island and a haven for French honeymooners.

Henry and Jo Williams of the R.C.C. joined us here for the leg to Tonga. A two-mile beat in a stiff breeze organised for the benefit of spectators proved very expensive for some boats which were unaccustomed to this form of sailing; a number of collisions occurred. Happily, no serious damage was inflicted. Soon we were outside the confining reef with little wind and a very sloppy sea. However, within a day we were bowling along in lovely trade wind conditions and serious Trivial Pursuits was being played.

The international date line takes a jink in this area and we crossed it at 172.5 degrees W. – leading to much fiddling with watches to get the date correct. In 8 glorious days at sea we had covered the 1328 miles to “The Friendly Isles” of Tonga and were amused by the logo on the local newspaper “Where the Day Begins”.

Whilst in Tonga we went to a Rugby International v. Wales. Due to the presence of the King it was not considered polite to cheer. It was eerie to see 30 players of world class beating the hell out of each other to smatterings of polite applause. Our group of “yotties” in a far corner of the ground disgraced itself by cheering madly for Tonga and trying unsuccessfully to start a Mexican Wave.

Our landfall in Tonga Tapu, the southernmost of the three groups of islands, was fortunate that it coincided with the enthronement of a new Bishop of Tonga. The close harmony singing in which the Polynesians specialise was goose pimplly beautiful and went on for nearly three days.

Ha-api, the middle group, is a series of low sand bar type islands not often visited and we were made most welcome by the very happy ha-api's and taken on tours of the tiny islands to inspect schools, post offices, etc. The main household pets seem to be plump little black and white pigs with which the place abounds.

Next stop was 300 miles north in the jagged volcanic scenery of the Vavau Group. The people here were very different, being more business oriented and somewhat more aggressive in character.

Soon it was time for the 450 mile hop to Fiji. Much to my initial confusion we crossed 180 degrees on this leg and W. became E. Nevertheless we arrived safe and sound and I soon got used to subtracting rather than adding.

In Suva, the capital of Fiji, it rains all the time. Even allowing for the very warm hospitality of The Royal Suva Yacht Club a few days was enough and we were soon off to the western end of the island which has a totally different climate.

Musket Cove, a resort island, is one of the brighter gems in the jewel casket of the Pacific. Moorings are available and

Nandi Airport, a hub for transpacific flying, is a mere fifteen minutes away. The coral in the area is some of the best I have come across, particularly in the Yesawa Group just to the N. (in five days I learned to scuba dive here and greatly regret I did not do so years ago).

Terry Johnson rejoined us here, this time accompanied by the beautiful Gaye, and we had some time lotus eating before tackling the 509 mile passage to Vanuatu which we achieved in just under three days. Terry and Gay left to spend some time at Lizzard Island – a resort in Australia inside the Great Barrier Reef.

Fred and Eileen Espey joined us now and Fred, an experienced diver, took me to the island of Espiritu Santu, to dive on the *President Coolidge*, a liner converted to troop ship after Pearl Harbour which hit a mine entering the harbour. The captain saved all but one by driving her against the inshore coral wall and holding her there with the engines until everybody was ashore. When she finally ran out of fuel she slid to the bottom of the wall in 120' of water. This is one of the world's great dives as she is perfectly preserved. As a novice I was very lucky to have such an experienced diver to take me down. Thank you Fred!!

More adventures followed as we flew to Tanna, an active volcano. Due to trade winds it is possible to drive up the windward side and peer over the rim into the bubbling cauldron below. The sulphur smell and the heavy artillery noise make for Dante's Inferno, particularly at night time.

The passage that followed was the most exciting of the trip. At least 25 knots of wind well aft of the beam, with a big following sea had us going like a train all the way. We topped 200 miles for four days and never had less than 197 in a 24 hour period. we flew across 1297 miles of ocean in 60 days at an average of 8.2 knots.

Australia was very big and full of immature and aggressive beaurocrats. We visited Cairns, Thursday Island and Darwin where we hauled out for a scrub.

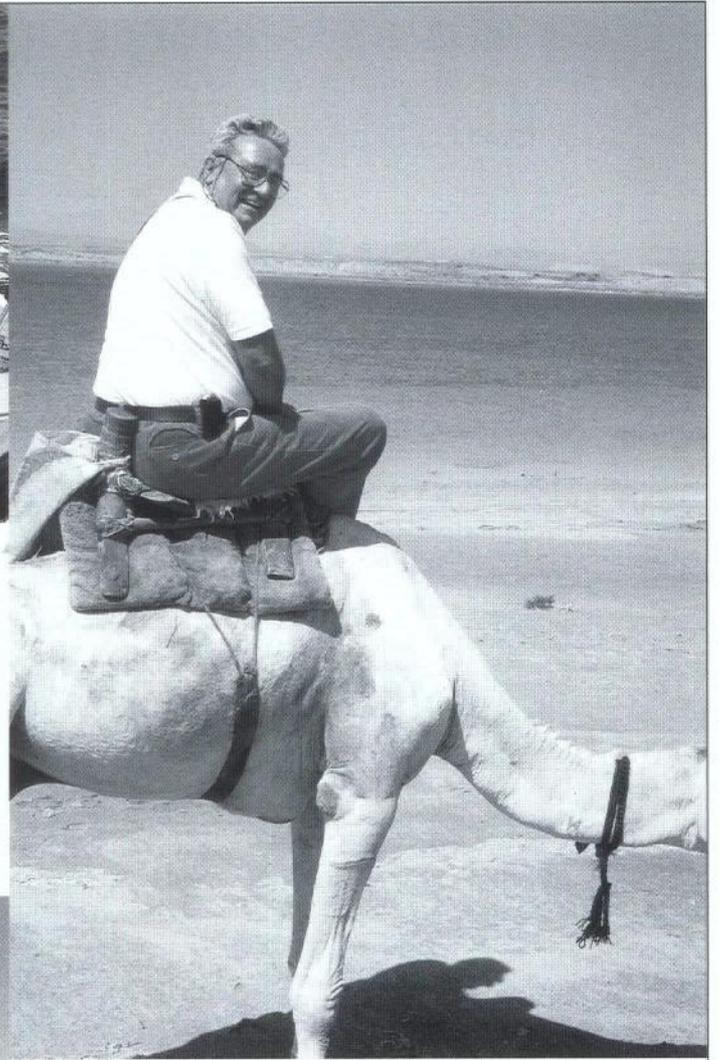
Cas, Helen and Ronnie Sharpe joined me for the leg from Darwin to Bali. We had wonderful sailing enlivened by the swirls and eddies between the islands as the South China Sea emptied into the Indian Ocean. Bali is very touristy at sea level but extremely beautiful in the mountains. One is struck by the transition from the enormous people of Polynesia to the petite, delicate population of Indonesia.

Ronnie had to leave here and we were rejoined by Jonathan Fildes for the leg to Singapore. This was another lovely sail. Cas led the younger members of the crew in prodigious sail trimming and changing whilst the more mature ones drank wine in the cockpit, offered advice and felt quite tired out by the whole performance. However, it all paid off in the end as we won this leg.

King Neptune paid us a visit as we had three people on board who had not crossed the Equator before.

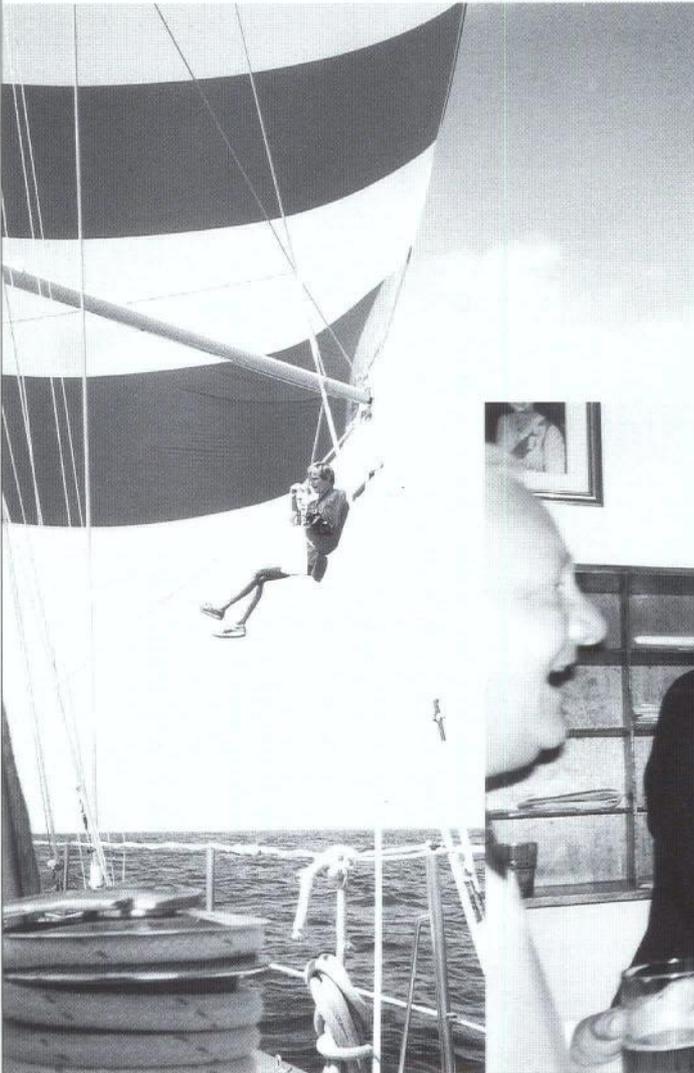


Serious cruising. Tom Power, Rick Tomlinson, Ben Sunderland, Federica Zecca.



Ship of the desert.

Photographer at work. Rick Tomlinson.



Prize-giving Malta. Bill Riordan, Brian Smullen, Ben Sunderland.



Their initiation potion and anointing emulsions left them with a nasty taste in their mouths which nothing but champagne would cure and needless to say a cure was effected!

Raffles Marina in Singapore is the best appointed yacht haven I have ever come across. One big drawback is that it is situated at the opposite end of the island to town and public transport does not reach that far, making it very expensive to commute by taxi.

Our next adventure was the Raja Muda series, a~ annual cruise~race along the Straits of Malacca, stopping at a variety of places. The Raja Muda (Crown Prince) himself took part in his new Swan 68'. This regatta is very popular and quite a few people from Ireland took part.

There is no 'f' sound in the Thai language so Phuket our next stop is polite sounding. We were joined here by Paul and Margaret Johnston and Paul and Sue Rothschild. Our intention had been to do the Kings Cup but there was very little wind. We just did one race and went cruising instead. The islands are very dramatic, one of them was used in a 007 movie. Lots of caves which can be explored by dinghy. Some caves actually penetrate the outer wall of the island and lead one to secret lagoons inside the mountain with cliffs rising hundreds of feet on all sides.

By now it was time to tackle the Indian Ocean and we were rejoined by Dermot and Sheila Ryan and Rick and Mimi Steadman from Maine. Some excellent sailing and we even managed a 204 mile day in spite of the spinnaker falling in the water.

Our visit to Sri Lanka was enlivened by a visit on board from the Chairman of the Harbour Authorities of Sri Lanka who managed to fall overboard when leaving. Our trip almost ended here as the boat nearly sank when a fitting on the deck wash pump gave way and water began to syphon in. Naturally this was one of the times nobody was on board. Luckily our bilge alarm hooter worked and some kind neighbours rushed along with a portable pump and saved the day.

Peter Bunting and Elaine Thompson now rejoined us and we also had Tom Power and wellknown photographer Rick Tomlinson on board, so we were strongly crewed for the second half of the Indian Ocean. As Peter had warned us we experienced head winds and bumpy seas until we were clear of the lee of the Indian Continent. As we passed N of The Maldives Chain the weather improved. Due to our problems in Sri Lanka we had to abandon our plan to cruise there, which was a shame.

In case anybody might think it was all suntan lotion and scrabble, a typical extract from the day's log might be enlightening. 00.00 engine room full of steam. Bilge full of water: 02.11 freezer pump cut out: 04.00 freezer fixed: 08.00 spinnaker set. 2 yachts ahead: 10.00 35 pumps bilge: 15.00 40 pumps bilge: 20.00 engine water pump impeller replaced: 21.00 cleaned pieces of broken impeller out of heat exchanger. Broke end fitting of heat exchanger when bolting back. Don't have spare: 21.00 pumped bilge 25 times:

It took 5 days and several checks of every skin fitting to discover that the bilge pump was syphoning back but only when the boat rolled.

One afternoon during a scrabble game a whale the size of a double decker bus breached about a quarter of a mile way. He came completely clear of the water and landed back with a huge splash. By night dolphins torpedoed us in the phosphorescence and flying fish continued with their kamikaze habits; every morning the deck was littered with them.

Soon we were giving the Horn of Africa the recommended 60 mile berth to avoid radar in troubled Somalia, as we had

heard stories of piracy and we didn't want to become victims of one of them. Then suddenly we were in Djibouti, a former French enclave near the S. entrance to the Red Sea. Everything is flown in and so it has Paris prices and then some. A short stop here and then a quick sprint mostly under engine into the Red Sea. We stayed in Port Sudan longer than anticipated, finding jobs to do on board but in reality putting off the dreaded moment of facing the -700 mile beat up the Red Sea. As it happened we got lucky and there was no wind at all so we motored all the way and even had time to stop for a camel ride in the Sahara Desert.

The Suez Canal is just-a wide ditch with no locks and is nowhere near as interesting as the Panama. The transit takes two days with an overnight at Ishmalia. We were lucky to have two very nice pilots as we heard that some boats did not fare too well; indeed one was run aground and had her rudder severely damaged.

We did not stop at Port Said – just dropped the pilot and sailed on for Crete. St. Patrick's Day at sea was enlivened by an encounter with an American naval vessel who was calling for a five mile berth as he was engaged in "connective replenishment". Actually he was refuelling!!

Crete was cold and windy with snow flurries and all we had to wear was tropical gear so when Terry Johnson rejoined us he carried with him a large bag stuffed with sweaters.

The leg to Malta was uneventful – not much wind at the start but eventually a breeze filled in and we had some great sailing. Bill Riordan joined us here and we toured the island and its many churches which were very busy due to Holy Week and Easter ceremonies. On Easter Sunday, as a giant statue of the risen-Christ was carried down the steep steps of a nearby church I thought it was singularly inappropriate of the local brass band to strike up "Blaze Away"!

On the day of the scheduled start of the penultimate leg to Majorca it was blowing hard and forecast to blow 35/40 knots. Myself and 19 other skippers decided to wait for better weather. In fact, the one boat which started was the only one that did not have the owner on board. Regrettably the delay meant Bill could not make the trip with us as he had to be back in Dublin to relinquish his Commodoreship of the R.St.G. Y.C. and we couldn't guarantee getting him there on time. However, we were able to make it up to him as he came transatlantic with us later in the year.

Eventually the weather relented and we had a comfortable passage to Palma. We berthed in the Yacht Club and enjoyed visits from lots of old friends. Then the crew from the first leg rejoined for the last one; it was nice to have John Bourke, Michael O'Leary and Jonathan Fildes back again.

We were soon under weigh with two reefs in the main and one in the genoa. However, by the second evening things had calmed down considerably and we crossed the meridian from E to W en route. Some poor tactical decisions had us beating the wrong side of the approach to Gibraltar so we resorted once more to the diesel option. We did manage to finish in fine style under spinnaker.

Waiting on the dock for us in Gibraltar were Michael O'Flaherty and Elaine Thompson, so out with the champagne and on with the celebrations.

The occasional tear was shed as we began to disband. This crowd of strangers who had eyed each other suspiciously when we were last in Gibraltar had, by the time we returned, become a very closeknit family of friends who did not want to part. But it was inevitable and slowly we began to drift our separate ways and it was all over.

Distance: 25,341 miles
Time: 16 months

Clew Bay 40ft Schooner

Jarlath Cunnane

The Drawings show my design for a long term cruising boat for two people, incorporating many of my own ideas developed over many thousand miles at sea, and the best features seen on other cruising yachts. For long-distance cruising one needs waterline length for safety and comfort. A 10m waterline length seemed about right to me, the final drawings developing a beam of 3.8m, a moderate draft of 1.6m, and a length overall of 12.3 metres.

Hull

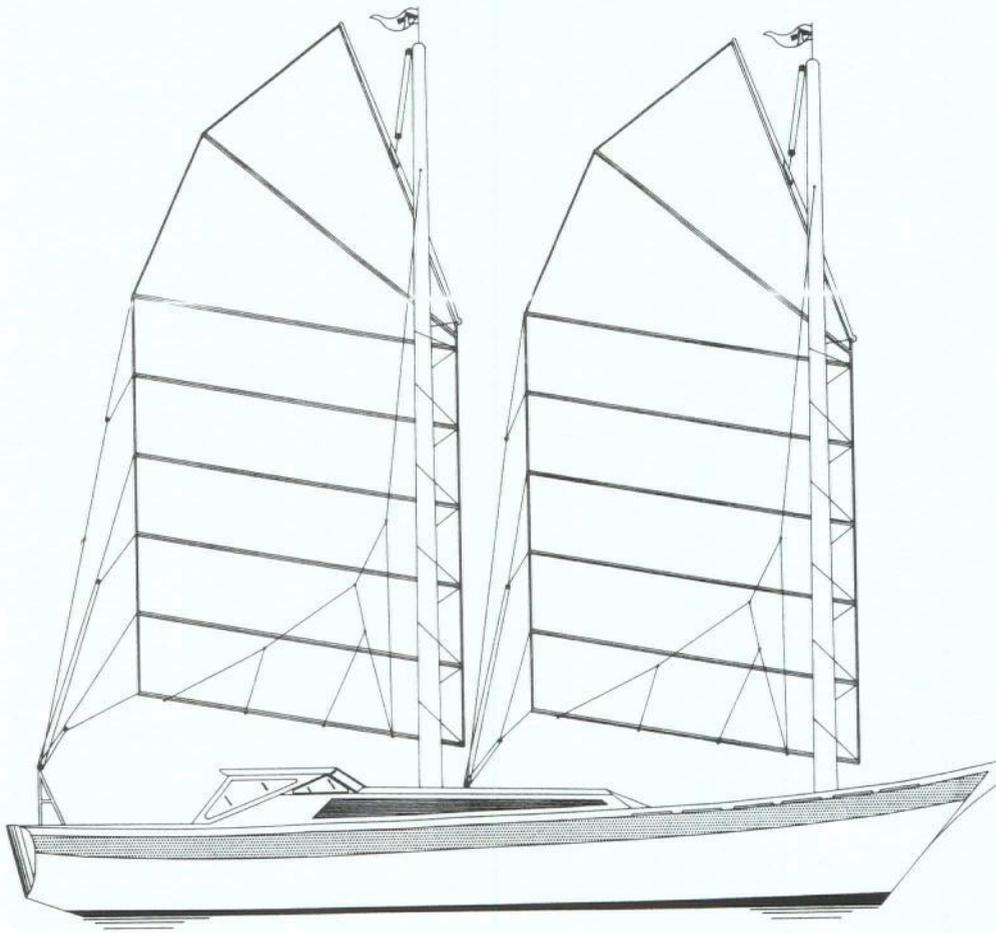
A lightweight easily driven multichine hull in aluminium alloy simplifies construction, is virtually maintenance free, requiring no painting except for antifouling and cosmetic purposes. A feature of the hull is the tandem bilge keels which allow a shallower draft. These bilge keels reduce

wetted surface. Their high aspect ratio combined with the "slot effect" improves windward ability, and allows the boat to sit comfortably on the mud for lay-up or antifouling and facilitates cruising into drying harbours.

Sail

The Chinese junk rig is the other main feature on this yacht. Commander Bill King on *Galway Blazer* and others, have demonstrated its abilities. The junk schooner rig is a good choice for a cruising couple, being easily handled and reefed. Its performance will match most cruising Bermudan rigged boats over a passage.

Both sails are exactly the same size and are interchangeable. The masts are unstayed wood construction for simplicity. As all sail controls lead to the cockpit, reefing is effortless, and safe.



PRINCIPLE DIMENSIONS

LOA	=	12.3m
LWL	=	10.0m
BEAM	=	4.0m
DRAFT	=	1.6m
DISPLACEMENT	=	7.6
SAIL AREA	=	60.0m ²

design by
JARLATH CUNNANE

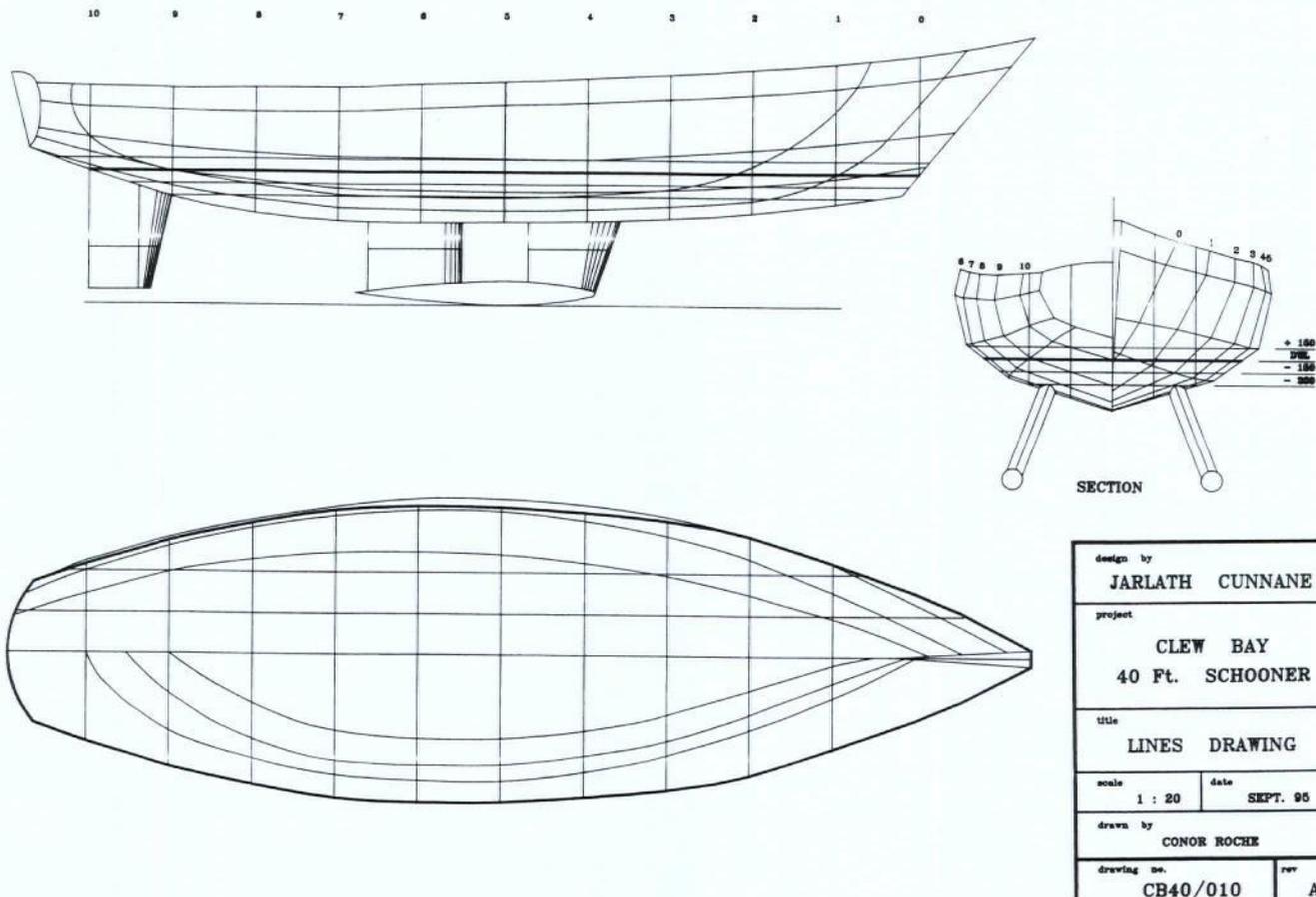
project
CLEW BAY
40 Ft. SCHOONER

title
SAIL PLAN

scale 1 : 20 date SEPT. 95

drawn by
CONOR ROCHE

drawing no. CB40/011 rev A



design by		JARLATH CUNNANE	
project		CLEW BAY 40 Ft. SCHOONER	
title		LINES DRAWING	
scale	1 : 20	date	SEPT. 95
drawn by		CONOR ROCHE	
drawing no.	CB40/010	rev	A

Engine

A 50 HP diesel engine is specified, preferably with hand-start option. There is nothing more frustrating than having a perfect engine which cannot be started because of electrical problems. The engine drives a hydraulic pump which transmits power to a hydraulic motor on the prop shaft. This technology is well tested on earthmoving machinery and has the following bonuses:

- (a) Engine alignment problems do not occur – engine can be mounted where most suitable.
- (b) Hydraulic power is available for other uses eg anchor windlass, generator or compressor for fridge.
- (c) No flexible coupling on prop shaft and no stern gland leaks.

Two alternators are fitted, each charging into its own exclusive battery bank, one for domestic use the other for starting. A changeover switch can interchange the battery banks should a failure occur. Electrical devices are minimised on this design, because of their unreliability at sea.

Below decks

Two sea berths are incorporated, one of which extends to a double for harbour use and there is also a double berth available in the aft cabin for visitors. The toilet compartment incorporates a shower area, and to comply with regulations in many countries a holding tank is fitted. 50 gallon (200 litres) water storage tanks are fitted in the bilge. 200 litre diesel tanks are fitted under the cockpit. A “super-insulated” icebox is fitted under the starboard bunk which should remain cold for a week without refrigeration. The forepeak is fitted with workbench and vice with shelves for stores.

On deck.

Hydrovane is my choice for self steering, as it may also be used as an emergency rudder should the main rudder be damaged. Life-raft is stowed under cockpit hatch. Steering position is sheltered, in hot climates one can sail with awning permanently rigged – I find one is either sheltering from rain or from the sun. So there you have it, incorporating all my biased ideas and prejudice. All I need now is a win on the lottery to make it a reality !

Maxwell McKeever

Appreciation

Members of the club who knew him, and there were perhaps not all that many in number, will be saddened to learn of the tragic death of Max McKeever, of Ardee, Co Louth. A farmer turned sailor late in life, Max in his modest way hid his nautical light under a bushel. But in the last ten years he accomplished more than most of us sailors would aspire to in a lifetime and remains an inspiration to many of us.

From singlehanded trips out of Howth Yacht Club in his Westerly Griffon *Judy R* and early dinghy sailing out of Annagasan he pursued the goal of perfection and adventure in sailing. His first major cruise was in Roger Foxall's *Nic 32* from Derrynane to the doors of Russia when Glasnost was a word we were only beginning to hear. Two years later he circumnavigated 'his island', as he called it, singlehanded, the right way in my view; One year and three weeks it took him but he visited 154 anchorages. This was of course interspersed with the commitments of the farming year and the necessity to return to plough a bit of land or sow some barley usually at midnight or beyond. His experiences with CIE bus services out of Skibereen and points west was an epic in itself. A pity his article arrived too late for publication – it was a classic. As a newly elected member of the Club at that time, Max was at pains to attend the rally of the Western section in Blacksod Bay and was somewhat aggrieved to find himself the only participant. The fact that it was blowing 9 and he had three anchors down might have had something to do with the poor attendance! However when the wind abated he found the only other yacht there to be *Scat Batten* of the ROCC en route to a dinner engagement with Peter Bunting westabout to Bangor.

Retiring from direct interest in the farming gave him the opportunity to wander further afield and he spent a couple of

summers rockhopping as was his wont on Scotland's north and west coast. He did believe that Scotland only started north of Ardnamurchan. During the winter of '91 he helped a friend from Carrick to the Balearics via North Africa and then crossed to the Caribbean in the Swan *Valhalla*. Two further crossings of the Pond followed and extensive cruising of the Caribbean including a search for Hugo de Plessis whom he found gone native on Hog Island.

His fascination with Celestial navigation led to the award of Yachtmaster Ocean and he was one of the very few who actually submitted star sights to the awarding body as opposed to 'sun run sun'. On one occasion he was delighted to find that the GPS was eighty miles out of kilter!

Max's latest adventure was the delivery, singlehanded and at his leisure of a Carter 33 from Cyprus to Kinsale, via Turkey most of the Greek islands, Sicily, Sardinia, the Balearics, Spain, Portugal – another epic of exploration and inventive seamanship. Not bad for a 72 year old. He encountered a number of club members in these waters.

Somehow or other between cruises to foreign parts he found time over the last eight years to act as a peripatetic tutor and sailing instructor with the Ulster Cruising School at Carrickfergus where he had based *Judy R*. There were numerous requests from ex students wishing to sail again in his company, derive knowledge from his skills and enjoy the rapport and comradery he generated. His contribution to the running of the School and their boats was invaluable. He will be sadly missed in many ports. When asked how any enterprise was progressing, one of Max's popular retorts was the answer 'middling'. Maxwell McKeever was anything but that....

J.S.M.

Parton to the Baltic and Guernsey

Barry Bramwell

At the Southampton Boat Show of 1994 I was persuaded to purchase a new Oyster 435 which, suitably modified to our own personal specification, was delivered at Ipswich at the end of June.

We departed for our maiden voyage on the first of July, having as crew, my wife Muriel and Philip and Vivienne Jordan. The wind had been blowing constantly from the East, producing a nasty, lumpy sea of tide against wind in the Felixstowe – Harwich entrance channel. So that on local advice we laid off North spending our first night in Great Yarmouth along side an original steam driven herring trawler, now being re-conditioned as part of the Maritime Heritage Plan.

Next day, with favourable Northerly winds we set sail for IJmuiden, entering the new marina the following morning. This is large (600 boat capacity) with excellent shore facilities. However it does suffer from small finger pontoons and stern pole moorings. These really require fendering strips on the hull for protection when manoeuvring in cross winds.

After an overnight stay and some shopping we proceeded on to Amsterdam on much the same route as Bill And Hilary Keatinge took on their cruise on Kilpatrick last year. It amazed us how few British never mind Irish boats seem to cruise these areas and especially as we later found out in the Baltic only one Scots and one English boat seen.

Having sampled the night life of Amsterdam we passed through the Oranje locks into the IJsselmeer, which although a large inland sea is extremely shallow in places and drawing 6' 6" required us to keep to the bouyed channels most of the time.

We made our way, mostly under motor to Medemblick as this was the only place where I could obtain the first 20 hour service for the Volvo engine. It is also the home of "Coniplex" builders of the Contest yachts, who kindly showed Philip and I through the factory after completion of the service on the engine, which I might add was done with a thoroughness and cleanliness that many others should learn to follow.

The town is medieval, scrupulously clean and very attractive. The following day we crossed the IJsselmeer to the Northern entrance and were lucky amongst many boats to get through the lock and out into the North Sea in some thirty minutes.

Here we were in Erskine Childers country amongst the "Riddle of the Sands" and heading for West Terjeelling. The channels were narrow but well bouyed but woe betide any body who strayed from them. The tidal rips between the Freisian Islands can be very strong (up to 8 knots) and the numerous shifting sand bars have to be treated with respect and unless local knowledge is available, navigation should not be attempted at night.

Terjeelling is a very busy port of call for both tourist and fishing activities. It has an excellent marina with good shore

facilities and a lovely old maritime town. We stayed overnight before departing on the ebbing tide for an overnight passage along the inshore shipping lane to the west of the Islands to the entrance of the Elbe and thence the Kiel canal. The latter part of this trip is subject to strong tidal conditions and it pays handsomely to pick time and tide to suit. The Kiel canal can be traversed quite easily in one day. Engines must be used, and although motor sailing is allowed, mooring in the canal itself is forbidden as are night passages.

We had arrived at Brunsbittel, the entrance to the canal, near midday and locked in without difficulty or any formalities, payment for passage being made at the other end. In retrospect we should have provisioned ship at this point but did not do so, pressing on for Rensburg, a substantial town off the main canal some three quarters the distance to Kiel. On route we picked up and towed in a local boat whose engine had broken down, who asked us to join them for drinks at the yacht club, where they filled us in with all the local tips for stores, eating houses, passage making to Kiel fjord and beyond. The town was pleasant and marina facilities good and made an excellent overnight stop.

Next day, after a good lunch ashore (incidentally, most of the German towns close midday Saturday and all day Sunday) we completed the journey to Kiel, paying the transit fee before locking out into the Kiel fjord and up to the marina at the British Kiel Yacht Club, which is only some 10 minutes from the lock entrance.

On Monday we were able to go shopping within walking distance of the club and obtain all necessary supplies. The club, incidentally, is a remnant of the last World War and is still a British Army Base, although most open and welcoming to all visiting yachts.

After fuelling at the B.P. bunkering barges, near the canal entrance and as it was blowing a strong Easterly, we crossed



Moored alongside quay at Sonderborg.

the fjord to Lobeo, which is a customs entry port for Non E.C. residents. The harbour was very crowded, the place uncomfortable and except as an arrival point or for shelter should be avoided.

It had been our intention to move Eastward to the Island Bornholm and cruise back along the Eastern and Western northerly coasts of Germany as we could not afford more than two weeks for this exercise, it excluded the Gulf of Finland, the Russian coast etc.

The wind being as it was, we left Lobeo on the 11th July, having decided to go North and West through the Danish Islands of the Baltic, a decision we did not regret.

At this stage it should be noted that the intention of the cruise was to spend as little time as possible on night passages and give our respective wives the opportunity of swimming, sunbathing and perusing the various shopping towns that we might encounter on our way. The agreement also included maximum eating on board, minimum on shore. With this in mind we ran before a following wind into the lee of the Island of Kegnæs, a nice passage of some 40 miles from Kiel, in time to go swimming, followed by an excellent meal on board.

The next day we wandered further North to the town of Sønderborg and were amazed to see the number of ferries entering and leaving the harbour and the size of the marina on the way in. Everywhere we went in the lower Baltic, the marinas were virtually choc-a-block, mostly of boats under 40 feet and drawing less than 5'6". Most of the marinas were built to accommodate boats of this size and draught, which in many cases limits the areas in which larger yachts may go. This journey was all of 10 miles and enabled the ladies to spend the next 3-4 hours inspecting the enticements of Sønderborg which proved as clean, neat and tidy as all the other Danish towns, villages and moorings in which we found ourselves.

There is no doubt that the Danish government insistence for proper waste disposal and the fines and sentences imposed for non compliance has produced an environment which should be the envy of us all.

That evening we moored further North, passing on route the only British boat we had seen, to the Island of Barso. Here we found a quiet and sheltered anchorage in 2.5 metres and only 2 other boats on moorings. However on the East side of the Island, which was only a 3/4 mile walk from where we moored, there was a gathering of some reproduction Viking long boats with tents, barbecues, bars and all such facilities on shore. We did not join the party but watched the boats competing against each other in a race and were surprised at their windward ability, although not great, they could make 75 degrees to the wind at reduced speed. No wonder they were able to cruise so fast and so far when given any off wind conditions. The Island itself was a conservation area and bird watcher's paradise with lapwing, curlew, duck and skylarks nesting in abundance.

Once again we had a marvellous meal on board, having swam and sunbathed in the early evening as an appropriate aperitif. The following day we sailed to the Island of Aero, again a distance of no more than 40 miles and found this to be the jewel in our crown, mooring in the marina of Aeroskøbing.

The island is of medieval origin and in many instances, is little changed since that time. The main industries being



Marina in Copenhagen.

agriculture, fishing from the harbour at the northern end and deep sea merchant ships to ports around the world. The streets of Aero were narrow, cobbled and quaint. We had a lovely meal on shore on the first day of our arrival and having fallen in love with the place and entranced by the brochure proclaiming it's other treasures, we decided to stay another day and hire bicycles the following morning.

This was all a bit of a laugh. We brought with us a picnic lunch and cycled to the opposite side of the Island, where we swam in Caribbean like clear water at near the same temperature, followed by lunch and thence via the various country roads to the fishing village at the Northern end, passing on route a Lutheran church built at the time of the reformation.

So far, apart from a slow puncture which the unfortunate Philip had acquired, things had gone relatively smoothly and with numerous stops for pumping we reached a bicycle repair shop, where the repair was duly carried out at vast expense necessitating a further dip in the ocean. The return to Aeroskøbing, a distance of some 12 miles was through fenland, dyke walls and medieval settlements. All most interesting but of great strain on the nether quarters, not having cycled for some thirty years. We arrived back tired but happy and ready to continue our journey the following day.

The sail was through relatively shallow water, requiring adherence to the buoyed channel and passage under two suspension bridges between the Islands with minimum air heights of 110', although it did not look like this at the time. We overnighted in a small bay near Vordingborg, having been down to depths of 6'9" in places on passage to Rodvic.

This is a town at the entrance of this water system through the lower Danish Islands. It is easily entered and well sheltered. It has the usual amenities and had we known more we would have gone here non stop rather than over night on route. The port provides an easy shopping place for boats coming from the North or South Baltic, or as in our case on the way to Copenhagen.

Trelleborg, a strong fishing village, with good harbour facilities, including chandlery, restaurant etc. provided an interesting stop over on the way to Copenhagen. The entrance to the place and coastline on either side of it is covered with fishing and stake poles and would be extremely dangerous to enter at night, although the channel in is well marked.



The Little Mermaid.

It is only some 30 miles from Copenhagen, and given an early enough start, allows plenty of time to arrive circa 13.00, at any of the marinas in Copenhagen with the opportunity of obtaining a visitors berth and time to arrange one's shopping, sight seeing and laundry etc. before descending on the main town for a stroll in the streets and a bite to eat. We did just that, parking in the marina besides Copenhagen's famous little mermaid, which was in walking distance of the centre of the town. We visited the Tivoli Gardens amongst other interests, ending with a typical Danish evening meal and a good nights sleep.

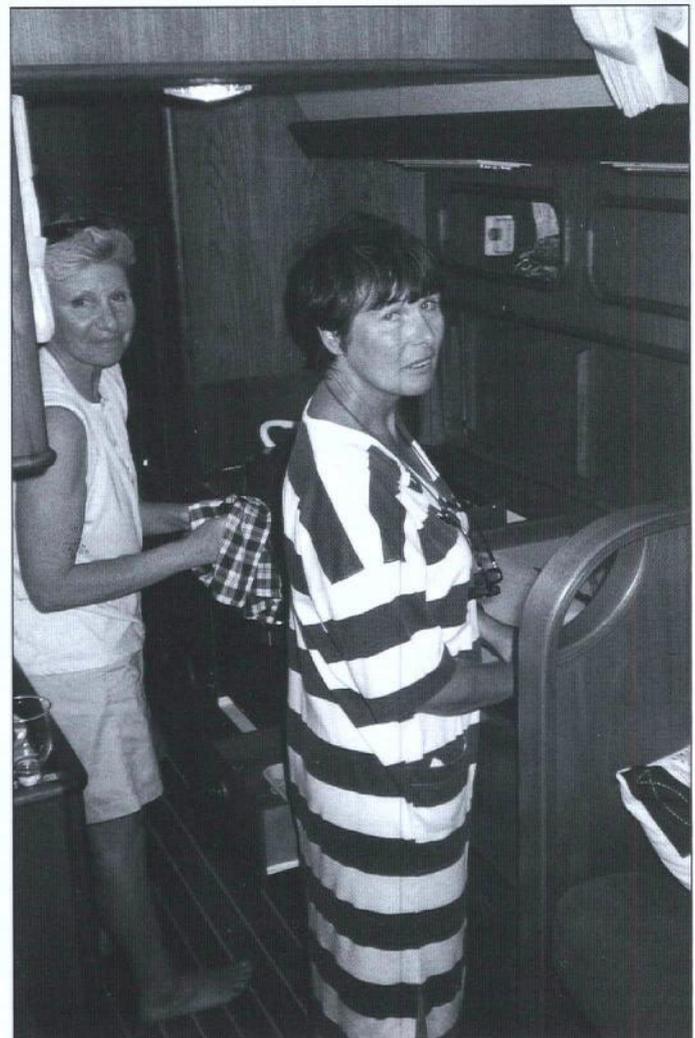
Following our visit to this distinctive and beautiful city, we headed North, between Denmark and Sweden passing Elsinore, home of Shakespeare's Hamlet, close to port on our way to Gilleleje, a small fishing port at the North end of Sjaelland. This was typical of most Danish fishing ports and provided us with shelter and a chance to re fuel while waiting for the wind to abate, which unfortunately had now gone into the North and had been blowing some force 7-8. However as it abated on the following day we set sail on passage of some 130 miles to Lim Fjord, which is an interesting navigable waterway from the Baltic to the North Sea, separating the main three quarters of Jutland from the peninsula known as the Skegan or the Skol at the most Northerly part of Denmark.

The entrance to the fjord is along a well buoyed channel of near 10 miles in length and leads to the town of Aalborg, which is an exceptionally busy commercial harbour but has at it's Western end reasonable marina facilities. The Lim Fjord is a conservation area and although shallow it has well buoyed channels. It is also traversed by many bridges connecting the islands and the main area of Jutland.

We took 4 days to cross this area, enjoying the wildlife and scenery, especially in the more Southerly reaches. At one of our anchorages we were introduced to Lim Fjord mussels by a Dutch couple cruising in the area who helped us gather and clean two bucketfuls, which we cooked and consumed the same night. They were delicious. This is allowed, but commercial fishing is strictly prohibited.

Departure from this area was through the fishing village of Thyborn, leading out into the North Sea. After resting there for a day and a half, again while the wind abated, and having met and been entertained by a Danish couple on the boat "next door", we departed heading South for Ipswich.

On route we called at the Island of Roma, which is the most southerly of the Danish Freisians and used to be a major sea port. However it is now connected to the mainland by a causeway and although it has some 20 miles of golden sand, the place was packed: not to our liking and we only stayed



Vivien and Muriel - Galley slaves. Parton 1995.



Galley slaves about to abandon ship – Samsö, Denmark.

some four hours before heading south to re cross our route at Ijmuiden and thence to Ipswich.

Most of this was uneventful, but for those contemplating a similar trip, up to date, large scale charts of the canals and Baltic area are essential. Crossing the North Sea can be hazardous, especially in fog which frequently occurs. The entrances to the major ports, such as Felixstowe and Harwich on the English coast and Ostend, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Bramen and Hamburg carry heavy traffic and the rules governing shipping lanes should be observed.

For those more technically minded I might add that the boat has been fitted with an "aquadrive" and "maxiprop", providing vibrationless running although the engine is high revving. We also fitted a propeller rope cutter and stainless steel wire from the butt of the long fin keel to the bottom of the rudder skeg. Made in two parts and lashed together with nylon cord so that excessive pressure would allow it to break before disrupting the attachments. This in fact proved invaluable in the Lim Fjord where the zostera grass grows to over 20 feet long and successfully immobilised two of the boats which we met doing the same passage.

All in all it was a most delightful trip and one of the best holidays I have ever had. The weather was sublime and the on board cuisine equally magnificent. It is an area where the weather conditions most years are more akin to the Brittany coast than our home waters and is well worth the readers consideration when planning a future cruise.

The boat was left in Ipswich at Fox's Marina while Oyster carried out certain modifications and warranty obligations, including increasing the propeller pitch by two degrees, which has made an enormous difference.

At the end of August I joined ship again in company with Philip Jordan and his daughter Alison and an old friend and I.C.C. member George Mc Cann. We were bound for Guernsey, with Northerly winds or calms, stopping overnight in Ramsgate and Alderney. The trip was mostly uneventful, although crossing the channel shipping lanes provided some excitement.

Alderney is well worth a visit for those who have not done so. There are many visitor moorings in the harbour and a ship to shore taxi service available.

In Guernsey we docked in the Victoria Marina before moving on to our winter berth in the new Elizabeth the Second Marina next door. This has proved to be a popular wintering regime for many boats. The marina is the safest from adverse weather conditions. Special rates are available but the Harbour Master does require someone to undertake guardianage. I would gladly give more details should anyone request it. All in all a most successful maiden voyage and summer cruise.

Total distance covered 2149 nm.
Engine hours 206.

Azores Regatta

Henry Barnwell

Ivy and I were again joined by Stephen Peare and Shane Gray for this year's cruise.

Although we have owned *Hilasia*, our German Frers 42 since April 1994, this was the first opportunity we had to take the boat offshore.

We carried a sextant and sight reduction tables but did not use them in earnest. The trip out took ten days and five hours with five of the days being spent on the wind which did not exceed 30 knots. The trip home lasted eight days and two hours with two days on the wind and one nasty little gale which forced us to heave-to.

We eventually cast off at 11.00 hours on Sunday the 2nd of July. The barometer was falling rapidly signalling the approach of a front which was forecast to produce strong winds from the south west and we wished to make southing before that arrived. We used a spinnaker until well south of Cahore. Very early on Monday morning a glorious breeze filled in from the north west helping us to a 152 mile day.

Noon on Tuesday saw us record a run of 134 miles involving frequent mainsail reefing and un-reefing. By Tuesday the wind had backed to south west. The log for that day has three entries recording the sighting of whales. Shame on us all, but the only ones we could identify were pilot whales.

Thursday was un-eventful except for a little excitement when I thought the boat was smelling a little damp. Following an inspection I discovered that a pipe had fractured behind the hot press allowing our precious fresh water to escape into the bilge. We lost quite a bit of water before I got to the leak.

By noon on Friday our noon to noon run was only 109 miles. However, the strain of being on the wind was relieved by the excitement of Shane shooting a prehistoric-looking fish which was sheltering with two pals under some drift-wood.



Hilasia snug in Horta marina overshadowed by Mount Pico left background.

PHOTO: Henry Barnwell

The Atlantic Trophy



Awarded for the best open sea passage with a distance from port to port of at least 1,000 miles.



Can Howth really be that far.

PHOTO: Ivy Barnwell

Despite having at least four books about fish on board we failed to identify it. Nevertheless, Ivy cooked it and ignoring my insistence that every deep-sea captain should have a food taster it was left to yours truly to take first bite.

The week-end was a disappointment with only 104 and 120 miles made good. Everybody managed to keep spirits high, helped no doubt by two gourmet dinners cooked by Ivy and so many sightings of whales that we were beginning to doubt the Greenpeace propaganda. In fact we almost had a nasty brush with one whilst steaming under autopilot. The whale was making for our starboard bow and his bulk being several metres under the surface I did not see it until we almost collided.

Early on Sunday afternoon our autopilot gave up the ghost which with four on board did not present any great problems especially as the wind began to veer slowly commencing noon on Monday so that with the log frequently reading over 7 knots and laying our course people were happy to steer.

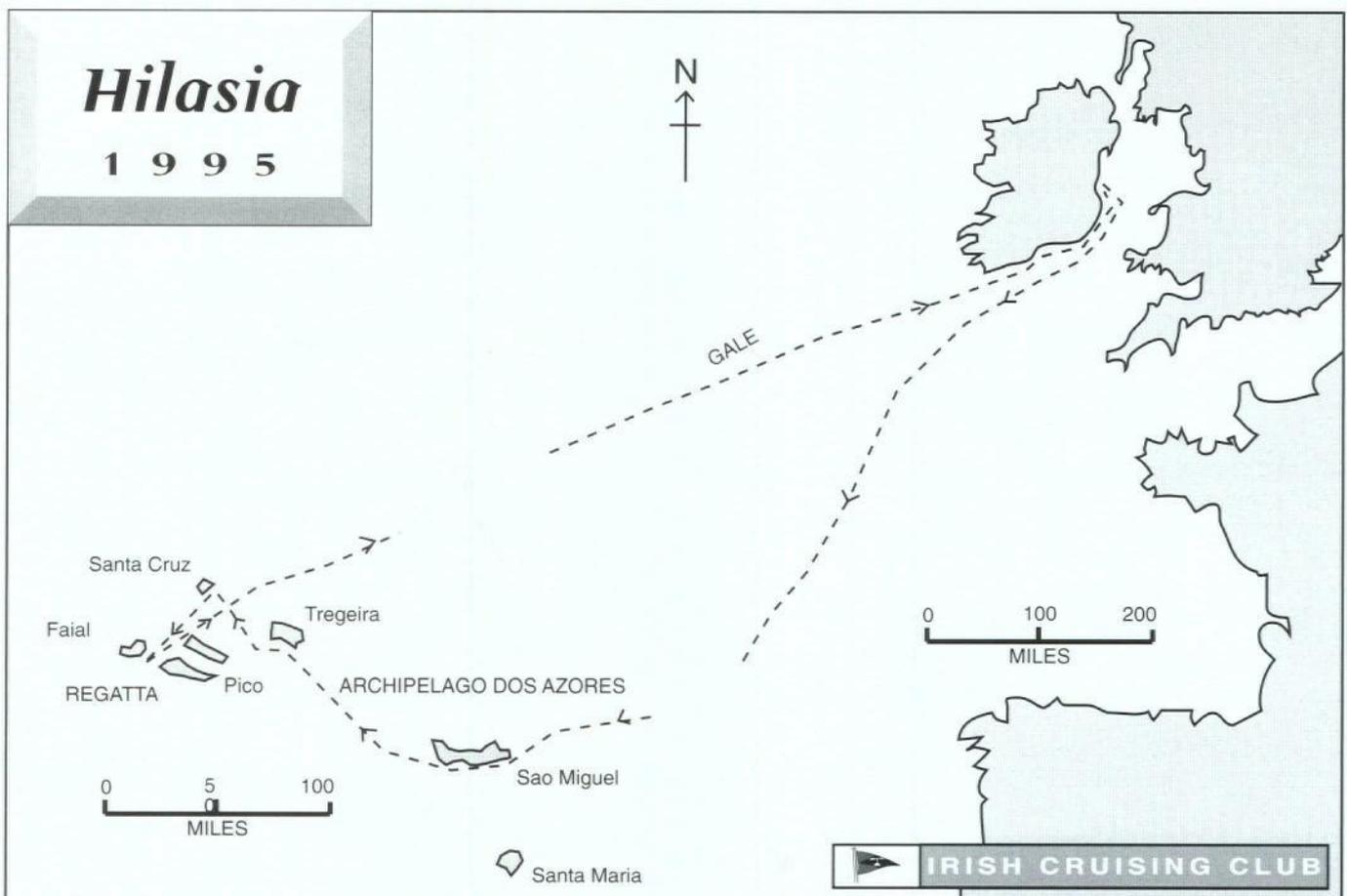
By Tuesday the wind had settled into a north westerly flow allowing us to reach along comfortably bringing up no less than 131 miles.

Wednesday 12th of July was the exciting day. The wind was steady the sky blue, the air warm and the sea gentle. We beam reached keeping the log above 7 knots hour after hour. The wild life made it impossible to contemplate anything approaching boredom and when it seemed like we were in paradise even more joy was added to our cup; we spotted Sao Miguel, looking for all the world like two islands. We tuned in the radio to pick up the mood and were disappointed to discover that the only stations we could locate were playing American music circa the fifties.

The VHF shore station quickly connected us to home and we learned that the weather in Ireland had been really good. However, we still had some miles to sail before tying up in Ponta Delgada. At about lunch time Shane announced that

Hilasia

1995



there was an island ahead. This was Ile de Villa, an enormous volcanic rock two miles off the coast of Sao Miguel, the centre of which had been hollowed into a huge natural swimming pool. We dropped anchor, enjoyed a swim and shot some fish with the spear guns. At about 17.40 we hauled the stone aboard and steamed the five miles or so on to the waiting quay at Ponta Delgada marina where Ivy docked with some aplomb.

In the ten day passage we made good 1,434 miles with only 40 hours being spent under steam, and everybody got on really well, not one cross word.

We left Ireland with some concern following the piece in the club's Newsletter about VAT in Portugal. It seems that this piece emanated from our I.S.A. representative and stated that reports indicated that Spain & Portugal might not be prepared to accept Exemption Certificates for Community VAT. Having cleared in with the I.S.A. Certificat d'Identite we then raised the subject casually to discover that the officers dealing with us knew all about Maastricht and the need for Portugal to accept another member country's certification. When we sailed on to Faial later in the week we took the subject a stage further with the Customs officers and suggested that we could enter Portugal without passports. They accepted this argument and politely requested identification, such as a driving licence. We then produced our passports having very gently teased out the situation. Our observation was that the Community situation is almost exactly the same as in Ireland. Also we noticed that at Sao Miguel we were not given a "Transito" and although we were asked for this at one other island the officer took our word that we did not have one. On the island of Graciosa we landed without any documentation and proceeded to walk casually past what we thought might be a custom hut. An officer came out and asked us for passports whereupon Shane explained that he had left his on the yacht. He waved us on, all of which proves that we were very lucky or that if one goes looking for bureaucracy one has a good chance of finding it, I am not sure which.

Upon our return to the yacht, having feasted sumptuously and despite feeling tired we invited an onlooker on board to join us in tackling a bottle of delightful Tyrconnell single malt whiskey distilled by the Cooley company. His name was Joe, an Azorean, back on his island to take his annual holiday from Canada. The next afternoon he called for us with a car and another islander to take Ivy and I for a scenic drive which ended close to mid-night with a dinner of fresh lobsters in an inland restaurant.

The next day we repeated the performance, this time taking Steve and Shane along and spending all day being tourists. Joe was priceless, he was a chatty person and passed on a great deal of knowledge about life on the islands. I found his account of trips on one of the earliest omnibuses to be employed on Sao Miguel hilarious. He spoke of school outings which took along the mothers also, on one particular descent the brakes almost always overheated, but not to be beaten, the adaptable driver ordered two boys to jog along beside the front wheels pouring water over the brakes as they ran. Upon reaching the level ground the women, having prayed to high heaven during the descent, would burst into loud applause and then line up to hug and kiss the driver

After three nights in Ponta Delgada we fired up the motor at dawn and steamed out in the general direction of the island of Terceira ninety three miles to the north west. Just outside of the harbour wall the largest flying fish I have seen (as large as your average sized mackerel) erupted from the sea and began to fly in flat calm windless conditions. It maintained the flight for at least two hundred metres which baffled me as my observation of this species in the Caribbean concluded that they obtained lift between seas (mini convection) and in short, need a bit of wave movement to do this..

I remember this day as being the longest period under steam, it was 12.30. before any breeze developed but when it did conditions were ideal, we reached in fifteen knots true, the sun shone all day, and the log stayed above seven knots for



Looks easy – but look at the angle of the cooker.

PHOTO: *Henry Barnwell*

hours. We sailed into the harbour at Angra do Hermoisa and picked up a buoy off the yacht club at dinner time. Following the meal Shane and Stephen decided to explore the bay in the dinghy with the hope of making the acquaintance of a lobster or two, being that they too are prone to take a stroll across the sea bed at night. Ivy and I then retired for the night only to be woken several hours later by the sound of voices on deck and of the windlass clattering.

The story we were given is that upon returning to the mooring with no less than twelve spiny lobster/crabs the yacht was missing and the night being dark etc. it took some time to locate it, when finally they did so the swivel was seen to have parted allowing Ivy and I to drift out to sea. As to who was to blame for approving such poor moorings I cannot comment because there does not appear to be a log entry and I would not wish to blame some innocent party.

I cannot relate much about Terceira that would be useful to members simply because we did not go ashore until the next day which was Sunday. However, the yacht club provided outdoor and indoor showers, a cosy little bar capable of rustling up a light dinner, and the staff and members were more than welcoming. We dined in a restaurant the only one on the seafront, partaking of swordfish and pineapple sponge both of which were lovely.

We encountered no sign of customs nor police and indeed to tell the truth nor did we seek them out. The town did have an air of Malahide or Howth in the early fifties which means of course that there was a distinct lack of motorised transport and definitely no road markings, no double yellow lines, no burglar alarms and no shutters, not to mention the unmistakable two indicators of an advanced western Christian democracy, being, the sad signs of mindless vandalism and graffiti.

Monday morning saw us reaching in a sou'west 8 knot breeze for the island of Graciosa, which was strongly recommended by the Commodore. We dropped our hook at 18.00 in the harbour of Villa da Praia which did not have the look of a well protected anchorage.

During our dinner ashore we made arrangements with a taxi driver to tour the island the next day, at least Ivy and I did, the youthful ones electing to walk, for once.

If my memory serves me correctly the dinghy shipped a bit of water over the side whilst talking us back to the yacht after dinner and I was sober enough, as usual, to remember to keep a good eye on the sky and the barometer, I did not feel snug so we all agreed to haul the hook and sail off with ourselves at the first sign of trouble.

Like all good plans that one was forgotten when by an extraordinary coincidence a young French girl from Les Sables



Shane loved the fishing and became deadly with his spear gun. This fish was a stone bass.

PHOTO: *Henry Barnwell*

d'Ollone who had stayed with us whilst gaining work experience in the French Embassy in Dublin sailed into the harbour reclined in the net slung under the bowsprit of a schooner of no less than 30 metres.

This ship had left Montreal a month previously taking a French group which our friend Anna had joined. The plan had been to sail to Les Sables via the Azores and when she was saying her good-byes in Glenageary everybody had agreed it would be too great a coincidence that we should all meet up again.

As the big schooner docked I noticed some excitement on our boat, like one of the crew cleaning his teeth, brushing his hair and changing his t-shirt. The next thing the dinghy engine revved up and Stephen henceforth to be known as Sandy took leave of us.

I am not allowed to recount what transpired that night mainly because I am advised the Defamation Act in Portugal is somewhat analogous to ours. Suffice it to say that at first light the body of the one who would be clean was discovered in the forecabin covered from head to toe in sand.

Graciosa merits more than a paragraph or two. It was simply astonishing. It was to me exactly akin to what it is, an island in the middle of the Atlantic without one reliable harbour. So that incredibly for an island only nine hundred miles or so from the European mainland it has remained practically un-touched by what we erroneously refer to as 'the advances of civilisation'

During our taxi ride we entered a village slowly behind two donkeys pulling two small carts. The two men with the carts stopped ahead of us and without a nod or a wink proceeded to unload the carts of their corn. They then produced a wooden flail and whilst we gawked in astonishment they trashed the corn. The taxi ride continued to reveal astonishing coastal scenery. At one stage we came across a look-out station from whence the nearby villagers had scanned the ocean for whales, raising the alarm by ringing the church bell. This centuries old method of supplementing farm income had been practised up until 1985 when Portugal succumbed to international pressure and banned whaling.

After two nights in Graciosa we sailed up the anchor just as the sun came up and reached for Faial about fifty miles away. The wind veered and increased in strength giving us a deluge, so for the first time Ivy and I had to search out our oilskins. I mention Ivy and I because the crew must have heard a weather forecast and elected to remain in their bunks all day.

We entered the marina in Horta, capital of Faial and treated ourselves to an excellent dinner ashore. Shane and I made a



Threshing with wooden flails in the Main Street.

long dinghy trip the next day to a very large and deserted bay where we amused ourselves all afternoon by fishing for the dinner with the spear guns. I have to state that during the journey back to Horta I began to abrade myself for not adopting the 'Liam McGonagle Tenets' before setting out from Ireland. One of these principles dictates that one should have the largest dinghy and outboard that can be carried on the yacht even if same dwarf the yacht itself. It was the first occasion I have seen Shane looking scared at sea, we were certainly glad to reach the calm waters of the marina.

That evening we were invited by the local Commodore to enter the regatta due to be raced the following Sunday from the neighbouring island of Pico. We took some time to debate the matter which included a detailed investigation of the percentage odds of our lovely boat being rammed by a competitor thus putting our return to Ireland in peril.

Eventually we arrived at a positive decision and as Ivy had decided to fly home early on the day of the race, to help prepare for our daughter Fiona's impending wedding, this left us a little short of crew. We overcame this handicap by sending Steve (the clean one) to a night club with an all expenses paid brief to recruit any available and preferably able-bodied young persons. He chose a lovely young German called Cora. Unfortunately for him but fortunately for us he did not see her boyfriend at the bar so that on the morning of the race she arrived duly escorted by the man. Meanwhile I was dispatched, without expenses, to see what I could do. I produced a live-aboard couple from Holland. By the time I saw Ivy to her taxi, explained what a yacht looked like to Steve's friends and made sure I could communicate with the Dutch couple. It was 08.00 and I was anxious to be under way seeing that the start was off the coast of Pico, a neighbouring island.

I am convinced that nobody who was on board our boat that day will ever forget the experience. The start was delayed because of lack of wind. There were only twenty one boats entered, mostly cruiser-racer types that one would see in Howth. There was only one serious looking machine which was a "Camp Freddy" look-a-like sponsored by the tourist board of Portugal. There were two classes, below nine metres on the water and above.

We had a spinnaker start and were lucky enough to quickly extricate ourselves from the fleet. Our boat loves flat water

and is not too fussy whether the breeze is fresh or light. Even a zephyr was enough to produce 3 or 4 knots and whilst most of the other boats did the same we held our boat speed for three or four hundred metres longer than the lighter machines and made the weather mark lying second to the tourist board machine. This was good enough to interest the pot hunters aboard who began to sail like I have always known they could.

Excellent concentration by Shane and Stephen gave us great calls on the beat, and indeed when I saw the television analysis of our velocity made good compared to our competitors it was little wonder that at the finish we had drawn well ahead and short of running aground could not be caught. As the race was on a first across the line basis we knew we had it in the bag.

Later I strolled up to the club to enjoy the lovely lunch where I learned that we were to be taken by our hosts on a bus tour of the island of Pico. We had only

travelled two hundred metres or so when the driver stopped in the car park of a vineyard and announced that we were invited inside for a wine and cheese tasting.

Having sampled the fare, the Portuguese and international crews were loaded on to the bus to circumnavigate the island which was absolutely fascinating. The problem was that several towns had laid tables in the main squares and it proved impossible if not rude to refuse.

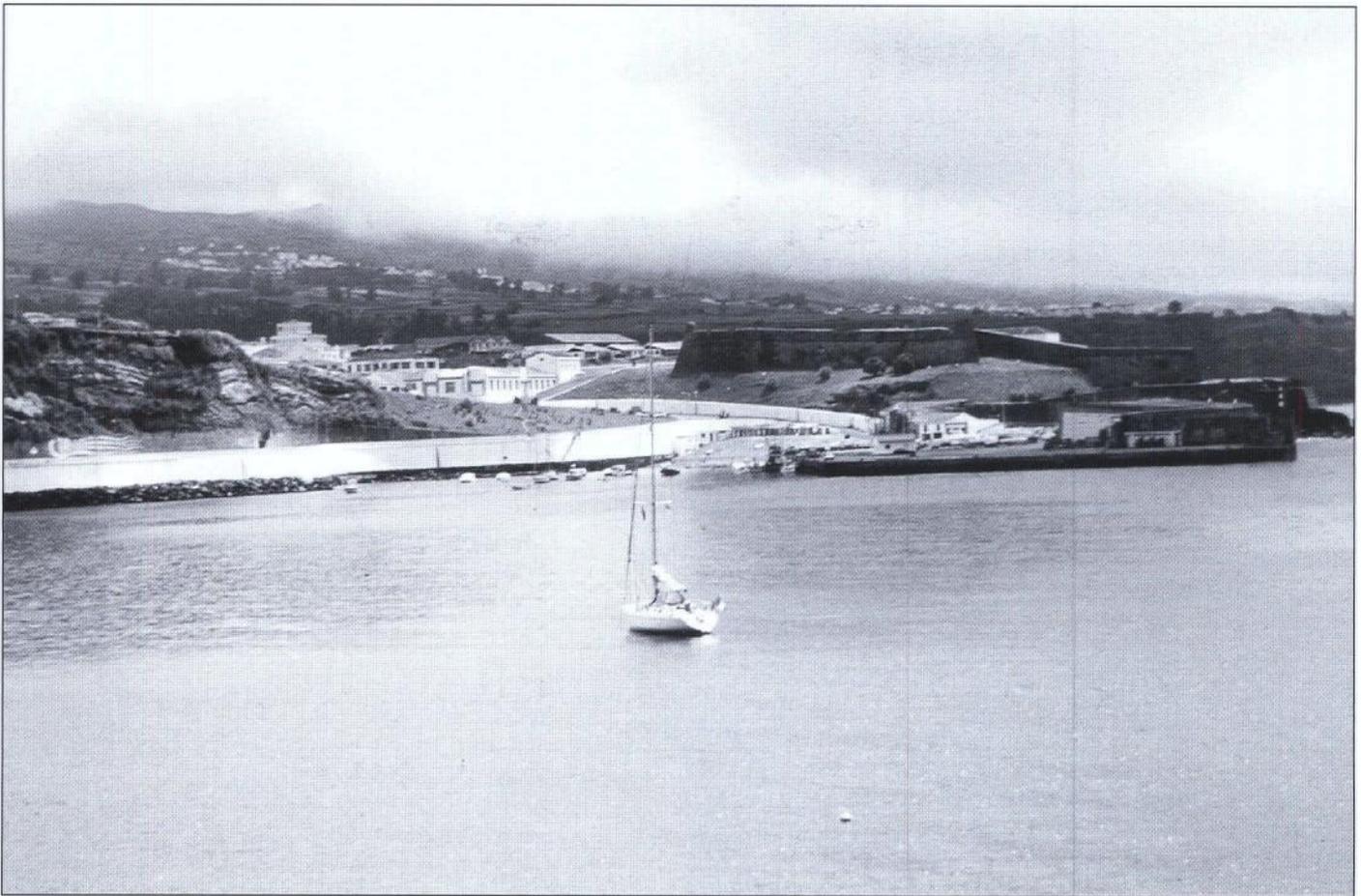
I could have spent a month on Pico, the scenery was beautiful, as green as Ireland but with much more floral colours. The coastline was mostly rocky and we were told the little bays and harbours were alive with all types of seafood. The people were even more welcoming, if that was possible, than on the other islands, nothing was too much trouble for them. The roads were free of traffic and mostly free of signs.

The cottages were mostly still lived in and showed signs that the populace kept the wolf from the door by the age old practice of fishing and farming. I searched long and hard whenever we stopped but could uncover no indications of modern fishing methods, I just could not believe that I was in part of the European Community.

Back down the steep but oh so scenic road to the coast. This time we stopped in a small fishing port which still had old whaling skiffs lined up on the slipway together with the original coils of rope which seem to go on and on for ever. These boats were about nine metres long with narrow beams and gaff rigs. They sometimes had to spend three or four days at sea and in those circumstances could rig a small canvas cuddy for sleeping. I found it difficult to drag myself away from the slip such were the fantasies invoked.

Drag myself I did across the road to a very large building wherein the whales were flensed and then the pieces of flesh boiled in giant cauldrons until the much sought after oils were separated. The cauldron was then moved by a small rail to a position where the oil could be poured out dropping into wooden barrels on the floor below. Having cooled the barrels were then rolled across the road to the harbour slipway from whence small sailing schooners took them to some larger port such as Horta on Faial to await a larger ship which would complete the journey which often ended in a lady's perfumery in London or New York.

By the time we said our good-byes several of our crew were beginning to express regrets that they had consumed so much..



The morning after the night we dragged. *Hilasia* in splendid isolation. Angra do Heroismo, Terceira.

And remember, the night had not yet begun. We embarked on the bus and drove in the general direction of Santa Madelina.

By Wednesday the 26th of July the three of us remaining (remember Ivy had abandoned ship) decided we had had enough of eating, drinking and fishing so we pushed the boat out of Horta marina at noon and headed for home. We were keen to take on anything that the summer Atlantic could throw at us and really looking forward to another long passage.

We left in a fairly deep depression giving about 20 knots apparent from right up our transom as we laid a north easterly course.

At about 18.00 we were clearing Graciosa and I was towing a large lure attached to a heavy sea reel of two hundred metres of 100 lb breaking strain nylon clamped to a sea rod jammed into a port hole in the after cabin. The reel began to run and I mean run, making a sound for all the world like a five litre Ferrari at full revs, I jumped up and grabbed the rod applying as much clutch as I could, still it ran like fury, I then braked it as hard as I could, still it ran, I then turned the rod over and applied three fingers to the whirring nylon, still it ran. Just then Shane who had been in his bunk leapt up, grabbed the rod from my hands and did the same thing with his fingers. There was a loud bang the nylon disappeared and we all looked glum, Shane and I ended up with burnt fingers, his being the worse. We had read so much about the game fishing in the area that we thought we were geared up properly but alas no. None of us has any idea of the size of the beast we lost but of two things we are agreed, it was not a plastic bag and it was not small.

Away from the influence of the islands the wind died a little but our first noon to noon gave us a respectable 156 miles.

The third day out was Saturday which saw us record 149 miles the wind having backed to a moderate south westerly enabling us to goose wing.

Sunday dawned with no change to record and by noon a fairly respectable 144 miles was recorded in the log. We were now having to resort to running the engine for approximately two hours per day to keep the batteries topped up and quite honestly all three of us did not look forward to this break in tranquillity and each did his level best to postpone the evil hour.

Monday was a beautiful sailing day, the wind had freshened to about 20 knots apparent and veered, we reefed down for the first time. We recorded 158 miles.

On Tuesday it blew a full gale from the north west. We put three reefs in and rolled the genny to a small No 4 size. The gale blew harder covering the entire visible surface of the sea with white spume. Shane had to turn off the pilot and steer. I was not happy. There were times when the main boom was dipping into the sea with the very real danger of making an expensive noise. Some of the gusts which were now fairly sustained, hit 50 knots

There was another problem in that on one occasion a combination of wave action and strong gust very nearly knocked us down, I knew by looking at Shane's face that he too thought we were gonners. Steve and Shane could not be tougher, very little upsets them at sea, nothings gets them down, yet here I was looking at one of these toughies and what do I see? I see just a trace of good-old-fashioned fear. Another thing I noticed was that the gale had begun to veer rapidly to the north east producing a very confused and at times dangerous seaway. My mind began to calculate several factors, the first being that without more precise meteorological information it was difficult to know how long the blast would last. Secondly, Shane who was still steering was decidedly wet looking and having a bad time trying to hold on in the gusts. Thirdly I tried to calculate the chances of serious boat damage which might imperil our attendance at Fiona's wedding.



Tri-lingual, the famous harbour wall in Horta.

PHOTO: Henry Barnwell

We needed the main down and perhaps would come through without damage under storm jib only. In the end I elected to go for heaving to and taking a nap. S and S had not seen this done before so I poked my head out for long enough to effect the adjustment and we then dodged through the spray to the cabin. I cannot imagine two people with whom I would rather share an Atlantic gale. Nevertheless, I decided nobody is impervious to fatigue, so I told them to hit the bunks. As it was by then 16.00 I thought four hours deep sleep would do all

of us good and invited them to call me at the cocktail hour for a few beers.

We all slept like logs. I remember observing that the motion in the aft cabin was no worse than akin to being in a somewhat roly marina. There was no increase in the decibel rating and if seas broke over us we did not hear them. The yacht was bolt upright, Shane woke first and found it difficult to comprehend how comfortable a yacht could be properly Hove-to in a full gale.

It was 18.00, the gale had abated somewhat but the seas were still mighty and confused. Nevertheless we all decided to get a move on and brought the boat back on to the wind in the general direction of Kinsale. Stephen, who fancies himself as a chef decided to bake bread and within an hour had produced two loaves to Ivy's recipe. It was then I realised that we had not eaten all day. I thought a bread and marmalade snack would be nice before dinner and before I realised it I had eaten one loaf on my own.

Surprisingly heaving- to did not do too much damage to our noon to noon run because by noon on Wednesday we had recorded 126 miles. From here on in the wind was difficult, out of the north east and delivering very heavy thunderstorms. So we fired up the engine steaming most of the way to Kinsale to pick up fuel and food, docking at the marina of Kinsale Yacht club on Thursday the 2nd of August at 14.10 in weather just as warm as the Azores.

Having taken on diesel and some food we left the next morning at and steamed east into a very lumpy sea, by midnight we were passing the entrance to Waterford harbour and even though Shane and I have local knowledge we elected to pass outside of the Brandies. The next day Saturday I cranked up the big mainsail just as we rounded the corner but the wind which had been fresh north easterly since Kinsale decided to die away and I kept the engine running until we had tied up at Howth Yacht marina at 16.10 to the usual warm welcome from members and staff.

So ended one of our most successful cruises. Apart from the gale and the head winds on the way out the weather was mostly good. We ate very well, had plenty of sleep and enjoyed each other's company.

We had sailed over 3,186 miles at an average speed of 6.6 knots and amongst all of the lovely experiences we had one of the best was saved for the end. As we motored to our berth in the marina three beautiful young ladies were waiting to take our warps, Ivy and our daughters Fiona and Ciara.

Summary

	Miles	Sea Hours		Engine Distance
		Days	Hours	
Howth - Ponta Delgada	1,434	10	5	238
Ponta Delgada - Angra do Heroísa (Terceira)	93		14	47
Angra do Heroísa - Vila da Praia (Graciosa)	45		7	18
Vila da Praia - Horta (Faial)	50		8	12
Horta - Santa Madelina (Pico)	36		12	10
Santa Madelina - Horta	6		1	6
Horta - Kinsale	1,383	7	1	211
Kinsale - Howth	139	1	5	139
Total	3,186	18	52	681

Average speed = 6.56 knots

Family Cruise around Ireland

Cormac McHenry



The Round Ireland Navigation Cup

Awarded for the best circumnavigation of Ireland with special emphasis on the navigational and pilotage content of the log.

Two years ago, *Ring of Kerry*, which had been part of the McHenry household since it was moulded on the bank of the Shannon at Drumsna in 1970, was sold. The family had said I would never part with it having put in every screw and shaped every piece of wood that had gone into a fine yacht, one that had given us great pleasure and carried us safely over many thousands of miles. But, during the June Rally to Strangford Lough in 1993 my wife and I slipped over to Carrickfergus just to "have a look" at a Nicholson 31 for sale there . . .

Thus, plans took shape for a "getting to know you" cruise in *Erquy*, that same Nicholson 31 from Carrickfergus, during the month of July. Two of the family expressed enthusiasm for doing legs and so the cruise plan was finalised. Then I noticed that the National Yacht Club had their Dun Laoghaire to Dingle race for cruisers starting on Tuesday 4th July and I thought that if I entered that I'd get down to Dingle quickly, resisting the temptations of Dunmore East, Crosshaven, Baltimore etc and thus having much more time for the west coast. I entered, not realising just how much work it would entail to have the boat comply with the safety regulations, the handicapping and so on. Interesting what you find when you have to expect an inspection, no ships name on my liferings, flares just a little out of date, no man overboard dan buoy (what did I need one for, sailing single handed as I usually do, who was going to throw it after me?).

So, we started the race, crewed by Conor Pierce and ICC member Johnnie Rooney and with bags of jelly babies and mini fruit gums provided by sponsors Clara Candy. All went well until the Tuskar where the wind decided that it should go SW and increase to 5, 6 or 7. Now I have never liked sailing with the wind from forward of the beam, it is not the way to cruise but the others were keen so we bashed on. But, Thursday evening and somebody mentioned that baby wipes were a great invention to bring on a boat and I discovered that the loo was blocked. And then part of getting to know *Erquy* came into play. The loo pump is in the locker behind the bowl and it is hard up against the hull so that you cannot take off the cap to clean it without taking out the whole pump. After two hours on my knees with the bowl in my gut we had the pump out. No blockage found but I was totally flattened and took no further part in sailing proceedings for the rest of the night. Came the 06.30 forecast on Friday morning suggesting another 24 hours of SW 6/7 and I decided notwithstanding cries of anguish and dismay from the crew who saw the delights of the Dingle barbeque disappearing, to head into Kinsale and to retire gracefully.

Later that day I took the hose off the outlet and in the presence of the culprit, removed the two baby wipes which had passed right through the pump and stuck at the right angle turn into the sea cock. I suppose it was my own fault really because on *Ring of Kerry* I had one of those brass plates reading "Put nothing into the loo unless you have eaten it



The Honorary Secretary fishes for his supper off the West Coast

PHOTO: Fiona McHenry

first". We never in all the years had a loo blockage on the Kerry.

A couple of phone calls later and the crew began to smile again. Johnny's wife had been contacted and would provide transport to enable the Dingle barbeque be reached in plenty of time for pre and post pints and I had contacted Stan Conroy (member) who was crewing for the first week and he changed plans to arrive at Kinsale instead of Dingle as originally planned.

So, early Sunday 9th July Stan and I cast off Kinsale pontoon and headed for Dingle. By midday we were off Galley Head with the wind dead astern about 25 knots, two headsails pulling and the main safely snugged down on the boom. The Monitor windvane self steering was in control so there was nothing for us to do but prepare a large lunch and admire the scenery. Later, mist developed and while we could hear the Fastnet, we could not see it. The wind was dropping off but what there was had swung around to the south so we still ran before it. Around 08.00 we came into Dingle, to be greeted by Fungie and after just over 24 hours we tied alongside.

Dingle is a hard place to get away from. Harbour Master Brian Farrell and his hospitable staff make up for the basic marina while the town itself with its shops and restaurants is a most attractive place. Ray and Christine Fielding had been there for a while and would be there for another while and they mentioned other ICC yachts which had just gone. Eventually we chose to dine at the El Toro restaurant and were not disappointed. The atmosphere was good and the fresh hake marvellous. Should we stay another day?

But determined to press on we left, again with Fungie, to the dismay of the dozen or so people who were in the water to swim with him. It was cloudy, occasional heavy rain showers

and at times thick haze or mist. There was no wind so the engine stayed on right through Blasket Sound and it was not until approaching Brandon Bay that the sun came out and the wind got up to 25/30 knots giving us a very fast passage to Fenit where we tied alongside the pier, with some difficulty.

We met the Harbour Master who told us of the very active plans for a marina. That would make it a most attractive place for the start of a cruise up the west coast. The scenery is beautiful and while the shore facilities are limited, Tralee is not too far away. Tralee Sailing Club were holding their mid week races but even local knowledge did not stop a number of their boats going aground in the harbour as evening low water springs approached. We spent a couple of hours visiting Fenit Sea World which is right on the pier and then, on the Harbour Masters advice, tied alongside a fishing boat for an undisturbed night.

On a dead run across Tralee Bay in the very light wind (5kn) I tried the light wind vane for the self steering for the first time. It is much bigger than the standard vane and made of some form of polystyrene so it is feather light and it gave excellent control on what is the most difficult point of sailing for a wind vane.

Around Kerry Head and into the Shannon, the wind picked up and the rain started. By the time we reached Kilrush it was gusting 45 knots. I had to go below to check the chart and call Kilrush Marina leaving Stan protesting at the windy and wet conditions. The marina did not answer on M1 (ch 37) and eventually we had to contact them through Shannon Radio. I was not prepared to approach the lock gates with a strong following wind in what is virtually a cul de sac with very little room to turn around. When we did get in, the lock operator said that both sets were tuned to M2 (ch 80) which we did not have. Since both the Sailing Directions and the painted notice on the wall outside the lock said that they maintained a watch on both channels, we were not impressed.

The furling genoa had been very tight and difficult to get in on our approach so I decided to take advantage of the marina and take off the forestay. We did, but it was quite free and there was no obvious fault. The conclusion we reached was that I had the halyard too tight and, thinking about it, I realise that with a foil to hold the luff of the sail, very little tension should actually be needed on the halyard. During the day a 52' Hood, Swiss registered, arrived after a wet beat down from the Aran Islands, and a 35' Belgian yacht also arrived. They planned to leave their boat at Kilrush for the winter and would return in '96 to finish their cruise.

Friday 14th we left with the tide and had a quick trip down the north side of the estuary. Near Carrigaholt we heard a "Mayday" from a small fishing boat which had gone on the rocks between us and Kilrush. The Shannon rescue helicopter was scrambled and Shannon Radio said that our assistance was not required, the helicopter would be there long before we could get back against the tide.

Shortly afterwards I noticed the helicopter approaching. They called us and asked if we would partake in a rescue exercise. (They had already got a line to the fishing vessel to get it pulled off). I advised them that our wind vane self steering was in operation and that it might be affected by their down draught. They then performed a Hi-Line Transfer exactly as is described in appendix 13 of the South & West Sailing Directions.

First the "Hi-Line" was dropped into our cockpit and then the winchman was lowered directly into the cockpit also.

The helicopter was just astern but the down draught did not appear to have any effect on our wind vane. Then a second person, a trainee, was dropped so the cockpit was getting rather crowded! After a few minutes, both were whisked away.

It was a most interesting exercise for us from which we learnt two important points not mentioned in the standard instructions. First, as the helicopter approaches and is overhead, the noise level is such that it is almost impossible to hear any orders being given by the winchman. He communicates perfectly clearly with his helicopter through his helmet radio but we seemed to be operating on sign language. Second, the instructions advise the use of gloves when handling the "Hi-Line".

This I was doing, but when the winchman was leaving and I was trying to control the amount he was swinging as he had asked, my fingers suffered some rope burn from the rate at which he was being pulled out. I would hate to think what would have given way first if the rope had snagged on the boat, or on my arm.

After that excitement we rounded Loop Head with more heavy showers. All this time folks back home in Dublin were enjoying brilliant sun and warm winds and here were we after ten days at sea without a trace of a tan. We passed west of the Aran Islands which were just visible through the haze and in the evening anchored off Roundstone Harbour just behind where *Saint Patrick* lay swinging on a mooring.

Ashore for supplies, we went alongside the end of the south pier at the ladder which we were told had 5'6" at LWS. Roundstone is so convenient, plenty of shops just beside the pier and a butcher for best Roundstone lamb. I have got very partial to roast lamb since the oven came with the new boat. I never did succeed (never tried) to do a roast over the two burner paraffin stove on Ring of Kerry.

But thoughts of food disturbed me from my navigation. I carefully worked out that we needed to be at Slyne Head at 16.00 to get the full of the north going tide, but I did not work out how long it would take me to get to Slyne Head. We left Roundstone at 14.30, about low water and went through Deer Pass with the wind NW. A frustrating beat enlivened by Stan catching a large cod. With the lamb already in the oven we decided to throw it back to live another day. It was the first fish of any size that we have ever caught, probably because I had got a paravane which kept the line well below the surface even sailing at 4/5 kn.

Stan was on the helm as we entered Inishboffin approaching high water. He was on the leading lights and I was below. He told me not to look out, of course I did and got quite a shock when I saw how close to the rocks the approach brings you. But it is a really safe harbour, my first visit, I really liked it.

Crew change next day, Stan Conroy's week was at an end. I had arranged that my daughter Helen would drive across to Cleggan and we approached the pier at low water. The two ferries having just left we tied to the side of the pier, at the



Ah! The sun at last! As we see it for the first time (almost) as it rises above the Mull of Kintyre.

PHOTO: Fiona McHenry

steps, in plenty of water. It proved to be an excellent place for a crew change. It has a good shop for stores, phone at the pier head and should be accessible by sea in most conditions. With Stan safely off to Dublin, Helen and I had a pleasant sail back to Inishboffin and a quiet evening on board.

When we left Inishboffin it was cloudy but mild and dry. Wind was south west, 15 knots and increasing. We sailed across Clew Bay, west of Clare Island so yet again I had to postpone cruising in Clew Bay. The problem with doing the west coast from an east coast base is that you feel you have to press on if the weather is kind, or if, as was my case, there is an immovable deadline by which the boat must be back again on its home mooring. Maybe next time I will divide the trip into two cruises and lay the boat up somewhere like Kilrush for the period in between.

Around Achill Head, inside Carrickakin rock and up inside the Inishkea Islands where the mist closed in and the wind left us with a heavy swell. Around Annagh Head, much too close, and then I missed the entrance to Frenchport. When I could see through to a couple of fishing boats at anchor, I thought I was looking through a gap before I came to the main entrance so I continued north. I soon realised my mistake and turned back. There was a swell running and I found the entrance nerve racking. It was only when I was safely in and the entrance had disappeared again in the mist that I could relax. We anchored between fishing boat moorings, quite sheltered, but there was quite a roll, it was very damp and I did not sleep very well.

Frenchport to Teelin Harbour, where I felt the holding in the recommended anchorage was not good and then on to Burtonport. Wind was W/SW for the run outside Aran Island and at one stage we had torrential rain with squalls up to 45 kn. When that passed through we were left with a lumpy sea and visibility down to 200m for half an hour. Around the north of the island and then south into the sound, in mist, driving rain and 30kn winds.

The leading lights on Aran and above Burtonport were showing but even having been in once before I found it confusing. Without a second person capable of steering or navigating, it is not a place to go into in other than flat calm.

As we tied alongside the engine overheat alarm came on. After dinner I searched for the spare water pump impeller and gradually it dawned that it was in the engine spares box, back home! Frantic phone calls. Have you ever tried to describe to your wife what a water pump impeller looks like? But the message got through and next day and Helen's boy friend turned up complete with the spare. By that time I had stripped the pump down and found the impeller intact, but the inlet water filter was blocked by one of the thousands of jelly fish which were in the harbour. We certainly were not getting the glorious east coast weather but at least the sea must have been quite warm.

Harbour Master Stephen McGonagle came on board for a while in the afternoon. He had been very helpful with fuel and water and greatly appreciated having been asked for details of the harbour for our Sailing Directions. I am sure he would give any assistance he could to any member in need.

Helen had not been to Tory Island, so off we went. We picked up a mooring in Camusmore Bay off West Town. I was dismayed to see all the fishing boats up on the shore, obviously they had not been launched this season. There is now a fine ferry operating to the mainland and that and social assistance seems to be taking its toll on the enterprise of the islanders. There is a fine new hotel just above the slip where we had a good dinner, but in a way it seemed out of place on the island. Before dinner we walked to the lighthouse at the NW point and afterwards to Port Doon at the east end. By the time we got back on board I felt most uncomfortable about Tory. Not the people, but I just had a feeling that the island

itself was cold and inhospitable. I do not think I will call there again.

Another crew change was coming up. I had selected Fahan Creek because our Sailing Directions said "a new marina is being considered".

The approach down Lough Swilly is beautiful, well worth the two hour run down. I had realised from the chart that the final approach to Fahan is down a narrow channel, but I had not appreciated just how narrow! But we got in and anchored, no sign of a marina. The local fleet were out racing and next thing I spotted my daughter Fiona approaching in the club launch. She had come up from Dublin by bus, saw the yacht club and hitched a lift out to us. When the launch came again to take Helen and her boy friend ashore the boatman told us of the pontoon across the lough at Rathmullan which is not mentioned in the sailing directions so we decided to head across for it.

This proved a wise decision because the forecast that evening gave a gale warning, SW 7/8 occasionally 9. In fact it was about 11 o'clock on Sunday before the gale reached its height. The pontoon lies almost north south, parallel to the shore, it is a single walkway with small motor boats on its shore side and room for about six yachts on the seaward side. It is fixed by a ramp to the old steamer pier. It gave no shelter from the gale and in mid morning a new head warp burst. Fortunately I had doubled up all my warps the previous night so no damage was caused, but we were being blown off the pontoon and *Erquy* has so much windage that the two of us were unable to pull her in close enough to get ashore until the wind died.

Sarakiniko, Andrew Phelan, RCC, had been with us at Tory Island and he came in also and told us that he had decided to do a round Ireland cruise in 1995 so that he could lay up his yacht in Ireland in preparation for our Rally in 1996. In fact he had to go to back to London for a couple of weeks and was leaving his boat on a mooring he secured at Rathmullan, flying back from Derry. Again Rathmullan seems a very convenient place for a crew change. It was also confirmed to me that the marina plans for Fahan Creek will not now go ahead.

Fiona got the wrong tides for her week with me, so on Sunday evening when the wind had dropped away completely we set off up the lough to Port Salon where we picked up a mooring we had been told was free. A few hours sleep and off in the dark at 03.30 out of Lough Swilly, around Malin Head and inside Inishtrahull in the dull and drizzle, the rain and mist, the engine on, but a really fast passage until just west of Rathlin where the tide turned against us. By 14.00 we were tied alongside in the Church Bay harbour. The evening was misty and cold but we celebrated Fiona's birthday by candlelight with Donegal roast lamb. I am having to admit that the gas cooker with oven does have advantages over the paraffin stove

Early next morning and the sun rose over the Mull of Kintyre! We were beating south, it was getting warm, in fact by the time we crossed Belfast Lough and checked into Bangor Marina it was very hot. Obviously we were now experiencing the weather pattern that the east coast had had all the time we were away and it made a very welcome change from the mist, drizzle and rain of the west. On to Carlingford where Fiona contrasted the rather different entrance to the one she had just left and, after departing at the civilised hour of 11.30 we were back on our mooring at the National Yacht Club at 22.00 on Thursday 27th.

In all we logged 986 miles and used the engine for 75 hours. We called at 16 ports or anchorages and had four different crews. At the end I felt that not only had I had a most enjoyable cruise but I had achieved my objective of really getting to know *Erquy* and proving the many changes to her which I had made to prepare her for blue water cruising.

Red Velvet Circumnavigates Highlands and Islands

Paul Butler



The Wybrant Cup

For the best cruise in Scottish waters.

For Whit of this year I had a crew of four prepared to complete a two week cruise. We were, therefore, in the happy position of being able to undertake the cruise without having regard to crew changes and the consequent limitations that the same places on the making of decisions to alter a schedule to take advantage of prevailing conditions. We planned to sail to the Orkneys via the West of Scotland and to return via the Caledonian Canal.

Old hands, Don McCarthy and Nicholas Butler joined me and we were delighted to welcome David Beattie, with whom I race in Dublin Bay and occasionally on the Shannon.

Saturday, 27th. May

In true tradition the cruise commenced after a long dinner in the Royal Irish Yacht Club. We left Dun Laoghaire at 00.40 hrs. on Saturday the 27th. of May. The wind, obligingly, was in the SE blowing 4/5 and we were sailing with one reef in the main and full genoa before we left the harbour. In these conditions and with the help of our autohelm, R2D2, we settled into a comfortable one man watch system after sharing final nightcaps.

By dawn the wind had increased and the RTE shipping at 06.33 hrs. was offering us S or SE 5, increasing 6 or 7, occasionally 8 with an outlook for strong or gale force winds. The prospect of a comfortable berth in Bangor was beginning to prove irresistible. We had an exhilarating passage to Bangor where we tied up at 17.00 hrs. Bangor Marina is, in my view, the best in Ireland. Shelter is perfect, the pontoons are generous in size and the on-shore facilities rival those of the French.

After a dinner on board of David's excellent Spaghetti Bolognese (he also makes a mean porridge every morning) and pints ashore, R.T.E. was offering much the same forecast but, as the wind was merely veering to the SW and no further, we decided to leave the following morning after breakfast ashore; the prospects of a lively sail being far better than a wet (I forgot to mention the rain) Sunday in Bangor.

Sunday 28th. May

We left Bangor at 10.20 hrs. with the wind in the SE force 6 under Genoa only. Although there was *precipitation within sight* all around us, we managed to miss most of it and enjoyed a fast and uneventful passage to Gigha where we picked up a Highland & Island Development Board (HIDB) mooring at 20.30 hrs. As we intended to leave early the following morning, we had dinner on board washed down with a few bottles from our sadly depleting wine cellar.

Monday 29th. May

We slipped our mooring at 06.30 hrs., motored out around the south of the island and set sail in a SW 5 up through the Sound of Jura. Bright sunshine with intermittent showers produced an almost magical dappled effect on the landscape. During the course of the day the wind gradually veered around to slightly N of W and by the time we were about 2 miles up the Sound of Mull we gave up what had become a dead beat and motor-sailed up to Tobermory. There were no spare moorings available but we were invited to double up with another yacht and did so at 19.15 hrs. Pints in the Mishnish, followed by an excellent dinner in the Captain's Table (specialité de la maison – Haggis cooked with single malt) and more pints at the Mishnish fortified us to such an extent that we felt we should press on that night.

Tuesday 30th. May

At 01.30 we quietly cast ourselves adrift of our sleeping neighbours and motor-sailed out of the Harbour and Sound in what had, by then, become a NW 4. By 15.20 hrs. we arrived at Rodel on Harris only to discover that access to the HIDB moorings was restricted to about two hours each side of high water. After a late lunch, we decided to take advantage of the NW winds and make passage for the Orkneys via Cape Wrath.

We left Harris at 16.10 hrs. and commenced what was to become a very pleasant passage on a beam reach for Cape Wrath.



David Beattie, Don McCarthy, Nicholas Butler and Paul Butler. PHOTO: Noirin Butler



Chef Nicholas.

PHOTO: Paul Butler

Wednesday 31st. May

The rain cleared to occasional showers and the same cleared completely giving us a beautiful starry sky by nightfall. By morning Cape Wrath was invisible in a dense fog as we passed, it foghorn adding to the bleakness of the early morning rain.

Progress was so good that we were off the W of "Mainland" Orkney three hours ahead of the tide that we had to have with us to bring us through Eynhallow Sound and down to Kirkwall. This part of the passage provided our only Dolphin escort during the entire cruise; just a brief encounter with two of these wonderful creatures. We hove-to for lunch before recommencing our passage, the last few hours of which was under engine in decreasing wind. At 19.30 hrs. we tied up in the inner harbour along side about five Norwegian, Dutch and German yachts. After celebratory drinks, we had a long dinner ashore in the knowledge that the following was to be our first rest day of the cruise.

Thursday 1st. June

For this, our rest day, Nicholas had booked a mini van with Hazel Gore, an Orcadian farmer's wife who supplements the family income by guiding small groups of visitors around her island. Her deep knowledge and love of the Orkneys made the trip a fascinating experience, the more so when one heard first hand account of the sinking of the battleship *Royal Oak* with the loss of 833 lives by a U-boat which penetrated the defenses of Scappa Flow (some months before the war its captain had enjoyed a three week vacation on the Orkneys!). Ancient and modern Scandinavian influence give the Orkneys

a character unique in Scottish Islands and it was interesting that Hazel referred not to the "mainland" but to "Scotland" when mentioning her very occasional trips there. We were driven first to chapel in the form of a Nissen hut converted and richly decorated by prisoners of war from southern Italy during their wartime captivity; then the neolithic sites which rival ours and the most fascinating of which is a small village built just underground and consisting of houses connected by passages which was revealed in all its glory as a result of a storm during the middle of the last century. Each house had its own hearth and storage area and we were assured that the farmers and fishermen who inhabited the same were the people who erected the stone circle and other monuments on the island. Our kind driver ended the tour by bringing us to a large supermarket and delivering our stores to the quayside in Kirkwall.

Today was what should have been the end of term at home for Don, Nick and I. We could not let the occasion go by unmarked, so all four of us celebrated with a quiet lunch. The remainder of the afternoon was spent sightseeing in the town. After dinner ashore, we had drinks in the cockpit awaiting a night that never fully came!

Friday, 2nd. June

At this stage that we all found it hard to imagine that just a week ago we were all slaving away at our work at home! All that seemed an age away. We left Kirkwall with the wind in the NW but only fl-2 and managed only a couple of hours sailing on the overnight passage down to Inverness.

Saturday 3rd. June

We arrived at Inverness in driving drizzle at 08.30 hrs., ahead of the opening of the sea gate. All locks are, fortunately, electrically operated and, although we had a wet and dreary climb through the locks, the tedium was relieved by hot whiskies and the incongruity of looking through peoples upstairs windows on a Saturday from the deck of an offshore yacht! Having stopped for fuel (our only fill of the cruise) and water, we entered Loch Ness.

After a couple of well deserved gin and tonics, I went below to enjoy the sleep of the just. It felt as if I had just closed my eyes, when I was woken by a pronounced heel and yells of delight from the cockpit. I arose to find us in glorious sunshine with Don at the helm (David providing tactical advice and Nick pouring drinks) beating up the Loch in crystal clear water with snow-capped mountains on each side. Don was managing to tack to within six feet of each side of the loch and the sounder never showed less than 20 meters! He was rewarded by the opening of a bottle of wine each time he attained the South side of the loch without touching! We had a magic and unexpected afternoon's sailing and we tied up on a pontoon just opposite the Abbey in Fort Augustus at 19.00 hrs. We had a passable dinner ashore followed by an early night.

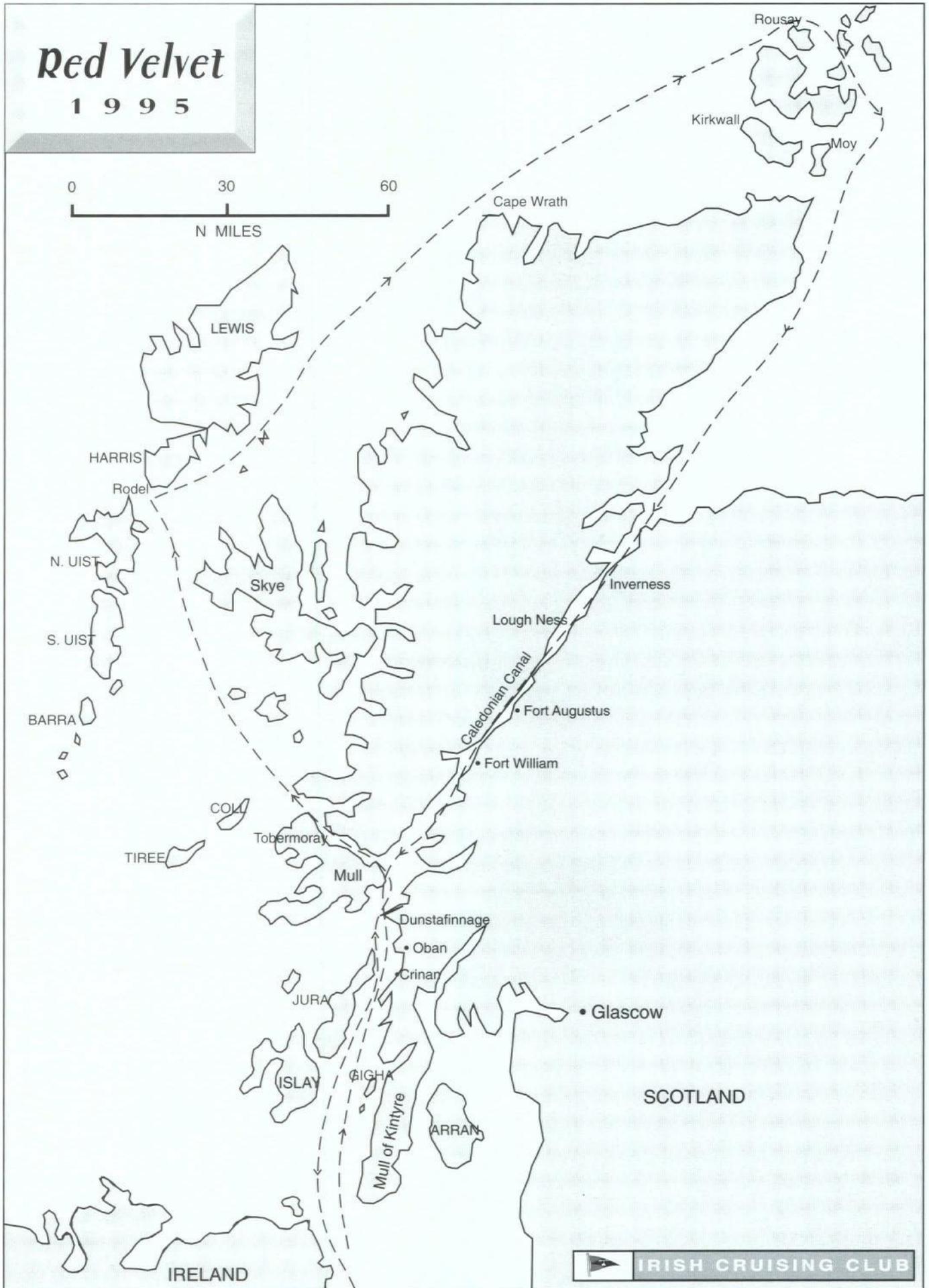
Sunday 4th. June

David organised the Church Parade to the Abbey! Nick and I, both educated by Benedictines in Ireland, were sorry to note that the school had closed down and that the Abbey was organised along strict commercial lines with hardboard cut-outs of monks in their habits pointing towards various attractions such as the monster tour in the loch. All tradition has not, however, been discarded; we had what was undoubtedly the best breakfast of the cruise in the old school refectory.

After breakfast, shopping and reading the Sunday papers, we climbed up through further locks which brought us to the level of Lock Lockey and, in continuing sunshine, we motored as far as Letterfinlay on the South side of the Lock where we tied up at a pontoon outside the Hotel at 18.30 hrs. Letterfinlay Hotel provided an excellent dinner; among spectacular views we watched the sun set behind the snow-capped mountains.

Red Velvet

1995





Stone Circle, Orkneys.

PHOTO: David Beattie



Neolithic House, Orkneys.

PHOTO: David Beattie

Monday 5th. June

Drizzle had returned as we left our pontoon at 07.15 hrs. We motored to the head of Neptune's Staircase where we tied up at 09.25 hrs. to wait while two trawlers ascended the staircase.

The lock keeper told us that he had difficulty getting to work through the snow which surrounded his remote home. Neptune's staircase comprises eight lock gates which elevate the canal some 19.5m above sea level. (I note from the Scottish Waters section of September's edition of *Yachting Monthly* that, as part of a £15 million investment over five years to upgrade facilities along the Caledonian Canal, British Waterways plans to build a visitor centre at the "staircase" and to enlarge Corpach Basin. Other plans include improvements to lock mechanisms and more pontoon berths.)

The descent turned out to be rapid; ours was the only vessel descending and we became so adept at manoeuvring (thanks in no short measure to David's experiences in his Dutch barge on the Shannon) that we got through each gate as it opened with only inches to spare. The lock keepers were delighted and shared a few beers with us.

We left the sea lock at Corpach at 13.40 hrs. only to be met by a SW 4. We motor-sailed down Loch Linnhe managing only about an hour and a half sailing and we were able to pay off around to Dunstaffinage Bay. We tied up at the marina at 1800 hrs. The restaurant (the Wide-Mouthed Frog) has closed down (I am not surprised following my last visit); so we travelled to Oban by taxi where we had a very indifferent dinner.



Entrance to Inverness.

PHOTO: David Beattie

Tuesday 6th. June

We left Dunstaffinage Bay at 12.00 hrs. with the wind blowing 4/5 from the SW but gradually veering N. After some two hours motoring we had a very pleasant sail, though in poor visibility, through the Sound of Luing, an Dorus Mór and into Crinan Basin which we entered at 16.50. To make up for culinary deprivations of the previous night, we booked ourselves into the Crinan Hotel where we had pints and a superb dinner.

Wednesday 7th. June

Breakfast in the Hotel did not measure up to dinner (or, even, breakfast aboard *Red Velvet*) and, at £10.50 a head (Buck's Fizz not included!), was our most expensive of the cruise).

We left the sea lock at 12.05 hrs. to find a very disturbed sea thrown up by a westerly 6/7. With three reefs in the main, however, once we turned the corner we found ourselves on a comfortable fetch for Craighouse (Jura). With the tide under us down the Sound of Jura we made our fastest and most exciting passage (average speed over ground – 7.5). At Craighouse we tied up to the last available HIDB mooring.

We had our last dinner ashore in the bar of the only Hotel. Dinner, including pints, came to £10 a head – less than breakfast that morning. This was followed by our last few malts ashore, then some more aboard.

Thursday 8th. June

Don and I woke up to a forecast offering N to NE 4/6, an excellent prospect for the passage home. What we found on deck was a northerly 6. With three reefs in the main and only half the genoa out we set off in the general direction of the Mull of Kintyre. The passage home was lively, though very comfortable. By the time we had the Maidens abeam, we were running with a preventer on the main and a polled out genoa. During the night the wind increased to 7/8 but caused no more trouble than to drain our number 2 battery because R2D2 had been working overtime; all was back to normal after a hour running the engine in neutral.

Friday 9th. June

We sailed into Dun Laoghaire harbour at 09.55 hrs. having completed our 150 mile passage in under 27 hours – it could have been faster as I am inclined to plan passage making on the basis of an average speed of 5 knots; thus, for the second time on the cruise we found ourselves ahead of planned tides.

Just outside the moorings, I put the engine on in neutral and we stowed the sails. When I engaged gear nothing happened! A Club launch brought us to our mooring. It transpired that we had lost our propeller – to this day I do not know how or where this happened.

Having stowed and tidied up, we retrieved our number ones (used for dinner less than a fortnight previously) from the hanging locker and had a memorable celebratory lunch in the Royal Irish.

Finally, I should add that to get the heat into my bones *Red Velvet* spent more than the month of August visiting some 22 ports on the West coast of France with family and friends. It was such an ideal cruise that I felt that an account thereof would make boring reading!



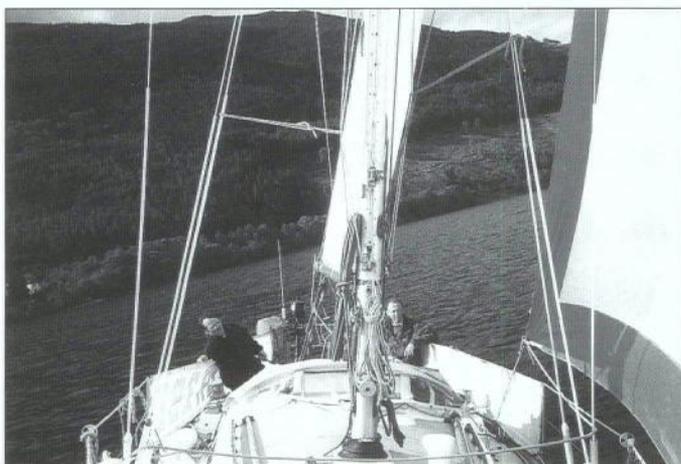
Reefing in the Sound of Iona.

PHOTO: Paul Butler

Red Velvet – Whit, 1995

Port	Arr. Date/Time	Dept.	Distance N. Miles	Time Hrs.	Engine Hrs.	Night	Speed nmph
Dun Laoghaire		27 May					
Bangor	27 May	28 May	90	17.30	1	1	5.2
Gigha	28 May	29 May	65	10	–	–	6.5
Tobermory (Mull)	29 May	30 May	65	12.75	2.5	–	5.2
Rodel (Harris)	30 May	30 May	85	13.85	10	1	6.1
Kirkwall (Orkneys)	31 May	2 June	175	27.30	5	1	6.4
Inverness	3 June	3 June	114	20.30	18	1	5.6
Fort Augustus (Loch Ness)	3 June	4 June	29	8.30	3*	–	*
Letterfinlay (Loch Locky)	4 June	5 June	14	3.00	3*	–	*
Corpach	5 June	5 June	12	4.75	4.75*	–	
Dunstaffinage	5 June	6 June	25	4.30	3	–	5.8
Crinan	6 June	7 June	24	4.8	2	–	5
Craighouse (Jura)	7 June	8 June	31	4.00	–	–	7.7
Dun Laoghaire	9 June		150	26.7	–	1	5.6
Totals/Averages:			879	196.4	41.5	5	5.8

*Note: Caledonian not reckoned in engine hours or average speed.



Boating in Lough Ness.

PHOTO: David Beattie



Fort Augustus.

PHOTO: Don McCarthy

From West to East – Greece to Turkey

Ann Bunting

When sailing in the Aegean and Turkish waters from about mid-June to mid-September the Meltem is the main thing to be considered. This is a wind, caused by a high pressure area over Pakistan, that blows around the coast of Turkey from a generally northerly direction on most days and sometimes, particularly in July and August, all day for several days. It can, and often does, reach Force 6 or even 7. Thus the usual plan is to start the season in the north and work southwards during the summer months.

In late May we were in the sheltered harbour of Porto Rafti on the East side of the Attica peninsula, roughly opposite Athens. I had flown in to Athens the previous day to join *Faustina*, our Sadler 34. I had just over two weeks before I had to go home again – and I wanted some of that time to have a good look at Istanbul. The two places are about 400 miles apart by the shortest practical route but it looked as though it might all be ‘uphill’ against the wind and, just to make things more difficult, the considerable current that flows through the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmara.

John Clementson had brought the boat here from the Ionian in the previous couple of weeks and it was all ready to go on. Only a visit to the local super-market was required and our folding bikes and trolley made short work of that. We listened to a forecast which spoke only in terms of strong N’ly winds. Why are forecasts always right when you wish that they would be as wrong as they usually are? The wind duly blew from the North. In our sheltered anchorage we sometimes found it hard to believe and twice the next day we went out to sea – only to find the seas high and the winds fierce. Both times we retreated – it was after all a holiday and we weren’t on an endurance test. There was no respite the next day and so we relaxed and accept our fate. At least it was pleasant where we were.

Then at 0300 (!) the following morning we set off again – with the wind NNW F3. We decided to save time on the voyage by going around the south of Evvoia island instead of going the long way up through the Evvoia channel. We tried, but by the time we were approaching the bottom of the island the wind was back up to F5 from the north and it would have been a dead beat against big seas to reach the island of Skiros some 70 miles away. Common sense took over and, albeit reluctantly, turned to the NW and headed up the Evvoia channel. It was still not easy going – the first 17 miles took 7 hours and we were very pleased to reach the narrows and a degree of shelter and to be able to bear away a little. We reached the town of Khalkis at 1700. This where the channel narrows to about 10 metres and is crossed by a bridge which retracts – but only when the waters go slack between tides. It is said that Aristotle threw himself into the rushing waters here in sheer frustration at being unable to account for the ebb and flow of the water! It certainly flows quickly.

We were allowed through at 2200 (having paid for the privilege) and, in company with two other yachts, we motored

on through the night to the NW against rather more moderate winds. By 0600 and daylight we had reached the point where, at last, we could turn to the East, but breakfast, a shower and sleep were essential and so we anchored for a rest.

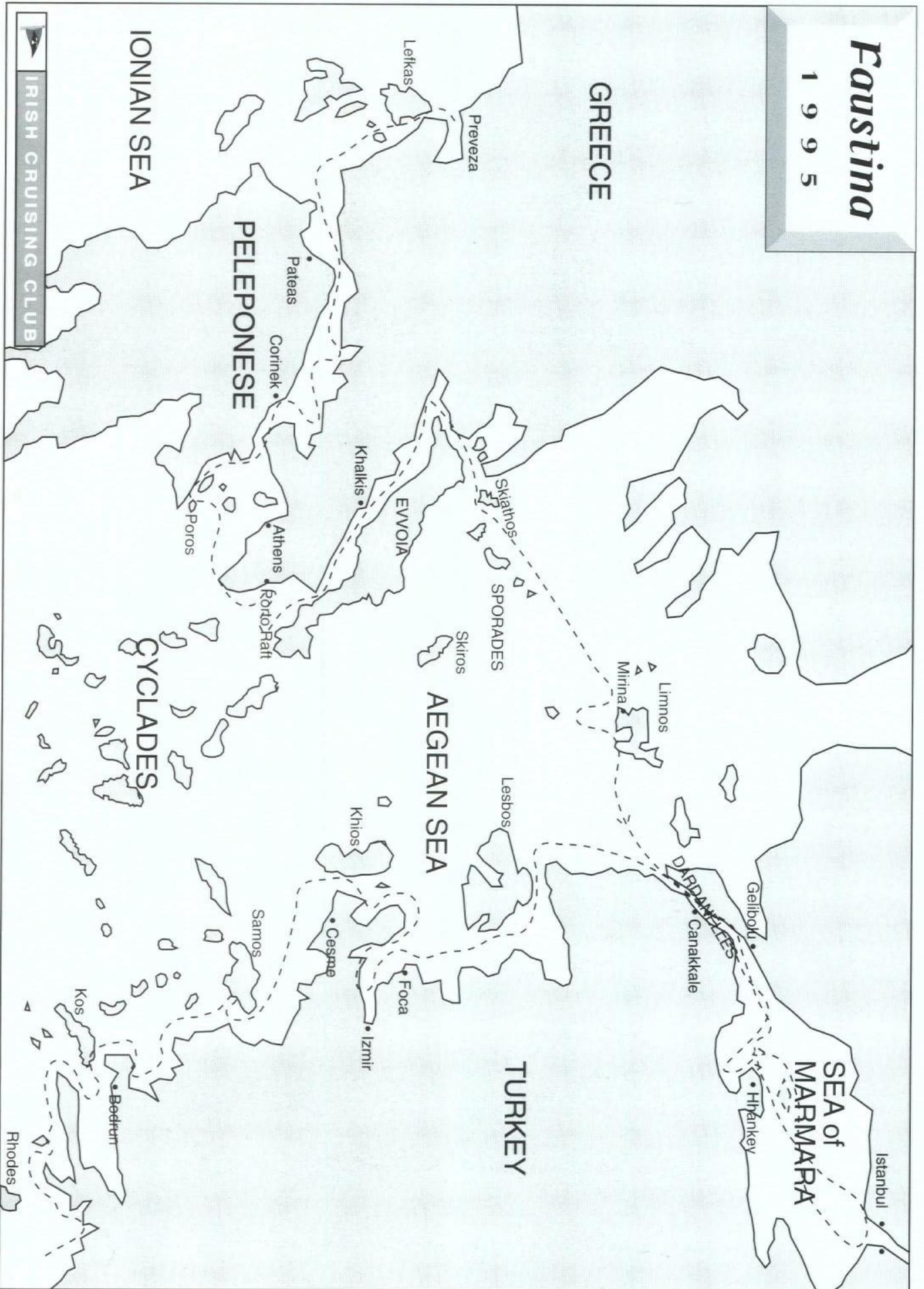
5 hours later we were off again, motoring and sailing through variable winds and fine weather to reach the island of Skiathos by evening. We hadn’t seen another yacht all day. This is a nice little harbour, heavily used by charter fleets but friendly and cheerful. We walked in the town and had supper ashore. We felt that, after a poor start, we had made reasonable progress. Only 310 miles to go to Istanbul. 310 – still? Well, by this route it was going to be a total of about 500 miles to Istanbul, not 400.



Oleander of Howth (Brian Hegarty, ICC) photographed from *Faustina* leaving Marmaris Bay.

Faustina

1 9 9 5





Faustina moored in a bay near Gocek in company with two gulets and a motor-cruiser.

We were away early next morning and we set a course to the NE to clear the north of the Sporades islands. The wind came in well from the NW and we managed quite a nice sail for a while. My first dolphins of the year came to visit as we left the islands and set off to cross the 60 odd miles to Limnos. We were in Mirina just before midnight and took a pleasant stroll round the village to relax. Not at all a touristy place and blessed with a superb castle that towers over the village.

John wanted to see the island – especially Mudros Bay which was used by the allies from which to mount the Gallipoli campaign. We hired a scooter and ‘did’ the island. It didn’t take all that long! We ended our tour by using the scooter to get us to the summit of the castle which afforded a splendid view in all directions. On the way down, we fell off the bike! More damage to egos than to skin! John then used the scooter and our trolley and two fuel cans to make three trips to a garage a mile away so that we could refuel *Faustina*. We normally use the folding bikes for this job but the distance and the availability of the scooter permitted a new method. It caused much amusement – and the police didn’t see!

We booked out of this our last Greek port that evening and just managed to get into the small Freshwater Bay on the eastern side of the large Mudros Bay before dark. It wasn’t hard to imagine the huge British and French armada with all their troop ships and supply vessels anchored there in 1915 – especially as we had on board many books and photos of those days. How different it must have appeared then compared with the quiet anchorage it now is. We had a peaceful night.

We were away again at dawn on a course just north of east. It was cloudy and we had some rain as we motor-sailed out of Greece and into Turkey. As we approached the Dardanelles (the ancient Hellespont) the colour of the water became increasingly milky. *Faustina’s* speed over the ground slowed dramatically as we encountered the adverse current caused by the waters of the Danube and several other large rivers that flow into the Black Sea, out through the Bosphorus past Istanbul, into the Sea of Marmara and then on through the Dardanelles to the Mediterranean. This is a one-way flow – no tides to help out here! Very slowly we made progress into the narrows. On the port side, at the tip of the Gallipoli peninsula, are the Allied and Turkish monuments in memory of the nearly 150,000 men who died during that horrific 9-month

campaign so disgracefully led on the Allied side and so well led by Kemal Attaturk on the Turkish side. (The deeds of the Munster and the Dublin Fusiliers are well recorded – they lost so many men that the regiments were amalgamated and called the ‘Dubsters’.) On the starboard side is one of the forts that have guarded the entrance since before W.W.I, and ancient Troy is only a few miles away over the hill. We went on into the wider part of the Dardanelles that the allied fleet of some 16 capital ships tried to force on 18th March 1915. Three battleships were lost that day (to mines laid across the channel) before the rest turned back. The Turkish victory is still celebrated locally each year.

The wind had been variable all day but in the late afternoon it surprisingly came in strongly from the SW and gave us a wonderful and exhilarating lift. We got into Canakkale with its little yacht basin by 1930 – in good time for a shower and an excellent and very cheap meal in the town. We still had to book

into Turkey but a quick investigation showed that all the officials had gone home. Turkey was closed!

As far as we were concerned it stayed that way next day (a Saturday) as we were told that they had all gone ‘fish hunting’ and wouldn’t be back ‘til the evening. As that didn’t seem too likely we decided to go on to Istanbul and book in there and accept any wrath that may descend on us with good grace. Off we went to continue the uphill struggle against the flow. The only way for a small-engined boat to make reasonable progress is to stay well into the shallows on the southern side. The current lets off a bit once the depth reduces to 10 metres or so. There is a surprising amount of shipping passing to and fro en route to the Black Sea ports.

We cleared the NE end of the Dardanelles in the early evening and began to make better progress in the wider waters of the Sea of Marmara. As our progress had been slower than we had hoped we decided to go into the attractive little harbour at Kemer, only about 15 miles from the Dardanelles. A really sleepy village with many very old wooden houses. All very poor. We had our first taste of the friendliness of the Turks here. We were visited, quite spontaneously, by 6 happy young boys who came to practice their English. We invited them on board to take a Fanta and biscuits with us. (We later bought bags of sweets to serve the same purpose as talking to foreigners is a very popular pastime for young Turks!) They were a delight to meet. Later in the evening we were greeted with smiles and courtesy as we walked through the village.

We had hoped to make it all the way to Istanbul on the next leg but the wind got back to its normal direction and blew steadily from the NE – the direction we wanted to go of course. We went on only to Ilhankoy at the north end of the large promontory on the south coast of the Sea, where we had a break, hoping that the wind would relent. Our log said, ‘Water, bought fish, went for walk, nice old place, nice people’. In fact John spent an hour talking and having a drink with about 10 local men whilst watching football on a public TV and we were then talked into buying the fish from a fisherman. They were very cheap – even so we probably paid far too much for them! Two lads help us to gut the fish and we cooked them, very successfully. Don’t know what they were!

After 4 hours we set off again with just enough light to see us safely round the rocky headland a mile or so to the north.

We had thought the wind had died but it hadn't! No help for it now, we had to go on. All night we motored and occasionally sailed to the NE and as dawn broke we could see the haze of Istanbul ahead. At 1000 we entered the excellent marina at Atakoy, about 6 miles to the west of Istanbul and were delighted to find ourselves alongside *Oleander of Howth* with Betty and Brian Hegarty. It had taken us 10 days (including the storm-bound days) to cover the 556 miles that we logged and I still had 5 days in which to explore Istanbul!

And well worth exploring it is too. It's a very exciting city. The west really does meet the east here. There's enormous hustle and bustle. Everyone is either buying or selling – and often eating on the hoof too. The view of the skyline from the Gelata Bridge over the Golden Horn is stunning – the minarets of the San Sofia and Blue mosques and the buildings of the Topkapi Palace rise above the jumble of nearer buildings. Seemingly hundreds of ferries cross and re-cross the Bosphorus to the east side where most inhabitants now live. The rush hour is amazing! Each street on the west side seems to specialise in a particular type of merchandise – the chandlery street is a riot of chain, shackles, buoys and so on. We visited all the main tourist attractions and took a ferry up the Bosphorus far enough to see the Black Sea. We decided that to try to take *Faustina* up there against the current would be a long and pointless task. We took a Turkish bath in a hamam that was built in 1584 – and looks it. In this hamam the men and women bathe separately (though this is not the case in all of them). It is not just for tourists – indeed in the ladies section there was only Turkish families and I was invited to join in the picnic they had brought. A wonderful experience. It takes about two hours, including cooling down, and is not expensive.

Between all this activity John finally booked *Faustina* and her crew into Turkey. It took part of two days – and, no, we didn't get into trouble for not reporting in at Canakkale. They didn't even query that we might not have come directly from Greece, probably because they were more used to big ships than small yachts.

That wasn't nearly the end of our year's cruising. I had a total of 11 weeks on board – plus two weeks helping with the fitting-out in Preveza. I commuted a few times to NI to do some work whilst John, with family or friends aboard during my absences, sailed back down the Sea of Marmara, explored the Gallipoli battlefields, and voyaged along the Aegean coast of Turkey. The coast is everywhere rugged and mostly attractive – except where hundreds, even thousands, of atrocious and usually unfinished 'holiday homes' have been built looking like badly planned barracks scarring the coast line. Fortunately the tourist areas to the south have so far been spared these awful developments. There are countless anchorages and small village harbours and we soon developed a fool-proof system for anchoring with a line to shore. Wherever we went there was usually a taverna-type restaurant near-by. The cost of groceries and eating out increased quite dramatically as we went south and approached the tourist

areas. Not all of that can be blamed on Turkey's raging inflation rates. We visited many ancient sites ashore – amongst which Ephesus stands out in the memory. We climbed to ancient rock tombs, we walked up many hills in the cool of the evenings and occasionally took a dolmus or rode our bikes to explore inland. We visited Izmir, Cesme, Bodrum, Marmaris and Fethiye – and many smaller places besides, usually trying to make our passages before the Meltem got up at around midday. In some bays we were so captivated by the scenery that we stayed for several days and it was not at all unpleasant to sit quietly on the boat as the sun went down and to drink a wee G and T or two – especially when the perfectly acceptable Turkish gin costs only £1.60 for 0.7 litre! In the south, especially in August, we were usually joined at our anchorages by some large Gulets with guests on board. These could be noisy and obtrusive – though fortunately this was relatively rare. The cook from one Gulet rowed over to us and, with a big grin, presented us with a complete lunch meal beautifully laid out on a tray! Just being friendly! The people were always kind and very cheerful (even if sometimes very persistent when they wanted you to buy a carpet or two!) though the bureaucracy is often long-winded and pedantic. They all drive like maniacs!

We had been concerned as to whether we would find somewhere safe to leave the boat out of the water this winter. In the end we were swamped for choice and selected a yard in Marmaris that appeared to be efficient and reasonably priced.

The Rod Heikell Turkish Waters Pilot is excellent and essential. With this book on board only passage charts are required. We felt that our knowledge and interest was increased greatly by the use of 'The Rough Guide' to Turkey (and to a lesser degree by the 'The Lonely Planet' guide) whilst the archaeology books by Professor Bean gave wonderful insights to the ancient sites we visited.

We became very fond of Turkey and recommend it almost without reservation. We look forward greatly to returning there in 1996.



Faustina at anchor at Gerence Koyu, 30 miles west of Izmir.

Cruise to Spain, Portugal, Porto Santo & Madeira

Bernard Corbally



Rionnag, our Hallberg Rassy 39, left Dun Laoghaire on Thursday the 6th. July with five of us on board, myself, daughter Ruth, Aidan Maguire, Jim Gillespie and Enda Cullinan. We were in nice time to catch the evening ebb tide as we started our passage to La Coruna in north west Spain. We motor-sailed against the wind in a somewhat lumpy sea until 10.45 on Saturday when the sun finally broke through a cloudy sky, the wind backed towards the east, tummies settled down and we began to enjoy some sailing.

Early on Sunday morning, we were back to motor-sailing, with brilliant sunshine until mid-day. Visibility closed right in on us for about an hour at 16.30 and we were glad to have Radar as a freighter passed about half a mile away to port. Monday was a pleasant day with intermittent sunshine and we enjoyed about 16 hours of exhilarating sailing in a S. f5. At 21.50, a Dutch Yacht *Mattje* called us on the VHF for a chat and information about La Coruna, which, having read a few ICC logs, we were able to provide! After a beautiful moonlight night, ominous dark clouds began to fill the sky at 04.30. Punta de Lestaca de Bares was sighted at 06.30 on Tuesday after five days at sea and then it began to rain. By mid-day, we were enduring heavy rain squalls which greatly reduced our visibility as we dodged our way through a fleet of strange looking fishing boats. Fortunately the bad weather had cleared by the time we began our approach to La Coruna at 17.00. A plane buzzed us and a warship took a close look before we finally rounded Cabo Prior and made for the harbour. As we approached the pontoons opposite the club we were waved away by the crew of a moored French yacht. They seemed to be warning us that there was no space left, so we picked up a private mooring about 20m. off the end of the pontoons at 19.45. After dinner on board, we went ashore to enjoy the yacht club showers and bar. We were finally eased out at 01.20.

Wednesday 12th. July.

Alistair and Rita McDonald, *Greymalkin*, past commodore of the CCC, rowed across for a chat while we were enjoying a sunshine breakfast in the cockpit. They were most helpful in updating our information about anchorages and new marinas along the western Atlantic coast. Later on, we moved *Rionnag* on to a pontoon and discovered that there is a minimum club charge of a two day fee, which applies whether one is on a mooring or on a pontoon. The pontoon mooring system

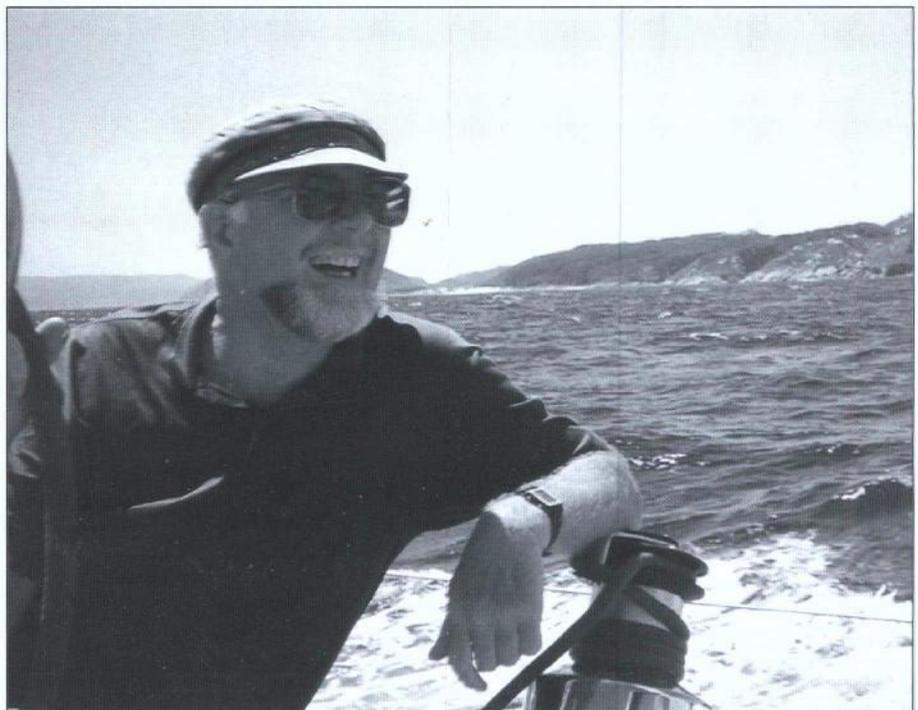
was similar to that which we encountered on all pontoons without fingers. One approaches the side of the pontoon bow on (or stern on if preferred), and then as one crew secures the bow with a warp on either side, another crew picks up the end of a stern warp, found on the pontoon, and handles it along the side of the boat to the stern before hauling in on it to obtain the benefit of a stern warp that is tensioned to hold the bow off the pontoon. The club attendant is normally available in a small red launch to render assistance where needed.

Thursday 13th. July

We were woken up by heavy rain at 09.00. It did not last long but the sky remained heavily overcast with a blustery wind for the rest of the day. Having a crew change schedule to meet, we put to sea at 14.00 and actually enjoyed some pretty vigorous motor-sailing against a f6. The shore-line after the Sisargas Islands was mainly cliffs with plenty of off lying rocks which deterred us from tacking in close to the shore. Lobster pots were a particular hazard as they were frequently tiny and almost submerged in the current. We arrived at Laxe at 22.30 and finally managed to anchor securely close in to the shore after two abortive attempts in weed a bit further out.

Friday 14th. July

After a very stormy night with periodic vicious rain squalls, we woke up to another overcast windy day. However, the sun broke through before we had finished breakfast and we began



Bernard Corbally.

PHOTO: Ruth Corbally

to enjoy some super weather. Our spirits soared accordingly and before long we were surfing the dinghy in to the beach. An exercise which required a pretty nifty leap out at the end. It was a most enjoyable experience to walk over the unmarked sand to the old fishing village by the harbour, which we found to be absolutely charming with hardly a soul in sight, except for a small group of women buying fish at the harbour wall. Catastrophe struck us on the way back when an extra large wave tipped the skipper into the water as we were launching the dinghy through the surf. The resulting merriment was rather marred by the damage done to his camera. Since this was his third camera loss in as many years, he has finally seen the light and bought himself a water proof replacement!

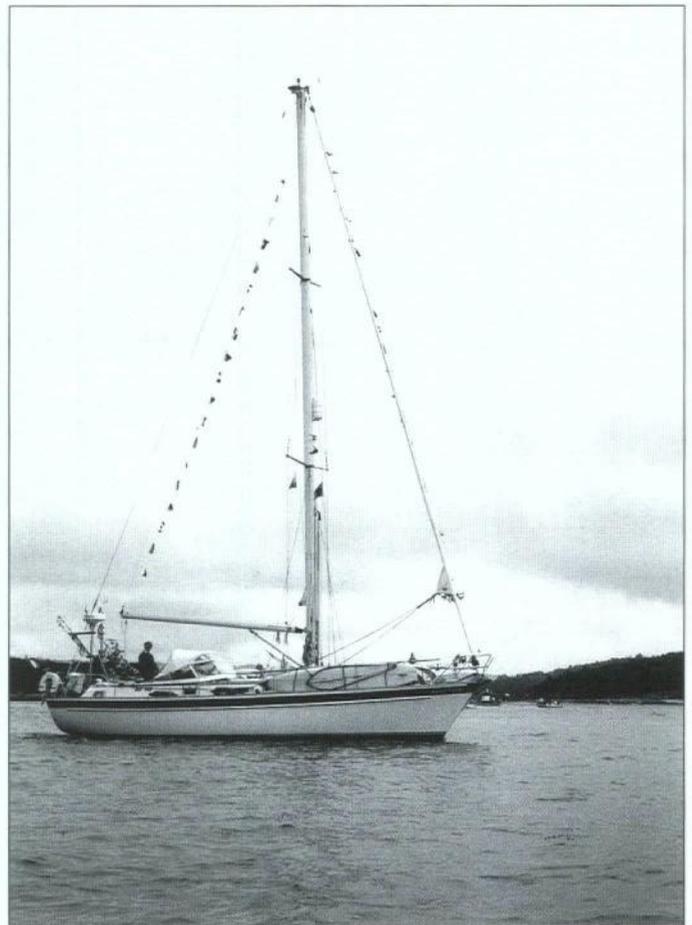
The sky was beginning to cloud over again as we weighed anchor at 13.30. Faced with a SW. t7 we found ourselves once again motor-sailing into a sizeable sea. The mainsail, despite being partially furled, began to unstitch at a seam. Fortunately, we were able to furl that bit away and continue with a smaller but more comfortable sail area. At this stage, our GPS was failing to pick up satellites and we were back on basic navigation methods to navigate our way inside the hazardous Las Quebrantas which lie about 1 1/2 M. offshore. We also had to avoid several sand banks as we entered the Ria de Camarinas. A bank of fog, for which this stretch of coast is notorious, put us really on our mettle. It was a great relief to finally sight the Camarinas Mole, which we crept around to find ourselves in the middle of several yachts at anchor. We continued on in towards the shore to discover a pontoon jetty with Club Nautico de Camarinas at the land end. Seeing only small boats moored to it, we hesitated. But the manager, Sr. Fernandez, came down and waved us in. He spoke English and kindly arranged for a car to bring us to the Hostal Plaza Restaurant, recommended by Paul Butler (ICC).

The shore facilities at the Club were basic but adequate. We noted that the visiting yachts at anchor were actively discouraged from bringing their dinghies to the pontoon and from using the Club facilities.

Saturday 15th. July

The morning began with what sounded like a 21 gun salute to open the week-end fiesta. From then on, we heard the periodic sound of firework rockets throughout the day. The weather was wet and dismal as Jim departed on the 06.30 bus to Santiago.

Wallace Beatty arrived and at the same time the weather improved dramatically. All the local fishing boats were dressing up with bunting and huge amounts of green foliage. *Rionnag* too was dressed up overall and we found a few



Rionnag – Dressed overall Camarinas Fiesta PHOTO: Enda Cullinan

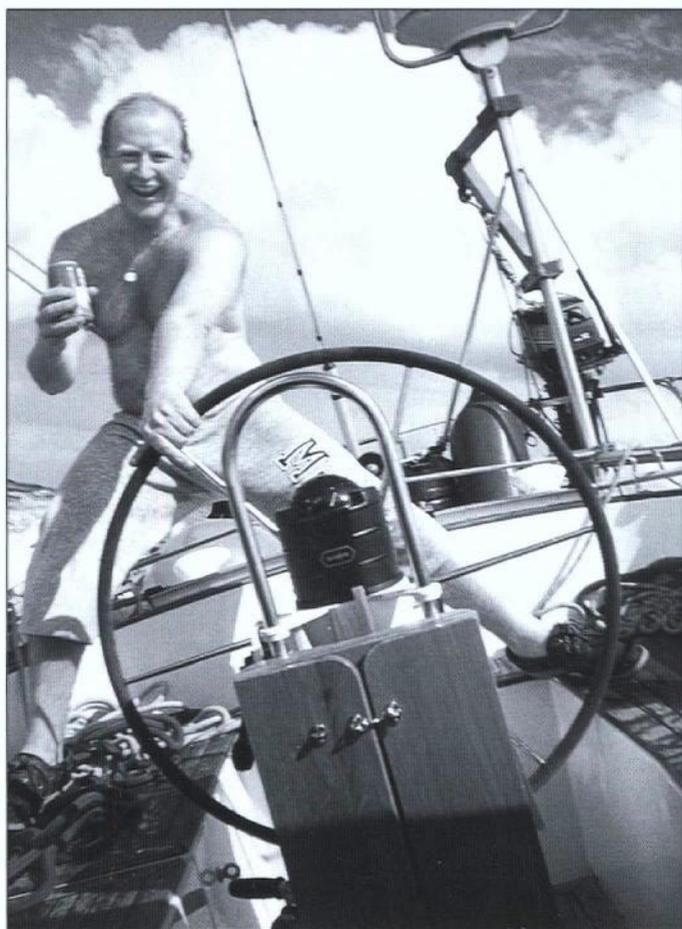
floating branches to add a touch of greenery. Ruth made a very neat job of repairing the main sail with stitches that are likely to outlast the sail itself. We wined and dined extremely well that evening in the Hostal La Marina Restaurant (£9.50 pp.). The waterfront streets were packed with merrymakers, many of them dancing to a lively band, as we strolled back to the boat. Ruth and the skipper joined in the fray for a while and then the oldies retired to *Rionnag* for a few night-caps.

Sunday 16th. July

It was a dull overcast day to start with but it cleared up into a fabulous sunny day as an open air Mass was being celebrated on the jetty. We cast off to join the local fishermen in milling about in the bay and were given an enthusiastic welcome with much waving, shouting and horn blowing. Ruth and Enda took to the dinghy with a spare ensign and charged about the fleet adding to the fun of the occasion. A very unruly procession of impressively decorated boats, all of them packed with people thoroughly enjoying themselves, circled the beautiful Ria de Camarinas, stopping for a while in Mugia and Merejo for those communities to join in the celebrations with barrages of fireworks. It was all tremendous fun and quite miraculous that there were no collisions between so many miscellaneous craft charging about in all directions. The final rocket barrage at Camarinas was tremendously spectacular as a rapid series of rockets were set off along about 200m. of the waterfront close to us. The effect was awesome and the noise deafening as the whole sky filled with sparkling coloured lights before being obscured by a cloud of smoke. We joined Claud Canguil and his crew Nicole and Allan on *La Canquille* for some French hospitality before our young crew headed off to explore the crack in town.

Monday 17th. July

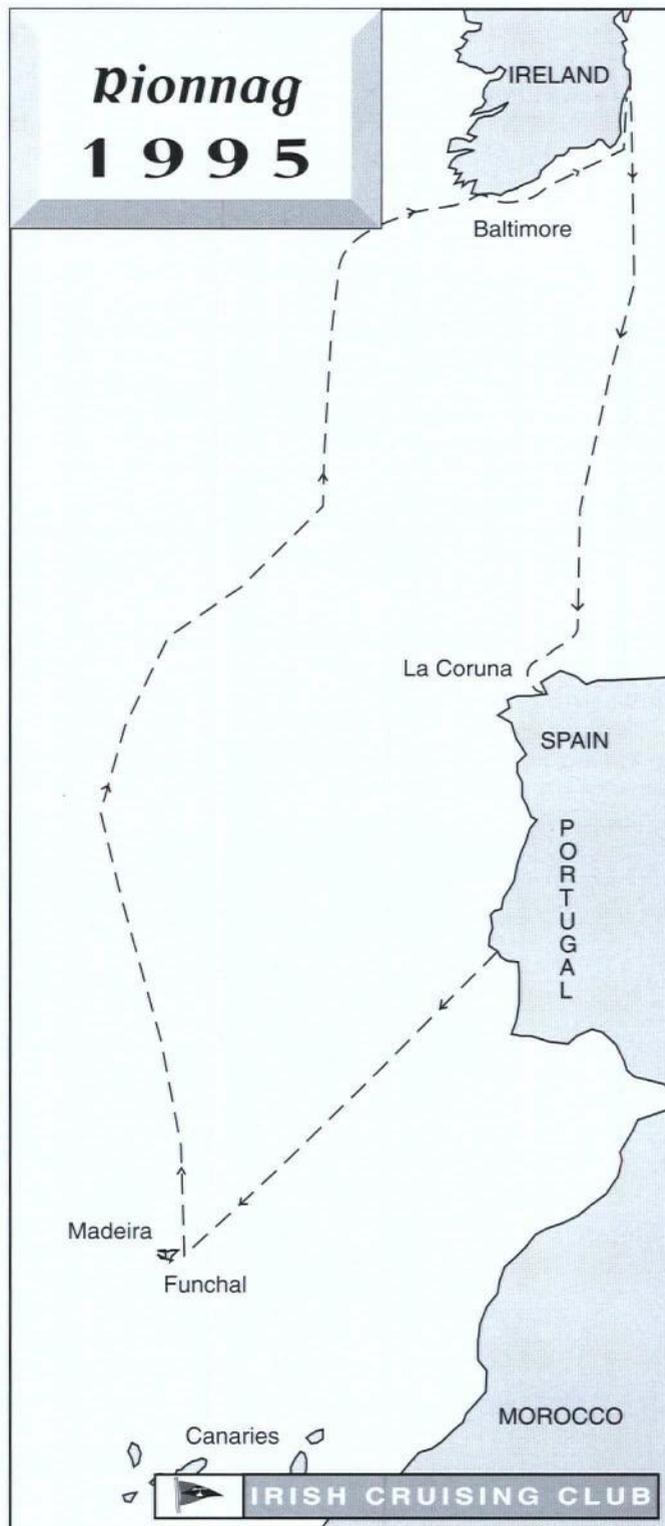
We motored away from Camarinas at 09.50. The sky was lightly overcast with no wind as we followed the coastline past



Enda Cullianan.

PHOTO: Ruth Corbally

Cabo Totinana and Cabo Finnesterre which, as the name indicates, was the end of the world in ancient times. The cliffs were impressive despite the tranquil conditions. In heavy weather, they must be a truly terrifying sight! In fact this whole area is said to be littered with wrecks and is known as "the Coast of Death". We left the Sabrea Reef to starboard and the La Caraca Shallows to port as we made for the Ria de Corcubion. A light NNW breeze sprung up and the sun came out as we turned the corner, which allowed us to sail up the Ria to the Playa de Quenje where we dropped the hook for a lunch. The beach looked very inviting, with a few dinghies moored off-shore and a sprinkling of houses in the background. An industrial plant at the west end of the beach



slightly marred the picture. The view back out the Ria made a beautiful panorama and the sun was scorching as we enjoyed our lunch in the cockpit.

It was with a certain amount of reluctance that we sailed out of this lovely little Ria with its many beaches in the afternoon and headed for Muros. Taking the inside passage round Pta. Insua and leaving Bajo de Los Meixidos and Los Bruyos to starboard, we arrived just before 19.00 and anchored NW of the Mole. There is a pontoon jetty inside the harbour but, with signs of a carnival pending, we decided to forego the convenience.

The town of Muros is a delightful place with plenty of historic tradition; monuments, cloistered arcades, period houses, an interesting Gothic Church, an old fortified square and a castle ruin. It has been declared a National Monument by the Spanish and was certainly a super place to visit. However, the carnival band was in full swing as we looked for a restaurant. So, we were pleased to find a quiet place up a side street called Nueva Escocia, which provided us with an excellent meal and plenty of delightful Vina Costeira Ribeiro (£5 pp.).

Wednesday 19th. July

Tuesday had been a lay-day and now Aidan departed on the 09.00 bus to Santiago and we weighed anchor shortly afterwards. Wispy white clouds were lightly scattered across a blue sky as we left, but the weather gradually deteriorated throughout the day. We stopped for lunch at the north end of Corrubedo Bay and Wallace swam ashore to explore the extensive sand-dunes. Visibility had closed right in on us before we weighed anchor which called for careful navigation as we motored out of the bay leaving, the Banco de Praqueiro to starboard before passing outside Isla Salvora.

Ria de Arosa is the largest of the Rias and reputedly the most beautiful. However, in dense fog, we were more conscious of the fact that it is full of islands, unmarked rocks, shallow patches and plenty of mussel rafts. The fog lifted as we began to feel our way along the deep water channel into the inner harbour Club de Mar Marina at Villagarcia, which is a pleasant large town with an attractive garden promenade overlooking the Ria.

The facilities at the marina were very good. The office staff were most helpful in locating a refrigeration technician to sort



Ruth Corbally in stone.

PHOTO: Enda Cullinan

out our non functioning fridge. A promise to bring a new compressor to Bayona and fit it on Tuesday became a series of mananas that never arrived! We eventually purchased a portable fridge in Vigo which served us well for the remainder of the cruise.

Alan Bell and his cousin, Brian Bell, from a neighbouring visiting yacht *Vilana*, joined us for a drink, while the latter competently diagnosed our fridge problem as a compressor fault. We then took a taxi to the Restaurant Chocolate (£27.50 pp.), recommended by several ICC members in their logs.

Thursday 20th. July

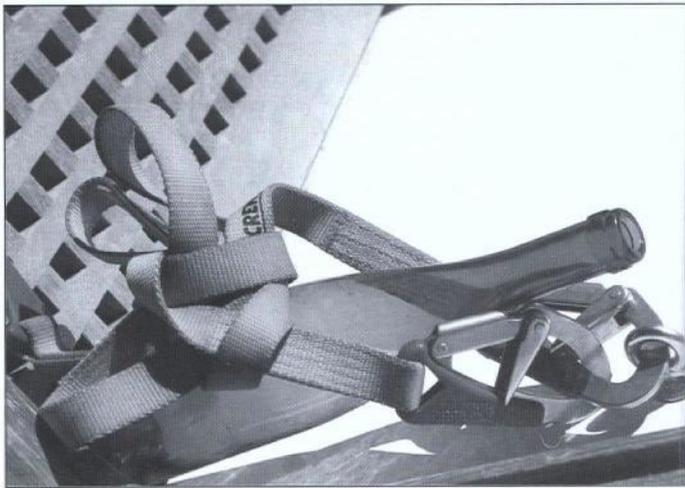
After wasting most of the day waiting for the Refrigeration Engineer, we finally got under way for Pueblo de Cardinal at 18.34. It was a fabulous 8M. sunshine sail across to the north side of the Ria. So, we arrived at the small harbour in great spirits. It was too shallow for us inside, but a pontoon jetty has recently been installed on the outside of the south pier of the harbour, where we tied up alongside *Queen of Hearts* owned by John Laghan.

After dinner on board, we explored this delightful little holiday town with its waterside promenade, narrow street and numerous outside cafes and bars, all packed with young people. There was a super friendly atmosphere about the place which made just being there a pleasure. We ordered a bottle of local wine and happily watched the world go by.



Aidan Maguire gets a stony response in La Coruña. Jim Gillespie is amused.

PHOTO: Bernard Corbally



Safety comes first on *Rionnag*.

PHOTO: Ann Woulfe Flanagan

Friday 21st. July

It was another overcast day with some misting. A NNE, f2 breeze enabled us to sail out of the Ria de Arosa and south through the Paso de Fagilda, inside Isla Ons and round to Porto Novo on the north side of the entrance to Ria de Pontevedra. We had no sooner picked up a mooring just beyond the pier when a launch came out to warn us that we were on a commercial pleasure boat mooring. They wished us "Bonne Appetite" when we told them that we were just stopping for lunch. After lunch, we continued to sail south, leaving the Islas Cies to starboard as we made our way up the Ria de Vigo. We found the entrance to the Real Club Nautico at the east end of the sizeable Vigo harbour complex. The yacht club building resembles the superstructure of a passenger liner and is easily sighted as a landmark. It was convenient to book dinner in the Ancoradoiro Restaurant (£17.75 pp.) behind the Club House, where we were easily found by Enda's friend, Catriona Kirkland.

Saturday 22nd. July

Sunshine streaming into the cabin woke us up to a scorching day with surprisingly clear visibility and virtually no wind. Having topped up with diesel, we left the marina at 12.20. Although there are lots of sandy beaches in the Ria de Vigo, they all seemed to be pretty crowded and the whole area was pretty heavily built up. We decided to head north again and visit a couple of places that we had reluctantly bye-passed on the way down. Our first destination was the Ria de Aldan, which is a lovely Ria with lots of small sandy beaches and only a sprinkling of houses. We anchored off the Menduina Beach for a delightful swim.

Combarro is a very picturesque fishing village. The old part consists of narrow paved streets with lovely views out over the bay between some of the houses. There is a Celtic Cross in the tiny village square and many of the houses carried colourful window boxes. Along the waterfront side of the houses is a line of "Horreos" (small stone houses on mushroom shaped stone pillar supports) which used to be used to dry and store grain. The local fishing boats pulled up on the beach were beautifully painted in bright colours. There were

several Tapa Bars hidden away down the narrow streets which only became evident as one passed the door and observed the packed interiors. It was a highly enjoyable experience to leisurely explore this place on a super sunny Sunday morning and to sip a few beers at a waterside bar.

Madcap, a Bristol Channel Cutter owned by Adrian Spence ICC was also anchored in the bay. Frank Sadlier ICC was on board to exchange a few words. A colourful calvacade of fishing boats, covered with flowers and bunting, came across to us from a village on the other side of the bay at about 16.00 and, after a brief period of hooting and waving and the odd firework, left for Islas Cies. We set forth shortly afterwards for another visit to the delightful Ria de Aldan.

After several attempts at anchoring in weed in Corbio Bay, we motored back through the Ria's extensive Shell-Fish Farm to Menduina Bay on the lee shore. We set two anchors just in case it blew up during the night.

Monday 24th. July

We enjoyed our sunshine cockpit breakfast, anchored off this deserted sandy beach. There were only a few small colourful fishing boats moored close to the shore, with their reflections glimmering in the mirror-like surface of the water. A lone fisherman was working with his nets by the rocky promothory. It was tempting to wish for time to stand still!

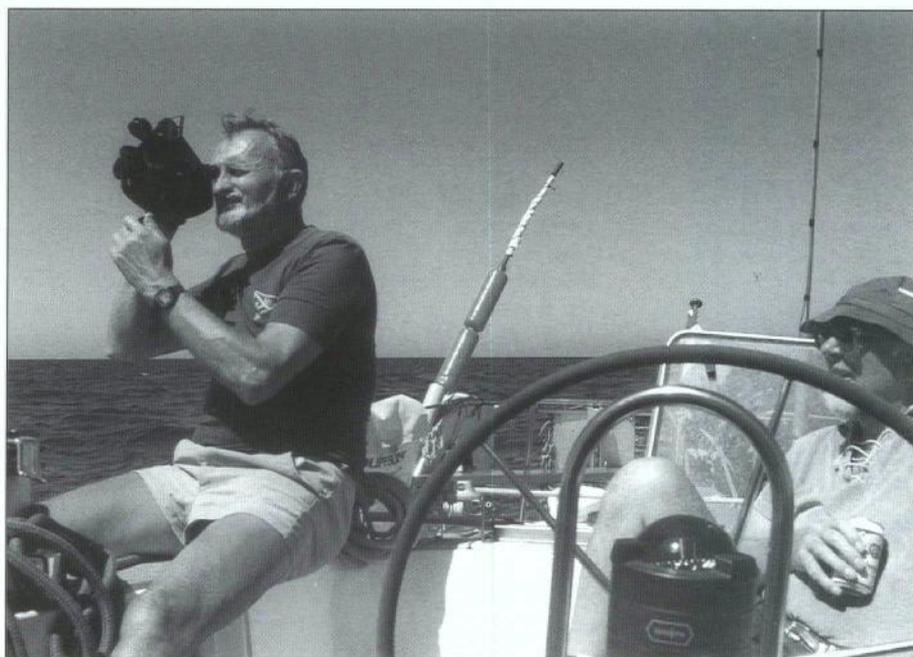
Very reluctantly, we departed from Menduina Bay and headed south. We passed close to Islas Cies to tantalise ourselves with those fabulous beaches before cutting through the Canal de la Porta to arrive in Bayona. We slotted into a berth on the inner pontoon at the Monte Real Club de Yates but were relocated to a visitors berth on the outside of the outer pontoon. Liam Kavanagh, *Voyageuse* RCYC, was a few berths away. He had been there for a while and was a most fruitful source of local information, particularly about restaurants.

While we were in Bayona, Peter Bernfeld, *Ocean Freedom*, gave us some useful guidance on the use of our SSB Radio which we had only just got installed in time for our departure from Dun Laoghaire. We also had problems with our Philips GPS and were fortunate to obtain the services of a competent electronics engineer, Fernando Jimenez (Vigo 228847), who installed our spare Trimble GPS and got everything working again for us. Enda and Catriona had left us on Friday 28th.



A local fishing boat participates in Camarinas Fiesta.

PHOTO: Enda Cullinan



Tom Condon takes a sunsight.

PHOTO: Ann Woulfe Flanagan

July and Colin Corbally joined us on the same day. So, we were entirely a family crew when we left Bayona on Wednesday 2nd. August. With only a light NW breeze, we were obliged to motor-sail almost all the way to Viana Do Costelo. Fortunately, the sun came out at 13.00 and from then on it was a very enjoyable passage. As we approached our destination, we were most favourably impressed by the huge deserted sandy beaches along this part of the coast.

Thursday 3rd. August

It was a very stormy night with mighty gusts of wind roaring down upon us like express trains. But, we felt very snug tucked away in our protected anchorage. Fortunately the storm blew itself out over-night and we had a super sunny day to enjoy sight-seeing the town. A funicular railway brought us up to the Santa Luzia Temple which is located in a prominent position high up above the town. With some intrepidation, we then climbed the steep narrow staircase leading to the top of the dome. The panoramic views over the town and the surrounding area from this advantageous position made the additional effort very well worth while. The old part of town around the Praca de Republica square was a fascinating place to stroll about. Many of the streets are narrow and cobbled and some of the buildings date back to the 16th. century. The most impressive building was the Misericordia, a 16th. Century Almhouse with the upper two stories supported by draped female figures. The Os Tres Potes Restaurant (also recommended by Fodor's) is in a side street just off the square. We booked a table for what proved to be a memorable feast that evening (£12.50 pp.).

Friday 4th. August

An overcast sky and the prospect of an uncomfortable 40M. passage, motor-sailing through a lumpy sea against a S. f4, easily convinced Erica and Linda to make the journey to Leixoes by train and bus. In fact, we really did have to bash our way down to get there in just under seven hours. At times, when the visibility was down to less than 1M., we did envy them their mode of transport! When we finally berthed in the inner harbour marina, a thoughtful offer of white port on *Ocean Freedom* was very much appreciated.

Dinner that evening in the Arquinho Castelo Restaurant was a wonderful experience.(£8.50 pp.). It is a tiny local restaurant close to the marina with only a few tables. The owner, who was also the chef, made us very welcome.

A shout from a neighbouring pontoon shattered the stillness of the night just after midnight. The skipper, who had just been climbing into his sack, surfaced again to welcome the arrival of Tom Condon and to ensure that he got some sustenance before hitting the hay.

Saturday 5th. August

The sky was overcast with brief periods of light rain as Erica, Colin and Linda departed by taxi for Oporto Airport.

After Mark, who had cycled out 2,500 miles from Ireland, had dismantled and stowed his bicycle in the engine compartment - a remarkable feat - we walked across the Douro bridge and up through the dilapidated old town quarter to the town hall. After a meal in a south-side water-front restaurant, we were glad to get back on board. This was definitely our least favourite port of call!

Sunday 6th. August

The skipper put Ruth into a taxi for the Airport. She mentioned later that she

was glad that I had made a point of taking the name of the driver and the licence number. We left immediately afterwards for Figuiro Da Foz. It was yet another dull overcast morning with negligible wind. So, we motored, keeping about 3M. off the land to allow us to monitor the coast, which mainly consisted of long sandy beaches. We encountered a lot of little fishing boats, which gave us a friendly wave as they moved out of our path.

Monday 7th. August

The market is very conveniently located in the long low pink building just across the road from the marina. It opens at 07.30, which enabled us to make an early start in stocking up with fruit, vegetables and bread. We set forth immediately when we got back to the boat and were delighted to find ourselves with a favourable NW.f4. With the sun shining all day, we very much enjoyed sailing all the way to Peniche Harbour, (54M.). We picked up a mooring well in on the east side of the harbour and were soon visited by an official who had all our paperwork cleared within a few minutes.

Tuesday 8th. August.

The weather was back to intermittent sunshine and a light breeze as we left Peniche. By 16.00, we were off Cabo Da Roca, the most westerly piece of mainland Europe. The wind finally picked up allowing us to finish off the passage with about an hour of exhilarating sailing before we had to start our motor for the approach to Cascais. There is no mole, harbour nor marina at Cascais and the recommended anchorage is a long way from the yacht club and from the town jetty. There were already a lot of yachts at anchor which left us even further away from the landing places. We were extremely glad that we had brought a powerful engine for our dinghy.

We booked in at the Maregrafo Restaurant beside the Yacht Club (£26 pp.) in the hope that Ann Woulfe Flanagan might find us there. We tarried a bit over a nice meal with pleasant wines, but there was no sign of Ann. So, we walked down the promenade to the large hotel opposite the town beach in the hope that she might use it as a base. Sure enough, there she was walking across the foyer.

Wednesday 9th. August

It was a super day and ideal for pottering around, exploring the town, taking on stores and attempting to obtain diesel. It should be possible to obtain diesel in cans from a man who operates by the town jetty. But, this man proved to be very

elusive and we never managed to track him down. The jetty was being intensively used by local fishing boats and pleasure craft. It was not conducive to going alongside and was also pretty shallow.

Thursday 10th. August

We weighed anchor in Cascais at 08.30 and motor-sailed on a course of 230°M towards Porto Santo (Approx. 500M.). Soon after midday, the wind picked up a bit and we were soon bowling along at 7k. in brilliant sunshine, enjoying ourselves tremendously.

It was a full moon night with only a light scattering of clouds, which began to thicken for a while early on Friday morning and rain looked imminent. Fortunately it cleared away and we enjoyed another super day for sailing. We kept north of our rhum line course to ensure that we kept clear of the Gorringe Bank, which looked as if it would cause a dangerous sea in strong winds. We rigged up Mark's tent as a canopy over the cockpit to protect us from the heat of the sun as a northerly wind speeded us on our way (Fri. 143M.).

Early on Saturday morning, the wind veered to NE, the sky clouded over and we had to motor to maintain a reasonable speed. We got both wind and sun back at midday. As we passed south of the Unicorn Bank, we experienced a very lumpy sea with large erratic waves for about three hours.

Sunday was overcast with only occasional glimpses of sun. Tom was the first to sight land. We arrived at Porto Santo Harbour at 17.00 and tied up alongside Antalya on a pontoon secured to the West Pier. Our average speed over the 3 1/3 days passage from Cascais was a satisfactory 6.2k. There were water and power connections on the pier but the water was available for only one hour per day. There is a small marina in the harbour but it was full with small boats and yachts. Although we had arrived on a dull overcast day, we were immediately aware of the tremendous charm of the island and could feel the super friendly atmosphere that pervaded the place. It was simply great to be there. Quite a few people from Madeira have holiday homes in Porto Santo and they were practically the only tourists around. The indigenous population of the island is only about 5000. We dined extremely well that evening in the Esplanada Da Praia Restaurant (£14 pp.).

Monday 14 August

We were so delighted by our first impressions of the island that we easily decided to stay until Wednesday. The island is of volcanic origin and only 11k. x 6k. A magnificent sandy beach stretches along the whole south coast of the island. The east end of the island is mountainous and there is a flat plain across the centre which carries the airport. The western end mainly consists of undulating hills. It is a mile to walk to the Vila de Porto Santo, which is a most relaxing type of place where everybody walks slowly and there are plenty of inviting benches under palm trees. It took a while to locate the supermarket in an inconspicuous cellar.

We hired a taxi to bring us on a very well worth while tour of the island. From the vantage point of Ponta de Calheta at the west end, we got superb views of the Baixo Islet Da Cal about a mile off the shore. The coast along the north side consists almost entirely of impressive highly indented rocky cliffs. The sad part about the tour was that we saw practically no live stock, and the land everywhere was brown from lack of



Tom Condon observes Mark Jordan at work. Funchal.

PHOTO: Ann Woulfe Flanagan

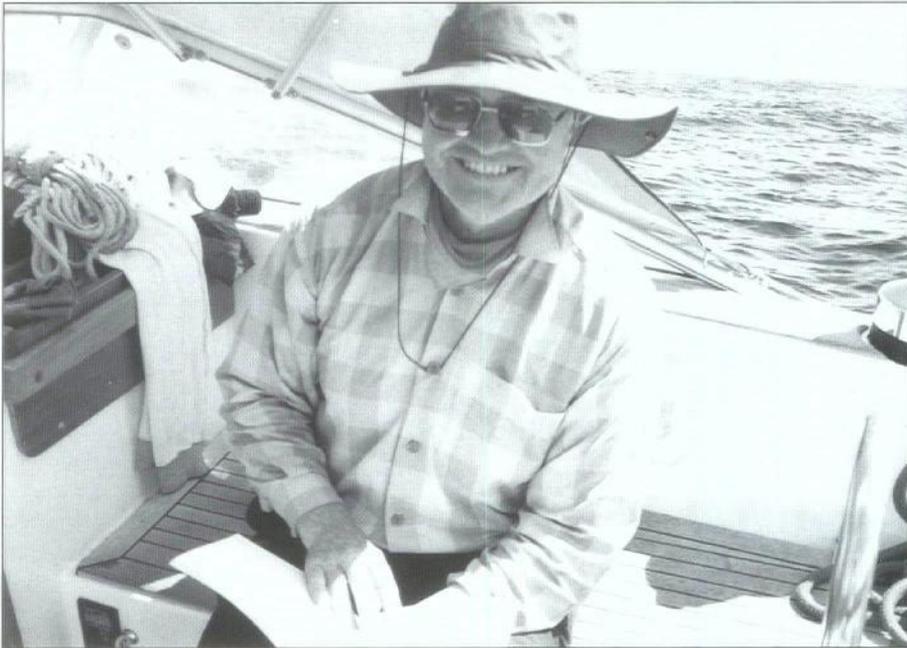
water for years. Many of the small farms appeared to be deserted with no sign of green in any of their fields. Strangely enough, there were a few trees to be seen, silhouetted against the sky line on the tops of mountains. The taxi driver recommended Restaurante O Forno (£7 pp.) for dinner. Their Espetada (hanging skewer full of chunks of meat), washed down with an excellent Crao Vasco Dao Red Wine, were particularly good.

Tuesday 15 August was designated to be our lazy day, although Mark did spend some time fixing a corroded switch on our electrical fresh water pump. We had booked the same taxi (£8.50 Return) to take us to the renowned Restaurant Tio Odorico (surprisingly cheap at about £4.25 pp.) They have no menu and only serve Espetadas, which keep arriving at the table until one cries "enough". They were fantastic and well merited the reputation of the establishment. We finished the evening with Julio in his popular Navigado Bar, where Mark composed a poem in Irish to mark the occasion, which he inscribed in their Visitors' Book.

Wednesday 16 August

After two splendid days in Porto Santo, it was a pleasant relief from the sun to have a lightly overcast day for our passage to Funchal, Madeira. (43M.). We were delighted to be able to sail for about half the journey. The latter part of the trip, after we had passed Ponta de Sao Lourenco, was particularly enjoyable: We were protected from the large lumpy waves which we had encountered between the islands, as we followed the coast line, keeping sufficiently close to be able to enjoy the scenery. The red roofed town of Canical, spread up the side of a hill, looked very attractive. Machico looked interesting as a potential anchorage. The airport runway extension, supported on pillars, was impressive. The terracing up the hill slopes at Santa Cruz was eye catching. In contrast to what we had been viewing, Funchal looked quite a metropolis, although it was liberally endowed with green areas. There are no lovely sandy beaches in Madeira.

We tied up outside two other yachts on the south wall of the marina. Later, other boats tied up outside *Rionnag* to make six deep off the pier. The following day the two boats inside us departed and we found ourselves next to the harbour wall. This was very convenient for us, but we did experience problems attempting to get the outer boats to take some of the considerable strain off our cleats by putting lines ashore.



Leo Conway quotes from the Bible.

PHOTO: *Leo Conway*

We made a preliminary visit to the Sao Francisco Wine Lodge, where a contact of Ann's ensured that we were well catered for in the tasting hall. Mark painted a picture on the marina wall to record our visit. On Friday, we hired a car in order to explore the island at a pace that suited us. The road north from Ribeira Brava provided some superb mountain scenery as we drove up to the spectacularly situated Ecumeada Restaurant, where we stopped for a delightful lunch. The top of the mountains road from there took us through the clouds into a wonderland, with aeroplane type views out over the clouds to the ocean beyond. We swam in the impressive lava rock pools at Porto do Moniz before driving back along the north road, which hugged the cliff face providing dramatic views of the rocky coast. At Faial, we took another mountain road to return to Funchal via Ribeira Fri. We made a short diversion up the Pico de Ariero road in the hope of catching the end of the sunset, which is reputed to be really fantastic when viewed from above the clouds. Unfortunately, we were too late! At the end of a super day, we dined well in the O Galo Caseira Restaurant (£12.50 pp.).

Saturday 19 August

The car had been hired for 24 hours, which left us sufficient time to visit a large supermarket to stock up for our return passage to Dun Laoghaire. We reckoned to provide for two weeks of good living followed by a week of iron rations. Fuel was obtained in cans from a kiosk at the end of the south marina wall.

Saturday afternoon was reserved for afternoon tea on the terrace at Reid's Hotel. The was not just a traditional tea with scones and cakes etc., it was a delightful and memorable experience to be a guest in this most prestigious establishment.

Sunday 20 August

It was a glorious Sunday morning as we eased ourselves out from the inner berth of six yachts at Funchal Marina to begin a relatively uneventful return passage to Dun Laoghaire. Our only real problem derived from the fact that the high pressure zone, which one might expect to remain fairly stationary over The Azores, stayed with us as we headed north. Consequently, we experienced NE winds on the nose throughout virtually the

entire passage. For the first four days, we enjoyed quite a lot of sailing as we made great progress towards Greenland. Then, a slight backing in the wind encouraged us to tack and put in quite a bit of motor-sailing, which enabled us to sail towards the English Channel. After four days on this tack, getting concerned about fuel, we stopped the engine and changed tack again to head towards Iceland. We hoped that this might bring us sufficiently close to SW Ireland to be able to make it into Baltimore with our remaining fuel. Our plan worked and we arrived in Baltimore in super sunny weather on 31st. August at 13.00 and tied up along side a trawler near the fuelling berth.

The whole passage had been most enjoyable, with lots of sunshine and plenty of star studded nights, except for two unpleasant periods, the first about two days out from Madeira, when we experienced a succession of really nasty rain squalls and the second five days later about 275M. NW of La Coruna, when we

motor-sailed through a very uncomfortable black night with high winds and a lumpy sea.

Our attempts at fishing during the passage, even when we slowed down with a shoal of Tuna Fish along-side, were pathetic. Our only trophy was an unfortunate Flying Fish that landed on our deck!

About 200M. SW of Ireland, we contacted Portishead Radio on our SSB Radio to put a call through to Erica with the message that we would be five days late in arriving at Dun Laoghaire.

Having filled up with fuel and water, we could not resist a pint of Murphy's at Bushe's Pub before getting under way again. We called in to have a nostalgic look at Lough Barloge, and then hurried on our way under engine. The Thursday night sky was particularly beautiful with millions of stars.

A light flashed across the bow as the skipper came on watch at 01.00. "What on earth was that?" "Just a passing fish" said Ann! It was incredible how we could see fish everywhere all around us, effervescing under the water. Occasionally, a whole shoal would approach us like a bolt of light and then suddenly disperse like an exploding firework. The wash from the boat curved out from us in a continuing series of glittering crescents. Nature was providing us with spectacular entertainment.

Saturday 2 September

Although the winds were unkind to us throughout almost our entire cruise and there were quite a few cloudy days, neither of these facts interfered with our enjoyment of the many super places that we visited. We have particularly happy memories of the fiesta at Camarinas, the fabulous sandy beaches of Islas Cies, the panoramic views at Viana de Costelo, the mountain scenery at Madeira and, above all, the magic of Porto Santo. There were fourteen of us participating in the cruise, with seven scheduled crew change points. Between us, we covered 3333M. calling in at over 25 places, almost all of which we would very much like to revisit. We certainly plan to be back!

Note: The restaurant prices given in brackets include half a bottle of reasonable wine per person.

Sceolaing to the Channel Islands and Northern France

Dermod J. Ryan

I had not decided where to cruise this year when I heard that the Royal Thames Yacht Club were holding a Rally in mid-June to the Channel Islands and Normandy. The Rally was for a five day period and so would fit nicely into my two weeks of available time so we decided to participate, never having cruised there before.

Having wintered near Kinsale it was a convenient place to start a southern passage and at 17.00 hours on Saturday, June 10th we cast off for our first "waypoint", the Seven Stones Lightship near the Scilly Isles, 135 miles on a course of 143°M. My crew once again consisted of my son Paul, Jimmy Foley and Cas Smullen. The wind was a light following one, NW3, and so we glided smoothly, goose-winged at 4 knots or less. The night became overcast and the wind gradually rose to f6 and the seas grew quickly. We weaved our way SE until about midnight when we decided to roll in half the Genoa and fit a slab in the main, then a second. Having reduced the sail area the motion became decidedly more civilised as we sped along at a steady seven knots. Having reefed, our one-man watch system was easy, using the autopilot when required, *Sceolaing* slipped along steadily. Previously it had been boisterous. Shortly after 01.00 hours we had our usual contretemp with a bloody trawler who consistently changed course to head us off even when we tried to go astern of him. We finally rounded his stern and shouted greetings which could not be printed in this honourable Annual.

The night became starry and clear and we enjoyed magnificent sailing. The forecast next morning was for the wind to veer NE 6/7. The seas were lumpy but running before them we were stable and smooth, happy not to be heading north. We crossed path with a large ketch sailing south under main and mizen, she looked very unbalanced without a headsail and was rolling miserably. At 14.30 hours we had the Seven Stones Lightship abeam. The wind gradually eased so that we shook out all reefs and rolls. The sun tried hard to come out as we sailed between the Long Ships and Wolf Rock on a course for the Channel LV 140°M, and 114 NM. The Runnelstone buoy passed in a blur as we broad reached with a favourable tide. The wind N5, while giving us superb sailing, was cold. During the night the wind veered as predicted and we had a miserable F7 on the nose. We bashed into the head seas under power until 10.30 hours when the Channel LV was abeam, the wind eased and we again unfurled, unreefed and

enjoyed a brightening day with smoother seas as we made for Cherbourg. The separation zone at the LV amused us as we were the sole occupant of the east-going lane. By 13.30 hours Alderney and the Casquet rocks could be seen to the SE in a slight haze. On seeing the Casquets, Cas immediately called them "Myquets".

Conditions were superb, hard on the wind NE4 under full sail and Jimmy in his element at the wheel. We were surprised at the strength of the tide in such open water, over 4 knots, and were being pushed down noticeably on to the Casquets. However, the tide turned and we were swept towards the Cap de la Hague Peninsula at great speed. Decca and GPS indicated we were covering the ground at 11 knots. The warnings of bad seas in this area are not overstated, we encountered a very confused sea as we approached Cherbourg in relatively light winds. I would hate to be here in a strong wind against tide condition. A superb afternoon's sailing, it was hard to believe that twelve hours earlier we were bashing into a horrid head wind and sea. At 19.05 hours we passed through the breakwater at Cherbourg (DJ's projected time was 19.06 hours, give him the money chaps). The journey of 320 miles took us 50 hours 5 mins., an average of 6.3 knots in spite of light winds when we left Kinsale and too much wind as we approached the Channel LV. We felt well satisfied with the trip. We were finally tied alongside the marina at 19.40 hours.

There was plenty of space available, the fingers were very short, something I hate. The northerly wind was cold. Next

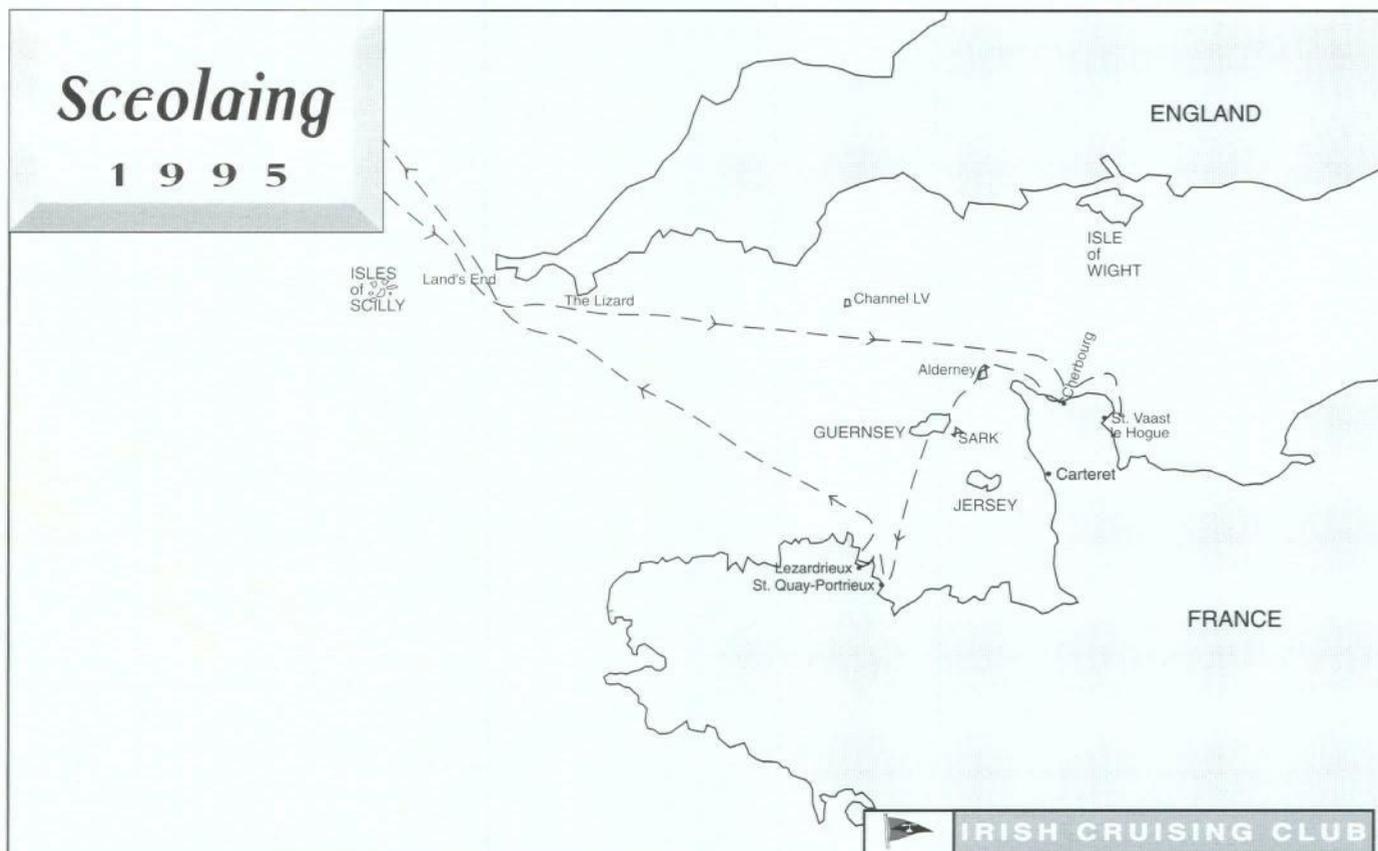


St Naast – the ebbing tide.

PHOTO: Dermod Ryan

Sceolaing

1995



day we had a lengthy list of things to do to ensure *Sceolaing* was fully ship-shape. Everyone got dug-in and it was amazing how much we achieved before Michael O'Flaherty joined us from Guernsey at 18.00 hours. A few drinks in the Yacht Club after which Michael hosted a delicious dinner in the Cafe de Paris, well known to RORC racers. Nightcaps on board and a check on the morrow's tides. We calculated an 08.00 hours departure. Michael was charged with the responsibility of the wake-up call and had us up and ready in good time, even if it was 08.40 hours before we left for St. Vaast La Hougue. There was little wind so we motored. As we passed the first buoy we realised the strength of the tide under us. The sun shone as we passed the attractive Normandy coast. At 12.05 hours we were tied up in the marina in St. Vaast where twenty RTYC yachts were assembled. The 30 mile trip took 3 1/3 hours, we were delighted to be here and joined in the revelry with gusto. The dinner that night in Le Fuschias was very enjoyable with sixty or so members present. After dinner we had drinks at a nearby cafe after which the elders retired, the youngsters??? St. Vaast is attractive and typically French with numerous waterfront bistros and bars. It is a fishing community and the influx of yachts since the harbour was dredged and locked in 1982 has not spoiled it. It is, however, extremely tidal, the marina being within lock gates. When the tide ebbed the sea seemed miles from the lock gates as acres of sandy "bottom" surrounded the town. The thought of running aground with the tide ebbing is terrifying.

The following day, June 15th, the destination was Cherbourg. We cast off at 12.30 hours and motored the 30 miles in a light cold head wind, tied up at 16.30 hours, an uneventful afternoon then an excellent dinner in Carteret in Restaurant "La Marine", an hour or so drive from Cherbourg. We made the journey by chartered buses and as champagne and smoked salmon was served during the drive the time slipped by too quickly. The morning of Friday, June 16th, was overcast and cold. To-day's sail was to Braye Harbour in Alderney. Having left Cherbourg at 13.45 hours we sailed and motor-sailed making a major detour north to avoid the tide rip

off the Cap de la Hague and being swept into the infamous Alderney Race. We completed the 23 mile leg at 17.05 hours and took up one of the many vacant visitors moorings. The island is less than 6 miles square and has a winter population of 2,000, who all seem friendly and helpful to the visitor. The town is tiny. Locals run a water taxi service from moorings to the harbour to avoid visiting yachts using their dinghies and congesting the small landing area.

It costs a few pounds but it is a great service. Dinner this evening was in a lovely little restaurant "The First and Last", an excellent meal. Next day we were scheduled to sail to St. Peter Port, Guernsey, but with an SW 6-7 in full voice with heavy mist and rain, I and most others decided such a journey was out of the question. With the huge tides of the Channel Islands against such a headwind the seas would be horrendous. From a headland overlooking "The Swinge" (the narrow, rocky and highly tidal passage between Alderney and the off-lying rocky islands) we could see that the sea was a white, seething, heaving mass of highly dangerous water. The tide here runs at over 8 knots and inevitably sets towards either side of the passage depending on whether it is ebbing or flowing. An obvious difficulty is that once one is underway there is no way back against such a tide if you decided to return. Nonetheless, the yachts of two members did set out for Guernsey and made it but they were battered and bruised for their audacity and swore they would never do it again. Next afternoon conditions had improved dramatically, it was calm and bright. Before leaving we watched several yachts coming from Guernsey and on entering the Swinge were immediately set towards the rocky shore of Alderney, necessitating a 90° alteration in course to keep off the rocks. To quote the Sailing Directions, "if you are using Decca or GPS and are disinclined to believe the excesses of your cross-track error, think again". Incidentally, the new Shell Channel Pilot by Tom Cunliffe, is a superb publication and should be on board any yacht sailing in these waters. We left at slack high water, 14.00 hours and passed over the dangerous reef that extends a long way north-east from the breakwater. Two days later a local cruise ship

ran aground on this reef, fortunately no-one was injured but the ship suffered structural damage. In any event, we navigated our way through the Swinge without problems and as the day was sunny with little wind, motored through the Little Russel into St. Peter Port. The tide off St. Peter Port was strong but less than we had expected. This area is rocky, very rocky, but well marked so we had no difficulty in confirming the various lighthouses and rocks in the clear visibility. We arrived in St. Peter Port at 17.35 hours and tied to a pontoon outside the marina to await high water. The marina was very full and we were advised that there were only four berths which could accommodate yachts of seven feet draft and these might or might not be occupied. The helpful harbour authorities offered us a berth alongside the harbour wall at Queen Elizabeth II Marina. This was a perfect berth if a little further from the town. Dinner on board and to bed early. Guernsey is the seat of Government of the Bailiwick of Guernsey which includes Alderney, Jethou, Herm and Sark. It has a permanent population of 55,000 but half-a-million visitors each year. Michael lives on Guernsey and so next morning took his gear home and offered us the use of his house and cars for showers, clothes washing, shopping and touring. It was a superbly hot sunny morning and having ablated we toured St. Peter Port. It is a pretty town packed with holiday makers. We enjoyed a light lunch in the Royal Channel Island Yacht Club, who were very welcoming and hospitable, after which Paul and Jimmy left to tour the Island by car and Cas and I took the Ferry to the Island of Herm, a quiet and pretty island a mile or so from Guernsey. I had considered using *Sceolaing* for the trip but an examination of the charts made the ferry seem the better choice; there seemed to be nowhere to anchor. On arriving at Herm we saw many notices advising that visiting yachts wishing to anchor overnight required permission from the Harbour Master. Although there were many day-trippers, like ourselves, the Island was still quiet. There are two hotels, both attractive and with character, and we agreed it would be an ideal place to get away from it all for a few days. We visited a few hostelrys, walked at cruiser plod, took photographs and then returned to St. Peter Port in time for an excellent dinner in La Nautica which Michael kindly hosted. As Cas and I enthused about our visit to Herm during dinner, Paul and Jimmy said that they too

thoroughly enjoyed their tour of the Island. Our visit to Guernsey was a great success.

Next day, Tuesday, June 20th, we left St. Peter Port just before noon when there was sufficient water over the sill which creates the marina. The sill dries 4 + meters, giving about a meter over it at half-tide. The sill shows a tide gauge so one knows when there is sufficient water over it to cross. It was a beautiful sunny day with not a breath of wind. Our destination was Le Quay Portrieux in northern Brittany, a distance of 50 miles on a course of 200°M. Le Quay Portrieux has the advantage of being one of the few all weather, anytime harbour along the north Brittany stretch of coast. The passage was uneventful as we motored over flat calm seas. The Roche Douvre showed where they should be and we closed the French coast which being flat, looked all the same making identification of Le Quay Portrieux difficult. However, the GPS had no such problem and guided us in through the rocky approach to the harbour. To our surprise the large marina was almost empty and many of the shops in the marina complex were unoccupied. We presumed the development was newly completed but, in fact, it was five years old. The shower/toilet facilities were excellent and they had a handy fuel dock. We tied up at 20.20 hours.

Next morning dawned a heavy misty grey, a complete contrast to yesterday. We walked through the town planning to enjoy breakfast at a typical Breton restaurant but there was none, except at the marina where the cafe was anything but typical so we returned to breakfast on board. We were disappointed with the town, it seemed totally lacking in character, not to mention people. It was dead. Perhaps we were too early in the season.

We left for Lezardrieux before noon, a 25 mile passage using the longer route outside the Ile de Brehat. It remained overcast and very grey as we left. We entered a waypoint in the GPS for the Basse St. Brieux buoy some six miles north. As we approached the buoy we became enveloped in thick fog but with Radar and GPS the buoy appeared on the nose 50 yards off the bow. The passage ahead was decidedly complicated and extremely rocky which necessitated numerous course alterations. There was, therefore, a temptation to return to St. Quay but we decided to continue.

We entered each buoy as a waypoint into the GPS in turn and it proved to be incredibly accurate in almost nil visibility. We motored all the way twisting and turning when our waypoint showed up until we were in the river entrance, 4 miles from Lezardrieux. Visibility and the temperature improved as we made out way upriver. At 15.20 hours we were tied alongside the marina. Lezardrieux is also accessible at all states of the tide.

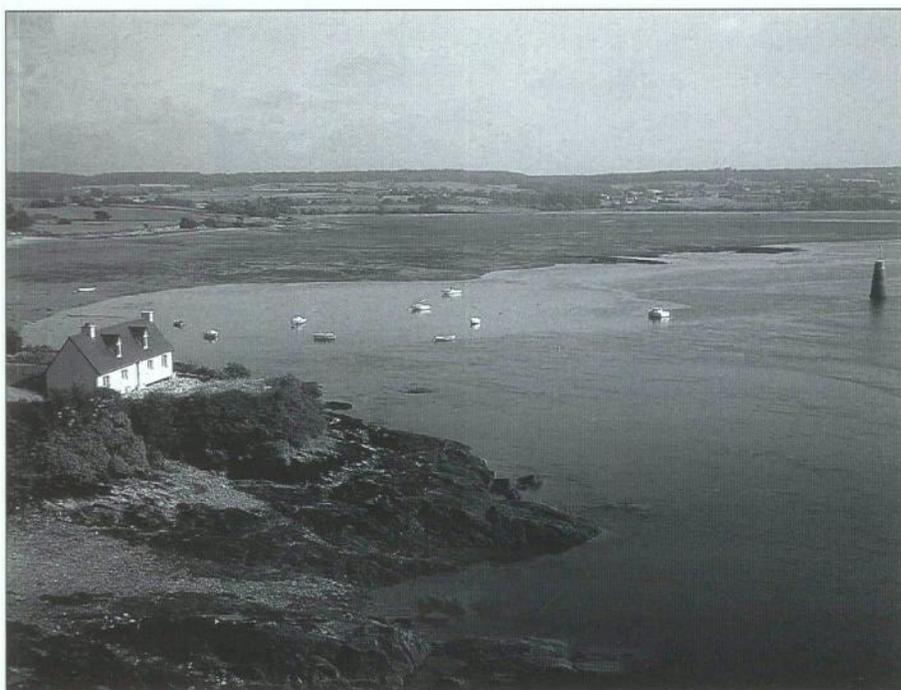
Before leaving St. Quay we had considered going to Perros Gueric but on reading the Sailing Directions learned that, had we succeeded in getting in at high water, we would have been beneaped for a least two days!!! It too dries and uses lock gates, but even at high water the neap tides would not provide enough depth to cope with our draft. Lezardrieux is a beautiful old town, well worth a visit and it sports a superb restaurant, Relais Brenner, a mile or so outside the town where we enjoyed an excellent dinner as Cas' guests. The owner acted as chauffeur driving us to and from dinner. It was a late, talkative



Enjoying a pint at Lezardrieux.

night on board, frequently interrupted by the chink of bottles, but why not, we would be leaving for home on the morrow.

It was late morning when we rose to sunshine and wind. The wind was forecast ENE 4-6, excellent for the passage home. We left Lezardrieux at 12.30 hours and motored the 9 miles to clear the river and off-lying dangers into an NE5 which with the rocky shoaling bottom produced a horrid bumpy sea. At 14.00 hours we had cleared the dangers and set course for Wolf Rock 305 M, 130 miles. We put one slab in the main and rolled in 1/4 of the genoa and reached quickly towards our turning point. The rough seas gradually became more regular as we got further offshore. It was a beautiful afternoon and evening with mountains of shipping coming from/going to Ushant, unlike our outgoing passage when there was hardly a ship to be seen. Steaks for dinner, bought in Guernsey, were hard as the hob. The night was clear, quiet and very short. At 07.30 hours Wolf Rock was sighted some 8 miles away, course was altered to 320 M for the Bulman Buoy off the entrance to Kinsale, 152 miles away. There was considerable fishing boat activity around Land's End, smallish boats, presumably from Penzance. We had judged the tides perfectly and were sluiced from the Lizard, around Land's End and northward on a strong favourable tide. The morning was sunny but the NE4 wind was chilly. We put a slab in the main again and sailed close-hauled. The wind increased to NE5 and



River Trieux beyond Lezardrieux.

PHOTO: Dermot Ryan

we reefed the second slab. At midnight the wind veered enabling us to free sheets. The Marathon gas rigs were clearly to be seen and within an hour or so the light on the Old Head winked at us. At 05.00 hours the Bulman Buoy was abeam, half an hour later we were tied alongside. It was a beautiful, peaceful morning, a splendid day to finish a cruise. The cruise was a great success and as always I must thank the crew for making it so.

Summary

Ports and Anchorages	N. Miles	Hours	Sailing	Motor-Sailing
June				
10/11/12 Kinsale - Cherbourg	324	50.1	41.1	9.0
13 In Cherbourg				
14 Cherbourg - St. Vaast	32	3.3	-	3.3
15 St. Vaast - Cherbourg	32	4.0	-	4.0
16 Cherbourg - Alderney	23	3.7	2.0	1.7
17 In Alderney				
18 Alderney - St. Peter Port	21	3.4	-	3.4
19 In St. Peter Port				
20 St. Peter Port - St. Quay Portrieux	52	8.6	-	8.6
21 St. Quay - Lezardrieux	25	3.6	-	3.6
22/23/24 Lezardrieux - Kinsale	268	39.5	31.4	8.1
TOTALS	777	116.2	74.5	41.7

A Sentimental Journey in Denmark

Paul Østerberg

The yacht had sailed from Portsmouth to Danish waters via Dunkerque, Zeebrugge, Scheveningen, Den Heider, Vlieland, Heligoland and through the Keil Canal to Middlefart under her joint owners David Bristow, an Architect from Nairobi, and Keith Johnson, with David Gordon Smith completing the crew. She had then been left in the Middlefart Lystbadhaven. Three weeks' later Keith re-joined via Billund Airport in Jutland on Wednesday the 12th July. Later that evening the two Østerberg cousins joined the ship. We had last sailed together in 1948 and after an excellent re-union dinner at the ancient Holms Inn (1584) settled in most comfortably.

Day 1

Left yacht harbour in thunderstorm and calm inland waters of the Littlebelt, sailing to the older harbour where local charts were purchased. The basic plan being to sail Northwards towards the northern Kattegat island of Laesø within a time schedule of one week. The thunderstorm cleared and we set off under the two bridges that connect Fyn with mainland Jutland in association with many other and varied craft, winds light with much motoring until evening, bypassing the large holiday Island of Samsø and the smaller island of Endelave to starboard. Of special interest was the large Lighthouse at the eastern end of Aarhus Bay - Sletterhage, where the fathers of the two Østerberg crew had spent their childhood under the watchful eye of their father, the Lighthouse keeper. One of these being Harald Østerberg, one time Vice Commodore of the Irish Cruising Club and owner of *Marama*. That evening we put into Ebeltoft Harbour, an old picturesque Jutland town.

Day 2

Left in the morning in a poorly buoyed channel, again very light weather, motoring a great deal, proceeding Northwards past the Ferry harbour port of Grenaa. As the breeze freshened towards evening we decided to overnight at the entrance to Randers Fjord. This time the shallow entrance to the estuary was well buoyed and we found a most pleasant small harbour at Udbyhøj. This was a simple fishing harbour of considerable charm. The Inn food was fairly basic but both water and fuel were available at the jetty.

Day 3

A very foggy morning which persisted in light winds. Having cleared the outer channel buoy we set course for the western approach to Laesø some 45 Nautical miles to the north east. The fog intensified, reducing visibility to at times no more than 50 yards. As we approached the island we had recourse to our fog horn, having seen only one vessel and no navigational aids the whole day. To our Skipper's and crews satisfaction and relief the buoy marking the western extension of the reef appeared "dead on the nose" less than 100 yard distant. Thanks to Decca which proved extremely accurate in these waters, monitored by periodic GPS fixes. Suddenly the fog cleared and the harbour at Verterø was located without further

difficulty, entering towards nightfall in time for a beer ashore and a night punctuated by the boisterous crew of a large motor yacht!

Day 4

No sailing. Explored the island of Laesø; hired bicycles readily available. A charming, flat island ideally suited for this vehicle. The harbour was logjammed with yachts of many nationalities except British, Germans predominating. That Sunday we dined ashore just above the harbour, a most civilised affair.

Day 5

Departed at 10.00a.m., again very moderate conditions; sailed and motored North About the island outside the large reef of Nordre Rønner, on which was situated a prominent Lighthouse, no longer manned. Again there was much sentiment by the Østerberg crew whose grandfather and family had lived here before being promoted to Master Lighthouse keeper at Sletterhage.

The reef is now well known to students of seabird migration patterns and is also home to a colony of seals. Landing in our craft would have been hazardous without a larger scale chart, but in good visibility it was not hard to picture what an isolated way of life the Lighthouse family would have had. Circumnavigation of Laesø completed, we altered course Southwards to Anholt, some 45 miles distant. An excellent sail in a moderate to fresh Westerly arriving at the only harbour at 10.00p.m.

What a sight - a sea of masts - perhaps the most crowded anchorage and the most expensive.

Day 6

Anholt - an experience not to be missed if yachting in this part of the world. Some 150 inhabitants in 30 sq.kilometres. The island is mainly desertlike dunes surrounded by excellent beaches. At the eastern end (Totten) the area is conserved as a breeding area for both grey and speckled seals. At the western side some 1,000 yachtsmen, many complete with children and dogs, enjoyed the excellent, though grossly overcrowded harbour with a very fine beach just beside the Southernmost pier. As this was the main holiday season there was a real carnival atmosphere in wonderful summer weather. A small part of the island was hilly and wooded and was quite delightful for both walking and cycling.

Day 7

The wind freshened overnight and we awoke to the music of many masts reverberating to a fresh to strong Westerly.

Our berth had become uncomfortable, pressing our bows forward towards the pontoon, necessitating bow protection fenders. Furthermore, overcrowding with a second layer of yachts, again lying to stern anchors made manoeuvring from our position hazardous. Expecting problems in reversing out and our anchor fouling we sat tight awaiting more favourable conditions. The afternoon passed with the aid of a shared



The Østerberg Cousins in Denmark



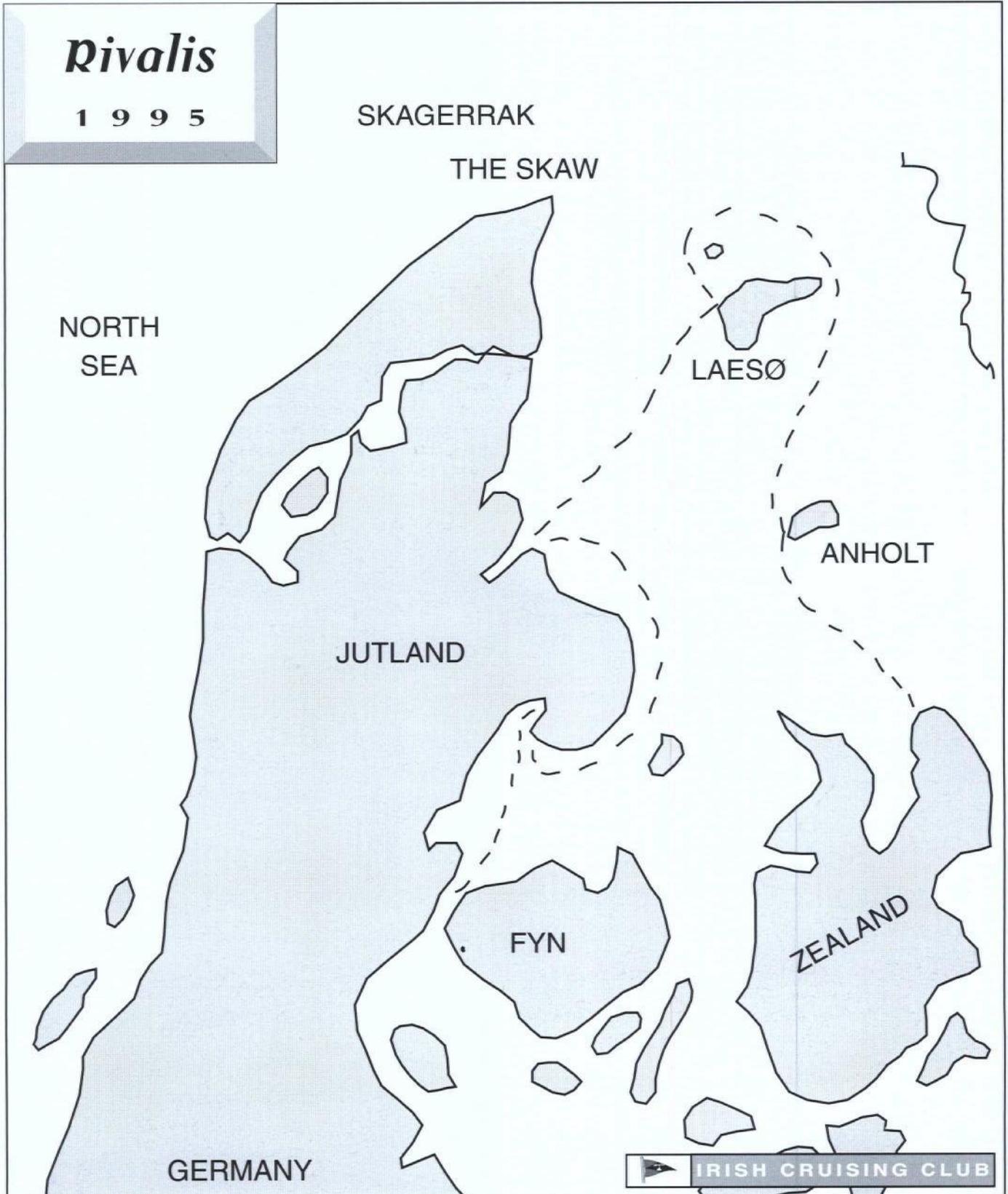
Skipper Keith Johnson and crew Paul Østerberg bicycle bound on Laseø

bicycle and further forays into the interior, during which a small but excellent restaurant was located in the tiny "Capital", providing evening dinner before our night departure at 10.00p.m.

Day 8

All night at sea totalling 48 miles, course just East of South with full sail surfing up to 8 knots at times with the Autohelm coping very well. We passed West of the small nature reserve island of Hesselø where the light was not operating, picking up

the lightbuoy marking the Western reef. As dawn light increased the Lighthouse at Hundested, on the North coast of Zealand, became visible, determining our approach to the entrance of Isefjord and Hundested harbour. We had decided to end our voyage here convenient to the Capital and the holiday home of Erik and Lis Østerberg at Tisvilde where we relaxed prior to return, leaving *Rivalis* in a snug and safe part of the Yacht Harbour under the helpful guidance of a very cooperative Harbour Master.



Juno to Galicia

Len Curtin

After our abortive attempt to reach North west Spain in 1994, (rising wind, building sea, mainsail torn above the top reef – run off before the wind back to Ireland under headsail), Spring 1995 found the crew of *Karena* planning a return match to sample again the delights of the Rias and more particularly, the offshore islands of this fascinating coast. The usual suspects were rounded up, charts and pilot books spread out to fire up enthusiasm, and possible departure dates proposed. *Karena* had made the voyage before, no doubts there, 'it's not the ships, it's the men that sail in them'. Soon it became clear that the problem would be the men. The crew list started to fall apart. The family aspect of the cruise went for a burton with the transfer of one son by his firm to Dublin, and the necessity for my other son to be in Ireland awaiting exam results and available for interview. David Prendergast, my other crewman, lumped all his annual leave together, and decided to remain for the entire trip, the triumph of hope over experience.

Cyril Kilgrew, I.C.C. decided to make N.W. Spain his annual cruise also in *Juno*, a Westerly Fulmar, and proposed that we might cruise in company. Before very long, however, his potential crew became unavailable for various reasons, so as June approached, we decided to pool our resources and take just one boat. *Juno* was chosen, for in addition to having Radar, so necessary for safety in the sometimes foggy conditions found on the coast of Galicia, mainsail roller-reefing had been installed over the winter, so all sail-handling could be carried out from the safety of the cockpit.

So, it was a slim crew, in numbers if not in girth, which embarked at Glandore at 1900 on Wednesday, 21 June after a meal ashore in Rachel's Bistro. Cyril had stocked and provisioned *Juno* in the previous days and everything was in order. Sunny and warm, wind SW'ly force 1, we began our cruise in a relaxed manner, under motor, on Autohelm. Our course was 190 degrees M. At 20.00 we set watches, David 22.00 – 00.00, Cyril 00.00 – 02.00, and Len 02.00 – 04.00; the graveyard watch again!! We maintained these watch times for the voyage

06.00 next morning the light breeze shifted to the S.E. and increased to F.4. We were making 6kn. on a flat sea – great sailing! At 11.30 I appeared on deck with the sextant, determined to put it up to the G.P.S. Cries of "what have you got in the lunch-box" by the motley crew were treated with disdain. After much squinting and eyeshade adjustment, I retired below to remedial form-filling, the G.P.S. winking cautiously at me. We agreed to differ slightly. Some trawlers were sighted later to the West and at 21.00 we ran the engine to top up the batteries.

Friday, 23 June, E'ly F4, Sunny with 1m high sea. On course. Full sail. Great! Would that all sailing was like this! 19.30. Engine failed to start. Switch to spare battery. Success! Motor-sailed until dawn to recharge batteries. Skipper shuts

down power to the fridge, it now becomes a cold-box! E'ly F5, sea rising to 2m high, not much call on the galley!

The wind increased all through Saturday and as the seas built we gradually reduced sail. Now the roller gear on both sails came into its own from a safety point of view. We were reaching at 6/7 knots occasionally taking spray on board when hit by a beam sea. At midnight the G.P.S. went down but the signal returned at 02.00. By then we were well-reefed with an E'ly F6 on the beam, Autohelm steering, watch huddled in the lee of the sprayhood.

At 03.30 there was a loud bang and the boat shook on top of a wave. My immediate thought was that we had hit something and I called the off-watch to check for leaks forward. No water below! I looked aloft. Everything seemed OK. We were still on course, the boat giving an occasional shudder. Flashing a torch around the deck revealed nothing. I relieved the Autohelm and was just about to heave-to when I spotted what



Home Sweet Home.

PHOTO: Len Curtin

appeared to be a long glowing snake following us! Then it dawned on me. The starboard lower shroud had sheared and the mast was flexing in an alarming manner. The "snake" was the stay streaming out aft in phosphorescent splendour. Lucky we didn't heave-to, we would have lost the mast! We headed her partially into the wind to ease the pressure on the rig while securing the spin-pole uphaul to the starboard mooring cleat as a jury shroud. The mast was still flexing as we rolled the sails, checked for lines over the side, hauled in the broken stay and started the engine. At 04.30, position 44-12N, 09-16W, we altered course for Camarinas, at 60nm, the nearest port on the coast. At daylight, we rigged the spinnaker halyard to assist in curbing the flexing of the mast. It was not so successful as we could not tighten it enough but it helped somewhat. Finisterre Radio was giving gale warnings F8, E'y soon as we carefully nursed *Juno* south all day. Increased shipping from the lanes at the Cape made the watch-keeping eventful. The Radar proved indispensable! Brunch was a subdued affair, relieved only by David's gallows humour, "the condemned men ate a hearty brunch".

15.00. Cabo Villano appeared in the haze ahead – relief is not the word for what we felt. The mast was still in one piece and at last we were getting a lee from Villano to windward. Cyril called the marina in Camarinas and received a reply from Captain Tony Kingston of *M.V. Kylemore*, out in the shipping lanes off Finisterre wishing us a happy cruise! Cyril must have friends everywhere!!!

Arrived Camarinas 18.30 – 95 hours out from Glandore, 493nm on log, 505nm on G.P.S. Berthed at Club Nautico de Camarinas' marina Nice clubhouse, friendly staff but you must undress in the carpark before entering the single shower! Not for the demure or the faint-hearted. We had a celebratory meal in a small restaurant called 'Meu Lar' up the hill from the fishing harbour and somehow ended up in the middle of the celebrations of Camarinas F.C. celebrating the winning of the 'Copa del Costa', the local football tournament! Needless to say "the cup raneth over".

Monday, 26 June. Up early to catch the 6.30 bus to La Coruna. It had left when we got to the stop, so we had to hire a taxi. This proved a good move as it turned out to be cheaper than the combined bus fares and, more importantly, the driver was an ex seaman with excellent English who knew exactly where the rigging firm was located in La Coruna. Daniel Pombo, Prima de Rivera, 8-11, had a large selection of s.s. fittings and the all-important T-bar size we required and the hydraulic clamping machine to swage it to the wire, so at 13.00 we were on our way back to Camarinas to refit the stay. The rest of the day was R and R in this unspoilt town in the company of the crew of *Cara*, a Tradewind 35' R.C.Y.C.

Tuesday dawned warm and sunny with a S'yly f2, so we cast off at 10.15 bound for Muros. We listened to the English language forecast from Finisterre at 12.30 on Ch. 11. (12.30 and 18.30 also). Fog was encountered off Cabo Toranino so back to the Radar. Cabo Finisterre was to port at 14.15 and we entered Muros inner harbour at 18.45. This was a new installation since our last visit, two floating pontoons, no water or electricity available yet, 10-12 berths, very modest charges. Fuel and water are still available at the fish quay. Dined in 'A Vienta' on the waterfront to noisy celebrations. It transpired that La Coruna F.C. had won the Spanish 'Copa del Rey' for the first time so the fireworks went on 'till all hours.

Harbour fever struck next day so apart from some engine maintenance and the cooking of a huge 'Omelette *Juno*' the day passed in a pleasant haze. Awoke next morning to loud explosions from the quay wall. We were asked to move ship to another part of the marina to avoid the fall-out from the fireworks due to be used that night. Fiesta time !!! I caught the bus to Santiago de Compostela to meet Mary who was



arriving from Cork by circuitous routes, via London and Madrid, to join us for two weeks. We returned to find the fiesta in full swing. Mary was unimpressed when I told her that I had arranged it all in honour of her arrival. We dined in a Tapas bar in the Square, meeting David and Jill Phillips from *Sooty*, a Westerly Falcon, who were on route to join the R.A.F.Y.C. Round the World Rally starting in Gibraltar in October.

Hazy sunshine saw us motoring outside the 'Basones bank at 12.15 next day Off Corrubedo, the sun broke through and, passing south of Islas Salvor, we anchored in 3 fathoms in Porto Novo having sailed 33nm. Telephoned home to be told that the weather was much nicer in Cork!

When leaving harbour next day, it was noticed that the engine was not pumping water. We switched off immediately and on opening the pump found that the impeller was damaged. Cyril replaced it with a spare from ships stores and we were soon on our way, motoring into a SW'yly 2. It was dull and overcast. 13nm later we anchored in the North bay of the Islas de Cies, near a German yacht, *Odin*. We dined aboard as the rain came down. Except for the G.P.S. reading, we might have been in West Cork.

Sunday, 2nd July. Got anchor at 10.30. Motored to Bayona in calm, overcast conditions. On route, we talked to *Moshulu III* (Joe Woodward, I.C.C.) on the VHF. and arranged to meet



Shore party claims Isla St Martin.

PHOTO: Len Curtin

in Aldan next Tuesday. Berthed in Bayona marina, we strolled around, having coffee in the Hotel Pinson- called after Columbus' pilot who landed here bringing the first reports of the New World. Later, dined ashore in 'El Candil' and later met Jimmy Mills, honorary Irish Consul, who offered to take us on a tour of the local bodegas provided we paid him in Barry's teabags!

Next day was a lay-day as David had arranged to meet some Spanish friends in Vigo. We decided to have a look at Vigo for ourselves so, after fuelling and watering ship, we caught the afternoon bus. Vigo is a large port city with everything you could want in the way of shopping. The older areas are naturally more interesting but generally the place is more commercially orientated than touristic. We returned to Bayona at 21.45 and spent the evening in the Real Club Nautico where we met Stuart Nairn I.C.C. and crew who were sailing *Carrigdown* (Bill Walsh, I.C.C.) back to Cork on the morrow. Suffice to say, we made sure they had a good send-off!

Lines were cast off at 11.00 in bright sunshine, wind N'y 3-4 bound for Islas Cies. We beat through the channel between Les Estelas, the three rocky islets that separate Bayona from the Ria de Vigo. We saw mackerel breaking so we hope-to to try our luck. Alas, the lures that work in West Cork have not the same attraction here, so we let draw and anchored for a fish-free lunch off the crescent beach of Isla San Martin, the deserted southern island of the Cies group, at 13.30. After lunch we went ashore to explore. This was real desert-island stuff. David announced that he now knew what he would do if he won the Lotto! It was absolute perfection. The only intrusion of the twentieth century was the oil-staining on the soles of our feet noticed when we were boarding the dinghy. Regretfully we retrieved our anchor and beat upwind to Isla del Norte where we dropped the hook in 4m just aft of *Moshulu*. *Voyageuse* (Liam Kavanagh, I.C.C.) was anchored nearby, so it was developing into a regular I.C.C. meet, confirmed shortly afterwards with the arrival of *Thalia* (Jim Collins, I.C.C.) Indeed, Jim was heard later to remark it was like White Bay on a Sunday afternoon, there were so many Cork boats anchored off! After a swim - water 'muy frio', we went ashore to stroll and to enjoy a multi-plated meal in the restaurant. A fitting end to a superb day.

Wednesday, 5th July. Lovely day on our tropical isle. We climbed to the summit to view the lighthouse on Monte Faro, being dive-bombed by seagulls on the way back as we unwittingly wandered into their nesting area. Usual cruising afternoon - Swim in freezing water, recovery tots on *Voyageuse*, meal aboard - Tapas, Cassulet con vino tinto - magnificent!!! Take a bow, Mary! Washing-up party quite unsteady.

Just another day in paradise. The water we had taken on in Bayona tasted strongly of chlorine so we enquired ashore as to a source. The skipper of a Spanish yacht took us in his dinghy to a pier on the South of the island, just west of Isla Vinos. We filled our containers with sweet water at the Font de Carricido. It is possible to come alongside this pier in settled weather to top up tanks from the Font. The water is about 70m on the right-hand path at the top of the pier and the quality is the best I have tasted.

On our return journey, we noticed a Nicholson 31 sailing between Isla Vinos and the main island. This passage shortens the distance between the anchorage and the South pier. There is a safe anchorage just south-west of Point das Vellas in the prevailing Northerly wind.

Friday, 7th July. After delivering bread to *Voyageuse* and *Moshulu*, we motored to the Ria de Aldan where we anchored off the pier at 12.30. The calm weather was very hot and thundery. At 02.00 we were awoken by a sudden violent wind which meant we were on a lee shore. At 03.30 we started to drag our anchor in the fierce gusts. All the lights went out in the town, so the usual suspects, barely-clad, performed their amateur heroics on the fore-deck in torrential rain, wind and lightning. Eventually we retrieved our anchor and motoring into the eye of the wind, got a line to a moored barge and tied up securely. The storm continued until 05.00 when it became flat calm again. We discovered that our dinghy had capsized and our oars were missing-a salutary lesson. We had become lax having enjoyed so much good weather. A twin-screw, three-storey motor cruiser anchored in the Ria was blown onto a nearby beach, damaging one of her props, so, we were lucky really to get off so lightly.

Next morning we searched along the shore and succeeded in finding one of our oars. We departed Aldan at 11.00,



Landing stage Isla Ons, Cyril and Mary.



Bottoms up – O Grove.

PHOTO: Len Curtin

compass-course 320 towards Isla Ons. Wind N'y f2, bar1009. Tied up at the pier at 13.00 in 4m and lunched in the cafe overlooking the little village and the pier. This is Cape Clear with sunshine! Beautiful walks, scenery and atmosphere – definitely worth a return visit. It is possible to anchor in the roadstead overnight in settled weather, but it is open to the East. After the last ferry-sailing each day the pier becomes available. At 15.40 the ferry arrived so we cast off and set course for the Ria de Arosa, a Ria we had not visited before. Rounding the Peninsula del Grove, we threaded our way through the 'viveros' or mussel rafts to anchor south of the mole in St Martin del Grove. As we approached the harbour, three *Dornos*, the local dipping-lug sailing dinghys came tacking towards us. Their rig looked very strange to our eyes. On rounding up the anchor didn't appear to be holding so we hauled it up again to find it fouled on a line of unmarked lobster pots! We hastily dislodged them with the boothook and, to prevent a reoccurrence, picked up a vacant mooring. There are new, serviced pontoons built out now from the southern shore to take pleasure craft with 2.5m at low water. That evening, we walked across the bridge to Toja, another island nearer to the mainland. This is a Spa with plush hotels and a casino and a most interesting church the outside walls of which are completely finished in marble mosaic. Most unusual!

Sunday, 9th July began with heavy rain and a falling barometer (1004). When the rain eased off we went in search of an ATM machine, the banking fraternity's great gift to the voyager. We used our Eurocard throughout the cruise – no fuss, no banking hours and minimum charges. Replenished, we searched for the Club Nautico mentioned in the Pilot but failed to locate it. My status as Navigator was called into question. I was confident in what I was doing, I just didn't know where I was doing it!

Monday saw us sailing WNW across the Ria to Sta Eugenia de Riveira where there is another new marina just north of the protecting Mole. Spain appears to be spending its Structural Funds on fishing related projects with small yacht marinas attached. The usual design means bow on with two bow ropes to the pontoon and a stern line picked up from a floating buoy, very economical with minimum pontoon space per boat. We stayed here for two nights We replenished our gas supplies and watched a Russian factory ship unload

2m long frozen tuna into huge trucks bound for the local fish processing plant. It put the size of the Irish fishing industry in perspective!

At this stage, Cyril was not happy with the engine running temperature, so we decided to head for Villagarcia to have it checked out. On passage we observed that the water in this Ria was dirty with a lot of fine weed. On arrival, Cyril contacted the local boatyard near the yacht club who sent over an engineer who, upon opening the thermostat, found a piece of wire wedging the spring in the closed position. The resulting overheating had blown the headgasket. 'Euroyates' said they would get a new one from Vigo and would fit it tomorrow. It was a chastened crew that sat down to dinner that night in Restaurant 'Meson'. It was Mary's last night on the cruise as we were flying to Cork tomorrow for our son's conferring and *Juno's* saloon was like a mechanic's workbench! The joys of boating!

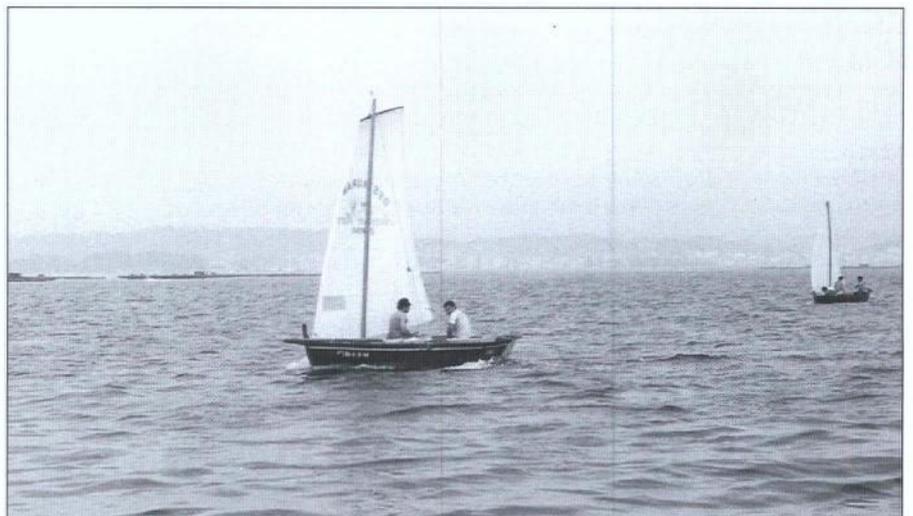
Thursday, 13th July. 07.25 'Castromil' bus to Santiago. Madrid 11.35, London 14.15, Cork 20.20. A line on a page but a long day as the flights did not coincide. Headgasket and engineer arrived at 18.00, fitting put off until 'Manana'.

Friday, Black Friday literally..... Grubby day at the 'office'. Crew went sightseeing, couldn't bear to watch the operation. Cyril manfully endured the sight of his beloved Bukh being poked and prodded until eventually it upped and started. Dancing in streets. Celebratory visits to Club Nautico, etc.

Saturday's weather – squally rain and rough seas make the decision to stay-put an easy one. We had spoken to the crew of a local yacht in St Eugenia and they recommended a visit to Rianjo, or to give it its Galician spelling, Rianxo. At 5nm it was perfect for our sea trials, so on Monday at 10.00, *Juno* left Villagarcia under engine. Tying up to the marina near a British yacht, Cyril checked the oil-level to find water in the oil. The new gasket was not doing its job! Having spoken to Barry, the owner of *Tyrant of Teign*, in the very best traditions of the sea, he offered to tow *Juno* back to Villagarcia and 'Euroyates'.

Their engineer claimed that the water was the residue in the sump and that the problem would right itself. Cyril was not amused so he rang Cork to order a genuine Bukh part to be brought out with the replacement oar, and at 13.30 set sail for Corredo in 20knots of wind which freshened as *Juno* rounded the outlying rocks at Sagres. Anchored at last in the harbour, it proved too rough to go ashore, so an uneasy night was spent rolling in the loup.

Wednesday, 19th July. Reached Muros after a hard beat in hot sunshine at 14.00. Most yachts anchored off for the



Dornos under sail – O Grove..

PHOTO: Len Curtin

cooling breeze. *Juno* had to go in to the inner harbour to await the arrival of spares. *Tyrant* arrived shortly afterwards, Barry and Cyril set to work stripping the engine. A torque spanner was borrowed from another boat, truly the brotherhood of the sea. Next day was a waiting day, enjoying the ambience of Muros. I arrived back onboard with the new oar and the new part at 20.45. Friday lunchtime, engine running sweetly at last. Relief all round. Celebratory meal with Barry and Jo, our good shepherds.

Departed Muros for the Ria de Corcubion at 10.30. Anchored in a lovely cove west of Cabo Cee for lunch and a dip, anchoring north of Corcubion pier at 18.15. Corcubion is a really quaint town, untouched by progress and well worth a visit. Strong Northerly wind that night. We had a great run to Cabo Finisterre next day followed by a tough beat to Camarinas. Nearing the mouth of the Ria we could not believe our eyes when the PORT lower stay started to strand like that famous rope in the Hitchcock film. We had to stay on port tack to clear Pta del Barco to enter the Ria, so the tension was palpable. We were beginning to make a habit of entering Camarinas in various stages of distress. Limping in to the marina at 19.30, Lady Bracknell's famous comment seemed apt. "To lose one stay is a misfortune, To lose two, smacks of carelessness" (With apologies to Oscar Wilde) On going aloft later it was found that six of the nineteen strands had parted at the swage. Removing the errant stay, we also discovered a slight crack at the T-bar where it entered the mast. It was probable that the flexing of the fitting caused by breaking the other shroud had weakened the strands. We were lucky to have a mast!

Sunday, 23th July. Aloft to check the rest of the rigging, everything appeared to be OK so, as it was a day of rest there was nothing for it but to rest and recuperate courtesy of *Moshulu*. Adrian Stokes (I.C.C) and family were sailing her back to Ireland, planning to depart from La Coruna later in the week.

Taxi again to La Coruna to visit our friendly rigger. Returned and fitted the shroud, tested the rig and stocked up with fuel and water in preparation for our journey home. The weather forecast received special attention that night! The television forecast looked fairly promising at any rate.

Wednesday, 26th July. Good 'Navtex' forecast from 'Claude' on a French yacht nearby. Southwesterly for 24hours, then Northwesterly backing Westerly, all fours and fives like a good golf card! In warm, hazy sunshine we cast off at 10.15 motoring clear of the mole. Soon we were booming along on course at 6kn. 14.00 saw us surrounded by dolphins, the usual pre-departure nerves evaporated and we settling into seagoing mode. At midnight the wind swung into the Northwest and the seas built up. We were still on course but life was not as comfortable.

06.00, raining, reefed main and jib still giving us 5-6kn. The menu was also forward of the beam, reflecting the wind direction. Wind backed and seas moderated at 23.00, the sky cleared and the stars came out and we became human again. Passing through a fleet of trawlers added interest to the night watches. Friday, 28th July. Broad reaching in 20kn of wind, sun, deserted sea, reeling off the miles. Twenty-four hours of great sailing! Wind backing all the time, contented well-fed crew starting to ponder estimated time of arrival.



"Do we have to go back?" David, Len and Mary, Mt. Faro, Islas Cies. PHOTO: Cyril Kilgrew

02.00, Sunday 30th July. Raining with poor visibility. Definitely Irish waters! Still, wind moderate southwesterly, on course with full sail at 6kn. Land-ho! honours go to Cyril at 08.00, the Stags Rocks and Toe Head off port bow. Picked up *Juno's* mooring at 0950, ninety-five and a half hours on port tack and gybe from Camarinas. We tidied ship, inflated the dinghy and one hour later were enjoying a full Irish breakfast, a fitting finish to an eventful cruise.

Postscript

On laying-up, *Juno's* standing rigging was removed and checked. One of the T-bars showed a slight stress fracture, the rest being serviceable. Never the less, Cyril is replacing all of the standing rigging this winter with a new set from Westerly's rigging suppliers.

Summary		
June		
21 – 24	Glandore – Camarinas	505nm.
26	Camarinas – Muros	
30	Muros – Porto Novo	
July		
1	Muros – Islas Cies	
2	Islas Cies – Bayona	
4	Bayona – Isla San Martin – Cies	
7	Islas Cies – Aldan	
8	Islas Cies – Isla Ons – San Martin del Grove	
10	S. Martin del Grove – St. Eugenia de Riviera	
12	de Riviera – Villagarcia	238nm
16	Villagarcia – Rianxo	
17	Rianxo – Villagarcia	
18	Villagarcia – -Correbedo	
19	Correbedo – Muros	
22	Muros – Corcubion	
23	Corcubion – Camarinas	
26 – 30	Camarinas – Glandore	510nm
	Total	1253nm

Howth Yacht Club Centenary Cruise to Sunny Scotland

Geoff Whelan

In celebration of its centenary, Howth Yacht Club organised a cruise in Company for two weeks to Scotland commencing on the 16th June 1995.

Forty one yachts participated, all H.Y.C members including many I.C.C. members. The cruising grounds were to be inside Kintyre, Lock Fyne and the Clyde.

On the morning of Saturday 17th. we departed Howth marina at 10.00 hours. On board *Evolution II* (a Beneteau 345 sloop designed by Jean Berret with a twenty eight h.p. Volvo Penta engine with Robertson Stowe G.P.S. chart plotter backed up with a Decca and Locata R.D.F.) were Brian Kelly, Tom Fitzpatrick (I.C.C.), Bill McCormack and self heading for Ardglass – the first stop on the way to Campbeltown which was to be the first official rallying point. We motor sailed in a north-westerly arriving in Ardglass at 17.00 hours. Having tied up alongside a fishing trawler we then discovered to my dismay that we had developed a leak in the stainless steel fuel tank. As I had spent the previous three weeks preparing the boat for the trip this was, to say the least, unexpected. We were heading for Bangor the next day – Sunday – and I knew we could get the necessary repair carried out there and was resigned to the fact that nothing could be done until then. We therefore accepted the kind invitation from *Onda* to join them for a glass of wine on this lovely sunny evening sitting in the cockpit. Ann and David Charles and their daughter Jane were helpfulness itself providing extra bilge-jax to quell the diesel smell.

As we had been a day late leaving Howth we had missed the party on the Friday night when the Burghers of Ardglass made a presentation to the fleet in honour of our centenary. This appreciation of our birthday occurred virtually everywhere we went and was a tribute to the meticulous preparation, organisation and research of Cyril Geran, the cruise organiser, and his team of Pdraig O’Cearbhaill and Brendan O’Loughlin. As well Robert Michael’s intimate knowledge of the area had been fully utilised in selecting the various anchorages.

Leaving Ardglass two hours before high water Dover we set a course for the South Rock Light Vessel and then to Donaghadee Sound passing inside the Copeland Islands with a strong favourable tide. We arrived at Bangor marina, where the fleet had gathered, at 17.00 hours to be met on the dock by Cyril who welcomed us and took our warps. The entrance to Bangor marina

does not present itself until one reaches the westerly end of the break-water. The facilities are excellent including a boat yard.

Having removed the fuel tank, cleaned the bilges etc. we had the tank repaired and re-installed by Monday afternoon. The town of Bangor has given a tremendous face-lift in recent years and a considerable amount of public money has been invested in the sea-front area. There are some good restaurants as well as several chandlers.

On Tuesday morning 6.00 a.m. we set sail for Campbeltown to catch the north-going tide in a thick sea mist, rain and a N/E 4/5. Spirits were not too high at this point. (Here we go again, Scotland in the rain). I had been to Scotland four or five times before and always experienced mixed weather. Having participated in the C.C.C. 75th. Anniversary Cruise in 1985, the memory of cruising for two weeks in near gale conditions was still fresh. In the event, the morning brightened and as we approached Sanda Island the Mull of Kintyre was bathed in glorious sunshine and that was to be the weather pattern for the entire cruise, light to moderate breezes, continually sunny days with temperatures in the mid 80’s turning to warm mediterranean evenings. Scotland never looked more beautiful.

Having experienced the overfalls off Sanda Island coming back from Tomatin week some years ago it was my intention to give this a wide berth. We therefore laid off ten degrees below our rhumb line on the way across the north channel but found it was necessary to lay off a further ten degrees due to



Cyril Geran – The Organiser watched by Billy Cuff-Smith.

PHOTO: T. Fitzpatrick

the strength of the north-going tide. In the event the sea was calm.

The entrance to Campbeltown Loch at the bottom of Kilbrennan Sound is straightforward, passing Island Davar on the port hand. In my view Imray Chart No. C63 provides the best information. A single pontoon for yachts behind the old pier accommodated the entire fleet lying two or three abreast. It was in this packed environment that Jay Murray's *Winterwood* – a 56ft. Dutch steel motor yacht – looked her most stunning as her graceful lines at sea belie her size. The social programme really got into full swing in Campbeltown which included a social get-together in the Ardsheil Hotel at which each boat had to produce an entertainer for the gathering. Standards varied considerably. Bill (a Scot living in Ireland for many years) who was on something of a sentimental journey sang a Scottish air and did *Evolution* proud. However the star of the evening had to be Paul Staunton whose rendition of 'And the Band played Waltzing Matilda' brought out all the pathos of this anti-war song.

Our stay in Campbeltown also included a trip to Oban by coach affording us the opportunity to see the peninsula inland and a visit to the Oban distillery with a dram or two of their single malt. The single malts produced by many of Scotland's small distilleries and familiar to many I.C.C. members became one of the more interesting asides of the cruise. Undoubtedly the best company for tasting malts is Dr. John Harbison (I.C.C.) whose knowledge and enthusiasm for this beverage is infectious. A visit to the Jaeger clothes factory was popular with the bargain hunters on the cruise whose enthusiasm was tempered only by the temperature in the place. It was no excursion for the faint-hearted. The high point of our Oban trip for me was a visit to the Arduaine Gardens at the head of Lock Melford. These gardens are now under the Scottish National Trust who are restoring them. They were originally planted in 1897 by James Campbell and were of particular interest to two of our crew namely Brian and self, – both recently rediscovering an enthusiasm for gardening.

We had a glorious sail up Kilbrennan Sound to East Loch Tarbert on Friday. The fleet was again accommodated on pre-booked berths ensuring a pleasant two days. As there was plenty of time each day for excursions many boats went to



Socialising in Campeltown – Susan Fyne, Eamonn Markey, Bill McCormack, Tom Fitzpatrick, Brian Kelly, Geoff Whelan.

PHOTO: Pádraig Ó'Ceirbhail

various anchorages in the area for lunch etc. including Loch Ranza on Arran or on up Loch Fyne to Ardrishaig. We opted to motor round to a beautiful anchorage literally around the corner from Tarbert under Stonefield Castle Hotel who have several moorings laid for patrons. This was to be the venue for the main social function of the cruise which was a dinner on the Saturday night. Our night in that anchorage was one of the most memorable of the trip; returning by dinghy after the dinner we sat in the cockpit and watched the first streaks of dawn light the sky close to the longest day of the year. By this time our routine aboard was well established. The company was extremely convivial, the drink and the talk were excellent and the stereo provided us with a rich variety of music. Eating on board proved to be a better experience than eating ashore with a few notable exceptions. Bill McCormack is a Chef de Cuisine par Excellence (including the baking of fresh bread everyday).

A number of boats joined the cruise at Tarbert including those who opted for the outside passage to Crinan visiting Islay and Gigha. These included Robert Michael's *Mystique of Malahide*; Otto Glaser's (I.C.C.) *Tritsch-Tratsch*; Ross Courtney's (I.C.C.) *Jabberwok* as well as a number of boats which sailed up from Howth to join the cruise for the second week including Liam McGonagle's (I.C.C.) *Meander*; Jerry Moran's *Meg* and Brendan Connor's (I.C.C.) *Vintner*. Andrew Knowles and his family also joined the party at this point in a chartered 41ft. Jenneau *Smarty Pants*. A notable addition to the crew of *Tamarisk* at Tarbert was our Commodore David Lovegrove who made presentations at the dinner at Stonefield Castle to Cyril, Brendan and Pádraig in appreciation of their organisation of the cruise much to the acclamation of all present. The dinner itself at which two hundred sat down was a great night despite the hilarious Basil Fawlty syndrome of service.

While it may seem a little odd to go cruising with fellow club members whom one sees all the year round, Howth is now a very large club indeed and there are many disparate groups within it. This cruise brought people together who would in normal circumstances be nothing more than nodding acquaintances on the marina. One of the most pleasant aspects was socialising on the various boats after the day's sailing, yet the programme was flexible enough – one was free to make individual arrangements on the lay days.

We next moved en-masse to Tighnabruaich which is in the West Kyle where there are mooring buoys laid by the West



Sailing Down the East Kyle – Geoff Whelan and Brian.

PHOTO: Bill McCormack



'The Gathering' at Loch Melford.

PHOTO: T. Fitzpatrick

Highland Development Board which are now maintained by the four local hotels. The anchorage is exposed to easterly winds and indeed any strong winds tend to whistle down off the hills which makes going ashore a little tricky in the dinghy as there is a short chop. The mooring buoys are reputed to hold up to fifteen tons and we shared ours with a charming couple who apparently, close to retirement, had decided to take up sailing and had purchased a twenty foot motor sailer. Their main disappointment they informed me was that they had purchased the boat on the basis that it could motor and sail and subsequently discovered it neither motored nor sailed satisfactorily.

A dinner and dance organised at the Kyles of Bute Hotel presented fresh problems for our intrepid organisers as it had gone into receivership some days earlier. However despite our foreboding the evening was a great success. The manager and his wife handled the whole thing, with an efficient staff, providing an excellent meal for two hundred people, after which we were entertained by a Scottish Ceili Band. As their drinks' licence had been suspended due to receivership we were advised we could bring along our ships' stores – what an excellent idea. Walking back to the dinghy that night we experienced the curse of Scotland in the Summer midges in their thousands. However once back on board we were thankfully free of the blighters. The following morning we motor sailed through the Burnt Islands and into the East Kyle down to Rothesay. In addition to the Admiralty chart, the C.C.C. sailing instructions are useful for navigating this stretch of water.

We chose the southern route through the Burnt Islands (the Bute side) which appeared the better passage on the chart. However on the way through we saw a ferry going through the northern side which looked a more straightforward route. Both sides are well buoyed but the echo sounder is essential as there is a strong tidal set. On the way down we stopped at Kames Bay picking up an unoccupied club mooring for lunch before

pressing on for Rothesay on the Isle of Bute. There are two pontoons behind the ferry quay approached from either end of the quay into a dredged area. These pontoons had been reserved for the Howth Fleet exclusively. However both have their drawbacks. The west side pontoon suffers from a big scend when the ferries come in and go out which sets masts atwittering dangerously. The pontoon on the east side has varying depths as I understand it is beginning to silt up. We draw six feet and touched bottom at low water. A boat laying alongside, which draws 7.8 ft., developed a serious list.

The following morning Wednesday produced one of the high points of the cruise with a visit by coach to Mount Stuart, home of the Marquis of Bute. The grandfather of the present incumbent built the house starting in 1878. The building was not fully completed until the early part of this century.

The then Marquis (reputedly the wealthiest man in the Empire) built a wonderful and exciting house in high Victorian Gothic style in red sand stone, the interior finished in the most marvellous marble – the cost of which today would literally run into tens of millions. The architect was Sir Robert Anderson. This is a house which, despite its size, achieves the ambience of a family home unlike many of the stately homes of England where the scale is too large to envisage normal domesticity. The interior design of the house was greatly influenced by the arts and crafts movement which was enjoying fashionability at the time. An interesting historical detail relates to the exquisite private chapel attached to the house. During the 1940's and 50's when the Irish migrant workers (the potato pickers) came to the island they were invited by the Marquis to attend Mass every Sunday in the chapel. The gardens are laid out on a grand but somewhat informal basis. To convey an idea of the scale of the place one is directed to "The Wee Garden" which is all of five acres. We also visited the local sailing club who kindly invited us to their pleasantly located premises overlooking Rothesay Bay.

That evening we sailed out of Rothesay setting a course between the east side of Bute and the Cumbraes. A delightful



Tom and Brian messing around on Lough Fyne.

PHOTO: Bill McCormack

sail with the Little and Great Cumbræes looking their best in brilliant sunshine. Sailing down the east side of Arran past Lamlash we considered spending the night but decided as we needed diesel we would push on to Campbeltown before heading home. A civic reception was provided by the town of Rothesay for the fleet that evening where presentations were again exchanged. Once again I understand we were treated to the best of Scottish hospitality. For our part we spent a pleasant evening in Campbeltown dining in the White Hart Hotel which again provided us with good wholesome fare.

We left the following morning at 09.00 hours for Bangor, motoring across the North Channel in a light north-easterly breeze, the trip being uneventful but for one incident.

When roughly twelve miles off the Scottish coast we were buzzed by an R.N. Helicopter which swooped low over us, had a look, then went on its way. I thought nothing more of the matter until I was checking the depth log half an hour later. I found our echo sounder recording a steady depth of five hundred feet approx. had showed a blip of twenty six feet at about the time the helicopter flew over us. As this is a submarine exercise area I can only assume we were sailing over a sub. at that time.

We tied up at Bangor Marina at 18.00 hours having suffered an adverse tide for about three hours. That night we dined at the Royal Ulster Yacht Club where we had an excellent meal provided by most pleasant and welcoming staff. As it was Thursday and their racing night we enjoyed the classic sight of their fleet racing in Belfast Lough as the evening sun set over the Antrim hills, standing on the lawn outside the club and sipping our pre-prandials. On Friday morning after some last minute shopping we left Bangor at 10.00 hours, a little later than I had wished but in plenty of time to catch the tide going through Donaghadee Sound. A stiff nor-easter gave us a bumpy ride to the corner after which we eased sheets down the coast towards home. Our next way-point was Rockabill; 25/30 knots made for a lively sail down the coast. However the wind and sea moderated as we closed the land approaching Skerries.

Back in Howth at 23.00 hours in time for a pint at the club and to recount the trip to the poor souls who had missed it all.



Break of Dawn, Lough Fyne.

PHOTO: Bill McCormack

The cruise was conducted in sheltered waters and good weather. However even in poor weather there are plenty of safe anchorages and enough variety to cruise for a few days or a week or two.

NAMES OF PARTICIPATING YACHTS

<i>Bouley Bay</i>	<i>Mystique of Malahide</i>
<i>Champagne</i>	<i>Onda</i>
<i>Changeling</i>	<i>Orion</i>
<i>Chardonnay</i>	<i>Rebel</i>
<i>Christina</i>	<i>Rhapsody</i>
<i>Drumson</i>	<i>Rockabill</i>
<i>Estrellita</i>	<i>Romany</i>
<i>Evolution</i>	<i>Santia</i>
<i>Fallout</i>	<i>Silver Mist</i>
<i>Firefly</i>	<i>Smarty Pants</i>
<i>Gabser</i>	<i>Stargazer</i>
<i>Genesis</i>	<i>Succession</i>
<i>Impressions</i>	<i>Tamarisk</i>
<i>Jabberwok</i>	<i>Tantrum Two</i>
<i>Just Good Friends</i>	<i>Tir na n'Og</i>
<i>Leemara of Howth.</i>	<i>Tritsch Tratsch</i>
<i>Marie Claire</i>	<i>Vinter</i>
<i>Meander</i>	<i>Whisper</i>
<i>Meg</i>	<i>Winterwood</i>
<i>Moondance</i>	<i>Charter Vessel.</i>
<i>Moonshadow</i>	



"Personal Transport" at Tighnabruaich. Tom, Geoff and Brian.

PHOTO: B. McCormack

Distance Log.

Howth	to	Ardglass	54 miles
Ardglass	to	Bangor	45 miles
Bangor	to	Campbeltown	45 miles
Campbeltown	to	Tarbert	28 miles
Tarbert	to	Tighnabruaich	13 miles
Tighnabruaich	to	Rothesay	10 miles
Rothesay	to	Campbeltown	42 miles
Campbeltown	to	Bangor	45 miles
Bangor	to	Howth	90 miles
Total			372 miles

“Gentlemen do not beat to windward”

The log of *Lady Kate*'s Summer cruise 1995.

Donal Walsh.

Our sailing holidays of the last few years and particularly our 1994 round Ireland circuit were so plagued with head winds, that I often reflected on my father's saying "Gentlemen do not beat to windward" and so in effort to avoid hardship we decided that there would be no plan for 1995 other than keeping the wind abaft the beam. I had a rough idea of making for the west coast of France, and possibly Spain, but even a check of our chart table would not have given a definite indication of our destination, I had taken everything from the Scottish Islands to the Spanish Rias, and from Dingle to Dover.

Our crew was as former years, Emma now 10, Brendan 7, Mary and myself. Our craft also unchanged, *Lady Kate*, a bilge keel Moody 31 built by Marine Projects Plymouth in 1986. Our departure was set for the evening of July 8th. but I believed it would be next morning before we actually got away to sea as we did not have time to load stores and gear aboard *Lady Kate* in advance.

Later that evening we were ready for sea and as the forecast was for a calm night we decided to be away and cleared Ballynacourty Light at 2355 bound for Scilly. It was a very calm night with little wind, with the autohelm steering I took the watch from midnight until after dawn, when Mary took over and I got a few hours rest. Saturday was very calm with light easterly winds and although Brendan spotted Round Island at 2130 it was past midnight when we entered Tresco Sound. The transit of the sound was a wonderful experience as the moon was shining brightly and the islands were easily identified. We anchored in Port Cressa but by morning we had to clear out back to St. Mary's Harbour as there was an uncomfortable swell caused by a freshening southerly wind.

We spent a day ashore in St. Mary's and as the forecast was for southerly 4/5 occasionally 6 we then crossed to Tresco and anchored in Old Grimsby Harbour. We did an excursion in the inflatable to St. Helen's Island and climbed to the summit (not any great feat as it's only 120' high) and watched a Trinity House helicopter carry stores to Round Island. What we didn't see was the dirty black cloud coming along and suddenly it was pouring rain. We were well and truly soaked by the time we got back to *Lady Kate*.

We felt we had to be off again but with the forecast still giving fresh southerly wind we resigned ourselves to the fact that we were bound up channel. We slipped northwards out of Old Grimsby Sound and soon a southerly 5 was powering us along toward Land's End.

Off the Runnel Stone we were being set north west and had difficulty weathering the buoy and to avoid an unpleasant tack we motor sailed until we could free off again for Penzance. We were in the close company of another yacht *Racer* a British joint services training vessel, for a short while after the Runnel Stone but she quickly overtook us and was soon well ahead.

We were fortunate that our arrival in Penzance coincided with the lock opening time and we were able to enter on arrival. The strong south-westerly winds kept us and 25 other yachts in Penzance for two days during which we brought the children by bus to Lands End theme park. Getting there wasn't too bad but the return journey a distance of eight miles took an hour and a half!

On Saturday the forecast was for moderate south-west winds and we left Penzance at 0630 on the morning lock opening and had a lively sail around the Lizard to Falmouth. We anchored off the town quay and ashore sampled the unique atmosphere of this old maritime town. It was lifeboat day and the evening was to finish with an ecumenical service on the quayside led by the Bishop of Truro. I was sitting in the cockpit of *Lady Kate* watching the activity ashore, then on VHF came "Mayday Relay, Mayday Relay, Mayday Relay.....". The lifeboat Coxwain heard it also and within seconds was halfway across the harbour leaving the poor Bishop and other dignitaries abandoned on the quayside.

The forecast was again giving southwesterlies and we now decided to forget about the West coast of France and head for the Channel Islands. We cleared Falmouth 0600 Monday 17th.



Lady Kate at a favourite anchorage on the Waterford Coast.

PHOTO: Mary

July and set course cross channel for Guernsey. We had a comfortable south-westerly 3/4 with lots of sun, a pleasant days sailing – especially with the autohelm steering – or so it was until the drive belt broke. I was very complacent about this as I carried a spare which was quickly fitted and we went back to enjoying the sail. I was mentally congratulating myself on being such a cutie having a spare belt aboard but alas my ego trip didn't last too long. Two hours later the spare belt was also broken. We had sailed a few thousand miles without incident on the first belt and now we had broken the second with less than twenty miles service. All this was history now and didn't really matter, in fact it didn't really matter whether we used the Autohelm or not as we were well capable of handsteering the remainder of the passage. I tried to identify the reason the belts broke but I could not come up with anything to explain it. Then there was the challenge to effect a repair from our own resources. We always carry some light stainless steel welding rod on board. This we formed into staples which we used to sew the two belts together back to back and then taped over the repair. The repair proved satisfactory, and the Autohelm was again working perfectly. Now with ego restored I could relax in the evening sun with a gin.

We had Les Hanois light abeam 3 miles north of us at midnight and then laid a course south about Guernsey and rounded St. Martins Point – Guernsey's south-eastern corner – just as the north – going stream finished. We had thoughts of anchoring in Havelot Bay but it was too dark to be confident we could enter in safety and so opted for St. Peter Port Harbour. The launch from Port Control – which operates 24

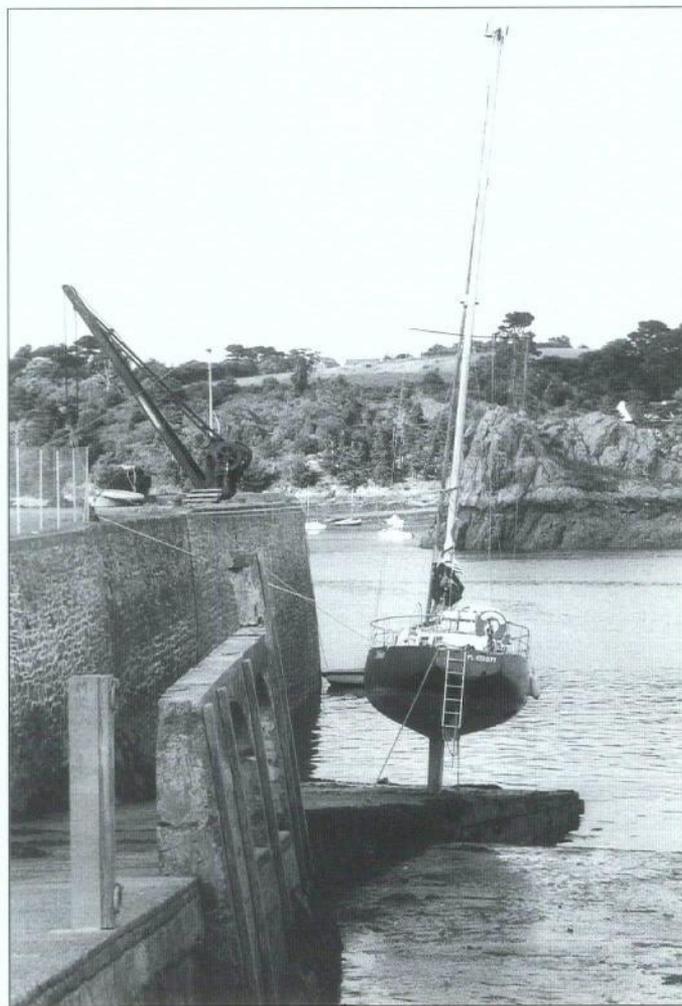
hours – directed us to a berth on a waiting pontoon as there was insufficient water to cross the cill into the marina, we were also advised that our VHF transmission was very poor, but I thought it was on account of some cable changes I was working on and thought no more about it. The pontoon was crowded and we had to tie outside two other yachts and as I was anxious not to wake our neighbours it took some time before *Lady Kate* was secure. It seemed as if we had only turned in when we were woken by the harbour staff collecting dues. This was followed by the customs and a ridiculous exercise of form filling. I noted that *Racer* was alongside on the other side of the pontoon and was preparing for sea. Having inflated the dinghy we decided not to bother going into the marina and left *Lady Kate* alongside the pontoon and went ashore for the day. We caught up on our laundry and found all the marina facilities excellent, the only reservation being the cost of soap powder – you could buy a lorry load of it at home for what we spent on a few cupfuls. Fellow mariners be warned bring your own. I sought out a replacement belt for the autohelm, the chandlery did not have the right size – measurement is the radial offset between the centre of the drive pulley and the wheel and not the actual length of belt. I even tried a motor factors shop for a timing belt but was not successful there either.

Next day brought dense fog. We couldn't see the shore from the pontoon in some of the fog banks, yachts arriving from sea had all sorts of horror stories so we stayed put until evening when there was sufficient visibility to allow us to cross to Sark, where we anchored in Dixcart Bay just as darkness fell. Next morning we were ashore early and followed the pathway up



Battered Bull alongside at St Helier.

PHOTO: Mary Walsh



Accident or design drying out French style at Lezardrieux.

PHOTO: Donal Walsh



Crew of *Lady Kate* – Brendan Walsh, Emma Walsh, Mary Walsh, Donal Walsh
 PHOTO: Maurice Brennock

the glen to the centre of the island. We visited a tiny but most interesting local museum then returned to *Lady Kate* by way of Dixcart Hotel stopping for welcome refreshments on one of the warmest days we can remember for a long time. That evening we left Sark in very light winds and headed for Jersey. As we crossed St. Ouen Bay to the west of the island a large motor yacht *Battered Bull* passed us close by. We left Point Corbiere light house to port and headed for St. Helier. We entered the outer marina and had another opportunity to view *Battered Bull* as she had tied alongside on the quayside nearby, a most luxurious craft that appeared as if she had just been launched, complete with paid hands and a tender carried on board that was bigger than *Lady Kate*.

For some reason which I cannot remember we left St. Helier next morning without going ashore and were now bound for France. This time we had a fine sailing breeze which was carrying us in the direction of Lezardrieux. I wanted to stop off at the Minqueries but Mary did not go along with the suggestion as she still has memories of a previous landing we made there in the early '80s in *Lady Sarah*. We hit a rock as we approached the anchorage at Maitresse Ile, not that we did any damage as it was only a keel contact but to her it was bad enough to be surrounded by all those rocks without having to actually hit one of them! During the day we had lots of banks of dense fog but the sailing breeze remained throughout and we felt very comfortable navigating by GPS in these conditions. Our landfall was to be Nord Horaine buoy which we had abeam at 1445. We then followed the channel to Lezardrieux and decided to go alongside the marina for the night. Approaching the berth a warning from a Dutchman in a nearby yacht alerted us to the strong crosscurrent through the pontoons and were it not for some very welcome shore help we would have had great difficulty coming alongside. The marina charge was expensive and unlike Guernsey the showers were extra. Ashore it is a good 15 minute walk to the village

but there is a good supermarket and we were able to obtain all supplies we required. Near the marina there are two boat yards and some small yacht chandlers. I noted a good stock of local charts in the newsagents in the village. Next day Saturday 22 July we left Lezardrieux with a nice NE wind took the Passe de la Gaine inside Les Heaux which brought us to the entrance to Treguier River from which we took the Grand Passe before heading east. We had planned a short hop and our destination was to be Port Blanc, but given the conditions I felt it might not be very comfortable with the onshore breeze and so we carried on to Ploumanach. The entrance to Ploumanach is narrow but well marked by beacons, there is a cill in the inner harbour and as it was about low water when we arrived, we anchored in the channel SE of a conspicuous chateau on one of the islands. Later when we explored by inflatable I was surprised to note that there is no indication to strangers that the cill exists although the last two channel beacons mark its location. Note also that one of the outer port hand beacons carries a depth gauge indicating the depth over the cill. Inside the moorings are laid out fore and aft between buoys and an inflatable is necessary as it is not possible to lie alongside. It appears that the harbour authority for the nearby and more popular Perros Guirec is also responsible for Ploumanach and the same charges are levied even though the facilities are not as good in Ploumanach. We remained at anchor in the approaches surrounded by many unusual rock formations caused by the erosion of the granite by wind and sea. A Dutchman in a traditional craft anchored in a cove nearby, and in the evening calm, the light of the setting sun on this wonderland of rock will rank as one of the most memorable anchorages we have ever experienced.

Departing next day on the west-going stream we made the short passage to Roscoff. There is a line of visitors mooring buoys in the Canel de l'île de Bas between Ile Pighet and Duslen, but we thought them too remote from Roscoff and entered the outer harbour where we dried out east of the leading transit and clear of the fairway. At low water we were able to walk ashore and explore the town. A section of the quay wall in the inner harbour is available to visiting craft but note that all of Roscoff Town Harbour dries at low water. Roscoff is a busy harbour with many tourist ferries plying to Ile de Bas, at low water they operate from the end of a conspicuous pedestrian bridge in the Canal de L'île de Bas. There is also considerable traffic associated with the seaweed fishery in this area. These fishermen? whose craft are equipped with a grab collect seaweed from the rocks at low water. We were told that they frequently overload their craft and several of them sink each year, but are easily salvaged again as the weed drifts clear. There is also a freight ferry operating around high water from Roscoff inner harbour to Ile de Bas. If anchoring avoid the fairway used by this ferry.



Weed Harvesting Boat, Roscoff.

PHOTO: Donal Walsh



Donal Walsh.

PHOTO: Chris Kelly

Our plans now were to start making north for Ireland again and we thought of a stop in the Scillies and then back to West Cork for a few days on the Irish Coast before returning to Dungarvan. On Tuesday the forecast was for strong easterlies so we made the short passage to Port Kernoch on Ile de Bas. Again we dried in the inner harbour, Mary and the children went to the beach while I sought information on a sailing acquaintance of some twenty years previously who came originally from Ile de Bas. Eric Resson and his friend had built a steel ketch in Brest and operated her on a skippered charter basis for several years. I met them on my first visit to the Scillies in 1973, a few more times in Ireland and then again in Scilly. I was directed to Bar du Port which I had targeted for a stop anyhow but not knowing how the game of life had treated Eric over the last twenty years I was concerned that I might end up in company which might be hard to shake off once contact had been established. The barman told me Eric was his father, now running the family creperie and bar. Ashore we had French wine and Breton cider then Eric came back to *Lady Kate* for some Guinness. He had given up the chartering as when he started it was in its infancy in Brittany and difficult to make a living. Next morning Eric called his friend at the local Semaphore station and the forecast was for SW7. The following day was not much better and it was Friday morning before we could head north for Scilly. On passage we had little wind and were motor sailing with the main set, the jib was rolled up to stop it flapping around. That night while checking the chart I thought my sight was beginning to fail as I found great difficulty in seeing the small detail. Some hours later the Decca system died. Checking I found the batteries very low and suspected that the alternator was not working properly. We shut down all unnecessary power drains, including the navigation lights when no other traffic was close by. The GPS was still working and when I checked the manuals I discovered that the Decca shuts itself off when power drops below 5 volts and that the GPS can operate on as little as 3 volts. We entered St. Mary's Sound and were soon in St. Mary's Harbour. It was dead low water, I had to go alongside as I had to get the batteries ashore next morning to charge them, but if I went to an anchor I couldn't be sure the engine would start again and suspected that there wasn't enough power left to inflate the dinghy using the power pump. There was no alternative but to jill around until there was sufficient rise of tide to go alongside.

It felt as if I didn't get any sleep as I was up again at 0700 to get the batteries ashore at high water. In the course of this exercise Bill Burrows from the harbour office came along and offered to charge the batteries. There was even an offer of an alternator to get us home but once we had topped up the batteries they would be alright for the passage home. On Sunday morning we were able to get the recharged batteries



Lady Kate dried out at Ile de Bas.

PHOTO: Donal Walsh

back aboard and after lunch ashore we took the start of the north-going stream headed for home. Transiting Tresco Sound we met *Midnight Marauder* with Brendan O'Callaghan aboard just arriving from Ireland. His hail "I hope you have plenty of fuel" was borne out later in what must have been the calmest passage we ever experienced from Scilly. It was as calm as a sheet of glass and we made the entire journey under power in 23 hours.

Conclusions.

We were pleased with the plan of going with the wind, we lost a day in Scilly, 2 days in Penzance, and 3 days in Ile de Bas to strong winds. The depression which pinned us down in Ile de Bas originated in northern Spain and was largely ignored by the BBC and were it not for Eric's contact in the French signal station we would certainly have been caught at sea by it.

The children seem to have overcome their seasickness of previous years although this may have been due to the fine weather of 1995 which allowed us to get a lot of coastal sailing in at home before our holidays.

The poor radio transmission in Guernsey was caused by the alternator acting up. We were not alerted to this problem as the warning lights on our Volvo are mounted on a printed circuit board which had been damaged by water ingress. Replacement cost of this unit from Volvo is over £100. I have since rewired the circuit in a different way at a fraction of the cost.

The alternator has been repaired locally and is working fine again. Volvo quoted approx. £500 for a new alternator and advise against using a spurious unit as they say it will cause corrosion of the engine.

I managed to get a car fan belt of a length that suits the autohelm and it is much stronger than the original and appears to work well. The repaired belt is now carried as a spare.

After we left Scilly we did not meet a single Irish yacht throughout the entire passage.

This was our first real trial with GPS, a Garmin 50 which we found excellent, and was more than adequate for our requirements. The Decca, which never seemed to know where it was in previous years, this year gave a position which constantly agreed with the GPS.

We logged a total of 750 miles in 23 days, as follows;

Dungarvan	St. Mary's	26 hours	141 miles
Tresco	Penzance	7.25 hours	44 miles
Penzance	Falmouth	5.75 hours	35 miles
Falmouth	St. Peter Port	19.5 hours	117 miles
Guernsey	Sark		
Sark	St. Helier		
St. Helier	Lezardrieux	9.5 hours	55 miles
Lezardrieux	Ploumanach	4.8 hours	26 miles
Ploumanach	Roscoff	4.5 hours	25 miles
Ile de Bas	Scilly	20 hours	119 miles
Scilly	Dungarvan	23 hours	140 miles

Round again (Ireland of course)

W.M. Nixon

The plan was to keep going, as the summer is for sailing, and in due course we'll be a very long time not sailing at all. So *Witchcraft* had been put down for the 280-mile Dun Laoghaire-Dingle race a dozen or so days after our return from Spain on July 4th. Thus we never really lost the sense of being boat-orientated, as there were a couple of muddy sessions on the "drying" pad at Howth making a replacement of the cutlass bearing to get us through the rest of the season (the HYC crane isn't big enough to lift our hefty ship), and then we put her into racing mode by removing the roller furling gear and putting the 45 fathoms of cruising anchor chain into the car (the suspension groaned) for eventual transfer by road to Dingle.

Getting a racing crew is a bit of a problem if your boat is used almost exclusively for cruising. Fortunately I'd the ever-reliable Dennis Murnane, which meant we were also well victualled. Nick Healy, the first chef in Ireland to get a Michelin star, was signed on as well, but he said he'd no intention of cooking at all, but might mix the occasional cocktail. Tony Kenny's boat had been withdrawn from the race, so he came with us instead. Peter Huskinson, that ace helm of Shannon One Designs, was traced to a house by Lough Derg, and he said he'd come too. And then just five minutes before the Crew List had to be submitted to the race office on the night of Monday July 3rd, I signed up Lorcaín Slattery from Great Blasket Island through the good offices of Brian Farrell, the Harbour Master in Dingle, and our crew was complete.

Within minutes the pre-race briefing was under way in the National Yacht Club, and it was more like an ICC meeting, as Denis Doyle was there, and so too were Jim Donegan, Reggie Lee, Cormac McHenry and Johnny Rooney, all of us involved in a fine passage race which in times past would have been run by the ICC, so all credit to Martin Crotty of the National for

thinking of it in the first place. Needless to say there was still an element of last minute haste about *Witchcraft's* involvement, but most of the crew turned up in Howth on the Tuesday (July 4th) to help with final preparations, and then when we reached Dun Laoghaire for the pre-race supper Peter Huskinson finally came on the strength, having been driven from the shores of Lough Derg to the National Yacht Club in just one-and-a-half hours by a man in a Porsche, which meant he'd to sit still for a while until his soul caught up with him.

As it happened to be my birthday, the pre-race supper threatened to become too celebratory, but we got aboard in time for the entertaining in-harbour start, complete with commentary by Carmel Winkelmann. There were 26 entries in two classes, and our group of smaller craft went off at 1930 hrs in a moderate westerly, with Sean Whiston in the veteran *Tjaldur* making such a perfect job of it that he led us all out of the harbour. Outside, spinnakers went up, and gradually boats took up position in accordance with waterline length, though we'd passed Greystones before *Moonduster*, which had started 15 minutes later, finally came through and there briefly all in a line were *Moonduster* ICC, *White Rooster* ICC and *Witchcraft* ICC at the head of the fleet.

With light offshore breezes through the night we changed to the floater spinnaker, and our crewing being a little rusty, when we came to get it off in the small hours as the breeze drew ahead, the twisted halyards turned this into a foredeck fandango which let *White Rooster* get away. Morning found us passing the Tuskar and starting to beat towards the Coningbeg. The forecast had been for sou'westers up to Force 7, but at first it came in a beautiful day, and Peter proved an ace at getting the old girl to go to windward, picking off the Sigma 38 *Valkyrie* from Sligo as we tacked past the Coningbeg LV in sunshine at 1550 hrs (Wednesday July 5th).



The lake man - Peter Huskinson's expertise at racing a Shannon One Design transferred well to *Witchcraft* on the race to Dingle.

PHOTO: Nick Healy



The Islandman, Lorcaín Slattery, who raced on *Witchcraft* to Dingle, lives for half the year on the Great Blasket Island.

PHOTO: Nick Healy



Ed and Aidan leave the pub (and Ed's wallet) at Inishmeain.

PHOTO: W.M. Nixon

Though the sun shone stronger than ever, the breeze - right on the nose - now started building steadily, and we spent the afternoon and evening plugging westward under No 3 genoa with two reefs in the main, the boat loving it even if the crew found it tough enough. The sky remained clear until dusk, when cloud signalled the first hint of an easing. We'd taken out one reef and were just thinking of changing up to the No 2 when the decision was made for us by the clew pulling out of the No 3 with one almighty bang. Through Thursday morning the wind eased only slowly as we worked past the Old Head of Kinsale and on westward in the bays, but eventually we could set the No 1, and she was going like a train, just about to weather the Dhulic Rock off Galley Head, when the clew pulled out of the No 1 as well.

Fortunately we carry an old bulletproof No 1 as a spare, but even so sorting it all out lost at least another quarter hour, though it was gratifying to note that in the lumpy seaway she confidently tacked away from the Dhulic under main only. The racing sails now being five years old, their time was clearly up, and the whole business enabled us to send a post-race fax to Des McWilliam and Dick Gibson in the Crosshaven sail-loft: "Question: What did the No 3 genoa say to the No 1 genoa?; Answer: "I haven't a clew"....." Just a laugh a minute it was. And though the Fastnet Rock was looking its grimmest as we slugged up to it at 2030 on the Thursday evening, spirits rose as sheets were cracked for a romp to Mizen Head, but it became mighty bumpy with the wind freshening again as rain and fog swept in.

So it was a dirty old night racing up past the unseen big bricks of the West Cork and Kerry coasts in rotten visibility. But suddenly there came a clearance and there was the light of Skellig Michael, our final turning point. The effect on Lorcaín the islandman was remarkable. Give a Kerryman the slightest glimpse of home, and he has the strength of ten men.....But no sooner was home in sight than the breeze was all over the place. The last twenty miles to the finish through Friday morning were an agonising crawl. We'd the higher-rated *White Rooster* in sight ahead, and at one stage carried a puff so close to her we could see the symbol on her ransom. But then she slipped away and crossed the line leaving us becalmed for long enough for Jim Donegan and his crew to save their time.

The business of getting westward having been achieved by racing 321 miles to make good 280, we cleaned the boat out and put her back into cruising mode, thanks to Georgina driving down from Howth with the little car well ballasted

with the chain, anchor and roller furler genoa piled high on the back seat. With all the damaged sails and sundry crewmen we returned home with the car more laden than ever on the Sunday, by that time having gone through the entire Dingle experience, including a jaunt out to see Fungie with Johnny Rooney among others on board. He became so enthusiastic about it all that he jumped overboard to swim with the dolphin, who was in fine form, leaping like a two year old. This meant the spectator launches were running around like crazy, but the Rooney luck held, and we got him back in one piece. Things went to pieces after that, for though dinner with Denis Doyle and his crew in John Doyle's Seafood Bar should have put manners on us, the prize-giving with Charlie Haughey doing the honours was a wild bash, and I was taken off to the digs in a stricken state. Wandering down to the boat on the

sunny Sunday morning, I was held at bay by Nick Healy. Apparently *Witchcraft* had been the venue for a monumental party the night before, and Dennis Murnane was still hosing her out.

With the boat positioned in Dingle, the problem was to maintain the momentum to get on round Ireland, while still getting in enough time in Howth to keep myself on various pay-rolls. The reckoning was that if we could just get her north of Slyne Head then the circuit would be inevitable. So on Thursday July 20th Ed Wheeler and I took the lunchtime train to Tralee, and that evening in Dingle met up with Aidan Tyrrell and featured at several venues such that by Friday morning the "Dingle effect" was almost total. But as ever there was the satisfaction of having a lunchtime pint in Flahive's and seeing the grocer's van drive by with our stores in it - that's the way they do things in Dingle. So by 1600 hrs we were away in a brisk nor'wester which had a little too much north in it for the anchorage at the Great Blasket to be tenable, so on we went and Ed made a neat job of taking her on through the Sound to weather Sybil Head without tacking, following which sheets were eased for a fast sail to Inish Mean where we anchored off the pier at 0600 (Saturday July 22nd).

Although a forecast backing and freshening of the wind would inevitably make the bay untenable, nevertheless Inish Mean had the look of an island that didn't leap to life first thing in the morning, so we'd a couple of hours zizz and a good breakfast before going ashore on as pleasant a place as you'll find on the West Coast. The cares of life fade away in a gentle atmosphere where old men quietly discuss a leaking watermain in soft Irish, so after going up to the fort of *Dun Fearbhai* and looking at other things, when we went to the pub Aidan ordered our pints in Irish as well. As the weather was now deteriorating, we reckoned it only a two pint anchorage, but somehow we'd three, leaving in such a hurry that Ed left his wallet behind on the bar. This could have been serious as we were well on our way to Kilronan by the time he noticed. But miraculously I had his railway return ticket (this part of the cruise was based on Iarnrod Eireann's open-ended five day returns), while Caroline, the girl in the pub, posted his wallet on so promptly it almost got home before he did. As for money in the meantime, the Great Ode Wager was likely to solve that problem as well. Coming down in the train, we'd got to arguing as to who wrote *Ode to a Skylark*. Nixon said Keats, Wheeler said Shelley. When we met up with Mr Tyrrell in Dingle, he was immediately asked to hold two stakes of

fifty quid each until the matter could be resolved. Thus it was that from the American Bar in Kilronan, Mr Wheeler rang Mrs Wheeler at home and requested her to open the book of poetry on his bedside table, consequent upon which Mr Wheeler was a hundred quid to the good, and Mr Nixon now knows that Keats wrote *Ode to a Nightingale*, but Shelley wrote *Ode to a Skylark*.

With the wind by now a rapidly rising southerly, the anchorage at Kilronan seemed exposed, so we moved over to the little bight off the old harbour at Killeany, gave her a lot of chain, and settled in for a convivial evening as the rain sheeted down and the wind blew old boots. It was slow to clear in the morning, and a marked swell was rolling in, but as our hefty old girl lay exactly stern on to it, she scarcely noticed. By noon things were on the mend and we'd a fine sail to Golam Head over a rolling sea, but needed the engine to lay the course through the Inner Passage to Roundstone, where the weather had improved in the nick of time, as it was regatta day. The sight of the hookers making their stately way seaward against the backdrop of the Twelve Bens will linger in the memory for a long time. As for Roundstone itself, somehow that compact little port accommodated the regatta crowd without too much inconvenience. We couldn't move three feet without meeting someone we knew, and the evening drew on into a grand party with Paddy Barry in Connolly's, so much so that we didn't get to our bunks until 0200 after an excellent dinner aboard made by Aidan, the return to the ship being a memorable experience as the old quay was like a photo from the Lawrence collection with hookers of all sized rafted six deep alongside.

Despite the late night we were away as soon as the overnight fog had lifted at 0700 (Monday July 23rd), and had a fast sail across the leftover swell in a good southerly to Slyne Head. It was a grey morning, but there was that extraordinary light of the Ballyconneely area to brighten the day, an almost otherworldly illumination caused by a combination of the many silver beaches and the flashes of surf on the numerous rocks. Swift progress had us into the perfect shelter at the head of Ardbear Bay off Clifden Harbour by mid-morning, and while Ed and I did the *Boy's Own Paper* thing of laying a proper mooring, Aidan made an impressive lunch out of a curry which was so strong that the aroma of it still permeated the boat when the round Ireland cruise continued the following weekend.

By that time we'd returned conveniently home thanks to Luc Hallaire, the friendly Breton who lives by Ardbear Bridge, giving us a lift the one and a half miles into Clifden where, after the statutory drink at King's, we took the second bus to Galway. The first bus goes at 3.0pm. but then in case anyone misses it, there's a second bus at 3.15pm. We travelled in solitary state until Maam Cross, where one other passenger joined. By this time the weather glitch of Saturday night's gale was a forgotten memory, the sun shone on a magnificent landscape which was all the more visible for being seen from a bus, and the only problem was that when we got to Galway with nearly two hours to spare before our train back to Dublin, the Galway Arts Festival was going full blast such that the atmosphere of that fine city reminded me of Coruna. Having had as good a "weekend's" cruise as any of us could remember, there might have been a tendency to start celebrating, but fortunately we were all too tired.

Nevertheless, it had been a revelation to discover just how much could be done in three days of cruising on the West Coast in a boat with *Witchcraft's* power and speed, for all my previous cruising on the Atlantic seaboard had been done either in the little *Turtle* or the old *Ainmara*. So when I returned to Clifden the following weekend (Saturday July 29th) with Harry and Joyce Whelehan, we were confident about getting comfortably to Donegal in time for a cruise of the partners over the August holiday weekend. However, although Harry had arranged a car to take us to Connemara, I messed things up somewhat by having to spend part of the morning in RTE putting a commentary on film of the early stages of the Admirals Cup (I'd been in Cowes for a couple of days), so it was late afternoon by the time the long haul across Ireland was completed, and we decided to stay put that night, thus having a fine time in Destry's restaurant in Clifden where I reflected that although I'd much enjoyed being in the Three Crowns and sundry other places in Cowes on Thursday night, including the monumental Jameson party, nevertheless it was preferable to be in Destry's in Clifden on Saturday night with our fine ship anchored snugly just down the road, and a week of cruising the coasts of Connacht and Donegal in prospect. So when our host Paddy Foyle obligingly gave us a lift back to the boat, it seemed only natural, for all that it was dark, to shoot the rapids of the tide roaring on the ebb through the arches of Ardbear Bridge before going aboard for a nightcap and the sleep of contentment.

On a gentle morning (Sunday July 30th) the mooring was retrieved with no bother, and we ambled out to Inishturbot and anchored off the little port on its northeast corner where a couple of fine currachs lay upturned on the quay. Once this fertile island supported many people, most of them called Wallace or Suffle if the little graveyard is anything to go by. But now the National School is empty, though desks still remain. Some islanders and holidaymakers return for the summer, but the life is largely gone from it. So for contrast we went on in the afternoon to Inishbofin, which was buzzing. We met up with Eric Elliott who was just about to leave to sail to the Channel Islands, and then with Pat Lavelle ICC with his Vancouver *27 Colla Voce*, and his cheerful friend Sean Prendergast with his much-travelled Fisher *37 Sullivan John*, and with one thing and another pious intentions for an early night fell by the wayside as we got swept into a *seisiun* in Micko's where the island's top musicians such as Desmond O'Halloran on the fiddle and Michael Joe O'Halloran on the



Island transport, Inishmeain.

PHOTO: W.M. Nixon



Roundstone Regatta against the backdrop of the Twelve Bens.

PHOTO: *W.M. Nixon*



Inishturk.

PHOTO: *W.M. Nixon*

bodhran were performing with a group up from County Clare, so yet again it had been long dark by the time we were returning aboard, and as it was low water we sat in one place solemnly rowing and totally unaware we were solidly aground and going nowhere.

Joyce had her usual swim in the morning before she and Harry went ashore for stores, and that was them gone for the rest of the morning, as they met up again with Sean Prendergast who was berthed at the quay and typically just about to test two folding mopeds which he'd added to his boat's equipment. So they spent the morning whizzing about the island on these yokes, but we got away about lunchtime, and stopped at the vibrant island of Inishturk for the afternoon, where Harry negotiated the buying of two magnificent lobsters, and then in the evening we went on to Clare Island where Joyce, being skinny, was able to get right to the top of Granuaile's supposedly closed-off castle. In the pub I'd a couple of pints with Doug and Ailish McLeod from the little Maurice Griffiths cutter *Sulah*. His people came from the Outer Hebrides, she came from Sligo, now they live in South Wales, but being retired they'd all the time in the world to make a leisurely cruise round Ireland. So to rub it in next morning, as we were getting under way Doug emerged on deck to give us the cheerful information that the forecast indicated the winds were going to be northeasterly for several days. "Won't suit your plans at all, will it?" he added brightly. But people with little boats like *Sulah* have no conception of how a boat like *Witchcraft* can get to windward if need be. However, after a reach towards Achill Head, we rounded the headland itself in calm and a fog, and picked our way under power with the Little Grey Man, otherwise the GPS, guiding us to the cove at Inishkea North where's there's arguably the best beach on the entire West Coast.

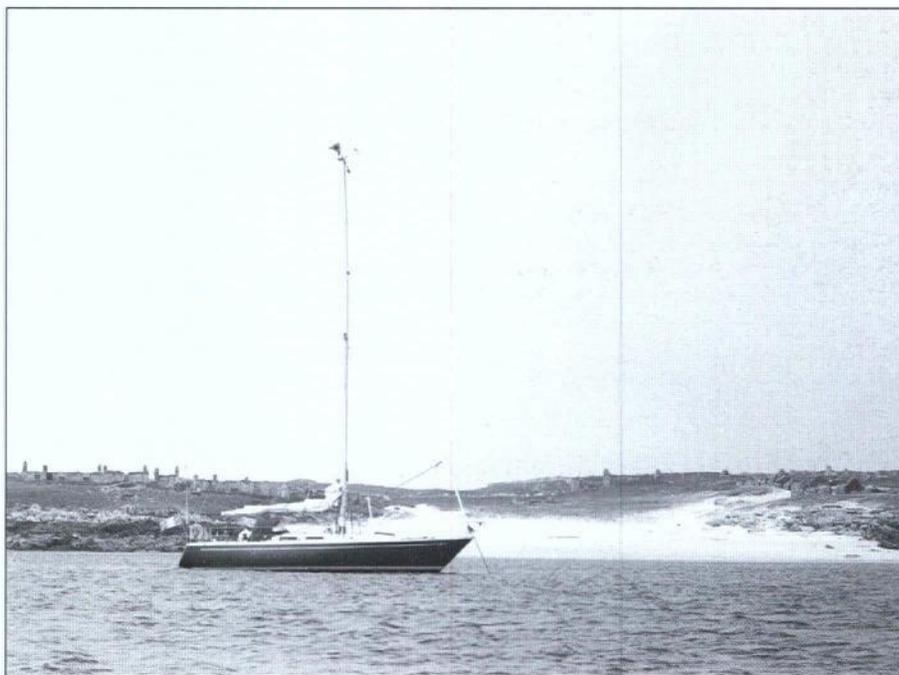
With its deserted village, where some of the ruined cottages show really remarkable stonework, Inishkea may sound like a sad place. But it's anything but sad, for it's one of those special places where everything, even empty cottages, seem to be in some sort of special harmony. After an utterly celestial lunch of the Inishturk lobsters, we went ashore in a state of elation, for although the sea breeze was building from the north, we reckoned that by nipping up the inner passage inside the many rocks and islets on the classic transit of "Turduvillaun 198 degrees below the Ears of Achill", we could smooth our water most of the way to Broadhaven. As it happened, it was too hazy to make out this lyrical bearing, but we found our way through anyway, and it was only the seven mile open bit up to Erris Head which gave us lumpy going in windless conditions. "Lumpy" is scarcely adequate, for all that we went inside Eagle Island. But once Erris Head was astern things smoothed, and we found a handy berth outside a fishing boat at Ballyglass Pier where the new lifeboat station is very impressive.

It must be the remotest lifeboat base of all, but soon a friendly motorist had given us a lift through the summer evening's heat to Belmullet, the excuse being the need to top up the two little diesel tanks. As it happened, we'd any amount of diesel, but Harry and I were intrigued to see Belmullet. Although a fixed bridge has been put over the old canal between Blacksod Bay and Broadhaven, you could still get through

at the right state of tide in a shoal draft boat with lowering mast, and having seen what the sea is like outside Erris even in good weather, I'd be inclined to make sure I'd a boat which could fit through the canal if I was going to be sailing hereabouts. As it happens, in Lenehan's public house we met up with the only yacht owner in Belmullet, the local vet John Healy, who keeps his Offshore 8 Metre (which he had built in Belderg, of all places) at Ballyglass, and had some grand crack with him before he provided a lift back to Ballyglass where Joyce had been gallantly presented by some incoming fishermen with a splendid present of fresh crab claws.

The forecast talked of fresh to strong nor'easters, with a brief period of it going northerly. If we were lucky enough to get that bit of northing, it would suit fine for our next long hop to Teelin in Donegal. It was a grim and foggy morning (Wednesday August 2nd) as we bashed our way out past the invisible Stags, but once clear of the backwash from the Mayo cliffs the sea settled down, and then, wondrous to behold, the wind freed until we could comfortably lay the course. It also freshened further, but the sun came out. With two reefs in the main and the genoa well rolled, *Witchcraft* settled to her work, reeling off the miles in splendid style. In early afternoon it was good and fresh - Belmullet was reporting 36 knots of breeze - but soon Slieve League was looming through the haze, and with Rathlin O'Beirne abeam we'd smoothed our water and were having a lovely sail in the final miles to Teelin when we noticed a sailing dinghy apparently in difficulties.

It's doubtful if the four people aboard knew how close they were to copping it. Two men and two children, they'd only two old lifejackets between them on this decrepit Enterprise dinghy on which so much gear had already broken that they couldn't sail it, though it's doubtful if they knew much about sailing anyway. They'd already been blown more than two miles offshore, and had the prospect of a 25 mile drift in open water onto a lee shore with night coming on. The final straw occurred as we came alongside to take three of them aboard and bring the dinghy on tow. Their mast fell down across our rail.....Miraculously, it didn't hit anybody as it came down, and then though we'd to tow slowly as any speed caused the dinghy to take water through the centreboard casing, eventually we got them to Teelin pier and then found a handy



Arguably the best small beach on Ireland's western seaboard – *Witchcraft of Howth* at Inishkea North.
PHOTO: W.M. Nixon



"What does the Little Grey Man say?" Harry and Joyce with the GPS on a hazy passage from West Mayo to Donegal. PHOTO: W.M. Nixon

anchorage off the beach across in the northern corner of this lovely inlet, with 61 miles sailed from Broadhaven.

I was undergoing the classic reaction of becoming acutely gloomy after our little rescue operation, with the whole business seeming utterly obscene in retrospect. But Harry soon cheered me up with a portable one-use barbecue he'd picked up in a shop at home. We took it ashore to some nearby rocks, and grilled the steaks while drinking chilled beer and savouring the view of the hills in the evening sunlight. Back aboard, Joyce was preparing the Ballyglass crabs, of which there were enough for two meals. And then after dinner I'd a yarn with the McCauley family from Tyrone, whose 34 footer *Lady Clare* was anchored nearby. They keep her on moorings in Killybegs, and reckon they have her in the finest cruising ground in the world.

The sunshine was stronger than ever in the morning, and we ambled westward under power close inshore under the mighty cliffs of Slieve League. Although it was long past the nesting season, nevertheless there was remarkably little evidence of bird life - is the cliff too exposed? Musing on such things, we came to the fascinating little rock gut of Malinbeg - Donegal's most westerly anchorage - for a lunchtime stop anchored beside the more southerly of the remarkable pillar rocks. Donegal may be prospering these days, but the tiny village at Malinbeg seemed a bit off the pace. In other words, there's no pub. The people in the shop-cum-post-office seemed disenchanted by folk coming up over the little cliff from the harbour and demanding to know why on earth there wasn't a pub, but you just don't learn about a place in a post office the same way you do in a pub.

Back on board the Ballyglass crabs made a fine lunch. Then we plugged on round Glen Head, wondering where on earth we'd find an anchorage for the night. The wind had freshened, and there was such a pig of a sea rolling down from the north and backwashing from the cliffs that progress was mighty slow and very uncomfortable. In view of the swell running, the *Sailing Directions* seemed very discouraging about the amount of shelter we might hope for off Rossbeg in the lee of Dawros Head. But there was nowhere else to go, so we went in past Inishbarnog with the sea slowly smoothing, picked up the leading marks and went through the narrow channel inside Roanacarrick with the water still breaking close aboard on either side, and then right in at the little bight hard under the leading marks we finally smoothed our water and with great content came to anchor. A dinner of baked ham with all the trimmings made it perfect.

The morning was calm and sunny. Far across the bay, the slopes and cliffs of Slievetooley, so grim the night before, were

benign. As we'd become social creatures that evening in Burtonport, we went ashore to go along to the hotel shown in the *Directions* immediately north of Rossbeg for baths and breakfast. Heading down the sandy path to the beach there came a vaguely familiar figure in shorts. It was James Henshall ICC in total holiday mode, for he has been coming to a cottage in this lovely spot for thirty years and more. He laughed when we mentioned our plans for the hotel, but said he'd drive us the quarter mile or so to it to see the reason for his amusement. With inspired ownership, the place could indeed be a delightful little hotel, but instead it is run as a decidedly basic money-spinning summer pub, not opening until the afternoon. In fact, it seemed completely deserted. But James and his wife kindly provided showers and breakfast at their cottage, and sent us on our way in good spirits.

There was virtually no wind, so we motored round Dawros Head and headed for the South Sound inside Aranmore. Once you've got yourself located off Croghy Head it all begins to fall into place, and is straightforward if you've enough rise of tide, though the startling clarity of the water can be unnerving as the bottom seems very near. Being high water, there was a substantial yacht in at the pier at Aranmore, and she headed out as we approached the anchorage. It was Mike Balmforth ICC & CCC in *Quarterwave*; we'd a chat which had to be brief as he wanted to get through the shallows to the south side of the island, but we arranged to meet later in Burtonport.

We'd last been at Aranmore in 1988, and since then the much-improved ferry service has brought the place to life, though by this time with summer set solidly on Donegal, anywhere would have seemed Mediterranean. There was great excitement about the place as Daniel O'Donnell, whose status in the Rosses of Donegal is beyond the Divine, was to give his special annual concert at Early's pub on Aran, with the front rows of seats strictly reserved for the islanders. Reaching Burtonport that evening, we found a further buzz of excitement, as Daniel fans were arriving in from near and far, and the man himself was on the quay. But the Danatics are not ravers. It was all very decorous, and we adjourned in peace to O'Donnell's pub veranda where Ed, Jan and James Wheeler, together with Georgina, soon joined us after a long hot drive from Dublin, leaving a car at Rathmullan on the way. *Quarterwave* was in by this time as well, and the crack was good as we geared ourselves up to get to Danny Minnie's famous restaurant in the heart of The Rosses, where we ate well.

The Daniel fans apparently remained decorous throughout, for no-one was awakened by the crowds returning from the island around three o'clock in the morning. We got under way in gentle style, finding that it's more difficult leaving Burtonport than getting in, as departure means stern transits all the way - maybe you should fit rear view mirrors. As our season had seen us take the inner passage at the Saltees, in south Connemara, and off the Mullet peninsula, we completed the process by using the inner channels all the way up to Bloody Foreland as well, and by lunchtime were anchored in Camusmore Bay on Tory. Here too the new ferry has brought fresh vitality, as also has the new hotel. We went ashore in remarkable summer heat to be greeted by the King himself, Patsy Dan Rogers, and then spent the afternoon wandering this extraordinary place where the houses look as if they were built with primitive art primarily in mind, also visiting the little art gallery where the exhibits include a model of Wallace Clark's *Wild Goose* made by James Dixon, the first of the Tory primitive painters to be inspired by Derek Hill. In the bar at the new inn, Irish was being spoken with a strong Tory twang. We dined ashore, and though it was far from being the best meal of the cruise, merely to be able to have all seven of us eat together in a new hotel on Tory seemed wellnigh miraculous,

while outside the islanders came and went in their basic transport, a covered trailer behind a tractor which, unfortunately for those who seek quaintness, is shortly going to be replaced with a small Mercedes bus completed in nearby Donegal.

The wind stayed northerly to keep our anchorage sheltered, but a foggy front going through during the night left us with a grey day to sail up to Lough Swilly on Sunday August 6th. Ed was experimenting with the VHF to see could he reach his sister at Belfast Coastguard, and was overheard by my brother James who was heading down Lough Swilly from Rathmullan to Portsalon in his Swan 371 *Ardnagee*. We were bound there as well, but the two boats shared the somewhat rolly anchorage for only an hour or so as *Ardnagee* had to leave for Rathmullan. Aboard *Witchcraft*, however, we were determined that Ed should savour the delights of Rita's, so we ambled ashore after a leisurely lunch, and by the time Rita's had opened Ed had met up with all sorts of relations and a proper holiday atmosphere developed, heightened by the fact that in the famous pub he espied, on a dusty top shelf, a row of six ancient bottles of Noilly Prat. They'd been there for so long that Rita wanted to give him a bottle for free, but Ed managed to pay her something, and for the rest of the season the bottle was of much curiosity to all coming on board, with many learned palates sampling it. Nobody seemed completely sure the taste was right, but at least nobody died from it.

With Wheeler nephews and cousins added to the strength, we'd a fine sail up to Rathmullan with dinner cooking and peas being podded in the cockpit. There were folk from home among the crews taking part in the Sunday racing of the famous "Swilly Worlds" which were due to culminate in Rathmullan Regatta next day, but the morning was so perfect that four of us vamoosed with the excuse of a car to be collected from Burtonport. Georgina and I had a perfect Donegal day with an inspiring visit to the Glebe House and Gallery which Derek Hill has given to Ireland. In the house itself there's the original of James Dixon's famous work, *West End Village, Tory*, a painting of remarkable power. Seeing it in the original gave a great sense of completeness to this part of the cruise. Back at Rathmullan, *le tout Lough Swilly* was partying on the pontoon, Ed having crewed for James on *Ardnagee* in a day's busy racing round a course of notably short legs. Dinner had been booked for all at Rathmullan House, and it was the height of style to stroll up from the pontoon and along the perfect beach to that friendly establishment. And then next morning we were on the road at 0630 and back at the desk by 1030 while *Witchcraft* rested for a few days under the benign gaze of Jim Deeny of the Pier Hotel in Rathmullan, who heads the local Enterprise Group which built the pontoon.

The next stage in the circuit was Mullingar Sailing Club On Tour. Old man Whelehan had a dry sense of humour, as he called his three sons Tom, Dick and Harry. Harry's brother Dick lives in Mullingar, where he races dinghies on Lough Owel. He brought his sailing friend Gary Walsh along, and with Georgina obliging to bring the car home, we collected them in Kells on the late afternoon of Friday August 11th August and headed for Reggie Ryan's fine Restaurant St John in Fahan for

dinner (where we met many friends) before going aboard at Rathmullan. A bit of dirty weather went through during the night, but it was improving by morning, and as the tides weren't going to suit at Malin Head until around 1700hrs there was plenty of time for things to settle down before we headed on after lunch in company with *Ardnagee*, which was also bound for Belfast Lough, though in more of a hurry than us. However, we persuaded James and his crew on the VHF that dinner in Kealy's of Greencastle would be possible without unduly upsetting their plans, so the two boats romped along under genoas only (it had been blowing Force 7 that morning at Malin Head) and after a fast passage along a Donegal coastline looking its rugged best, we got into Greencastle just before dark, and Kealy's was everything we'd promised as the six of us ate together at a table confirmed through Malin Head Radio.

Ardnagee was away by 0400 next morning (Sunday August 13th), and thanks to the conveyor belt tides of the North Channel, she was back in Bangor Marina on time for Sunday lunch. By that time, Mullingar Sailing Club On Tour had only got to Rathlin, after wandering in to look at the Giants Causeway and Carrick-a-Rede Rope Bridge. A visit to Rathlin was doubly mandatory, as Dick once upon a time was courting the daughter of the Vicar of Rathlin, but in any case it turned out we'd hit on a very special day to be there, as the model yachts of Rathlin were racing on the Ushet Lough for the Guest House Trophy, which is held each year on the Sunday nearest August 13th. Having faded somewhat, the model yacht racing has revived enormously in recent years, and it was a cracker of a race, won by a boat built by Loughie McQuilkin in 1940. Loughie himself is supposed to have retired from campaigning, with the boat now being raced by his daughter Margaret with help from J J McCurdy, but the great man was very much in evidence and delighted with the win.

Dick and Garry went on to the south end of the island to see the colony of grey seals, and later when we met up at the "new" pub (the old one got "wore out") it was the post-regatta party with a very energetic accordionist who burst into *The Irish Rover* as we headed back to the boat to take the new tide through the North Channel to Carnlough. South of Tor Head,



Looking seaward from the rock gut of Malinbeg, the most westerly anchorage in Donegal. *Witchcraft of Howth* is lying beside the most southerly of the pillar rocks. PHOTO: W.M. Nixon

you're away from the restlessness of the north and west coasts, and we motored across a millpond sea past a handsome coastline. The tide hadn't made enough to get into Carnlough, so we simply drifted in the bay while consuming an excellent dinner developed from one of Georgina's casseroles. By the time we did get berthed outside *Winifreda* which sailed out to Rockall with the Dangerous Sports Club in 1977 (they jumped off the top after a champagne reception), it was past closing time. But a brisk walk in the back streets to that excellent rejuvenated pub, the Waterfall, found the door briefly opened, and upon our complaining that the only reason we were late was because the entrance to their so-and-so harbour was too damned shallow, the woman of the house said it was the best excuse she'd heard yet, and we were in for a good two hours, followed by an on-board concert.

The need for rise of tide meant we couldn't leave until mid-morning anyway, but we made full use of the civilisation which having the use of Monday gives to a long weekend, and ambled down to Bangor on another morning of sunny perfection in order that David Taylor of BJ Marine could show us how conveniently his Travelhoist could lift the boat. Up at Rathmullan Regatta I'd been moaning to him about the inconvenience of boat lifting arrangements in Dublin, and he'd said come to Bangor and we'll show you what a real harbour can do, so in an almost seamless operation *Witchcraft* emerged, her stern parts were inspected and given the okay for the rest of the season, we cleaned her with the power hose for good measure, and soon she was back afloat and in a handy berth where she lay for a couple of weeks as Ed was

planning an extended weekend cruise to Scotland with Jervis Fleming, who last figured in this Annual in 1966 when we cruised *Ainmara* to West Cork, and was coming back from Australia.

They hit a brief spell of really rotten weather, but still managed to reach Scottish waters. Then at the beginning of September Ed and I went up to bring her home on the night of Friday September 1st. There was a torrential downpour to sweep the summer away, and we couldn't see a thing with both of us wearing glasses, so we postponed departure until 0730 Saturday September 2nd in a brisk nor'wester. There were huge rain clouds to the left of us, and ditto to the right, and ahead, and astern, but we sailed the whole 89 miles back to Howth without any rain actually hitting us at all. Visibility was excellent away from the rain, and we could see everything from the Mountains of Mourne to Scotland and the Isle of Man and the Dublin Mountains. The old girl fairly thundered along with the Autohelm working perfectly, and I got to musing on our 2600 miles of cruising with 43 ports visited in all, twenty of them new ones. The summer had indeed been for sailing. But now it was Autumn and time for other things. So we finished this cracker of a passage at 7.2 knots to sail Bangor to Howth in twelve and a half hours, our best ever. And we got to Howth nicely on time for Kieran Jameson's Reptile Party. It was a prodigious bash. The Guards were there four times. The first three times were because they'd been called, as there had been complaints about the noise and the flashing lights. But the fourth time they came off their own bat because they said it was the best party in town.

SUMMARY

Passage	NM	Days	Hours	Minutes	Kts
Howth/Dun Laoghaire	8		1	30	5.3
Dun Laoghaire/Dingle	321	2	15		5.1
Dingle/Inishmeain	84		13	30	6.3
Inishmeain/Kilronan/Killeany	7		1	30	4.6
Killeany/Roundstone	22		4	20	4.9
Roundstone/Ardbear	27		4	40	6.2
Ardbear/Inishturbot	6		1		6.0
Inishturbot/Inishbofin	8		1	30	5.3
Inishbofin/Inishturk	7		1	20	5.4
Inishturk/Clare Island	9		1	30	6.0
Clare Island/Inishkea North	28		4	35	6.2
Inishkea North/Broadhaven	23		4		5.8
Broadhaven/Teelin	61		11		5.6
Teelin/Malinbeg	8		1	30	5.3
Malinbeg/Rosbeg	18		5	30	3.4
Rosbeg/Aranmore	13		2	15	5.8
Aranmore/Burtonport	2			25	4.0
Burtonport/Tory	22		3	20	6.9
Tory/Portsalon	26		4	30	5.8
Portsalon/Rathmullan	8		1	10	6.7
Rathmullan/Greencastle	44		7		6.3
Greencastle/Rathlin	28		5		5.6
Rathlin/Carnlough	21		4		5.3
Carnlough/Bangor	27		4		6.8
Bangor/Carnlough	27		4		6.8
Carnlough/Portpatrick	32		5	10	6.2
Portpatrick/Bangor	22		3	30	6.3
Bangor/Howth	89		12	30	7.2

998 miles. Average 5.7 knots, 19% engine use.

Dunn's Ditties

Mike Balmforth writes:

This was the year of the short cruise! Lack of opportunity to plan ahead, and lack of time in mid-summer all pointed to a cruise within easy reach of home base, and there was little difficulty in selecting Donegal as the target coastline!

The ship's complement was self and Alison Balmforth, son Robin (18) and his friend Andrew Cooper. We set off from Craobh Haven on Monday evening July 31st, and crossed to Bagh Gleann nam Muc at the north end of Jura for an early start down the west side of Islay. We anchored at Inishtrahull after almost exactly 12 hours, 9 of which were under power.

We expected Inishtrahull to be uninhabited, but Irish Lights had a maintenance crew there, so we enjoyed an interesting tour of the lighthouse. We caught the last of the west-going tide in the morning, and had an excellent sail to Burtonport in a strengthening northerly.

After a day pottering around Aranmore, and enjoying some shallow water pilotage – a synonym for going aground – whilst feeling our way back in past Carrickbealatroha, we rendezvoused with John Lyons, and after a swift re-union of the Queens University Sailing Club (William Nixon, Ed Wheeler and I in one place was the excuse) we set off round the corner to have a closer look at Donegal Bay than we had ever had time for during past cruises.

The weather was still sublime, and we motored quietly south, catching mackerel for the smoker and pollack for the soup pot. Conditions were almost totally calm, so it was a great opportunity to have close look at Malin Beg and Slieve League. John had climbed it, and we were duly impressed by his past achievement and by the spectacular cliff scenery.

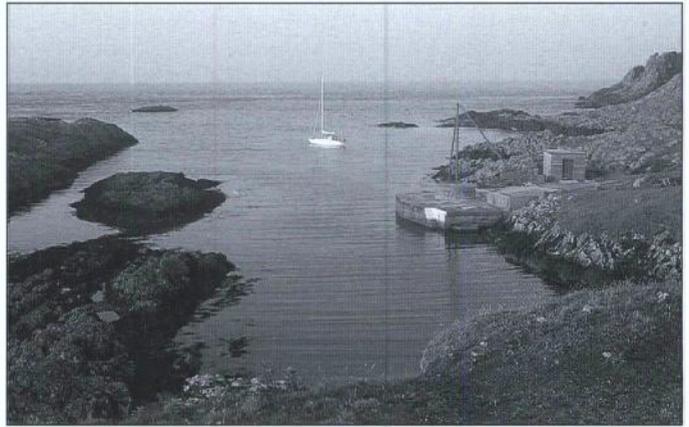
Teelin, yet another jewel in the Donegal coast, was sublime on a sunny summer evening. We anchored off the beach and barbecued 'til dusk. It's a hard life, the sea!

Our unofficial cruise objective was a visit to Inishmurray, and by midday we were anchored in Clashmore Harbour.



Clashmore, Inishmurray.

PHOTO: Mike Balmforth



Portmore, Inishtrahull.

PHOTO: Mike Balmforth

After a warm welcome from some local yachts enjoying their Sunday jaunt from Rosses Point, we walked along to the village, and were able to tick off another early monastic settlement – one that is in an excellent state of preservation.

We had something of a rude shock on leaving – a dead beat into 25-30 knots of breeze. After days of tropical drifting, this caused some unaccustomed exertion!

We had a fine sail back to Burtonport the next day, beating into a slightly lighter breeze. Our last tack took us straight in through Middle Sound and Rutland South Channel, and fortunately there was just enough depth to get the rest of the way into Burtonport for tea at Kelly's!

Burtonport is a pretty handy cruising base for the Rosses. Any stores that cannot be obtained in the local co-op are just a bus or taxi ride away at Dungloe, fuel is available, and there is a water hose at the Aranmore ferry berth. The Lough Swilly Bus Company runs a service that combines transport with social enlightenment, and for expatriots there is a daily through coach from Scotland!

Another crew change saw John depart to Belfast, and Alison's sister Doris arrive from Leicestershire. Over the next few days we wandered round the corner to Downings, Greencastle and Portrush, where by dint of advance booking we managed to get into Ramore's for dinner with brother Bill and family.

Our last day was the sail of the century! Twenty-five knots of SE breeze meant a beam reach home, and additional help from successive fair tides in the North Channel and the Sound of Jura resulted in the 47 mile passage taking just 6 hours 20 minutes. A memorable end to an enjoyable cruise.

Des Barrington writes:

Destination Dingle

Having failed to reach our intended destination, Dingle, in 1994 due to a slight deficiency in the Gung-Ho department,

my regular cruising companions and I were determined to get there this year fortified by the comforts of Leo Keegan's new (to him) *Moody 35, Jennifleur*.

Peter Mooney, Leo's son Christopher and myself, the ICC representative, completed the crew; I in my usual role of navigator and font of wisdom, though somewhat diminished in stature this year thanks to the presence of a Garman GPS plotter among the instrumentation carried, of which more anon.

Departing Dun Laoghaire 20.00 hrs on July 21 we made a fast passage to the Tuskar (11 hours) followed by a slow, slogging motor-sail against fresh Westerlies to overnight refuge in Helvick. Even fresher headwinds next day stopped us at Ballycotton for pints and dinner but moderating conditions tempted us to sea that evening and wafted us to Castletownbere in 18 hours via the Gascanane Sound. A delightful passage enlivened by an alarming midnight visitation from the Customs and Excise off Roches Point who suddenly arrived alongside at high speed in a semi-rigid and lamped the helmsman with a searchlight. Not good for the nerves.

Castletownbere has come on a ton in recent years: good shelter and anchorage, town all painted and fresh, good pubs (McCarthy's still as atmospheric as thirty years' ago when they closed at nine . . . and reopened as soon as the French fishermen had gone back to their boats!), and some first-class restaurants. The fishermen are friendly enough but believe in treating visiting yachts with the same care and attention they lavish on their own boats: in other words, expect to be well bashed if lying alongside.

Then, to Dingle via Dursey Sound. A day of enchantment, mist and blazing sunshine. Navy-blue ocean gouting and gushing on the rocks in emerald, turquoise and dazzling white; the Kerry mountains appliqued layers of two-dimensional pastel tone and the Skelligs, ghosting in the mist, magicians' strongholds. Believe in fairyland? Sure you'd have to!

Super berth in Dingle marina beside a certain C.J.'s *Celtic Mist*. Her skipper Peter Cronin (ICC member) a great help with unaccustomed procedure of hooking up to shore power and entertaining source of horrifying Caribbean charter stories.

Two highly enjoyable nights in the fleshpots of Dingle and then it was pay for your pleasure with a nasty motor-sail back for Baltimore: 5 to 6 on the nose and occasional glimpses of grim headlands. Through Dursey Sound again at 19.00 hrs and would we ease off for Castletown? No Crookhaven only ten miles further than Castletown so we'd bite the bullet now for a short hop to Baltimore tomorrow. Then the sky fell in, or rather, the cloud came down to sea level and visibility to less than half a cable. Virtue said sternly 'Stay at sea for the night' but Garman said seductively 'I'll take ye in safely. Trust me.' So, justifying ourselves with the thought that radar too is only an 'aid' and yet even the pro's fly blind with it, we crept around the Mizzen and into Crook following a little arrow on an electronic map. An amazing piece of equipment though it does destroy all feelings of navigational achievement.

We completed our cruise next day in Baltimore after a lunchstop in Schull, a few hours less than seven days after leaving Dun Laoghaire. 340 miles and six ports of call: we've often spent a lot longer doing far less.

Paddy Barry writes:

Report on collision between vessel 'Saint Patrick' and Merchant Vessel.

On Saturday, September 2nd., we were on passage from North Harbour, Cape Clear towards Dublin. Our Crew was Paddy Barry, Kevin Cronin, Pat Redmond and Jarlath Keogh.

The collision occurred at location 51 57 N., 6 55 W. (approximately 10 miles south of Hook Head). The wind was f. 4 northerly, the seastate was moderate, the visibility was good.

Saint Patrick was under sail at 5-6 knots, on an easterly heading, steering for Coninbeg Light, the loom of which was in sight. Saint Patrick was showing her navigation lights (port light, starboard light, white masthead light, all electric). The VHF was on Channel 16. Sailing on port tack, all sails were on the starboard (southern) side.

Kevin Cronin and Pat Redmond were on watch in the cockpit, with Paddy Barry and Jarlath Keogh below, the watch having changed at 22.00 hours. Kevin Cronin was on the helm, having taken over from Pat Redmond at 23.00 hours.

The loom of Tuskar was in sight, shore lights were clearly visible to the north. Some lights were visible to the south, which appeared to be those of fishing vessels. Shortly after 23.00 hours, Cronin and Redmond, simultaneously, heard the engine of a large vessel and saw a hull close to port at a distance of about 50 metres, bearing down on them. Redmond loosed the mailsheet and Cronin put the tiller up to bear away. The starboard bow of the merchant vessel struck Saint Patrick, breaking her bowsprit and hitting her portside at the stem. The full starboard side of the merchant vessel, seen to be grey in colour, passed alongside. She continued, without apparent alteration of speed or course, in a southerly direction. We spent the next hour in taking down and recovering sails, rigging and broken bowsprit, checking hull damage and water ingress. The stem could be seen to be badly damaged. Water ingress was slight and controllable with our handpump. Our engine and sterngear was in good order. We noted our position by GPS. Distance and bearing to Dunmore East were 11.2 miles, 357 M. We motored at low speed to Dunmore, tying alongside at 05.45 hours on Sunday September 3rd. We reported the incident in person to the Harbour Master on that day and made contact on the following day, Monday, with the Department of the Marine.

Notes/Comments

1.0 We did not get the name of the merchant vessel. We did not attempt subsequent VHF communication with her, our primary consideration at the time being the well being of our boat and crew.

2.0 It seems possible in hindsight, that the lights of the merchant vessel, as might be seen from Saint Patrick before the incident, were not distinguishable from those of the shorelights (notwithstanding colour difference).

3.0 The crew on watch were experienced sailors, coastal and offshore, Kevin Cronin in particular having sailed in Saint Patrick over 20 years, on both ocean passages (U.S.A. and Greenland) and heavily trafficked coastal waters.

Leo Conway writes:

In decades of cruising, I have always seemed fated to arrive at the Horseshoe Buoy, south-east of Wicklow Head with a foul tide throwing up a big bow wave on the buoy and trying mightily to stop me going where I want to. I always knew that there is an in-shore channel inside the Horseshoe Reef, and this year I was pleased to be able to persuade Bernard Corbally to explore it coming north in *Rionnag*.

Starting two or three cables off Ardmore Point, 3 nm south of Wicklow Head, a straight course heading between the two derelict towers on Wicklow Head brings you up in about five metres minimum depth to the large rock standing just off the Silver Strand. From there, a heading to give a couple of cables clearance off Wicklow Head under the lighthouse completes the passage. In our case there was a strong south-going tide outside, but very little on the in-shore course.

Heading south, it is fairly easy to pick up the rock off Silver Strand once you are past Wicklow Head lighthouse, and the rest is easy. Certainly the opportunity to avoid strong adverse tides past the Horseshoe Buoy is very attractive, and next time I think I might even try it in Delphin!

Hugo De Plessis writes from Trinidad on board yacht Samharcin:

Another quiet year to report, as I have been still shackled to a publisher and London is further away from the Caribbean in outlook than it is in distance.

Regrettably at the end of last year Grenada adopted a hostile policy towards yachts. Why, nobody knew, but that is the Caribbean. The British Empire bequeathed a form of law and government to its former colonies but not logic or reason. Yachts were good tourist business bringing in 25% of all tourist revenue, but unlike the Mafia owned hotels, difficult to quantify when their major expenditure is in supermarkets, bars and restaurants. Thanks to SSB and HAM radio the news spread worldwide in hours. Never underrate the speed and range of the cruising yachtie grapevine.

As a result yachts left and others did not stay or bypassed the island. Because my daughter, Prim and son-in-law Bruce Grimson, and young family were holidaying in Grenada in April, I was one of the last to leave. But in May I joined my many friends who had left for Trinidad. And what a transformation. A country going all out to attract yachts and very successfully too. Business is booming, and yachtie money flooding in. Peakes Marine, opened only two years ago and one of the largest boatyards I have seen (and as a surveyor I have seen plenty in many countries) has several hundred yachts ashore and a waiting list to haul out. Two other big yards, also full, and hordes of yachts afloat.

Grenada has not only missed the bus but taken away the bus stop, although I hear the new government is beginning to revise the policy. One of the problems being that there is no policy, only various authorities with their own contradictory policies. There are nasty stories of yachts being turned out of one of the best Caribbean hurricane holes as Marilyn was forecast to hit. Drugs may be behind it. The Caribbean islands are now a major route. Influential people deeply involved everywhere and Grenada is first in line.

Trinidad is one of the bigger islands and by far the most developed and industrialised, thanks to its oil industry (which was one of the first, developed as a major strategic supply for the Royal Navy in the days when Britannia still ruled the waves). Most services are available but therein lies both its attraction and disattraction. Industry means noise, dirt, oil and pollution. You do not swim in Trinidad harbours. The main anchorage at Chaguaramas is exposed to swell, ferry wash and a strong and unpredictable current. Being uncomfortably deep it is difficult to anchor clear of other yachts and bumping is common especially as the currents can be like a whirlpool. There is a shipyard, noisy and brightly lit at night.

Holding is indifferent although as the area was a US Navy base until a few years ago, (Churchill's obsolete 'destroyers for islands' deal), there is always the chance of getting securely hooked into a discarded 70 ton Sherman tank.

Outboard motors are fair game. Doesn't worry me as I row and nobody these days wants a Seagull, which anyway has not been off the pushpit since I left Bantry ten years ago.

Some crews rave about Trinidad but on the whole they are urban people who stay at the Trinidad Yacht Club in the town. Being a countryman I prefer quiet,

deserted anchorages, like we have in Ireland, where the loudest noise is bird song and cicadas at night and the only lights are fireflies.

Alternative anchorages are few although there are some nearby islands. I am anchored in one now. Chacacharee, a former leper colony until a cure was discovered some thirty years ago. It still has a deserted and overgrown village ashore, eerie at night when fireflies flicker through the deserted shacks. I have been told even the hospital records are still there although I have not seen them. But I did discover the power house with a big old Ruston Hornsby which was much more interesting to an engineer who could remember electric light plants like that as a boy.

As you have probably heard this has been the worst Atlantic hurricane season for many years. All so far have missed Trinidad – as they are supposed to. This is a 'safe' island. 100/1 chance here. But other islands have been devastated, especially St. Martins by Louis. Out of 1500 yachts only 200 were still afloat next day and most of those were damaged. To put this in perspective imagine Crosshaven with the marinas destroyed and 90% of the yachts on the shore piled higgeldy piggeldy on top of each other. The river swept clean apart from a few masts sticking up. Some yachts washed out to sea and never seen again. Crosshaven itself looking like blitzed cities in 1940. Casualties heavy too, especially among yachties, who stayed with their boats. Bodies still being found as boats are salvaged. No statistics quoted in case it harms the tourist industry!

Marilyn gave us a bad scare here, forecast to pass south of Grenada as a developing hurricane. Formed close too at short notice. But it swung north instead and gave the US Virgin Islands the same treatment St. Martins got.

We had a nasty night here from Iris, a lady who could not make up her mind which way to go. Well north as it happened but she had a nasty sting in her tail, (I hear she still had when she reached Ireland a week later). Technically it is known as a feeder, sweeping up from South America. An usually big swell for the landlocked Gulf of Paria combined with the strong current created conditions like a tide race. It was the most uncomfortable time at anchor I can remember for fifty years. In fact since Valencia in September 1948 in my old five tonner



Pile of yachts – it will take time for the boating scene at St. Maarten's Port de Plaisance to get back to normal.

Crimson Rambler and she was a much smaller boat. We survived without damage, but it was said to be the worst in Trinidad for many years.

Eric Hiscock declared no one in their senses sailed in the Caribbean during the hurricane season. He was right too but that was before good weather forecasts and hurricane watch by satellites and aircraft. All the same events this year have emphasised Rule 1. 'Don't be there'. Or at least don't stay in the danger islands. The northern islands have been hit four times this year. Although Trinidad is supposed to be safe there is always the chance of being caught on the fringe or getting a lesser tropical storm.

This year has shown too there are no safe hurricane holes, especially when crowded with other boats, most of all when there are casually moored charter fleets. When the wind gets over the 100 knot level anything can happen and it probably will and there is absolutely nothing you can do about it. Except make sure your boat is well insured and seek out the strongest looking hotel ashore.

While writing this account along comes Pablo, another one that could not make up its mind despite the distinction of being a record breaker. No previous season has ever reached P before. Only a tropical storm, but never take chances and forecast to be close enough to warrant a speedy retreat to the best hurricane hole. (First in then 'Blow you Jack, I'm inboard'). From being forecast to track up mid-Atlantic it stayed obstinately south of the predicted route until heading for Grenada at the south of the island chain. (Trinidad is the one almost in South America. In fact geographically and biologically it is South America). Just as I had three anchors out including my heavy storm anchor (the heaviest Ireland could supply) plus ropes ashore like a spider in a web, a good days work as supposed to hit that night, it dissipated. Not even a damp squib. Now it's going to take another day to sort that lot out again. I felt cheated. Why can't we have a hurricane like everyone else.

Well they have now got up to R, Roxanne. (Seems nobody could think up a name beginning with Q) and forecast still more to come. A really record hurricane year. I never hear how many end up in Ireland. US forecasts lose interest once safely in mid-Atlantic and no more threat to American real estate! But one did give an advance position which seemed to be headed straight for my house in Bantry.

Hurricanes as you know of course start at sustained winds of 64 knots, Force 12, gusting higher. And that is only for starters, a minor one. Louis was a grade 4 hurricane, 115 knots gusting 140, but at that level the actual wind strength is academic and the instruments have gone to join the jumble of what used to be roofs.

I had hoped to be exploring the jungle by now, but am still tied to that damned fax and post. More next year maybe.

I can hardly believe I have been out here in the Caribbean for ten years now. But that is how it goes.

Kevin Dwyer writes:

1965. The cover of the annual for 1995 comprises a montage which I have created from photography which I have been very carefully keeping for the last few years with a view to presenting a front cover to the Hon. Editor of the annual 'Thirty years ago'. A detailed description of the montage is given at the start of the annual.

Looking back to the log of the 1965 cruise which was published in the ICC 1966 annual, present members of the club were referred to as follows: James Mulhern, navigator and our guiding star. Kevin Dwyer, tonic in chief for flagging energy or spirits and Conor Doyle, reluctant scribe with pen in hand.

Our skipper was of course the late Tom Doyle with whom I sailed for a number of years. Our cruise departing from Cork

Harbour on the 3rd July took us to the Scilly Isles, Belle Isle, St. Nazaire, The Morbhion, L'Orient, Concarneau and Benodet, returning to Crosshaven on the 18th July.

1995. I have a special thank you to the many members of the ICC who welcomed me during the past year to their home yacht clubs when I put on my slide show and talk "Around Ireland by Air".

As the annual goes to press I will be heading off to the States having been invited as a member of the club to present the slide show as an introduction to Arthur Baker's 'Cruise in Company' next July. I will be presenting the show to the Cruising Club of America in Boston, the New York Yacht Club and to members of the NYYC in Newport, Rhode Island.

Finally I await with enthusiasm publication by Malachi O'Gallagher of his first edition of the sailing directions for the East and North Coasts of Ireland.

Peter and Susan Gray write:

As we write (15th October) we are still weatherbound in Kinsale awaiting a favourable wind for the Canaries. Otherwise we are all set to start out on our live-aboard ocean wander.

By the time your Annual reaches you we would hope to be in St. Lucia celebrating Christmas but remembering home.

As well as regular visits to Howth, over the season we managed only a few days, but happy days, rounding Anglesey and a really glorious week in that perfect July weather cruising north to Strangford.

By good luck on our Anglesey trip, with our daughter Carol and partner Grant, we hit the Swellies just as they couldn't make up their minds if they were flooding or ebbing and thus



Waxwing Susan, Peter Gray's Rival 41 at Dun Laoghaire before the start of the circumnavigation to which they are giving 6 or 7 years.

PHOTO: C. P. McHenry

sailed through wondering why they had a reputation. We spent a night in Holyhead (a most welcoming and hospitable club) and a day at Port Dinoric.

We were joined by Paul Maguire (Rear Commodore R. St. G.), his wife Angie and some young friends for our Strangford cruise. A brief stop in Howth, nights in Malahide, Carlingford and Ardglas was followed by a few idyllic days at the pontoon at the Quoile where we were made to feel more than welcome.

An easy enough passage home to Dun Laoghaire and we were all prepared for the Atlantic crossing – except for the weather and a million or more other things we had not really thought of!

Cormac McHenry writes:

Susan and Peter Gray have been preparing their Rival 41 *Waxwing* for their voyage of a lifetime, a circumnavigation of the world. They intend to be away for six or seven years, leaving their yacht at various times to come back to Ireland to keep tabs on us all. They left Dun Laoghaire in October on the first leg of their journey, down to the Canaries where they join the ARC for the Atlantic crossing to the Carribean in time for Christmas. After that? Well that remains to be seen, but Peter has promised to keep us in touch from some of their ports of call. We wish them well.

Bill and Hilary Keatinge write:

We moved onto Kilpatrick, (37ft Oyster Heritage), at the end of April; I was due to be officially retired early May and we were leaving Holland after nine years. The Amsterdam house was packed up, our London house under offer, cars sold. We were not in a hurry and planned to be in Lymington at the end of June; this is where we have decided to settle, at least protem. We set sail from Muiden to visit our favourite IJsselmeer harbours one more time with a line of farewells arranged in various harbour restaurants. Edam has always been special for us and this time even more so as it was from Edam that we had an exhilarating sail on a traditional Dutch fishing boat – a Botter; the weather was perfectly in keeping – a force 4 rising 5; bracing one foot against the gunwale, back to the tiller to keep the heavy boat on course through the driving rain – it was a really great morning. Hoorn next with its fleet of tjalks and clippers moored along the harbour wall evoking memories of Far Eastern trading routes; it is hard to find the spirit of Volendam behind the wall-to-wall tourist buses, but Urk on the Northern IJsselmeer is still the busy fishing village it always was, though more friendly now to visiting yachtsmen then a decade or so ago. We then moved deeper in and by canal from Lemmer across the Sneekemeer up to Grouw. An enforced stay here as our heating was on the blink; we did need it as much of May 1995 was extremely cold. As we left pretty Eernwoude heading for the sea at Harlingen we were treated to



Dutch Harbour scene.

PHOTO: Bill Keatinge

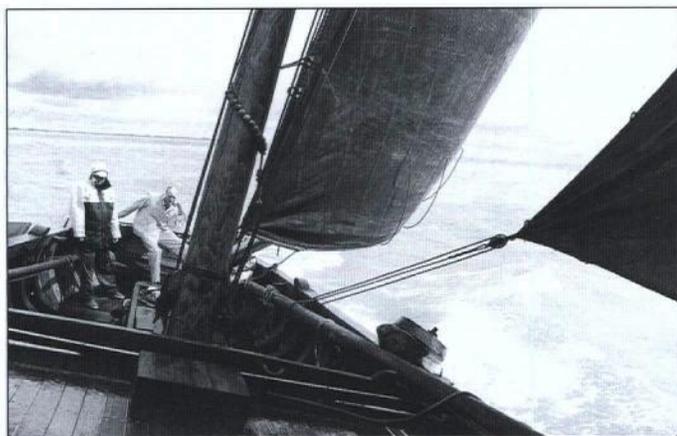
a squall of 40 knots across the deck with accompanying icy rain and as we wove through these Friesland waterways, we were wheeling and dealing on the sale of our London house – Monty the GSM-Mobile making it all possible. We won't mention what the bill came to for that first month afloat, but without the phone I doubt we could have made such a cruise. Great sailing for a couple of days out on the Waddenzee and then back into the IJsselmeer again to the Eastern ports – Makkum famous for its glazed pottery; picturesque Hindelopen for dinner at De Gasterie and on to Workum, home of the artist Feenstra, an artist who captures the colours and sights of the IJsselmeer as only a waterman can.

The Ascension holiday at the end of May saw us out on the Wad again and we were among the mass of spectator boats on the start line of the 25 mile sloop race from Harlingen to Terschelling – there were two boats from the Royal Netherlands YC to cheer for. A certain amount of chaos entering the very crowded harbour at Terschelling but with the new marina there was room for everyone. Next day we had reached down the western coast of Vlieland to Den Helder. In need of the exercise and not fancying a huge delay at the DenOever lock at the end of a holiday weekend (it can be three hours or more) we went back out to sea again and had a vigorous beat southwards until the wind switched off and we had to motor the last two hours to IJmuiden and then up the North Sea Canal to Amsterdam. In our first month of retirement we had covered a leisurely 430 nautical miles and visited 23 ports.

We finally left Dutch waters on 3rd June and zigzagged Westwards via Ostend to London for a social week, Boulogne for a great lunch, back NW to Brighton then Gosport, from here we went for a day at the races – the morning suit and top hat were rescued from the sail locker, it was Ladies Day at Royal Ascot, and finally on to Lymington Town Quay. The quay is literally under the windows of the estate agents and it was from the boat that we exchanged contracts for a land base. We escaped the home improvements for three weeks in September for a cruise to Normandy, and at the moment of writing (mid October) we are moored in Newtown Creek, IOW where the only disturbance comes from the flocks of grazing geese! Boat life is definitely agreeing with us. Now we are settled in Lymington we hope that members of the ICC will call – we need lots of tips for our planned circumnavigation of Ireland next season.

Donal McClement writes:

What a summer we have had. However, one of my highspots was Mid October 1994 bringing the beautiful 54' *Stormbird* From St. Tropez to Cowes. Little or no wind until Bayona. And then what a sail. 630 miles in 70 hours with the wind Never forward of the beam. Most of the trip with just a double



Dutch Botter.

PHOTO: Bill Keatinge

reefed main. The leg from Ushant to the Channel. Light vessel in poor visibility was quite exciting. Crossing the main shipping lane at night with, at times, less than 1/2 mile visibility was hairy to say the least.

1995 had me more involved in administration but some nice trips from U.K. and mini cruises in the beautiful south west where memorable. Once again off to St. Tropez for the Nioulargue (the ultimate posers regatta) and looking forward to the trip home. Roll on 1996 and the cruise in company to round off Ford Cork week.

Sean McCormack writes:

By the standards of recent years *Marie Claire* had a quiet year.

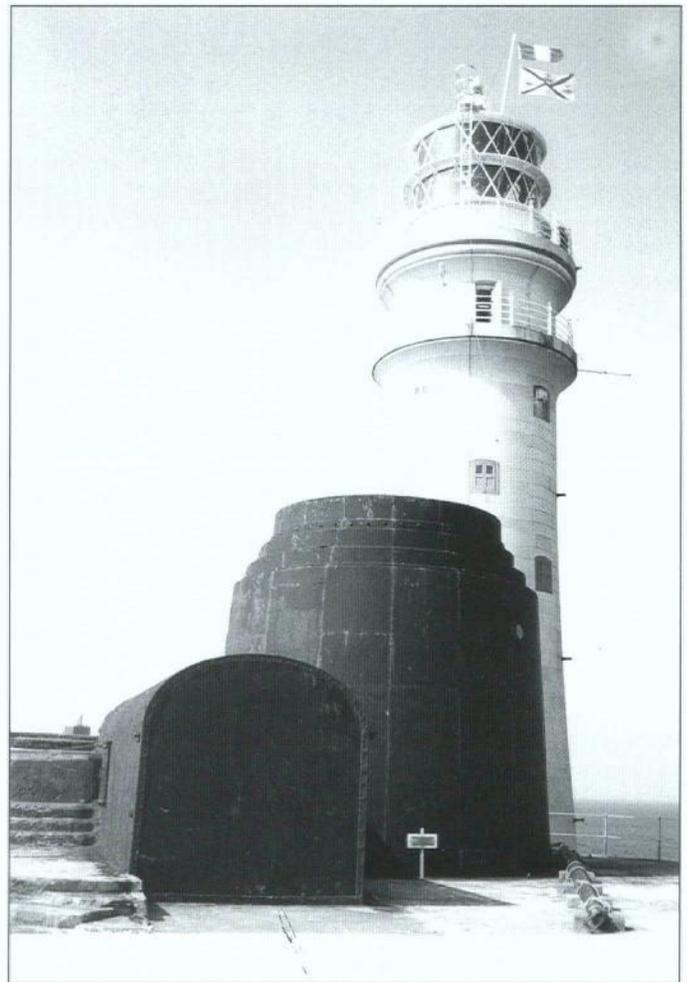
We joined the I.C.C. East Coast Rally to Carlingford in June. This was enjoyed by the whole crew despite a 2 hour wait for dinner on the Saturday and a flaming row with the hotel management. A table reservation of one month became academic in the stampede of hungry sailors, a minority of whom found it irksome to book a table as advised.

We spent the last 2 weeks of June participating in the Howth Yacht Club Centenary Cruise to the Clyde. This took place in unbelievable Mediterranean type weather and was hugely enjoyable and a great success.

A short trip to Holyhead in early September rounded off the cruising for *Marie Claire* in 1995.

Donal Morrissy writes:

The back of the Gregory Sound is a dark dark place on a moonless night. There are no houses facing the wide Atlantic to the west of Inismore or Inishmean and only odd glimmers from the Clare coast south of Doolin and the loom of Slyne Head. I was below filling my hot water bottle and preparing for the scratcher when the excited cries of the Muppets (Robert MacDonagh and Aodhan FitzGerald) brought me back on deck, it was a dramatic appearance of the Northern Lights — Aurora Borealis. I had never seen them before but I had two authoritative observers in Aodhan who had seen them north of Iceland on *Stella Maris* with Michael Coleman on their award winning cruise in 1994, and Robert who was born in Canada and had seen them 800 miles north of Calgary. So it was that on the night of September 27 1995 the back of the Gregory was transformed into a magical lace. We were taking *Joggernaut* south for the Crosshaven Boatyard autumn league



Old iron accommodation suite. Stump of old iron lighthouse. Derrick boom securely locked down. PHOTO: Stuart Nairn

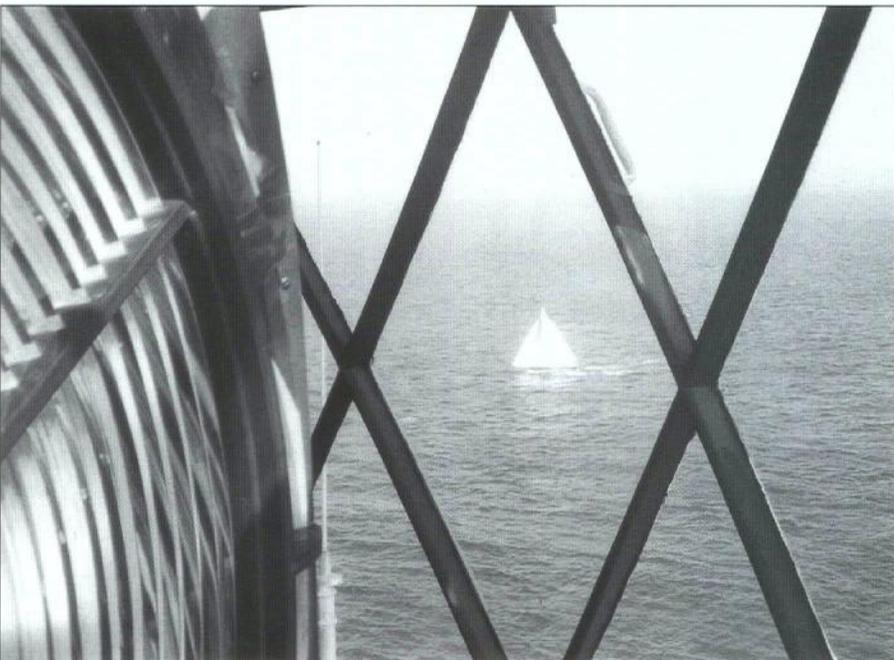
at the R.C.Y.C., to jointly celebrate their 275th anniversary and the 25th anniversary of G.B.S.C. "agus sin sceal eile".

Stuart Nairn write on the Carrlg Aonair – The Fastnet:

I was delighted to be invited to join the R.O.R.C. and Champagne Mumm Admirals Cup Race Officers team on the rock to time yachts rounding in the 1995 Fastnet Race. Now unmanned, regular maintenance visits are made to the lighthouse so if it is in no way decommissioned.

Tony Marsh and Ross Osborne from R.O.R.C. arrived in Cork on Friday 4th August and we stocked up for a five day stay. Early on Saturday the three of us flew in a Bolkow 150D helicopter to Castletownbere where we picked up Principal Keeper, Dick O'Driscoll, went through detailed safety procedures for overflying the sea and took off again in perfect calm, sunny conditions.

Keeping our heads down we scurried back and forth in the downdraft unloading stores (including drinking water), kit and radio equipment as the helicopter, rotors turning, perched on the helipad. Promptly it departed and Dick formally bid us welcome to "his" lighthouse. The first three floors contain fuel and generating equipment. The next three comprise washroom with toilet and



Gaff Cutter *Noorderson* rounding a.m. 9th August

PHOTO: Stuart Nairn

shower, visitors bunkroom (3 berths) and keeper's bunkroom. Seventh floor is a pantry cum storeroom and the eight floor is messroom with cooker, sink, dining table, radio equipment and television. A narrow gallery runs around outside the messroom at a height of 132ft. Above this level is the lamp room with the revolving prisms, fog signalling equipment and emergency lighting. For those with a head for heights you can climb outside up a vertical ladder onto the dome at about 180 ft.

The hardest part of our visit was lugging equipment and stores up the cast iron circular staircase. A heart surgeon's benefit if ever there was one.

During Saturday and Sunday we waited for the slow moving fleet, receiving progress reports every six hours from Alan Green at Race Control, Plymouth. The weather remained perfectly calm with light winds and we welcomed many visitors as lack of swell made landing easy. Dick remarked that conditions like these normally occurred only about six times a year.

The national flag and the Irish Light Commissioners flag were flown at the top of the tower but to give us a better indication of conditions at sea level we flew the first international code flag that came to hand on the outer end of the pier. We hope they saw the joke, when we looked twice it was "Y", "I am dragging my anchor".

Nicorette was the first maxi round at 10.36 on Monday 7th, by 20.00 the eight maxis had rounded and we had the bonus of not having to stand watches that night as *Jameson I* first of the Admirals Cupper's did not arrive until 07.58 on Tuesday 8th.

We earned our keep that day recording 200 roundings until 24.00. Great interest was added to the proceedings when "the real "Fastnet Race, from Schull erupted from Roaring Water Bay and local heroes like *Mayhem*, *Canterbury*, *Imp* and *Anna Petrea* merged seamlessly with the hotshots from across the water. Among these were *Moonduster*, *White Rooster*, *Joggernaut* and *Stormbird* Irish veterans of the Fastnet Race.

Night brought a respite as the wind fell to 5/10 kts. and for once we kept watches as we noted reports from the slow moving rearguard. Last yacht recorded was the gaff cutter *Noorderson* making a fine sight as she tacked round in a force 3/4 southerly on Wednesday forenoon.

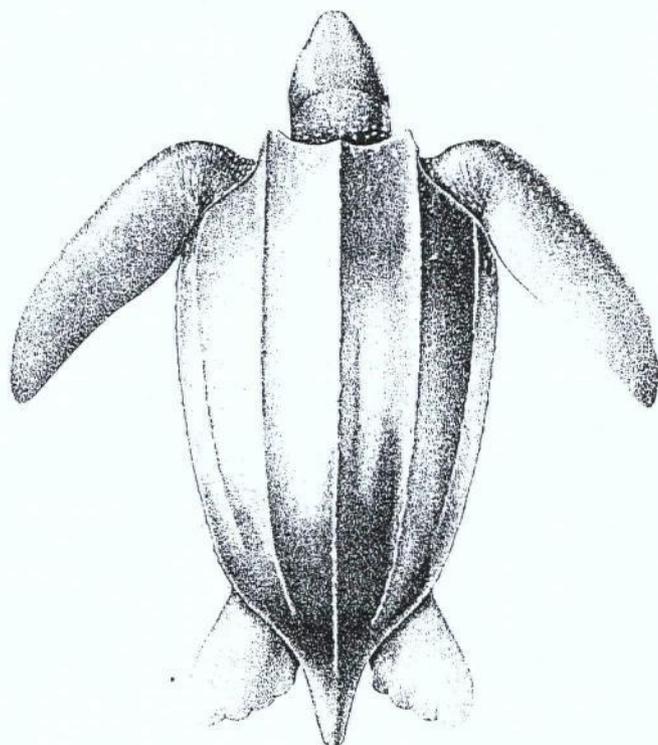
We had brought forward our departure to 17.00 on Wednesday 9th, regretfully we worked through the closing down routine and awaited the 'chopper' which would whisk us home and leave Carrig Aonair - The Lonesome Rock - to the seals and seabirds.



Alys.

PHOTO: David Park

LEATHERY TURTLE or LUTH
Dermochelys coriacea (Linnaeus)



David Park writes:

Alys sailed to Southern Brittany to try and see as many places not visited on previous journeys to this coast. Most harbours were well documented in previous journals and a detailed account of another Brittany cruise would be superfluous.

Hilary and I had a grand romp down the Irish Sea to Howth where we were joined by Aidan Tyrrell (I C C) and from there made a direct passage, with a northerly wind would you believe, to Carnaret where Helen Hassett also joined. Aidan's brother Declan (I C C) was there aboard John Bourke's *Hobo* (I C C).

We explored the Aulne River in boiling hot weather and locked in up to the town of Chateaulin (twinned with Clonakilty!). Well worth a visit and a most picturesque area and river. Douarnenez was too hot to enjoy but it was a short sail out to Ile de Sein. A fascinating place with its narrow streets and an interesting bit of pilotage to get there. Benodet was as crowded with yachts as ever, so we spent the night anchored in a deserted pool up the Rover Odet at Lanros. A beautiful wooded anchorage where we gently touched bottom at low water.

At Concarneau, Aidan and Helen left us and Hilary and I continued on to the Belon River followed by a magical broad reach, in bright sunshine, to Belle Ile. Leo Conway on *Delphin* (I C C) was there and came aboard for a drink. At La Trinite, my daughter Julia and Duncan Crawford and we explored the Morbihan visiting Auray and the old town of St Goustan. We returned to La Trinite where our 1994 crew, Peter and Carolyn Minnis joined us. We visited the Island of Houat before returning to the Morbihan to explore further.

Not far from the entrance to the Morbihan we saw two giant turtles. At first I thought it was a large floating black tractor tyre when it suddenly raised its head and swam away. It was approximately 9ft long with a beam of 5 1/2 ft. The second one was somewhat smaller. The Natural History Museum in London informed me that these are Leathery Turtles (*Dermochelys Coriacea*), the largest of the turtle family and can reach a weight of 1100 lbs. They are not uncommon on the French Coast and have been reported as far as 70 N. They live on a diet of jellyfish but may also eat crabs and other crustacea.

On our return north we stopped at Ile de Croix, Lorient to see the U Boat pens, Lomener and anchored for a night on the east side of Ile de Penfret, Glenan Islands. We revisited Concarneau, the new marina at Audierne and then shot through the Passe du Trouziasrd in the Rax de Sein to Morgat, Canaret and finally L'Aberwrach. Here we were joined by the Minnis' teenage daughter, Sarah, and friend Veronica for the passage home. And so home to Strangford Lough after a two day stop in the Scilly Isles. Beautiful sailing with the wind east to south-east.

Altogether we sailed 1312 nautical miles in lovely weather and for once the wind was nearly always abaft the beam.

Mungo Park writes:

Amanda and I joined John Roonie R.C.C. in Helsinki at the end of June for two weeks in *Flycatcher* his famous Contessa 38. We cruised the islands to the Russian border and then along the patrolled channel to Viborg, picking up an amusing pilot to enter the canal to go back into Finland and Finnish lake system. The eight huge 30' locks were most efficient, and duty free drink available at many points. On reaching Lappeenranta we cruised the islands for 80 miles northwards and back; lovely anchorages and minimum formalities (if everything in order!) We had marvellous weather, until, returning from Viborg in Russia, we got 35 knots on the nose, with rain and dense fog; very testing navigation among the islands, but fortunately good charts and GPS. In all a fine interesting cruise.

On return I flew to Portsmouth to purchase a 35' Holman Ketch (renamed *Twiga*) and sailed her home to Howth with Davy McBride, Angus Laird and Toby Clark. Fifty miles north of the Scillies we collected a heavy deck cargo-net round the propeller, which took twelve hours to dislodge; the second in four years. Moral; don't motor at night, enjoy the calm!

Garry Villiers-Stuart writes on *Winifreda* 1994-1995 Refit

Winifreda was built by the Admiralty in the 1980s. Her 32 feet of double diagonal teak on oak was built to carry powder and shot from Cork to Cove Island. Since then she has been a witness to many diverse oceans, coastlines and people. To keep her sound was the task to hand.

Help from many unforeseen quarters saw Winny through this tricky period. Work on making good the hull took place in the back shed of Red Bay Boats, Cushendall. Sheathing was removed, and planking was found in good order (phew!) but some of the copper riveting needed renewing. Keel bolts were withdrawn and were found in good order. Attention was given to keelson, floors and some of the ribbing. The deckhouse and

internal fixtures and fitting were renewed. The hull was epoxy-resined. The trusty engine was overhauled.

There was no horror story, Winny, a wonderful example of late nineteenth century craftsmanship, was passing the test of time with flying colours. Her present refit was made possible by the craftsmanship of friends Peter Brown and Jamie Stuart plus a huge input of consultation, direction and resourcing by the very resourceful Scholies father and son team. (Dwellers of Carnlough.) Only the effects of a financial drought stopped a much earlier completion of work. But spirits were still working in Winny's favour. The drip feed of finance turned into a trickle again and things were able to move ahead. (The old description of boat owning being equivalent of standing in a cold shower and tearing up £5 notes is definitely out of date. Nowadays nothing short of £50 notes will do!)

A spectacular relaunch of Winny was planned with friends and Winny lovers far and wide to be invited. The elements however had other ideas, and the fierce North Easterlies put paid to any such launch party. She had to make do with a modest mid week occasion. Waters were still and with the help of a tow Winny was back in her old berth in Carnlough harbour. The family and friends joined together in mid May for a post launch party. Wonderful it was to motor round Carnlough bay to enjoy food, music, song and story in Winny's wark and comforting embrace. It was now the turn of another friend Graham Durrant and the Scholies to bravely take on the mantle of making Winny ship shape and passage worthy for the 95 season. This proved to be another Herculean task. A second hand mast had been located in Plymouth. Its carriage to Carnlough could have been written up as a separate saga in itself. Such was the interest generated that when it finally arrived on the deck of a fishing boat out of Girvan at around 10 o'clock at night that upwards of 40 Carnlough men were at hand to help unload and give opinion as to its suitability as a replacement. Happily it got the thumbs up. A chance meeting resulted in a fitter from Belfast coming out in his own time to adjust the rigging. We had a mast, and the impossible, to be ready to take a crew of MENCAP students for a sailing adventure in the fourth week of July, was now looking slightly possible. However, the thousand and one details kept the team working at breaking point to the last minute, only massive good will and will power could achieve it.

6AM Friday July 21st saw Winny slip her moorings at Carnlough heading for Troon: Winny's sailing season had begun.

What a summer it was. The MENCAP students enjoyed a journey round the Mull of Kintyre up to Mull. Graham Durrant and Dobbie Robinson took the boat on up to Skye and returned via a number of Islands to Troon via Carnlough. The family enjoyed a most wonderful sun drench cruise through the Crinan Canal to the West coast of Mull and back to Carnlough. The cycle of Winny delight has started again.

By next season Winny will be equipped to DTI standards of nautical excellence, and will be available for charter. If any one wishes to sail on one of the most character full boats sailing the Irish seas, please get in touch.

Garry Villiers-Stuart (Tel: 01434 345 359)

Paddy Walsh writes:

Apparently in the 1870's Lord Lansdowne dictated to the Ordnance Survey people that from henceforth the Kenmare Bay be known as the Kenmare River, as such, it entitled him to net the area for salmon. Had it continued to be known as the Kenmare Bay, this would not have been permitted under the Riparian Laws. This year *Jilliana* spent a week on the river in the most memorable summer days for many years. We anchored off Killmacallogue, Parknasilla and along the river

on balmy days and nights. The high point has to be our few nights at the new Marina at Drumquinna Manor Hotel, practically in Kenmare. Great effort and expenditure has put this pontoon with facilities for 4-5 boats to the North East of Templemore Pier in Dunkerron Harbour, 4 cables east of Reen Point, beside the Water Sport Centre and the Bistro (no less). The welcome to visitors is palpable and nothing is too much trouble; the Robertsons are to be congratulated on both their dining room and initiative. The entrance has to be cautious – half hour before and after and align two red disc in the trees, but certainly well worth a visit. The Harbour Master, John Dewey (064-41657) will both dock the visitors and later regale one with nautical yarns into the small hours.

A nice story from the Kingdom concerns a well known sailor from the West who arrived at Dingle Marina to be greeted in his usual welcoming way by Johnny Murphy, the marina supervisor. Having gone through his usual welcoming routine as he does with each visitor, "you're welcome, 'tis a lovely place, there's great restaurants, if I drank I could be drunk all day etc. etc.", and then the painless punch line "That will be eight pounds please" as he does with each visitor. However, he stopped, had a further look at the 24' vessel and said "sure I can't charge you eight pounds for that, would you have a fiver", the result – a new Southerly 115 on the West Coast.

And Paddy Walsh continues:

Taken from the Newsletter of the Galway Bay Sailing Club – August, 1995

ROUNDSTONE. JUNE 17/18

If you remember, the first half of that particular week looked almost seasonal (was I going to get to wear shorts and a tee



shirt this year?). The second half was more typical – (steady on the sun block, skipper) with a cold northerly and a feeble sun. Despite the unbecoming conditions four Galway boats, *Jilliana*, *White Heather*, *Sunima* and *Sullivan John* were on-hand on Thursday evening in Inishbofin to rendezvous with the Commodore of the Irish Cruising Club, David Nicholson on his circum peregrination of Ireland.

Friday dawned even worse and the ambitious cruising programme was deferred in favour of an al fresco mainbrace splicing in Jilliana. As the tail end of a south westerly gale roared around the snug Inishbofin anchorage, conviviality and conversation triumphed over the elements – surely the antithesis of cruising is that anyone can be úcold, ò wet seasick and miserable!

Saturday, by comparison was almost half reasonable with both sunshine and a favourable wind although a lumpy sea off Slyne Head was less than kind to delicate constitutions. It was certainly not the 'right conditions' envisaged for a successful Joyce Passage and despite the presence on board of Paddy Barry (he of the Transatlantic Hooker voyage), prudence won over bravado. The northern approach from Slyne Head to Roundstone is a spectacular passage with plenty of dangers, both seen ad unseen, and the sun, sea, mountains and sky combined to show off Connemara at her best.

What can be said about the Rally dinner in Roundstone other than the organisation was faultless, the speeches succinct and the craic mighty. With squeezebox, guitar, spoons and tenor solos, not to mention almost apocryphal party pieces from the assembled Company we entertained ourselves until the early hours. A worthy finale to a successful ICC Western Rally, 1995.

COMPETITION

Who?

Where?

On What Occasion?

Answers to:
Honorary Secretary,
by Annual Dinner.

Prize:
Bottle of Whiskey,
contributed by Ronnie Barr.

Molly B – Dublin, China, Vancouver

Peter Hogan and Micaela Kuh departed Poolbeg Y&B Club on November 15th, on his Tahiti 30 ketch *Molly B*, bound for China and Vancouver.

A large send off party included the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dick Spring, who declared that he thought his old school mate Pete to be half-mad. Half-mad only, by reason of bringing Micaela, otherwise entirely so!

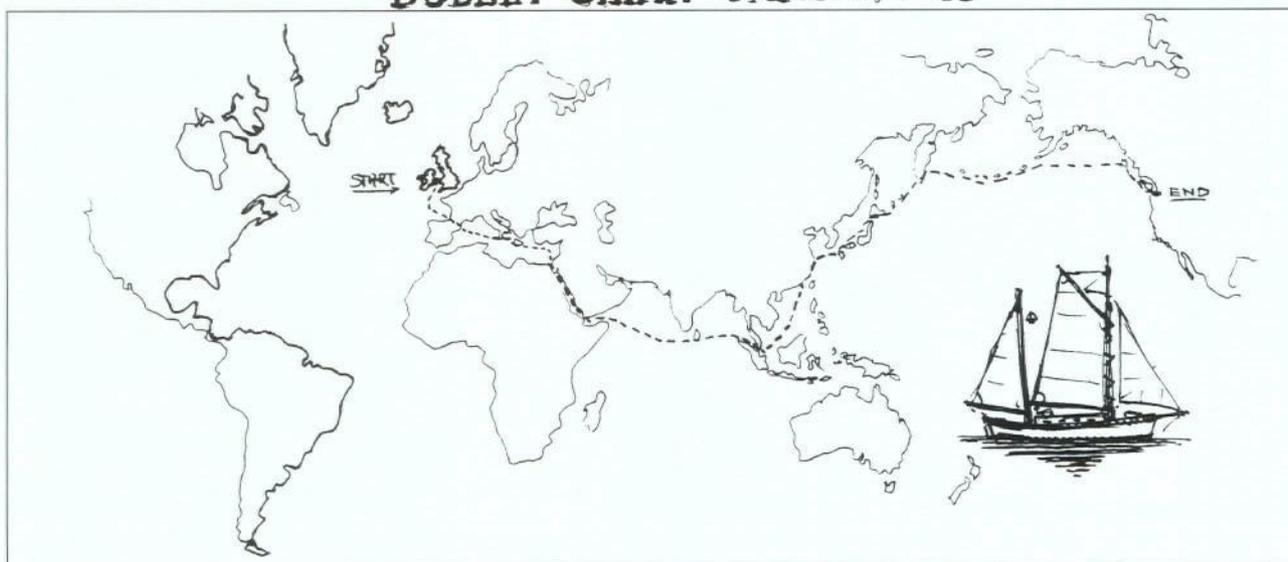
Peter Hogan is well known as an artist, painting cityscape and seascape paintings. He sailed around the world by way of Cape Horn in *Molly B* in 1992/3 – the first Irish single hander to do so.

Jack Coffey was heard to remark that the first port of call would be Dun Laoghaire – to return the set of flags to the George!



MOLLY. B.

DUBLIN CHINA VANCOUVER



Favourite Places

Ronan Beirne writes:

Castletown – Isle Of Man

Castletown Bay Buoy 54°3.7' 4°38.5'

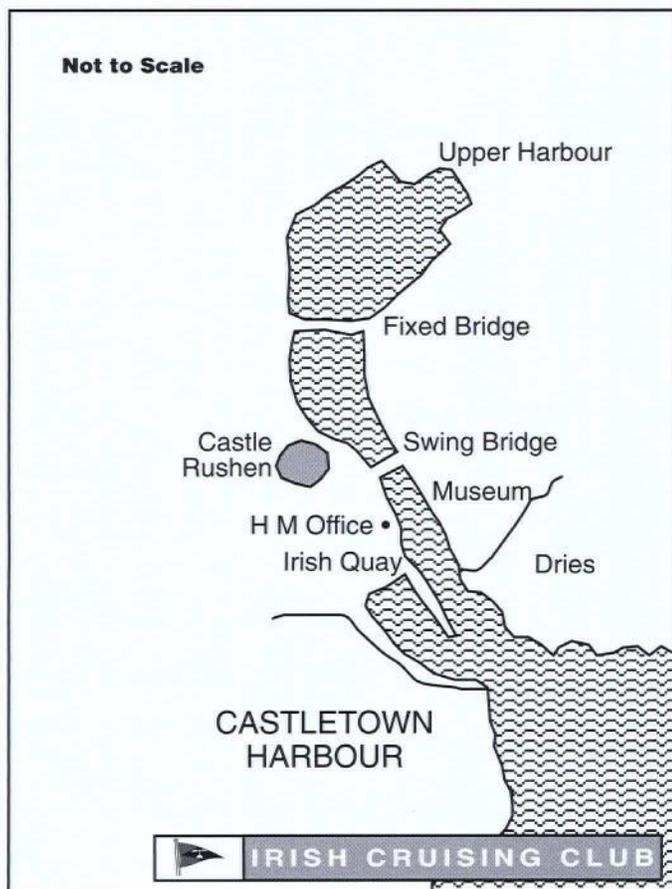
Castletown is on the South East of the Isle of Man four miles up the coast from Port St Mary and offers a most attractive alternative for those not shy to drying alongside. Approaching the harbour leave the Castletown Buoy to port. Further in there is a large yellow mooring buoy at which a vessel may secure while making enquiries of the Harbour Master, Tony Sloan, on V.H.F. about the availability of berths. Tying alongside Irish Quay from where the coastal traders from Glasson used to dock you will be provided with a ladder and the harbour office is on the quay overhead. The quay also accommodates an excellent pub and the town is only a short walk through interesting streets. Features of the town are the old castle and a maritime museum beside the harbour which will not disappoint. There are two inner harbours, the first has a swing bridge and the second a fixed bridge. The inner harbours accommodate local vessels of all sizes.

New feature

When it was suggested to me that we could usefully publish notes on members favourite places, I agreed that it was worth a try.

If you think the idea should be developed please drop me a note (right now is a good time) with or without photo or sketch map.

Paddy Barry,
November 1995.



List of Past 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

1950	K. McFerran
1951	R. P. Campbell
1953	B. C. Maguire
1954	F. Cudmore
1956	H. W. S. Clark
1958	P. H. Greer
1961	C. Riordan
1963	W. H. D. McCormick
1965	R. L. Berridge
1966	J. C. McConnell
1968	J. H. Guinness
1970	R. H. O'Hanlon
1971	R. J. Fielding
1973	H. Cudmore
1975	J. M. Wolte
1976	A. D. MacIlwaine
1977	J. M. Wolte
1978	G. Kenefick
1980	M. McKee
1981	J. Gore-Grimes
1983	L. McGonagle
1984	M. McKee
1986	H. P. Kennedy
1987	M. R. Sullivan & D. H. B. Fitzgerald
1988	B. Hassett & D. H. B. Fitzgerald
1989	B. Hassett & A. S. P. Orr
1990	Clayton Love Jnr & D. J. Ryan
1992	Brian Hegarty & David Nicholson
1993	Michael O'Farrell & David H.B. FitzGerald
1994	Michael O'Farrell & P. Walsh

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 for at least one year.

List of Award Winners

THE FAULKNER CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1931	Keatinge & McFerran	<i>Marie</i>
1932	A.W. Mooney	<i>Nirvana</i>
1933	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1934	Mrs Crimmins	<i>Nirvana</i>
1935	H.D.E. Barton	<i>Dauntless</i>
1936	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1937	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1938	H.P. Donegan	<i>Gull</i>
1939	Miss D. French	<i>Embla</i>
1947	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1949	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1950	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1951	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Zamorin</i>
1952	P. O'Keeffe	<i>Mavis</i>
1953	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1954	B.C. Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1955	C. Love	<i>Galcador</i>
1956	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1957	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1958	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1961	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1962	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1963	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>
1978	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1979	M.P. O'Flaherty	<i>Cuilaun 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>

1994	Michael Coleman
1995	Peter Killen

Stella Maris
Black Pepper

THE STRANGFORD CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1970	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Clarion</i>
1971	M. Park	<i>Kitugani</i>
1972	R. Gomes	<i>Ainmara</i>
1973	J. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1974	J. Guinness	<i>Sule Skerry</i>
1975	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1976	W. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1977	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1978	J. Villiers Stuart	<i>Vinter</i>
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980	M. Villiers Stuart	<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>
1981	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1982	W.A. Smyth	<i>Velma</i>
1983	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1984	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1985	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1986	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1987	Brian Dalton	<i>Boru</i>
1988	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Iar</i>
1989	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1990	Tommy O'Keeffe	<i>Tir na nOg</i>
1991	David Fitzgerald	<i>Peigin Eile</i>
1992	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1993	W. M. Nixon & E. Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1994	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1995	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1978	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1979	A. Doherty	<i>Bali Hai</i>
1980	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1981	M.H. Snell	<i>Golden Harvest</i>
1982	DAvid Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1983	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1984	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1985	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1986	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Iar</i>
1987	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1988	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilaun</i>
1989	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1990	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1991	Ronnie Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1992	David McBride	<i>Deerhound</i>
1993	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1994	Jonathan Virden	<i>Twayblade</i>
1995	Henry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>

THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1941	E.J. Odium	
1951	Brendan Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
From 1954 the Navigation Cup awarded for the best cruise around Ireland.		
1954	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1955	Dr. R.N. O'Hanlon	<i>Ancora</i>
1956	R.C. Arnold	<i>Maid of York</i>
1957	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1961	C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>
1963	W. & B. Smyth	<i>Wynalda</i>
1964	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1967	C.H. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1968	J.D. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1969	R. Mollard	<i>Osina</i>
1871	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1973	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1974	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1975	J.B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1977	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1978	R.P. Campbell & J.R. Osborne	<i>Verve</i>
1979	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1980	P. Gray	<i>Korsar</i>
1981	Ronan Beirne	<i>Rila</i>
1982	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1983	A. Doherty	<i>Svegala</i>
1984	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1985	T. O'Keefe	<i>Orion</i>
1986	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1987	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1988	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1989	Tony Morton	<i>Lamorna III</i>
1990	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1991	Robert Barr	<i>Ar Men</i>
1992	No Award	
1993	G. Nairn & M. D. Whelan	<i>Lola</i>
1994	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
1995	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>

THE FORTNIGHT CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1958	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	J.W.D. McCormick	<i>Diane</i>
1963	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1964	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1965	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1966	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1967	Miss E. Leonard	<i>Lamita</i>
1968	P. Dineen	<i>Huntress</i>
1969	R.C.A. Hall	<i>Roane</i>
1970	N. St. J. Hennessy	<i>Aisling</i>
1971	J. Oliver	<i>Vandara</i>
1972	C. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1973	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1974	J. Wolfe	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
1975	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1976	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1978	R. Dixon	<i>Oberon</i>
1979	B.J. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1980	R. Paul Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1981	S. Orr	<i>Den Arent</i>
1982	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1983	C.P. McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1984	B.H.C. Corbally	<i>Puffin</i>
1985	R. Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1986	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1987	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1988	John Ryan	<i>Saki</i>
1989	Brian Hegarty	<i>Safari of Howth</i>
1990	Seamus Lantry	<i>William Tell of Uri</i>

1991	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>
1992	Clive Martin	<i>Lindos</i>
1993	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>
1994	Frank Larkin	<i>Elusive</i>
1995	Dick Lovegrove	<i>Hobo V</i>

THE WYBRANT CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1933	J. B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1934	Dr. L.G. Gunn	<i>Albatross</i>
1935	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1936	Leslie Chance	<i>Britannia</i>
1937	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1938	Dr. O.P. Chance & R. Storey	<i>Saphire</i>
1939	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1940	K.McFerran & Dr. O'Brien	<i>Hazare</i>
1941	D. Keating & R. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1942	J.B. Cotterell & J.F. McMullan	<i>Minx</i>
1943/45	No Award	
1946	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1947	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1948	Dr. R.H. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1949	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>
1950	A.W. Mooney	<i>Evora</i>
1951	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>
1952	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1953	No Award	
1954	T. Crosby	<i>If</i>
1955	R.P. Campbell	<i>Alata</i>
1956	S.F. Thompson	<i>Second Ethuriel</i>
1957	Col. W.S. Knox-Gore	<i>Arandora</i>
1958	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1959	G. Kimber	<i>Astrophel</i>
1960	J.C. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>
1961	S. O'Mara	<i>Fenestra</i>
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1963	Lt. Com. T. Sheppard	<i>Greylag of Arklow</i>
1964	T.F. Doyle	<i>Elsa</i>
1965	S. O'Mara	<i>Oisin</i>
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1967	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1969	R.I. Morrison	<i>Querida</i>
1970	Hugh Coveney	<i>Dalcassian</i>
1971	J.A. McKeown	<i>Korsar</i>
1972	J.C. Love	<i>Fionnuala</i>
1973/77	No Award	
From 1978 onwards the Wybrant Cup was awarded for the best Scottish cruise.		
1978	Chris Green	<i>Norella</i>
1979	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1980	D.A. McMillan	<i>Goosander</i>
1981	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1982	Ronan Beirne	<i>Givusa Kuddle</i>
1983	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1984	R. Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1985	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1986	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1987	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
1988	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
1989	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1990	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1991	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1992	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1993	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
1994	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1995	Paul Butler	<i>Red Velvet</i>

THE FINGAL CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1981	Robert Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1982	W. Walsh	<i>Carrigdown</i>

1983	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1984	R.M. Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1985	P. Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1986	B. Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1987	Frank McCarthy	<i>Scilly Goose</i>
1988	Robert Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1989	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1990	Michael d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1991	W.M. Nixon	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1992	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1993	Stephen Malone	<i>Symphonie</i>
1994	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose of Moyle</i>
1995	W.M. Nixon	<i>Witchcraft</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-H/head	<i>Twayblade</i>	E. Tweedy
1965	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1966	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<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
1995	-	Adrian Spence	

THE GLENGARRIFF CUP

This Waterford Glass trophy which had not been presented since the Jubilee Cruise in 1979 (see 1979 Annual) and is now awarded by the adjudicator for the best cruise in Irish waters.

Year	Recipient	Yacht
1993	James Nixon	<i>Sea Pie</i>
1994	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>
1995	Bill Rea	<i>Elysium</i>

JOHN B. KEARNEY CUP

1983	P. Campbell: Compiler of ICC Directions
1984	J. Moore: Skipper of S.T.Y. <i>Graine</i>
1985	Jennifer Guinness: ICC Publications Officer
1986	Harold Cudmore Junior: Yachtsman
1987	Cap. G.F. 'Eric' Healy: Captain of S.T.Y. <i>Asgard II</i>

1988	Capt. Tom McCarthy: Captain of S.T.Y. <i>Asgard II</i>
1989	Sail Ireland Project: Round the World Race in <i>NCB Ireland</i> .
1990	Ursula Maguire: Secretary of Irish Yachting Association
1991	The Southern Cross Team Winners: H. Cudmore, J. English & J. Maguire
1992	Denis Doyle: Yachtsman
1993	Arthur S. P. Orr: Compiler of ICC Directions
1994	Daphne French: Yachtsperson
1995	Ronan Beirne

THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

Year	Recipient	Yacht	Race
1950	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	
1951	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	Islands Race
1956	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	Islands Race
1957	S.F. Thompson	<i>Ithuriel</i>	
1958	J. Ronan	<i>Wye</i>	Islands Race
1959	J. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>	Pollock Race
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>	
1961	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1964	A.E. Pope	<i>Susette</i>	
1965	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1967	S.F. Thompson	<i>Wye</i>	
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1969	F. Cudmore	<i>Setanta</i>	
1970	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1971	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1972	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1973	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1974	G. Radley	<i>Cecille</i>	
1976	J.C. Butler	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	
1977	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1978	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1979	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	
1980	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1981	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1982	C. Love Jnr	<i>Rebel County</i>	
1983	S. Mansfield	<i>Luv Is</i>	
1984	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1985	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1987	T.E. Crosbie	<i>Senta</i>	
	C.J. Fitzgerald	<i>Mandalay</i>	
1988	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1989	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	
From 1992 awarded by the Southern Area Committee:			
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>	
1993	Kevin Dwyer	S. and W. Coast Aerial Photography	
1995	Arthur Baker		

ROCKABILL TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1962/63	No Award	
1964	J.D. Faulkner	<i>Angelique</i>
1965	J.H. Guinness	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1966	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1967	No Award	
1968	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1969	No Award	
1970	J.P. Jameson	<i>Ganiamore</i>
1971	R. Courtney	<i>Bandersnatch</i>
1972/73	No Award	
1974	J.P. Bourke	<i>Korsar</i>
1975/78	No Award	
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980	J. Wolfe	<i>Deerhound</i>
1981	No Award	
1983	K. & C. Martin	<i>Estrellita</i>

1984	No Award	
From 1985 onwards the Rockabill Trophy was awarded for "A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship."		
1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	No Award	
1987	J.B. Law	<i>Redwing/Spirit of Shell</i>
1988	No Award	
1989	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1990	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1991	Wallace Clark	<i>Aileach</i>
1992	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1993	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1994	Peter Hogan	<i>Molly B</i>
1995	Brian Smullen	<i>Zaberdast</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-Week
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>Tritsch-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>Demelea</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	
1994	Brendan Bradley	Brittany Rally Organiser	
1995	Barbara Fox-Mills		

TRANS OCEANIC PENNANT

In accordance with rule 20, the Committee has decided that a pennant, to be known as the Trans Oceanic Pennant, may be awarded as follows:

A member owner or skipper, who has sailed his vessel across an ocean, may fly the Trans Oceanic Pennant on that vessel so long as he owns or skips her. The pennant may not be flown by another owner or skipper on that vessel.

The pennant may be flown by the member to whom it was awarded on any other vessel they may subsequently own.

This pennant shall be 60" long and 8" wide at the hoist, tapering to the tail; black and red with the Fastnet device affixed and in accordance with its traditional design.

It shall be awarded retrospectively to those members who presently qualify to fly it (1994). The pennant has been awarded to the following:

Auchincloss, Les	Glaser, Otto	O'Farrell, Kevin
Barry, Paddy	Gore-Grimes, John	O'Flaherty, Michael
Bramwell, Barry	Greer, Perry	Osmundsvaag, Harry
Bunting, Peter	Hogan, Peter	du Plessis, Hugo
Cahill, Bernie	King, Heather	Snell, Michael
Cahill, James	Leonard, Alan	Smullen, Brian
Chapman, Colin	Mullins, Peter	Smyth, William
Coffey, Jack	McBride, Davy	Whelan, Pat
Coleman, Michael	McClement, Donal	Write, Lawrence
Cudmore, Ronald	Nicholson, David	

THE GULL SALVER

Awarded for distinction in an international sailing event by a member sailing his own boat.

Year	Winner	Yacht
1995	Donal Morrissey	<i>Joggernaught</i>

THE PERRY GREER BOWL

Awarded for the best first I.C.C. log

Year	Winner	Yacht
1995	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>

THE WILD GOOSE CUP

Awarded at the adjudicators discretion for a log of literary merit

Year	Winner	Yacht
1995	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>

THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

Awarded by the Western Committee

Year	Winner
1995	Paddy O'Sullivan

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 denotes an Honorary Member. The year in which the honorary membership was conferred is shown in brackets.

denotes a Senior Member.

We invite members who wish to have their partner's names included in future listings to advise the Honorary Secretary.

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED

Adams, Peter J., 1970
 Ahern, Michael J., 1990
 Aplin, Roger, 1972
 Anderson, Gordon F., 1974
 Anderson, Terence S., 1991

Andrews, Dianne, 1988
 Andrews, Tom, 1988
 Auchincloss, Leslie, 1992

Baker, Arthur R., 1990
 Balmforth, Michael B., 1966
 Barnwell, Henry, 1990
 Barnwell, Ivy, 1990
 Barr, Mrs. Hazel, 1971
 Barr, R.G.M., 1973
 Barr, Robert, 1969
 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
 Bell, J. Alan, 1994
 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
 Bruen, J. Chris, 1990
 Bryce, Robert G., 1969
 Bunting, Christopher J., 1986

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).
 Romanesca, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (2800434/Office: 4756426).
 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 (0247 872233). *Gumdrop* (PO).
 Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co. Down, BT23 5NP (0247 872233). *Gumdrop* (PO).
 13 Devonshire House, Bessborough Gardens, Pimlico, London
 (071-2337275/Office: 071-2339253). *Morning Calm II*.
 Shourmagh Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork (021-870031). *Irish Mist I*.
 Westgate, Toward, Dunoon, Argyll, PA23 7UA (01369-870251). *Quarterwave*.
 Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary (2806254). *Hylasia* (PO).
 Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary (2806254). *Hylasia* (PO).
 60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 4TB (813369).
 60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 4TB (813369).
 Heather Lodge, Kerry Mount Avenue, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (2893269). *Pen Men*.
 37 Ballinclea Heights, Killiney, Co. Dublin (2855732).
 59 Nutley Road, Dublin 4 (2839093/Office 2665666). *In the Mood*.
 21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (2800820/Office: 2848901). *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).
 Station Cottage, 3 Station Square, Helen's Bay, Co. Down.
 64 Bellevue Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (2802352). *Marlou*.
 Carrafreagh Cottage, 52 Glebe Rd., Strangford, Co. Down, BT30 7HY
 (0396-86678/Office: 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 Seafront Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down BT18 0BB (Holywood 4422).
Jeremy Fisher of Hamble.
 Fairview, Kindlestown Hill, Delgany, Co. Wicklow (2874034).
 81 South Mall, Cork (Office: 021-270917).
 Killinchy, Co. Down (541505/Office: Belfast 669300). *Parton*.
 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 (021-863510) *Kinetic*.
 St Benedicts, Thormanby Road, Baily, Co. Dublin (8322829).
 20 The Gilligans, Burgess Hill, West Sussex (0444-241570/Office: 0444-232323).

- Bunting, Mrs. E.A.M., 1969
 Bunting, Peter J., 1962
 Burke, J.F., 1971
 # Butler, J.C., 1959
 Butler, Paul, 1987
 Butler, Pierce, 1995
 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
 Chapman, Colin A., 1989
 * Christie, Katie, (1996) Commodore CCC
 Clapham, John F., 1965
 # Clark, Wallace, M.B.E., D.L.1951
 Clarke, Tony, 1985
 Clarke, George B., 1991
 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, O.B.E., D.L.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
 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
 Davis, Mrs. Helen, 1980
 Ballyreagh Farm, Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down (812310).
 Orchard Cottage, Seale, Hoggs Back, Nr Guilford, Surrey (812310). *Gulkarna II*.
 Richmond House, Blackrock, Cork (021-33730). *Golden Shamrock*.
 Belgrove, Cobh, Cork (021-811343).
 32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (2884393). *Red Velvet*.
 Kingston Farm, Kiltiernan, Co. Dublin (2955166/Office: 4556423). *Aeolus*.
 65 Salthill, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.
 Sunnysdale, 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: 094-25500). *Ricjak*.
 Ardnagreena, Reengaroga, Balltimore, Cork (028 20251).
 Ardnagreena, Reengaroga, Balltimore, Cork (028 20251).
 Dunluce, Strand Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (8322254). *Cuilaun of Kinsale* (PO).
 4 St. Helens, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (2803717). *Tudorose* (PO).
 The Old Rectory, Comeragh, Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford (051-91166/Office: 051-75855). *Deerhound*.
 41 Thorn Drive, Dearsden, Glasgow G61 4LT. *Boomerang*
 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*.
 The Kerries, Tralee, Co. Kerry.
 Mid Linthills, Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, Scotland PA12 4DL (0505-842881). *Feolin*.
 Noreville, Inistioge, Co. Kilkenny (056-58417). *Raasay of Melfort*.
 Pine Cottage, Ballinakil, Dunmore Road, Waterford (051-75651). *Sirikit III*.
 Craigie, Monastereven, Co. Kildare (045-25300).
 Liscahane, Ballycorus, Kiltiernan, Co. Dublin (2820579).
 Rathronan, Lower Road, Cobh, Co. Cork (021-811397). *Stella Maris*.
 48 Taney Crescent, Goatstown, Dublin 14 (298 5625).
 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.
 3 Bayside Park East, Sutton, Dublin 13 (8324289). *Lazy Day*.
 Gilspear, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow (2863261). *Rionnag*.
 "Inverness", 18 Sydney Road, Mudgee, 2850 NSW, Australia.
 6 Old Orchard, Ann Devlin Road, Templeogue, Dublin 14 (494 3497). *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*.
 3 Eaton Brae, Corbawn Lane, Shankill, Co Dublin (2824468/Office: 6614500). *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* (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).
 "Cloudhill", Moneygourney, Douglas, Co. Cork (021-893625). *Anna Petrea*.
 "Goleen", Sandycove Avenue East, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (2803390).
 274 Seacliff 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, Claremorris, Co. Mayo (094-88269/Office 088-565784). *Lir*.
 11 Seafrost Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down (Holywood 6469). *Carna* (PO).
 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*.
 37 Church Road, Holywood, Co. Down.

- Davis, Samuel, 1980
 De Quincy, Mrs. Sheila, 1974
 Deane, Douglas, 1965
 Delamer, David, 1994
 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, C.B.E., D.L. 1977
 Doherty, Tony, 1969
 Donegan, James D., 1983
 Doonan, Francesca, 1988
 Doonan, Paul S., 1986
 Dowe, James, 1988
 Doyle, D. Conor, 1966
 # Doyle, Denis N., 1956
 * Doyle, Frank, 1966
 * Drew, Bob, (1995) Commodore CCA
 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, M.B.E. 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., C.B.E., D.L. 1960
 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
 FitzGerald, Grainne, 1993
 Fitzgerald, Jack, 1986
 Fitzpatrick, Thomas J., 1985
 Flanagan, Jack, 1980
 Flood, Sean, 1994
 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
 Foxall, Roger M., 1988
 Freeman, F. David, 1986
 Gallagher, Benignus N., 1980
 Gallagher, Dr. Jack, 1992
 Geldof, Robert, 1968
 Gibson, James C., 1977
 Gibson, Richard Y., 1992
 Gillespie, Dr. Peter J., 1993
 Gilmore, Dr. W.R., 1985
 Glaser, Dr. Otto, 1972
 Glover, Dr. W.E., 1963
 Godkin, John, 1992
 Gomes, H.R., 1967
- 37 Church Road, Hollywood, Co. Down. *Suvretta*.
 C'an Mestransa, Pollensa, Majorca, Spain. *Tempo*.
 Churchbay, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (021-831002).
 36 Harbour View, Howth, Co. Dublin (839 3634).
 Inwood, South Strand, Skerries, Co. Dublin (8491326).
 2 Floraville, Brookvale Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4 (2696490).
 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*.
 Woodcliffe Heights, Dungriffin Road, Howth, Co Dublin.
 Woodcliffe Heights, Dungriffin Road, Howth, 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).
 50 Falkin Road, Sachem's Head, Guildford, CT 06437, USA (203-453-5474)
 29 Greenway Close, Lymington, Hampshire SO41 9JJ. *Samharcin an lar*.
 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/Office: 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).
 6 Napiershill St, Glasgow G20 6HQ (041-3331022). *One Timee*.
 Kilbarron, Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork (021-295083). *Freya*.
 70 Thornleigh Gardens, Bangor, Co. Down. *Wheesht*.
 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).
- Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co. Dublin.
 Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Co. Down (Killinchy 541114).
 "Abbingdon", 56 Grosvenor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6 (965653/Office: 685777).
 Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork (021-841428). *Spellbound of Swanwick* (PO).
 Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork (021-841428). *Spellbound of Swanwick* (PO).
 Seapoint House, Monkstown, Co. Dublin.
 Rathturret, Warrenpoint, Newry, BT34 3RX (06937 73667).
 Kylemore, Richmond, Blackrock Road, Cork (021-292210/Office: 021-270095). *Mandalay*.
 The Quay, Kinvara, Co. Galway (091-37290). *White Heather*.
 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).
 7 Offington Avenue, Sutton, Dublin 13 (8325277) *Rockabill II*.
 Roskeen, Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Co Dublin (832 3188/Office: 295 3333). *Rhapsody*.
 62 Ballyhome Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5LA. *Jacana*.
 Burnley, Ennis Road, Limerick.
 Monkstown Castle, Co. Dublin (2808103). *Flying Ferret*.
 Elmford, Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork (021-291299). *Roaring Water*.
 Mont Alto House, Sorrento Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (2858529/Office: 2801422). *Trilogy*.
 The Tansey, Baily, Co. Dublin (8322823).
 Derrynane, Caherdaniel, Co. Kerry (0667-5155). *Carna* (PO).
 Knollycroft, Coliemore Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (2859439/Office: 760261). *Twocan*.
 4 Carrickbrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13. *Sparkle*.
 Weir House, Woodstown, Co. Waterford. *Ruinette* (PO). *Natian* (PO).
 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*.
 9 Coastguard Lane, Groomspoint, Co. Down, BT19 2LR (Donaghadee 882410).
 Thalassa, Baily, Co. Dublin (832 4797). Tritsch-Tratsch IV.
 2 Coolong Road, Vaucluse, Sydney 2030, New South Wales (02-337-4342).
 Sandycove, Kinsale, Co. Cork (021 774189/Office: 021 274236). V.S.O.P.
 Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co. Down (365).

- 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
 Hegarty, Dermot, 1959
 Hegarty, Mrs. Betty, 1986
 Hegarty, Neil, 1990
 Hellstern, Hans, 1995
 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, Eric A.G., 1995
 Hill, Michael, 1980
 Hilliard, C.E., 1961
 * Hogan, Peter St. J., (1993)
 # Horsman, Henry F., 1952
 Hosford, W.K., 1974
 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
 Johnston, Guy B., 1995
 Kavanagh, Gerald P., 1980
 Kavanagh, Liam F., 1994
 Kean, Norman, 1991
- Keane, Barry, 1975
 Keatinge, William D., 1988
 Keily, D.J., 1973
 Kelliher, E. Brenda, 1983
 Kenefick, Neil G., 1985
 Kennedy, Hugh P., Q.C.1963
- Kennedy, Mrs. B., 1973
 Kenworthy, Ms. Marilyn, 1990
 Kidney, John, 1991
 Kidney, Noel J., 1986
 Kilkenny, Joseph, 1971
 Killen, Peter R., 1994
 Kilgrew, Cyril L., 1995
 Kilroy, Howard E., 1989
 King, Marshall G.B., 1989
- Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co. Down (365).
 Ardkilly House, Sandycove, Kinsale, Co. Cork (021-772390)/Office: 021-772300).
 Roxboro, Baily, Co. Dublin (832 2449)/Office: 874 8537).
 The Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin (832 3670)/Office: 874 8537).
 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). *Waxwing* (PO).
 45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (2853911). *Waxwing* (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).
 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 (1494-862322).
 Gleenhook, Ullardmore, Ardeevin Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (2858264). *Baily of Howth*.
 4 Lyndon Gate, Blackhorse Ave, Dublin 7 (8388876).
 Inishbeg, Nashville Road, Howth, Co. Dublin.
 Main Street, Schull, Co. Cork.
 77 Tullynakill Road, Ardmillan, Comber, Co. Down (Killinchy 541774)/Office: Belfast 662281).
Fidem III.
 "Woodley", Rochestown Road, Cork (021-891948)/Office: 01-6700633). *Saoirse of Cork*.
 13 Killiney Towers, Killiney, 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* (PO).
 30 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13.
 Cairngorm, Baily, Co. Dublin (8323421). *Oleander of Howth* (PO).
 6 North Mall, Cork (021-397191)/Office: 021-962027). *Beagle*.
 7 Fort View II, Kinsale, Co. Cork (021-772643)/Office: 021-772304) *Santé*
 Raford House, Kiltulla, Co. Galway.
 15 Brookvale Downs, Rathfarnham, Dublin 14.
 37 Merrion Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (2832855).
 Carrignacreeeny, 11 Plantation Road, Saintfield, Co. Down, BT24 7JB (0238-511384).
Maimoune (PO).
 Ganaway, 107 Whiterock Bay, Killinchy, Co. Down (0238-541447). *Roe*.
 164 Glenageary Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin. (2854310 H&O).
 86 Rashee Road, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim.
 Araglen, Proby Square, Blackrock, Co Dublin (283 6760)/Office: 404 1186).
 153 Strand Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4 (2601233). *Molly B*.
 Glenteigue, Arklow (0402-39804).
 Rockcliffe, Blackrock, Cork.
 Bannavota, Kinsale, Co. Cork (021-772534).
 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).
 6 Mount Royal, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 3BG Dundrum.
 Evora, Dumbo Hill, Howth, Co. Dublin (8322931)/Office: 741231). *Changeling*.
 Frazerbank, Strathmore Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (2851439)/Office: 523000).
State O'Chassis (PO).
 Kilburn, 33 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0PD (883951). *Trininga*.
 18 Olney Crescent, Terenure, Dublin 6W (4909137)/Office: 6767666).
 11 Redford Rise, Redford Park, Greystones, Co Wicklow (01-2872476).
 Kaduna, Maryborough Hill, Douglas, Cork (021-893560)/Office: 021-274461). *Voyageuse*.
 Flaxmill House, 102 Bolea Road, Limavady, Co. Derry, BT49 0QV
 (Limavady 65503)/Office: 864149). *Phoebe*.
 55 Wyvern, Killiney, Co. Dublin (2855569). *Barbecca* (PO).
 3 Alexandra Road, Lymington, Hampshire SO41 9HB (1590 672426). *Kilpatrick*.
 Moorpark, Fountainstown, Co. Cork (021-831235).
 Calvert Court, Apartment D1, 3024 North Calvert Street, Baltimore, MD 21218.
 Tigeen, Douglas Road, Cork (021-294761)/Office: 021-892813).
 Edgebank, 16 Deramore Park South, Belfast BT9 5JY (660500)/Office: 669556).
Tosca IV of Bangor.
 Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Co. Down (Killinchy 541470). *Icarus of Cuan*.
 Brandon Lodge, Mount Oval, Rochestown, Cork (021-316860). *Flica III* (PO).
 Caragh, Gordon Avenue, Foxrock, Co. Dublin.
 Littlefield, Glencullen Road, Kilterman, Co. Dublin (495 3782). *Dulcibella*.
 Gray's Lane, Howth, Co. Dublin (8323442)/Office: 6778932).
 3 Killeen Terrace, Malahide, Co Dublin (845 3019). *Black Pepper*.
 Rushanes, Glandore, Co. Cork (028-33446). *Juno*.
 Rarc an Ilan, 22 Colemore Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (2840952).

- King, Mrs. Heather R., 1989
- * King, Cdr. W., DSO*DSC. RN. Retd.(1987).
- Kirby, Tom, 1971
- Knatchbull, Michael W., 1986
- 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
- Lovett, Dermot, 1995
- # Luke, Derek, 1959
- # Luke, Dermot, 1955
- Lynch, Brian R., 1988
- Lyster, W. Bruce, 1985
- MacAuley, Daniel J., 1979
- MacLaverty, K.J., 1961
- MacMahon, Gary, 1992
- # Macken, J.J., 1949
- Madden, Arthur G., 1961
- 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
- Martin, Clive C., 1978
- # Martin, F.D., 1954
- Martin, J. Kenneth, 1982
- 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
- McCarthy, Tom, 1994
- 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
- McCormick, W.H.D., 1956
- McGonagle, Liam, 1959, Rear Commodore ICC
- McGuire, Garry E., 1990
- * McHenry, Barbara, (1993)
- McHenry, Cormac P., Hon. Sec. ICC.1980
- # McIlwaine, A.D., 1960
- McKean, William W., 1986
- McKee, Michael, 1962
- McKenna, David C., 1964
- The Cabin, Rathdown Road, Greystones, Co. Wicklow (2874944). *Seareign*.
- 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).
- 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). *Janey Mac II*.
- Sydney Lodge, 93 Booterstown Avenue, Booterstown, Co. Dublin (2889486).
- 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).
- High Water, Coast Road, Fountainstown, Co. Cork (021-832142/Office: 021-294909). *Serifa* (PO).
- 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. *Errislannin*.
- 4 Norton Drive, Malone Road, Belfast, BT9 6ST (613712). *Capella of Kent*.
- Ballynally Lane, Moville, Co. Donegal (077-82239). *Eoin Rua*.
- Rossard, Ennis Road, Limerick (061-54652/Office: 061-311188).
- White House, Dalkey Avenue, Co. Dublin (2859585).
- Hazeldene, Marina, Blackrock, Cork (021-357985).
- Cloghreen, Baily, Co. Dublin (8322408).
- Rathbawn, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (094-21364/Office: 094-25500). *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*.
- 18 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin (8322906/Office: 453 8665) (Office Fax: 453 8665).
- 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*.
- 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 (497 1421).
- 45 Upper Leeson Street, Dublin 4 (660 4580).
- 25 Thormanby Road, Howth Summit, Co. Dublin (8322126).
- Iona, Baily, Co. Dublin (8323335).
- Iona, Baily, Co. Dublin (8323335).
- 21 Riverside Road, Bangor, Co. Down (0247-462035). *Deucalion*.
- Kedges, Forthill, Summercove, Kinsale, Co. Cork (Office: 505338). *Scilly Goose*.
- Suite Cottage, Ballinrea, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (021-372343).
- 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 (298 4120/Office: 836 4399). *Marie Claire II*.
- Brooklyn, Greencastle, Lifford, Co. Donegal (077-81005/Office: 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*.
- 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 (0801247 472692). *Isobel*.
- C/o OTBIFL, 12A floor, OTB Building, 160 Gloucester Road, Hong Kong. *Rapparee II*.

- # McKinley, Fergus, 1953
 McKinney, John H., 1975
 McMahon, Brendan, 1988
 McMahon, The Hon. Mr. Justice James, 1973
 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, G.B.E., K.C.B. 1970
 Mulhern, James, 1958
 Mullins, John, 1972
 Mullins, Peter J.D., 1971
- Nairn, George E., 1980
 Nairn, W. Stuart, 1987
 Nicholson, David, Commodore ICC, 1980
 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, Vice Commodore ICC
 O'Farrell, Phillip V.J., 1990
 O'Farrell, Vincent J., 1981
 O'Flaherty, Michael, 1968
- O'Flynn, Dominick, 1990
 O'Gallagher, Malachi, Hon Compiler, 1968
 O'Halloran, Brian, 1983
- * O'Hanlon, Mrs. B., M.D. 1962(1984).
 O'Hanlon, Andrew, 1969
 O'Herlihy, Michael, 1992
 O'Keefe, Dr. Maurice, 1972
 O'Keefe, Mary, 1994
 O'Kelly, Brian C., 1991
 O'Leary, Archie, 1990
 O'Mahony, Bill, 1991
 O'Morchoe, David N.C., 1981
 O'Neill, J. Russell, 1964
 O'Rahilly, Dr. Michael, 1979
 O'Sullivan, Jeremiah, 1964
 O'Sullivan, Patrick J.F., 1984
 O'Tierney, Dr. Donal, 1986
- Beechfield, Sydney Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (2888376).
 3 Balally Drive, Dundrum, Dublin 14 (498 2514/Office: 497 8490). *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/Office: 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).
 La Tuquette, Serignac, Peboudou, 47410 Lauzun, Lotet Garonne, France.
 Straffan, Co. Kildare (628 8580). *Caranja*.
 Jordberga Gard, 23020 Klagstorp, Sweden (46 410 26216) (Fax: 46 410 26095).
 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 (668 1903/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 (496 2710).
 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'Chassis (PO).
 38 Avenue Morley, Fort George, St Peter Prt, Guernsey, C.I (0481-26991).
 1625 S.E. 10th Ave., Apt 710, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316 (305 462 6945/Office: 305 695 7509)
 (Fax: 305 462 6945).
 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 (021-842160). *White Shadow*.
 Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork (021-842160).
 14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin (8323929).
 7 Mount Pleasant, Belfast, BT9 5DS (Belfast 01232 666508). *Arndagee*.
 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*.
 33 Eglinton Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4 (269 2175). *The Lady Beatrice*.
 Ronoco House, 55 Adelaide Street, Belfast, BT2 8FE (Office: Belfast 01232 246220) *Mantura*.
 28 Merlyn Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4 (269 4000).
 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*.
 Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co. Down (72620).
 Eldon Hotel, Skibbereen, Co. Cork (028-21300). *Fastnet Dancer*.
 Le Fainel, Le Vallon, St Martin's, Gurnsey, GY4 6DQ (0481-37650). *Cuilaun of Kinsale* (PO).
Zaberdast (PO).
 Janeville Lodge, Sundays Well, Cork (021-543744/Office: 021-543505). *Cavatina*.
 12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin 6W (490 5800) (Fax: 490 5940).
 "Springmount", Ferndale Road, Shankill, Co. Dublin (2822032).
 8 St James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6 (496 5130).
 8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6 (2698117).
 "Scilly", Kinsale, Co. Cork (72458). *Miss Demena*.
 Tawlaght, Fenit, Co. Kerry (066-36183/Office: 066-24029). *Orion*.
 Grange, Co. Sligo (071-63197).
 Strand Lodge, Currabinny, Co. Cork (021-378526/Office: 021-277567). *Irish Mist*.
 6 Castlerock, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (021-372588/Office: 021-312755). *Capsicum*.
 Ardgarra, Gorey, Co. Wexford (055-21803).
 59 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down. *Miss Molly of Hamble*.
 38 Dornden Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (2695285).
 9 Rock Street, Tralee, Co. Kerry (066-21011).
 4 Princes Street, Tralee, Co. Kerry (066-21522/Office: 066-21434)
 41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down, BT34 3NJ (73388).

- Olver, John R., 1971
 Orr, Arthur S.P., VRD*DL 1970
 Osborne, James R., 1974
 Osmundsvaag, Arve, 1992
 # Osterberg, Paul, 1949
 Park, Dr. David S., 1969
 Park, Jonathon S., 1987
 # Park, Mungo, 1955
 Payne, J. Somers, 1969
 # Pearson, J.D., 1950
 Pearson, Alan J., 1983
 Petch, John A., 1987
 Pilling, Jnr. J. Ross, 1987
 * Power, C.D. Commodore RCC, (1995)
 Prendeville, Neil J., 1990
 * Price, Peter, (1993) Hon Sec RCC
 Pritchard, Mrs. Maura, 1966
 Pritchard, P. Marshall, 1966
 Radley, George, 1971
 Ralston, George L.D., 1986
 Rea, William T., 1977
 Reilly, Norbert, 1983
 Revill, Reginald G., 1979
 Richardson, Cecil, 1989
 Riordan, S. William, 1985
 Roberts, Grattan d'E., 1989
 Roberts, Rex, 1974
 * Roche, T.H., 1935(1988)
 Ronaldson, Charles E., 1967
 Rooney, John W., 1994
 Rountree, Alan H., 1995
 Russell, John F., 1965
 Ryan, David F., 1973
 Ryan, Dermot J., 1971
 # Ryan, Senator Eoin, 1957
 Ryan, Paul J., 1984
 Ryan, Peter, 1988
 Ryan, Yvonne, 1988
 Sadlier, Frank A., 1985
 Selig, Ivan, 1965
 Sewell, Richard G., 1969
 Shanahan, Timothy P., 1984
 Shanks, T.R.J., 1972
 Sharp, Ronald, 1974
 Sheil, David J., 1985
 Sheil, Leonard, Jnr. 1988
 Sheil, Leonard, 1968
 Sheil, Robert, 1988
 # Sheppard, Lt. Comm. T., RN (Retd)1957
 Sheridan, Frank W., 1981
 Sheridan, Gerry A., 1995
 Siggins, Brian, 1985
 Simms, R.J.A., 1969
 Sisk, H.B., 1973
 Slater, Ronnie, 1977
 Slevin, James, 1986
 # Smiles, Alan E., 1958
 Smullen, Brian P., 1968
 Smullen, John A., 1987
 Smullen, John D., 1961
 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
 "Turbeg", Ardeloe, By Kyle of Lochalsh, Wester Ross, Scotland IV40 8EY.
 DL1970 Evergreen, 11 Old Holywood Road, Belfast, BT4 2HJ (763601). *Maimoune* (PO).
 Glenbrook, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow (2863509). *Verve* (PO).
 Old School House, Moyard, Co. Galway (095-41098/Office: 095-21730). *Skarv av Stad*.
 The Old Manse, Hillsborough, Co. Down (266). *Bibi*.
 Ros Cuan, Mount Stewart Estate, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2AX (Grey Abbey 024774-625). *Alys*.
 The Croft, 144 Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down BT22 2AH.
 Carrig Breach Cottage, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin (8322210). *Twiga*.
 4 Camden Terrace, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (021-831128). *Melandy* (PO).
 Craig Lodge, Claremont Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (8322276).
 35 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13.
 Seaview Farm, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (023-49610). *Seadrifter*.
 1400 Waverley Road, Apt. A, Gladwyne, PA 19035 USA.
 Swanmore Lodge, Upper Swanmore, Hants SO32 2QN (01489 892130). *Kwaimuli*.
 Meelough View, Norwood Court, Rochestown, Co. Cork (021-895102/Office: 021-841005). *Mary P*.
 Byways, Taylors Lane, Bosham, W. Sussex, PO18 8QQ (0243-572130).
 The Coach House, Helen's Bay, Co. Down (852237). *Hayrider* (PO).
 The Coach House, Helen's Bay, Co. Down (852237/Office: 853634). *Hayrider* (PO).
 The Brake, Cobh, Co. Cork (021-811394). *Cecilie*.
 Whinstone, 39 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down (882330). *Insouciance*.
 7 Verona, Queens Park, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (280 7987). *Elysium*.
 Lerrig, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Co. Dublin (8393186). *Cochise* (PO).
 11 Burrow Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (8325544/Office: 765801).
 52 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (2853800).
 Greylands, Knocknacree Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (2859081/Office: 760631). *Tudorose* (PO).
 28 South Mall, Cork (021-378224/Office: 021-277866). *Hafod* (PO).
 90 Ballinclea Heights, Killiney, Co. Dublin (Office: 2808305).
 Ros-na-Greina, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (2881093/Office: 775014). *Neon Tetra*.
 72 Whinney Hill, Hollywood, Co. Down, BT18 0HG (426459). *Scotch Mist*.
 28, Park Drive, Ranelagh, Dublin 4 (497 7004/Office: 676 6167).
 Ballylusk, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (0404-40156 H&O). *Tallulah*.
 34 Killnakin Road, Killinchy, Belfast, BT23 6PS.
 PO Box 11082, Manama, Bahrain.
 Ashdale, Castle Close, Castle Park Road, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (2803585/Office: 605011).
Sceolaing.
 81 Park Avenue, Dublin 4 (2691770).
 Ashdale, Castle Close, Sandycove, Co. Dublin.
 44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co. Armagh, BT66 7QD
 (0762-881418/Office: 0762-327411). *Kenbane*.
 Ashdale, Castle Close, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (2803585).
 18 Castle Street, Strangford, Co. Down, BT30 7NF (0396-881754). *Ocean Dove*.
 Bree House, Craigavad, Co. Down, BT18 ODE (Hollywood 4361).
 7 Edith Terrace, London SW10 (352-7367). *Thalassa*.
 Sonas, Windgate Road, Baily, Co. Dublin.
 10 Massey Avenue, Belfast, BT4 2JS (763809/Office: 084-245454). *Maimoune* (PO).
 Ardbeg, Craigmillar Avenue, Milngavie, Glasgow, G62 8AV (41-956-1984). *Ultimate*.
 Cloonbane, Doneraile, Co. Cork (022-24148/Office: 021-968935). *Awbeg*.
 24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin.
 Portlet, Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (2801878). *Gay Gannet*.
 29 Agnew Road, Honor Oak Park, London, SE23 1DH (291-2208).
 Derrybawn, Military Road, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin (2853371). *Greylag of Arklow*.
 The Bearings, Lough Atalia Road, Galway (091-63920/Office: 091-62329).
 Swiss Cottage, Newtown, Waterford (051-70847/Office: 051-72891). *Mouflon* (PO).
 Kingston, Taylor's Hill, Galway (Office: 091-51706). *Ausoba*.
 80 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HW (473563). *Moon Stream*.
 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).
 33 Leeson Park, Dublin 6 (280 6729/Office: 660 5011). *Zaberdast* (PO).
 Seaview, Corrig Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (2807296/Office: 2888847).
 11 Connolly Square, Bray, Co. Wicklow (2862679).
 7 Dufferin Villas, Bangor, Co. Down (0247-460081). *Phantom*.
 Ardkeen, Castletroy, Co. Limerick. *Flight of Fantasy*.
 c/o S.Y. Globestar D.H.N.A., Oxford St., Dartmouth, S. Devon, TQ6 9AL. *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*.
 40 Castle St., Killough, Co. Down BT3 7QQ.
 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. *Manaan Maclir*.
 Ardmore, 1 Seaforth Road, Bangor, Co. Down.
 6 Haile Park, Haile, Egremont, Cumbria CA22 2ND, England.

- 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)
 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, C.B.E.1981
- Waldron, Dr. Oliver C., 1978
 Walsh, Anthony, 1979
 Walsh, Donal, 1992
 Walsh, Mrs. Enda, 1990
 Walsh, Patrick, 1992, Rear Commodore ICC
 Walsh, Patrick J., 1982
 # Walsh, Reginald T., 1950
 Walsh, William, 1968
 Waters, L. Roy, 1985
- Watson, Barbara N., 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
 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
- Boyd House, Harbour Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (8322937).
 3 Thomastown Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (2852084/Office: 6772941).
 Summer Lodge, Wellington Rd., Cork (021-502464/Office: 021-277622).
 Rossbrin, Schull, Co. Cork (028-37165). *Dalua*.
 9 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (2854744).
 Eglantine, Crab Lane, Blackrock Road, Cork (021-29273).
 Highlows, 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, Glenageary, 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.
 Kingston House North, Princes Gate, London, SW7 1LN.
 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 (091-796058/Office: 091-794358). *Jilliana*.
 Beaumont House, Woodvale Road, Beaumont, Cork (021-292556). *Aloha*.
 Kildary, 65 Merriion Road, Dublin 4 (2691385). *Sapphire*.
 Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (021-831483/Office: 502358). *Carrigdown*.
 15 Ballymullan Road, Crawfordsburn, Bangor, Co. Down BT19 1JG (Office: Belfast 234466).
Melandy (PO).
 350 Pinellas Bayway, # 3, Tierra Verde, FL 33715, USA (813 528 1114/Office: 813 528 1114)
 (Fax: 813 528 1739). *Strathspey* (PO).
 29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (832 2472).
 29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (832 2472). *Ursula*.
 350 Pinellas Bayway, # 3, Tierra Verde, FL 33715, U.S.A (813 528 1114) (Fax: 813 528 1739).
Strathspey (PO).
 M.B. "Snipe", The Watergate, Athlone, Co. Westmeath (Office: 72039). *Moondrifter*.
 The Riggins, Greenpark, Dunshaughlin, Co. Meath (256643). *Witchcraft of Howth* (PO).
 The Stables, 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).
 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).
 20 Boardman Avenue, Manchester, Massachusetts 01944, U.S.A.
 c/o Billiton International Met, Dr. V. Zeelandstraat 1, 2265 BD Leidschendam, The Netherlands
 (31-70-317). *Eudora*.
 25 Ballykeigle Road, Comber, Co. Down BT23 5SD (01238- 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.
 3A Dunbo Hill, Howth, Co. Dublin (839 4154).
 Robbs Wall, Malahide, Co. Dublin (845 0717).
 26 Guilford Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4 (2694316/Office: 608795).
 Rostynan, 1 Haddington Lawn, Glenageary, Co. Dublin. *Misty*.
 Chartwell, Douglas Rd., Cork (021-291215/Office: 021-273327). *Moshulu III*.
 Flat 1, 2 Clanbrassil Tce, Holywood, Co Down BT18 OAP (421515).

List of Yachts

The letter G before the rig indicates gaff rig. The letters following the rig description indicate that this yacht is built of wood, fibreglass or steel.

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig/Built	Designer	Class
<i>Aeolus</i>	P. Butler	5	Sloop F.1978	D.Thomas	Impala
<i>Alakush</i>	M.J. Guinness	20	Sloop F. 1985	Rob Humphreys	Soverign 400
<i>Alannah</i>	J. Crebbin	12	Ketch F. 1979	Buchanan:	Neptunian 33
<i>Aloha</i>	P.J. Walsh	8	Sloop F. 1989	Moody	Moody
<i>Alys</i>	D. Park	11	Sloop F. 1984		Sadler 34
<i>Andromeda</i>	S. Gray	4	Sloop W. 1962		Dragon
<i>Anita</i>	B. Cassidy/M. O'Flaherty	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>Arctic Tern</i>	J. Villiers-Stuart	11	Sloop F.1982	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Ardnagee</i>	J. Nixon	15	Sloop F 1979	Ron Holland	Swan 371
<i>Areté</i>	T. Toher	10.4	Sloop F.1977		Westerly Berwick 31
<i>Aronelle</i>	D.J. Whitaker	14	Sloop F. 1985	P. Brett;	Rival 36
<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>Beagle</i>	N. Hegarty	8	Sloop F. 1978	D. Thomas;	Impala
<i>Bibi</i>	P. Osterberg		1960	BB11	Bringsvaerd
<i>Big Boots</i>	D. Greenhalgh	15	Sloop F. 1976	D. Sadlier	Contessa 35
<i>Black Pepper</i>	P. Killen		Sloop F	D. Thomas	Sigma 36
<i>Boomerang</i>	K.Christie	-	Ketch W.	-	Brittany
<i>Boru</i>	B. Dalton	15	Sloop F. 1979	V. Aarnipalo	Finmar 36
<i>Busy B</i>	J. Ley/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. 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/R. Foxall	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>Changeling</i>	J. Jameson	15	Sloop F 1989	D. Thomas	Sigma 38
<i>Charlina</i>	P. Whelan	30	Ketch F. 1976		Moody 52
<i>Chloe of Mourne</i>	J.C. Gibson		Cutter S.	M. Griffiths	
<i>Chuckawalla</i>	E. Crosbie	8	Sloop F. 1983	Van de Stadt	DBI 3/4 Ton
<i>Cochise</i>	N. 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	Rival 32
<i>Cuilau of Kinsale</i>	B. Cassidy/M. O'Flaherty	28	Ketch W. 1970	G.T. McGruer	
<i>Dalua</i>	A. Stott	16	Sloop F. 1987	Holman & Pye	Rustler 36
<i>Deerhound</i>	C.A. Chapman	28	Ketch F. 1970		Hood 50
<i>Delphin</i>	L. Conway	12.3	Sloop F. 1976	R. Holland	Nicholson 345
<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	10	Sloop F. 1979	R. Holland	Club Shamrock
<i>Deucalion</i>	G. McCann	15	Sloop F. 1983	D Thomas	Sigma 41
<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>Elysium</i>	W.T. Rea	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	Nicholson 31
<i>Errislannin</i>	W.B. Lyster	15	Sloop F. 1990	D. Thomas	Sigma 38
<i>Eske</i>	P. Walsh	4	Sloop F. 1972		Vindoo 30
<i>Eudora</i>	D. Whitehead	13	Sloop F. 1993	Luhrs	Legend 35.5
<i>Evolution II</i>	T. Dunphy/G. Whelan	12	Sloop F. 1987		Beneteau 345
<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 Kennedy	Kerry Mark II
<i>Feolin</i>	J.W. Clow	12	Sloop W. 1961	McGruer	8 C/R
<i>Fiacra</i>	P. Bourke	6	Sloop F. 1979		Westerly Centaur
<i>Fidem III</i>	G. Hawthorn	15	Sloop F	A. Primrose	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>	C. Foley	5	Sloop F. 1981	Johnson	J24
<i>Freya</i>	J. English				Motor
<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. 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>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>	D. Andrews/T. Andrews	15	Sloop F. 1979	Doug Peterson	Contessa 35
<i>Handy Mistress</i>	D. Cross		1990	Motor	
<i>Happy Return</i>	F. Rogerson	5	Sloop W. 1965	Holman-Stella	
<i>Harklow</i>	R. Heard	12	Motor W. 1963	J. Tyrrell	
<i>Hayrider</i>	M. Pritchard/P. Pritchard	12	Sloop F. 1976	R. Holland	
<i>Heather of Mourne</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>Hylasia</i>	H. Barnwell/I. Barnwell	17	Sloop F 1987	German Frers	Hylas 42
<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>	B. Kennedy	15	Sloop F. 1980	A. Primrose	Moody 36
<i>Iduna</i>	J.R. Bourke	4	Sloop W. 1939	L. Giles	Lymington L.
<i>Insouciance</i>	G. Ralston	27	Ketch F. 1976	A.E. Luders	Offshore 47
<i>In The Mood</i>	F. Barry		Sloop F. 1985	Moody	Moody 31
<i>Irish Mist</i>	A. O'Leary	13	Sloop F. 1993	Jones	Sadler Starlight 39
<i>Irish Mist I</i>	A. Baker	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>Jablesse</i>	H. Beck		Cutter		
<i>Jacana</i>	M. Flowers	10	Sloop F. 1990	Johnson	J35
<i>Jaded</i>	J.K. Martin	5	Sloop F. 1982	Johnson	J24
<i>Janey Mac II</i>	A. Lee	15	Sloop F. 1992	R. Humphries	Sigma 400
<i>Jeremy Fisher of Hamble</i>	K.M. Boyd	9	Ketch F. 1973	Gordon Wyatt	Fisher 30
<i>Jilliana</i>	P. Walsh	20.5	Ketch F. 1981	Primrose	Moody 42 AC Mk 2
<i>Joggernaut</i>	D. Morrissy	10	Sloop F. 1980	Ed. Dubois	GK 34
<i>Juno</i>	C.L. Kilgrew	11	Sloop F. 1986	Ed. Dubois	Westerly Fulmar
<i>Kala</i>	M.T. McConnell	4	Motor F. 1974	Derek Stukins	Downcraft 21
<i>Karena</i>	J. Curtin	12	Sloop W. 1976	Bruce Farr	
<i>Kenbane</i>	P. Ryan	13	Sloop F. 1982	Ohlson	Ohlson 38
<i>Kilpatrick</i>	W.D. Keatinge	12.8	Sloop F. 1988		Oyster Heritage
<i>Kinetic</i>	J.C. Bruen		Sloop F. 1978	Oliver Lee	832B
<i>Kumaree</i>	K.L. Cooke	6	Sloop F. 1970		Dufour Safari
<i>Lady Kate</i>	D. Walsh	10	Sloop F. 1986	Dixon	Moody 31
<i>Lamorna III</i>	A.S. Morton	7	Sloop F.		Holman Twister
<i>Lazy Day</i>	P. Cooper	9	Sloop F.		Group Finot
<i>Lazy Life</i>	Hon.R. Dixon		Sloop F. 1976	R. Holland	Nicholson 345
<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>	S. Spence				Bristol Channel Cutter
<i>Maimoune</i>	J.A. Henshall/A.S.P. Orr/T.R.J. Shanks	2.5	Sloop W. 1902	L. Hope	Fairy
<i>Manaan Maclir</i>	J. Stevenson				

<i>Mandalay</i>	C.J. FitzGerald	10	Sloop F. 1988	B. Dixon	Moody Eclipse 33
<i>Manutara</i>	G.J. O'Connor		Sloop F. 1982	Ohlson	Ohlson 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>	J. Payne/L.R. Waters	10	Sloop F. 1965	Nicholson	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'Keeffe	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>Molly B</i>	P. Hogan		Ketch W		
<i>Moody Blue</i>	I. Titterington	14	Sloop F. 1975	A. Primrose	Moody 33
<i>Moon Stream</i>	R.J.A. Simms	-	-	-	Sunstream 43
<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/G. Sheridan	7	Sloop F. 1979		GK29
<i>Myth of Minto</i>	J. 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. Brazil/J. Gallagher	12	Sloop F. 1976		Nicholson 35
<i>Neon Tetra</i>	T.H. Roche	20	Cutter W. 1954	D. Hilliard	
<i>Ocean Dove</i>	F.A. Sadlier	9	Ketch W. 1959	M. Griffiths	
<i>Oleander of Howth</i>	B. Hegarty/B. Hegarty	15	Ketch F. 1981	L. Giles	Westerly Conway 36
<i>One Timee</i>	E.M. England	11	Sloop F. 1980	Peter Boyce	O-Day 37
<i>Oona</i>	P. Courtney		Sloop W.		Howth 17 O.D.
<i>Orion</i>	M. O'Keeffe	10	Sloop F 1979	Ron Holland	Club Shamrock
<i>Ounavara of Howth</i>	L.D. McGonagle	21	Ketch F. 1974	Laurent Giles	Moody 46
<i>Parton</i>	B. Bramwell		Sloop F.		Oyster 435
<i>Peggy West</i>	B.R. Lynch	10	Sloop F. 1976		Westerly Berwick
<i>Pen Men</i>	R. Barr	10	Sloop F. 1970		S&S 30
<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>Quarterwave</i>	M. Balmforth	18	Cutter F. 1984	David Alan-Williams	Contessa 38
<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>Rapparee II</i>	D. McKenna		Sloop F		Yamaha 36
<i>Red Velvet</i>	P. Butler	12	Sloop F. 1971	Hustler 35	Holman & Pye
<i>Reiver</i>	J.D. Williams/W.P. Williams	12.5	Sloop S. 1988	A. Mylne	
<i>Rhapsody</i>	S. Flood	10	Sloop F. 1979	Ron Holland;	Club Shamrock
<i>Ricjak</i>	J. Cahill	22	Sloop S. 1985		Cahill 42
<i>Rionnag</i>	B. Corbally	16	Sloop F 1992		Hallberg Rassy 39
<i>Roaring Water</i>	J.B. Forde	14	Sloop F. 1978	A. Primrose	Moody 33
<i>Rockabill II</i>	J. Flanagan				
<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>	C. Love	50	Ketch F. 1979		Nicholson 70
<i>Ruinette</i>	D.P. Brazil/J. Gallagher	11	Sloop F. 1970	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Safari of Howth</i>	R.I. Morrison	17	Ketch F. 1982	Hallberg	Rassy 42
<i>Saint Patrick</i>	P. Barry	15	G. Cutter 1909		40' Galway Hooker
<i>Saki</i>	P.J. McCormack	11	Sloop F. 1979	Nicholson	Nicholson 31
<i>Salar</i>	B. McMahon	6	Sloop F. 1970	White & Hill	Cutlass
<i>Samantha</i>	P. Morck	5	G. Cutter 1978	Roger Dongray	
<i>Samharcin an Iar</i>	H. Du Plessis	16	Ketch F. 1977	L. Giles	Westerly Conway 36
<i>Santé</i>	H. Hellstern	-	Sloop F. 1979	Rassy & Enderlein	Hallberg 352
<i>Saoirse of Cork</i>	J.C. Hayes	20	Sloop F. 1988	Jeanneau	Sun Magic 44
<i>Sapphire</i>	R.T. Walsh	7	Sloop W. 1965	Colin Marine	
<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. Ronaldson	10	Sloop. F. 1977	D. Sadler	Contessa 32
<i>Sea Drifter</i>	J. 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>Seadrifter</i>	J. Petch	14	Ketch F. 1975	Van de Stadt	Victory 40
<i>Seareign</i>	H.R. King	12	Sloop F. 1973	Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>Selina</i>	M. Dwyer	8	Sloop F. 1971	DuFour	Diane
<i>Serifa</i>	D. Lovett		Sloop F. 1968		Solar 40
<i>Setanta</i>	F. Cudmore/J. Cudmore	7	Sloop F. 1990	Jenneau	Sun Kiss
<i>Siamsa</i>	M.M. D'Alton/L.D. Latham	5	Sloop F.	W.P. Brown	Ruffian 23
<i>Silver Breeze</i>	A. Clarke	10	Sloop F. 1985	J. Berret	Benoteau 345
<i>Silver Slipper</i>	H. Cudmore	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	Nicholson 32
<i>Skarv av Stad</i>	A. Osmundsvaag	22	Sloop F. 1988	Philippe Briand	SunKiss
<i>Snow Goose of Moygannon</i>	C. Magennis	6	Sloop F. 1978		Maxi 84
<i>Sparkle</i>	B. Gallagher	11	Sloop F. 1986		Sadler 34
<i>Speedbird of Shrone</i>	P. Tisdall	7.9	Sloop F. 1989	Woods	Banshee Catamaran
<i>Spellbound of Swanwick</i>	R. Fielding/C. Fielding	14	Sloop F. 1994	B. Dixon	Moody Eclipse
<i>State O'Chassis</i>	T. Johnson/N. Long/J. Mulhern/J. Tierney	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>	B.N. Watson/W.R. Watson	18	Sloop F. 1980	Bill Shaw	Pearson 40
<i>Suaeda</i>	A. Hutchinson	12	Sloop F. 1973		Nicholson 35
<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>Tallulah</i>	A.H. Rountree	13	Sloop F. 1987	Van de Stadt	Legend 34
<i>Tandara</i>	R. Slater	16	Ketch G 1977	Camper & Nicholson	
<i>Tempo</i>	S. De Quincy		Sloop F	Proctor	Prelude 20
<i>Tertia of Lymington</i>	W. Dickinson	15	Sloop F. 1979	Doug Peterson	Contessa 35
<i>Thalassa</i>	R. Sewell	16	Yawl W. 1906	C. Sibbick	
<i>Thalia</i>	J. 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. Hutcherson	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 IV</i>	J. Clapham		Ketch F. 1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 39
<i>Trilogy</i>	R. Fowler	11	Sloop F. 1989	Bill Dixon	Moody 31
<i>Trininga</i>	D.B. Johnston	15	Ketch F. 1979	W.F. Rayner	Atlantic
<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>	Dr. O. Glaser	20	Ketch F. 1981	German Frers	FC44
<i>Tudorose</i>	L. Cassidy/S. 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>Twiga</i>	M. Park		Sloop F. 1973	Upham	Holman 35
<i>Twocan</i>	F.D. Freeman	7	Sloop F. 1973	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Ultimate</i>	R. Sharp				Moody Carabineer
<i>Ursula</i>	R. Watson	11	Sloop F. 1985		Halberg Rassy 312
<i>V.S.O.P.</i>	J. Godkin		Sloop F. 1986	Humphries	Sovereign 400
<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>	J. Beach/Cdr. J.D. Maxwell	11	Sloop F. 1962	Nicholson	Nicholson 36
<i>Voyageuse</i>	L. Kavanagh	5.5	Sloop F 1978	Angus Primrose	Voyager
<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>Waxwing</i>	C. Gray/S. Gray	15	Cutter F. 1980	Peter Brett	Rival 41
<i>Wheesht</i>	W.P. Escott	12	Sloop F. 1974	Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>Whistling Oyster</i>	B.M. Cahill	30	Ketch F. 1986	Holman & Pye	Oyster 53
<i>White Heather</i>	D.H.B. FitzGerald	15	Sloop F. 1988	D. Thomas	Sigma 362
<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>	H.W.S. 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>Witchcraft of Howth</i>	W.M. Nixon/E.M. Wheeler/H.A. Whelehan	15	Sloop F. 1976	Doug Peterson	Contessa 35
<i>Yami-Yami</i>	T. Kirby	6	Sloop F. 1978	Sadler	25
<i>Zubenubi</i>	W.J. Cotter/J. McKinney/N. Meagher	10	Sloop F. 1973	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Zaberdast</i>	M. O'Flaherty/B. Smullen	55	Sloop 1988	Sparkman and Stevens	



