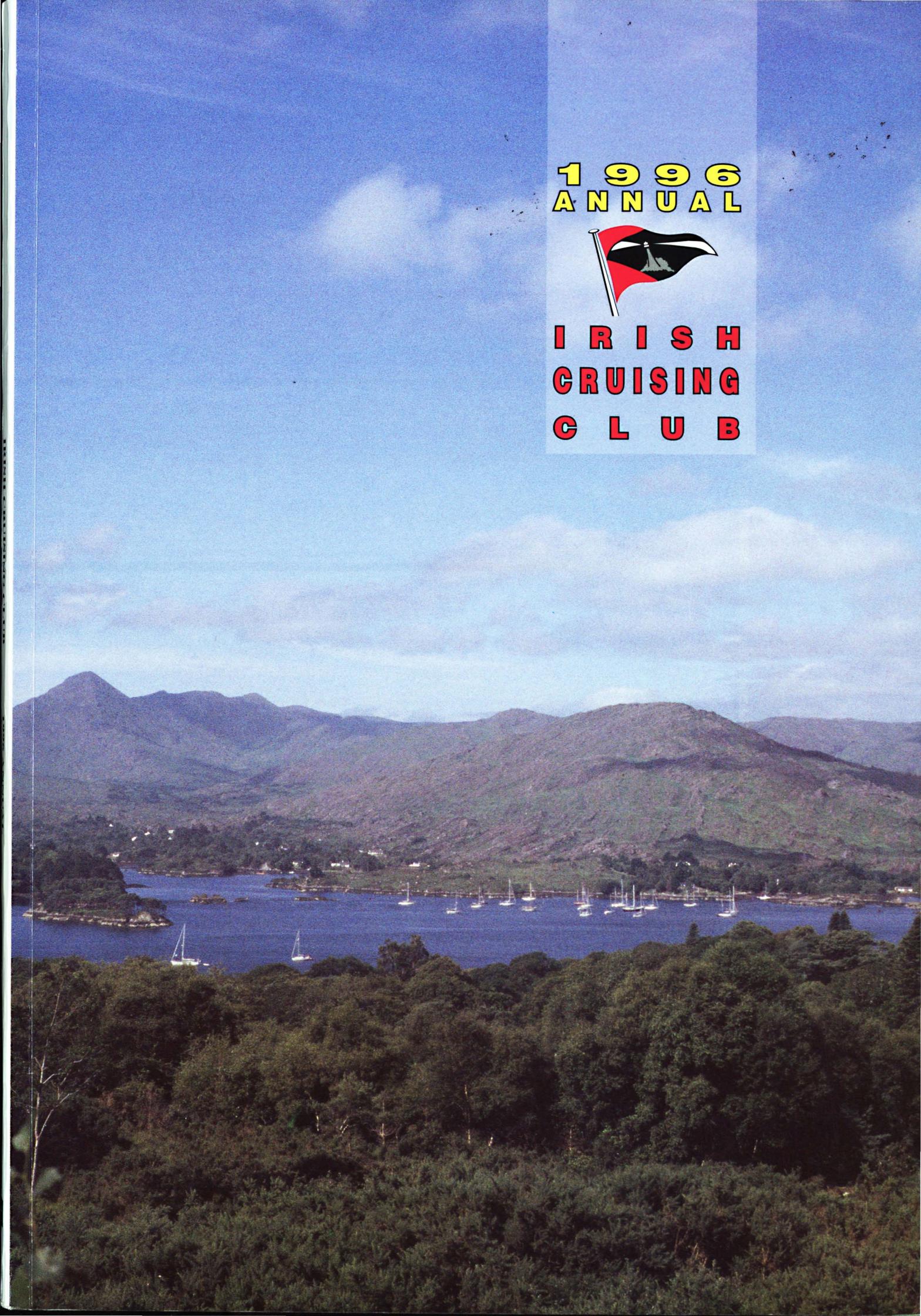


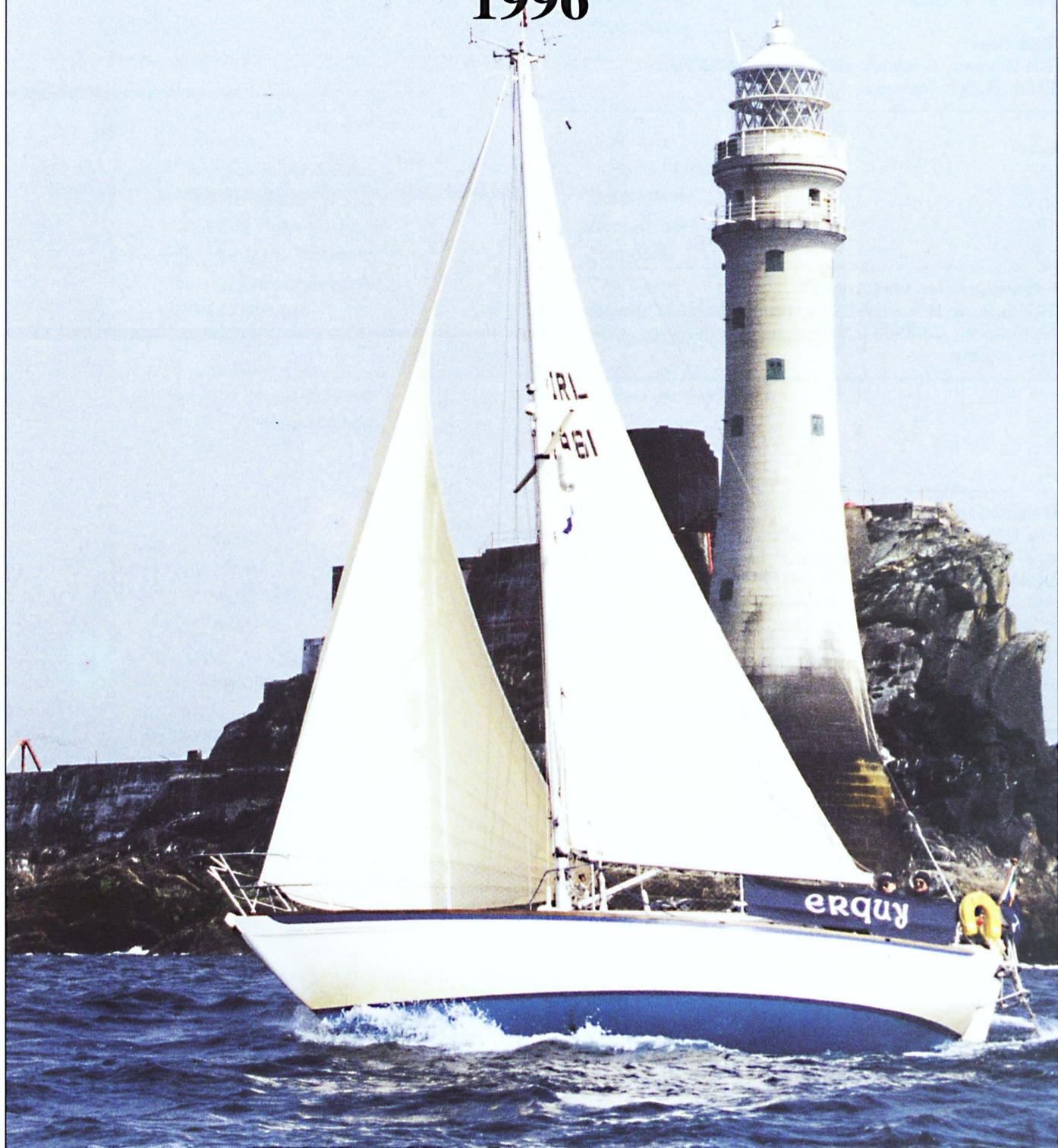
**1996  
ANNUAL**



**I R I S H  
C R U I S I N G  
C L U B**



**IRISH CRUISING CLUB  
ANNUAL  
1996**



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#### **Front Cover**

Glengarriff, where the Irish Cruising Club was founded, was a dramatic port of call for the 1996 Cruise-in-Company.

Photo: W.M. Nixon.

#### **Title Page**

The Honorary Secretary sails *Erquy* past the Fastnet.

Photo: Robert Bateman.

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#### **Submissions for 1997 Annual**

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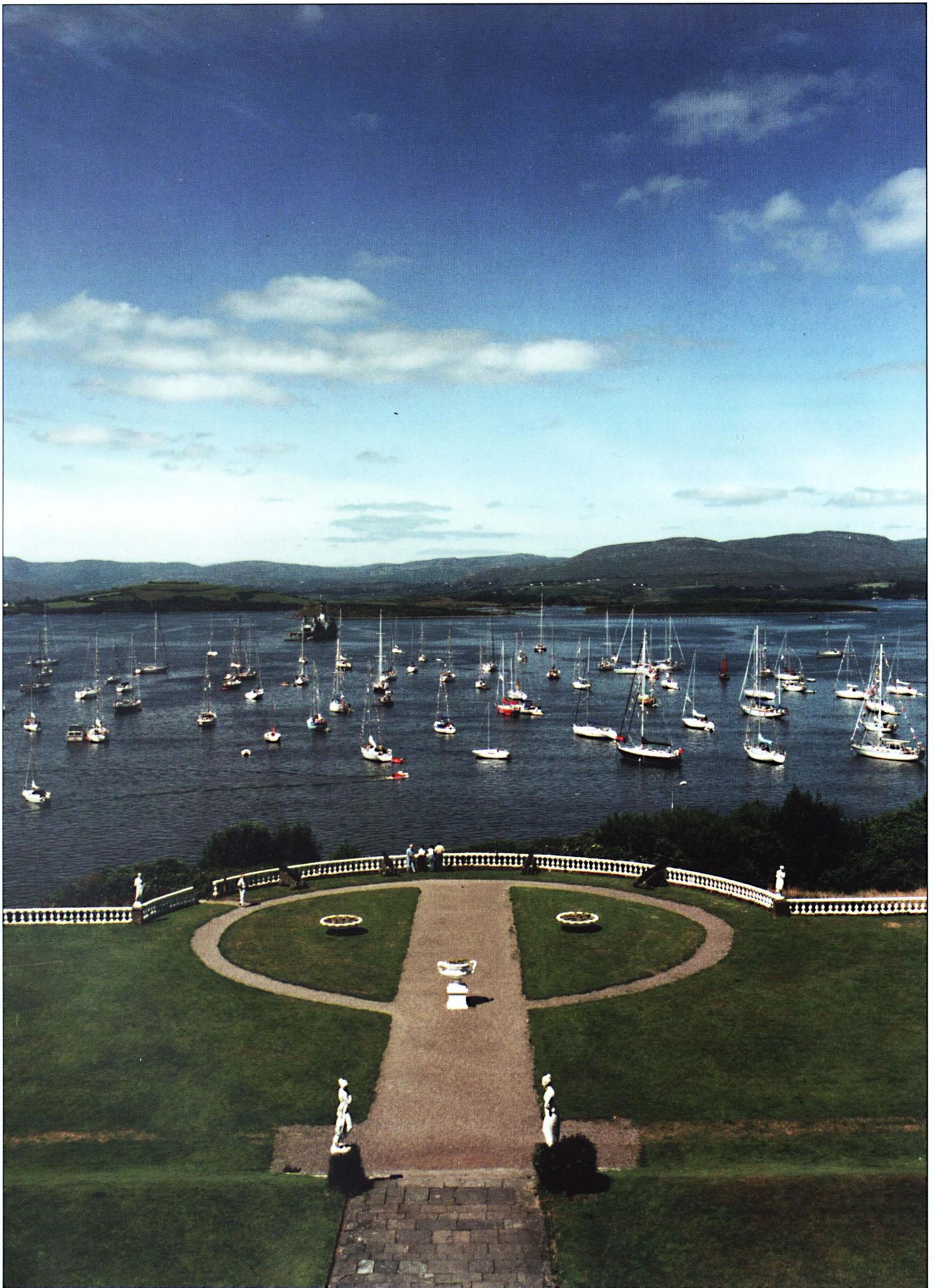
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# Irish Cruising Club Annual 1996

## Contents

Honorary Secretary's Report	...	...	...	...	...	iv
Photo spread	...	...	...	...	...	viii
Jan Gore-Grimes	...	...	Appreciation	...	...	x
Liam McCormick	...	...	Appreciation	...	...	x
Challenge Cup Awards	...	...	...	...	...	xi
Photo spread	...	...	...	...	...	xii
Index of Cruising Grounds	...	...	...	...	...	xiv
96.01 Our Cruise in Company	...	...	W.M.Nixon	...	...	1
96.02 Among the mangroves in Venezuela	...	...	Hugo du Plessis	...	...	7
96.03 <i>Lady Kate</i> in Scottish waters	...	...	Donal Walsh	...	...	14
96.04 In the wake of Francis Howard Sinclair	...	...	James Nixon	...	...	20
96.05 <i>White Heather</i> to the Dark Continent	...	...	Tom Foote	...	...	25
96.06 <i>Red Velvet's</i> August Circumnavigation	...	...	Paul Butler	...	...	31
96.07 Atlantic Adventure – part one	...	...	Cormac McHenry	...	...	35
96.08 <i>Kilpatrick</i> around Ireland	...	...	Bill and Hilary Keatinge	...	...	39
96.09 <i>Saint Patrick</i> in the Baltic	...	...	Paddy Barry	...	...	44
96.10 Around Ireland in no time at all, at all	...	...	Michael McKee	...	...	49
96.11 <i>Oleander of Howth</i> in Northern Greece	...	...	Betty Hegarty	...	...	53
96.12 Copenhagen to Dublin	...	...	Jimmy Conlon	...	...	57
96.13 The Last Hurrah	...	...	Robert Barr	...	...	60
96.14 Caribbean Dream	...	...	Peter & Susan Gray	...	...	65
96.15 <i>Rionnag</i> to the Faroes	...	...	Bernard Corbally	...	...	67
96.16 Scillies and south Cork	...	...	Jonathan Virden	...	...	73
96.17 Sailing in the Lofoten Islands	...	...	Joan Nicholson	...	...	75
96.18 A Star in search of Saints	...	...	Maeve Bell	...	...	79
96.19 St Kilda for the day	...	...	Brian Black	...	...	84
96.20 <i>Sandy Ways</i> in Brittany '96	...	...	Tom Cooke	...	...	87
96.21 Fin du Saison fun	...	...	Wallace Clark	...	...	91
96.22 <i>Alys</i> in Skandinavia	...	...	David Park	...	...	94
96.23 Canadian Dream	...	...	Ann Bunting	...	...	98
96.24 Galician Chiperones with Salt & Vinegar	...	...	Dick Lovegrove	...	...	103
96.25 Boat Swop in USA	...	...	Trevor Wood	...	...	109
96.26 <i>Melandy's</i> cruise to Denmark	...	...	Roy Waters	...	...	113
96.27 Of Ostrich farms and the Big Ninety-Nine	...	...	W.M.Nixon and Ed Wheeler	...	...	118
A Boat for Antarctica	...	...	Jarlath Cunnane	...	...	128
Favourite Places	...	...	...	...	...	129
Dunn's Ditties	...	...	...	...	...	131
List of Past Officers	...	...	...	...	...	138
List of Award Winners	...	...	...	...	...	139
List of Members	...	...	...	...	...	143
List of Yachts	...	...	...	...	...	151



The Cruise-in-Company at anchor from Bantry House.

PHOTO: *Kevin Dwyer.*

# Honorary Secretary's Report

From early 1995 and right through to the last committee meeting which was held in April 1996, the major concern of the committee was the Cruise-in-Company programmed for July 1996. It's success has and will be well documented elsewhere, I will not refer to it further except to say that it was quite clear at all our meetings that its organisation was firmly under the control of Arthur Baker within the ground rules which had been set by previous Commodore David Nicholson, followed through in great detail by incoming Commodore Liam McGonagle. The Club owes a very great debt of gratitude to Arthur.

Another very difficult election meeting took place in January. A total of thirty six applications had been received and after quite prolonged discussion sixteen were admitted to membership with a further two held over until 1997 under rule 5. (viii). This brought the total membership above the 550 maximum, but within the guidelines laid down by rule 5. (xv). At the following meeting held in April, it was decided under rule 5. (i) that the maximum number who can be elected next year is ten. At that meeting it was also decided that the application form be re-designed and Donal McClement offered to help in that. The objective is to make the form easier to use and to cut down on the volume of supporting letters. Copy costs for the applications received this year ran to £460, or £16 per applicant!

It had been hoped that the carefully worded invitation to resign which had been drafted by Hugh Kennedy and published in the Bulletin would lead a considerable number of members whose interests have moved away from those of the Club and cruising, to consider their positions, but in practice most of those who contacted me were merely precluded by health or age from active sailing but were still very interested in the Club and cruising generally. This will be addressed again in the coming year to try to create more space for aspiring members.

Waterford was the venue for the Annual Dinner, the arrangements there being made by local member Gerry Sheridan. Over 300 members and guests attended, the highest ever and accommodation had to be spread over three hotels to cater for that



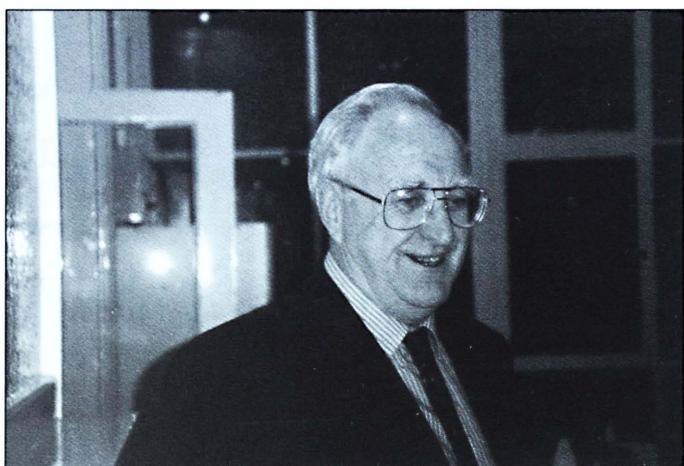
Commodore Bob Drew CCA presenting the magnificent Bell to the ICC and Commodore Liam McGonagle.



Hon. Ed. with John Crebbin at AGM.



Commodores Kit Power RCC, Bob Drew CCA, Katie Christie CCC, Vice Commodore Dooie Isdale NYCC & Commodore Liam McGonagle.



Donal Brazil at AGM.

PHOTO: Donal Walsh.

number. The new members cocktail party on the Friday night was well attended by those elected this year and got the weekend off to a good start. For the active, Colin and Jean Chapman organised a day's walking in the Comeragh mountains for the Saturday – only six persons considered themselves capable of making the start and walking for the day! I have no doubt that it was the cocktail party and not a lack of fitness which dictated the attendance. Other activities included a visit arranged by John Gore-Grimes to Hook Head lighthouse, but even there there were steps to climb!

At his last function before handing over at that evening's AGM, David Nicholson presided as Commodore at a lunch for previous Commodore's and Flag Officers. Held at the National Yacht Club the function was very much enjoyed by all present, with the possible exception of the Commodore elect who was conscious that he would have to be firmly in control at the AGM that evening. For the rest, one function flowed smoothly into the next so much so that some had difficulty in making it to the Royal St. George in time! Attendees were, past Commodores H W S Clark, P J Bunting, J Gore-Grimes. Flags, L McGonagle, D H B FitzGerald, P Walsh, M M McKee, D J Ryan, J M Wolfe, B Hegarty, R Fielding, J C McConnell, A S P Orr, Clayton Love Jnr, Officers D P Brazil, C P McHenry.

The AGM was attended by at least 100 members. The attendance list was circulated as quickly as if making its way through thick, glutinous mud, with the result that a considerable number were unable to sign on. A further 50 had written or advised the Hon Secretary of their inability to attend. The consistent high attendance and care taken in sending regrets reflects the interest taken by members in their Club and reflects our ongoing healthy state.

The Commodore told the meeting that J Ross Pilling, a distinguished member of the CCA who has donated many charts and books to our Library, had been elected as an Honorary Member by the committee under rule 4. (iv). The committee has also deemed that the spouses of the Hon Editor and Hon Compiler should be Honorary Members for the duration of the term of office of their spouses.

The Hon Treasurer presented his report which showed a very healthy state of affairs for the Club finances. Members were relieved to hear that questions regarding tax liability had been resolved satisfactorily. For the first time in a number of years the Hon Treasurer proposed that a number of subscription defaulters be read out and after allowing time for members present to speak up, four persons were read out.

In his address, outgoing Commodore David Nicholson reviewed his three years in office and summed up his time by reflecting on the spirit of friendship he had found in and through the Club. He was satisfied that he was handing over to Liam McGonagle a Club in a healthy and vibrant state. After their

## OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

### Flag Officers and Committee 1996

Commodore	Liam McGonagle	1st year
Vice Commodore	Michael O'Farrell	2nd year
Rear Commodore	Arthur Baker	1st year
Rear Commodore	Jarlath Cunnane	1st year
Hon Secretary	Cormac McHenry	7th year
Hon Treasurer	Donal Brazil	4th year

#### East

B Hegarty  
B Bradley  
P Barry  
M O'Gallagher

#### North

C E Ronaldson  
H P Kennedy  
R Barr  
M McKee

#### South

D Nicholson (ex o)  
M Coleman  
J C Bruen.  
C K Hunt  
D J McClement

#### West

P Walsh  
P O'Sullivan

### New Members Elected 1996

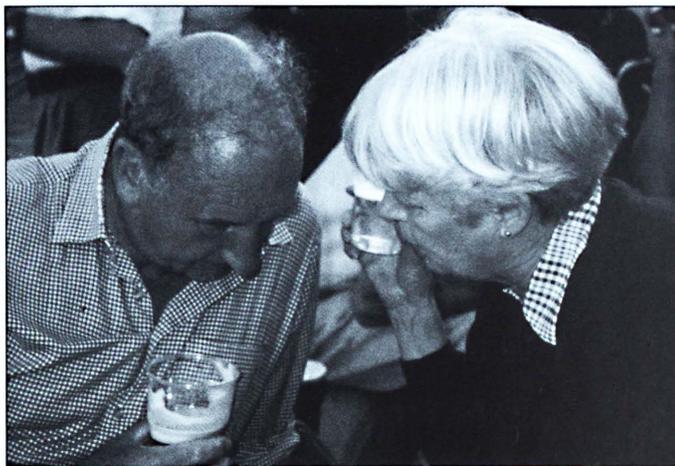
Adrian Bell	Belfast
Maeve Bell	Belfast
Jimmy Conlon	Cork
Thomas Cooke	Dublin
Gillian Fletcher	Dublin
Thomas Foote	Galway
Diana Gleadhill	Killinchy
Hilary Keatinge	Lymington
Donal Lynch	Cork
Peter Minnis	Donaghadee
Max Nicholson	Dunmore East
Paddy O'Connor	Cork
Pat O'Mahony	Cork
Ray O'Toole	Galway
Gerard Sargent	Dublin
Ann Woulfe-Flanagan	Dublin

### Deceased Members

Peter Denham  
A E Smiles  
Jan Gore-Grimes  
Walter Beckett  
Robert D'Alton  
Liam McCormick  
Fred Cudmore  
Cormac O'Ceallagh



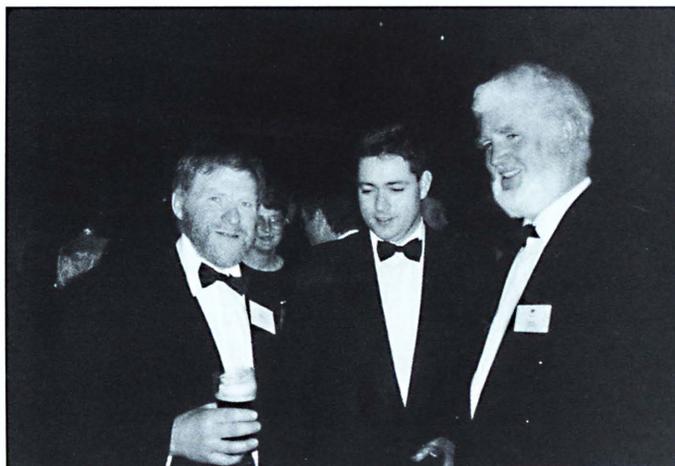
Tom McHugh & Dan MacAuley at annual dinner, Waterford  
 PHOTO: Donal Walsh.



Bless me Father, for I have sinned!!! Arthur Orr and Anne McKee.



David Nicholson, Declan Tyrell & Winkie Nixon, at annual dinner, Waterford.  
 PHOTO: Donal Walsh.



Donal Walsh, Gary MacMahon & Jarlath Cunnane.  
 PHOTO: Paddy Barry.

election, he presented their flags to the incoming Commodore and Rear Commodore.

Commodore Liam McGonagle then set his objectives for the Club as being to modify and alter existing procedures only when absolutely necessary. He expected that he would have support, ideas and help from all our members, who are united in their fellowship of the sea.

Joan Nicholson presented Awards and Trophies, assisted by Bill Rea who has recovered and prepared them for presentation for each of the past few years. The Wild Goose Cup, donated by Wallace Clark in memory of his son Miles, was awarded for the first time, the recipient being Bobby Barr.

The new edition of the East & North Sailing Directions had been published in February. Its immediate success was discussed at the April committee meeting where tribute was paid to the work put into it by Hon Compiler Malachi O'Gallagher, assisted in no small measure by his wife, Evelyn. This edition represents a further upgrade on the standard already set by the latest edition of the South & West. Print orders for both had been arranged so that reprints of both would be required at the same time, thus allowing them to be combined into a single volume. The unanimous view of the committee members present was that it was not desirable to have only one volume covering the whole coastline and it was agreed that the editions continue to be produced separately. Sales of the South & West are so strong that a reprint of the current edition will be required before the end of 1996.

Also at the April meeting a brief discussion on Club finances reached the conclusion that Club income should fund its expenditure on a year to year basis, with any surplus from ICC Publications Ltd being used for special events/projects. The Hon Treasurer and Commodore having considered this are likely to

suggest an increase in the subscription at the AGM in March 1997, such an increase if passed would not take effect until the year commencing January 1998.

The Cruise in Company having been the event of the year, fewer rallies than usual were held. The East Coast Rally over the June weekend had Pwllheli in Cardigan Bay as its venue. Strong southerly winds, gusting to gale force gave a rough ride to the nine yachts which made the passage. All were given a real Celtic welcome by Pwllheli Sailing Club who had arranged a barbecue for the Saturday evening. Some participants went back to the east coast on the Sunday, but the six yachts who went up to Port Dillaen and did not cross until the Monday, had another rough ride in the next gale which was then sweeping up the Irish Sea. Yachts which took part, *Alakush, Elysium, Rionnag, Caranja, Erquy, Marie Clare, Margaret Francis now renamed Shalini, Hylasia, Sandy Ways.*

The final rally of the year, to East Ferry in mid October showed that the southern region had recovered from the Cruise in Company. There was quite heavy weather in Cork Harbour over that weekend, but that did not take from the enjoyment of the event.

The year will round off with lunches/dinners in all regions spread over November/December, another stressful time for our Commodore who expects to be an active participant at them all!

The year ends with the Club on even more solid foundations and with its friendliness and reputation spread even more widely through the success of its organisation of the Cruise in Company.

**Cormac P McHenry**  
 Honorary Secretary



Kalmar Bridge, Sweden, from *Saint Patrick*. The channels were easier than they looked on the charts.  
PHOTO: *Kevin Cronin*.



David Park meets the Vikings.  
PHOTO: *Paul Butler*.



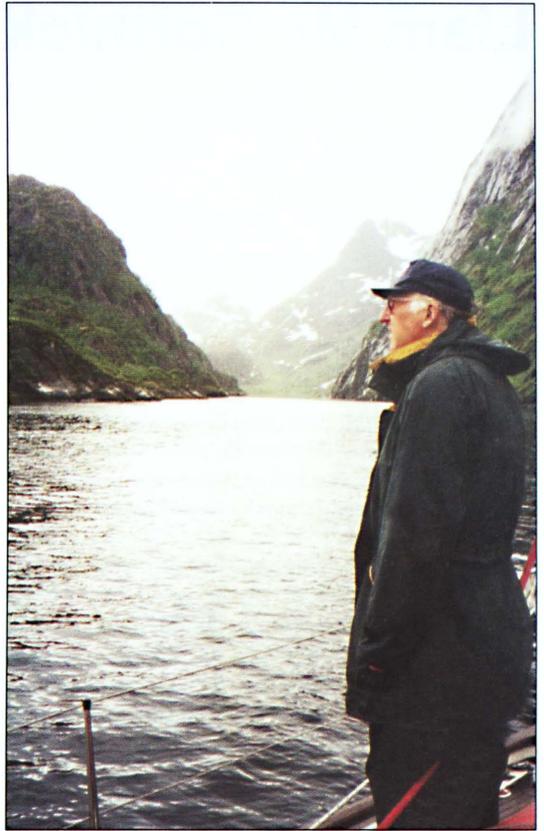
Italy between the Pitons.  
PHOTO: *Sean McCormack*.



Teelin Harbour.  
PHOTO: *Paul Butler*.



Ann Bunting on *Paddington* in Pryce Channel. Not another boat in sight.



Trollfiord Lofoten.

PHOTO: J. Nicholson.



NE of Broadhaven.

PHOTO: Paul Butler.

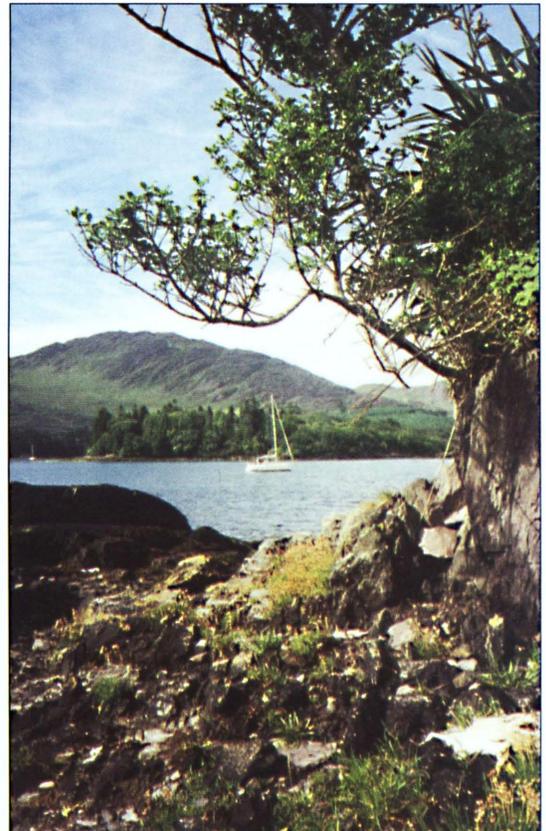
*Realta* in Dereen, Kenmare.

PHOTO: M. Bell.



Portpatrick

PHOTO: Maire Breathnach.



# Liam Mc Cormick

## An appreciation

Living since childhood close beside the racing tidal waters of the Foyle, Liam learned to handle a boat almost as soon as he could walk. His skill under sail and oar was acquired in open boats of the two local designs the 25 foot Greencastle yawls and the 14 ft Foyle punts.

In *Diane's* first season Liam and his neighbour John Stevenson sailed her to Copenhagen. That trip is dated by their using the Clyde-Forth Canal which closed not long afterwards and is now being re-opened. In *Leith* they were joined by Peter Hamilton, then serving Royal Navy commander. He refused to let them listen to weather forecasts so they set out regardless and a few hours later were hove-to in a gale. They completed an epic five day passage to Brunsbottle in strong winds and the cold hail spray of a North Sea April.

Next year Liam and John sailed south to Brest. After another rough passage, they joined my *Wild Goose* crew in the Gulf of Morbihan for a five day period. Another of my best beloved shipmates Alan Smiles ICC who also died in 1996 was of that convivial company. Looking back forty years it doesn't seem very long ago. We all enjoyed the company of Liam, the bon viveur, celebrating a good passage and a landfall at his brilliant best.

The Viking blood from which Liam derived his extraordinary skill as a seaman, soon drew him back to Scandinavia. He left *Diane* for two winters there and explored most corners of the Baltic as well as the German and Dutch waterways.

By this time he was Vice Commodore, well known all round the Irish coasts, and held in respect and affection by fishermen and yachtsmen alike. In latter years he had much fun and not a few adventures in a motor cruiser touring French and German canals. There were too always dinghy expeditions to lobster-pot on the Grey Horse reef less than half a cable from Brooklyn's front door, or splash net salmon in hidden Inishowen coves.

That happy family home full of notable marine trophies was bought over a century ago with salvage money from an American ship rescued by Liam's sea-captain grandfather.

Liam is one of the small band of people I have been lucky enough to meet who can be described as truly at home afloat – blow high, blow low. Fine architect, fine sailor and fine friend.

W.C.

# Jan Gore-Grimes

## An appreciation

With the death of Jan Gore-Grimes we lost a special member of the Irish Cruising Club. Special, for many reasons, not least for the endless love and support she gave to one of our adventuring sailors, John Gore-Grimes. Special also in the quiet and gentle manner in which she participated and enjoyed all the various outings, functions, etc., in which she became involved during John's term as Commodore. Her dedication to helping him, in particular when he was editor of our annual, was rarely appreciated. I think every word printed had probably passed through Jan's typewriter at least once! Jan stayed at home, keeping the home fires burning, while John set off on his voyages North. However, he always set sail with more than her blessing but her complete non-judgemental support and encouragement. She was always a vital factor in the achievement of a successful voyage.

I would not wish anyone to think that Jan was entirely a stay-at-home sailor. Many times in the early days of her marriage she would gather her young family together, add another couple plus their children, and set off with John to circumnavigate this or that island or group of islands – always at speed! I have shared her company on several cruising holidays, in the Mediterranean and once along the Chilean coast. She was always one of those up-in-the-morning cheerful faces, interested and enthusiastic about all around her during the day, and always there at the end of the day adding to the pleasure of the occasion.

Jan's ability to give, unconditionally, of herself made her a very special wife, mother and friend. She is terribly missed, and our sympathy goes to her mother, Madie and to John, Francesca, Emily, Natasha, Rachel and all her family to whom she was so important.

B.F-M.

# Challenge Cup Awards

## Hugh Kennedy

The number and content of the 1996 logs illustrate the healthy state of our Club. The burgee has again been flown far and wide: Ann Bunting re-explored Vancouver; Joan Nicholson visited the Lofoten Islands in the far North; Betty and Brian Hegarty returned to Greece; Peter and Susan Gray have continued their circumnavigation and have sailed extensively in the Caribbean, and Hilary Keatinge has “come home” to sail round Ireland.

Roy Waters completed a 6 weeks cruise through Scottish waters to Denmark and back; Bernard Corbally visited the Faroes; Jonathan Virden brought *Twayblade* over from England; Wallace Clark explored several different Islands in the South Irish Sea and followed the path of Hillaire Belloc through Bardsey sound; Paul Butler enjoyed another trip round Ireland: Bobby Barr says he has given us his “last hurrah”, from the South West, (I hope not); Trevor Wood visited the USA on charter; and Tom Cooke visited Brittany. It appears that our members enjoyed themselves and were well received wherever they visited.

It was a privilege for me to pre-view the logs, and with such an embarrassment of riches the task of making the awards was not easy. **The Faulkner Cup** (The premier award) goes to Hugo du Plessis. He carried out almost an exploratory cruise in the Gulf of Paria on the coast of Venezuela. He was probably the first yacht ever to have been in some of the areas he visited.

His single handed cruise is recorded with enthusiasm and humour. Even for our Club, his sojourn to Rio must be unique. In one creek on the Isla de Horno he thought that the way of life of the people there had probably changed little since before the arrival of the Spanish missionaries.

**The Strangford Cup** – I award to David Park who took *Alys* to Scandinavia. This was a cruise serenely planned and executed: Ringhaddy, through the Caledonian Canal to Norway, Sweden, Denmark and back. He sailed over 2,000 miles and arrived in Bangor on 9th August.

**The Round Ireland Navigation Cup** – is awarded to Michael McKee, who steered *Isobel* faithfully round Ireland following her long bowsprit with easy confidence. He left Bangor on 11th July 1996 to return on Monday 2nd September. This skipper proceeded without undue haste, and his many friends prevailed upon him to stop at practically every anchorage on his way. Michael’s non-stop manner of writing reflects his similarly informative manner of speech and his log is stimulating. His acute observations and pilotage will be very useful.

**The Fingal Cup** – I award to Richard Lovegrove for his account of the delivery trip of Brendan Bradley’s newly acquired *Shalina* to North West Spain. The frank and modest account of difficulties encountered and surmounted and the enthusiasm which the author recounts the delights of Galicia made this log, for me, most enjoyable.

**The Glengarriff Trophy** – is awarded to Maeve Bell, who had a wonderfully efficient cruise around Ireland with John and Joan Russell. Unfortunately Adrian was unable to participate, but I admired how it was arranged and he dined aboard with the crew before the voyage commenced, and repeated the enjoyment on the return of his wife and his ship 3 weeks later.

**The Atlantic Trophy** – is entrusted to Cormac McHenry. To sail

single handed with such aplomb and through North Westerly gales, all the way to the Canary Islands is something which I admire, but am unlikely to emulate. Obviously he ran a happy ship and maintained his good humour, and we look forward to reading his account of the next stage of his trans Atlantic trip.

**The Wild Goose Trophy** – I award to James Nixon. The record of his trip round Ireland (which involved both participation in Cork Week and in the Cruise-in-Company) is enlivened by parallel references to a similar cruise around Ireland in 1896 by Dr Francis Howard Sinclair, a Belfast physician who started from Belfast Lough some 100 years earlier, i.e. on the 1st July 1896. This log of the *Ardnagee* is especially interesting.

**The Wybrant Cup** – I award to Brian Black for his cruise “St. Kilda for the Day”. This is a modestly expressed but highly enterprising account of his successful trip to St. Kilda and back: 530 miles in 7 days, completed with great enjoyment despite some gruelling beats to windward.

**The Rockabill Trophy** – Tom Foote’s account of *White Heather*’s cruise from Spain to Tangier with David FitzGerald is fascinating. She was motoring down the river from Seville, when her progress was halted by “a loud metallic bang” and a substantial reduction of RPM. A swift current sweeping them ashore necessitated speedy anchoring. Quickly the sheers legs were organised and the boat was straightened up to await the return of the rising tide.

A large fertiliser sack had wrapped itself around the propeller. Unfortunately the huge wash of a large ship “picked up the yacht complete with legs and anchor ...” and washed yacht and crew into the middle of the stream: the dinghy wedged itself under the counter where it became impaled on the propeller. The “not so young” crew recovered the anchor and retrieved the legs, but couldn’t move the dinghy from under the stern. Despite the strength of the current the skipper went over the side (shades of Horatius?) and successfully struggled to extract the inflatable: “... a sodden shredded wreck” from beneath the boat. Although this frightening episode had interrupted the crews’ G & Ts, they all seemed to have combined together successfully to recover normality and earn this trophy for Tom Foote’s account of his cruise to “The Dark Continent”.

**The Perry Greer Bowl** – New member, Jimmy Conlon, brought *Saint Patrick* back from Copenhagen to Dublin. He records that they had five lawyers on board: so I presume the story telling would have been Homeric.

The log of the trip home, involving shore festivities in Copenhagen at “The Dubliner” makes amusing reading; but the episode in Loch Ness where, after engine failure, the ship was left without any means of propulsion in a flat calm and in total darkness makes chilling reading. I award Jimmy Conlon the Perry Greer Bowl.

**The Fortnight Cup** – Donal Walsh is awarded this trophy for his interesting log of his well organised trip from Dungarvan, north through the Irish Sea, including stops in Anglesea and the Isle of Man, to the Scottish Islands and a happy return. I noted that he made use of the new marina at Ardglass as a stop-off on his southern journey.

**Hugh P. Kennedy.**



Saint Patrick at Ronne, Baltic Island of Bornholm. Watercolour by *Fionán De Barra*.



Quiet afternoon in South Harbour for *Grafín* (CCA), *Witchcraft of Howth* (foreground, ICC) and *Karena* (ICC). Photo by *W. M. Nixon*.



Stephenie Cooke in *Le Palais* PHOTO: *T. Cooke*.

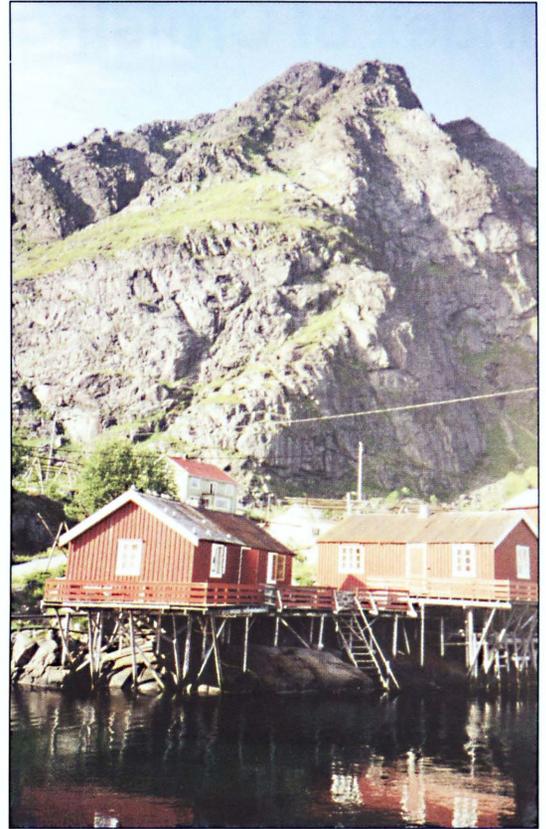


*Ardnagee* (James Nixon) and *Witchcraft of Howth* in Goleen. PHOTO: *W.M. Nixon*.



Sorvaah Fjord from Sorvagur.

PHOTO: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan.



Fishermen's Houses Å – Lofoten.

PHOTO: Joan Nicholson.



Rionnag in Hestur Harbour, Hestur Island.

PHOTO: Bernard Corbally.

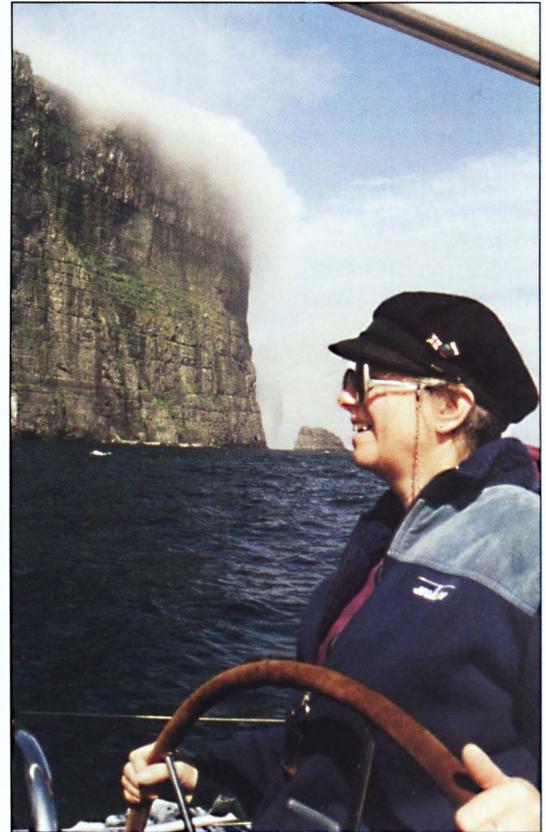
Cliffs NW Fungloy Island. Ann Woulfe-Flanagan.

PHOTO: Enda Cullinan.



Peter Killen's *Black Pepper* anchored in Ster Wenn NW Belle Island.

PHOTO: Peter Killen..



# 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, 96.23, 96.25
America – South	87.02, 88.14, 88.16, 94.21, 96.02
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, 96.07
Australia	88.13
Baltic	90.08, 91.22, 92.13, 96.09
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, 92.21, 91.06, 92.07, 92.17, 92.23, 92.25, 93.12, 93.19, 93.22, 94.20, 94.18, 94.01, 94.16, 96.13, 96.20, 96.21
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, 96.14
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, 96.28
Faroe Islands	93.06, 96.15
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, 98.17, 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, 96.06, 96.08, 96.10, 96.04, 96.18
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, 96.01, 96.13
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, 96.11
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, 96.05
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, 96.09, 96.12, 96.22, 96.26, 96.17
Scilly, Isles of	87.14, 87.17, 88.19, 89.15, 90.03, 90.17, 91.10, 96.27, 96.16
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, 96.03, 96.19
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, 96.24
Venezuela	88.14, 88.16, 90.19, 94.03, 96.02
World Cruising	91.03, 92.10, 94.24, 95.07, 95.12

# Our Cruise In Company

W.M. Nixon

Georgina and I joined *Witchcraft* at East Ferry for the Cruise-in-Company some time in the small hours of Friday July 19th, the vagueness about the time stemming directly from a very entertaining dinner party given by Helen Hassett for all the usual suspects at Crosshaven on the Thursday night. This was but the opening salvo in a week and more of solid gourmandising along the southwestern seaboard, which continued later that same day with lunch at Kicki's Cabin in Clonakilty after we'd collected our shipmates Dickie and Deirdre Gomes from Bantry, where they'd left their car, shrewd car-positioning being central to convenient Cruising-in-Company. We then swept into the grounds of Ballygarvan House near Cork Airport to take a photo of everyone in the doorway, as the Gomeses happen to live in another Ballygarvan House, in County Down. The Corkonian Ballygarvanites seemed completely unfazed by this odd invasion.

Supper was taken in The Bosun at Monkstown, where the main topic of conversation was the feared impregnation of our little spaniel, which had escaped while in heat from the house in Howth, and had been found in company with a disreputable one-eyed collie of the male persuasion. Robust advice from Farmer Gomes was little consolation to owners of a pedigree animal visualising a litter of giant one-eyed pups. But by the end of the Cruise-in-Company, the news from home was that it was a phantom pregnancy. We meanwhile, like everyone else in the Cruise, had been having a genuinely lovely time.

We adored being at East Ferry on the Saturday. The weather was lovely, and while the girls went shopping very successfully in Cork, the boys stayed behind to do "a few little jobs around the boat", which seemed to involve visiting most other craft from the Commodorial yacht downwards, and registering for the Cruise at the Marlogue Inn, which was also thirsty work. Nevertheless we tidied up a treat for dinner at Ballymaloe, where the two old salts sat in the garden drinking aperitifs,



Making plans in Castlehaven for another day of hedonism - Dickie Gomes aboard *Witchcraft* chats with Commodore McGonagle, Barbara Fox-Mills and Des Turvey

PHOTO: W.M.Nixon.

observing betimes the high cloud spreading slowly across the summer evening sky, and sagely opining that there would be little if any rain next day.

There was of course a complete deluge, but as we still had one of the cars at East Ferry, we went overland in comfort to the delightful naval party in the old yacht club at Cobh. Dickie and I found ourselves drinking pints with the Naval Service's most senior Petty Officer, who was about to retire after 33 years service. As the Gomeses had celebrated 35 years of marriage earlier in 1996, while the Nixons had likewise chimed in with 25, we tried to impress him by claiming we had 60 years of marriage between us. He looked at us with amusement, and asked had we heard the Kerryman's definition of marriage. Apparently, it is a misunderstanding between two idiots.

It was something of a downpour and steamy humid with it when the menfolk motored the boat across to Crosshaven in late afternoon, but notwithstanding the huge crowd of vessels of all sizes at the RCYC marina, Hugh Mockler as ever managed to find us a handy berth. With the rain harder than ever to spite the Ballymaloe forecasts, the opening party in the marquee was like a sauna, but the speeches were excellent with Commodore McGonagle cheerfully advising us that we were on a cruise with no purpose whatever other than enjoyment. So we followed orders with an excellent supper in convivial company at Cronin's.

The weather was only marginally better in the morning (Monday July 22nd) with every promise of more rain, so we were in no hurry to depart for Kinsale. However, in manoeuvring to let others leave, I noticed an unacceptable amount of play in the main bearing of the steering wheel. Fortunately with *Salve Marine* nearby, salvation was at hand, and Brian Kennedy was soon beavering away on the problem even though steady rain had returned. By this time Dickie had a distinctly thoughtful look, for despite the fact that his current refit of the old *Ainmara*

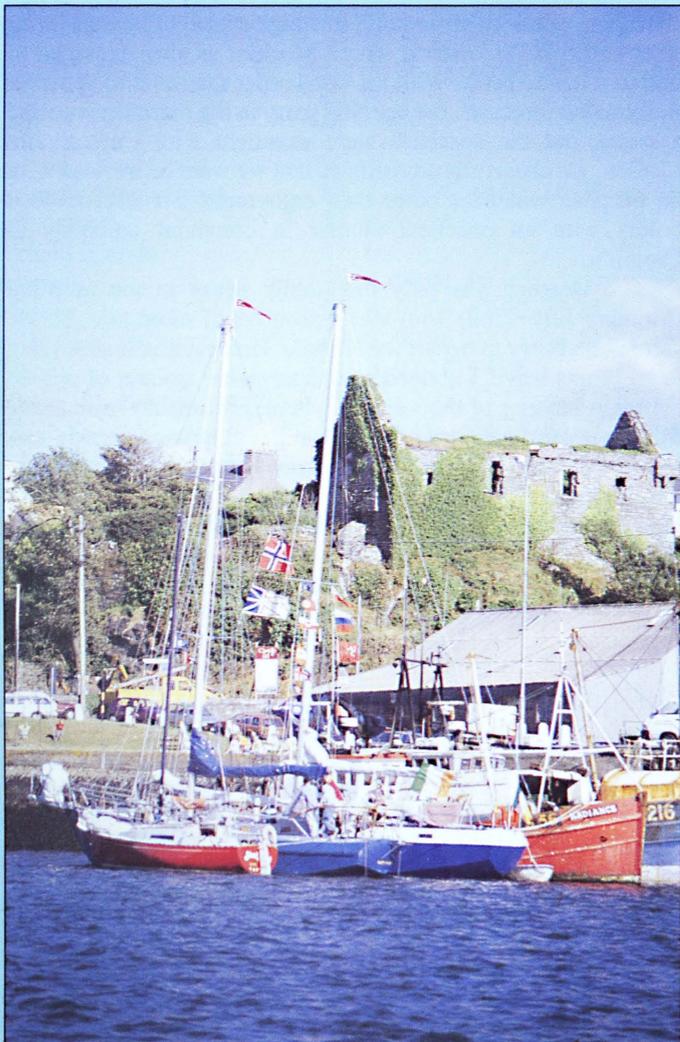


The shooter shot ... photographer Kevin Dwyer and Len Curtin aboard the latter's *Karena* as seen from *Witchcraft* on passage from Kinsale to Glandore during the Cruise-in-Company.

PHOTO: W.M.Nixon.

# Cruise in Company 1996

Visiting overseas yachts from the Royal Cruising club, Clyde Cruising Club, Cruising club of America and the New York Yacht Club assembling for the Cruise-in-Company, At Kinsale Yacht Club Marina on Friday afternoon 19th July 1996. PHOTO: Kevin O'Dwyer.



Party time at Baltimore, with Kit Power's *Kwai Muli* and Jennie Guinness's *Alakush* in foreground. PHOTO: W.M.Nixon.



The Baltimore party, with *Ricjak* (James Cahill) and *Stella Maris* (Michael Coleman) at the quay flying their Transatlantic pennants PHOTO: W.M.Nixon.



Getting away from it all in South Harbour, Cape Clear are (left to right) *Grafin* (John McKelvy Jnr, CCA) *Trufflehunter* (Mark Heseltine, RCC), *Karena* (Len Curtin ICC), *Clarion of Skye* (Charles Langston, NYYC), *White Shadow* (David Nicholson, ICC) and *Witchcraft of Howth* (Nixon, Wheeler, Whelehan, ICC) in foreground. PHOTO: W.M.Nixon.

is still far from finished after twelve years, he expects the rest of us to have our boats in proper seagoing order. However, a couple of QLDs and much banter with Donal McClement in the pleasantly uncrowded RCYC bar, followed by lunch at Rosie's in Carrigaline, passed the time painlessly, and the boys sailed in clearing weather in mid-afternoon with the job on the bearing well done, while the ladies went off in the car to Bandon to see a horse which, thankfully for Dickie's composure, had been deemed unfit for purchase by the time we met up with them later in Kinsale.

By that stage we were in high good humour, having had a lovely sail on a sunny evening (my first sail on Witchcraft in 1996) and then, thanks to prior arrangement in anticipation of an extremely crowded harbour, finding a very handy berth at George Kingston's private pontoon, where the man himself generously took our warps and shook hands in welcome with both of us all at once. There were just three other craft at this elite location: John McKelvey's 48ft Grafin CCA from Boston, John and Sue Sharp's 43ft Ocean Grace RCC from Jersey, and John Wiltshier's 46ft Moonbeam RCC from Burnham-on-Crouch. The party was already under way aboard Moonbeam, and great crack it was too. Then after we'd put the world to rights with George in his superb waterside house, things were so harmonious that I think that Deirdre could have persuaded Dickie the horse should be bought, had she so wished. Somehow, dinner ashore slipped so far down the line of time that, in a fancy restaurant, your reporter experienced an attack of the social condition identified as Diner's Cramp, so he retired to sleep on the boat after only one course, but well pleased with the day.

I'd the final wobbler of the entire cruise next morning, when the usual peculiar noises from under the stern persuaded me, though only for an instant, that we should utilise the handy Kingston boathoist for an examination of the nether parts.

Fortunately the crew indulged me for long enough to realise that such noises occur on most boats, and we headed on for a fabulous sail with an offshore wind to Glandore. Dickie loves steering, and Witchcraft is very much a helmsman's boat, so he'd the time of his life out-pointing and out-performing an entire shoal of larger craft, with Kevin Dwyer on Len Curtin's Karena ICC getting a snap which showed just how shiny Witchcraft's topsides were after the re-spray, as we went through to lee .

Glandore was its usual perfect self, and a late al fresco lunch at Hayes' Bar, overlooking the fleet in harbour while sun and gentle shadow slowly succeeded each other across the blue water, was purest enchantment. Then away in the evening and round to Castlehaven, romping along under genoa only in a brisk breeze. The anchorage off Castletownshend was well filled, but after weaving our way through the fleet we found a handy spot close to the quay, right beside Joe Woodward's Moshulu III, which as usual was in the best place of all. My brother James's Swan 371 Ardnagee came in soon after, and found the only remaining gap nearby. Our two crews then combined for dinner with Fergus & Patricia O'Mahony in Mary Ann's, where portion control is still so totally unknown that the Nixon brothers ate themselves into a state of surfeited silence, for a minute or two at least.

With the nearest thing to a long passage now completed, our start in the morning was leisurely in the extreme, or would have been had Dickie not decided it was Time For A Look At The Engine. The womenfolk of Witchcraft and Ardnagee having gone ashore to visit craft shops, churches and whatnot, he'd a clear run at it, and thus for a day or two we'd prolonged periods in which all that could be seen of the Honorary Sailing Secretary of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club were the soles of his shoes as our demon mechanic happily potted away down aft, determinedly battling with the minor oil leaks which the rest of us have



Some of the fleet in Glandore - the view from the terrace outside Hayes' Bar is one of cruising's more agreeable experiences.

PHOTO: W.M.Nixon.

managed to live with for half a dozen years.

It was a gently grey day as we ambled round Toe Head and westward through the narrow boat passage inside Kedge Island, an interesting business under sail in the light offshore breeze. As usual the women were yammering away over cups of tea in the cockpit in the lee of the sprayhood, and not taking too much notice of where we were headed, so there were gasps of surprise from the distaff side when the big saw-toothed rocks suddenly loomed up just a few feet away on our seaward side.

By the time we'd tacked through the entrance to Baltimore, the sun was breaking through, and soon the whole anchorage was flooded with bright light and colour as much of the fleet dressed overall in the sunshine. We'd gone to a lot of trouble to get our newly-bought bunting into proper order (it had had its first outing at the Naval Review) and once the hook was down (just outside Moshulu III as usual) the two halves of our colours proudly reached the masthead exactly simultaneously, and precisely together as well, just for good measure. Not a soul noticed.

The Baltimore party had everything going for it, as it was the first one in West Cork, it was held on a perfect sunlit evening, it was hosted jointly by Bob Drew, Commodore of the CCA, and Dooie Isdale, Vice Commodore NYYC, both of whom who had travelled further than most to be there, and Baltimore SC under Stuart Musgrave organised very efficient fast ferries to convey the 832 participants ashore to a very pleasant gathering, following which the Withcrafts had a fine dinner in The Mews, and then everyone seemed to be gently milling about in the velvet darkness of a perfect summer night outside Bushe's for a digestif or two - it was Baltimore at its best.

We'd finally met up with our buddy boat, the classic Swan 48 Clarion of Skye from Newport, owned by Charles Langston of the NYYC. Charles being a busy medical specialist in Boston, the boat had been sailed across the Atlantic in an impressive 16 days by his wife Lydia. By comparison with the rugged Hemingwayesque CCA types, Clarion's charming NYYC crew seemed to us more like something out of Scott Fitzgerald, though quite what they thought of us was never divulged. Next day (Thursday July 25th) they planned to join the photographic parade round the Fastnet Rock, but as the wind was forecast to be nor'westerly, we persuaded them that a lunchtime stopover

in South Harbour, Cape Clear, would find a sheltered and uncrowded anchorage.

For ourselves, we'd worked out that Witchcraft's crew could number more than two dozen Fastnet roundings between the four of us, so the feeling was that yet another circuit of the brick would be over-egging the cake. But nevertheless we sailed in company with the large Fastnet-bound fleet next morning, and it was gratifying to find that while others, despite being hard on the wind, seemed to slide to lee towards the southern horizon, our red wonder pointed so high that we'd to free sheets for the final half mile to South Harbour, which put us in such good form that we came to anchor in that lovely spot still under sail, dropping the hook beside George Hartmann's 54ft cutter Third Wind from Boston, with our girls pushing the mainboom forward to give a bit of astern to dig in the anchor. Clarion was already in port, and they came over for a get-together, bringing a newly-baked loaf still warm from their oven. We had a present of Gubbeen cheese from Mary Ann's in Castlehaven, so the combination of hand-made cheese from the nearest part of the mainland (Gubbeen is made at Schull) and bread from the high seas made for an entertainingly harmonious gathering.

It was a busy day, this Thursday July 25th, for as already revealed first thing that morning by Joe Woodward over the Cruise-in-Company radio announcements from Moshulu III, it was Georgina's birthday. So we'd to tear ourselves away from the quiet pleasures of Cape Clear (you get a completely different impression of the island if you lie in South Harbour) and head for Schull to meet up with my daughter Patricia and her boyfriend Davy Jones, who were due down from Howth, collecting our car from Kinsale on the way in yet another example of Cruise-in-Company logistical cunning.

We'd all been invited to drinks with Bob and Mindy Drew aboard Emily Morgan, which introduced a certain hazard to the celebratory proceedings, for although the Girl of the Evening was serenaded by the Commodore of the CCA leading the on-board singing of Happy Birthday, the birthday feast itself was scheduled to be dinner at Annie's down the road in Ballydehob, and the wheels rather came off in trying without success to get everyone there in one group. For, as everyone knows, while Dickie Gomes is basically a very shy person, once he gets himself installed aboard a fine cruising yacht with a glass of rum



The fleet in Castletownshend, with the fine 46ft cutter *First Light* (Jim Pitney, Vice Commodore CCA) dressed overall.

PHOTO: W.M.Nixon.

in hand and with people prepared to listen, he loses track of time. So what with people returning to Witchcraft to tidy themselves up, and others confused generally, we arrived in Ballydehob in dribs and drabs, and had indeed despaired of ever seeing the Lord of Ballygarvan again that night when suddenly a taxi (registered in North Tipperary of all places) disgorged him right outside the door, and the birthday party resumed at full speed ahead, continuing after midnight across the road in the delightful pub and grocery owned by the Misses Levis, who provided Dickie with yet another audience, but weren't at all backward in coming forward themselves with their own world view.

Friday July 26th was my turn to disconnect the procedural steering. The plan had been to take the young folk down from Howth out for a sail among Carbery's Hundred Isles, but in going ashore to make a phone call, I found myself dandering up the street from the quay in company with Stu Spence and Josie Pennington, whose venerable cutters Madcap (121 years) and Master Frank (100 years) had just joined the Cruise on their way home from the Brest Festival. We glided into Kitty Newman's as though on rails, and soon a proper morning surgery was in full swing. A steady and increasingly noisy stream of patients came in for consultation, and medicine was administered in generous portions. We never got near Carbery's Hundred Isles that day, and had it not been



Commodore Bob Drew CCA made many welcome aboard *Emily Morgan*, seen here in Castlehaven  
PHOTO: W.M.Nixon.

for a soothing siesta back at the boat (where we'd Mike and Annie McKee aboard for good measure) our contribution to the conviviality of the RCC barbecue that night would have been minimal. But as it is, we not only stayed the course with vigour (Dickie had three helpin' ewman's with Dave Fitzgerald, Keith Hunt, Frank Sadlier and sundry other specialists).

The morning (Saturday July 27th) was initially damp and windless. Many craft left early to get round Mizen Head before expected strong winds materialised, but as time pressures meant we were going no further west than Crookhaven, Dickie resumed his good works with the engine, repairing a leak at the



What a swell party this is! Summer comes to Baltimore, with Jennie Guinness's *Alakush* in foreground flying the flags, and Kit Power's *Kwai Muli* berthed alongside.  
PHOTO: W.M.Nixon.

waterpump by installing a gasket he shaped from a piece of milk carton. Writing this in mid-Autumn, that gasket is still doing the business. Then we ambled along to Goleen, where Ardnagee followed in to berth alongside Witchcraft, which was still dressed overall as we were trying to dry the bunting before stowage. The two boats made a pretty picture together, a neat solution to the Christmas-present-for-the-parents conundrum, solved last year when they were similarly berthed together in Greencastle in Donegal at almost exactly the opposite end of Ireland. Ashore, Georgina and Deirdre found a temptation-filled antique shop beside the pleasant Heron's Cove Restaurant. A handsome big plate caused much sighing among the ladies, and scowling among the menfolk. With feminine subterfuge, it somehow eventually found its way to Ballygarvan House (the County Down one, that is).

That night saw Witchcraft's furthest west in 1996, rather prosaically in Crookhaven. The weather was looking glowery, and southwest gales were forecast, but with our all-electric ground tackle control, we were able to drop the hook and miles of chain close inshore, rather than out on the more exposed visitors' moorings, and lay in comfort while rain and wind streaked across the anchorage. James and his ladies from Ardnagee gallantly came over for pre-supper tinctures, and then in a brief lull we got ashore for one of the cruise's gastronomic highlights, dinner with Ina Manahan and Peter Manford at the all-too-appropriately-named Journey's End, where those present included the crews off both of Commodore McGonagle's yachts, so it was a night of boisterous good cheer among friends from Howth.

The Commodore had organised things well, for as in King Arthur's Camelot, the worst of the rain continued to occur while crews slept. It certainly rained seriously later that night. A bucket left empty in the cockpit was one third full by morning, entirely with rainwater, I hasten to add. But at least the decks were spotless, and by lunchtime, having a final drink outside Sullivan's before starting eastward (albeit only to Schull), we sat in sunshine with the Massey brothers and the crew of Meander III, and discussed the human condition and the fact that the local launderette kept very odd opening hours.



Radio Days ... The fleet was kept up-to-date on developments by the morning broadcasts from Joe Woodward's *Moshulu III*, seen here in Baltimore with one of Baltimore SC's very efficient fast ferries alongside. At the quay flying their Transatlantic Pennants are James Cahill's *Ricjak* and Michael Coleman's *Stella Maris* - both of these ocean-crossing steel cutters were built by their owners.

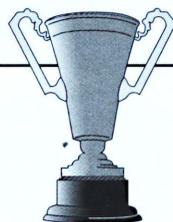
PHOTO: W.M.Nixon.

There then followed 24 hours of serendipitous chaos. Having concluded that the final party at Bantry would have to be given a miss if we were to meet obligations to be comfortably home by Monday evening, it was decided that a quick jaunt that Sunday evening from Schull by car to Bere Island would fulfill Georgina's final dinner booking, with Mike and Mary Sullivan at Lawrence Cove House. But the wheels came off at an early stage. Captain Gomes's lowering of the tricolour with Adrienne MacCarthy in Castletownbere had something to do with it. Then the discovery that pace-setters of the calibre of Bernie Cahill and Clayton Love were already on station in Lawrence Cove House, and clearly having a lovely time, led to the eye being taken even further off the ball. To cut a long story short, after a superb dinner which included sunfish (a first, and delicious) we were to be found in the pub at 0200 hours, and spent the night still on the island, in Lawrence Cove House itself.

So now you know how it came about that, while hurrying back to Schull next morning by car to put the boat on Bernie Cahill's generously loaned mooring for five days, we were able to take the photo which features on the cover of this annual.....

# Among the Mangroves in Venezuela

## Hugo du Plessis



THE FAULKENER CUP  
THE CLUB'S PREMIER AWARD

People complain the Caribbean is overcrowded nowadays and has lost much of its earlier charm. I am one of them. So it may seem unbelievable that for a whole month, and twenty anchorages I did not see one other yacht! So here's how.

Being temporarily based in Trinidad, meaning I had been there nine months, waiting on publishers, and had not yet been kicked out or found a better place to go to – typical liveaboard – the nearest place to go is Venezuela. After all it is only ten miles away. This is the long thin finger of the Peninsula of Paria. Most cruising yachts dash along the inhospitable north coast to the fleshpots of Isla Margarita and Puerto La Cruz, which is also the route to Panama and the romantic South Seas. We did that before. But I was attracted by the little harbours along the other side, the south coast of the Peninsula and, even more, the jungle rivers which run into the Gulf of Paria, that almost inland sea which separates Trinidad from South America.

The distance covered was not great, a mere 250 miles in a month. In youthful days I would have scorned it. There was no hard sailing. No exciting incidents. No storms. Not even a night at sea. Just leisurely cruising. And due to the circumstances a lot more motoring than sailing. You could say an appropriate sort of cruise for an old man sailing single handed. Not that I am prepared to really consider myself an old man yet – except when it is a convenient excuse.

*Samharcín* is an early Westerly Conway, one of the Laurent Giles designed proper cruisers before Westerly went bust the first time. 36 ft with twin keels (my sixth twin keel boat) and designed draft 4 ft 9 which, like most blue water liveaboards, has increased by 6 inches. I generally sail single handed, partly because it is less trouble than trying to get a crew and partly because nobody else can stand me. I bought her in 1980, originally as the flagship of my charter fleet, Irish Atlantic Charters. Most of the last ten years, since I retired, has been spent in the Caribbean, where she has been home and writing office.

It was a bright sunny day on the 27th of March when I sailed from T.T.Y.A. the friendly Trinidad & Tobago Yachting Association which has become my base here. I had a pleasant run under jib, to Chacachacare, the most westerly of Trinidad's islands, anchoring in a cove at one side of the mile wide bay, all by myself. Here I stayed a few days. It was windy and I had jobs to do, mosquito netting to make and there are better beaches here for painting the dinghy.

Chacachacare was the Indian name and said to sound like the cries of the monkeys which once abounded there. It is an interesting place, uninhabited now but used to be a leper colony until the cure was found about thirty years ago and it was gladly abandoned. The village around the mile wide bay is still largely intact, although getting overgrown. A ghost town and fascinating place to explore.

To Caraquita, the nearest harbour in Venezuela was an easy ten mile motor in calm conditions across the Boca Grande, the widest of the four channels forming the Dragon's Mouth which put such fear into Columbus. (Hence the name). The harbour is not easy to make out as the high hills each side come down to the

water, but at the entrance is a steep conical hill with what looks like a ruined castle on top although is actually rocks. The entrance when you get there is wide and the harbour runs inland for two miles. The upper reaches are shallow but do not dry as shown on the Imray chart.

This is quite a dramatic harbour. The tree covered hills each side rise over 1000 ft and only two miles inland to 3000 ft. As the Paria Peninsula is nowhere more than five miles wide it is rather like a dinosaur's back. Caraquita is almost uninhabited. A coconut plantation at one side, a shack with more pigs than people and a fisherman's shelter opposite. A few pirogues come and go and sometimes fishing boats anchor at night.

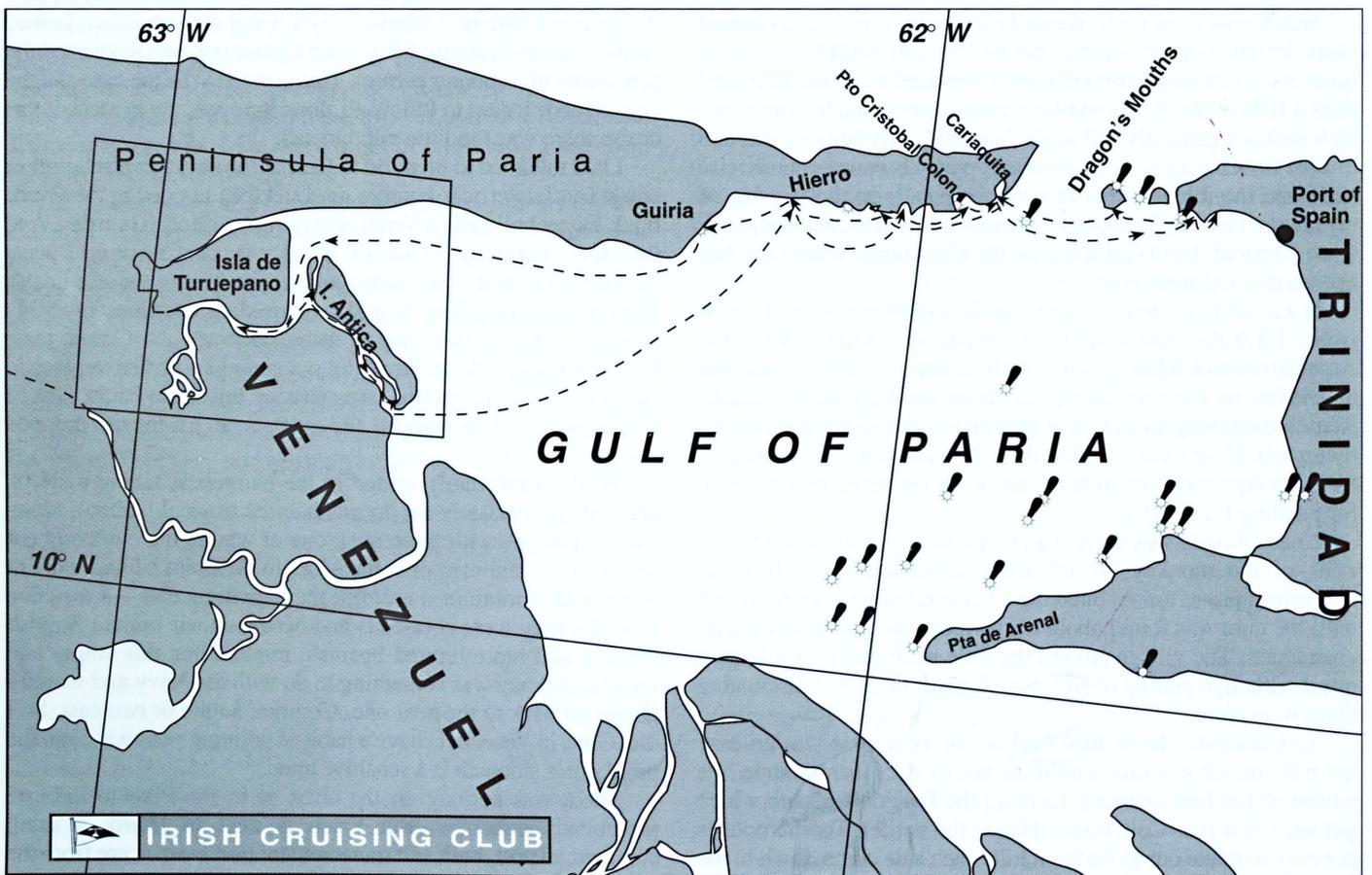
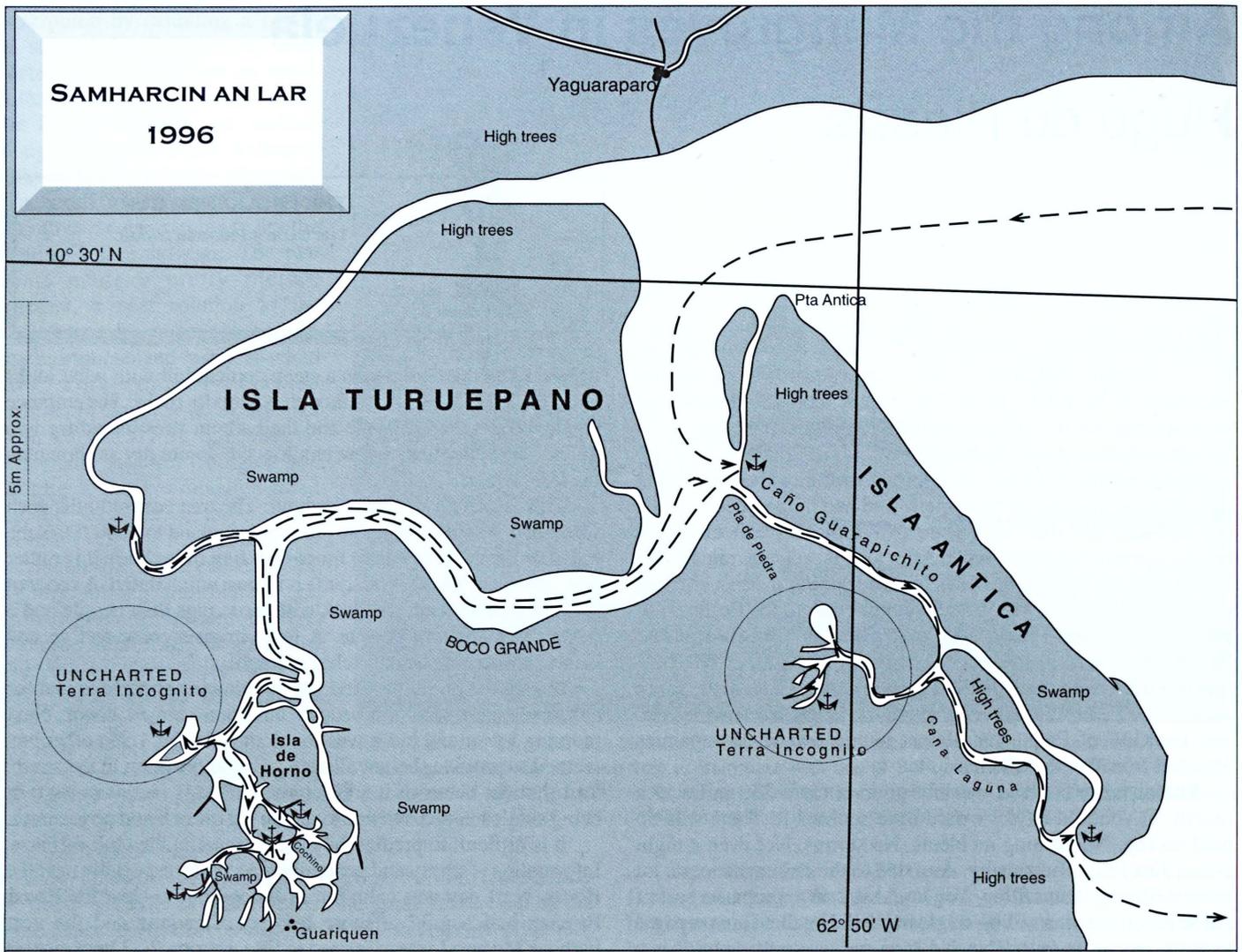
During the night the wind got up, blowing straight in and for half an hour it was quite rough but soon calmed down. Next morning I went out but it was rough outside, SE 4. No other bay seemed to provide shelter. all being even more open to the south. So I thought better of it and returned. That is one advantage of being single handed. No one to please but oneself and no face lost.

It is difficult to predict the tidal currents in the Gulf of Paria. Information is scanty and generally inaccurate, especially near the Bocas. Next day was calm but as I stood out to clear the Rocas Paticos, half a mile offshore between Caraquita and the next harbour Macuro I was surprised to find a strong 2 - 3 knot current flowing towards the Dragon's Mouth. Once I had struggled past the Paticos I noticed a band of green water inshore which looked calmer than the choppy tidal water further out, and suggested the possibility of a counter current. This seemed to be the case and the colour made it easy to follow all along the coast. As in most of this cruise there was too little wind to sail.

I had intended to press on to Guiria, the only town and port of entry. But Easter was coming up. Luckily I noticed in the Guide book Easter holidays in Venezuela started on Holy Thursday. And this was Thursday. (One of the Laws of Cruising, I have discovered is that you always arrive somewhere on a holiday). Presumably everything would be closed or overtime, probably both. As I prefer birdsong to discos, a town like Guiria, even though I knew little about it, did not sound an attractive place to sweat out the holiday. But I was passing Ensenada Patao. One of the many bays. Uninhabited and quiet. So in I went and dropped anchor.

While comfortably settled in the hammock, taking a siesta, dressed appropriately for an uninhabited tropical harbour, along came a pirogue with three men, one of whom, not evidently the senior, had a uniform of sorts. More to the point he had what in Venezuela is more of a uniform than anything else – a machine gun. But they were courteous and between their limited English and my still more limited Spanish, implied that this empty and uninhabited bay was something to do with the Navy and would I please go back to the next one, Uquirita, a mile or two east. So I did. Guns in Venezuela have a habit of pointing your way, and the pit of one's stomach is a sensitive area.

There was nothing on the chart or in the Pilot to indicate prohibited anchorage. But Patao is next to Hiero, a small commercial port, built as a transshipment port for iron ore from the



Orinoco but disused since the river estuary was dredged for big ships. The iron ore company handed it over to the Navy and certainly it looks smart ashore with everything painted blue and white, and wide tarred roads – but they soon end in a very rough, unpaved, barely jeep track! Everybody and everything on this coast goes by sea, mostly the typical Venezuelan pirogues, fast 20-30 ft open boats with high bows and two big outboards running on petrol cheaper than water.

Uquirita was like most of the bays along this coast. Virtually uninhabited, or at any rate none to be seen. Palm plantation along the black sandy beach, (copra is an important trade). The whole peninsula is wild and a nature reserve. The bays are shallow enough for comfortable anchoring, good holding in mud, All open to the south but offer fair protection tucked in along the east side. The snag is they are subject to swell which seems to come in only at night. Why I do not know. Possibly tidal or from a race off the point. Yet the timing was the same every night. It might be the swell from an afternoon wind far out in the Gulf of Paria. Perhaps ship movements, for the Trinidad and Venezuelan oilfields generate a lot of tanker traffic. Whatever the cause it did produce very uncomfortable rolling. Being unprepared there were worse 'landslides' in my 'office' that first night than when sailing.

A short hop on Easter Sunday took me to Ensenada Rio Grande, also almost uninhabited. (See later). The stream is not to be confused with the 'mas grande' river to which I was heading.

I was not looking forward to the next stop, the town of Guiria. As a port of entry it has a bad reputation for being troublesome and expensive – and fully lived up to it. Guiria is the Amerindian word for the anaconda, the huge watersnake, and seems apt. Two hours motoring and an attempt to sail in too light a wind, brought me to the large, breakwater enclosed harbour. This port too has seen better days. Before good roads connected the hinterland, including as far as the Orinoco river, with the rest of the country, Guiria was the main port for shipping the copra and cocoa and everything else in and out. Even oil was shipped out through Guiria in the days when it was carried in barrels. (Yes it really was, and as late as 1953, the big Esso Fawley refinery near Southampton still had an aerial ropeway to carry them, admittedly a relic of the old AGWI refinery).

VHF calls to the Capitainerie were unanswered. There seemed nowhere to go. An American trawler yacht at the fuel berth suggested I anchored, which I did near the breakwater. My CQR held. He tried to anchor seven times before giving up and joining more appropriate company among the proper trawlers. However there was a fresh breeze and by midnight I found I was in the middle of the harbour although holding. Thinking this might not be a good place to be when the fishing boats left I moved at dawn back near the breakwater, disturbing the flock of terns who considered my pulpit had been placed there for their special benefit.

At breakfast I noticed, first that I was being overtaken rather quickly by some fishing boats, secondly that they were moored to a pier. It seemed a good idea to reanchor yet again. The reason I discovered was that I had, in effect, anchored with a large lump of very loving yellow clay. No matter how old there is always something to learn and in this case it was the importance of scraping the anchor clean every time.

I am not good at dealing with officials in a foreign language. A mechanic working on a trawler recommended Agence Comar. Not a firm I would use again. The cost was \$US85 – and at official exchange rate too – of which the agent's fee was \$50. However he did handle all the paperwork. I had to go to a berth next to the fuel dock. Not a good berth. It was low tide. The fendering was above stanchion height. There was also a large projecting bolt at waterline level.

I had been warned I would be boarded by six officials. I was not told they would be attractive *senoras* and *senoritas*, which was certainly a nice change compared with their usual sourfaced

male counterparts. Actually, not braving the low tide drop to the deck they stayed on shore. I don't know what their jobs were but they all seemed to have papers to fill in. There was one man, Guardia Naíonale I should say by his boots, who did come on board to inspect. He took one look into the cabin and said something in Spanish which I did not understand but guess it was "Good God". Whatever others may think of my lifestyle there are advantages in chronic untidiness!

On leaving the dock I was recommended to reanchor in the mouth of the part used by smaller fishing boats in the NE corner to await the agent returning my passport. Fishing boats anchor stern-to the shore with a tight line to an anchor ahead. While getting my anchor up later to go somewhere quieter, I had already dragged twice there, I drifted over one of these lines and got caught by the tail. The fresh breeze blowing against both boats tightened the line and made it impossible to get clear. With a crew I might have pulled the stern clear with the dinghy and outboard. But not by myself. Communication with helpers was difficult because my Spanish is virtually limited to 'Mañana'. Eventually the crew came and released their anchor rope, and with the help of the kedge I had laid out, I got clear. The little 16 lb fisherman kedge was hard to lift. Perhaps a fisherman is the thing to use there.

This was the only 'incident' in the entire cruise, but reinforced my determination that I will never again have a separate skeg and rudder on a cruising boat. I have been 'caught' too often! These modern short keel fin and skeg boats are a curse. Most could not be better at catching ropes, nets and fishing floats if they had been specially designed for the purpose. (Perhaps we should encourage more yacht builders and designers to come sailing in the West of Ireland and then they might realise that !!!) Luckily my shaft is well protected. A long exposed shaft and P bracket would have been bent, because that rope was bar taut, and that would have been the end of the cruise.

In the end I upanchored eight times that day. Top of the list of additions I cannot afford is an electric anchor windlass!

The harbour is quite large, tapering inwards to almost half a mile wide, and the eastern breakwater is three quarters of a mile long. It is now mainly a fishing port and minor oil rig supply base, with a fortnightly ferry to Trinidad and other islands. The shipyard has a synchrolift. There is plenty of room to anchor in the outer harbour but the holding is indifferent and patchy, soft mud over yellow clay. The only place my anchor would hold was right in the middle of the harbour, and every time I reanchored I ended up back in the middle. So I stayed there and nobody seemed to mind.

There is no decent dinghy landing or ladder. The fishing boat cove in the NE corner has a black beach formed mostly of broken glass, in water which looks like ink. It is better to scramble up the revetted sides with a stern anchor to hold the dinghy off, especially with a rubber dinghy or in bare feet.

Guaria merits the description 'One horse town at the end of the line'. Shopping is poor. There is no supermarket. Stores are small and have less than the average village store at home, but there is plenty of rum. There are several banks although shopkeepers will give a better rate of exchange. (In 1996, 400Bs/US\$). The market has plenty of vegetables but little choice. The town is quite nicely laid out in the usual Venezuelan grid pattern. There are several plazas. The largest building is the Guardia Naíonale barracks, which occupies all one side of the Plaza Bolivar (everywhere in Venezuela has a Plaza Bolivar with a statue of the great liberator) and looks like a fort out of Beau Geste. Another time I would take a bus or taxi to Carupano on the other side of the peninsula where there is a CADA supermarket.

I was not sorry to leave, early on Sunday morning. Neither was I sorry to deprive the terns of their adopted roost. The first few had spread the word and now they even sat on the boat by day. Oh well I suppose it might have been pelicans.

I was bound for the Boca Rio Grande in the NW corner of the

Gulf of Paria. It was a nice sunny day but again there was little wind so I had to motor most of the way to catch the tide across the bar. Catching tides is something I have not had to do since I left home.

To the north was a green wooded shore with hills rising behind, which reminded me of the Kenmare River. Of course I was too far off to see the trees were actually palms or mangroves. But what was that smoke rising here and there. Natives signalling my progress? Later I discovered it was only the local practice of slash and burn which usually seemed to get out of control and this was the dry season.

The bar extends seawards for ten miles with charted depths of 2 fathoms. Even with little wind and a fair tide the seas were short and steep, as they seem to be everywhere in the Gulf of Paria at the least excuse. The shores are very low, virtually sea level, but I found the solid wall of tall mangroves marking the south side gave a strong radar signal at maximum range of 16 miles, stronger than high mountainous islands, and could be seen from the cockpit at 12 miles.

A better study of the chart should have prepared me for what I found on entering the river. A river to me means – well a river. Like we have at home. After all this is not a major river like the two thousand mile Orinoco just round the corner. Not even like our Shannon draining half Ireland. It runs inland a mere fifty miles. Its catchment area is just between the coastal mountains and some hills twenty five miles south separating it from the larger R. San Juan. So I was very surprised to find it was two miles wide. Even the Seine, the biggest river I have sailed on before is not as wide as that. I was thoroughly confused and disorientated.

Just inside the entrance, or at least what I had thought was just inside but actually five miles, was a shallow patch I had earmarked for anchoring near the mouth of the Caño Guarapichito where a small creek formed an island. Small creek? That too was wider than the lower Seine. A drying spit stretched south from the tip of the island, and at low tide was a mass of birds. White great egrets, herons, waders and the red blobs of scarlet ibis. Also near the end of this spit was a house, one of the very few I saw the whole trip. But what was it doing there? Half a mile from dry land? It was not there when I came back.

Unlike the Caribbean islands, where tidal currents are negligible, here the tides run strongly, 2 - 4 knots, with a range of 2-3 m. or more, much higher than usual in the Caribbean. Data is vague. Moreover, not only is it higher but can also be 0.5 m below chart datum. And then, being fresh water, one must also allow for increased draft. Chart surveys are decades out of date. However once over the bar most of the system is fairly deep, 5 - 10 fathoms, often too deep for easy anchoring. Certainly too deep for me with my hand windlass.

Next morning came the scarlet ibis, brilliant red in the morning sun. Flocks of them. They had a particular tree to settle on and for a time, until they dispersed to feed, it seemed to be on fire.

When the tide served I motored on up the river. Like most of this trip the wind was too light to sail or came and went. Again I was caught out by the scale. For most of the way the river was never less than half a mile wide. The banks were mostly this same wall of tall, straight mangroves, standing on high, twisted, spindly roots which close-to look like space monsters. A few places had been cleared for palm plantations or forestry, but I saw no signs of habitation, except one or two deserted fishermen's shelters. For most of the way not even a fisherman.

In the distance were blue hills which I assumed must be well inland, beyond the next river. To my surprise they got closer and then I started passing them, and still, from the chart, the river went on, and still it was wide, wide and deep.

At the top the chart showed a mass of little islands. At least they looked little, and I took it to be an area of swamps and narrow channels. Wrong again. Some islands it is true were mangrove

swamp but others were hilly and so was the land around. As for being small, Isla de Horno (the only one with a name) was five miles long and a thousand feet high! And narrow channels? The main ones were still a quarter of a mile wide and branches two hundred yards even when I had reached the end of navigation, twenty five miles inland. Close ahead rose those hills which looked so distant this morning, jungle clad and green, two thousand feet high and only half a mile away.

I chose a channel from the maze at random and anchored when it got shallow, it being then high tide. On one side rose a steep little island. On the other a mangrove swamp. This is not a bog. More like what I imagine the Florida everglades might be like. Clumps of mangroves standing on islets of close packed roots with a maze of interconnecting narrow channels between winding far in and often out the other side, wide enough for a dinghy or canoe. They would be a great place to explore in a canoe – but not a noisy outboard. At low tide they dry and are then mud and birds. The sides of the main channels also dry and expose soft mud, reminding me of The Solent rivers where I did my early sailing. But there was plenty of water. 2 - 3 fathoms in the middle.

This area is home to a peculiar double eyed fish which lies with half its eye above water and half below. I don't know why, but presumably the fish does.

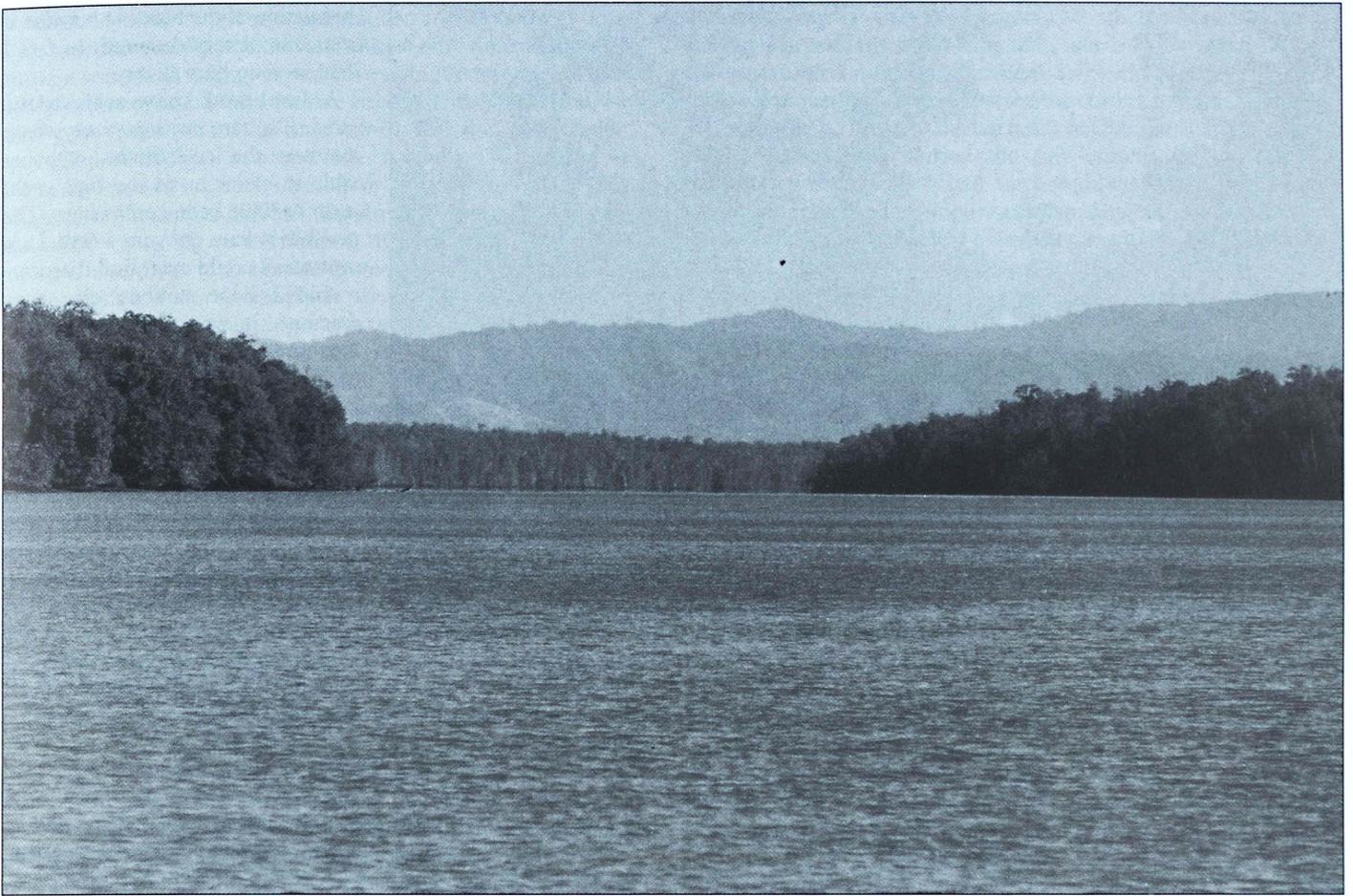
The chart showed a village of sorts a mile away and I heard traffic in the distance so there must have been a hidden road. It did not sound busy. I heard only one vehicle, probably a bus or lorry, and by the speed and rattles I would say the road was not exactly a fast highway. I saw no electricity poles and very few lights at night. The whole way up, over twenty miles, I had passed only one settlement and no more than three or four houses at that.

A couple of fishermen in dug out canoes passed by but took little notice of me and disappeared into the swamp channels. Dug outs seemed the main means of transport, mostly paddled with a single paddle one side. Some larger ones had outboard motors. One fast motor boat, American design not the pirogues seen everywhere on the coast, seemed to maintain a link with the scattered settlements, which were mostly just one or two houses where high ground came down to the water.

That night there were more fishermen. Some showed lights. (As in Trinidad, a rag stuffed into a bottle of petrol like a Molotov cocktail). I was a little alarmed by the way they banged on their boats, and it seemed to be taken up by more distant ones. Signals? Were the natives gathering for attack? Anyway nothing happened. Perhaps they were battering fish to death rather than me. Actually I never had any qualms up the river among country folk. Guiria, being a town, was different and I did have a nighttime visitor. Fortunately I must have disturbed him and he left my flippers and goggles, all he had taken, on the aft deck. If he had returned the next night he would have got a shock. I had electrified the guard rails!

(I have often thought that an 'electric fence' would be a good security disincentive but had never got around to using it before. Easy enough by connecting the guard rails to one of my fluorescent lights. With the tube out this gives about 400 volts at non-lethal current. A 100 kΩ resistor makes it even less lethal, as well as protecting the circuitry, but will still give a good tingle and strong hint to try elsewhere).

More exploring the next day, partly in the dinghy to see what the branch channels were like. Some dried completely, others were deep enough to anchor. You just need a good echo sounder. I had thought of sailing round the big island Isla de Horno. But the route I had planned got a bit shallow so I turned round and spotted an interesting, narrow creek between two hills on the island. It seemed just deep enough so I stayed and anchored. This one really was narrow, stern tied to trees each side, and all I could see through the main hatch were palm trees, and the steep rocky hills. What a wonderful hurricane hole it would be, although a broadside of cannon ball size coconuts from those palm trees



One of the smaller caños or channels off the Rio Grande.

might be uncomfortable.

Further on I discovered there was a single native hut, quite neat surrounded by a small plantation. One tree had a colony of orpendilla. These birds are about the size of a large pigeon and make yard long dangling nests which look like a half filled Christmas stocking. The bird gets in at the top, how I don't know. They are pretty birds, black and yellow with a long yellow tail and sometimes make a call like tinkling bells.

I was up in the night to check the depth which seemed all right although suspiciously steady. In the morning I discovered that was probably because it was second bounce. During the morning tide, which was even lower, the echo sounder ceased recording altogether. I was about to take it to pieces again, a Seafarer 701 which has been giving trouble for years but works quite well if I wedge the motor with a clothes peg. (Not repairable said the makers who by then had gone bust anyway although actually I found later the fault was very simple and just required minor adjustment). Just in time I saw in the handbook that it did not record below a certain depth, about 0.8 m and the crunch reading I knew was 0.9 m. Therefore we must be sitting happily in a patch of nice soft mud. Just as we used to do all winter in the days of mud berths before cheap Solent mud became expensive real estate.

I had no way of knowing what the tidal range was here, and it was springs. I estimated over 3 m., much greater than usual in the Caribbean. A good place to scrub and paint if only one could find somewhere that was not soft mud.

In the afternoon, I motored against the tide a few miles down the river to a branch caño I had seen earlier, and anchored two miles up after it had branched and branched again but was still two hundred yards wide. As so little is named on the chart I cannot say where. This caño had high ground each side and a swamp island in the middle into which dugouts came and went. It was inhabited,

meaning a few isolated huts scattered around the shore in ones and twos.

I was an object of curiosity, especially to children, who paddled out in dugouts to look. Then they went off and brought back the rest of the family. One contained a well built grandmother who looked like Bloody Mary in South Pacific. Communication was difficult. They were Indians and spoke Spanish as well as I do, and me 'No hablo Espanol'. So they hung on and looked, and I looked back until I found something else to do. I am not good with situations like that. They were friendly, wanted nothing and stole nothing, a welcome change compared with the Caribbean islands. Just curious.

The children hardly knew what to do with little packets of biscuits. Although they lived simple lives they did not seem poor. The children were sturdy, almost plump. Rather delightful, friendly people albeit embarrassing. Apart from wearing clothes and the few outboard motors their way of life is probably little changed since before the Spanish missionaries came.

But do not go there just after you have painted the topsides! An unpainted dugout canoe needs no fenders!

These dugout canoes were interesting. Some probably quite old and the wood showed signs of splitting. But the amount of work needed to fell, shape, hollow and move the tree would be formidable even with metal tools. What a labour it must have been with only stone tools, although much was done by fire. So were dugouts really the first boats as historians claim? To me it seems more likely they were rafts, like the Chileans used, or easily made skin craft like the currachs.

I could stand only one night as 'Exhibit A'. Ten miles down the river is a major branch, the R.Ajies, which actually forms an island and reemerges into the estuary. I went up several miles, wide like the rest, until the noise of parrots drowned the noise of my engine and there anchored. At night the tide ran strongly



Channels in mangrove swamp.

enough to keep the Sumlog rattling and wake me up. There were a few more signs of life here, at least human life. A few outboard powered dugouts passed, probably from a village higher up, one carrying what I took to be the local basket ball team. They must have had a long way to go, but distance seems no problem even when paddled. Another was piled high with coconuts, the main crop, plus the shopping and water cans. A dug out will carry quite a load.

Time to head back to the coast. With a fair tide creating a breeze I suppose I could have sailed, but it meant beating all the way. And I am much more concerned with the navigation and scenery. I was exploring. Cruising, not out for an afternoon sail.

The wide bar at the river mouth was a worry as I felt with a spring tide ebb and possibly an onshore wind it would be nasty. The other river, the San Juan was not so wide and deeper as it is a ship channel. The Caño Guarapichito connects the two and seemed the wiser choice. This, as usual, looked just a narrow cut on the chart and one might expect the trees to meet overhead. Not a bit of it. Wide and deep enough for a battlewagon. Too deep to anchor and I needed somewhere for the night. The channel divides to form an island. Off the caño Laguna, the west branch, the chart showed the entrance, but no further, to an unnamed caño, presumably small and unimportant, like so many others I had passed. But this turned out to be the usual three hundred yard width. I was tempted to explore. So I did.

Now we really were in uncharted waters. The road atlas vaguely suggested it went quite a way and ended in a maze like the Rio Grande. Road atlas? Laugh if you like especially as it did not even mark a road ! Come to that the chart did not mark anything at all!!

The right hand fork at a major branch went on into a wide lagoon. There might be a channel across it but evidently not in the middle. So having reversed off a soft mudbank I tried the other branch, which forked and forked and forked again, generally too deep for anchoring comfortably, meaning seven fathoms. I wondered if it went right through to the San Juan. Maybe it does. But eventually, about five miles up, the branch I was following became narrower, about a hundred yards only and shallow enough to anchor comfortably which to me means not more than 2 - 3 fathoms.

Unlike the Rio Grande, this part was all mangrove swamp with no hills. I saw one fishing boat so there may be some

habitation at the head. Otherwise it was completely deserted. In fact I had seen no huts all day.

At last I think I have achieved the dream, so rare nowadays anywhere between the ice latitudes, of being able to claim to be the first yacht ever to have been somewhere. The trouble is I am not sure where. I am not sure I could even find it again.

And I hope nobody else does because it was a beautiful little anchorage. Absolutely sheltered. A perfect hurricane hole, with the added advantage that hurricanes are almost unknown. Lovely and quiet. No disco within earshot and nowadays in the Caribbean that means at least ten miles, and sometimes twenty. No noisy traffic. No speeding outboards. Good birdy place too with flocks of scarlet ibis. Few bugs but this was the dry season. It might be different after the rains. I caught a couple of cat

fish. They look like dogfish with whiskers, hence presumably the name.

Next time I go there I suppose I will find somebody has built a marina or a big hotel.

I extricated myself from the maze more easily than I expected, (I had recently been rereading 'Three Men In A Boat'), back into the caño La Laguna and down to within sight of the sea. Then back into the other branch the Guarapichito to anchor for the night on a shallow patch on the east side. There are shoals in this area, some with tree trunks sticking up. For this estuary it is wise to have the R. San Juan chart, 1330. That night the tide ran strongly. I estimated four knots.

Again very few signs of habitation. There was a fishermen's shack opposite which was being used and I passed an unoccupied floating house with a huge sign saying 'Toys'. So perhaps in season there is some tourist trade though goodness knows where they come from. Apart from Guiria, the nearest town thirty miles or more away and hardly a tourist resort, there is not a hotel within a hundred miles.

A dawn start next morning to catch the last of the ebb. The ship channel is narrow but the rest of the wide bar is deep enough, mostly two fathoms. However there may be wrecks or wreckage. I spotted some pieces sticking up, probably covered at high tide, about 200 yards west of the tide gauge.

The channel is well marked by steel pile beacons and leading lights. The leading lights are tall and set outside the channel. However half the leading lights and beacons did not seem to be in the positions shown on my one year old chart, and looked considerably older than that.

Approaching from seaward the shore is low, featureless and distant. It would be difficult to get a position by bearings although easier with radar ranges. The Guarapichito channel would be difficult to identify among its shoals. The outermost buoy is a good ten miles out, almost out of sight of the first beacons.

Even under these good conditions of little wind and slack tide there was a very short, steep sea. Unless I used almost full power there were occasions when the boat was brought to a halt. I was a second too late to save the downhaul of my radio aerial being wound into the wind generator due to the violent pitching. With an onshore wind, which it usually would be, or a strong outgoing tide, it would be a nasty ten miles.

Once clear of the river it was calmer, a fine sunny morning with a nice breeze. For the first and almost only time on the whole cruise it was good sailing. I even gave my little mizzen an airing. Sadly it did not last. When the tide strengthened it stole the wind and by the time I passed Guiria it was on with the motor again.

I did not call there a second time. Anyway I had no need to. For some reason I had been cleared for Trinidad. Keeping control of agents and others is difficult. Easier not to argue. In any case I had said I was going up the rivers (I think he was trying to deter me) and asked for 'con puertos intermedios'. Incidentally the recommendation in Venezuela is to think of some place far beyond where you intend to go 'con puertos intermedios' which means anywhere between. You still have to report to every port captain but at least you are in the clear if a boarding party checks.

In any case I was not having any more of the extortionate charges in Guiria. I needed nothing and the pressure cooker stew was still going strong. And the cheap rum, about the only useful stores I had bought in Guiria, would last for another three months.

I reached Ensenada Rio Grande (the other Rio Grande), which happened to be a convenient distance. Also I wanted to explore that little river in the dinghy. I found the drying bar would limit draft to about 4 ft even on a spring tide, although it might be possible to squeeze round the east end where it is deeper, deep enough anyway for pirogues to get over near low tide. The river itself is deep, well over a fathom, but narrow. This really is what I call a river. The trees overhang and almost meet overhead in places with creepers and mangrove roots hanging down. Any boat over about 45 ft might have a job to turn round. The channel is used by pirogues going to the village at the head at high speed, so ropes to the shore would be an obstruction. In heavy rain there would probably be a strong current and masses of debris so as a hurricane hole, which is what I thought, it is not really practicable. There is nowhere else along this stretch of coast until the big rivers are reached and very little in Trinidad. Added to which Trinidad is dangerously crowded.

I stopped at two more of the little bays but they are all much alike. Uninhabited, good shelter from the east but subject to this uncomfortable swell which seems to come from nowhere. Macuro has a small town, mainly a company town for the gypsum quarry. It claims to be the only place where Columbus ever set foot on the American mainland. (Incorrectly as on his fourth voyage he explored the Central American coast). This was during his third voyage, and even then the poor mug thought it was an island off the coast of China. He actually named it Isla Gracia. To his credit, however, he was beginning to have doubts because of the size of the rivers and the amount of fresh water. The little town has a large statue of him. Otherwise it looks an unattractive collection of rusty corrugated iron. I did not land there but instead I went for a walk into the country to the east, mostly scrub with a few small plantations. At last I discovered the coast road marked on the chart. The only traffic was one well laden donkey.

My last call was again at Caraquita. In the dinghy I explored up to the head. This does not dry as the chart shows. But the last mile is shallow, only 4 - 5 ft at HW all the way. With a tidal range of only 2 - 3 ft here it could be a nice hurricane hole for a shallow draft boat, and the only one within convenient distance of Trinidad.

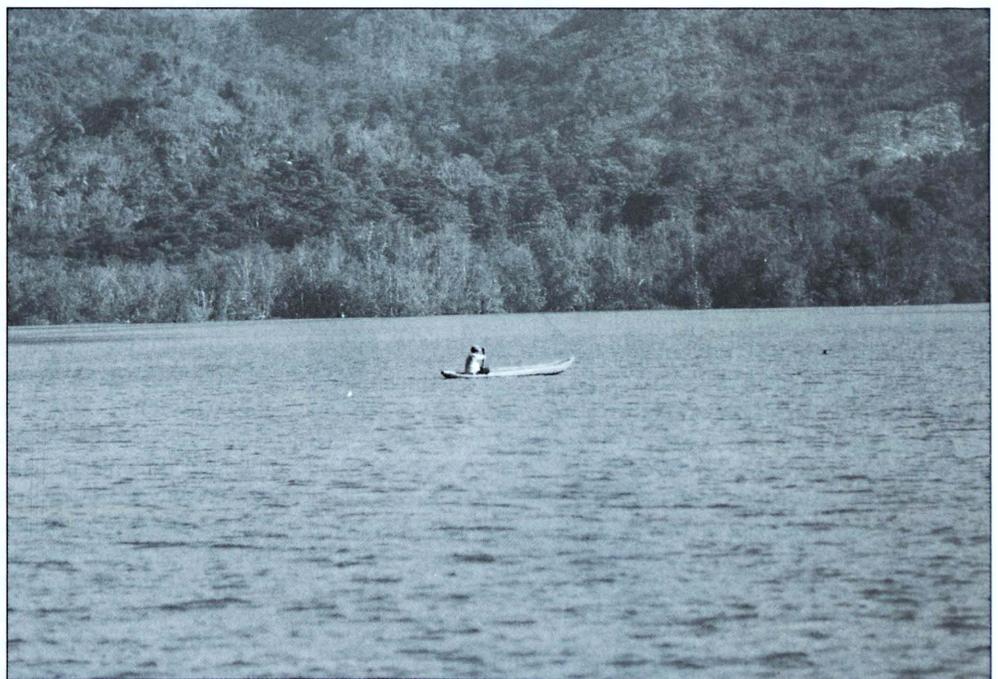
Ahead now lay only the Dragon's Mouth. It was not breathing fire but was certainly a-swishing of its tale so I gave it another day. Next morning conditions were ideal, calm and sunny, yet even so there were overfalls. I had expected the current to be slack or foul. To my surprise I covered the ten miles to Chacachacare in an hour and a quarter and carried the fair current all the way to Chaguaramas. Indeed I had anchored, cleared Customs and Immigration, refuelled, done some shopping and even had lunch ashore before the time I had expected to arrive!

Subsequent observations suggest that the current along the shore and across the Bocas lags high and low water by about three hours. However all currents in this area are probably affected by the wind, flood from the Orinoco and other factors.

It had been a modest cruise, and except for fouling that fishing boat, no incidents or mishaps. Yet I think it was the most interesting I have ever done. As adventurous too as my very first cruises in little *Crimson Rambler* fifty years ago in the flush of youth. And it is not often when nearly geriatric one can claim that!

I admit there was little sailing and it was mostly under engine. I make no excuses. I was cruising, not out for sailing, and one can cruise as well in a motor boat as in a sailing boat. In any case conditions were seldom suitable for sailing. In particular I was single-handed, in unfamiliar waters which although generally wide were nevertheless winding river channels, sometimes uncharted, and navigation required attention. Besides there was so much to see and it is easier to look at birds or the shore when motoring than sailing.

In the open waters the choice was usually motoring in the morning calm or a stiff beat against the current later. There are many quotations about the folly of sailing to windward and at my age I tend to agree! I sail for pleasure and believe in the old saying that if sailing is not pleasurable you are going about it the wrong way.



Dug-out canoe. Mountains rising.

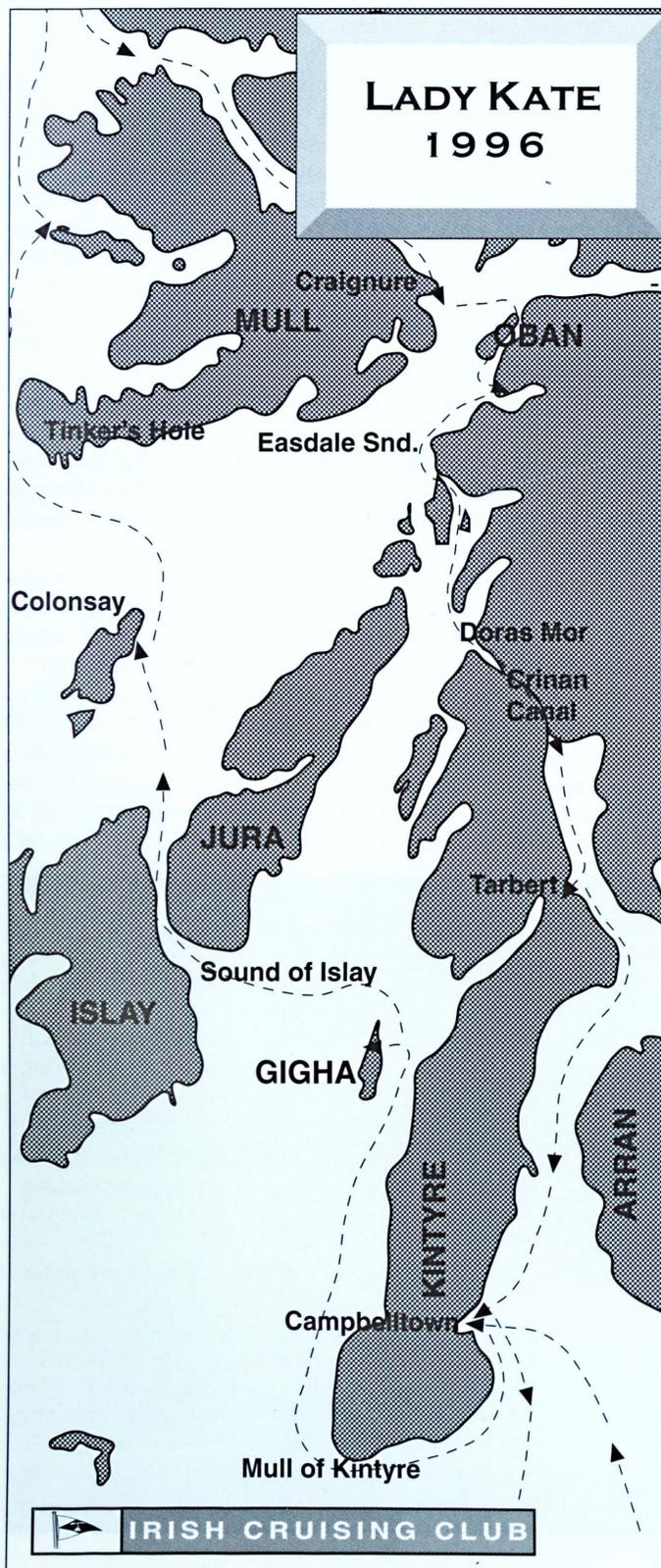
# Lady Kate in Scottish Waters

Donal Walsh



## THE FORTNIGHT CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE UNDERTAKEN  
IN A MAXIMUM OF 16 DAYS



We were tired of France, Spain was still a bit too far for the children, Cornwall and Ireland had also been cruised, and so when family discussion in the winter of 1995 touched the topic of summer holidays the general feeling was that we should head north – not the north of John Gore Grimes or Paddy Barry – but a more modest target of the nearer Scottish Islands.

This year our family crew – Emma 11, Brendan 8, Mary and myself we joined for the delivery trip by my sister Maire Breathnach who in 1995 was the first woman to complete a single-handed circumnavigation of Ireland.

We sailed at about mid morning Saturday 6th July and headed east in a light north-westerly which freshened during the day and gave us a most delightful sail in good sunny weather bringing us to Kilmore Quay that evening. I am sure that so many yachts have visited Kilmore's new marina that by now almost everyone is aware that there is foul ground to the east of the entrance and entry is best effected by keeping close up to end of the west pier, beware also of a foul patch to port just inside the entrance, keep the north side of the gap to avoid it. We liked Kilmore, and were impressed with the new marina and harbour layout although the toilets and wash facility located in the local community hall are a bit remote from the pontoons. VHF procedure needs to be improved, the shore station should identify itself with a call sign – several Welsh yachts had difficulty coping with an unidentified voice.

We were away next morning to carry the stream at Carnsore Point and up the Irish Sea. A trawler leaving at the same time offered to lead us across St. Patrick's Bridge and my waypoint for this transit was 52° 09' .55N. 006° 35' .08W. (Returning this way some weeks later a local yacht was advising a waypoint 52° 09' .30N. 006° 34' .94W – more work for the Hon. Compiler of sailing directions !). Based on South Coast, we tend to disregard the Irish Sea as a cruising ground and visits to the area are rare and generally by way of delivery trips. To add a new dimension to our cruise by way of a stop off in North Wales, after we cleared Carnsore, we headed northeast for the Menai Straits rather than take the more familiar route north along the east coast of Ireland.

It was very calm for a while but by evening we had a fine southerly breeze which made for an exciting sail with our jib boomed out and a boom guy rigged to prevent damage from an accidental gybe. By 0200 we had picked up the light on Llanddwyn Island, we were closing a lee shore fast and given the conditions I wanted to be certain we would cross Caernarfon Bar in the right place but we could only find one of two lit buoys marking the entrance and so reluctantly stood back out to sea again to await dawn. Returning later we picked up the channel and headed for Caernarfon. A new marina is under construction but not yet open. We entered the old town harbour through a swing bridge ( open 2300 – 0700 and on demand during the day). We dried out alongside a fishing vessel and went ashore to explore the castle and town. We enjoyed the castle and were impressed by the widespread use of the Welsh language.

Next day we took a bus to Llanberis and the train ride to the



Brendan Walsh in Fingal's Cave Staffa

.PHOTO: Donal Walsh.

summit of Snowdon. This was a big mistake – fellow travellers make sure the top of the mountain is well clear of cloud, mist, and fog before you travel, otherwise nothing is seen.

Back in Caernarfon in glorious sunshine we decided to transit the strait that evening, we got the tide timing right and found it an easy pilotage exercise. It was a pleasant night and we had a good sailing breeze as we headed out through Puffin Sound, but by daybreak the freshening wind began to head us, making for a miserable cold wet passage until we started to get a lee from the Isle of Man.

After Douglas and Portpatrick we carried the northgoing stream next day, motoring with little wind until we closed the Mull of Kintyre when the breeze picked up. Rounding Davaar Island we entered Campbeltown and lay alongside the pontoons to the north of the town quay. We stayed two nights here during which time we discovered an excellent municipal swimming pool and the Hart Hotel, which provides free showers and baths for yacht crews. Here we also met the lifeboat crew and acquired

local knowledge on the tidal streams off the Mull. In a newsagents Maire came on an advertisement for a folding bicycle which she purchased for the sum of £18.00p.

We had originally intended going north via the Crinan Canal but Monday 15th. July was such a lovely day that almost all northbound yachts leaving Campbeltown opted to round the Mull. We were a bit late leaving but armed with the tidal advice given by the lifeboat coxswain and keeping close up to the shore we avoided most of the overfalls and quickly overtook yachts which had left up to an hour before us. We experienced some unpleasant gusts which were caused by downdrafts off the cliffs, but once we cleared the light at the Mull of Kintyre they died away and we headed north to Gigha where we anchored in Ardmish Bay.

The following day we went northabout Gigha passing between Dearg Sgeir rocks and the island then westwards to the Sound of Islay, carried the stream through the sound, and then laid a course for Colonsay. There are two snug berths at the root of the pier on the north side with screening which protects small craft lying there from the wash of the ferry propellers. Ashore the bicycle was a Godsend and I was surprised at its performance as I toured the island roads.

Next morning I took the boat away to sea at 0600hrs. and motored in the morning calm toward the Ross of Mull, passed north of the Torrain Rocks, an area which could not be recommended in bad weather, and negotiated the southern entrance to Tinker's Hole.

The anchorage was crowded with yachts and we carried on through and exited via the north end and crossed the Sound of Iona and brought up off the village at Iona. The holding here was amongst the worst I have ever encountered and it took many frustrating attempts before I was satisfied we were secure and could leave the boat unattended. From my school days I remembered the romantic history lesson of Colmcille bringing the faith to the heathens of Scotland from his base at Iona. Ashore we experienced a bit of a culture shock. The Abbey is now run by what appears to be a community of vegetable growing third level students on sabbatical from their studies. One transept of the Cathedral had a section devoted to banning nuclear submarines and their weapons from the Clyde. Iona was interesting to visit but very touristy and a short stay ashore was sufficient and soon we were on our way north again, this time headed for Staffa.

By the time we got there all the tourists had left for the day. It was really calm and conditions could not be better for a visit to Fingal's Cave. We anchored off the southeast of the island and

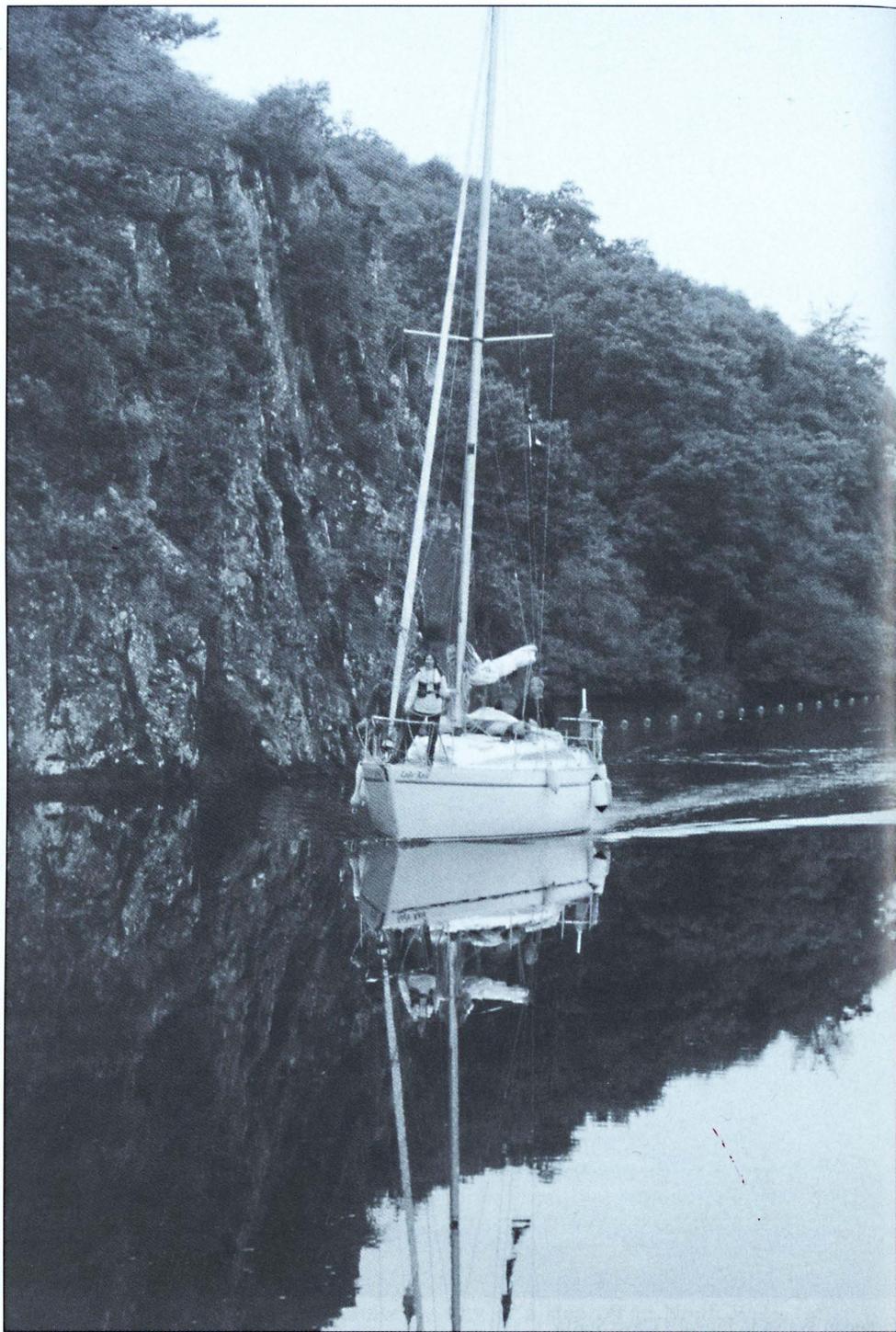
Mary decided to stay on board while the rest of the crew went ashore to explore. In the inflatable we were able to get right into the end of the cave and marvel at the fantastic formations of basalt columns. From there we potted along the shore to the bay in the southwest where it is possible to land from the dinghy. We went ashore again at the established landing place and climbed to the summit and enjoyed the evening sunshine. Staffa is not a place to loiter and would be very difficult except in settled conditions such as we had experienced.

It had been a long day and we needed to find a secure anchorage for the night; it also needed to be close by. Looking at the chart, Acairseid Mor on nearby Gometra just a few miles to the north seemed ideal. As we were about to enter we spotted some mackerel breaking and a few minutes work with the handline provided our supper. The entrance here was very easy and inside there is a lot more room than the pilot book suggests. The cove is almost totally enclosed and we spent a very pleasant evening at anchor here.

It was decided that this would be the northern limit of this years cruise but as a concession to those who wanted to go further north we were allowed to just peep north of Ardnamurchan and then headed back into Tobermory. Our first task was to take on fuel and water which is available at the Calmac pier.

The plan for our homeward journey was to avoid visiting the anchorages that we had already seen and so next day we made a short passage east through the Sound of Mull and into Loch Aline where we anchored at the head of the loch in the north-eastern corner. Mary took a tour ashore by bicycle while Brendan and I explored the upper end of the loch where the river enters in the inflatable, but found that the navigation comes to an abrupt end just upstream of a stone road bridge.

Leaving Loch Aline we headed southeast and after a few miles journey had crossed Mull Sound again and picked up a mooring at Craignure. The girls went ashore to visit Torosay Castle and gardens while Brendan and I decided to try the pubs. For the first time in Scotland the landlords insisted that we used the family room as children weren't allowed in the bar – all this unnecessary regulation at lunch time in an otherwise empty bar took from the enjoyment of the drink – later a local we encountered advised that the landlords were from “south of the border” and brought English customs with them. We had a great sail, passing between Lady Rock and Lismore Island, and quickly reached Oban entering northabout Kerrera. I have never seen so many jellyfish, the harbour was so thick with them you could almost walk across them. Ashore, in common with all



Reflections in the Crinan Canal.

.PHOTO: Mary Walsh.

large towns, there was lots of life and noise along the waterfront – we couldn't complain after all it was Saturday night and right in the middle of holidaytime. Perhaps we had spent too long in the remote anchorages or maybe just plain old age. We didn't stay. Soon we were southbound through Kerrera Sound towards Loch Feochan. The pilotage at the entrance is interesting but easy and once we were inside we anchored at the head of the loch, cooked aboard and marvelled at the peace that surrounded us.

The rain woke us! We weighed anchor and outside the loch headed south along the coast of Seil, then another pilotage exercise brought us through Easdale Sound, a lovely place full of character that needs to be transited with caution as it is very narrow ( we actually motored through the sound ). The beacons are in a poor state of repair and can be difficult to identify and the tide makes strongly through also.. The remains of the old slate quarries still exist and we were rewarded by the sight of a



Staffa.

PHOTO: Donal Walsh.

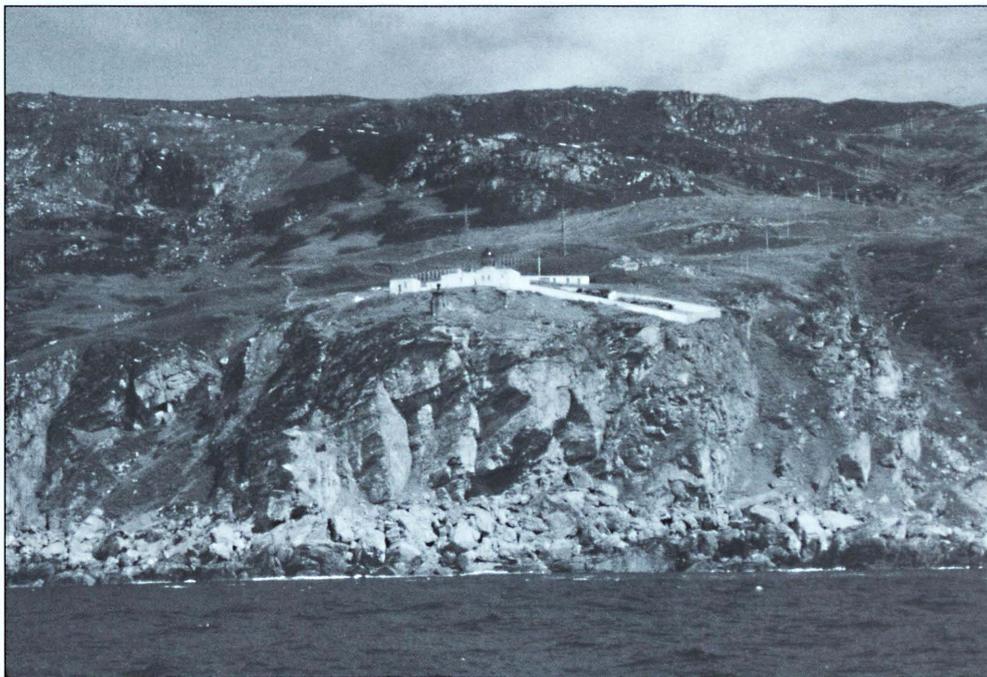
puffer – a small local coastal steamer – moored in Easdale Harbour. Less than two miles away to the southeast lay Cuan Sound, a dogleg passage between Seil and Luing. Power cables crossing the sound make it easy to identify from northwest. As with Easdale Sound the tide runs very strong with some terrible eddies and we motored through. Turning south again through Shuna Sound we were headed and continued to motor until we reached Dorus Mor where we were able to free off for Crinan. We had heard much of the Dorus Mor and its tides but today the sea was flat and the stream was with us and apart from a fast passage our transit was unspectacular. As we approached Crinan the rain stopped. As of yet we were undecided whether we would go through the canal or go outside the Mull of Kintyre.

On our arrival the lock gate was open to sea and we entered. It was damp and dark in the lock chamber and while we waited the lock filled with exhaust fumes from the boats waiting there. Then suddenly we emerged in a different world of bright sunshine.

By lunch time of day 2 in the canal *Lady Kate* was back in her natural element – sea water. Being so early in the afternoon we decided to carry on to East Loch Tarbert some 10 miles south along Loch Fyne. It rained and rained

and rained and even when we got to Tarbert it was so wet there was a great reluctance to even go ashore. We made it to the Victoria and while our oilies dripped great pools of water onto the floor we treated ourselves to a meal and a few pints.

Next morning Maire took off on the bicycle with an arrangement to meet back on board the boat in Campbeltown. We had a great sail in a north-westerly which got up to 25 knots at times, despite which Maire was there long before us and was



Mull of Kintyre.

PHOTO: Maire Breathnach.



Emma Walsh at Menai Bridge.

PHOTO: Donal Walsh.



Donal, Brendan and Mary Walsh.

PHOTO: Maire Breathnach.



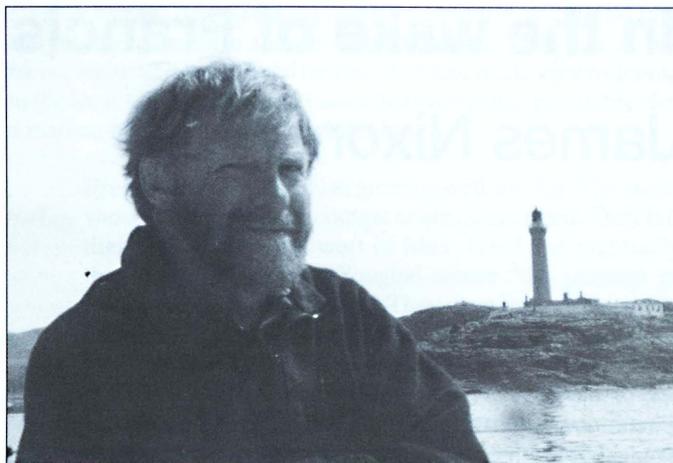
Maire Breathnach with concertina.

.PHOTO: Mary Walsh.

well established in the Hart Hotel by the time we arrived. It was still blowing from the Northwest when we left for Ireland the following day, we planned for Donaghadee but ended up in Bangor after covering 50 miles in 7 hours in what was a real cracker of a sail. We enjoyed Bangor, it's well run marina, the shops, pubs and playground, but the preachers on the promenade put me off prayer. By morning the wind had gone and it was almost calm as we made our way south through Copeland Sound. A few miles north of Ardglass it began to freshen again but as it was coming out of the south'ard we decided to spend the night on the new marina in Ardglass.

It was Friday morning, Maire and I rose early and put to sea in heavy drizzle and poor visibility, we had a plan of visiting Carlingford or Drogheda but we were getting a forecast of strong southerlies on Sunday and as Maire was anxious to get home we thought it best to get a far south as possible and eventually ended up in Howth.

Maire left us next morning and we planned a short hop across to Dun Laoghaire as we had never called there in *Lady Kate*. We didn't stop in Dun Laoghaire as planned and this was a bad mistake, ending up in Wicklow after a long slow slog against wind and tide. There were lots of visiting yachts in the



Donal Walsh with Ardnamurcha Light in background.

PHOTO: Mary Walsh.

harbour and it was difficult to get a decent berth. The yachts rafted against the outer wall didn't encourage us to come alongside and word was out that a ship was due on the morning tide and she would lie on the North Quay. We eventually lay alongside a conglomeration of very smelly half deckers on the South Quay. We were away with the southgoing stream at 0800 hours, but despite having the tide with us we did not avail of it in its entirety as we wanted to visit Arklow. We were fortunate here and availed of the Arklow Sailing Club's visitor's mooring where we sat out a miserable wet day with lots of strong rain squalls. Ashore later we met our old friend, Dungarvan man Peter Whelan, present commodore of ASC.

In order that we might be better placed to carry the best of the ebb we plugged the last hour of the northgoing stream when we left Arklow next morning, the sailing was sporadic and when the wind fell off we motor sailed. We were close up to the shore until we reached Kilmichael Point to carry whatever eddy might exist. Then inside the Glassgorman Banks, and after passing Cahore Point we took the passage through the Sluice – for the sake of the pilotage. We were inshore of Long Bank and with such a mighty ebb, we quickly brought Carnsore abeam. We crossed St. Patrick's Bridge with every intention of spending the night in Kilmore but on such a lovely evening who would want to be ashore. We probably missed a great night in Kilmore as we counted at least 10 yachts entering in the space of an hour. Leaving the Hook to starboard we altered for Dunmore East, at 1900 we were about 1 mile from the harbour when Mine Head Radio gave a forecast for strong southwesterlies on the morrow. We had a look inside the harbour to see if there was any sailing activity there and then without even going alongside were homeward bound for Dungarvan.

We entered our home port at 2300 on the last of the spring ebb and with insufficient water in the channel to allow us to get alongside we let go in the roads and turned in while we awaited the flood. Early next morning, in a strong wet south-westerly, we put *Lady Kate* back on her mooring in Dungarvan Town Quay after being away for 23 days in which we had travelled over 860 miles as follows;

# In the wake of Francis Howard Sinclair

## James Nixon



**THE WILD GOOSE CUP**

AT THE ADJUDICATOR'S DISCRETION  
FOR A LOG OF LITERARY MERIT

Circumnavigation of Ireland is a well-defined voyage, though one can take from three days to three months doing so. One has only to pick up a few of the ICC Annuals to realise the range of vessels, weather and anchorages possible. The year 1996 was unusual and offered the possibility of racing in Cork Week and then joining the ICC Cruise in Company in West Cork. We could then return home clockwise along the west and north coasts.

The year also proved to be significant in that, a century earlier, Dr. Francis Howard Sinclair, a physician from Belfast, carried out a similar voyage and was the first recipient of the Challenge Cup of the Cruising Club, later to become the Royal Cruising Club.

Sinclair was born in 1860 in Belfast and was physician to Forster Green Hospital, specialising in the treatment of Tuberculosis. He was later to establish an early sanatorium in Rostrevor, County Down, overlooking Carlingford Lough, rather like that in the "Magic Mountain" by Thomas Mann. He was obviously an exceptional man and especially in his sailing career. He wrote profusely on sailing and his book "By Ocean, Firth and Channel", published in 1894, is a rare classic. He used the name "Diagonal White" and the book, liberally illustrated by J. W. Carey, is truly a delightful collector's item. He also wrote many articles for the yachting magazines of the time and was a member of Royal Ulster Yacht Club from 1891. His racing flag was red with a diagonal white bar, hence his nom de plume.

Sinclair's cruise was executed in the *Brenda* a pretty gaff cutter 23 feet lwl, 7ft 4" beam, 4ft 6" draft, designed by W.E. Paton and built in 1886. She was very much a craft of her time - almost flush decked with no stanchions, lifelines, pushpit, pulpit or self-draining cockpit.

Our craft, *Ardnagee*, is a Swan 371 designed by Ron Holland and built by Nautor in Finland, to their usual very high standard in 1980. She can still be competitive racing in a good blow, but modern yacht design has overtaken her in lighter conditions. My plan was to get to Crosshaven with a delivery crew and then be joined there by our racing team for Cork Week.

This plan was accelerated rather by the unpleasantness before the 12th of July celebrations, and we set off from Bangor at midday on Wednesday 10th, allowing us to catch the flood southwards and avoid road blocks that appeared each evening. It was a wonderful few hours with a warm north-westerly force 4 to 5 with sun. Chris McFerran, Fiona Hicks, Ceri Morgan and Geoff Angus joined me. We basked on deck as we raced through Donaghadee Sound and along the Ards coast. The Mourne were clearly visible across the low drumlin country but, sadly, this great breeze backed and came onto the nose as we slipped inside the South Rock light vessel. At this stage we started the engine and motor-sailed southwards.

Sinclair started his cruise from Cultra on 1st July 1896. Cultra was a busy sailing centre even though Royal Ulster Yacht Club had been established in 1866.

Its splendid red brick clubhouse was not opened until 1899 at Bangor. He seldom mentioned Bangor in his writings and no doubt would be amazed at the marina developments

there grace a Europe. His crew was the Reverend Hamilton Young and Mr George Brett. They had a brisk sail under trisail and storm jib down the coast and inside the South Rock itself, to drop anchor at Quinton Bay at the south end of the Ards peninsula. The next day they had calms but made as far as the entrance to Carlingford Lough where they anchored and waited for a breeze. Eventually they got underway and had a fast beat southwards to Kingstown to pick up a mooring at the Royal Irish Yacht Club at 8 a.m. on July 3rd.

*Ardnagee* continued to motor-sail into the sou'westerly with the Mourne slipping ever slowly past. We had passed the Rockabill by midnight, and the Kish and Bailey lights were clearly seen as was the mass of lights and glow of the vast Dublin sprawl. We were forced to reef off the Bailey and, as we fetched inside the Kish bank the HSS ferry from Holyhead came past the stern at enormous speed, floodlit, and all the more impressive as it approached upwind silently. It has the appearance (and no doubt the aerodynamic properties) of a trimmed brick, and these ships have caused problems in Dublin Bay and Belfast Lough with their huge wash, which is like a great ground swell. Dawn saw us off



Francis Howard Sinclair, M.D.

Greystones and we were off Arklow by 0830, fast passage making with the engine being used freely.

Sinclair was towed out of Kingstown after only 4 hours off the Irish, and they had a lively squall ridden passage to Wicklow where they were gale bound for 2 days. On 6th July they had a quick beat to Arklow where the entrance was difficult for the engineless *Brenda*. A line was thrown to help them in. The next day they were towed out and headed south in an easterly breeze and took a passage inside the banks but well off Wexford. He does not mention the Sluice or other delights of this coast. He came inside the Tuskar and in Saltee Sound three fine pollock were caught and cooked. Somerville and Ross described the texture of pollock as cotton wool with pins in it. Sinclair makes no comment. They anchored north-west of "South Saltee Island" at dusk after 55 nautical miles in "undulating seas".

*Ardnagee* now had the ebb under her as we motored in near calm conditions east of the Moneyweights and Blackwater Banks, close by the Lucifer buoy. We caught the last of the fair tide inside the Tuskar, and in a fresh south-westerly with sunshine, we took the inside passage to the Saltees. There were lobster pots everywhere. This was a new experience for me undertaking this passage and we progressed well until rain and the gathering flood made it less pleasant. We pushed through Saltees Sound against the flow and had a fresh uncomfortable sail, in rain, towards Hook Head. The marina at Kilmore Quay was tempting but looked very exposed that evening. I gather from those who have been there that it is excellent and there are plans to dredge the entrance channel and mark the gap in St Patrick's Bridge. This will remove one of the great navigational mysteries of this coast.

Hook Head was nasty with rain and a fresh south-westerly breeze pushing large seas ashore, amid buoys and flags marking nets, lobster pots and dear knows what else. We tramped across to Dunmore East as the Waterford Harbour Sailing Club started

evening racing. After mooring outside a long trot, we tucked into lasagne and trimmings and went ashore later, to find some of our racing team who had arrived by van. We were made very welcome in the local sailing club and I gather there are plans (inevitably) for a marina, but it remains a delightful haven.

*Brenda* set off into a sizish ground swell and fog. The crests were breaking and the cockpit covers were fitted. They felt their way shorewards west of Mine Head and eventually they were helped into Youghal where "the pleasure of sailing was getting into port". They were treated hospitably and stayed more than a day. On July 10th they had a light NNW wind to take *Brenda* slowly westwards. It was nearly dark when off Roches Point they were forced to use "wooden topsails" for an hour. At dawn they were able to continue to Queenstown Quay where they dropped anchor off the Glasgow Shipping Company's office.

We departed Dunmore East on a calm 12th and motored into a slowly increasing south-westerly breeze. We were part of quite a fleet converging on Cork as we preceded *Leemara* (Bill Cuffe-Smith) into Crosshaven, where we berthed at the efficient Salve Marine pontoon after just over 8 hours of "Volvo topsails".

Crosshaven was en fete for this very popular regatta. About 500 yachts raced in 5 fleets in an excellently organised event. The Royal Cork Yacht Club proved able and experienced organisers. The weather was glorious – every day hot and sunny. The racing team partied madly all week, and the hinterland joined in with enthusiasm. The senior members of the crew learnt to leave the scene early for quiet dining and early nights.

Saturday 23rd July was another scorcher as we heaved all the cruising gear back on board and the crew departed northwards. My wife Katherine, daughter Holly, niece Fleur Roters and friend Sarah Dick arrived just as we finished getting rid of the racing detritus.

Next day most of the racing fleet had departed as the cruising one gathered. We had not been able to get to East Ferry for the ICC "pre-meeting", and I gather it had been convivial. We stayed at Salve for the day as clouds gathered and, by evening, it was pouring as we moved up to the Royal Cork Yacht Club marina and ashore for the opening reception. This was a very humid affair in a marquee in the monsoon conditions. Lots of old friends were there and the theme of enjoy yourselves was established. We ate aboard as the rain continued.

The *Brenda* set off from Queenstown in very light conditions and passed "far inside the ill-fated Daunt's Rock Lightship". I do not know why he uses this phrase except that he may have been prophetic, in that in the 1930's this lightvessel broke adrift! Beating into a south-westerly they headed into Kinsale and anchored up river from the town. Sinclair seldom mentions details of shore life, and next day departed through gunnery practice in the lower harbour. He "felt the usual disturbing sea that seems general at all these



*Brenda* in 1892, flying the RUYC ensign. Originally built in 1886 as a racing boat without accommodation to the designs of W.E. Paton by T. Norris of Belfast for J. Irvine of Holywood, she was converted to a cruiser for Dr Sinclair in 1891, when the flush deck was fitted. LOA 23ft., LWL 21ft., beam 7ft. 6ins., TM 4 tons. Her exceptionally long bowsprit was broken "at least half a dozen times", so the hull was lengthened forward by 5ft. 5ins. in 1894.

From a photo by Adamson of

headlands” as they rounded Old Head – plus ca change. Eventually a fresh northerly carried them past the other headlands to leave Horse Island to port and they entered Castlehaven. He quotes an old writer who claimed that Horse Island “produces a wonderful sort of herbage that recovers and fattens diseased horses to admiration”.

We left Crosshaven in lowering skies and rain. The weather lifted slowly as we motor-sailed out towards Old Head and its “disturbing seas”. Eventually the cloud broke and the wind backed a little, as we had a grand sail from Galley Head in to Glandore to anchor among some of the cruise fleet. Tea and apple tart in sunshine as many other yachts arrived. We went ashore for a fine meal in the Rectory, after which I fell asleep surrounded by my harem crew. Next day the sun held as we explored Glandore. Pints at the Harbour Bar (headquarters of the Glandore Harbour Sailing Club) overlooking the anchorage. We met the celebrated Don Street and talked Dragons as he worked on an original 1938 Johannsen.

We departed slowly down harbour, caught 2 mackerel in quick succession and sailed to blind Harbour where we anchored at low water with our keel just touching bottom. Bathes ashore, barbecued mackerel and white pudding completed a gentle day. It became livelier as we came into Castlehaven to see a forest of masts and, eventually found a spot near *Witchcraft of Howth*, with my brother William in command. A very lively, witty evening in Mary Ann’s was had by many.

A quiet start next morning saw us inspecting the parish church with its wonderful Harry Clark windows, and enjoying a good lunch at Mary Ann’s. We left this lovely spot to head for the muster in Baltimore. Bright sun and a light north-westerly breeze helped us inside the Stags and on to Baltimore. Here the fleet was spectacularly anchored off the village - and even more so when all were dressed overall. We had counted 73 yachts at Castletownshend but there were over 150 at Baltimore. We were directed to a spot to anchor off the boatyard. No doubt others will

describe the party hosted by the New York Yacht Club. It was a splendid occasion and a wonderful sunset augmented it.

We dined at Rolf’s Hostel. Quiet initially, but we were joined by Tom and Sally Duggan and Joe and Claire Kennedy. The noise increased as Terry Johnston and Brian Smullen arrived later. A great evening putting everything a’right. Eventually we returned aboard but there was great partying everywhere.

Thursday 25th July was the Fasnet photograph day. We stayed on in Baltimore and Claire Kennedy drove Katherine and me to Creagh Gardens on the River Ilen near Skibbereen. A lovely spot. We bought a *Cornus capitata* and this rare specimen fortunately went home by car and not Swan. We bathed and watered ship and we finally slipped out of the near-empty harbour through the north entrance, under the sagging wires. We heard that a yacht had broken her mast against them earlier in the year, so we proceeded with some caution.

Out in Long Island Bay we could see the fog bank to the south-west over the distant point of Cape Clear. Sails appeared and disappeared as we watched. We were heading for Schull, and picked our way through the Carthy’s Islands and on to anchor just on the right side of the designated fairway to Schull Pier. Again a huge fleet here. The young went ashore – already liaisons were developing.

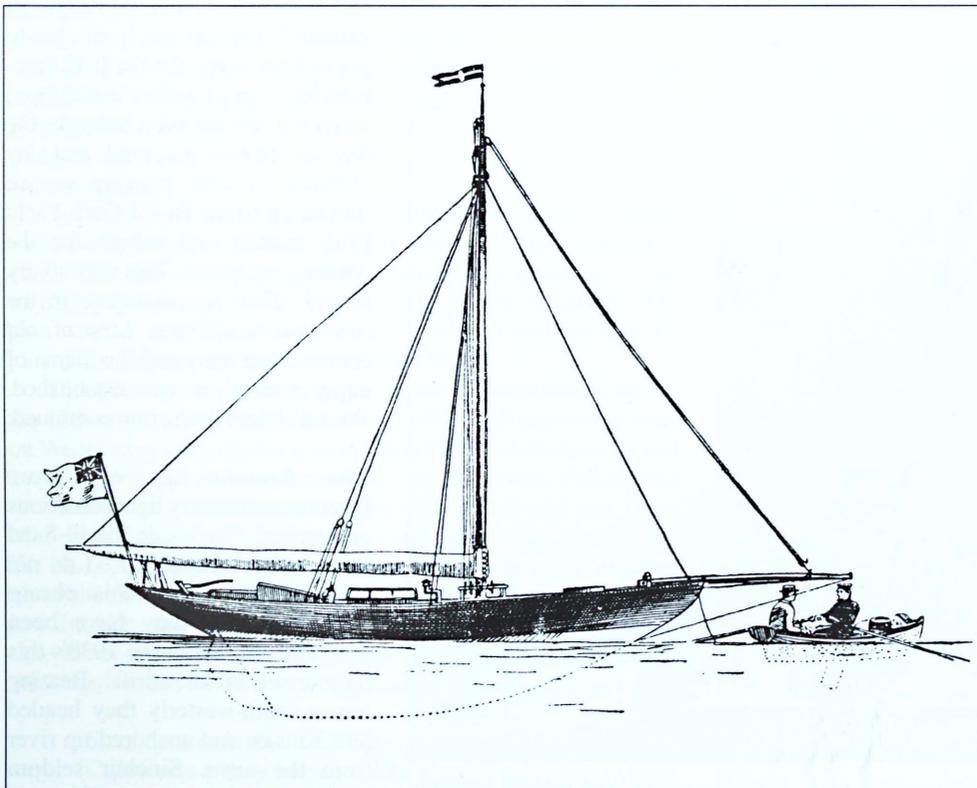
We stayed put next day in weather “like Maine” as one US visitor put it. Misht as they say in Mayo. The barbecue that night was huge and well organised, and the inevitable late night was had by the young.

Saturday 27th July was a similar day with drizzle in West Cork style. Fleur and Sarah left early by car for Dublin. Sarah Donovan, a very competent TCD medical student, joined us as we motored out and along Long Island Sound.

*Witchcraft* was ahead and, as it was high water, we both headed for Goleen, where we reversed in and squeezed into the gap between a fishing boat and the rocky shore opposite. We had a damp walk up to the restaurant for a cup of tea and hurried back, to get away on the accelerating ebb. A short leg into Crookhaven

where we picked up a visitors’ mooring in a gathering wet south-westerly. We were in distinguished company with *Oonavara* and *War Baby* here also. Huge meals ashore with Sarah’s parents, Boz and Gerry, and then back aboard in full oilskins on a horrible night. The south west wind funnels along this fine anchorage.

July 15th 1896 saw the *Brenda* sail down the coast from Castlehaven, outside “Clear Island” to enter Crookhaven in early afternoon. He beat in and “one may hold on almost ‘til the bow sprit touches the shore.” Next day he rounded Mizen Head without comment and crossed Bantry Bay to Dursey Island off which “it grew black and the sea was looking coarse for a craft of our dimensions”. They anchored in Firkeel Bay and during the night caused smugglers to make a hasty retreat on seeing the *Brenda*. This bay is E of Crow Head, and is open to the S with the “Good Boat Cove” at its W end (Admiralty Chart 2495).



*Brenda* as she was in 1896, when she became the first winner of the Challenge Cup. for a cruise round Ireland. She had been extensively modified in 1894, when her bow was lengthened by John Hilditch of Carrickfergus to Dr Sinclair’s own designs, New dimensions: LOA 28ft., Beam 7ft. 4 ins., Draft 4ft. 7ins., TM 6 tons.

From a drawing by J.W.

Meanwhile, in 1996, *Ardnagee*



Departure from Bangor.

PHOTO: James Nixon

had a most uncomfortable motor-sail round into Bantry Bay, where the sun came out as we ran before a gentle south-westerly, in smoother water, up into lovely Glengariff. We anchored in a moderate-sized fleet and joined the Clyde Cruising Club raft for their malt whisky party. The water in the anchorage off Back Island was an appropriate peaty colour after the heavy rain of the previous day. I was wakened at dawn by wind and halyard clacking and shouting. The scene was spectacular, as those who were not dragging tried to rouse those who were. Many near hits occurred and most draggers departed for Bantry. We stayed on smugly to leave later, after a diver called and attached a new anode to our propeller shaft. The northerly carried us across to Bantry in sunlight, to join the final muster of the Cruise in Company. We watered at the moored motor boat with hose connection to the shore, and were alongside *Ulidia* (Peter Watts CCA, an Ulsterman settled in Nova Scotia). His fine vessel is a Kantor 46, steel built and they had crossed the Atlantic with the decks barely getting wet.

The final reception ashore rounded off the event as my ladies left for home, and Chris McFerran rejoined me with Patrick Knatchbull for the west coast trip. We resisted the temptation to stay, and motored out over the bar in the west entrance, trying to find the leading marks. We proceeded into an ominous sunset and gathering cloud, and entered Bearhaven in darkness. I wanted to get to Dunloy, but the visibility was so poor, we turned into Castletown and anchored off Dinish Island, as it started to rain.

Tuesday 30 July was wet with south-westerly force 5. We had a lumpy passage past Sinclair's anchorage, and whizzed through Dursey Sound into the Kenmare River. The sun came out for a time as we beat across towards Bolus Head and passed inside the Skelligs and Lemon Rock. The seas off Bray Head were horrible, but eventually settled, on the reach across Dingle Bay to Dingle. Fungi briefly welcomed us as we entered and happily berthed at the marina.

On July 17th 1896, Sinclair left at dawn to beat all day outside Dursey between the Cow and Calf, and later came to anchor East of the Great Blasket Island. "The ground

swell makes it hard to get a decent night's sleep." Next day they crept through Blasket Sound to Smerwick Harbour, where stores were taken on. They headed out for the Aran Isles and fetched the entrance to Foul Sound in darkness, so he lay-to for the first time and was much pleased with the *Brenda's* performance. At daylight they made sail and came into Killeaney Bay on Inishmore. Sinclair does not land often: he is off across the North Sound the next day and has some puzzling navigational moments before anchoring near Kilkieran. "We spent three days cruising around the neighbouring islands on the Galway coast, during which time we saw not a little of what goes on "when her Majesty is not at home", as they say, besides a little shooting and a great deal of fishing."

By July 24th he rounded Slyne Head, where the race "is no pleasanter than its fellows" and he beat round to Cleggan. There his amateur crew had to run homeward and he took on Michael, a "Bofinite", as crew for the remainder of the voyage. They

sailed over to Inishbofin for the night. He mentions three white towers in line, marking the entrance – he may have included the tower on Gun Island as there are only two on the north side of the harbour.

A strong north-westerly kept "Ardnagee" in Dingle for a day. We got away early on the first of August in NW 3 - 4, to fetch down to Blasket Sound and beat through to the north. The breeze backed slowly and we made good progress towards Inishbofin. The seas remained very steep for about fifteen miles off the Kerry coast. Slyne Head light was picked out as we headed towards Inishbofin in sooty darkness. After discussion, we all agreed that the wind was fair and we were in good shape so "drive on the gates are open". We went to the west of Inishark and towards Achill. Dawn revealed all the wonderful Connemara and Mayo peaks in dark cloud and, close by, Achill was as impressive as ever. The wind was south west now and we bowled along inside Black Rock, past the Inishkea's and out into Donegal Bay. We broad reached, with occasional motoring, towards Arranmore and rounded into the well-lit entrance to Burtonport, where we came alongside at 2300, 38 hours from Dingle. Time for pints and a good sleep. This village is now very welcoming to yachtsmen.

Sinclair left Inishbofin (despite being pressed to stay by Mr. Allies, the island's owner,) and he beat north to Achill Head, where he was able to ease sheets and later came to anchor east of the Broadhaven lighthouse. He visited Belmullet and its canal. Later that night he was back aboard, and Mike was ashore and unable to get aboard as the sea had risen. He stood all night on the shore watching the riding light (and it had a "fairly lively time"). Mike came aboard the next morning in wet clothes and refused to change as "the likes of him were used to wet things". They crossed Donegal Bay on July 29th and closed Rathlin O'Beirne in the evening. The wind was very light so he held out to sea, and next day had a slow sail past Arranmore

and into Cruit Bay, where they anchored between Inishillintry and Yellow Rock. In flat calm next day the tide carried them north through Gola Sounds and inside Inishmeane and Inishirrer. I have done this passage, and it must concentrate the attention somewhat to do so without an engine. He sailed on round Bloody Foreland and through Keelasmore Sound, between Inishbofin and Inishdoeey (in which he noted dangerous rocks) and passed Horn Head, to come into the entrance to Mulroy Bay and anchored off Ravedy Island.

*Ardnagee's* crew had a leisurely breakfast and left Burtonport at noon in force 4 to 5 sou'westerly. We motored out through Rutland North Channel between the pink granite rocks. The Arranmore ferry passed us en route – very tight at Carrickatine, where the channel is close to the beacon. There then followed the best day's sail of the cruise, with a run before the breeze under main alone, through Owey Sound with the Donegal coast bathed in sunlight and the inevitable blue hills forming a memorable backdrop. We surged along outside Gola and the other islands of the Rosses and we followed Sinclair through Keelasmore Sound, avoiding Toberglassan Rock off the lovely sandy bay of that name. There was smoother water as we ran on towards Horn Head, off the huge sand dune at Doeey near Falcarragh. Initially we had planned to call in to Rathmullen, but conditions were good and the forecast was bad so, as often happens, we pressed on, passing Melmore, Fanad and Dunaff Heads to turn south round Malin Head at 20.00. We sailed on through Garvan Sound, as the breeze came to the south and became cooler and damp. Motoring, we came into Portrush to berth alongside the pontoon on the north quay at 24.00. Despite a noisy night-club at the top of the harbour, we slept well.

Sinclair seemed equally eager to get home at this stage in his voyage. He set off at dawn on 1st August in calm, and made Inishtrahull Sound by 14.00. With a freshening northerly they closed Sheep Island as the tide turned in their favour. They took all reefs in and handed the jib to sail through the night with one or two "smart puffs" coming down. He noted an "uncomfortable side jabble" in the seas north of Larne (an expression still used in Belfast Lough today).

By dawn on 2nd August he was off Muck Island and by 1000 they had picked up the mooring at Cultra with the aid of the "wooden topsails".

Two days and one hundred years later, we followed Sinclair, leaving Portrush at 0800, and we carried the east-going eddy, to catch the flood through Rathlin Sound. The force 5 southerly gave us a lovely sail along this spectacular coast, in smooth water. However, the last leg from Fair Head home was most uncomfortable. A spring tide, flooding south against a freshening southerly, kicked up a steep sea. We sailed and motored wetly south, eventually getting some shelter close off Ballygalley. Off Muck Island, the race was still running, as we joined yachts coming back from West Highland Week. Belfast Lough was filled with sails as we closed Bangor and berthed at 1700. We were joined remarkably quickly

by several participants from the Cruise-in-Company, who had returned home east-about. We ran out of tonic.

It had been a most efficient and rapid return passage from Bantry. *Ardnagee* yet again proved to be an excellent sea boat, and very comfortable on such a trip. Chris and Patrick were most agreeable passage-making companions.

Reading Sinclair's account is a somewhat humiliating experience. His circumnavigation was done in a small boat with no engine, and probably poor windward ability. His crew left him just after half way. He completed his voyage in all conditions without breakage or disaster. He was obviously an extraordinary man, and this was recognised by the Cruising Club.

He took 33 days for the cruise of "1,079 sea miles actually sailed", and four night passages were included. I only regret that he did not write more about the ports visited and the people that he met. I suspect that like many cruising men, he was happiest sailing and itched to get to sea when in port.

Sinclair went on to win the Cruising Club's Challenge Cup in 1897 for a cruise in the *Saiph*, a 30 foot LWL cutter, designed by him and built by Kelly in Portrush and this craft had a watertight cockpit! His account of the cruise in the West of Scotland is good reading. The following log, in the same volume of the Cruising Club Journal, is "To the Baltic through the Frisian Islands", by R. Erskine Childers, with signs of the style of "Riddle of the Sands" showing.

In 1898 Sinclair was awarded the Challenge Cup for the third successive year for a cruise in the *Yucca*, a 32 foot length waterline cutter. She was also designed by him and built by Kelly. That cruise was again in the West of Scotland.

In later years he reported a cruise in a chartered harbour tug from Belfast – evidently his wife was a chronic invalid and could not cope with sailing. The voyage was punctuated by calls at ports for more coal!

During the first world war he served in hospital ships including the *Mauretania* and *Caronia* and subsequently he retired and lived in Torquay until his death in 1951 at the age of 90. A remarkable man.

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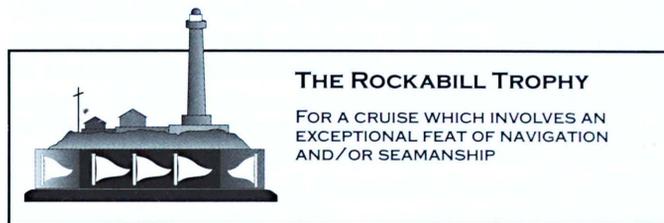


Donegal blue hills

PHOTO: James Nixon.

# White Heather to The Dark Continent

Tom Foote



When David FitzGerald first approached me about joining his *White Heather* for a Spanish Cruise I did not hesitate for long in case he might change his mind! After all, it was mid-winter, and an escape from the west of Ireland was not to be sneezed at. I didn't even have to argue strongly to get my wife, Hilary, to come too. Especially when I told her that Jean would be accompanying Dave, and that he promised fine weather for the entire trip. I'm not sure if he said that with his tongue in his cheek, but it doesn't really matter because it had the desired result and we made our plans accordingly.

With an 09.00 flight out of Dublin, the morning of Sunday 25 February greeted us with icy roads that tested our consumption of the night before, even though I don't believe we were among the last to leave the ICC dinner in Waterford.

Dave had not, however, planned on our flight being delayed by several hours. So our voyage really started in the bar at Dublin airport. Faced with a taxi ride from Faro to the Spanish border it meant that we would not arrive on board until 22.00.

It was dark in El Rompido and there were few lights and even fewer people as a chill wind searched its narrow streets. Were we really in Spain? - I wasn't sure. So it was with some misgiving that I found myself clustered with the others on an unfamiliar beach launching an overloaded dinghy into a cold on-shore breeze. For some reason I was reminded of other dark anchorages much closer to home and on boarding the yacht with the requisite wet feet, it dawned on me that it really was winter down here too!

The stove soon warmed up the saloon and after a fine feed of sausages that Hilary had thankfully insisted on purchasing in Dublin airport, we snuggled into our bunks at peace with the world and with three weeks still at our disposal.

Day 1: Monday 26 February. The morning dawned fair with clear skies and a favourable North Westerly wind of 15 knots. We motored out at 09.00, passing out of shoal ground off the El Rompido approach buoy at 10.00. Perhaps I should mention that the buoyed channel out of El Rompido is clearly marked and not as difficult as it would seem on the chart, but the buoys are quite small and more difficult to pick out if coming in from the sea. Also the sand bars have to be passed close at hand and would look daunting in fresh on shore conditions.

Once clear of the channel we were soon bowling along under full sail for our first way point off Huelva. Although the morning remained chilly until noon, visibility was excellent and with a helpful following sea, we were soon all on deck enjoying the sail with the Bahia de Cadiz and the harbour of Puerto de Santa Maria our destination for the day.

When we gybed onto 110 Mag at our first way point at noon, the sun was making its presence felt and we knew that we were definitely in Spain. So it was, that the first tot of the day was enjoyed as we dodged our way through a large fleet of ships anchored far off shore, all waiting for berths in Huelva.

At 14.15 we gybed onto 175 Mag close in to Torre de la Higuera on Cota de Donana. Now with a lifting wind that favoured our passage, we sped onward to the Bay of Cadiz.

It was at this point that we realised how wise Hilary had been in stocking up on the rashers at Dublin airport, as our late arrival last night had precluded us from obtaining stores in El Rompido. With lunch inside us all hands were now settling into an enjoyable routine and glad that we had come.

Shortly after 14.25 we passed close to the entrance for the Guadalquivir river leading inland to Seville - a recently wrecked merchant ship showing clearly how not to enter the bay!

Still in fine sailing conditions we rounded Baja Salmedina West cardinal buoy at 16.40. By 18.30 we were flying up the Bay of Cadiz in a freshening North Westerly with the Rota US naval base to port and Cadiz off to starboard near the towers of Castillo San Sebastian.

Founded by the Phoenicians 3,000 years ago, most of the buildings date back to the 18th Century and the Cadiz skyline will always be remembered.

With light fading at 19.10 we identified the breakwater



*White Heather* in Puerto De Santa Maria.

protecting Puerto de Santa Maria without difficulty and furled sail to motor in.

Port formalities were soon dealt with, even though photo copying of passports was a requirement. Dinner in the Club was a first class affair, three excellent courses and a bottle of good white wine for a tenner each. A fine end to a perfect first day! Tuesday. This was a day for relaxation in which we stored ship with all the items that we had not had time to obtain in El Rompido before we sailed.

Our purchases included an impressively large bottle of Amontillado sherry. Bought in a bodega sherry warehouse, and filled from an aromatic black cask. It cost less than the price of a six-pack of tonic water.

Puerto de Santa Maria proved to be larger than we expected. It is a delightful town that was once an old port built to handle the produce of Jerez that was brought down in barges on the Rio Guadalete.

Apparently, in Elizabethan times at least one planned attack on Cadiz went awry when British troops on forays ashore, discovered the stored liquid and drank themselves to a standstill. Consequently, Dave and I were placed under close arrest in case we might be tempted to follow suit!

By evening, although we had expected Paddy Walsh and his crew on *Jilliana* to rendezvous with us they had still not arrived. A VHF call picked them up just after dark as they headed into Cadiz and on hearing that we had booked a dinner table in the Yacht Club, they altered course and made fast astern of us at 21.30.

Dinner was excellent and it was obvious that the Yacht Club staff were delighted to have two crews to entertain. It was a late night, and well into the early hours before we could persuade Donal Curtis, Ray O'Toole and Eoin Bresnihan to go home to *Jilliana*.

Wednesday. *Jilliana* sailed for Cadiz before noon leaving us to nurse our respective hangovers in peace. Later we lunched ashore with a festival in full swing in the town centre and dined aboard that evening.

Thursday. It was not yet fully light when we cast off at 07.30 for Tangier. It was also decidedly chilly so early in the morning, with skies that were overcast for the first time, and signs of rain falling on Cadiz on our port hand.

After clearing Castillo de San Sebastian, we found ourselves in heavy rain as oilskins appeared for the first time.

Still motoring in heavy rain we altered course at the West Cardinal buoy at 09.00 to pass 8 miles South West of Cape Trafalgar. Now with a favourable breeze, we made sail.

We came abeam of Cape Trafalgar at 13.30 keeping a sharp lookout for tunny nets suspected to be in the area. The sky remained partly cloudy with sun breaking through only every now and again and although the wind was still Easterly it fell to 5 knots, forcing us to motor sail towards the African coast which was just visible.

The gin bottle miraculously appeared on rounding Cape Trafalgar and we spent a happy hour discussing that great sea battle that had taken place on the very spot over which we sailed. For me, it was also a time to reminisce on the many times I had passed this way on voyages to and from the Far East.

A freshening easterly wind came at 14.30 allowing us to switch off the engine. We had a fine sail across the Straits of Gibraltar in a force 4 or 5 and were troubled by far less big ship traffic than we had expected.

At 16.30 with the wind again very light the engine was re-started and we motored towards Tangier which we could now see clearly. Our first problem manifested itself when the genoa proved extremely difficult to furl and had to be coaxed by hand. We quickly realised that we had bearing problems in the drum.

At 17.00 we made fast alongside the quay reserved for yachts in the inner fishing harbour where there were three other yachts looking forlorn as though they had been abandoned there. A very smart looking British Westerly Pentland, *Twopenny Two*, out of Estepona, had preceded us in and was also tied up alongside.

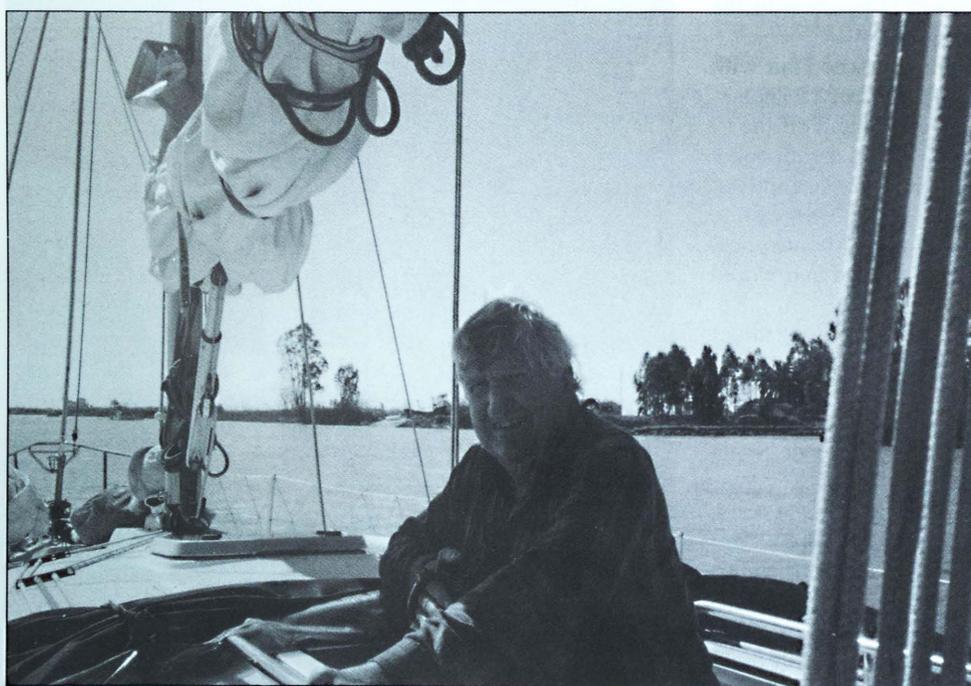
Almost immediately, an emigration official and two armed policemen boarded us and the fun started. With some amusement we noticed that one of the policemen who was younger than the other two men, had an empty holster. We conjectured that he had either lost his weapon or else he was a trainee! However, the protracted formalities were helped along by a few judiciously placed packets of cigarettes and it was soon evident that they held the Irish soccer team in high regard and were in no hurry to clear the British yacht which was nearby. In due course they all departed ashore taking our passports and ship's papers with them and assuring us that we could retrieve them at any time we wished to leave.

Darkness and the musty smell of Africa descended over us as a British flagged Rival 34 out of Gibraltar tied up alongside.

It became apparent from a conversation with her skipper that she was a frequent visitor, and on enquiring where we would find a good restaurant, we were advised that eating ashore was not to be recommended. In fact he made it perfectly clear that anyone who did so had to be quite mad! I will always be glad that we chose to ignore his advice.

We took a taxi to the Rue Louis Pasteur at a modest cost of £2 (13 Dirhams to £1). The contrast to mainland Spain just a short few miles away was remarkable but finding our bearings, we selected the restaurant San Remo on Rue Ahmed Chaouk and enjoyed what was to be the most memorable dinner of our entire trip.

Friday. A fine sunny morning, the harbour alive with fishing boats putting out to sea and busy with frequent ferries coming and going



Dave Fitzgerald, the skipper in the Guadalquivir River.

from the mainland across the Straits.

We wandered the Casbah shaking off prospecting guides who were like leeches. No sooner did we shake off one than another would appear! All warning us of the risks involved in doing it alone. The Skipper in particular, did not take kindly to their advances and we were forced to retreat to the Tangier Continental hotel that overlooked the harbour. We were able to enjoy a beer on a balcony that offered a fine view over the bay and the surprisingly green hills that surrounded the city.

An elderly waiter and an even older manager, took us on a tour of the hotel and it was obvious that they both shared unusual pride in it's Victorian decadence. There were spacious rooms with brass four poster beds at \$30 per night including breakfast and an evening meal, a myriad of lounging areas with elaborately tiled walls and faded rugs of indeterminable age. Graham Greene or Somerset Maugham would have felt quite at home!

Later, we bought fresh vegetables and fruit in a souk market so that we could dine on board that night in some style. After dinner we were invited aboard the British yacht "Twopenny Two" for drinks where the owner and his son regaled us with accounts of their sailing on the North African coast. Their adventures had included being arrested at gun point by local police in a remote village without electricity where subsequently, they were held overnight in a one-room calaboose until port formalities were sorted out. I should add, that this 17 year old Westerly Pentland was so well kept that she could just have left the builder's yard.

Saturday. Although we anticipated some bureaucratic delay, our clearance from Tangier could not have been smoother. We had enjoyed nothing but courtesy and kindness from any of the local people and we concluded that our efficient treatment was all down to Jack Charlton and his lads in green!

We cast off at 09.45 and motored out into warm sunny conditions with little wind.

At 11.00 we passed through a widely scattered fishing fleet that stretched to the western horizon. East and West bound shipping again presented no problems and were easily identified, one west-bound LNG carrier resembling a series of strange bee hives on the horizon. For me, the ships we saw bore no resemblance to the fine Clans and Blue Funnel ships that I remembered so clearly from my early days at sea, but I decided right then that our call at Tangier could not have been missed and it is still a vivid memory.

A sudden change in engine note at 13.10 sounded ominous. This was quickly followed by a drop in revs from 2500 to 500. On inspection we found that the holding bolt on the alternator had sheared. We stopped the engine and made a temporary repair by lashing the alternator with cod line made fast to the companionway hand holds. Thirty minutes later we were motoring again.

We made fast in the Barbate marina at 14.00 and as soon as we were secure, Dave headed off on a futile search for a mechanic. He should have known that Murphy's law dictates that mechanical problems occur on Saturdays with a weekend fiesta about to start! Add to this, the build up to a National election and your chances of getting a Spanish mechanic are zero! However, Barbate looked a

pleasant enough little town and nobody was complaining.

Sunday. Took a bus to Veher de la Fronteira, one of the most remarkable Andalusian villages in the area and spent our day sightseeing high in the hills. This excursion is not to be missed, the views across the surrounding countryside are spectacular. Unfortunately Jean had not been well for the past few days and was unable to enjoy this trip.

On our return to the yacht, we learned that the mechanic had to travel from Porto Sherry near Cadiz and would not be with us until Monday. Still nobody was unduly worried.  
Monday Day 8

A mechanic joined us in the afternoon and quickly removed the sheared bolt from the engine casing. It was at this point that the rot set in.

All day the wind has been rising steadily from the East and now we were forced to delay our departure for another day with a forecast of gales in the Straits of Gibraltar.

Tuesday. Shades of the West coast! Dave and myself on deck at 04.00 in our skivvies in a rising easterly with wind touching 46 knots. In spite of being well sheltered inside a high breakwater the yacht was heeling dramatically as we doubled up on all warps. With the Skipper and I dancing around in our boxer shorts it was as well for the locals that it was still dark!

The day was spent close to the yacht because of the weather. In spite of clear blue skies the wind rarely dropped below 28 knots with sustained gusts of 40 knots. The levanter was still blowing at nightfall when Hilary served roast chicken and all the trimmings.

Wednesday. The forecast was for continuing Force 10 Easterly winds in the Straits. One look at the confused sea conditions outside the harbour made the decision to further delay our departure an easy one, but by now Dave was worrying about losing time. My philosophy was that although it was considerably cloudier today with scattered sunshine, it was still better than being at home!

I filled in the morning quaffing a few beers with Roy & Martin, two modern day Cornish pirates who were refitting the run-down 40 foot sloop "Argonaut." They were heading for the Cape Verde Islands where they planned to open a charter business.

I am fortunate to have a good imagination and thoroughly enjoyed their stories from that remote place, including their tales of treasure reputedly left behind by Captains Teach and Morgan!



Jean and Hilary after clearing the plastic bag in the Guadalquivir River.



Cape Trafalgar.

was causing a breaking sea across the harbour entrance and quite a vicious scend inside at the pontoons. Consequently we spent an uncomfortable night, sleepless at times because of a vicious snatch on our bow lines.

Thursday. All hands felt tired after last night. The wind still Westerly at 24 knots and on the nose for El Rompido, with a dirty sea kicking up outside.

We decided to remain another day but motored into the inner harbour to escape from the scend.

Dave's epoxy repair looked good, but he found a new problem with a leaking seal at the back of the cooling pump. This was definitely a job for a mechanic.

Friday. The day was fine and sunny but quite cold in a westerly 18 knot breeze but with the water pump now repaired we were able to leave Chipiona at 11.45.

Once clear of the fairway, we set sail off the Number 1 buoy at 12.15 and went on to a reach making a satisfying 7 knots although the sea remained lumpy with the remnants of a two day swell.

Passed abeam of Torre de la Higuera at 14.00 but fifteen minutes later we were engulfed by heavy rainstorms. Then at 15.00 the wind veered North Westerly to head us.

By 1745 we were 1 mile south of the breakwater for Ria de Huelva in sharp breaking seas that brought spray on deck. Soon afterwards the wind swung 40 degrees into the North and rose from 10 to 28 knots in a matter of minutes.

At 18.15 we made fast in Mazagon Marina where we found a choice of good restaurants nearby.

Saturday. We sailed from Mazagon at 09.00 on the final short hop to El Rompido, a distance of about 25 miles and by mid afternoon we were safely back on our mooring and had cleaned ship.

This was the end of a most enjoyable cruise covering a relaxing 400 miles. We had our little adventures along the way and made a number of new friends, but most importantly came home good friends ourselves, with a few memories to hold on to. Our one abiding regret was that Jean had suffered considerably from back pain at times which must have made the cruise far less enjoyable for her.

#### Summary

		Miles	Time(Hrs.)
February			
26th	El Rompido — Puerto de Santa Maria	65	10.5
29th	Puerto de Santa Maria — Tangier	63	9.5
March			
2nd	Tangier — Barbate	25	4.5
7th	Barbate — Cadiz	40	6.0
8th	Cadiz — Seville	80	12.0
11th	Seville — Guadalquiver River	12	2.0
12th	Guadalquiver River — Chipiona	45	4.5
15th	Chipiona — Huelva (Mazagon)	40	7.0
16th	Mazagon — El Rompido	25	5.0