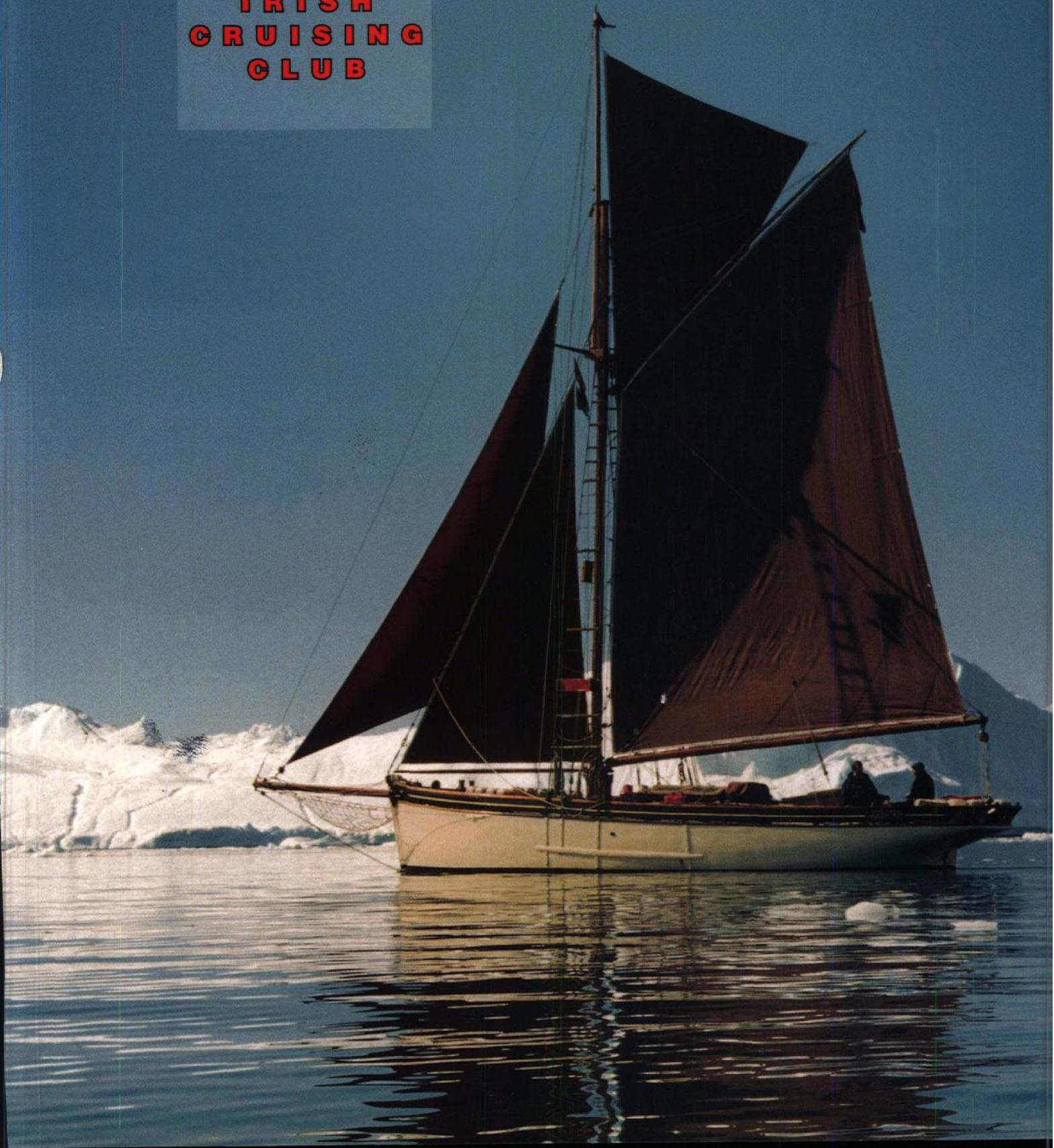
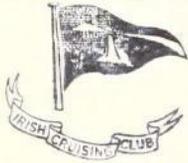


**1998
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**IRISH
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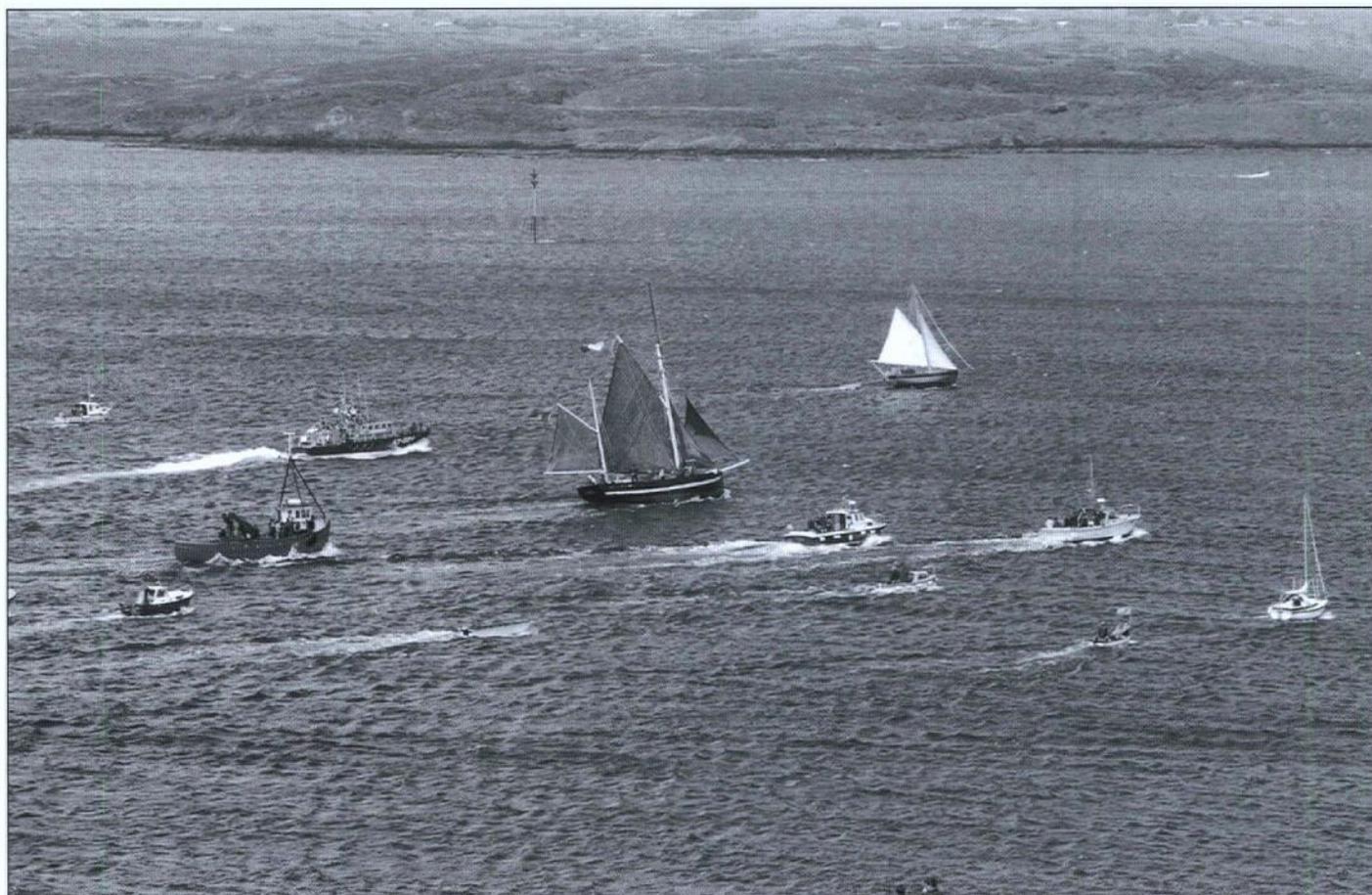
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IRISH CRUISING CLUB

ANNUAL 1998



Ilen sails back into Baltimore harbour on Sunday May 31st 1998 after an absence of seventy two years as workboat to the Falkland Island Company. Crew on board included Gary McMahon and Ed Walsh, instrumental in her homecoming. On the pier in Baltimore to meet her were relatives of her builder Tom Moynihan. Two weeks later, on June 14th, she sailed out to North Harbour, Oileán Cléire, to a celebration of Conor O'Brien and the two 'capers' Con and Denis Cadogan, who sailed *Ilen* with him south to the Falkland Islands in 1926.

Ilen is now at Hegarty's Boatyard, Oldcourt.

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Front Cover

Adrian Spence's Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter *Madcap* off Illulisat Glacier, West Greenland. *Photograph: Frank Sadlier*

Back Cover

Six of 125 aerial photographs which appear in the ninth edition of the Irish Cruising Club's *South and West Coast Sailing Directions*.
Photographs: Kevin Dwyer

Submissions for 1999 Annual

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Irish Cruising Club Annual 1998

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Honorary Secretary's Report

I am not aware that any members of your committee find the first meeting of the year, the election meeting, other than difficult. The January 1998 election was no less difficult than those of previous years and after discussion lasting nearly two hours, ten applicants were elected, their names being recorded in the panel attached. Many other applicants were well qualified and would have been welcome as members, but we are right up to our maximum number of 550 as decided at the AGM some years ago. This limit has been discussed and reviewed by the committee on quite a number of occasions, the decision each time has been that it is in the best interests of the Club that it remain as it is.

At the normal committee meeting which followed, the Hon Treasurer, commenting on the decision which had been made that the annual subscription be raised to £40 for 1998 and subsequent years pointed out that the cost of the 1997 Annual had been almost £19 per member. His view, fully endorsed by the committee is that the Club should operate on a break even basis without the necessity of subvention from publications, thus the increased subscription had been absolutely necessary. In this regard, consideration was given to appointing an assistant honorary treasurer to deal with subscriptions and also to suspending the facility of payment by credit card, which was proving administratively difficult as well as being expensive.

A review of accessories, or Club Regalia is being carried out, including the design of a new tie, the production of blazer buttons etc. A suggestion was made that a new tie would be required for 2004, to mark our 75th anniversary in that year and ideas are being sought for it.

Two very long standing members were attending their last committee meeting. Brian Hegarty and David Nicholson were both standing down having served over sixteen or seventeen

years as committee members and officers. It is dedication and continuity such as they provided which makes a considerable contribution to the growth and stability of your Club.

Another Annual Dinner in the Slieve Donard Hotel, Newcastle, Co Down, with an attendance of 285 members and guests. Rear Commodore Peter Ronaldson organised everything perfectly and said that while members had commented favourably on the refurbishment and service provided by the hotel, on the next occasion that the north was to be responsible for the dinner a much wider choice of hotels would be available so that it would not be necessary to return, yet again, to Newcastle.

Attendance at the AGM was slightly down on previous years at 55 members but as always a lively interest was taken in the manner in which your committee has been looking after the Club. Presenting his report Hon Treasurer Donal Brazil referred to the cost of the 1997 Annual, at £10,000, and to bank fees and credit card charges on the collection of subscriptions. Michael d'Alton was concerned at the payment of these charges, he felt the banks were grazing at our expense. The Honorary Treasurer suggested that for 1999 and probably onwards, subscriptions should only be payable by cheque. This would ease the administrative burden, make Mickey d'Alton happier by cutting down on the grazing and possibly encourage non interested members to resign.

The names of four members who were in subscription default were then read out. No response (in the form of cash) being forthcoming from the attendance, they ceased to be members of the Club.

None other than those names being proposed by the committee for election having been submitted, those named in the attached panel were, on the proposal of Dermod Ryan, seconded by Jack Wolfe, deemed elected. But the election marked a break with tradition as Commodore Liam McGonagle was standing down after only two years in office. Commodores since 1960 have served for the maximum three years allowed for by the rules, but Liam had said at the time he was first elected that he intended to stay for only two years.

The first point of his final address ex officio was to mention that he and the committee had decided to award the John B Kearney Cup to the South Arís Team, led by Irish Everest climber Frank Nugent and your Honorary Editor Paddy Barry. The award had not been decided before the Annual went to print, it was well deserved and reflected the



Bayona. Bruce Lyster, Brian McManus, Estanislaio Duran (Commodore MRCY), Michael McKee (Commodore ICC), John Bourke and Colin Chapman.

Photo Hilary Keatinge

commitment and effort which had gone into a magnificent undertaking.

Your Commodore detailed some of the flying hours he had put in in representing your Club at events across the globe. The 75th Anniversary celebrations of the Cruising Club of America required at least three flying visits, to the Winter Cruise in the Caribbean in March, to the celebration at the US Naval Academy at Annapolis where he had been asked to deliver the keynote speech and then he had the additional stress of returning again to participate in the Summer Cruise along the Maine coast, two most stressful weeks in the sun in which the ICC group of 30 members was the biggest foreign contingent by far.

He was looking forward to the Galicia Cruise, the organisation of which was in Leo Conway hands and where the number of intending participants already far exceeded what had been expected when the idea was first proposed. Referring to the new List of Members in booklet form, it had been very well received and it was intended to produce it again this year.

Finishing up, he thanked members for his two wonderful years in office and he thanked those whom he had relied on for support. Greeting Michael McKee as Commodore, he formally handed over office.

Commodore Michael McKee expressed his delight at having been elected as the 20th Commodore of the Club, the 5th from the north. With a brief few opening words, he proceeded to an even briefer "Any Other Business". Only two members with the split second timing required, succeeded in raising matters before the Commodores gavel brought the meeting to a close. He then called on Anne Cudmore, wife of adjudicator Ron Cudmore to present the trophies and awards.

A very active season of spring/summer rallies and dinners took place in all the regions in the period between the end of May and early June. In what has become increasingly in recent years a combined East and North June Rally, Carlingford was again the venue. Twenty three yachts with 100 persons took part with an excellent informal dinner at the Dundalk Sailing Club. The dinner



Commodore with leader of the Galician band at the Municipal reception, P de C.

Photo: Hilary Keatinge



At the Portosin dinner. Joe Woodward, Augusto Nores Lorenzo (Commodore) and Anne McKee

Photo: Gordon Hunter



Scientific research in the vineyards of Bodegas Solnasur.

Photo: Hilary Keatinge

was prepared by the ladies of the Club in the way in which many regatta dinners around the coast were prepared in the past, it was a delightful occasion.

I recorded the following yachts as having taken part: *Realta, Faustina II, Vintner, Alannah, Arctic Fern, Alakush, Nyabo, Elysium, Caprice, Snowgoose of Moygannon, Ducalion, Marie Claire II, Ounavarra, Erquy, Isobel, Cuchulain, Alys, Moonstream, Leigh Mary, Evolution II, Suada, Golden Nomad.*

The Cruise in Galicia at the end of June was the second "long distance" cruise the Club has arranged. It was the best attended so far, 34 yachts participated with over 160 people at the functions. It will be well recorded later in this Annual. Suffice to note in this Hon. Secretary's report, that the lunch at Pueblo de Caraminal will be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present long after other memories of the cruise have faded. Now your committee must consider what other cruises, rallies or Club Meets should take place between now and the year 2004 when the 75th Anniversary of the founding of your Club will have to be marked in an appropriate way.

Because of the later date of the AGM, the first meeting of the new committee which usually took place in late April or early May was not held so there was an interval of seven months before the meeting in late October. Continuing the tradition of holding that meeting around the regions, it was the turn of the west's Rear Commodore Paddy O'Sullivan to arrange the venue at Castlebar, attended by 14 committee members. A long agenda took three hours to complete at a brisk pace under the Commodore.

Members were pleased to be able to purchase copies of the new edition of the South & West Sailing Directions which had just been collected from the printer by the Chairman of the Publications Sub Committee Terry Johnson. We had been out of stock of this volume for several months which had been a source of great concern to the committee. Stocks of the East & North volume are also exhausted and a reprint is being organised while a new edition is being prepared.

In that regard the committee has received the resignation for health reasons of the Honorary Compiler, Malachi O'Gallagher, who with his wife Evelyn has been responsible for the quality and thus the sell out of the present editions. His work in transferring these editions onto computer disc together with his re-writing of the text and sourcing of new chartlets has been immense and is greatly appreciated. The committee is now faced with the task of appointing a successor, or successors, because it is recognised that the work load of the compiler is now such that it would seem sensible to appoint a compiler for each of the editions. It was decided that copies of the South & West would be available to members of the Club at £25.

The Vice Commodore presented a detailed report on the Annual Dinner to be held on 24th March, 1999, in the Hotel Europe, Killarney. Again all seems set for an excellent occasion, as usual details are included in the booking form being circulated with this Annual.

Resignations were accepted from two members who no longer feel they have an active interest in the Club. To encourage others who feel they are no longer really interested to resign, but who would like to continue to receive the Annual each year, it was agreed that past members who wrote to the Hon Secretary in November each year requesting the Annual would have it posted to them on receipt of a cheque to cover its cost and postage. In this way changes of address etc. would not need to be recorded by the Club and past members would only receive the Annual for as long as their interest remained.

Many members who have sailed the Atlantic in recent years have used the weather forecasting service provided, free, by *Southbound II*. Herb Hilgenberg, in Canada, is on SSB radio every evening at 20.00., and the Club decided to make a donation to him in appreciation of his services. That donation is

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

Flag Officers and Committee 1998

Commodore	Michael McKee	1st year
Vice Commodore	Arthur Baker	2nd year
Rear Commodore	Terence Johnson	1st year
Rear Commodore	Paddy O'Sullivan	1st year

Hon Secretary	Cormac McHenry	9th year
Hon Treasurer	Donal Brazil	6th year

East

Brendan Bradley
Brendan Connor
Paddy Barry
Malachi O'Gallagher
Liam McGonagle
(ex officio)

South

Michael Coleman
Chris Bruen
Donal McClement
Keith Hunt

West

Paddy Walsh
Jarlath Cunnane

North

Hugh Kennedy
Peter Ronaldson
Michael O'Farrell
Ronnie Barr

New Members

John Ballagh	Cultra
Sean Barnes	Dublin
John Cunningham	Galway
Paddy Horan	Co Clare
Kieran Jameson	Howth
Derek McCleave	Belfast
Chris McKeown	Antrim
Eddie Sheehy	Cork
Noel Smith	Co Wicklow
Nicholas Walsh	Waterford

Deceased Members

Robert Barton
George Clarke
Hugh Coveney
Mary Dwyer
John C McConnell
Chris McKeown
Robert Shanks
Michael D Whelan

being "topped up" by donations from individual members who have used his services.

Finally, it was decided that your Club would only seek publicity where it would enhance sales of our sailing directions. With the difficulty applicants experience in getting elected, it is felt that anything more could work against the image of the Club.

Another positive, progressive year by a vibrant Club.

Cormac P McHenry
Honorary Secretary

Challenge Cup Awards

Bob Fannin

It is an honour to be asked to adjudicate, but also a worry not to make a bags of it, for someone of a nervous disposition.

The submissions, in the main, are excellent and, needless to say offer a wide range of far and wide cruising adventure – in fact, the world seems to be becoming a smaller place for the salt-water adventurers of the Irish Cruising Club. No corner of the universe is safe, except space – at the moment. I didn't have the opportunity to partake in the Galician cruise which, apparently, lived up to all expectations. Weather, while there, was excellent, as was the sailing. It appears that there was a lot of fun ashore as well! Is this unusual for the Club?

Sadly, my Christmas reading, accompanied by a drop of the 'crater', has been reduced to tit-bits – I've read all the logs now – dammit!

The awards are as follows:

THE FAULKNER CUP – The Club's premier award. To John Waddell in *Heather of Mourne* – for an invigorating cruise with kindred spirits to four distinct and different countries (actually five now that Cornwall are going for UDI!).

THE STRANGFORD CUP – for the alternative best cruise. To David Park in *Alys* – for a very good long distance cruise taking in part of the Galician Rally, northern coast of Spain, Bordeaux, Brittany and the Cornish peninsula.

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY – for a passage of at least 1,000 miles. To Adrian Spence in *Madcap*. For s good 'hard chaw' cruise, a madcap adventure amongst the ice in a venerable old lady of the sea.

THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP. To Paddy Barry in *Saint Patrick* – for a good cruise visiting out-of-the-way places, proving good craic can be found anywhere if you look hard enough.

THE FORTNIGHT CUP. To Jim Slevin in *Testa Rossa* – for a good simple cruise in the allotted time with obvious good fun ashore, which is what cruising is all about.

THE WYBRANT CUP – for a Scottish cruise. To Peter Ronaldson in *Scotch Mist* – for a good cruise taken at leisure with good preparation and visiting interesting places.

THE FINGAL TROPHY – at the adjudicator's discretion. To Peter Killen in *Black Pepper* – for a well written log of a good cruise, good crew, with good detail of all the ports of call and public houses of interest – to other members who may also cruise this area at some future date.

THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY – for a cruise in Irish waters. To Brendan Travers in *Sea Maiden* – for a good cruise with interesting detail of exploration ashore.

THE PERSISTENCE CUP. To John Gore-Grimes in *Arctic Fern*. I would like to make this a 'one-off' award to John for an excellent log of his exploits in the ice yet again. He's like the spider with Robert the Bruce.

THE EASTERN AREA COMMITTEE award **THE DONEGAN MEMORIAL TROPHY** to Bruce Lyster, Chairman of the Tall Ships Committee.

THE SOUTHERN AREA COMMITTEE award **THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP** to Gary MacMahon, for bringing home *Ilen* from the Falkland Islands.

NORTHERN AREA COMMITTEE award **THE WRIGHT MEMORIAL SALVER** to Adrian Spence for his cruise to the west coast of Greenland in *Madcap*.

THE WESTERN AREA COMMITTEE award **THE ARAN ISLAND TROPHY** to Brendan Travers for his cruise to Wales.

THE COMMODORE awards **THE JOHN B. KEARNEY CUP** to Malachi and Evelyn O'Gallagher for their work on the *ICC Sailing Directions*.

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Honorary Editor's Notes

There was a dearth of logs this year. Many of our usual contributors were in Galicia and Bernard Corbally wrote for all. That did allow for inclusion of some more diverse material than would be usual, James Cahill's description of his Currach Project being a case in point. James many maritime projects in and around Clew Bay would provide material for an entire Annual. This would not faze him in the least; after all he is the one who, in all seriousness, once proposed a financial supplement to Western Members!

I had notions that Dunn's Ditties be short and punchy, highlights, lowlights and anecdotes. What we get in fact is diversity of stories. Very good, let it be.

Writing of stories, do I get the impression that many of our logs have been subjected to some editing before reaching me? I sometimes wonder if I'm getting the full account, or merely an abridged sanitised version! I urge you to tell all.

I've included the piece on Nellie Bywater for no better reason that I like the song; I had the words and Winkie provided the drawing. We'll need a good County Down member to give us a rendering, in the absence of which I might be forced to do it myself!

Technical progress in the printing trade seems to have slowed somewhat. Over the last seven years, since colour was first introduced into the Annual in 1990, we have progressively had the benefits. Now that, as they said about Kansas City "we've gone about as far as we can go", what are we to do to keep the Annual fresh each year, while maintaining the standards we've got? We certainly don't want to be making changes just for the sake of change - there is quite enough of

that about. I'd welcome any ideas, bearing in mind that there are some considerations of cost.

Please write in narrative. It makes a much read than 'diary-style'.

Well done the discs. Whether you've done it yourselves or got your children to do it, all logs, and most Dunn's Ditties, came in on disc this year. Proper order! Two paper copies of the logs are fine. All logs are passed to the Adjudicator for consideration, unless requested otherwise.

The Adjudicator is given all logs in their original unabridged form, as you submit them. Thus he, or she, reads your work in its unrefined state. Regarding Track Charts, I had said that they could be in 'rough' form and that we would clean them up. I hadn't intended quite so rough as some of the photostatted road maps and tourist-brochure excerpts that we got. We need a tracing of the full coastline, with places of interest legibly shown, and the Track.

To Declan Clancy for his technical work on the Annual, and much more, I offer my thanks.

I was given a present of a subscription to an Astronomy magazine last year. In the June edition it remarked how wonderful it was that the nights would soon be getting longer! Different strokes for different folks.

By the time you get this, the night will soon be getting shorter, the poor Irish weather of 1998 will be but a dim memory and we'll be as optimistic as ever for 1999.

Good cruising.

Write and tell us about it.



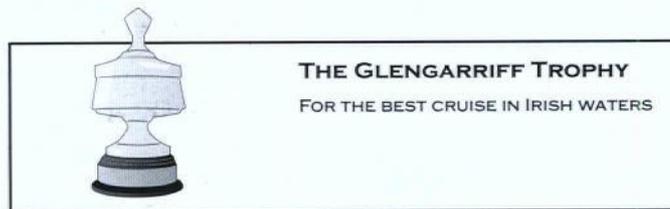
Sea Maiden in Waterford Marina



Colm and Derek in Menai Strait

Circumnavigating Anglesey

Brendan Travers



A few short yacht delivery trips in May fuelled, despite the bad weather, a strong desire to go cruising in my own boat *Sea Maiden* – a fin keeled Leisure 23SL. I was thus happy to be back on my own boat on 11th June being flushed out of the Shannon Estuary having left Kilrush on a spring ebb tide in a fresh north westerly at the start of a twelve week cruise to North Wales and back.

Twelve weeks for such a modest cruise might seem to many a somewhat docile or easygoing approach. But my preferred cruising format is one day sailing, one day for walking and swimming, followed by a rest day. Which probably explains why a lot of my cruising is single-handed!

Kerry Head and Brandon Head were soon astern. The wind backed westerly, and then south westerly, and having passed the entrance to Smerwick I decided to motorsail on the main up to Sybil Point and through the Blasket Sound from where I would free off for a good reach to Dingle. As so often happens things did not go according to plan due to becoming badly tangled in a salmon net about half a mile past Smerwick. Sailing back to Smerwick exhausted, seasick and still trailing about three metres of rope and floats, I just managed to sail alongside the pier at Ballydavid where *Sea Maiden* dried out at midnight.

Sea Maiden floated off at 0600 hours and in heavy mist, later turning to rain, a SW force 2 and lumpy seas off Sybil Point, I motorsailed through the Blasket Sound to Knightstown in Valentia. Over the next five weeks I called to Derrynane, Baltimore, Union Hall, Kinsale, East Ferry, Youghal, Waterford Harbour, Rosslare and Wicklow.

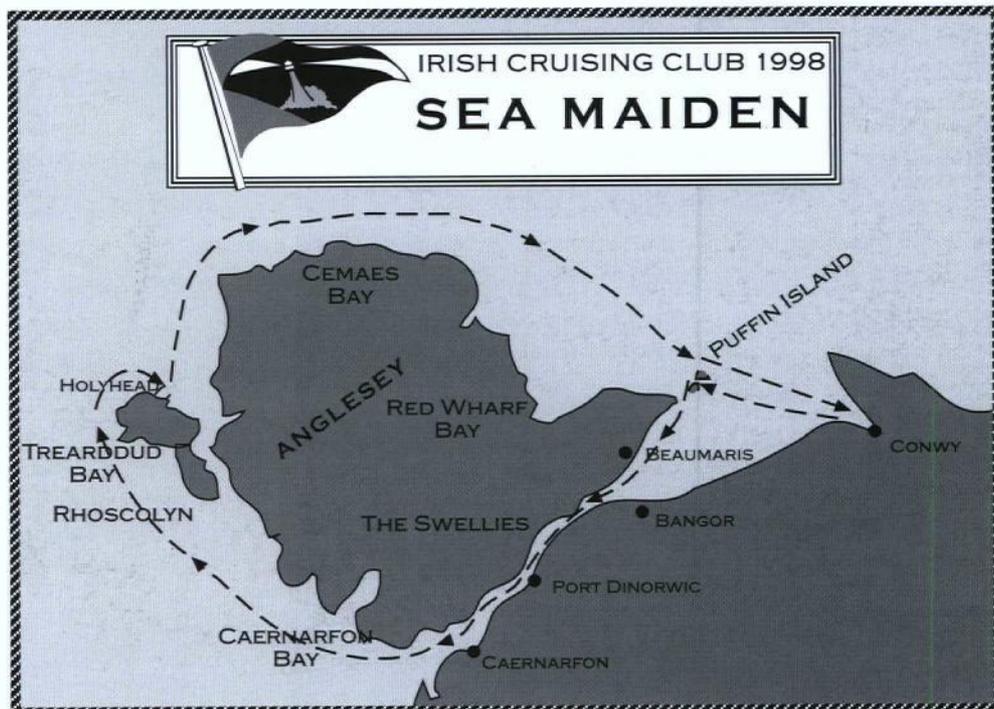
Then bad weather kept me in Wicklow for six days. While disappointed to miss the opportunity for meeting up with the Leisure Owners Association Rally in North Wales that week I managed to enjoy the enforced stopover, going for some long walks and socialising with visiting boats in a very nice town abuzz with holidaymakers. ICC member Alan Rountree in his beautifully appointed Legend 34 *Tallulah* gave me the benefit of his knowledge of the North Wales area that I was hoping to get to.

The RTE weather forecast at 2355 hours on 23rd July was for NW Force 4 to 5, backing SW 3 to 4. Looking good for a Friday 24th crossing.

My estimates of the tidal stream strength proved a little on the low side, probably because I had used the Almanac instead of

a more detailed tidal stream atlas for the east coast. The main consequence was that I passed close to the India Bank North Cardinal as opposed to the South Cardinal as originally planned. Fortunately the visibility was good enabling me proceed by "eyeball navigation" in this tricky area. West coast sailors don't get much experience of sandbanks! At 1230 hours Holyhead appeared over the horizon and two hours later the FL10s of the South Stack Lighthouse could be clearly seen – which seemed an odd thing in daylight. Around 1500 hours I picked up the Skerries Lighthouse flashing FL(2)10s. It was a lovely fine evening when *Sea Maiden* rounded the Holyhead breakwater and shortly after was resting on a Holyhead S.C. visitors mooring.

The weekend of 26th and 27th July was spent exploring Holyhead. A Summer Festival was in full swing adding activity and colour to the Town. A walk out to the South Stack Lighthouse was most enjoyable, as was the time spent in the hospitable Holyhead Sailing Club where I was made very welcome and gathered useful local knowledge for my trip around to Conwy and then through the Menai Strait. *Sea Maiden* departed Holyhead at 1650 hours on the 27th bound for Conwy Marina where I intended to stay for about five days. I went inside the Skerries but stood well off Carmel Head although I had been told that I could safely go very close to it. Camaes Bay was abeam to starboard at 100 hours and we were soon sailing past PT. Lynas in the company of puffins, guillemots and dolphins, doing between seven and eight knots over the ground such was the strength of the tidal stream. As



expected Conwy Fairway Buoy was difficult to pick out from afar, but once identified the tortuous channel up to the Marina was straight forward enough thanks to the excellent diagram included in the Conwy Marina brochure which I had on board.

The Marina facilities were excellent and the fifteen minute walk along the waterside footpath to Conwy Docks and Town was very pleasant. The Conwy River Festival was in full swing with modern and classic yacht racing during the day and open air entertainment on Conwy Docks in the evenings. Time passed quickly exploring the attractive medieval town, doing some hill-walking, visiting Bangor and Merseyside by train - all the while looking forward to the arrival of Colm and Derek on Saturday's ferry to continue the cruise through the Menai Strait, round to Holyhead and back to Wicklow.

My crew arrived as planned and following a final look around Conwy next day we headed out from the Marina at 1900 hours in a NW Force 5 which made for a rough exit in wind against tide conditions over the Conwy Sands. We persevered and at 2200 hours were anchored in eight metres in the lee of Puffin Island directly under the ruin marked on the chart, all to the raucous complaints of a variety of sea birds and a colony of seals which we had disturbed. Puffin Island at the north east entrance to the Menai Strait is a protected wild-life sanctuary. The wind blew Force 4 to 5 all night, going around SW for a while. Any further south would have put us on a lee shore. Colm slept soundly the forecabin, while Derek napped and I stayed awake worrying! We weighed anchor at first light, motorsailed around Puffin Island between Trwyn-du Lighthouse and the south of the island, and on to Beaumaris where we picked up a mooring, breakfasted and returned to our bunks. We relaxed on board, too lazy to inflate the dinghy to go ashore, and partly put off from doing so by a fairly big sea that was running through the moorings in a westerly Force 4. The Pilot Book advised going through the Swellies - the notorious rock strewn area between the Menai Suspension Bridge and Britannia Bridge - where tidal streams run up to eight knots at Springs, at or just before high water. In this case -0150 Dover. We set out from Beaumaris at 1800 hours motorsailing on the main into a fresh westerly breeze. We could have left a little earlier and sailed a series of short tacks down the Strait, but decided to instead motorsail concentrating on the pilotage and admiring the scenery. We arrived at the Suspension Bridge at about the right time, evidenced by four other yachts coming through from the opposite direction. Following the Lundy and Irish Sea Pilot Book directions we safely negotiated the Swellies passing under Britannia Bridge at 1940 hours, wondering what all the fuss was about! The wind had eased somewhat and we proceeded lazily down the Strait past Plas Menai and then Port Dinoric, arriving at Victoria Marina



Skipper at South Stack Lighthouse

Caernarvon at 2100 hours, just in time for some nice pub grub in The Black Buoy a short distance away.

We foolishly ignored the Pilot Book's strong advice to cross the Caernarvon Bar at high water or in settled conditions at up to three hours either side. It was close to three hours after high water when we left the Marina next morning in a WNW Force 3 to 4. We paid the price in terms of having some anxious moments as *Sea Maiden's* little 7HP single cylinder diesel had to work very hard to keep us from going backwards in what were fairly severe wind against tide conditions. I was contemplating turning back to anchor behind Abermenai Point to await better conditions when Colm in his most encouraging voice said "only three to go", so we held our nerve and soon passed the Green C2 buoy and then in between the final Green and Red. Breathing a communal sigh of relief we were then sailing freely in Caernarvon Bay in moderate shimmering blue seas on a lovely sunny day. Derek went below to plot a course to Holyhead that would keep us out of the Correg Hen overfalls and about two miles off Rhoscolyn Head.

It was a great sail and at 1000 hours we had the South Stack Lighthouse abeam to starboard, and just over an hour later were resting on a visitors mooring at Holyhead S.C. feeling well pleased with *Sea Maiden's* circumnavigation of Anglesey. The forecast for the following day, 6th August, was not encouraging so we stayed put and went walking to the South Stack Lighthouse, this time visiting the lighthouse and associated bird sanctuary much to Colm's (a keen ornithologist) delight.

On September 1st we were abeam Kilcreadaun Head, past Carrigaholt and up to the Co. Clare shore past Doonaha and Querrin to Kilrush. By 1730 hours she was through the lock gates and berthed in familiar surroundings. We were both a little tired after our twelve week cruise, having sailed a distance of 950 miles, but at the same time well pleased with ourselves and already looking forward to doing something similar together in 1999 - maybe going northabouts and across to the west coast of Scotland - God (and Evelyn) willing.

Icebound off Franz-Joseph Land

John Gore-Grimes

Franz-Joseph Land was first sighted in August 1873 by Karl Weyprecht, the master of the Austro / Hungarian vessel, *Tegetthoff*. This desolate archipelago, comprising 191 islands, had been hidden in the Arctic ice and mist since the beginning of time and was discovered by mistake. Karl Weyprecht and Julius Payer had been commissioned by the Count Wilczek to find a short cut to the Pacific by a northern route.

The *Tegetthoff* remained trapped in an icy prison at 79° 51'N for two years and seven months before she was abandoned. The ship never reached land but Julius Payer and a few hardy companions made several outstanding sledge crossings reaching the northern most point of the archipelago at 81° 51'N. They named the headland Cape Fligiley but looking north they imagined they saw further lands which they named Cape Peterrman, Oscar Land and Cape Vienna. Those phantom head lands appeared to tired eyes but were nothing more than tall hummocks of pressure ice swathed in cold grey mist. Payer's map of Franz-Joseph Land was a brave effort but it did not reflect the true geography of the archipelago. It was impossible for Payer and his party to distinguish between land and ice and so Franz-Joseph Land was mapped as two large islands with a few ancillary islands.

In May 1875 when Julius Payer and his men returned to the *Tegetthoff*, the ship was abandoned. The crew laboriously pulled the ship's boats across the frozen sea and eventually reached open water. For a long time the steady south wind had destroyed the little progress which they made and after two months of indescernible progress the distance between the crew and the trapped ship was just nine miles. When they finally put to sea they landed, with great difficulty, on Novaya Zemlya where, after some time, the Russian schooner *Nicholai* rescued them and took them to Norway, landing them at Vardo.

In 1989 *Shardana* attempted to reach Franz-Joseph Land but we failed magna cum laude at 77°N 55°E. The attempt aboard *Arctic Fern* in 1998 was an even more spectacular failure than the earlier undertaking. On both occasions our crews have been encouraged by the fancy that the objective was Franz-Joseph Land but if our efforts should be frustrated by failure it is best to fail with cheerful spirit and with good heart. In this, we have succeeded but in case you think the game is over – it is not! *Arctic Fern* will try again just as soon as I can muster a crew who must qualify to a newly invented and perfectly mythical standard called "Titanium Crew".

Arctic Fern is a Najad 441, 63 feet tall, 44.8 feet long and 13.2 feet wide. She draws 6 foot 2 and weighs in at 17.5 tons fully laden. Built in Sweden and launched in March 1998, she is a sloop with cutter potential and apart from a permanent baby-stay and runners, there is an attachable forestay which can be put in place or removed at will.

Najad did a first class build and permitted me to re-design the interior layout which was finished to the highest of standards and to my own specification at no extra charge. They used kevlar on the hull from the bow to the mast section. This was to prove invaluable in solid ice conditions. A bow thruster was also fitted which survived some disquieting encounters

with solid pack ice. The engine is 100 hp Yanmar and other goodies in the engine compartment include a water maker, a generator, central heating (including a hot air duct through to the oil skin locker) and an inverter providing 220 volts. The main systems are 24 volt but some of the navigational instruments use 12 volts. The toaster, microwave and cooker, which has two gas rings, one electric ring and electric oven, use 220 volts.

The rig includes a loose footed fully battened mainsail attached to the mast with Selden cars. The lazy-jacks are permanently set and make reefing the boat a very simple matter. The genoa is self-furling. The two main winches in the cockpit are powered. There are two spinnakers for differing wind strengths and a large staysail and storm staysail. A trisail may be set on a dedicated track on the main mast and is available for appalling wind and sea conditions. Watson and Jameson provided excellent service. These sails which have now clocked up 6,000 miles in *Arctic Fern's* first season, including several experiences of Aeolus in black bad temper, have proved to be thoroughly satisfactory.

A lot of thought went into the chart table equipment with much help from many friends. The exception was the so-called engineer who installed the circuitry and wiring interfacing. If you have a light bulb which needs changing I would not recommend the half witted jackass who carried out the fitting of the navigational instruments on *Arctic Fern*. David Nixon and his team came to our rescue and discovered that the specified and paid for Databrick Pentium had not been installed but had been replaced by a 486. I know nothing about computers but our member Andrew Somerville, who works in Trinity College, tells me that he sees these pieces of equipment lying in tips all over the College and that they are so old that historians have now written volumes about them.

A spider wiring network was replaced by a parallel system and all interfacing from autohelm, satellite, Boat Phone, G.P.S., D.G.P.S., Loran C, radar and Windows 95 were up and running before departure. It was such a masterpiece that I often find it quite difficult to remember that David Nixon really is Winkie's son!

The Datalux screen powered up by the Pentium and just three hard discs, provided a touch screen display of every chart in the World. The display on the screen has Windows 95 capacity which is linked to the Satellite Boat Phone, so that there is connection to the Internet, E-Mail and fax. There are separate printers for both fax and E-Mail and the ability to receive daily ice and weather charts from the Norwegian Met Office at Tromso was an invaluable service. There is VHF with a loudspeaker and separate set in the cockpit. The S.S.B. is the standard I.C.O.M. which works well but is becoming less useful as Satellite communications improve. It is sad to realise that Portishead will be closed in 1999 by which time the Boat Phone will also have been made redundant by Iridium Satellite Cell Phone which will probably be available by the time this article goes to press. The radar is a Furuno which displays the ship's position, waypoint course and distance and sea

temperature when switched to standby. The G.P.S. / D.G.P.S. receiver is interfaced with both the radar and the Datalux screen so that the ship's position and track are permanently displayed on the screen. There is a long arrow showing the ship's heading which can be extended on a large scale chart over distances of one thousand miles. Apart from entering waypoints into the G.P.S. receiver it is also possible to get course and distance on the Datalux screen by entering waypoint mode and touching the departure point and the arrival point on the display chart, with your finger. The course and distance are immediately displayed on the screen. We carried two hand held V.H.F.'s and two hand held G.P.S. receivers. It is also possible to play endless games of Solitaire etc., The usual range of autohelm instruments (including one maxiview) are displayed at the nav station and repeated in the cockpit. The autopilot is a sturdy Robertson AP20 with HLD 2,000 L Drive. The anchor winch is a powerful Lofrans which was specified for a 52 foot boat. The bow-thruster is 10 h.p. and electrically operated. With Boat Phone, if you had a good friend in Ballydahob or Alice Springs you could make a call at any time of the day or night for a mere £10.00 per minute. They could call you too but the bill of £10.00 per minute is charged to *Arctic Fern*. It is a quick way to lose friends!

We did take and use paper charts and Najad have provided a neat chart stowage locker which took well over one hundred charts, just above the chart table. The sextant was firmly stowed in a dedicated position in the aft cabin.

Arctic Fern left Howth on 8th July at 13:55 in a blaze of glory, or should I say a haze of glory, due to the fact that so many of our good friends came to see us off. We were bound for Lerwick in the Shetlands. To some extent it was a family affair with my son-in-law Robert Pendleton (33 years) and nephew Nico Gore-Grimes (22 years) on board. Andrew Collins (28 years) is a family friend who has crewed on board my brother's Impala. The fifth member of our crew was Merryl Huxtable (42 years) who is an O.C.C. member but in real life she is the Senior Conservator of Works of Art on Paper at the Victoria & Albert Museum. We had met at the C.C.A. Cruise in Maine and she had expressed a keen interest in voyaging to the ice. I wrote to Merryl last January and tried to dissuade her, warning her of significant cultural differences between our two Nations. I advised her that we did not take alcohol while at sea but... "we become rowdy and appalling when ever we do hit port". In the course of a lengthy response Merryl quoted from Paul Valery... "we are enriched by our reciprocate differences". And so it proved to be.

Not much occurred on the way to Lerwick, the winds were light and mainly on the beam or aft of it. We set the spinnaker, which is an extremely large and colourful piece of cloth, Robert and I were the only ones who had set it before so fifty seven minutes elapsed before it was flying comfortably... a time frame which would cause a racing helmsman to become apoplectic with rage or possibly expire fatally and finally from cardiac arrest. As for us, we were perfectly content with the operation. There are a few tricks with the snuffer which must be appreciated and it pays to haul out good hand fulls of the spinnaker skirt before hoisting the snuffer aloft. As time passed our performance improved and we finally managed a more respectable time of 5 / 7 minutes.

We carried 140 gallons of fuel and 140 gallons of water. The water maker was used for the first time once clear of the polluted Irish Sea and North Channel. The pleasure of having hot showers under way was a new experience.

We swept into a crowded Lerwick harbour at 17:55 on Saturday, 11th July, having travelled 516 miles in three days and four hours. It rained in Lerwick as it has done on the three previous occasions when I called there. Once the chores had been attended to, the merriment began. We watched France

beat Brazil by three goals to nil and celebrated long into the night. Someone drank a gallon of Orkney Dark which most of us considered to be a very courageous effort. At 03:00 in the morning Robert, Nico and I went for a swim in the harbour. There is a lot of oil in the North Sea and much of it rests in Lerwick Harbour. We were well past caring and managed to dive through a heavy oil slick to reach the sea water well below. Robert made some handy money on bets by diving through the oil and under the water with a lighted cigarette and coming to the surface with the cigarette still glowing. We got a clue as to how he achieved this piece of magic the following morning when we caught him trying to apply Savlon to his burnt tongue.

Having fuelled, provisioned and attended to the maintenance we left Lerwick at 10:30 on Tuesday 14th July. We longed for sleep but alas we were not to have it. The Log entry records "rain and gales – winds up to force 8 N.N.W. The fulmars love it but we don't".

By using the powered winches on the reefing line we set one of the snuggest reefs that I have seen. Nothing flapped. The double reefed main was as flat as a board and because the furling genoa would have been so high and so far away from the mast we set the staysail on hanks on the inner forestay and made sprightly progress. It was bumpy and wet on the helm but perfectly dry below. The sea struck the helmsman with force and peering out through the small slit that is left when the oil skins and hood are tightly tied, the rain passed horizontally before our eyes.

Dinner that evening was less well attended than usual. Two of our crew had lengthy conversations with God on the big white telephone as the wind hit 40 knots. We were still able to sail reasonably close hauled but by being a little kind to ourselves we held a course of 020° and sailed at between 50° and 60° off the wind. Speeds were seldom below 7 knots in the hour and frequently exceeded 8 knots. The short darkness of the night passed on and next morning Nico was visibly irritated by the fact that the morning papers had not been delivered.

What a difference a little bit of extra space makes! The two arm chairs in the main saloon were in great demand. The hot air system dried out much of the condensation and was helpful in drying the oil skins also. Even using the heads was a relative pleasure in such bumpy conditions. On board the Nicholson 31 *Shardana*, I well recall crews emerging from the bog with heads bowed in shame apologising to all on board... and the apology was necessary as fellow crew members searched the cabin for a piece of fresh air or tried not to breath for several minutes.

Our distinguished past Secretary Peter Mullins had insisted that I should specify vacuum operated lavatories using fresh water from our water tanks. Much the same as the sort of thing that we are used to on commercial aircraft. I thought that Mullins had not recovered from the madness which he has always enjoyed and I can report, without hesitation, that he has not. Nevertheless, his suggestion proved to be mighty and from the point of view of hygiene, odour and general convenience, the fresh water vacuum system is highly recommended.

The ice charts came rolling in on the fax each day. Our aim had been to sail to Bear Island and then on to Svalbard but the ice to the north of Novaya Zemlya was opening faster than the Spitzbergen ice. It was no surprise to see that the Hinlopen Straits were blocked solid but for the time of year, it was unusual to see Isfjord and Prins Karls Foreland Sund on the west coast, filled with solid ice. It meant that we had no chance of reaching Longyearbyen to re-fuel. We made up our minds to sail for Tromso and then on to the Nord Kap.

By Thursday the wind had done its worst and in forty eight hours we had travelled 365 miles. The sun illuminated the sky all of Thursday night and the VHF started to speak in Norwegian. We crossed the Arctic Circle at 06:06 on Friday

17th July. At times it rained and then the sun shone. We had a fair amount of spinnaker flying as we passed the lofty peaks of the Lofoten Islands. We tied up in Tromso at 13:25 on Sunday 19th August. It had taken six days and three hours to travel 810 miles. We had had a fast start but the finish was slow. Our fuel tanks were almost full on arrival at Tromso and we had made a further forty five gallons of water in one hour and five minutes.

Tromso is often called "the Paris of the North". If prices are anything to go by it has earned its name. We spent two days skylarking around the town. We did some serious things. Andrew changed the engine oil and attended to the mechanical aspects of our adventure. Merryll did fruitful shopping which included small quantities of bread and meat as well. We all visited the Tromso Met Office from which our ice charts issued and learned, but soon forgot, how satellites make the ice charts. We visited the new aquarium building which from the outside has a most distinctive appearance. Inside, it is a disappointment and the water was so murky that the fish and mammals which inhabit it cannot be seen. They have attempted also to re-create a winter Arctic scene. You walk through a passage way where, at first, there is polystyrene snow falling on polystyrene ice. The sounds from the loud speakers are repetitive and unvarying and in no way match the sounds of the Arctic. It was extremely hot in this imaginary Arctic wilderness and I do not think that even the children were impressed by the lack lustre display. We took a cable car ride up a mountain. We then climbed up beyond the cable car station through snowy patches where the inevitable snow ball fights occurred. The mosquitoes were in fine form and eventually we had to return to sea level as quickly as we could. We visited the magnificent Cathedral of the Arctic and the Tromso National Gallery. Suddenly I understood where all the chocolate box manufacturers had found the pictures for the chocolate box lids. They had all been sourced at the Tromso National Gallery.

Thoroughly exhausted by so much hurly burly and erudition we soon fell apart. We dined well at the Pepper Mill Restaurant and made a useful ally by tipping the waitress an indecent number of Kroner. After the meal we went downstairs to the bar below but they refused to serve us any alcohol. They told us that we had had enough to drink but like the spider from which King Bruce had learned such a useful lesson, we too refused to give up. The next thing we heard was a couple of sirens and the screech of breaks at the door of the pub. The storm-troopers had been called and had arrived in style with two Paddy Wagons flashing blue lights. I obeyed my instincts and ran like a rabbit down the street leaving my four companions to deal with an impressive number of constabulary. The report of their experience is unreliable hearsay but I gather that they were making reasonable headway until the waitress from the Pepper Mill Restaurant appeared to take up our cause. She told the storm-troopers what fine people we were and, all of a sudden they disappeared with much the same speed with which they had arrived. The storm-troopers which I had observed as I scurried back to the Marina, seemed to be about sixteen years old but I am assured that this is a common delusion when your years exceed the mid fifties.

The entire crew swam that night in Tromso Harbour, our first swim north of the Arctic Circle. There is a lot of oil in the Norwegian Sea and much of it seems to rest in Tromso Harbour. Again, the dive to find the fresh water was a slippery affair. Merryll surprised us all by appearing on deck fully dressed in a bathing costume. We could not get over the fact that she had thought to pack a swimsuit for a holiday at 78°N.

A subdued crew made ready for sea on Tuesday 21st July. Just before our departure the cheerful Harbour Master approached us and relieved me of a few Kroner for the use of a berth. By Tromso standards the berthing fee was extremely reasonable. As the Captain filled in the necessary forms he



Robert Pendleton on watch

asked us to nominate our next port of call. "Franz-Joseph Land", we said. He looked at us and replied: "My God! What could you have done in this life that compels you to punish yourself so much?. You must be very bad people". We had no reply.

The passage from Tromso to Honningsvag began at 15:15 and we arrived on Wednesday 22nd July at 19:25. The distance travelled was 180 miles. For much of the time we were inside the fjords but occasionally we had to dart out to sea. The winds were light and two fulmars and a baby tern landed on the aft deck and rested with us for a few hours. We saw porpoise and we had a single sighting of a pair of orcas ociana with their distinctive dorsal fins and white markings under the jaw and around their eyes. Hollywood has portrayed this magnificent mammals as consistent and vicious killers. They may have their vicious moments but they are certainly less vicious than humans.

In 1986 our late Commodore John Guinness had urged us to visit Fugloy, which translates to "Bird Island", if ever we should pass that way. In 1989 we passed Fugloy and were most impressed by the profusion of puffins, guilimots and gulls. We also had a sighting of a unique pair of white eagles. Alas, in 1998 all had changed and our passage past Fugloy was best summed up by Nico: "No wonder it is called Bird Island. I have been looking at it for twenty minutes and I have only seen one bird. The plural would have been inappropriate".

There was some sailing but mostly motoring between Tromso and Honningsvag which is on the island of Mageroy where the Nord Kap is located. We had berthed in Honningsvag in 1989 and were sad to learn that our old friend the Harbourmaster Sverre Ohlson had died recently. His brother Oddbjorn, known with good reason as Odd, with whom we had had so much good cheer in 1989, had been defeated by the bottle and had turned into a recluse and seldom leaves home. Nevertheless, we made our own sport. We swam at 70° north and parts of the anatomy which are seldom seen but which are usually proclaimed to be enormous, shrank to microscopic proportions in the extremely cold water. Distracted by the 24 hours daylight Robert, Nico and I managed to climb a mountain which seemed to go on for ever. As soon as we reached one peak, there was another one behind it. We drank two bottles of Chablis at the eventual summit and we ate ham sandwiches while the mosquitoes ate us. It was midnight and the midnight sun was the midnight sun. The next day Merryll, Andrew and Nico hired a car and travelled around northern Finland and Norway for two days. Nico appears to have slept for most of the journey but his description of northern Finland was perfectly accurate: "Up and down and long and boring".

While the travellers travelled, Robert and I cleaned down the boat and fuelled it at the depot across the bay. On the way across we washed down the top sides. The fridge and freezer were cleaned out and re-stocked. We ate each evening at the *Sojhuset* which is an excellent restaurant on the pier. In 1989 it had been a warehouse. We made friends with a pretty, blond Norwegian called Christine who worked in the restaurant. Next day she kindly drove us to the Nord Kap which was as it had been in 1989, completely shrouded in wet, swirling fog.

Honningsvåg has changed in nine years. The Nord Kap is now a huge tourist industry and the largest hotel in Norway has been built outside the town. The Noorden Bar, which was reserved strictly for locals in 1989, now has its arms open to all as does the town's new night club. There is a night club in the town. The three fisherman sheds in the harbour are un-changed and are still the private preserve of the locals. The drinking sessions start there at 08:00 in the morning and continue until about 6:00 in the evening. The really hard cases of Honningsvåg hang about the sheds. I talked to them and at first they were hostile but when I enquired about Odd they became more friendly and told me what had happened to him. My informant was Odd's brother who looked like a man who would soon have the undertaker's measuring tape stretched from the crown of his head to the tips of his toes.

Merryl, Andrew and Nico returned on Friday evening. It was Christine's night off so we invited her to join us. We dined well at the restaurant where Christine worked and then went to the night club. It was of course perfectly bright outside but inside was dark, hot and noisy. All conversation ceased because the decibel level shot right off the scale. Christine and Nico danced. Nico had three pieces of good fortune that night. The second was that he found his missing passport and the third was that he located his hat which had been mis-placed for some hours.

We purchased fresh food on Saturday 25th July and after some more frolicking which included, several poorly played games of pool, a swim and a visit from a party of ungodly Norwegians who had just returned from a two week holiday in Ireland. It seemed that they wanted another helping so we opened the Paddy bottles, turned up the Christy Moore and whacked it to them.

We motored out of the harbour at 04:45 on the morning of Sunday 26th July. Andrew and I managed the first four hours. It was a clear morning and we had great views of the steep cliffs of the Nord Kap as we sailed by with main and genoa set. When Nico came on watch his first log entry read "I need sleep now". It was a quiet Sunday, not because it was the Sabbath but because some of us felt slaughtered after our little holiday in Honningsvåg. If you mention Honningsvåg to the Norwegians they will usually shake their heads. It has a national reputation which would make it a hell on earth for the League of Temperance but it has qualities which were greatly appreciated by the crew of *Arctic Fern*.

By Sunday evening we had crossed the 72° parallel but the sea was flat and rolling slowly without a ripple of wind. We motored on towards Franz-Joseph Land which is 711 miles from Honningsvåg. Our course was set for 76°N 50°E because the ice charts revealed that the leads through open water looked most promising at that point. Cape Flora, on Franz-Joseph Land, was our destination. It is at 79°59'60"N, 50°10'5"E. If we reached 76°N and 50°E our course to Cape Flora was due north. The ice chart received on Tuesday 29th July, showed a great improvement south of 78°N but there was still a solid mass of ice north of 78°N which was about 50 miles wide. Beyond this solid sea ice and just south of 79°N there was relatively good water with ice cover of one tenth to three tenths leading right up to Cape Flora. The ice charts are graded according to the amount of ice cover on the water. It seems

extraordinary, but the very best that a sailing boat can manage, is a grading of between one tenth and three tenths. Indeed, at three tenths you are frequently presented with impossible barriers. Any grading on the ice chart above three tenths is just not worth trying. The ice between 78°N and 79°N was seven tenths to eight tenths but our hope was that the open water to the north of 79°N would spread south and cause some serious damage to the heavy pack ice.

The barometer was steady at 2020 and the wind was little more than a shadowey abstraction. The air around us was filled with wet obscuring fog and the fulmars, terns and skuas came into view and disappeared quickly into the murk. These unconsoling conditions persisted for 24 hours but then the sun came out and we could see the seals and dolphins again. Robert cooked dinner in the evening and a day which had started as a questionable disaster, a time when everyone who has sailed has asked themselves "what the hell am I doing here?", turned into an outstanding triumph. Robert's food excelled and we had Merryl's dinner to look forward to the next evening. Robert and Merryl were the two superlative chefs on board. Nico and I were average plodders who never approached banquet standards. Andrew, who had moments of mediocrity, won great distinction for one dinner when he produced three types of pizza – starter, main course and dessert. It was a most distressing experience though, as I recall, we tried, badly, to disguise our displeasure.

The engine ran for 33 hours through this windless period. When the wind finally came it was pleasant to hear the sound of silence broken only by the music of the bow wave. It was great to feel the boat heel again. It was getting a little colder with air temperature hovering around 6° and sea temperature at 5°. Making water in these colder conditions takes longer as the efficiency of the water maker decreases as sea temperatures drop.

We sighted our first piece of ice at 04:55 on Thursday 30th July and we were soon in the thick of it. The leads were clearly visible and we were able to sail. There were some unavoidable collisions. Our position was 76°20'N and 48°21'E. The twisting and turning continued until 11:00 when all of a sudden there was no more ice. We were five miles further south of our position then when we first encountered the ice but we had moved east to 50°13'E. The compass variation was 25°E. The little auks played about in the floes and fulmars were our constant companions in the sky.

We needed to conserve fuel so we continued to sail in light winds and damp fog at speeds of between 3 and 4 knots. At 20:45 we sighted Novaya Zemlya. Our ice charts indicated that the most open water was to the east and our course was now directed to 77°N, 55°E.

Before this year's visit to Honningsvåg, my plan was to go to Novaya Zemlya and to anchor in a bay there, to await clearer ice conditions. We had spent two days in Guba Mashigina, Novaya Zemlya, in 1989 and that was pre-Glasnost. We assumed that things would be even easier in 1998 but when I discussed this with a serious trawler skipper at the oil depot in Honningsvåg, he was quite shocked. He told us that a crew of Norwegians were shot dead by the Russians when they were caught in Novaya Zemlya in 1987. He also said: "they have a lot of patrols now. You can get a fishing permit but it takes time and costs a lot of money. If you don't have a permit and you are caught, unless you are lucky and meet a Russian skipper who can be bribed with US Dollars, you will be arrested and taken to Murmansk and detained there for two to three months. They will also be heavy fines".

I repeated this story to a young fisherman in the Noorden bar a night or two later and he confirmed that it was correct. It seems strange that we would not have heard of such an incident but it is quite clear that the Norwegians do not trust the

Russians and that as close neighbours of theirs, they may have good reason not to. We decided that we had been lucky in 1989 but a re-visit to Novaya Zemlya in 1998 was too risky.

We again started to pass small icebergs – land ice which had calved from the glaciers of Novaya Zemlya and drifted westwards. When we reached 77°N 55°E there was no ice in sight. In 1989 *Shardana* had come to a complete stop at this position. We had suddenly been surrounded by ice and we left the boat and had breakfast on the frozen ocean. On that occasion it had taken forty eight hours to get clear. In 1998 the ice was further north but the ice chart for that day still showed about thirty five miles of seven tenths to eight tenths ice between 78°15'N and 78°50'E. Our expectations were not high. Somehow, I could not help feeling that another ten days would scatter the ice barrier and allow passage to Cape Flora. If the ice continued to break up as dramatically as it had done in the last two weeks, there was still a chance.

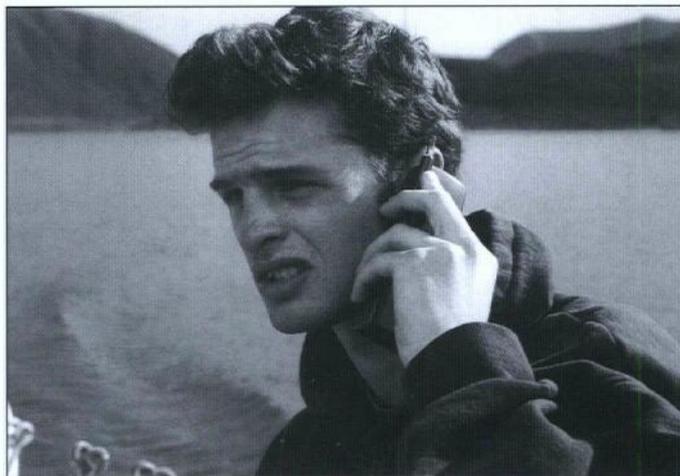
At 77°N 55°E we were north of Thule in Greenland and east of Tehran and the island of Madagascar. The Boat Phone received no signal and when Andrew read the manual he discovered that we had left the western Atlantic zone and were now in the Indian Ocean zone. The switch over was simple and the signal was restored. It is easy to forget how far east or west you could travel at the narrow ends of the earth. Crossing longitudes at 77°N takes very little time.

We sailed north along latitude 55°E and at 78°38'N we could see ice ahead of us and to the west of us. As we approached the ice edge we heard the distinctive sound of the sea water splashing against the ice wall. The description of it has been often compared to the noise which you experience if you stand in a country field which has a busy motorway about two miles away. Once you get into the ice you quickly loose that sound and there is an eerie silence as the impatient force of the sea waves is completely restrained by contact with the ice. All that remains is swell which is highly visible with large masses of sea ice heaving up and down. You hear the whistle of the wind in the rigging. At 17:00 on Friday 31st July we were at 77°49'N, 55°37'E and by 11:00 on Saturday morning we were completely stopped at 78°13'N, 55°09'E. It has been a sunny sleepless night as we worked our way from lead to lead successfully breaking through some thick ice barriers with spinnaker pole and the heavy stainless steel emergency tiller. In eighteen hours we had covered about twenty six miles but then we ran out of leads. We found a small pool and we anchored *Arctic Fern* to the ice. The sea temperature was +0.5° and the air temperature was +3°.

We have never had so much prolonged exposure in ice and 1998 was a strange year. During the eight days which we spent in or about the ice it froze only once. It was not a severe freeze and it only produced small areas of frozen water on the deck. In 1980, 1982, 1985, 1987, 1989 and 1993 we had always experienced severe freezing at one time or another with ice building up in the rigging. On three occasions we have measured air temperatures at -20°, even in Summer months. These low temperatures are the result of wind chill. There was wind this year and at times it gusted up to 20 knots but the temperature remained above freezing. Perhaps El Nino was taking part of its Summer vacation in the eastern Arctic.

We had plenty of time to consider and discuss our situation because we were to remain solidly stuck for five days and one hour before we could move at all. We spent a further eleven hours and fifteen minutes completely stopped in closely compacted drift ice after our first escape.

On the first day wet fog rolled in which was to remain with us for the duration of our imprisonment. I walked over to look at some ice hummocks and it was clear that these were the remains of winter pressure ice. Using the binoculars I could not see any evidence of recently formed pressure ice which is



Nicholas Gore-Grimes phones home.

easily recognisable by the jagged pieces of blue ice which are forced upwards. The old winter pressure ice still had a covering of snow on it. This was good news because the constant fear for the ice navigator is that your vessel will become trapped between two large floes which may have been forced into contest against each other. When the edges of the two floes meet and have no other route to take, the ice is forced upwards with colossal energy to create the hummocks which are littered all about this frozen ocean. The lack of recently formed hummocks was only of small consolation because pressure ice can occur at any time to make a mockery of kevlar, steel or indeed any materials made by man.

It had rained on the ice before our arrival and there was more rain during our stay. Although the ice was three to four feet thick the surface was misleading. In foggy conditions we could not see too far but from the top of the mast Robert reported seeing quite a lot of water. We soon discovered that these were pools on ice floes with a depth of about six to twelve inches. We did not stray too far from *Arctic Fern*. The fog and the hummocks offered good camouflage for roaming polar bears. Magnificent and all as they are, they are cute masters of disguise. When stalking prey on ice they pick out a bit of snow and cover their black noses with it. We were soon to come in contact with them. Although we were entirely surrounded and unable to move, the first twenty four hours was quite pleasant because we were moored in a pool which probably measured about sixty feet by thirty feet. The anchor was well buried in a piece of ice which was about five feet above the water. This was a relatively good place but nothing in ice remains relatively good for long.

Robert cooked a splendid dinner but before the first plate was on the table the devil took me and I opened two bottles of Chablis. The inevitable followed with two more and of course with the beginnings of Dutch Courage starting to take effect, there was mention of a swim. We turned on the water maker to ensure that there would be enough water for hot showers and left the generator running to put the immersion heater on. We upped the level of Dutch courage a few times. Meryll and Andrew, who are people of moderate disposition, took a few paces backwards and allowed the two Gore-Grimes and the Pendleton to continue on their merry way. Meryll had big plastic ears and noses and black curly beards which she had taken with her to celebrate the first crossing of the Circle. In the event all but the helmsman slept as we crossed the Arctic Circle early in the morning and the party had to be postponed. It was after midnight when the three heroes wandered naked on deck. Robert and I climbed over the bow and landed in the ice. He dived in and swam quickly to the ladder at the stern. Nico did a powerful somersault from the rail and swam like lightning to



Pulling *Arctic Fern* to open water. You can see the crack we were trying to get through on the port side. In fact, we failed, and these two floes crashed together and we had to retreat.

the stern. In view of my advancing years and in the hope of postponing possible carditis, I slipped gently from the ice floe and did the breast stroke around our little ice haven. As we left the water each of us would have qualified as alto sopranos in the Vatican boys choir but Meryll found a bottle of Jagertee which had been presented to us by Michael O'Neill of the Royal St. George for just such an occasion, and she poured it into hot mugs of Barrys tea. We were soon ourselves again – back to basso profundo and thinking all the while what good anti-freeze Chablis Premier Cru is.

One hears stories of imminent death in such cold waters but I think that I spent almost ten minutes in the water. It was not as impressive as the lady in the recent film version of the Sinking of the Titanic. Perhaps Chablis is the answer. My last cold swim had been at Palmer Station at Anvers Island in Antarctica and that, with the aid of generous helpings of Jameson, had lasted for just one minute.

We drifted around in the ice for the next five days reaching 78°22'01"N which left 115 miles between us and Cape Flora. Our furthest east was 55°43'80"E. Although the fulmars were plentiful we did not see any little auks during our five and a half days in the ice. In 1989 they had been plentiful even in heavy ice conditions. It rained heavily on Sunday 2nd August and the shallow pools on the fields of ice became more numerous. Visibility was down to a cable or less. There was little rest. No sooner were we settled below when the ice began to grind against the hull. The noise is ugly but motivating. Out again and on to the ice to hack away the under water ice skirts which close

in below the water line. Special care was needed to protect the rudder and the propeller. We lashed down the bathing ladder on the stern and placed a large inflated Avon fender between the ladder and the rudder. It did not take long for the ice to snap off the stainless steel steps and to puncture the fender.

We punched holes in the skirts of under water ice at one foot intervals. It was slow, laborious work and it took two people to operate the heavy spinnaker pole, using it as a manual kango hammer. Eventually a large sheet of ice would break away and shoot to the surface. This was not a perfect solution but we found that by sinking a broken lump and pushing it under the sea ice we could stow it away quite neatly. Our aim was to allow the surface ice close to the hull without protruding under water ledges. As far as possible, and this was by no means always possible, we aimed

to have a clearance of two to three feet along one side of the boat while the other side lay with fenders out along a side of sheer ice with no under water protrusions.

In between hacking ice we tried either to read or rest but the intervals did not permit tedium. Some slumbers were rudely interrupted and we noticed that they often produced weird, multicoloured, speed-of-lightening dreams. You knew you had them but you could not quite remember the details. If the intervals were slightly longer some of us occasionally enjoyed the luxury of big-screen, stereo, erotic dream fantasies which were all too quickly obliterated by the cold reality of hacking more ice away from the hull of *Arctic Fern*.

I was blessed with a considerate, selfless crew aboard *Arctic Fern*. Robert and Nico were the clowns but both are thoroughly



Working hard to clear ice from the bow in misty conditions.



Arctic Fern firmly stuck at 78°N.

good sea men. In the rougher conditions both Merryl and Andrew fought a silently courageous battle against sea sickness and never missed a watch or a cooking duty. Andrew proved to be a willing and competent maintenance and repair man. Merryl, on the other hand, had a slight tendency to break things. Some of her breakage's were quite spectacular but it was quite impossible to get cross with someone who remained so good humoured throughout. One of her best efforts was a joke which took a day and a half to tell. The joke itself was not particularly memorable but the fact that it took a day and a half made it unusually amusing. Readers of this journal over the years will know that harmony has not always reigned on board *Shardana* and this may not be without reason for I am known as "a bastard of a skipper". The only other voyage which I can remember which compares in terms of harmony with the 1998 voyage was our early voyage to Spitzbergen in 1980.

There was one evening of anxiety aboard as we looked about us and saw nothing but fog and ice. We had been caught for three days. I kept repeating that the ice was melting and would continue to open. Escape was inevitable unless we were unlucky enough to be caught by pressure ice. I have been looking at ice charts for twenty consecutive years and there is a discernible pattern although one year is never quite the same as the next. I did not feel alarmed about our situation. I am a man of little imagination who is unable and unwilling to speculate what might happen. I would far rather deal with each situation as it arises. Without wishing to offend anyone on board I sensed that the crew were more pre-occupied with the present and thought little of disaster but then there were newspaper articles at home which were faxed to us and which must have caused concern and anxiety to those who cared and who were so far away. We discussed the worst case scenario which saw *Arctic*

Fern crushed by pressure ice and sent to the bottom. Merryl had prepared well supplied grab bags for such an event. The danger then, would be polar bears. Being inside the boat was a complete defence but sitting on the ice on a rubber dinghy or in a life raft without a gun was a worrying situation. We would use the flares for as long as they lasted. Robert suggested putting a few bags of sleeping pills into a large salami. We had an up to date EPIRB and everyone on board was familiar with its operation. I did call a good friend and notorious Norwegian named Erling Kagge on the Boat Phone to discuss the situation with him. He said that, if required, he would make the necessary rescue arrangements in the most unlikely event of a doomsday situation. He told us that a Naval vessel would take about two days to get to the ice edge and it would then be a matter of minutes before we would be picked up by helicopter. Erling is a man who has taken many risks and I felt that I could trust him not to be alarmist. Erling and Borg Ousland were the first people to walk unsupported to the North Pole. He then walked alone and unsupported to the South Pole and not content with these exceptional achievements, he climbed Mount Everest.

We thought no more about the necessity of rescue and sent heart felt optimistic messages to those at home. The ice would let us go eventually.

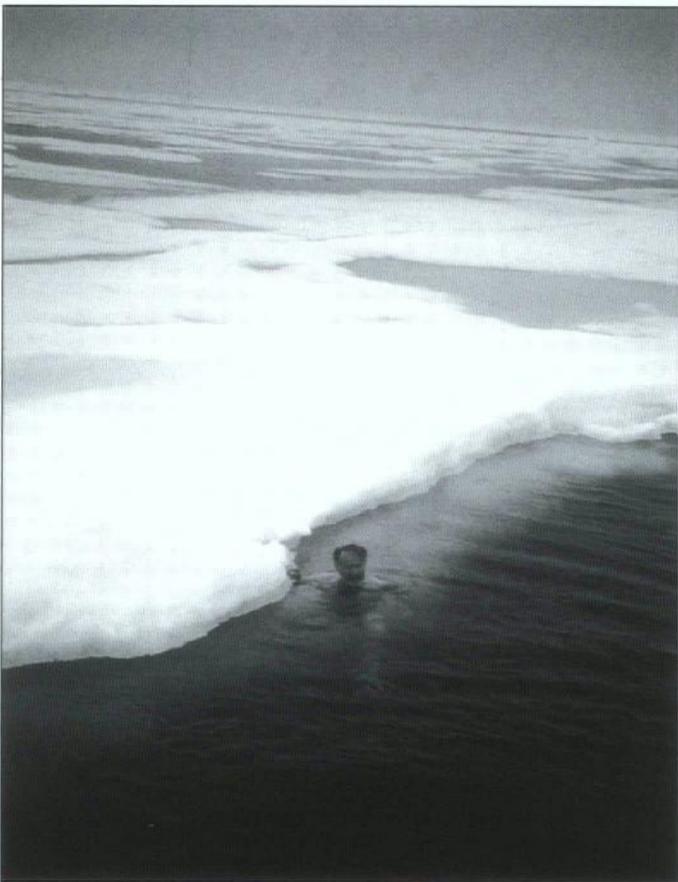
At 0:15 on Monday 3rd August Merryl came into my cabin to tell me that there were bears outside. They were about 150 feet from the boat on a piece of ice which touched our topsides. There was a mother and young cub. I climbed out through the aft cabin hatch and sure enough they were there looking magnificent. The mother gave a growl and then yawned. The yawn is usually a sign that the polar bear is not feeling unduly aggressive. The cub was very close to the boat and looked

playful. I held my camera but my hand shook involuntarily. I was extremely nervous. In 1989 I had put my rifle sight to a bear's head but I could not pull the trigger. There seemed no sense in having a gun. That is correct if you have a strong boat to hide in but if you lose the boat and are trekking across sea ice, dragging a dinghy, a life raft and supplies, an old rifle might be very useful indeed.

Fifteen minutes later Andrew fired a flare. He did not aim it at the bears but the noise and the smoke sent them running across the ice. We were surprised at the speed at which they moved. We learned that a young woman was savagely killed by a polar bear in Spitzbergen in July 1998 and that her companion was badly mauled and was close to death. You simply cannot walk around land or ice areas which are inhabited by polar bears without being extremely vigilant. If you do not have a bolt hole close by you must be properly armed. Polar bears are a protected species and it is illegal to kill them save in genuine cases of self defence. When we fired a flare at the mother and cub they turned around and before running away from us they seemed to say "what did you do that for?" They looked a little saddened and disappointed.

The bears had definitely given us quite a fright and we prepared ourselves for further visits by tying ropes across the boat and most especially across the cockpit and entrance hatch. The problem with all of this bear defence was that we were not free to walk around the deck and the cockpit was completely impossible. The only exit was through a small hatch in the main cabin. When the ice started its grinding attacks, as it frequently did, we had to undo the rope defences and work with the spinnaker pole to break the underwater ice away from the hull. We kept a polar bear watch but we would have received little notice of the bear's approach with so many hummocks close by and with visibility down to half a cable.

We had a second visit from a lone bear at 23:36 on Monday night. We were much calmer on this occasion, confident in the



The skipper having a swim at 78°N.

knowledge that we could drop in to the cabin and secure ourselves if the bear came on board. We stood on deck and he came close and growled. It was not a menacing growl but we fired a flare and there was the usual noise and smoke. The bear was unimpressed and eventually I growled at him and he looked at us and walked off slowly. He probably thought: "how pathetic!".

Wednesday 5th August was our most troublesome day with heavy ice attacking the hull beneath the surface. We had to haul the boat into a new position not more than a cable away. The movement of the floes was completely unpredictable. They were so large, that instead of moving in a uniform direction, they were frequently turned around by a neighbouring floe which could be as much as a half a mile away. There was a lot of hacking and pulling with ropes and once or twice we had to undo the rope maze in the cockpit and drive the boat at the ice at full revs. The results usually gave us about half an hours respite but then it was back to work again.

On Thursday 6th August it was foggy and there were still no leads in sight. A big old yellow bear suddenly pulled himself out the water onto the ice. What we had thought was an ice pool was in fact a deep water lead between two floes. I gave this bear the biggest growl that I could muster and this time it seemed to work because he turned tail and jumped back into the water. He swam south down a lead. "Thank you Mr. Bear". He had shown us a possible way out of our ice prison. As we hauled in the anchor and dismantled the bear defences on deck and on the cockpit I thought to myself that I should develop the growl and try it out on a judge or two in the Dublin Courts.

The yellow bear was the fourth bear that we had seen and the seventh bear that I have seen on Arctic Ocean ice. We really did feel much less threatened by them as we came into more frequent contact with them. They look fantastic and appeared to us to be relatively timid. At the same time this was a good season for seals and it is hunger more than anything which makes a bear vicious and unpredictable. They are undoubtedly among the most effective hunters in the animal world but when it comes to out and out ugly ruffians they are only in the halfpenny place compared with humans.

We followed our yellow bear for a while once we had freed ourselves from our ice harbour. We finally left him behind and we had five hours of torturous twisting and turning through heavy floes. The crew worked the spinnaker pole in turns. It was hard work but there was not a single complaint. The thought of open water was sufficient motivation to keep hammering away at the ice in order to secure our freedom. By 17:00 we were in relatively open water and headed towards the Nord Kap. The water temperature was +2° so we made a tank full of water and everyone enjoyed hot showers. Clean again, with fresh clothing, we had just allowed ourselves to unanimously agree that the best thing about ice in the Arctic Ocean is getting out of it, when all of a sudden we were once again surrounded by it. By 22:00 hours, just ten hours after our departure from our last ice cloister, we were caught in another one. It allowed us no escape and in poor visibility it simply enveloped us in a most unmannerly fashion. We were stuck again. There were no large floes but just many pieces of ice jammed in very close proximity. There was a mighty ocean swell and the drama of this was exaggerated as great walls of ice rose up and fell down again all around us. The height from top to bottom was approximately 15 feet but the peaks of each heavy swell were well separated. The moving ocean did not cause the close packed ice to grate against the hull of the *Arctic Fern*.

It was a foggy night and one watch followed the next with poor reports on the possibility of moving out of this disagreeable scene. At 07:15 on Friday 7th August, Andrew called me from a deep, dreamless sleep to say that he could see

open water no more than three cables away. I came on deck and peered into the fog to see open water. The boat was entirely surrounded by ice so we wondered how we would penetrate it and effect our escape. The ice was well broken and you certainly would not think of walking on it so we started up the trusty Yanmar and moved out slowly at 1,000 revs pushing ice aside with the crew on the bow assisting with the spinnaker pole. One hour later we were free again and this time our freedom was permanent. By 09:00 Nico's entry in the log read: "Only melted ice bergs now. They are so melted that they are invisible".

For the next twenty four hours there was no wind and we motored on autopilot at an average of 6 knots. Before long the wind came up and we were flying along with goosewinged genoa, making great speeds and eating impressively into the southern latitudes and the western longitudes. It was roley poley sailing and there seemed to be a lot of jars and tins in cupboards that were anxious to get out. The symphony of sound below was badly composed and we silenced it by stuffing towels, dish cloths and kitchen rolls into every available locker until we finally had the rebellious food stuffs under control.

We travelled 187 miles in one period of twenty four hours and 195 miles in a second period of twenty four hours. Our return to Honningsvag was a grand reward for the difficulties which we had encountered with the Arctic Ocean ice. We tied up at the oil depot on Tuesday 11th August and filled the fuel tanks. Andrew changed the engine oil. We had seriously over stocked the boat with food, having under estimated how much food could be preserved in the fridge and in the deep freeze. We unloaded a mountain of food and Christine selected a worthy citizen of Honningsvag, who she knew would appreciate a good winter store. With all the tasks and shopping attended to



Bear within 10 yards of *Arctic Fern*.

we left Honningsvag at 15:45 on Wednesday 12th August bound for Lofoten.

At Robert's request we left Svolvær at 05:59 on Sunday 16th August. Robert had said that by leaving a minute early we would have good luck. Obviously, his definition of "good luck" and mine differ because we had awful weather conditions for much of the way from Svolvær to Stornaway, arriving on the following Saturday.

We sailed down the Minches through the North Channel and down the Irish Sea to arrive at Howth marina at 19:24 on Wednesday 26th August. We had travelled 324 miles from Stornaway in two days to the minute. Our total distance for the voyage was 4,572 miles.

Much can be said about high latitude sailing but for me the best part of it is returning home and remembering all the fun and the good bits. The bad bits, and I can't remember any, are quickly forgotten.

From	To	Depart Date	Arrive Date	Distance Miles	Time Taken	
					Days	Hours
Howth	Lerwick	7 July	11 July	516	3	4
Lerwick	Tromsø	14 July	19 July	809	6	3
Tromsø	Honningsvåg	21 July	22 July	178	1	3
Honningsvåg	78°22'N 55°24'E	26 July	1 Aug	748	6	2
Drifting in ice		1 Aug	6 Aug	64	5	6
1st Ice Stop	2nd Ice Stop	6 Aug	6 Aug	39.6	10	
		6 Aug	7 Aug	4.5	9	
2nd Ice Stop	Honningsvåg	7 Aug	11 Aug	629	4	4
Honningsvåg	Svolvær	12 Aug	14 Aug	336	2	3
Svolvær	Stornaway	16 Aug	22 Aug	922	6	10
Stornaway	Howth	24 Aug	26 Aug	324	2	
TOTAL:				4,572 miles		



ICC Galicia Cruise in Company

Bernard Corbally

When Joe Woodward first mentioned his idea of an ICC cruise to Galicia, Liam McGonigal enthusiastically gave it the status of a major Club objective. Leo Conway agreed to organise the event and a clarion of bells immediately rang throughout the membership which culminated in thirty-four ICC yachts cruising the wonderful Rias Bajas between Bayona and Cabo Finisterre. Leo and Phil Conway had researched the west coast of Galicia by road in October 1997, and out of this undoubtedly harrowing experience, the basic structure of the cruise was born. Valuable guidance was received from Alfredo Lagos, the local representative in Bayona of the RCC, and a good friend over the years to the ICC members cruising in Galicia. The Irish Deputy Chief Herald, Fergus Gillespie, designed our "Battle Flag". This portrayed "Hercules Tower", the 2nd Century lighthouse at La Coruna, with the Irish Harp at the end of its loom. Rumour has it that sailors, looking north from the top of the tower, saw Ireland and this led to the commencement of maritime trade. In later years, some of the ships carried Irish Pilgrims en route to Santiago de Compostela. Their symbol "The Shell", used for drinking, was widely recognised and frequently obtained them free transport and hospitality. By extending our route to Santiago via Bayona, we took full advantage of "the Shell" to enjoy an abundance of enthusiastic Spanish hospitality.

Rionnag, with Ann Woulfe Flanagan, Clive Martin, Chris Stillman and Elizabeth Seigne as crew, cast off in Dun Laoghaire at 14.15 on Sunday 13th June. We had a light breeze on the beam as we headed south at about 5k., however it did not last and we were soon motoring. In fact, we ended up motor-sailing most of the way to The Scillies. Monday was a fabulous day and as we were making over 7½k. over ground with favourable tides, morale was great despite the lack of wind. We even enjoyed the company of a school of porpoises as we gave our new spinnaker an airing. We made it into Porth Cressa at 22.40 Monday, just before dark.

We motored round to Hugh Town on Tuesday morning and picked up a visitor's mooring. Two days later, we reluctantly tore ourselves away from this truly delightful place and made for Galicia. It was a dullish day and the skipper was definitely in low spirits with a nagging toothache. Elizabeth Seigne persuaded him to try a noggin of neat Irish Whiskey which, she claimed, would anaesthetise any exposed nerve ends and give him some peace.

True enough, after a few seconds of excruciating pain, he never felt another pang!

We were back to fabulous sunshine weather on Friday, but we still had to put in quite a lot of motor-sailing in order to make adequate progress against a southerly breeze. After an uneventful but enjoyable passage across the Bay of Biscay, we anchored off the beach at Laxe in Corme Bay on Sunday 21st June at 17.10. Laxe is a delightful small fishing village with a fabulous beach and a super fish restaurant "Zurich" where we dined and wineed extremely well.

Monday, we rounded Cabo Villano under a small genoa and reefed main. Although the sun was shining, the inevitable fog bank was there threatening us! We picked up a stern line off the marina pontoon at Camarinas at 14.30. La Marina Restaurant fed us well that evening. We were under way at 08.55 on Tuesday morning, making Cabo Finisterre at mid-day. Unfortunately, it was shrouded in fog and our enthusiastic photographers got no pictures of this awesome point. It took us 9½ hours, 7 of them sailing, to reach the marina at Santa Eugenia de Riviera, which was practically empty. This was another stern warp pick-up arrangement. The facilities were adequate, the staff was extremely friendly and helpful but the town did not impress us.

As we glided away from Santa Eugenia on Wednesday morning, brightly coloured local fishing boats were mirrored on the glassy surface of the water. It was a magical scene. We stopped for lunch and a swim off the lovely northeast beach on Isla Ons before motoring on to Bayona where we tied up on the fuel berth at 19.30. David FitzGerald on *White Heather* soon



Opening function, Bayona: pre-dinner wine reception.

Photo: Hilary Keatinge

joined us alongside. The ICC Fleet was already prominent in the marina and hospitality lockers appeared to be universally open! New arrivals continued to berth until the whole marina was dominated by ICC Battle Flags. Some boats had been brought south weeks in advance, like Leslie Auchincloss's *Morning Flame*. Brendan Bradley's *Shalini* had come out of the sunset, rolling to a longer swell (though some of that was more than a little bumpy). The passage from Ireland brought mixed fortunes – the earlier departures seemed to have had it easier, but even for the more oppressed, a few hours in Bayona restored the spirits remarkably. Brian Coad was reported to be suffering from laryngitis having sailed *Raasey of Melford* down single-handed. This was confirmed later by his wife Daphne!

The magnificent castelated fortress walls of the Parador "Conde do Gondomar" provide a most impressive background to what must be one of the most luxurious and well-appointed yacht clubs on the continent. The Club staff could not have been more friendly, helpful and indeed patient in accommodating some 33 Irish boats into what is invariably a most popular marina. In the office, no problem fazed the linguistically gifted Debora, and her good humour never flagged. Liam McGonigal and his crew arrived in Bayona by car in time for the cruise opening dinner and subsequently attended all the other rally functions. Not getting *Ounavarra* across the Bay of Biscay was certainly not going to prevent them missing the parties! Donal Brazil also ran into problems on the way down: *Kilpatrick* drifted across the Bay of Biscay without an engine, making it into La Coruna. He also hired a car to make the Bayona party. We heard that he subsequently put into Noia to have his jib stitched up by the local shoemaker! *Kilpatrick* finally joined the fleet at Pueblo de Caraminal. Derry O'Brien just managed to get *Live Wire* to Bayona, having tried to rebuild a dicky engine en route. Sadly, *Live Wire* was unable to carry on beyond Bayona despite herculean efforts. The lady owner of a large yacht, in conversation with several eminent medical consultants on another boat, happened to mention that when she started nursing, her first pay packet contained precisely £1 19s 10d. To which one of the consultants was heard to reply, eyeing her boat. "Invested it well, didn't you, dear!"

On Thursday evening, after the skippers' briefing in the Club committee room, we gathered for a wine reception on the terrace overlooking the marina. The bar did some very brisk business as thirsty ICC members pre-empted the event. However, once under way, the reception quickly took off and many contacts were made as skippers and crew circulated looking for friends and acquaintances. The party atmosphere was great as everyone finally moved into the Club dining room where the Catering Manager Manuel Duarte had laid on a magnificent repast. We were joined by the Club Real Commodore, Estanislao Duran, who made a short speech welcoming us to his club. Our Commodore, Michael McKee, responded in kind and then Joe Woodward said a lot of presumably nice things in Spanish! The sailors and friends, about 160 of them, made a very significant impact on the Club cellars and everyone considered our rally successfully under way.

In some peoples' books Friday was a rest day set aside for shopping etc., but for ICC members this did not preclude a sensible amount of inter boat socialising. At the end of the day the restaurant "El Candile" was packed out with ICC members well and truly in the party mode.

The ICC fleet became significantly dispersed on Saturday, with many yachts anchoring off the fantastic beaches of Islas Cies. Some stayed the night, others, including us, returned to our berths at Bayona. We heard tell that our Commodore arrived at this popular beach on *Jaynor* flying the Yellow Flag, but help was at hand in the person of Dr. Tuffet on *Rafiki*. Joe



Woodward's daily 10.00 chat show on Ch.72 was already keeping the fleet up to date on past, current and proposed happenings. Margaret Bourke's lost handbag featured quite a lot as miscellaneous items (lips are sealed as to what!) were reported found in strange places.

We made a relatively early start on Sunday 28th June, heading for the beautiful Ensenada de Barra beach on the north coast of Ria de Vigo as an ideal swim and breakfast stop. We soon realised that it was a naturist beach, but this did not inhibit the crew from swimming ashore. In fact it was such a lovely place we stayed until after lunch. Later on, as we motored close by Isla Ons, we sighted *Jilliana*, *Morning Flame*, *Sirikit* and *Flica* anchored off the beach at the north end of the island (also a naturist area). Tree covered headlands, backed up by mountain ranges, provided delightful scenery as we entered the Ria de Arosa. We motored against a brisk breeze on the nose

through millions of small white horses glistening in the sunshine. Glimpses of the odd white sail added interest as we speculated on which ICC boat it might be. Vast areas of the Ria were occupied by viveros, the mussel rafts so characteristic of the Rias Bajas, but they pose no problems to navigation. There were lots of sandy beaches and quite a few small sea side villages enticing us as we made our way into this beautiful Ria. We also had our moment of excitement as the wind suddenly increased to F.6 as we made our approach to Villagarcia. Fortunately, the marina is well protected and we managed to berth alongside our sister ship, Bruce Lyster's new acquisition *Caprice*, with only a modicum of trouble. The marina is excellent and the Club conservatory bar was great, but the facilities were under renovation and quite basic.

On Monday morning, 79 optimistic oenophiles piled into two buses for an excursion to the vineyards of Bodegas Salnasur, a co-operative venture near Cambados, which had been organised by David Nicholson (and who better?). We first went to the vineyards and were shown the Albarino grape ripening on the vines and then shown around the wine making plant, before being invited to a most generous tasting of the product, which was served with delicious finger food. From the roof terrace on the Bodego, we had wonderful views of the wine country and a vast expanse of the Rias Bajas. The party responded magnificently to this hospitality by purchasing vast quantities of wine, which really was very palatable, and badly needed to replenish the fleet stocks of Duty Free.

We were delighted to have the opportunity to revisit the El Chocolate Restaurant, which fed us so well with massive steaks, back in 1995. John and Jenny Crebbin, *Alannah*, joined

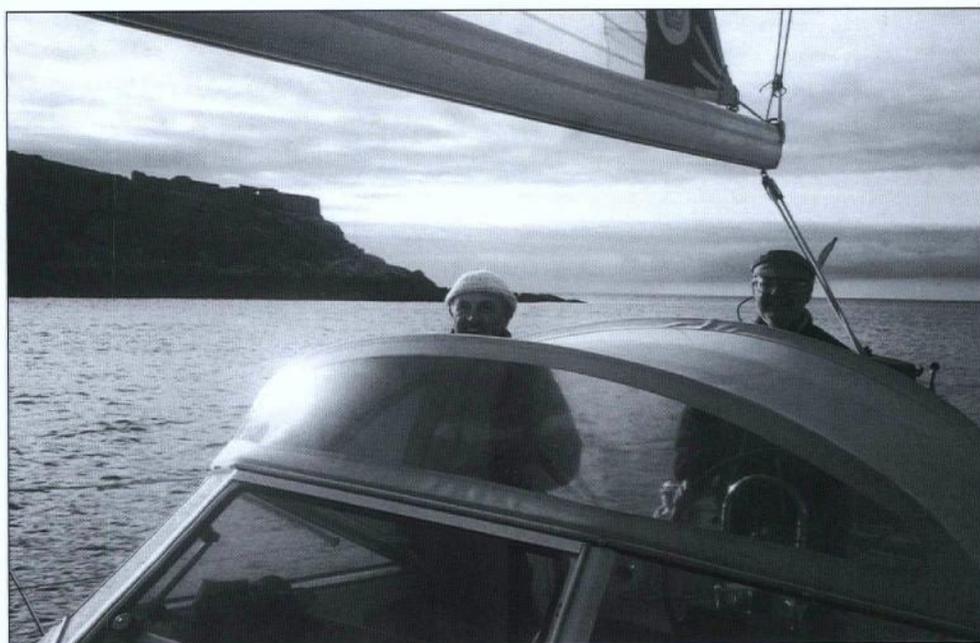


Lunch, Pueblo del Caraminal. David Fitzgerald and Arne Osamundsvaag (*White Heather*)

Photo: Hilary Keatinge

us for dinner, after which we migrated into the room next door where a large party of Cork and Galway ICC members were already ringing the rafters, orchestrated by Donal McClement. A definite highlight of the evening was when Mrs. Chocolate, the owner's wife, inspired by the spirit of an Irish party in full swing, entertained us to a splendid operatic solo performance. Another group visited nearby Carril and found equally lavish, if quieter, hospitality.

We left Villagarcia Marina at 09.00 on Tuesday and were soon enjoying an exciting sunshine sail, in company with *Alannah* and *Katlin*, across to Pueblo de Caraminal the other side of Ria de Arosa. We were almost there when the wind strength suddenly increased dramatically, with gale force gusts that forced us to make an extremely fast reduction of sail. The Pueblo gave us a fantastic welcome, which started with the local youth band, in full Galicia regalia, with bagpipes and drums, parading up and down the pontoons. This was followed by a spirited music performance on the pier, which galvanised a couple of ICC members into a lively dance routine. We were then given a most generous wine reception, hosted by Mayor Ramon Rego on the pier before being led up town by the band. Lunch at Restaurant O Lager under the watchful eye of Pablo Puso was our next challenge. Banquet is a much more appropriate name for the event, which extended from 12.30 until 17.15. A selection of seven cold starters, including giant Langoustines, was followed by two hot starters, one of which was an incredibly delicious Crab Vinaigrette. Initially, music was provided by the Galician Band. This was superseded by the ICC Male Voice Choir and many virtuoso performances by individual members. Arve



Eddie Sheehy, Leo Conway on *Caprice* enter St Mary's, Isles of Scilly, returning from Galicia.

Photo: Sandra Hunter



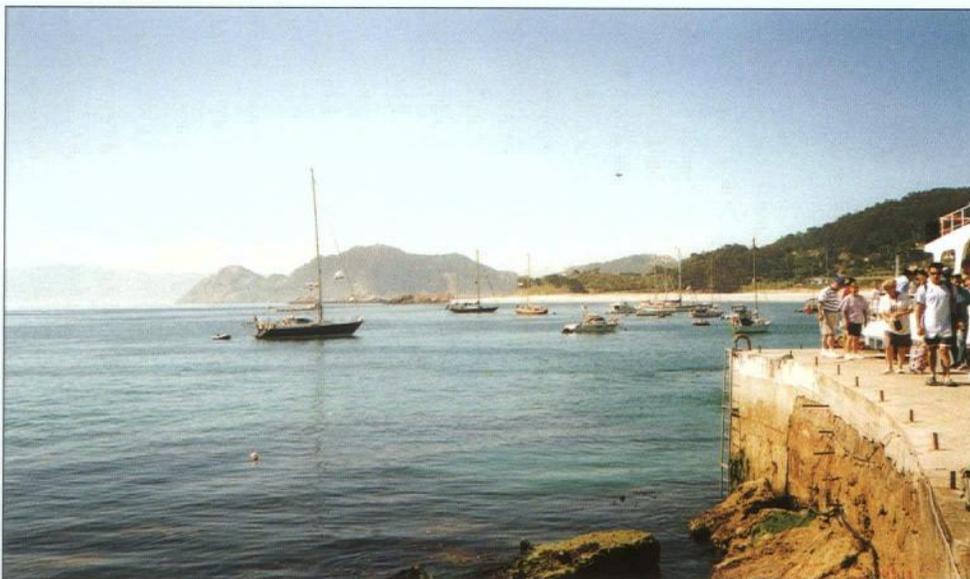
Bayona. Bruce Lyster, Brian MacManus, Estanislao Duran (Commodore MRCY), Michael McKee (Commodore ICC), and John Bourke

Photo: Hilary Keatinge



Commodore McKee, and Anne McKee, presentation of Battle Flag to Estanislao Duran (Commodore MRCY).

Photo: Leo Conway



Morning Flame, Deerhound etc at Islas Cies.

Photo: Phil Conway

Osmundsvaag, from *White Heather*, made an impressive contribution on his trumpet. However, when Commodore Michael McKee climbed up onto a soapbox, no doubt to provide us all with a full frontal view of his dramatic check trousers, and then burst into a spirited rendering of "Ballyjamesduff", the applause put the whole building in severe jeopardy. All the ingredients were there for a fantastic party and the ICC responded enthusiastically and magnificently!

After lunch, we were brought by bus to a vantage point "A Curota" on Sierra do Barbanza, where the panoramic view was impressive and the sharp breeze across the mountain ridge was decidedly therapeutic. Some of the hardier members were then taken to Cabio beach for a swim. It was here that John Bourke organised his wife and friends in an intensive search for his lost sunglasses, which were eventually spotted on Margaret's nose! Another member forgot to don his trunks in his haste to reach the tantalising sea. The rest of us opted out in favour of a walkabout or a siesta.

Two skippers were clearly still not with it on Wednesday morning when they made an early departure from the marina, forgetting to pay their marina dues. Fortunately for them, a fellow member coughed up on their behalf saving them a potentially embarrassing follow up. Most of the yachts, including us, spent a quiet day enjoying our environment. When John and Jenny Crebbin joined us for dinner on *Rionnag*, they brought a bottle of lethal liquid which they had acquired in the vineyard shop. A small dose was wonderful, but enough if sanity was to be preserved!

It was raining with quite poor visibility when we left Pueblo de Caraminal at 11.00 on Thursday. However, there was plenty of wind to sail and conditions did improve considerably by lunchtime. The passages from Ria de Arosa to Ria de Muros around the Corrubedo headland offer options, in climbing parlance, up to 'very' severe. We saw several ICC yachts head through the Canal de Sagres, but without a detailed chart we did not follow them. We did pass inside the Beo de Praqueiro Rocks, Ba de

Corrubedo and El Rocin to enter Ria de Muros at 15.00. The beaches, with picturesque rocky hills sloping up behind them looked great, particularly during intermittent periods of sunshine. We resisted the temptation to go for a swim and pressed on, passing inside Isla Filgueira off El Son, to arrive at Portosin marina at 17.00, seconds before a torrential downpour of rain. Dinner in Claudio Restaurant was excellent, with the entire congregation comprised of ICC members and crew.

Friday started as a dull damp day, which did not inhibit ICC members from socialising happily in open cockpits. Our Commodore set a good example on *Jaynor*, berthed next to us, as he entertained the local dignitaries to large G&Ts. At some stage in the day, Arthur Baker, a guest on *Sandy Ways*, was seen driving his hired car backwards out of town. The *Rionnag* crew went for a delightful swim on the little beach just east of the marina.

At about 21.00, a party buzz began to be very audible in the bar of Club Nautica de Portosin as ICC sailors began to assemble for dinner. The bar and dining room are located on the top floor of an impressive modern clubhouse with a magnificent panoramic view of the marina and across the Ria de Muros. It was an outstanding location for our rally get-together and we were all made to feel really welcome. Monica Calo, The Club Administrator, spoke excellent English and was almost always available to help everyone, no matter what their problem. After an excellent dinner, Augusto Nores Lorenzo, the Club Commodore made a most welcoming speech and then introduced us to a traditional local brew "Quemada", which was served flaming from large bowls located on the balcony open to the main dining room. This could well have been the catalyst that started the party really flying, with much singing, trumpet playing and general hilarity. Commodore Augusto joined in enthusiastically and contributed some pretty lively jazzed up music on the piano and harmonica. Finally, at something like 04.15, the Commodore asked if he could let the bar staff go home, and we called it a day. It was a memorable party and was certainly a most



The Galician band pipes us to the Municipal Reception at Pueblo del Caraminal.

Photo: Phil Conway



A "whacker" G&T. Augusto Nores Lorenzo, Commodore of Club Nautico Portosin pours, Michael McKee, Joe Woodward and Anne McKee.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan



Declan Tyrell (*Hobo V*), Jenny and John Crebbin (*Alannah*), Bill Keatinge (*Rafiki*) and Margaret Bourke (*Hobo V*)

Photo: Hilary Keatinge



Ria de Muros from Marina at Club Nautico Portosin.

Photo: Aidan Byrnes

fitting culmination to a fantastically well organised Galicia Rally. Leo, we salute you and thank you most heartily.

On Saturday morning, we took the ICC bus into Santiago de Compostela, where we were extremely fortunate to see the enormous censer "Botafumeira" being swung during a solemn ceremony in the Cathedral. Ann B and Larry Martin joined us for lunch and replaced Mary and Clive Martin as our crew. Jim Gillespie joined us later in Portosin. We spent a leisurely two weeks getting back to Bayona, where we changed crew again. Leaving Bayona on 21st July, we cruised to Lisbon via Viana Do Castelo, Figuera da Foz, Nazare and Peniche. We spent six days in the Doca de Alcantara Marina in Lisbon, where we inspected the Tall Ships at our leisure and made an excursion to EXPO 98. After another change of crew, we moved down the coast to Lagos, stopping for one night at Sines en route. We then stayed for two days in the very up market Lagos Marina before setting sail for Madeira via Porto Santo. We arrived in Funchal on 12th August and stayed ten days, changing crew on 15th August. The next leg of our cruise was to the Canary Islands via the beguiling Salvagem Islands. *Rionnag* is currently based in the excellent modern Puerto Calero Marina on Lanzarote Island. We are entered for the ARC Rally from Las Palmas in Gran Canaria to Rodney Bay in St. Lucia, which starts on 22nd November.

The rest of the fleet went various ways from Portosin. Michael Whealan's *Maunie* headed south to Lagos in the Algarve in preparation for an Atlantic crossing. *Sirikit* (Guy Johnson) also headed for Lagos, while those who were rushing back home, including *Flica*, *Jiliana*, *Scorpio*, *Katlin* and *Caprice* had a very rugged "post Portosin cure", with 48hrs. of hammering headwinds (up to 40k.) from Finnisterre onwards. Others lingered and helped the rearguard of Club Nautica

Portosin to cope with the withdrawal symptoms, before making a more leisurely departure.

Galicia has been a cruising destination for a select few ICC members for many years. Participation in this rally has opened it up to many others, who have found that it offers spectacular scenery, wonderful beaches, good sheltered waters and, perhaps most of all, a genuinely hospitable people who have not been spoilt by organised tourism and whose great pleasure is to introduce visitors, especially those who come by sea, to the delights of superb seafood and fine drink at remarkably low cost.

Yachts that participated in the ICC Galicia Rally were:

Pilgrim Soul, Andrew Curtain; *Jilliana*, Paddy Walsh; *Faustina II*, John Clementson, Ann Bunting; *Shalini*, Brendan Bradley; *Kilpatrick*, Donal Brazil; *Carrigdown*, Bill Walsh; *Jaynor*, Michael McKee; *No Fear*, Maurice Flowers; *Caranja*, James Menton; *Maunie*, Michael Whealan; *White Heather*, David FitzGerald; *Moshulu III*, Joe Woodward; *Hobo V*, John Bourke; *Katlin*, Brendan O'Callaghan; *Rionnag*, Bernard Corbally, Ann Woulfe Flanagan; *Sandy Ways*, Tom Cooke; *Scorpio*, Tom Foote; *William Tell of Uri*, Seamus Lantry; *Erquy*, Cormac McHenry; *Jabberwok*, Peter Courtney; *Alys*, David Park; *Rafiki*, Bill Keating; *Morning Flame*, Leslie Auchincloss; *Deerhound*, Colin Chapman; *VSOP*, John Godkin; *Scaramouche*, P.J.F.O'Sullivan; *Flight of Fancy*, N.L.Smyth; *Raasay of Melfort*, Brian Coad; *Skyjack II*, Brian Tucker; *Alannah*, John Crebbin; *Live Wire*, Derry O'Brien; *Caprice*, Leo Conway, David Nicholson; *Sirikit III*, Guy Johnston; *Flica*, Marilyn Kenworthy.

Tonga and New Zealand

Peter & Susan Gray

Waxwing's Log 26th August 1997 – 31st May 1998

It was the last week in October. We lay tied stern to the quay in the small boat section of the harbour at Nukualofa, the capital of Tonga, with several other yachts anxiously watching the tracks of the cyclones and waiting for a weather window to make the one thousand nautical mile crossing to New Zealand.

We had made a leisurely two year crossing of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and were starting to grow impatient to complete the first half of our circumnavigation and be united again with our family in Auckland. We had not taken on crew for the passages and, while we had made many good friends along the way and had had exciting, interesting and rewarding times, we were glad to be back in reach of family and visitors from home.

The Caribbean, Panama, the Galapagos, Marquesas, Tuamotu atolls, Tahiti and the other Society Islands lay far in our wake. We had just spent two months exploring the idyllic cruising grounds of the Vava'u group of islands to the north and were more than ready and eager for the final nine or ten day passage to the Bay of Islands on North Island, New Zealand.

The delay in Nukualofa, which we did not find anything like as pleasant as the Tongan island groups to the north, was proving frustrating but perhaps the hovering cyclones were trying to tell us something, remind us that patience is the essence of safety in long distance cruising. So we bided our time.

While we were in Vava'u, our daughter Nickey and our two small grandchildren flew up from Auckland to spend time with us and we re-learned the near forgotten skills of sandcastle building and rock pool exploring and responding to excited children who imagined whales and dolphins in every white capped wave while we sailed among the many reef-fringed islands with their luxuriant foliage and wonderful beaches of fine golden sand.

The children's other grandparents, Graeme and Barbara from Auckland, and Susan's sister Gail Varian and husband Mick (R.St.G.Y.C.) stayed with us later but we did rather more adult things with them. There are several interesting restaurants scattered around the islands and a Tongan feast (meats and fish are wrapped in leaves and cooked slowly in a pit in the ground) complete with Tongan dancing was a highlight of our social activity. These large, laughing, friendly people always have time for a chat with visitors and are most hospitable. We were once even invited to a birthday party because, strolling past a house, we stopped to admire the beautiful garden and the tables set with brightly coloured napkins on white linen cloths. Though all but a few Tongans appear to be very poor, it does not seem to worry them. Unlike our experience in the Caribbean and Latin American countries, we saw no signs of resentment at their lot nor of envy at the relative wealth of their yachting visitors. We were made to feel welcome where ever we went. We think that the hotels and better restaurants must have imported their food and wine direct because the few stores were poorly stocked and, with the exception of fruit and

vegetables in the market, the quality of what was on offer was indifferent. None the less we managed to eat well always thanks to Susan's imaginative cooking on our single burner alcohol stove.

Perhaps we did the children an injustice on the subject of whales for the adults made a number of sightings of them playing with their new born and resting before their long swim to cooler waters south. We swam in the warm, crystal-clear, water and snorkled with tropical fish feeling privileged to share for a while the magic of their colorful coral playgrounds. Sailing between the islands, even with the help of a very fine guide with chartlets produced by the local station of the Moorings Charter Boat Company, was always an adventure and we managed to touch a rock or two as we negotiated narrow reef-lined passes – fortunately with no damage other than some abraded antifouling.

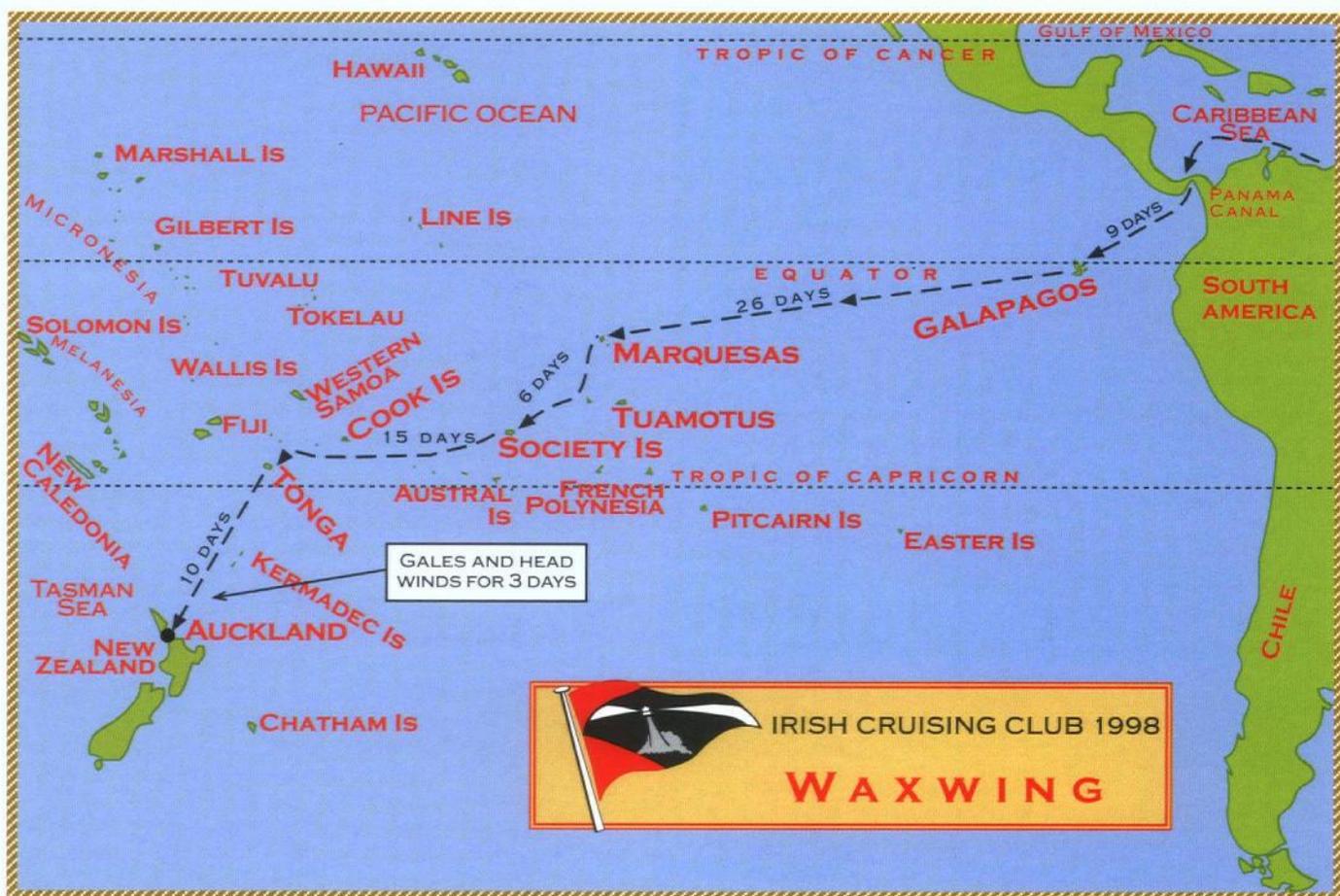
Holidays over, Mick and Gail helped us to sail *Waxwing* south to Nukualofa with an all too brief stop at the lovely Hapaai group of islands on the way and it was back to reality again in the rather dirty harbour as we set about preparing for our passage to New Zealand

SUNDAY 2ND NOVEMBER: Tropical Cyclone Martin with its eighty knot winds seems to have moved out of our range and is disappearing safely to the south east. The next cyclone (hurricane) has not yet surfaced and the omens for a reasonable passage are looking promising especially as the winds at Nukualofa have eased to about thirty knots. So we set off. Other yachts had come to the same conclusion but a few, including fellow George members, Johnny and Emer Heron on their Westerly Oceanlord, *Pala*, and Mike and Jane on *Obsession* from Wexford, wait a few days longer and are rewarded with an easy passage all the way.

We should explain that on this passage one sails out of one weather system into another and it is difficult to judge a good departure from Tonga (or Fiji for that matter) with threatening cyclones developing to the north west and tracking south east and also avoid the gales and storms that, usually with short notice, periodically sweep across New Zealand from the Tasman sea to celebrate the end of their winter. One thing is certain, if you have not escaped north from the cyclone zone in good time, you have a limited weather window in which to make it to New Zealand or Australia. We did not think it the best of ideas to stay in Tonga or Fiji as some did. Though they both have a few hurricane holes it is difficult for an itinerant yacht to find a really secure berth when the real need arises.

Conventional wisdom decrees that, after clearing Tonga, a course should be shaped to give a good westing for as long as the winds offer a favourable slant. The suggestion is that, as one nears New Zealand with its likely head winds from the south west, one will avoid a lot of tacking. The downside is the added distance sailed.

Encouraged by a series of favourable forecasts for the new Zealand area generally, we decided to give conventional wisdom a miss on this occasion and we set a rhumb line course



to our desired destination in the Bay of Islands. Well we nearly got away with it. For six days we enjoyed a fast reach in twenty five knots or so across an easy, rolling, sea. Sunny days and bright moon-lit nights, enhanced by myriad stars coupled with noon to noon runs of 150 miles, made for an enchanted time. Our friend the Southern Cross, welcome and familiar, came up night after night unerringly confirming our course. This was the stuff of dreams, south sea sailing at its best and perhaps we might be excused for being lulled into the trap of imagining it would never end.

But it did – and in spectacular style – with a full gale on the nose that lasted almost three days. *Waxwing* felt comfortable enough with a fully reefed main and a sliver of staysail so we decided to keep going – possibly influenced by a sea which, while building, did not seem to be threatening us. Other yachts in our area heaved-to or lay to sea anchors but we heard of none that ran before the gale which indeed might well have been the thing to do as, only two hundred and fifty miles down wind, *Pala* was enjoying near perfect conditions which they carried right through. However, for us with New Zealand just within reach, it seemed best not to lose ground so we thrashed around making little headway but at least holding on to the distance we had made.



Despite careful conning through the coral in Tonga, we hit the occasional rock. Photo: Susan Gray

MONDAY 10TH NOVEMBER: Our journal reads: Force 7. Big seas – four or five meters. Little headway. It looks like the wind is beginning to moderate but our friends on *Tumbleweed* are still lying to a sea anchor about twenty five miles to leeward. We worry a bit about them because they are in a wide shipping lane. *Hanabella* (a Warrior 38 from the UK with Paul and Ingrid aboard whom we had first met on the ARC '95) has split her main and her engine has ceased to function. *Pala* and *Meandor* are coming up behind and may be able to assist. Later, Paul reports over the SSB that he



Waxwing at peace in the Hapai Islands, Tonga.

Photo: Susan Gray

has managed to set a tri-sail and has guntered up a repair to his engine. They feel they can ride out the gale and make it into Bay of Islands when things improve. Panic over. Self sufficiency is critical but it is a comfort to know that, when things go wrong, there are friends out there keeping in touch through the SSB and ready and willing to render assistance.

It is also good to know that Russell Radio based in the Bay of Islands keeps a twenty four hour watch on well-publicised channels on both SSB and VHF and, on request, will include any yacht at sea in the area on their twice-daily roll call schedule.

Des – a retired gentleman – and his partners there provide a free, invaluable and much appreciated weather information and ship to shore message service on a voluntary basis. When we got to New Zealand, we joined the Association. Annual subscription is about ten pounds for a service which is worth – well possibly at times what ever a life is worth.

TUESDAY 11TH NOVEMBER: At 02.20 we spotted the powerful light on Cape Brett marking the southern entrance to the Bay of Islands – a popular landfall as Opuia is an official port of entry and it makes for a lovely cruising area, a place to relax after the sometimes testing passage from the north or from Australia round North Cape.

The sea had reduced considerably as we closed the coast but we still had thirty knots on the nose. By 05.00 we were still seventeen miles to leeward of Opuia but able to lie the next entry port, Whangarei to the south. So we held on.

Des at Russell Radio had set up a special early morning schedule for those of us still at sea in what

had been pretty uncomfortable conditions and, when our turn came, we advised him of our change of plan. He alerted the authorities at Whangarei and by 18.00 we had safely negotiated the long, narrow estuary leading up to the large town with the help of the last of a flood tide. A quick call on our VHF and our friendly Customs and Immigration officer, Alan, (a cruising yachtsman himself) was waiting on the wharf to take our lines. He was soon joined by the Agricultural officer and we were cleared in briskly and efficiently and warmly welcomed to New Zealand. We beg to be excused for recording here our feeling of pleasure and achievement – and even our relief. We had sailed *Waxwing* half-way round the world without serious mishap – bar to a finger or two nearly lost along the way and the odd bruising. We decided to

celebrate with a drink (or perhaps two) and dinner ashore.

We feel it is worth mentioning here that, contrary to the impression given by the UK yachting press and even in some Cruising journals, Kiwi departure regulations and procedures

are designed to be user friendly and helpful. We can see nothing obnoxious in the pre-departure inspection nor in the tax which goes in support of the Search and Rescue service. The inspection is carried out by experienced yachtsmen and not by Civil servants and they are concerned only to see that departing yachts are in a sea-worthy condition and carry reasonable safety equipment – nothing that the prudent passage-maker would not have aboard anyway. It is always a help to have a second, informed, opinion and only the foolish or arrogant could possibly object.



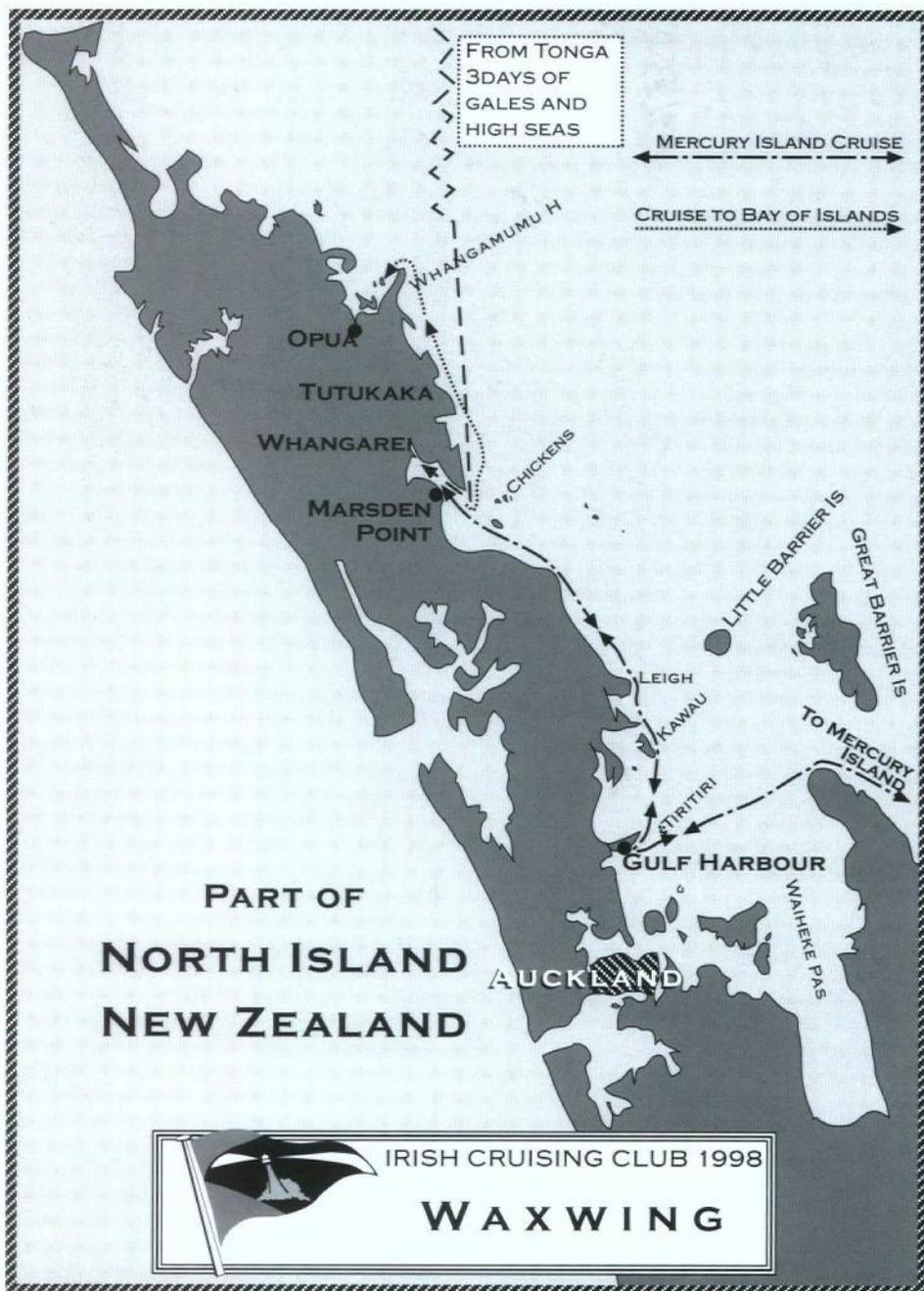
Our dinghy is as important to us as a car. Susan and Sam arrive back from an expedition to the beach. Vavau, Tonga.

Photo: Peter Gray

WEDNESDAY 12TH NOVEMBER: We make a dawn start from Whangarei and broad reach along the beach and tree fringed coast making good time in twenty five knots across a sparkling sea. Great Barrier and Little Barrier Islands are well out to sea and off our track. We will explore them later and also the attractive smaller inshore islands of Kawau and Tiritiri with its bird sanctuary. We are heading for Gulf Harbour Marina some seventy miles to the south where we are going to base ourselves to be near our family and convenient to yachting services in Auckland.

Gulf Harbour turns out to be a first class marina set in sylvan surroundings on the Whangaparaoa peninsula with all the services one could need. If the chandlery or marine engineers or rigger or sail maker or boat builder or paint shop fails to come up with what you want, they will get it within a few days. The social centre is Fred's licenced cafe and visitors are also welcome to the very fine yacht club and its bar and dining room. Hot showers, water and electricity on the finger pontoons and active security make the place good value at five pounds per day for visiting live-aboard yachties.

THURSDAY 13TH NOVEMBER – FRIDAY 26TH DECEMBER: We were very comfortable in Gulf harbour where we were joined by *Pala* and, in the limited time left over from an extensive survey of New Zealand wines and eating establishments, we slowly got to grips with repairing the ravages of two years constant living aboard. As a concession to Peter's advancing years, we replaced our perfectly good vintage S L Sea Tiger



If you can't get to the market, the market will come to you. Chatting to Tongan proprietors and staff of a floating vegetable and fruit shop.
Photo: Susan Gray

manual anchor windlass with an electric one and replaced our make-shift cooking appliance with a two-burner gas cooker with grill and oven. Susan had fed us (and guests in harbour) royally all the way across the Atlantic on a testy paraffin stove and across the Pacific on the one burner alcohol stove which was all we could get in Panama when our original model threw in the towel in a dramatic burst of oily black smoke. We felt it was time to update but wondered (for a split second at least) if we were in danger of losing our spirit of adventure. We have to admit that, when we had used the new appliances just once, we won-

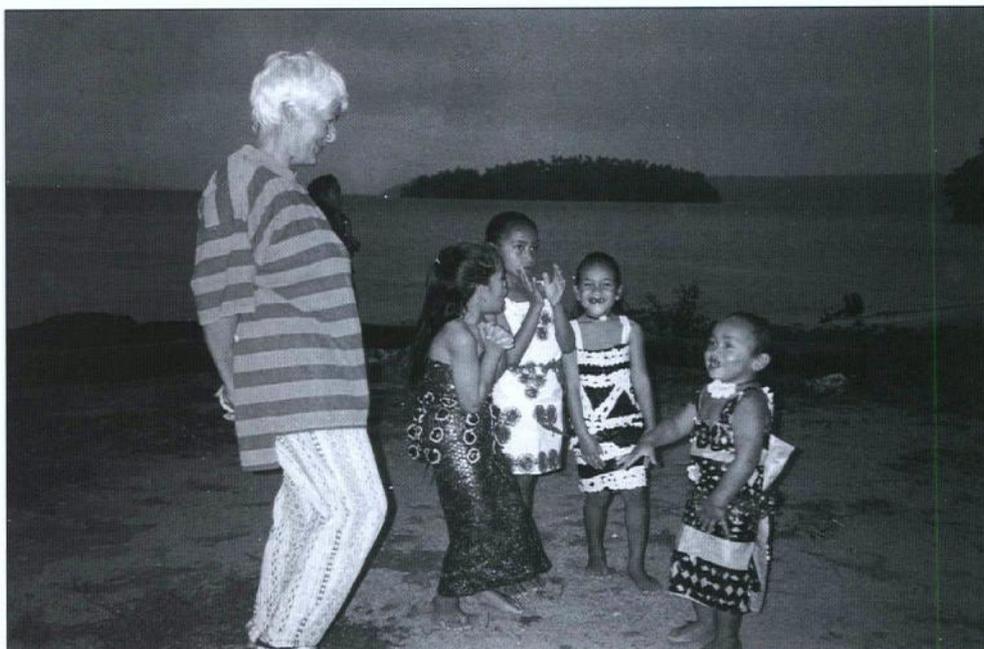
dered why we had endured the old ones for so long. The deal that Susan did most of the cooking (skilled work) while Peter did the washing up (highly skilled) remained in place.

SATURDAY 27TH DECEMBER 1997 – THURSDAY 8TH JANUARY 1988: We took *Waxwing* on a family cruise to Mercury Island about one hundred miles along the coast south of Auckland. For a memorable few days and nights we had eleven aboard – one baby, two little children and eight adults but happily son-in-law Darren ferried a good few of them back to the near-by mainland in his speedboat as soon as the New Year celebrations were over. We quickly found that cruising with infant children and babies is an art in itself and is perhaps one of the reasons we enjoy our own company now and then.

Mercury Island is a privately owned working sheep station but well behaved visitors are welcome and we greatly enjoyed the scenic cliff-top walks and the beaches. There are several safe coves and we anchored each night to enjoy the catch of the day – crays, scallops and a variety of “ordinary” fish with a bottle of wine while we relaxed in the cockpit lazily watching the sun go down. The water, we found, was not that warm so swimming was of the brisk variety.

THURSDAY 8TH JANUARY – MIDNIGHT: It was well-fed and happy crew that reluctantly heeded the gloomy weather forecast. We hauled our anchor shortly after midnight to forsake the sun-drenched, lazy, days and head for home. We made it back to our snug berth in Gulf Harbour just ahead of the gathering storm.

THURSDAY 2ND APRIL: Autumn is advancing and, feeling the need for a proper cruise, we headed north to explore the Bay of Islands – a must, we were told, for visitors and we had missed the opportunity at the time of our arrival in New Zealand. The intervening months had flown past almost unnoticed as we worked on *Waxwing*, did family things, flew home in February for a short break and went on local, land-based, tours on which wineries featured fairly prominently to balance a diet of



Dancing at a Tongan feast.

Photo: Peter Gray

wonderful scenery and historic places a la Captain Cook and company.

A few day outings on *Waxwing* included the re-start of the Whitbread. The whole of Auckland harbour and bay was so covered in small boats, sailboards and even swimboards it was a wonder the race participants found space to move, but with consummate skill they threaded their way out of the bay in the light air and set course for the Horn. For those of us left behind, the large seas kicked up by fast motor cruisers jostling for the best viewing positions and the need to avoid running over nut cases on swimboards, made for some anxious moments but it was nevertheless an occasion to remember.

In the confusion we failed to see Howard and Merial Kilroy's new addition to the ICC fleet, *Golden Opus*, with her George crew of the Kilroys, Geoff and Pat Sarratt and Ed and Judy Taylor. They had spotted us but were unable to get near. However, all was not lost as we later came across them in a restaurant and had a jolly evening helping Ed celebrate his birthday and catching up on the news from home.

Its about 150 miles from Gulf Harbour to Bay of Islands and we made the first leg of 70 miles to Whangarei just as the light was fading. We had enjoyed a spanking reach mostly in sun but with the occasional heavy downpour which was inevitably accompanied by strong gusts so that we were kept busy changing sail. We have roller furling head sails but slab reefing on the main.

This time, we decided to leave the watering holes of the town to others and we anchored in good holding and shelter in behind Marsden point out at the entrance. Unfortunately the wind, strong though it was, was not strong enough to counter the current and our anchor chain did a good job of quietly grinding off our antifouling in places while we lay in dreamless sleep.

At first light we sailed the thirty miles to the picturesque marina at Tutukaka simply to break the passage for a night and rounded Cape Brett the following afternoon at 16.00. We toyed with the idea of taking *Waxwing* through the famous Hole in the Wall on Piercy Island just off the Cape but chickened out in favour of an early night in Deepwater Cove just inside the Bay.

Monday April 6th dawned bright and clear. We had chosen (guessed) well and had had a peaceful night lying quietly to our anchor with only one other yacht for company.



We celebrate crossing the Equator at 34° 47' West. Neptune was too busy elsewhere to pay us a visit.

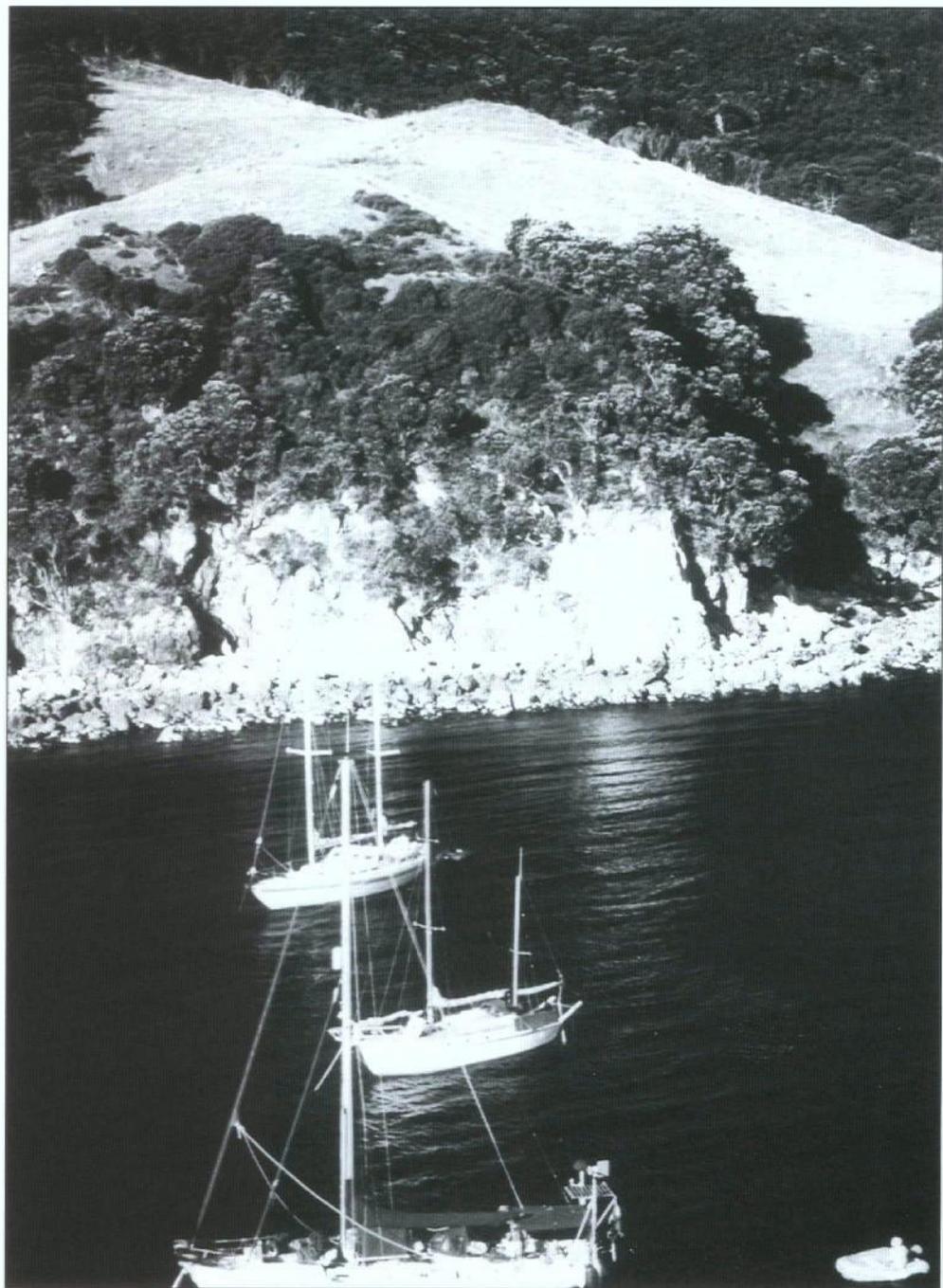
Photo: Peter Gray

We spent most of that day on a trek along the rugged switch-back trail to Cape Brett and back. It was a footsore and weary pair that struggled aboard *Waxwing* nearly six hours later but it had been well worth it. Quiet stretches of the trail as it wound through thick forest were interspaced with breath taking cliff views glimpsed between the trees and the open panorama from the Cape itself is in another world.

We pottered around the Bay for nearly a month enjoying our visitors from Auckland and meeting up again with some old cruising friends. The beaches, islands and small towns like Opua and Russell steeped in New Zealand history are lovely but – here we go again – hardly match up to what we have on our door step in west Cork and Kerry.

We were back on our berth at Gulf Harbour by April 28th having enjoyed a night or two at anchor and a return to Tutukaka marina en route. The winds favoured us – the fish did not but we ate well anyway.

MONDAY 25TH MAY: It was time to come home to Ireland for our summer and leave the approaching winter to the Kiwis. We watched *Waxwing* lifted out on the Gulf Harbour 60 ton travel hoist and gently deposited on her cradle in the yard. Although we had achieved our interim objective we somewhat sadly wondered, what next?. We had seen other would-be circumnavigators drop out at the half way stage for what seemed like one good reason or another. With our soft and oh so enjoyable floating life in Tonga and in New Zealand and with a relatively nearby south Pacific island paradise still to explore we seemed to be in danger of pushing thoughts of “onward, onward, round the world” into the background in favour of the easy life. Thankfully, as we discovered in ourselves later, the urge to go adventuring is still alive and kicking and we are planning a Pacific Circuit



Waxwing at anchor in a peaceful cove on Mercury Island, New Zealand. The water is not as warm or as clear or as blue as in the south sea isles but it has its own sort of magic. *Photo: Susan Gray*

for 1999 – a large loop to British Columbia and possibly Alaska and back to the South Sea Islands before heading on again into the west across the Indian Ocean towards home. Hope it works out.

A Geriatric Cruise to Wales, Cornwall, North Brittany & The Channel Islands

John Waddell



THE FAULKENER CUP
THE CLUB'S PREMIER AWARD

No-one except the owner and "skipper emeritus" could spare more than 1 or 2 weeks, so, as usual with *Heather of Mourne*, the logistics of crew changes were carefully prepared, and a rendezvous had to be kept every Saturday – an unavoidable constraint on the freedom of cruising.

A further feature of the ship's complement was age – one of 84, one of 74, one of 72, and one nearly 60, diluted by three mid-50s, one 40 and two under 21. All were male this time but welcome female charm was added ashore in Holyhead, both going and coming. We berthed in four countries as well as our home Northern Ireland – Wales, Brittany, Channel Islands and England.

Heather of Mourne is an extremely sturdy and sea-worthy craft in which the owner has logged 47,500 miles, mainly offshore, since her purchase in 1978 – over 2,200 pa on average: a Centurion 32 designed by Holman & Pye, built in 1973 in France.

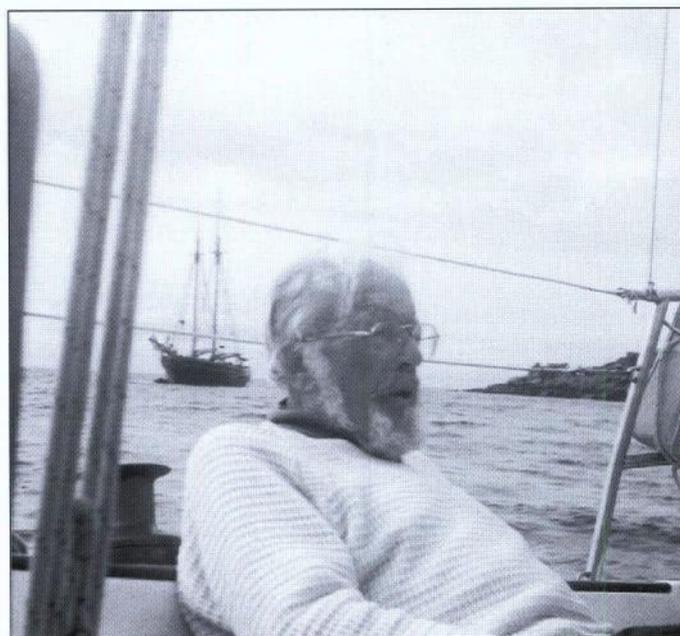
The outstanding recollection – as in 1997 – is of many warm days of continuous brilliant sunshine but negligible wind. Fortunately, *Heather* was re-engined in 1995 with a very quiet and smooth 3-cylinder "Beta" in place of the relatively noisy Volvo: she also has an "Auto-helm" which worked perfectly through many hours of duty.

For the first four days the crew totalled only three but after that we always had the usual four, which is ideal when all are competent and some are muscular enough to deal with the anchor work.

As is our custom, we spent the first Friday night at Audley's Roads, near Strangford town, and left at 04:30 on Saturday morning. Very suitable SW wind all day but only 10 knots so we used the motor at low revs to deliver our normal 5 knots average through the water. The 65 miles to Holyhead took 13½ hours, including lengthy searching at Holyhead for a vacant mooring. This friendly club runs a most welcome and efficient launch service up till 11:30 at night, and also provides excellent meals if ordered in advance.

On Saturday we departed after lunch into 30/35 knots of southerly wind – most unwelcome, with rain. The overfalls off North Stack were quite alarming on the south-going tide – forcing us to burst repeatedly through over-hanging vertical walls of breaking water seemingly over 6 feet high – but the real shock was to be passed closely and silently by a great wall of white in the form of one hull of the high speed catamaran ferry, which emerged like an apparition out of the murk and sliced past on its urgent way. We'll never know whether she saw us on radar or just missed us by good luck but she seemed alarmingly close – less than a cable we estimate. We wondered afterwards if it would have helped if she had made a sound signal but decided it was better not – it would have only have scared us even more and there was nothing we could do.

After an unpleasant 36 miles hard on the wind ("no gentleman sails to windward" but we had a rendezvous to keep in Fishguard) we found a spare mooring in Porth Dinllaen –



Skipper Emeritus, with a big schooner looking over his shoulder, believed to be in Old Grimsby, Scilly. *Heather of Mourne*, August 1998.

well known to *Heather* as an excellent anchorage in anything except winds from north-west to north east.

Glorious sunshine next morning and forecasts of "veering west"; of course it never did but remained stubbornly SW all day. We shot through Bardsey Sound on the right tide and anchored in the dark, after midnight, in old Fishguard bay – another well known anchorage for *Heather* but made less attractive by the demise of the village store, so that shopping involves a long mile up the hill to Goodwick, which is excellent when you get there.

All day in Fishguard, mostly in rain. We had to pick up John Weston at the railway quay, which is well laddered and quite acceptable provided you keep well away from the enormous high speed cat ferries, which are predatory-looking monsters when seen head on.

Next day, 29th, saw the beginning of over two weeks of continuous sunshine which only began to cloud over on 16th August. The downside is that we had the motor on for almost 100 hours in that period, mainly for motor-sailing but often with no sail at all.

Wednesday gave us light headwinds again. We delayed our start to get the tide right in Ramsey Sound – another exciting sleigh-ride – but this meant anchoring in the dark in South Harbour, Skomer Island, which faces WSW and should have been sheltered if the wind had veered to NW, as forecast, but again it didn't. There was a most unpleasant and quite large



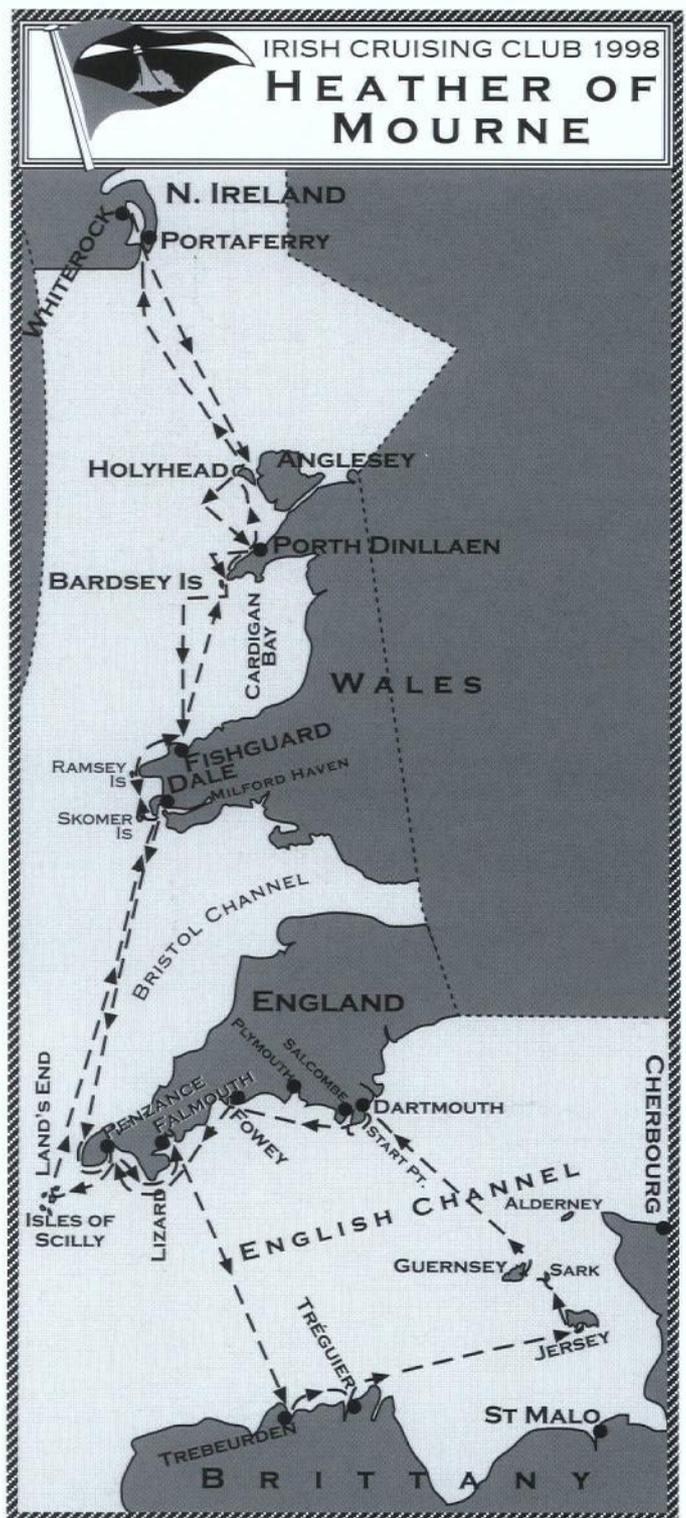
Alan Walker and John Waddell (Note advantage of poop seat fixed across pushpit rails). *Heather of Mourne*, August 1998.

swell and to get anchor-depth we had to be far too close to the cliffs behind us for comfort. So, after trying a second anchor, we decided that this was no place to sleep and succeeded in getting both anchors up smartly (high marks to John Hughes and John Hind) and motored 10 miles dead down wind in the wallowing swell to blessed calm on a visitor's mooring in Dale Roads. We thought we knew all the pilotage particulars for the entrance to Milford Haven but found the over-abundant array of buoys and marks quite confusing, leading to a new sympathy for super-tanker captains who go aground and spill oil disastrously from time to time. Surely it could be made simpler and more fool-proof?

This day finished with the discovery that we had lost the inflatable dinghy through twisting off its painter on the passage from Skomer to Dale. By great good fortune John Hind had his mobile phone with him and so next day we were able to pursue enquiries around chandlers in South Cornwall, leading to a deal for an almost new Zodiac which was delivered to Falmouth marina to be picked up two days later. So we never had to swim ashore!

After using the passage inside the Longships, we stopped overnight at Newlyn (friendly rafting with a big Dutchman in a superb 40ft sloop) and moved on the next day to Penzance dock which was new to us and very satisfactory, in spite of the tidal gate. Good showers and a helpful harbour master.

From Falmouth (after grounding gently on the way out from the marina) we postponed our departure from evening to morning because of dreary visibility (staying overnight at a well placed Visitors' Pontoon in the fairway). We made a good



day and night passage across the channel to Trebeurden in north Brittany, picking up some 6 hours sleep on a borrowed mooring at the Ile Milliau before moving to the marina and having a wonderful French meal very cheaply in the nearest restaurant to the quay.

Thursday saw a simple and sun-blessed 29 miles along the coast to Treguier, a delightful river but with a very strong ebb and flood through the marina, whose finger pontoons are far too short for a 9¾ metre boat. Again we enjoyed a splendid French meal.

On Friday we struggled to get out stern first from an upward facing marina berth against a sluicing ebb which must have been at least 4 knots. We should have prepared by rigging a



Irish Sea August 1998. Steep and square edged, even in Force 6. *Heather of Mourne*.

stern warp to the next tier but how could we have recovered the outlying crew member? Anyway, we slewed round sideways and made some excruciating contacts with rudders and transoms of other marina users which did our gel-coat no good but have not resulted in any solicitors' letters. Once clear, we had a sparkling passage down the decorative river and on to St Helier, a distance of 53 miles which led to another mooring in the dark in La Collette yacht basin where we rafted alongside a large unoccupied French yacht.

In the main marina on Sunday, we changed two crew and enjoyed the wonderful showers – in our opinion a top model of shower design with perfectly thought-out space and fittings for dry clothing, spectacles, etc. (It is amazing how few shower-booth designers seem to have tried out their results and discovered their multiple deficiencies).

After some minor engineering repairs we departed on the evening tide and motored on, in negligible wind, to Dixcart Bay in Sark, where the beautiful sandy bay was easy to find in the dark.

On Monday the two most active crew members climbed the rocky path and enjoyed lunch at the Dixcart hotel. Afterwards we recovered the excursionists (one with a blistered heel) and motored on a glorious evening through the tricky passage west of Herm to St Peter Port. The facilities there have been much improved by the provision of free-standing visitors' pontoons in place of the former fore and aft rafting buoys.

After a day exploring some of the culinary delights of Guernsey we made an evening departure again, calling at Beaucette Marina to fill up with diesel before making our night passage in brilliant moonlight and no wind, to Start Bay, where we anchored very happily close in to the

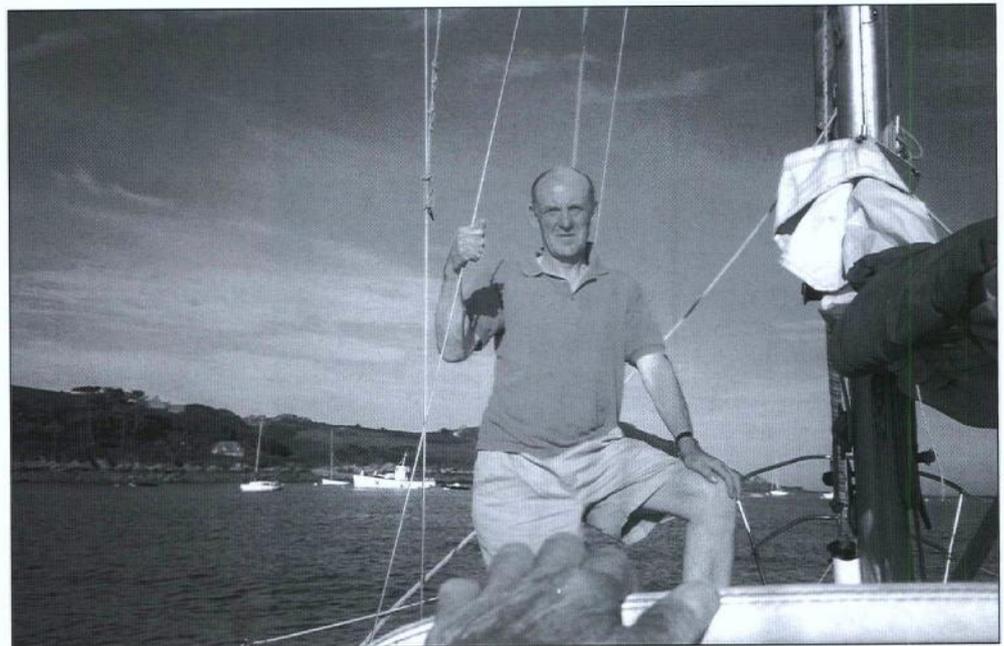
bathing beach at Hallsands for lunch and siesta. Then round the Start headland to Salcombe, after a prudent pause at anchor to be sure of enough depth over the bar. Again we enjoyed easy berthing at a visitors' pontoon, this time connected to shore, which led to another excellent bistro meal.

Next day, after watering and refuelling yet again, we enjoyed 10 to 15 knots of close hauled wind – to lovely Fowey, where again there are now pontoons for visitors. On Friday we had to make sure of getting to Penzance again for the Saturday rendezvous, so we left early and made the 45 miles around the Lizard to Newlyn at our usual motor-assisted pace of 5 knots close-hauled in a near 12 knots of SW wind. Apart from changing one crew member and enjoying fresh showers, Penzance was uneventful but warmly sunny all day.

We moved out of the dock on the Saturday evening tide and spent the night at one of the convenient visitors' buoys outside. Sunday took us to Old Grimsby in Scillonia, now quite a busy anchorage with a helpful water-borne harbour master to direct visitors to moorings.

On Monday we used a carefully pre-plotted passage through the flats off Tresco in quite thick fog, using GPS and log, to get to Hughtown St Mary's which, as usual, was packed with boats of all kinds but had some spare moorings. The same evening we left for the Bristol channel and had a calm 106 mile passage overnight to Dale in slowly improving NNE wind. Again a visitors' mooring was easily found in the dark (21:45 hours) and we had another quiet night.

Fishguard was only 28 miles away on Wednesday and again we picked up a mooring in the dark but found the depth inadequate for low water, so moved off and anchored.



John Hughes, skipper of *Heather* on week 1 and 2 – Wales, Cornwall, North Brittany and Channel Isles, August 1998.



Anchorage at Old Fishguard, mid-tide.

On Thursday after picking up some diesel at the railway quay – arranged with the help of Milford Haven coastguard – we made a 66 mile passage in WSW force 6/7 through Bardsey Sound to Porth Dinllaen. Here an approach to keep clear of the isolated Careg Chwislen in the dark was made safely by means of GPS and quick plotting by Robin on the large scale chart No. 1512.

The night started peacefully enough but before breakfast the wind worked round to NNW and a very nasty swell was coming in. In spite of moving to closer inshore and even laying a kedge to keep the ship at right angles to the swell, departure became imperative, whereupon we found the kedge had hooked under a ground-chain. Fortunately it wasn't too heavy and we were able to winch up the kedge until a rope could be

passed under the chain, allowing the kedge to drop clear. A useful demonstration for Robin (20) who hadn't seen the technique previously. His muscle was useful too. The rest of the cruise was mainly a question of taking maximum advantage of the strong tidal streams to Holyhead and then across the Irish sea to Strangford where we anchored for dinner in Benderg Bay to await the beginning of the flood up the Narrows. It was too dark and misty to proceed home to Whiterock, so we spent a last night in Audley's Roads and had a pleasant trip (motoring into dead headwind, of course) on Monday morning.

Total Mileage: 1115, of which almost half had to be done with the motor running, even though some sail was usually up too.

Crewing arrangements were:

Week	Logged Mileage	John Waddell (84)	John Hughes (50+)	John Hind (40)	John Weston (50+)	Allan Walker (50+)	Michael Tanner (18)	Dick Hind (72)	Michael Shepherd (74)	Robin Tanner (20)
1	331	X	X	X	X (1/2)					
2	224	X	X			X	X			
3	191	X				X		X	X	
4	369	X						X	X	X

Red Velvet – Mallorca to Athens

Paul Butler

Last September we left *Red Velvet* in Alcudia in Mallorca. It proved to be an ideal wintering stop for us. The marina has all facilities, excellent security and Alcudia itself, with some first class restaurants and lovely walks, proved itself a good resort for eight sunny days in January where Noirin and I were able to do some jobs aboard and arrange even more.

With *Red Velvet* in the Mediterranean, I was determined to make as much use of her as time allowed and so I decided to bring her to the South of Italy during the fortnight spanning Easter. My regular Whit and Summer crew all had Easter commitments, but I was delighted to be joined by two old friends from our Junior Section D.B.S.C. days, John (Birdwatch) Peart and Paul Proud.

On Friday 3rd April we flew to Palma via London and took a taxi to Alcudia where we found *Red Velvet* in good order. Saturday morning, our new Bimini was installed and we were launched without a hitch. The rest of the day was spent preparing and provisioning *Red Velvet* followed by a superb dinner in Bogavante Restaurant.

On Sunday 5th April we said our farewells to all and left Alcudia under full sail with the wind blowing SW 4/5. Air temperature during the day was (and was to remain) in the high teens to lower 20s C. John noted his first Corry's shearwaters. They were accompanied by Balearic shearwaters which followed us out to sea. In the early hours of Monday morning the wind shifted to the NW and by 08.45 it died, obliging us to turn the engine on. By noon on Tuesday 7th we were approaching Cagliari in Sardinia but diverted to Cabo di Pula for Paul's photographs and John's birds. By 13.30 we found a convenient mooring in the inner basin at Cagliari. I went into the port office with ship's papers, passports and money and explained, in my best Italian, to a bemused Naval rating that we had just arrived and were alongside outside. He welcomed us but had no interest in papers or port charges; an experience repeated in all but one of the rest of our ports. Cagliari is a busy and pleasant city port full of archaeological interest being of

Phoenician origin and having been invaded successively by the Carthaginians, Romans, Pisans and the Spanish. We paid a visit to the fascinating archaeological museum and later had a wonderful dinner in a family run restaurant.

On Wednesday 8th April we had breakfast ashore and did our shopping. By 13.35 we were under way, motoring with just the main up as the S wind blew no more than 2. By 19.00 the wind was back in the NW 4 and we were able to turn the engine off and hoist our new cruising chute (another 'best buy') and had a very pleasant sail until 04.00 on the morning of the 9th when the wind died again. For most of the day we had to motor. In these conditions there was little to do but sample our (recently acquired) Spanish wines as John prepared culinary delights, topped in the evening by a Spanish omelette.

As we approached Cefalu in northern Sicily just before dawn we spotted a large steady 'fire' on the same bearing as our waypoint. As we entered port at 07.30 it transpired that the 'fire' was volcanic activity a lot of which we were to see in this part of the world. Cefalu was chosen as I read a travel article about it by Nicholas Woodsworth (*Irish Times*, 14th February, 1998). Although a tourist resort, it is built about a picturesque fishing village dominated by a fine Norman cathedral begun by King Roger in 1131 for deliverance from a shipwreck. We were not long in when John noted common sandpipers, European sparrows, black kite, herring gulls, common gulls and swifts. The harbour is about a mile east of the town but the walk around the promontory past the lighthouse is a pleasure in itself. On this walk were noted alpine swifts, peregrine falcon, tree sparrows, Spanish sparrows gold finches, serins and yellow hammers. While having a drink aboard later John was very proud of me for sighting nesting ravens and (his bird of the cruise) the blue rock thrush. The village is full of good shops and restaurants. This being Good Friday all, including our chef and waiter, were gathered along the narrow streets to watch the seemingly endless procession through the narrow streets. Soon after we sat down, the restaurant filled with parties from the

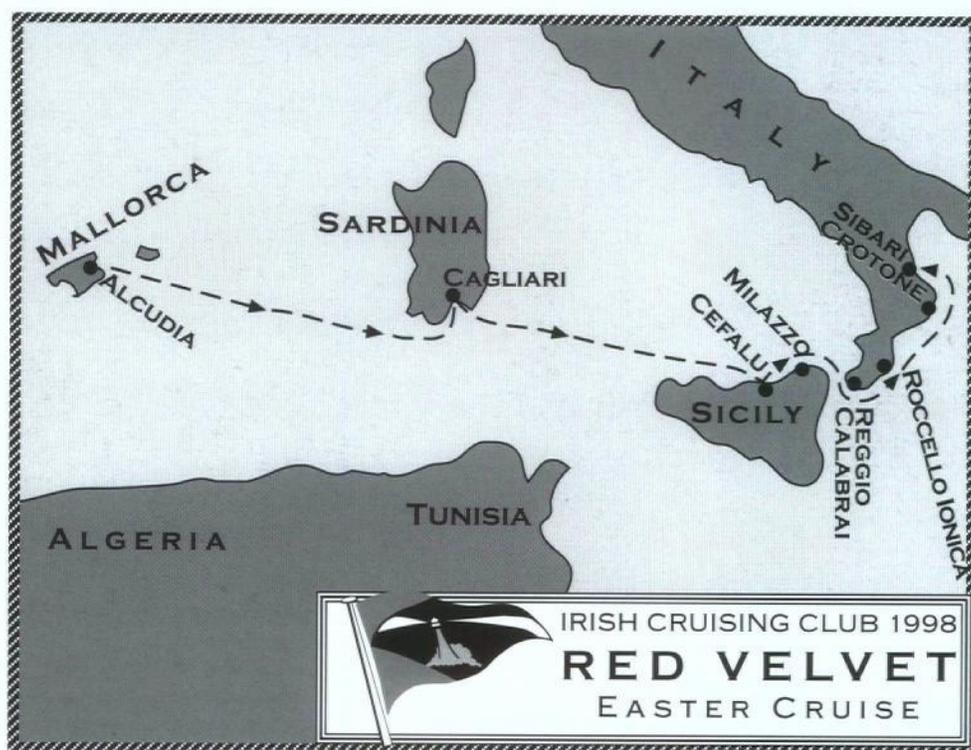


The crew on a high stool.



On passage (hard) to Corfu.

Photo: Don McCarthy



civic side of the procession headed by the young and delightful Mayoress. After dinner we adjourned to what was the nearest local equivalent of a pub, Chat Noir Pub run by a French lady and her Sicilian husband with the help of her daughter. All went well on the high stool until John insisted on introducing us to Lemoncello, a drink that took many pints to wash from the system! On learning that Paul was an artist, our hostess gave him an oyster knife and invited him to etch on a wooden upright that supported the ceiling from the bar. Paul drew and signed a very credible representation of *Red Velvet* with her reflection. As Paul's fame and reputation spreads, I can imagine people visiting the shrine!

Easter Saturday 11th of April was declared our first 'rest day'. John went birding in the early morning, thereafter we shopped and had lunch. In the afternoon we took a train to Palermo – worth a visit. We had a great dinner in 'Lo Scogilo Urbraco', a restaurant much beloved by the locals. Thereafter, it would have been considered positively boorish had we not visited our friends in Chat Noir.

Easter Sunday we left Cefalu at 07.30 and were, again, able to hoist the cruising chute in a W 4. During the morning the wind increased considerably with (what for the Mediterranean was) a big sea. For the entire passage we had magnificent views with Sicily to starboard and the Aeolian islands to port. Eleven hours and 65 miles later we tied up alongside another yacht in Millazzo, a port founded by the Greeks in 716 BC. It is still an important ferry port connecting the Aeolian Islands to Sicily. Not many restaurants were open this evening but we ate very adequately nearby.

On Easter Monday we were woken up at 06.30 by the yacht inside us who insisted that they were about to leave. They were settling into breakfast when we departed at 07.00. There was but a light breeze, mainly from the east, and we had little sailing before we approached the Strait of Messina at 10.30. The Strait is accurately described in *The Odyssey, Book XII* as follows:

'All this time, in travail, sobbing, gaining on the current, we rowed into the strait – Skylla to port and on our starboard beam Kharibdis, dire gorge of the salt sea tide. By heaven! when she vomited, all the sea was like a cauldron seething over intense fire, when the mixture suddenly heaves and rises.'

Well worth a visit!

On entering the naval and ferry port of Messina we found that the entrance to the only basin available to visiting yachts could no longer be negotiated with a mast aloft as a permanent car ramp has been erected across it; a fact not noted in my (current) edition of the Pilot. We left and motored the six miles across to Reggio Calabria on the mainland. It is not an attractive port having suffered a succession of earthquakes, the last severe one of which killed some 5,000 people in 1980 and seriously damaged every house that was not completely destroyed. The Pilot notes that the town is also reputed to be one of the principal recruiting grounds for the Cosa Nostra. That said, we found the people (there were no obvious tourists) and their police to be charming, friendly and helpful in their advice about restaurants. We dined very well

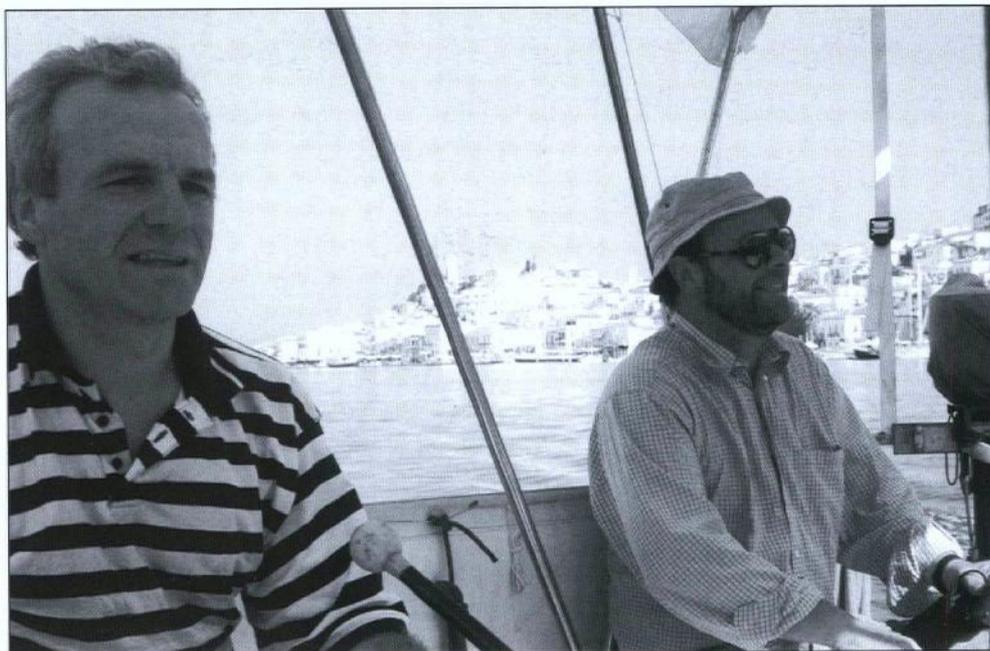
and took a taxi ride for the 2 miles back to the yacht basin. In the basin itself there was water and fuel along side and there was an open cold water shower (most welcome and bearable even at this time of year) at the end of the breakwater. Here we paid our only port charges; they were nominal.

On Tuesday 14th we left Reggio at 10.00. The wind was in the N 4/5 and we sailed in comfort under genoa only. We followed the flat coast around the toe of Italy and found that many places described as something (such as Bovaino) 'Marina' on the chart were merely bits of beach where shallow draught vessels hauled up. The only many points of activity along this stretch of coast were what we came to call 'Smokey Joes' – areas of volcanic activity. Sixty-three miles and nine hours later we entered Roccello Ionica which, as the name suggests, was our first port in the Ionian sea just inside the 'instep' of Italy. Here, at Roccella Ionica, about a mile N of the town I found my first 'real' marina (it had proper pontoons with fingers) my first in the Mediterranean since visiting Alicante last year. It was a new development; so much so that building was still in progress and there were no people to collect charges. The town was pretty though deserted at this time of the year and there were no restaurants open. However, halfway between the town and the marina and very visible from the sea was a large modern building bearing the legend 'Exclusive'. It transpired that this was a restaurant big enough to cater for large functions. It was clearly a family run establishment, there were no customers and it was about to close (it was about 22.00). On learning that we were sailors from Ireland, however, the owners welcomed us. There was no question of a menu and we were served with course after course of wonderful food and litre after litre of wine. In the end we were presented with a bill with a single figure on it that worked out at about £16 a head. One of the owners then very kindly drove us back to the marina.

On Wednesday we left Roccella Ionica at 07.30 and sailed in a SW 4 for most of the 63 miles to Crotona where we arrived 19.00. Here, on the recommendation of the Pilot, we dined at Casa di Rosa, a truly wonderful restaurant. As the wind was up the following morning, we decided to take a final rest day. In the afternoon, while John went shopping, Paul and I sampled many a high stool. We re-united for another memorable dinner.

On Friday 17th April the wind was blowing from the SW 5. The forecast, however, was for NW gales later. We had little choice as we had flights to catch and we left Crotona at 08.15 under full sail. At 13.30 the wind died but it had veered W 8/9 by 14.00. As we were putting two reefs in the main a trawler kindly came close and stood by for a few minutes to satisfy itself that we were not in trouble.

Our destination was Sibari marina where we were to leave *Red Velvet* until Whit. The Pilot describes the entrance at straight forward. Fortunately, however, I had taken advice from Brian Hegarty before leaving Dublin. Brian advised that it was essential to call up a marina Pilot before attempting entry. Had we not heeded this advice we would surely have gone aground on the sand bar which extended for about a mile and a half parallel to the coast. In the event, we managed to raise the marina on the VHF just before the office closed and a very wet Camillio Muller (Manager) met us in a launch outside the N end of the sandbar and guided us safely into port. He confessed that it was his first swim of the season!



John and Paul.

Photo: David Beattie

We spent Saturday putting *Red Velvet* to bed. On Sunday we took a taxi to Naples (some 3.5 hours) and flew home via Gatwick.

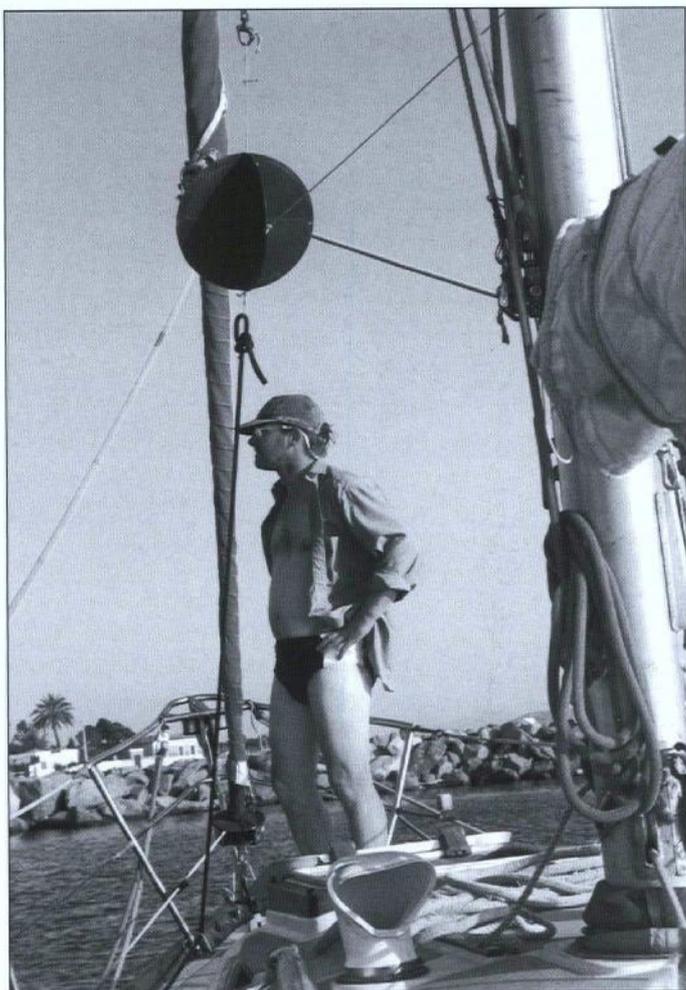
In all we had in twelve days sailed some 836 miles and visited eight ports with only four night passages.

For Whit I had Don McCarthy, David Beattie and John Finlay, all old hands. On Friday 29th May we returned to Sibari where we arrived at night to find *Red Velvet* just as I had left her. On Saturday, after breakfast ashore, Don and I prepared *Red Velvet* while David and John did the shopping by taxi. For the rest of the cruise we were to celebrate their great wisdom in purchasing a number of cases of good Italian wine. That night we had a memorable meal in the mountains where we were drawn into a 60th birthday party. At noon on Sunday Camillio Muller once more took to the launch and guided us out. The wind was in the NW and, for most of the gentle passage, it blew 4. At night we encountered no fishing or other craft. There was much phosphorescence and on David's watch he was visited by dolphins for some fifteen minutes.

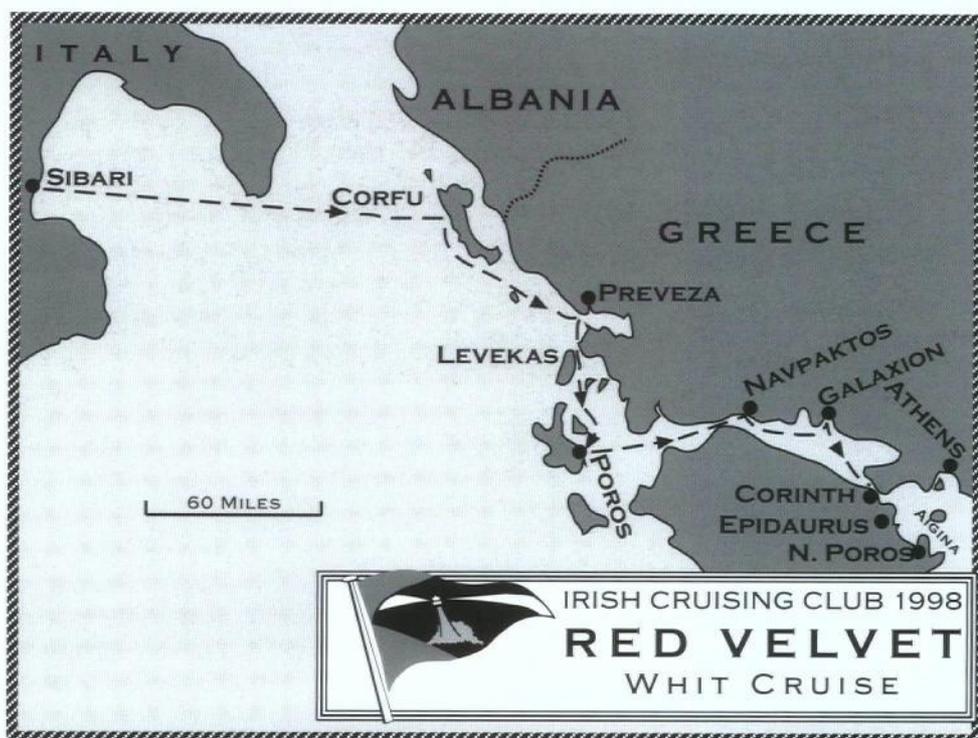
At 18.00 on Monday 1st June we entered Paliokastrita on the W side of Corfu. The port was very picturesque with about three visiting yachts and a number of small inshore fishing boats. David displayed his mastery of the stern anchor and we tied up bow to the east mole. We dined, just adequately, in the nearest restaurant on the quay. After dinner a local shop delivered provisions.

We left Paliokastrita at 08.30 on Tuesday morning. Just outside the port, in what was to set the trend for the remainder of the cruise, we stopped for a swim in the warm crystal clear water. The wind was still in the NW but there was very little of it and we only managed three and a half hours sailing during the seven and a half hour passage to Gaois on Nisio Paxio where we arrived at 16.00. Gaois is an interesting town where we berthed in a narrow channel inside a small island. There was an excellent chandler but food was, again, barely adequate.

We left the following morning at 08.00 and dropped hook at the smaller island (Anti Paxos) for swims and lunch. Thereafter we sailed most of the way to Preveza. This is an excellent (mainland) town with good shopping. We ate our best dinner of the cruise in a restaurant recommended by two ladies in a travel agency. So impressed were we that, the following morning the ladies were presented with a box of handmade chocolates,



Don on anchorwatch.



After lunching on board (the restaurant was closed) we left at 14.00 and sailed around to the entrance to the Levkas canal. The canal is about 3.5 miles long and is cut through salt marsh land between the mainland and Levkas. It was originally opened some 500 years BC. There is a swing bridge inside the N of the canal which opens each hour on the hour. We berthed bow to with a stern anchor on the quay of the town of Levkas at 16.15. The town is large with all facilities, including a number of well stocked chandlers and a large supermarket close to the quay. Contract Yacht Services, owned and managed by Joe Charleton, is an English company which offers a full range of facilities to yachts. We were later to arrange our wintering here. It is an ideal location, within half an hour of Preveza airport. The company arranged our flights and are looking after *Red Velvet* ashore until next Easter when, we are promised, she shall be launched and ready for a passage.

On Friday 5th June we left Levkas at 08.30 and, having motored through the canal, were able to sail with the cruising chute in a gentle NW breeze. We stopped for swims and John spotted what appeared to be a large swordfish jumping as we approached Poros on Nisoi Kefallinia. This is a most attractive port with water freely available and a good Taverna close by which provided showers, an excellent dinner and breakfast the following morning. We were beside a skippered chartered yacht. John had a veiled reference to 'competitive lager louts' in the log; a story not fit to print!

We left Poros at 09.00 on Saturday and, with the usual stops for swims, sailed some 55 miles into and through the Gulf of Partos and into the Gulf of Corinth as far as Navpaktos (formerly Lepanto) on the N side of the

Gulf. We entered this perfectly preserved tiny medieval harbour at 18.00. Here, on another recommendation given by the waitress in one of the many lively harbour side cafes, we had a superb dinner in a restaurant on the east side of the town.

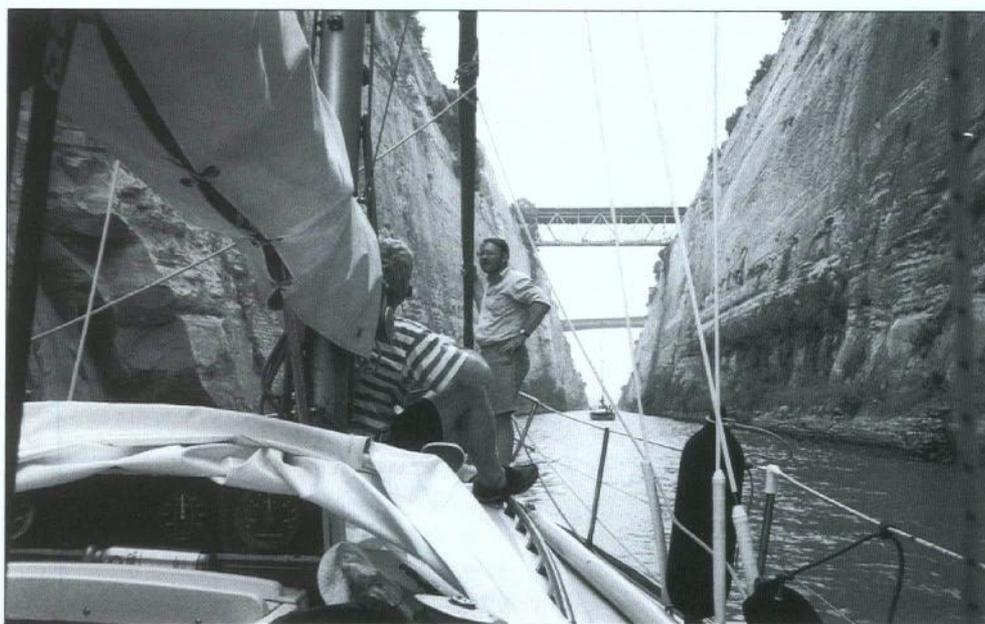
Navpaktos is such a lovely port that it was chosen for our only full rest day. Much of the day, until the late afternoon, was spent lazing at a cafe on the nearby beach, having food and drink interspersed with numerous swims and showers. When fully rested, David and Don climbed up to the hilltop fortifications while John and I took a taxi as far as it could drive. Here we enjoyed spectacular views of Navpaktos and almost the entire Gulf of Corinth. Even the walk down and a couple of apertifs gave me the appetite for another good dinner.

So revived were we that we decided to have a voluntary night

passage. We left at 00.30 on Monday 8th and, after a glorious sail, arrived at Galaxidhi at 08.00, in time for breakfast ashore. This is an attractive port with good shopping and places to swim. However, although we were told of some complicated arrangement for taking on water, we were unable to get any. Having booked an early morning taxi for Delphi we ate poorly ashore.

The drive to Delphi on Tuesday morning was spectacular but nothing prepared me for the tremendous sense of awe I felt on visiting the many monuments and museum at Delphi. If one had to fly to Greece just to visit this site it would be well worth while (in the event, I sailed there again in September). After all too short a visit, we were back on board and away by 13.00. There was little wind and we motored for most of the 35 miles to the town of Corinth, a most unattractive modern town. Unfortunately, we did not have time to visit the old city.

When we arrived in Corinth we learned that, due to mud



Corinth Canal.

Photo: Paul Butler

slides, the canal had been closed for almost a week. Fortunately, however, it was open to yachts only on Wednesday morning. I read John's description of the Corinth Canal as 'Magic. Fully lived up to considerable expectations. Hawk stooping over one bank. Dramatic views of layers of rock in sections'. It was everything he said and more. Formalities are on the Aegean side of the canal. Officials were friendly and insisted that *Red Velvet* was not as long as the 35' (10.62m) which her papers suggest. Thereafter we proceeded on to Epidaurus where we arrived at 16.00. This was our first taste of the Aegean and the beginning of a pattern of breeze building up during the day to a good sailing breeze by mid afternoon. The port is attractive and we found a good hotel with hot showers and reasonable food.

The following morning (Thursday) we took a taxi to the Sanctuary of Asclepius. The theatre was 'stunning' (John's description). It is in near perfect condition and thought to be the best of the ancient world. It seats some 14,000 people and we, like most other tourists, successfully put to the test the claim that the acoustics are so good that, from any seat, one can hear paper being torn in the auditorium. Ancient monuments, including temples, sanctuaries and Roman baths, abound on the site.

We left Epidaurus at noon on Thursday with the intention of sailing to Nisio Poros. Uncomfortable headwinds, however, led us to yield to the temptation of turning to port and enjoying a wonderful run to Nisio Aigina. The inner harbour was chaotic with flotillas and other sheltering yachts. In the event we enjoyed a peaceful anchorage in the outer harbour and gave our punt its first outing since September of last year. There was a good buzz on the seafront and we ate adequately with desserts supplied by the café next door.

The following day, Friday 12th, we sailed south to Nisio Poros. As we approached, we stopped in an anchorage for swims and lunch. So pleasant was the water, that David fell asleep while floating! Poros was best described by John as follows: 'Attractive but definitely tourised. Water and showers available by contacting lady in small shop. Serious flaunting on beautiful yacht beside us. Suspicious number of trips up mast with the assistance of an electric winch. Serious flaunting generally in gin palaces on quay'. Envy will get you no where, John!

On Saturday we left for our final destination, Nisio Salmina (near Athens) at 09.00. At lunchtime we dropped anchor off a beach on the north side of Aigina where we swam and had lunch within 50 yards of a most affectionate couple aboard the only other yacht in the anchorage. As we approached Salmina the wind blew up to a near gale on the nose. Here we had booked into a no nonsense working boatyard ideally suited to our purposes. The environment was, however, grim with much shipping and a ships' sandblasting operation near by.

In this second cruise of the year, we covered just 472 miles and visited some twelve ports and many anchorages in just under two weeks.



Luncheon stop..

Photo: Paul Butler

It had been my intention to return in August, but matters delayed Noirin and I until 1st September. The pair of us spent the month of September having a most relaxed cruise back to the Ionian, covering the remainder of its islands. A perfect cruising ground with plenty of attractive ports within a short distance of each other. As I write, *Red Velvet* is in the capable hands of Joe Charleton in Levkas awaiting our return next Easter.

Red Velvet – Mallorca to Athens

Port From	Distance N.Miles	Time Hrs.	Engine Hrs.
To			
Alcudia (Mallorca)			
Cagliari (Sardinia)	302	50	27
Cefalu (Sicily)	255	41.5	26
Milazzo (Sicily)	65	11	1
Messina (Sicily)	25	4.5	2.5
Reggio Calabria (Italy)	6	1	1
Roccello Ionica (Italy)	63	9	3
Crotone (Italy)	63	11.5	3
Sibari Marina (Italy)	57	10	4
Paliokastrita (Corfu)	149	30	14
Gaois (Nisio Paxio)	40	7.5	4
Preveza (Mainland)	30	7.5	4.5
Levkas (Nisoi Levkas)	7	2	1
Poros (Nisoi Kefallinia)	35	8.5	3.5
Navpaktos (Gulf of Corinth)	55	10	8
Galaxidhi (Gulf of Corinth)	35	7.5	3
Corinth (Gulf of Corinth)	35	9	8
Epidhavros (via Corinth Canal)	20	7	7
Nisio Aigina	10	4	2
Nisio Salmina	30	8.5	6
Totals:	1308	246	131

Notes: Whit Cruise – Save for two passages, each day there were a number of diversions and stops for swims. Distances given are rhum line distances.

Easter Cruise	Alcudia to Sibari	April 5th - 17th
Whit Cruise	Sibari to Nisio Solmina	May 31st - June 13th
Sept. Cruise	Nisio Solmina to Levkos	

A hard day in the life of a Commodore!

Michael McKee

Tuesday, 30th June, dawned bright and early in Pueblo de Caraminal, but not for those on *Jaynor*. I was the first awake, of necessity, at 0800 and I woke Philip who immediately headed off for the Bakery, the shower house and a shave, but probably not in that order.

I put the kettle on as Dickie and Joyce need four cups of tea each first thing so that the first three or four cigarettes are palatable. I slaved over a hot stove preparing fresh fruit and muesli for everyone and when all was ready Anne appeared to grace the breakfast table in her night attire. After breakfast I retired to the cockpit with a cup of tea for a bit of peace and quiet and to allow the smokers to enjoy their post breakfast cigarettes in the saloon.

But peace I was not to have! Members were continually processioning up and down past *Jaynor* and all wished to speak to the Commodore. Good morning Commodore... Did you sleep well, Commodore?... Where is the shower house, Commodore?... Where is the bakery, Commodore... Where is the restaurant for lunch, Commodore?... What's the rig of the day, Commodore? Leo Conway is not just a pretty face, he's smart enough to keep his face below decks in the early morning.

Then the lovely Maria appeared to inform me that the Public House (literal translation of the Town Hall) had decided to give the Irish Cruising Club a Civic Reception commencing at 1100 on the pontoons with a performance by the town band, followed at 1200 with a wine and tapas reception on the pier head and then at 1330 the band would lead us all off the pier and through the town to the town square, where we would stop momentarily for refreshment, and then would lead us on the restaurant A Lo Gar. I tried to tell Maria that the members of the Cruising club would not take kindly to marching through the town behind a band. They might even think that I had deliberately organised the whole affair and would appear wearing a sash!

There was now a rush to be shipshape and Bristol fashion and on the pier by 10.55. As this luncheon was to be an informal affair I dressed accordingly. At 10.45 the Band arrived, 9 boys and girls and 2 young men, all dressed in typical Gallego peasant dress and playing instruments which we all recognised, bodhrans, uilleann pipes, tambourines and tin whistles as they marched up and down the pontoons past all the Irish yachts.

Not wishing to be discourteous and wishing to let everyone know, by my attire, that it was an informal day, I hurried up the pontoon and on to the pier at 10.59 to be met by the lovely Maria, who introduced me to Snr. Gonzalo. He told me he was from the Public House, this did not surprise me as 35 Irish yachts can put some trade into 3 or 4 small tapas bars. However it turned out that he was the Town Clerk! He had been to sea for 25 years so his English was quite good and certainly better than my fourteen nights at the Bangor Tech's Conversation Spanish had left me.

So we chatted while the band played and behind us a small army of workers laboured at setting up a long wine bar laden

with wine and tapas, tortillas, etc. This was all ready by 11.45 and Snr. Gonzalo and I toasted each other, the town, the Irish Cruising Club and anything else we could think of and our members weren't slow to follow. Then the Mayor arrived, Snr. Ramon Regue and Maria introduced us and stayed to translate for twenty minutes or so while we chatted and of course toasted – each other, the town, the Irish Cruising Club etc. etc.... Fortunately the Mayor had to go back to work and again we were left in the tender care of Snr. Gonzalo and Maria, who once more told me that the hand would lead the Club in a musical tour through the town, stopping at the tapas bars in the square for a short comfort break and then on to the restaurant. Although I still felt that this would not sit easily on the shoulders of our members, I was surprised by the number who fell in behind the band. I also told Snr. Gonzalo that we were expected at the restaurant about 12.30. He then told me that he had personally put back the luncheon time by an hour. I wondered if he had told Leo!

Feeling that we should recognise the talents and industry of the band, before we left the pier I thanked them all collectively kissed all the girls and boys (in the Continental manner, of course) and shook hands with the two young men. When the procession stopped at the town square I bought all the band a drink (7 Cokes and two glasses of beer) which in retrospect was undoubtedly the cheapest round of the day. Snr. Gonzalo and I had several more toasts, with drink of course and then off once more and eventually to the restaurant.

On the way to the restaurant Maria's feisty young assistant, realising that I was terribly important, attached herself to me and stayed linked until some unkind person pointed out to her that Anne was my wife whereupon she left me like a knotless thread for someone probably younger and certainly more available.

Outside the restaurant the band gave us a final offering and one member, wearing a large sun hat passed it round and the members very generously filled it for the band.

The meal in the restaurant, A Lo Gar, was without doubt the best part of the Cruise. The room was lovely, the tables, the chairs, the napery and the cutlery were first class and the food was fabulous. It was in fact a typical Gallego wedding feast, and consisted of nine courses, seven of which were fresh fish, and all washed down with an apparently never ending supply of wine.

Because of my position I had to say a few words and then others said a few more words and there were several songs and after about four hours Snr. Gonzalo produced three buses and about half of those present were taken off on a tour, firstly to a vantage point over the town and then to a pretty beach at the back of the town.

Feeling that the restaurant had done us proud we suggested to the owner that I would like to buy the waiters and the chefs a drink. It now transpired that this young man was not the owner but the owner's son, so I suggested that I would buy the owner and his son a drink as well. This was well received and as the owner and his son and myself sat down at a table to split a bottle of wine, the waiters and the kitchen staff all filed past. This of course necessitated several more toasts. Then the owner decided we should split a bottle with him and then I thought we should split another until eventually feeling like a proper drink I kissed them all, shook hands with them and left for the town square and the tapas bars where I could buy a pink gin!

At this stage I met up with Anne again and as she had a few drinks as well during the day, I was not in trouble and she and I had a few more drinks in each of the three tapas bars before returning to *Jaynor* about sixteen hours after leaving her the previous day.

It is a very arduous task to be a Commodore and I am glad that not every day is like that day in Caraminal!

Black Pepper & The Midnight Sun

Peter Killen



THE FINGAL CUP

AWARDED ENTIRELY AT THE
ADJUDICATOR'S OWN DISCRETION FOR
THE LOG WHICH APPEALED TO HIM MOST

JULY 4TH 22:35: We departed Howth bound initially for Spitzbergen. The plan was to sail directly for Lerwick in the Shetlands, and from there straight for Longyearbyen in Spitzbergen.

The crew comprised Hugh Barry, Robert Barker, and Joe Phelan. We had all sailed many times together, Hugh and Robert with me to Iceland and Joe and Robert to Greenland. Thus, I knew we'd have no problems getting on and such was the case!

The winds up the coast of Ireland were fitful. During this part of the trip the GPS broke down and the instrument and compass lights refused to function. A great start! Luckily I had a standby Trimble hand held GPS which could be plugged into the mains supply.

TUESDAY 7TH JULY: We were down to ¼ tank of fuel excluding the 16 extra gallons in the containers. We decided to call into Stornaway and refuel and tied up at a new marina. We arrived there at 10:15. It was a lovely morning, showers in the municipal units and then down to the harbour masters office to enquire about fuel fees and a chandlers. The general manager-John McLennan could not have been kinder. No charge for the pontoon and a drive in his car to his boat where he insisted on giving us a compass light, complete with new wire. 'send me a replacement when you get to Ireland' was all he asked.

1530 hrs and we were off once more after a few pints in the pub and brunch. 12 hours later and we were heading straight downwind in winds gusting up to 40 knots with blinding rain. We had finally dropped the main fully and were scooting along at 7-8 knots under jib.

At 04:00 hrs I was on watch, when suddenly I saw the jib sagging. I thought first the forestay had gone but then realised that the snap shackle at the head of the furling gear had opened. Gradually the jib dropped over the side of the boat.

10-20 minutes later we had the jib stowed and the No. 5 hanked onto another halyard. 12 hours later the wind had eased enough to put someone up the mast to retrieve the halyard and head of the furling gear. Since Hugh looked the fittest (and was also the smallest) we popped him up the mast having first whispered in his ear that he was not coming down without the halyard. Up he went and after a few breath taking hang-glides, which finished with ball crunching bangs into the mast

he was back down with the gear, a sore body, a dire need for a large hot whiskey and pats on the back. Up with the furling jib and the main and we were away again.

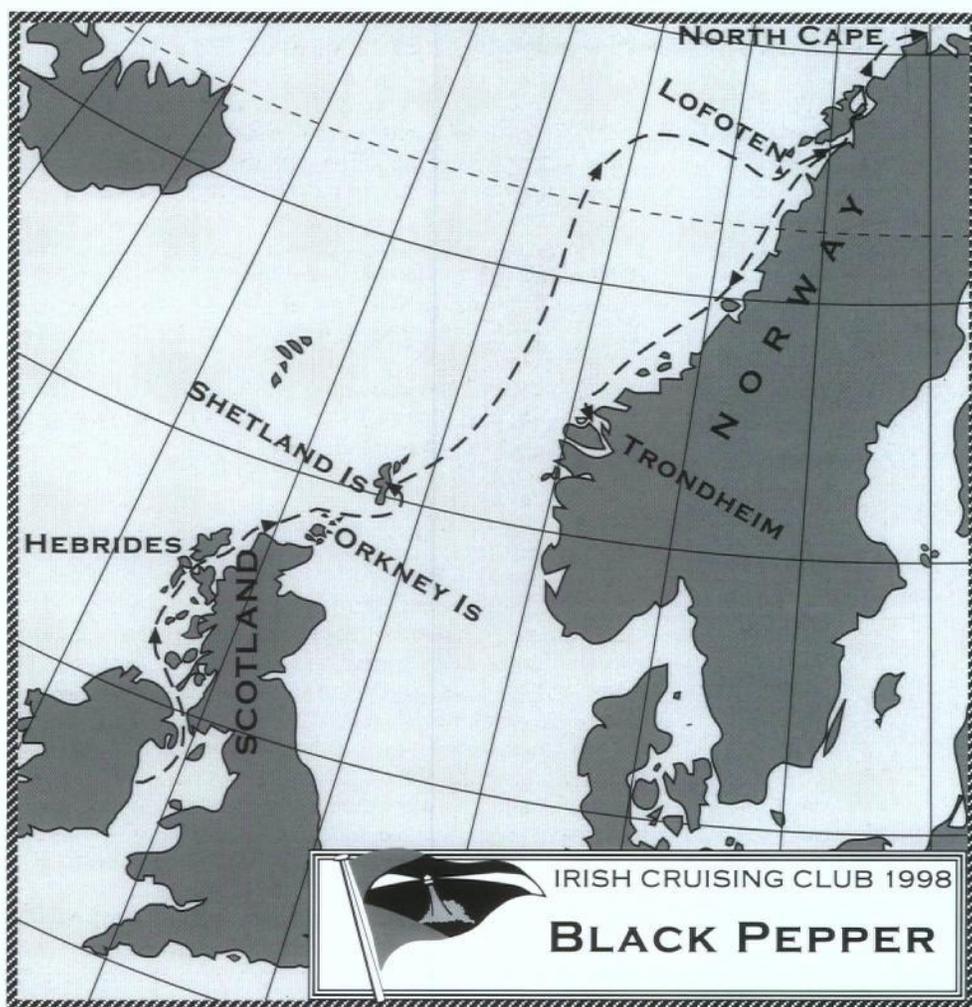
WEDNESDAY 8TH: Started the engine as the wind continued to die, put the engine into gear and experienced huge vibrations. Quickly stopped once more and dived over the side. We had lost a blade off our folding prop. Luckily the wind soon filled in once more and by 09:00 Thursday 9th we were tied up in Lerwick Harbour. The harbour master there couldn't have been more helpful or laid back (a headline for some I know elsewhere!) we had radioed ahead and told him of our problem. When we arrived in his office, he had organised the harbour crane to be available to us at 14:00 that afternoon. We sailed the boat over to the dock and within Ω an hour we had her out, had removed the damaged prop and had put on the spare fixed prop, which luckily I had with me and had the boat launched once more. Then it was off to the hospital with Robert Barker, who had a bad bronchial infection prior to leaving Howth and who had not been well en-route to Lerwick. The doc. Said he was over the worst so that was that. No more malingering it was party time.

The first pub we headed for was 'Captain Flints' - O.K a bit young and trendy for our age. Then on to 'Thule Thule'-one of the truly dirtiest pubs I have ever been in and serving the worst Guinness in the world. Quickly on to 'The Queen's Hotel' soulless and then on to dinner in Monty's - lovely, good craic,



Joe Phelan, the navigator.

Photo: Bev Killen



good surroundings, good food and ok wine. Then we struck gold in a pub opposite Montys.

11TH JULY 02:00: We departed Lerwick bound due north. It was great to have no more darkness, with night gradually disappearing as we headed towards higher latitudes with just over 1000 miles to go. By Tuesday 14th I was seriously concerned about our schedule. Light to moderate head winds with increasing periods of calm. If this continued indefinitely, we would be a very long time reaching our destination. We were making less than 100 miles per day and had already used a fair amount of fuel. The schedule was for us to have made it to Spitzbergen and from there to Tromso in northern Norway by 30th July, where we were dropping off Hugh and picking up my wife Beverly and two friends Bill and Catherine Walsh. The plan was then to sail on down the coast of Norway as far as Trondheim, about 500 miles south of Tromso, arriving in Trondheim by 13th or 14th August and flying home from there. I felt the time was gradually slipping by and the chances of getting to Tromso in time might be tight. Also the time left to explore Spitzbergen and Bear island would be very limited indeed. It sounded like pressure, pressure all the way. Finally by midday on the 14th I had decided to turn right for the Lofoten Islands and make a first stop at Svolveaer. I put my suggested alternative to the others, and crew morale immediately perked up.

Off watch members who, were sleeping, reading or listening to walkmen, suddenly took a big interest in the discussion. We all, though disappointed, felt this was the best course of action to take.

reserved to start with, but once you spoke to them very friendly and most helpful.

In no time at all, we were chatting to all the people around us. Joe had done a couple of passes backwards and forwards along the beams over our heads (hand over hand/leg over leg). As he whistled overhead for a third time, much to the amusement of the drinkers in general, the bar man said to the owner who was sitting at the corner of the counter 'What will I do?' 'Nothing', said the owner. 'If he falls, kill him!'

At approximately 02.00 Saturday morning, we returned to the boat with a few new friends we had invited back (about 16 in all). We were tied up next to a large metal motor sailor with a Norwegian family aboard, who had welcomed us warmly when we first arrived.

As our guests tramped over their decks and having settled in below with whiskeys and Guinness I got nervous about the noise we were creating. Finally when Chris fired up with a rousing song, I decided there was only one thing for it. I started the engine, cast off and headed out into the main harbour, away from the quays of sleeping boats.

The singing was getting louder, so I headed for the harbour mouth and out the sound where there was a lively sea left over from the earlier strong winds. The singing got a bit less lively and Hugh came on deck to tell us some of our female guests were feeling (and looking) rather green.

The upshot was that we motored around inside the harbour for about 2 hours before finally dropping our guests off at a disused pier. We returned to our original berth and quietly tied up.

Off we chugged towards the Lofotens. Joe wrote in the log 'Skomvaer Light Brg 075, Range 285 miles – in the pub by Friday!' The sail/motorsail to the Lofotens was really pleasant, with several sightings of pilot whales and one beautiful sunset and sunrise.

THURSDAY 16TH: At 16.30 in a flat calm sea, Norway and the Lofotens were in sight and Skomvaer Light was 10 miles ahead. A lovely meal with plenty of white wine to celebrate – and of course some hours later, a good following breeze (up to thirty knots) filled in. We charged along most of the night finally having reached and tied up at Svolveaer by 10.50 on a drizzly rain swept morning. Off up to a hotel for hot showers, which we much needed. We asked the receptionist where the bar was. We were told it was a temperance hotel – so no bar!

Out the door and across the road to a smashing little pub (all-dark and boozy on the inside) and 4 quick pints later we were breathless having drunk them quickly and more importantly having paid for them! £4.80 a shot!!

Oh well, 2 weeks at sea (more or less) what the hell!

In general all the Norwegians we met were lovely people. Quite

Next morning, bright and early (11.30) I awoke and looked around the cabin. I thought the others were awake, but no one was moving and all eyes were shut.

I screwed up my courage and climbed into the cockpit. The family was sitting on the after deck of their boat. 'Hello' I said. 'I hope we didn't keep you awake last night.' 'You did' was the answer. They were not happy campers! In desperation I asked 'do you like wine?'. 'Yes' was the answer so I shot down below and grabbed a bottle of Jameson and another of white wine. The atmosphere was immediately changed and there were smiles all around. My crew then appeared!

It was a beautiful day. Hot sunshine and practically no breeze. We headed up to a fjord called Troll Fjord, approximately 12 miles north. This is a tiny fjord surrounded by sheer cliffs and mountains, which really do look like trolls. Because it is so close to Svolvaer many people make day trips there. The whole population along the coast of Norway seems to own fast motor boats, which they all handle extremely well. We seldom saw yachts unless they were visitors such as we, and in fact I think the number of foreign yachts we encountered north of Trondheim amounted to approximately 4.

Having had a swim and laze we headed back to Svolvaer to a restaurant called Gsutton where we all had whale steaks, which were delicious, and then back to our pub where we got a great reception from the bar-man and half the pub.

SUNDAY 19TH JULY: 14.30 we finally departed Svolvaer bound north. Our intention was ultimately to head N.W. of the island of Andoya to an area where the sea depth rises from 2000 metres to 100 metres very rapidly. We had heard this was the ultimate place to see all types of whales and in fact many tourist boats advertise trips to this area.

En-route we overnighed in a beautiful anchorage on the eastern side of Broto. It poured with rain, but with plenty of hot whiskeys-a lovely dinner, wine followed by hot chocolate options and rum all accompanied by the Vard Sisters on tape, the evening got better and better. There wasn't a soul for miles. The snow capped mountains surrounded us, the rain stopped and by 0300 we were all enjoying an early morning swim.

MONDAY: By 0830 in the morning we had weighed anchor (as quietly as possible due to slight head problems) and were motoring north in flat calm conditions via Sortland Sund.

The lasting impression we all had of Norway was stunning scenery, magnificent fjords and flat water sailing inside the islands that protect the entire coastline of the country. We headed for the open sea via Anda Island where we saw myriad seabirds and seals. In no time we were rolling heavily in a large confused sea, with fitful wind conditions. We sailed for approximately 4-5 hours in a north west direction with heavy rain showers sweeping over us. Finally Joe shouted that he had spotted the fluke of a whale, sounding. He decided that it was a sperm whale. No-one argued, since no one had seen it! That was the only sighting, apart from some pilot whales en-route to Norway.

We set a course for Thorsvag on the N.W. corner of the island of Vannoya and arrived there at 15.30. It looked just like a place in West Cork with its fishing pier and sheds, but no pub. We had

showers in the fisherman's complex and got the name of another small harbour called Vannvaag about 12 miles away where there was a pub.

Off we went and soon arrived in a very quaint and scenic natural harbour where we tied up and headed as quickly as possible for the hills (a walk first) and then to the pub.

After a pleasant jaunt around the area we asked a local exactly where The Pub was, as we had not seen any obvious signs. He pointed to a very industrial looking shed near the harbour and said the pub was in the top floor. Unfortunately it was closed on Mondays and Tuesdays. Today was Tuesday!

Following the earlier change of plan I had decided we would first go to North Cape and then possibly head east maybe getting to Russia or alternatively maybe heading to Bear Island. As I mentioned earlier, we had to be back in Tromso by Wednesday 29th July to meet Beverly, Catherine and Bill and to drop Hugh off, since he was returning to Dublin from there. Given the current problem, we decided the best plan was to head back south to Tromso, and try and get Hugh home as soon as possible.

WEDNESDAY 22ND JULY: 00:02 we left Vennvage bound for Tromso (broad daylight of course) and arrived there at 07:00. What a beautiful place! What a beautiful day! The sun was shining from a cloudless sky and from then on we seldom saw any clouds whatsoever. The local harbour official who later that day welcomed us to Tromso and charged us £5 per day for a marina berth, told us they were having the best summer in 70 years. No wonder the weather was so bad further south!

He also told us we had just missed John Gore Grimes in *Arctic Fern* who had departed Tromso the day before heading north.

Next day, Hugh moved his gear into a local hotel since his flight departed the following morning, and we put to sea once more at midday. We had a smashing broad reach en-route for Hammerfest, and by 18:00 that evening had only 87 miles to go. We dropped anchor at 21:00 in a beautiful little bay called Osen on the Island of Guinnjorden, surrounded by mountains. A series of painted houses and a lovely Kirk ringed the bay. The whole scene was mirrored in the water which was totally calm at this point, apart from the splashes where fish jumped. What an evening! It really is what cruising is all about.

FRIDAY 06:00: Upped anchor and departed in dense fog bound for Hammerfest which is just south of north cape. Radar and



The glacier at Holandsfjorden, with Joe in the foreground.

Photo: Robert Barker

GPS really earned their keep, as we made our way along the main shipping route between the islands. We got one bad fright when a cruise liner sounded her fog horn literally behind us and passed us 50 yards to our starboard. We saw her for about 3 or 4 minutes in all, before she was swallowed once more by the fog. 'What a hole opener' muttered one of the crew.

20:30 and we arrived in Hammersfest and tied up. The log reading showed we had travelled 1630 miles through the water since leaving Howth. There was still plenty of fog around but we were soon able to find one or two pubs. It's a lovely town and boasts the fact that it is the world's northern most mainland city. We found a little pub that some people told us of, which had live music, called the Armadillo... PURE GOLD! A great group and another guy who is a disk jockey/teacher, with a local radio station. He agreed to sing one or two songs with the group and he was truly magic! Great jazz numbers. When he stopped, we got chatting to him and once he realised that we were from Ireland, he started to sing U2 numbers and also songs from the Commitments. In no time Joe, who is a great dancer, and very energetic to boot, had everyone hopping around the place. What a night – sorry, day!

SATURDAY: Started very late in the day. That evening we had booked dinner in the Rica Hotel overlooking the sea. What a meal! It was expensive, but worth every cent!

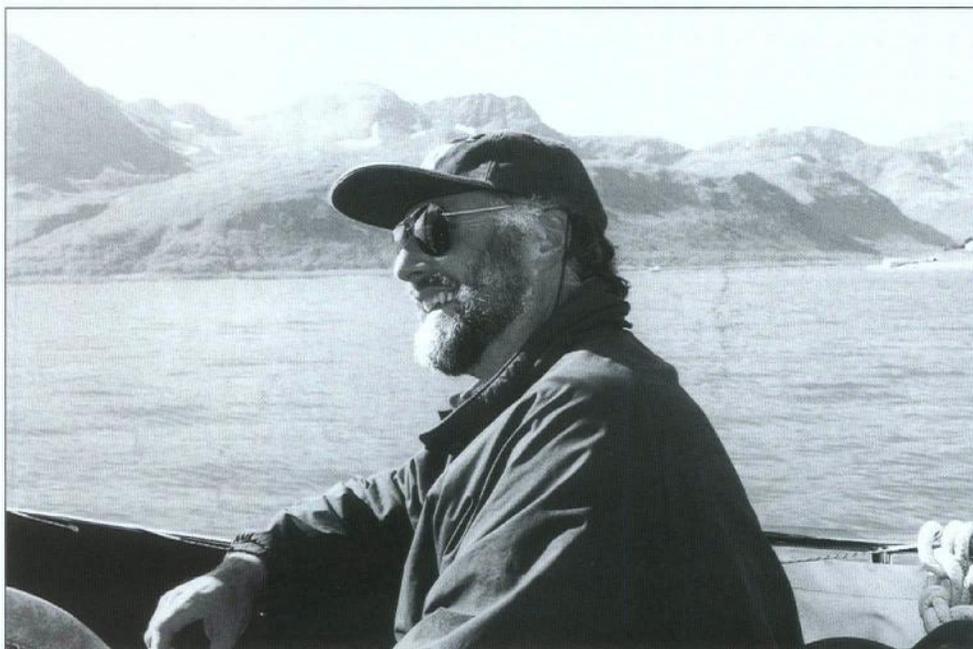
SUNDAY 02:30: Departed Hammerfest bound for Honningsvaag which is situated in the southern side of the island of Mageroya. North Cape is on the tip of the same island. The weather was beautiful as usual and we were motor sailing – as usual! As we arrived 12 hours later at the mouth of the harbour, we were called up by M.V. *Girl Friday* – a U.K couple living on a large approx. 40ft Nelson class motor boat. They told us they had met up with John Gore Grimes the evening before, but that he had now departed. Missed him again!

Our intention was to arrive off the North Cape at midnight to see the midnight sun. Conditions were perfect, but we had plenty of time, since we estimated we did not need to leave Honningsvaag until approximately 20.00. We toured the local museum, which was interesting – and decided we would motor out of the harbour, look for a quiet cove, anchor and have a swim.

First though, we would have *one* drink in a pub we were just passing called *The Norden*. As we ordered our drinks, one of a group of Norwegians in the corner asked us were we Irish. When we said we were, he introduced himself, said his name was Bernadt and he owned the bar.

He loved Irish people and went to Spain every year for two weeks holidays where he meets the same bunch of Irish every time. He knew lots of Irish songs and swore he would get to Ireland again one day.

He and Odd had also met John Gore-Grimes when he had stopped to sort out electronic problems during his cruise north in either '88 or '89, and indeed they were disgusted at having missed him when he had called the night before.



The skipper.

Photo: Bev Killen

We departed Honningsvaag at 20.00 with some guests and sure enough we had a most pleasant trip in windless conditions, arriving off North Cape with 15 minutes to go till midnight. There was a very heavy swell running, but this didn't knock the feather out of anyone – apart from Nick the Aussie who had, shortly after our departure, taken to his bunk, looking very green indeed. The trawler skippers wife had also taken to her bunk, having passed peacefully out on a surfeit of hot toddies. The rest of our guests ploughed happily on through our stocks. I must say though, they were all good boat handlers and didn't get messy.

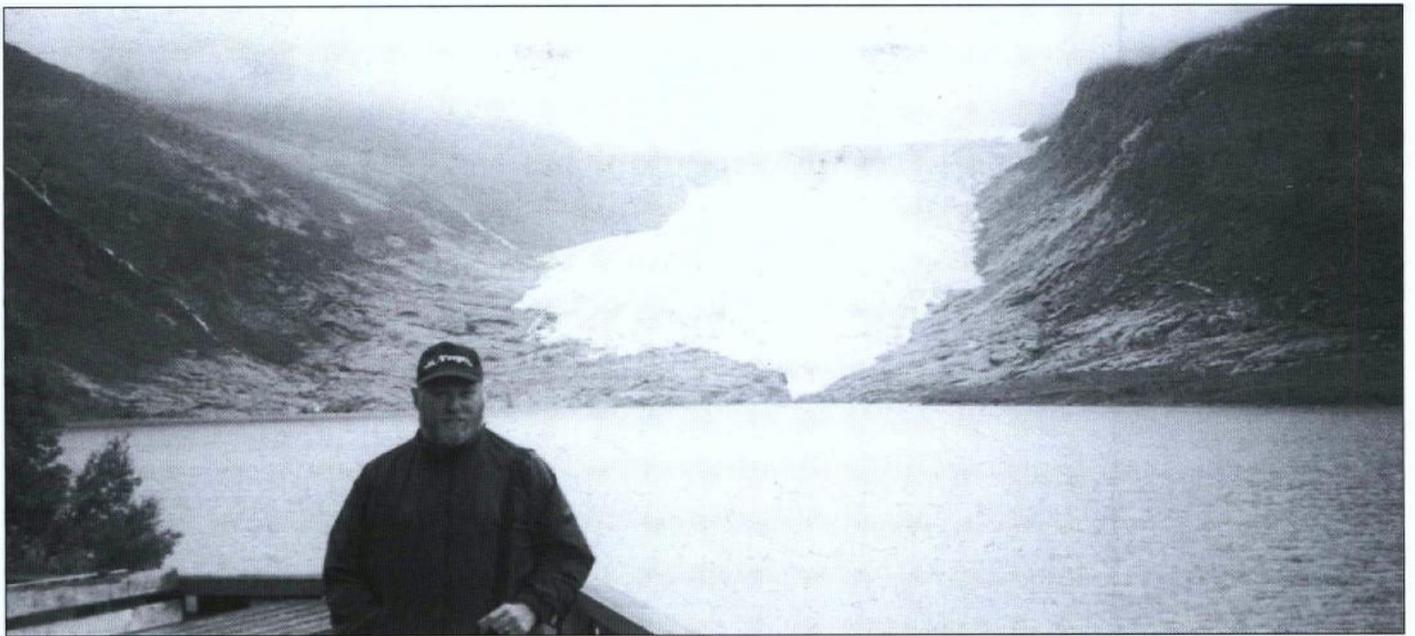
The trawler skipper, a really nice guy, stayed off the booze (as did my crew) and was a great help later in the trip when he conned us into and through a shortcut to where we were to drop our guests.

The midnight sun was truly awe inspiring, the colours were magical – with the light shining on the cliffs of the cape and the clear northern air positively sparkling around us. Everyone was thrilled.

At 04.00 the trawler skipper took us alongside the tiny landing stage of a tiny hamlet, in a rock strewn cove called Gjesvaer. We finally managed to bid goodbye to our guests (apart from a comatose Nick) despite the fact that they wanted us to continue the party at a nearby friends restaurant. They were quite sure he would be delighted to see them, so they intended to knock him up and get him to cook breakfast for us all.

They were most disappointed when we hurriedly cast off and headed for the open sea! How they got home – 35 kms away I don't know.

Next morning we headed on south still with lots of fog which gradually cleared as we arrived in Tromso to make our roundzvous with Bev, Catherine and Bill. Normally, when we go on long trips especially northwards we tend to lose weight. I remember that on the Greenland trip I lost nearly two stone. As a result of our change of plans and as a result therefore of lots of visits to lots of pubs, the reverse happened this time! We were all three looking decidedly porky and rather raffish – that series on the TV 'last of the summer wine' springs to mind! Anyhow, Bev took one look at me in the airport, hair and beard standing out at all angles, a pair of shorts I hadn't got round to washing (the engine had been serviced twice during the trip to



Robert Barker in Holandsfjorden

Photo: Joe Phelan

date) and finally, her eye fell on my large paunch! 'Is there any duty free left?' was the plaintive question. There was indeed.

2ND AUGUST: 12:30: We departed Tromso and motor-sailed to a spectacularly beautiful anchorage called Lindberg on the SE corner of Sinja Island. We literally scraped over the bar at the entrance (1.9 meters depth) and anchored in 7 meters of water in a lagoon surrounded by hills covered in trees. The rain was beating down, but the girls cooked up a lovely roast of lamb and all the trimmings. With lots of wine, Rum and lots of music – who cared about the rain (and paunches?)

We awoke to blue skies and not a breath of wind. Swims and a long walk were the order of a wonderful day, before we eventually upped anchor at 19:30 that evening and headed for Haistad, which is on the east side of Hinnoya. We arrived at 03.30 and tied up in the outer harbour where the visitor's pontoons are located.

Haistad is quite large and not very attractive. We did have a nice meal there before heading for Svolvær via an anchorage at Gullvik on the island of Store Molla.

FRIDAY 8TH AUGUST: The girls were charmed with Svolvær and after showers, we headed once more out through the harbour entrance, bound for the fuel pier which is located through another smaller entrance to the town. Imagine our surprise when we spotted an Armada of Viking longships, stretching over an area of about 3 miles, interspersed with classic working boats.

We legged it over to them as fast as we could and spent the morning motoring near them and taking photos.

It transpired that there was a classic boat rally being held in Kabbelvåg, a village 3 miles from Svolvær. Tied up once more in Svolvær, a local told us that it was all happening in Kabbelvåg that evening and that the Dubliners were playing there! We had prawns, pizza and white wine on the boat which we shared with an Austrian called Martin. This guy had just returned from a charter trip on a boat called *Arctic Explorer*. They had been to Jan Mayen and had gone climbing there. He spoke very good English and was most amusing. Then we all headed for Kabbelvåg by taxi. Bev and Joe decided to see the Dubliners, whilst the rest of us elected to look at the longships and soak up the atmosphere.

The old quay and slip were crammed with longships and old workboats, with lots of people cooking over fires, playing music and in general having a thoroughly good time. There was a myriad of lanterns and oil lamps lighting the dusk (we were heading south once more and it was now August). The feeling of having slipped backwards in time was very powerful indeed.

Next day we departed Svolvær and headed for a fjord called Holandsfjorden which we reached in blinding rain. We had come to see the glacier for which it is renowned and indeed, despite the rain it was absolutely magnificent. We tramped to its snout and look at it towering above us with melt water rushing from under it into a lake in front. If it had not been raining so hard we might have been tempted to take a swim.

A lovely meal of reindeer in a nearby restaurant finished the day in this wild place which is a designated National Park. There are very few houses in the fjord and the restaurant relies for its survival on the ferry which brings boatloads of tourists who visit the glacier. These are all gone by 17:00 each day so our walk was in total stillness and tranquillity since we had not arrived until 18:00 and indeed they agreed to serve us in the restaurant only as a special favour.

We departed at 05:00 hrs, still in heavy rain bound for the island of Stokkoya approximately 190 miles south, and had a



Washing up in the club house at Kuringvaen – Catherine, Bev and Robert.
Photo: Peter Killen



The Norden pub in Honningsvaag, where we fell into bad company.

Photo: Joe Phelan

very pleasant trip in flat conditions, inside the islands. Night sailing was tricky and we had to be very careful not to stray off our route and to keep a very careful check of the lights we passed. We finally arrived at 16:30 on 11th August in yet another magical small natural harbour in a place called Kuringvaen on the S/E of the island with a small pontoon connecting us with a gangway up to a small wooden clubhouse. No one was there, but the clubhouse was open. Inside there was a shower room, a kitchen and a general meeting room. The fridge was stocked with food and there was a list on the wall containing the price of each item of food, the cost of electricity, the cost of staying on the pontoon for the night (£5) and an honesty box. What you did, was use the facilities and put the money covering what you used into the box.

Up to this point the sun was shining and it was flat calm, the birds were diving for fish, which were jumping all around us. We were surrounded by gentle hills, rocks and trees, with the odd wooden house, brightly painted tucked into the woods. The lat and long of this haven is 62.2N/10.03E.

We showered and strolled up a narrow road to a shop and fuel store, we bought some provisions, then back to the boat for G&T's.

Whilst sitting in the cockpit, waiting for dinner to cook, two locals, a father and daughter wandered down the pontoon to look and say hello. We invited them on board for a drink and they told us that an isolated warehouse in the far corner of the lagoon was theirs and that they were currently converting it into a pub and small hotel. The father also told us that he is a deep sea skipper and is away for approximately 2/3 months at a time. They were lovely friendly people – a pleasure to meet.

A beautiful candle lit meal that night on the boat followed by a lazy large breakfast on the veranda of the club completed our stay in this spot and then reluctantly we departed at 13:30 bound for Brekstad a mole harbour north of Trondheimsfjorden (approximately 30 miles from Trondheim)

A very bare new place, which was fine from the point of view of getting diesel, stores etc, but decidedly not pretty! The one big plus was that Bev bought 6 large crabs from a fisherman which he had cooked on his boat for £10. What value!

Next day we headed for Trondheim into a brisk very headwind, blowing 30-40 knots and arrived in the outer harbour that evening, 13th August. There is a railway bridge spanning the mouth of the canal entrance, which eventually

leads you into the centre of the town. We called up the operator and by 20:00 that evening we were motoring under the bridge and into the canal proper, past pubs, apartments and restaurants overhanging the water and past a myriad of boats and yachts of all sorts berthed at yacht club pontoon fingers. We got lots of waves from people as we passed and finally Joe shinned up the rigging hand over hand, to have a better look at some of the spectators – and lovely they were!

We finally tied up at one of the municipal pontoon fingers 15 minutes later and tucked into fresh crab, white wine and rolls. What a super end to a great trip. The log reading showed that we had done 2,438 miles through the water since leaving Howth 6 weeks before.

Trondheim turned out to be yet another lovely town. It is the third largest city in Norway and is thriving, with lots to see and a most relaxed atmosphere, lots of shops, restaurants and pubs. Practically all the buildings in Norway that we saw are built of wood – many of them very beautiful – some very plain. We experienced no violence or crime anywhere and met only kindness and helpfulness. I really do believe we have a lot to learn from them, for as tourists we were treated with tremendous courtesy everywhere we went.

One perfect example is that when I contacted the Trondheim harbour master to ask: a) If we could leave the boat unattended on the marina finger for a week and; b) How much I owed.

The answer was that we were most welcome, and there was no charge.

My original plan had been to leave *Black Pepper* over the winter at a place called Sistranda on the eastern side of Froya at the mouth of the Trondheim fjord system and to cruise the Baltic in 1999. Subsequently I changed my mind and arranged for some friends to come and sail her home, since I would not have sufficient time left. However I stressed to them, that if the weather deteriorated or they had problems, the arrangement with the people in Sistranda still stood.

It transpired that when the relief crew arrived the governor on the engine went, the weather deteriorated and finally two weeks later they dropped *Black Pepper* off with my contacts, where she has been bedded snugly down for winter.

Thus ended one of our best cruises to date.

Total mileage: 2,438 through the water.

Number of engine hours: 275

Of Gaffs and Gantries

W.M. Nixon

It has been a season for gaff rig, and some sport with a gantry dredging for razor clams. Yet oddly enough, when I joined the Club back at the beginning of 1963, my experience with four-sided mainsails was limited to a 600-mile delivery cruise from the Hamble to Carrickfergus in a 29-ton gaff ketch which had been built as a yacht by Charlie Sibbick in Cowes in 1898, but at one stage had been converted into a Ramsgate sailing trawler.

Admittedly the first cruise of all, in 1957 across Lough Neagh and down the River Bann to tidal waters at Coleraine, had been made in a gunter-rigged 14ft Ballyholme Insect dinghy with a tent, but gunter is scarcely true gaff. Thereafter, we had mini-cruises in our 26ft Swallow class sloop, which had a very up-to-the-minute bermuda rig, and then the first proper cruise, with *Ainmara* in 1960, was likewise bermuda rig.

So too was a single-handed cruise to Scotland with the 23ft Skal in 1961. But then in 1962 with Peter "Bone" Shanks (brother of Robert), I found myself at the Hamble preparing this old bucket, the *Armored*, for the delivery cruise to Belfast Lough. We seemed to have all the time in the world, so it really was a cruise rather than just a delivery. But in any case there was a huge amount of work to be done before leaving, and we stayed so long in Bursledon that there was time to get into a very convenient relationship with the daughter of the landlord at The Jolly Sailor.

Eventually our crew was completed by the arrival of Mike Balmforth and Peter "Min" Martin, and we put to sea, though not without a certain trepidation, for although *Armored* had been teak built and copper fastened with a modern (for 1898) spoon bow, when the Ramsgate trawlermen took her over they gave her a straight stem by adding a false bow in pitch pine which was iron fastened. When we dried her out to put on the anti-fouling, it was somewhat disconcerting to note that the false bow was merrily leaking water. But the owner reassured us with the information that all the best Chinese junks have false bows to cushion the effect of head seas, and we would enjoy the same benefit. Quite so.

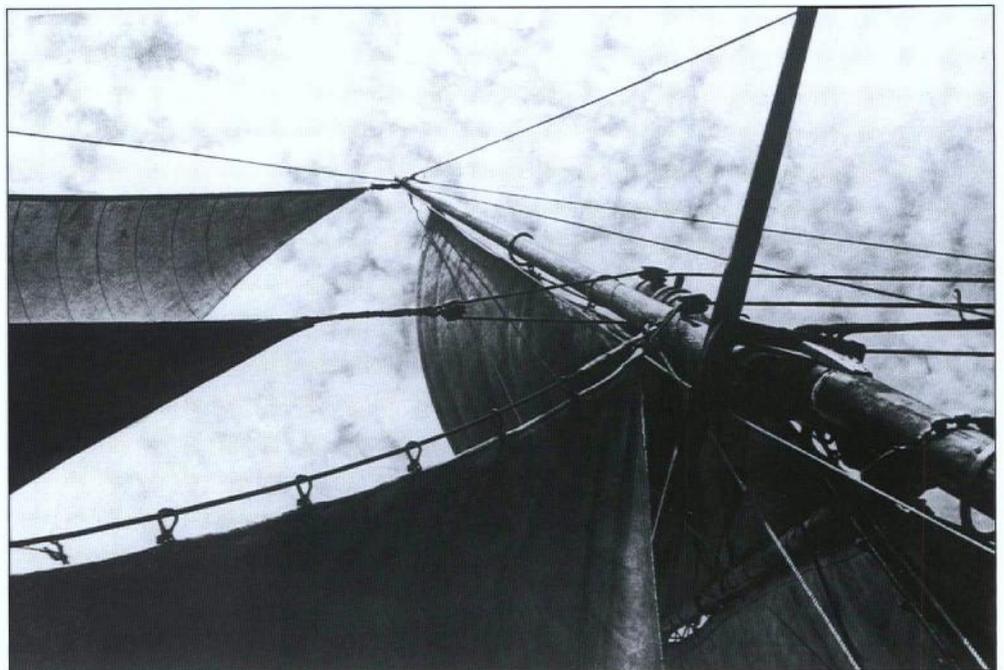
Some years later, the *Armored* was to be beautifully restored to her original form as a classic yacht. Sadly, she ended her days on a reef in the Caribbean. But back in 1962, she was still very much a slightly-converted trawler as we plodded down Channel, calling at Newlyn and then

rounding Land's End ahead of a rising sou'west gale which caused an unfortunate broach just as I was in the final stages of preparing a huge chicken dinner.

It was unfortunate because the galley collapsed, and boiling potatoes engulfed my left arm. Min Martin saved the day. He was a medical student, and immediately doused the arm in cooking oil and wrapped it in much bandaging from shoulder to wrist. Two days later, the only sign of the scalding was a narrow line of blistering round the wrist along the edge of the bandage.

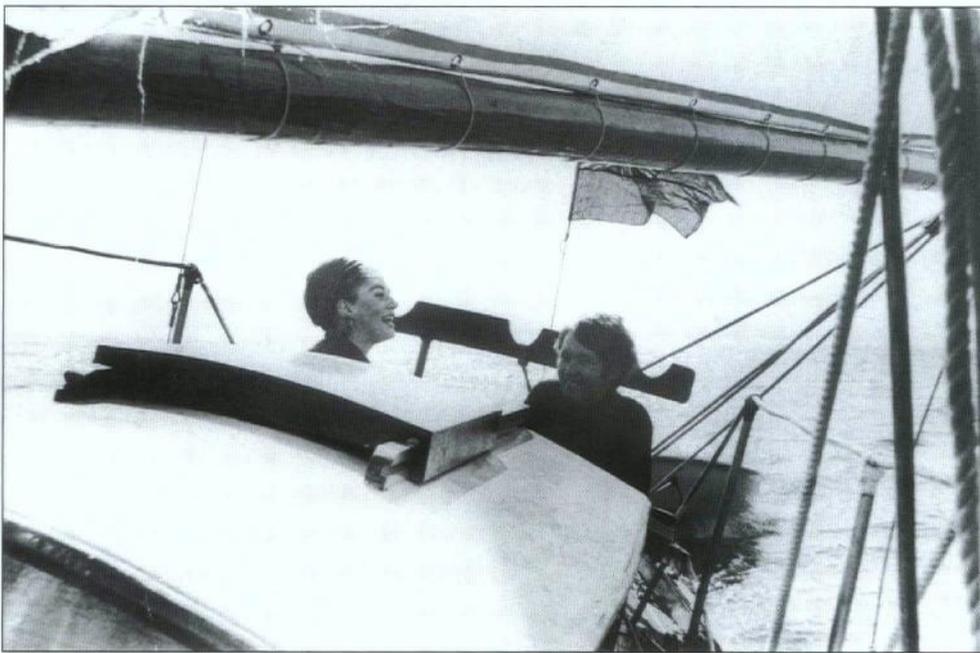
By that time we were in Milford Haven putting the old girl together again. Our learning curve in gaff rig was a vertical line, and we were determined to finish in style and at speed, so sails were repaired, the galley was re-built, and with something like seven sails set we fairly romped – with ongoing sail repairs – over the final stage up the Irish Sea and through the North Channel, with a spreading mackerel sky presaging a gale which struck just after we'd managed to get *Armored* safely berthed in Carrickfergus.

Came 1963, and it was back to bermuda rig for a cruise to the Outer Hebrides in *Ainmara* in June with Russey O'Neill and Ed Wheeler. This was such a perfect venture that I forgot to book the old yawl for the annual August expedition to the Mudhook YC's schools and universities races in the Clyde. My more alert older brother Michael took up the *Ainmara* option to get some of the Queens Belfast and Bangor GS personnel across the North Channel. Having your own boat was



Mackerel sky and mare's tails, Make tall ships carry low sails
Everything up and drawing as *Armored* hurries along with the signs of the next gale spreading across the sky.

Photo: Mike Balmforth



"Once aboard the lugger..." First sail with Georgina aboard *Ice Bird*, Belfast Lough July 1968.

Photo: Brian Cunningham

important, for in addition to transport to Scotland she also provided handy accommodation at Clynder. So with my brother James, who was skippering the TCD team, I persuaded George Crowe and Jim McCreadie to charter us the *Marie Michon*.

This was a return to gaff rig in considerable style. Built by Gilbert & Pascoe of Porthleven in 1927 to designs by Bevil Warrington Smyth, *Marie Michon* was very much the brainchild of her first owner, Ralph Swann, who was later Commodore of the Royal Cr C from 1967 to 1972, and at the same period was President of the RNLI. A hugely enthusiastic cruising man all his life, he and the marine artist Bevil Warrington Smyth created the concept of *Marie Michon* from a French crabber which had taken Swann's fancy, while inevitably there was also considerable West Country input, as she was somewhat reminiscent of a Falmouth Quay Punt, though with finer lines.

That said, the charm of *Marie Michon* lay in the fact that she was very much her own sweet self. There was a completeness and purity to her which made theories about her design origins largely irrelevant. She was a perfect miniature, for although only 28ft in hull length, being transom sterned with a straight stem she was all boat at 8 ton TM, so she'd a bigger boat's flush deck and a tiny seamanlike self-draining cockpit. Her rig was king size, including a massive four-sided tops'l with a huge yard set up in standing lug style. It looked small enough once it was in place aloft, but ran for much of the deck when stowed. So she kept you busy while sailing, but she certainly did the business, and in 1932 Ralph Swann won the RCC's Romola Cup with her.

Marie Michon was brought to Northern Ireland by Billy Brown of Portaferry, and I found her enchanting, for our family boats at that time were day sailers in the form of the Swallow and a Glen, so a boat like this characterful black cutter, whose every aspect spoke of extended cruising, was a dream of heaven. After Billy Brown became involved with offshore racing with his brother Dickie on the very different *Black Soo*, he sold the old cutter on to George Crowe and Jim McCreadie, against whom the Nixon brothers had raced for several years in the Belfast Lough Swallow Class. The new owners lavished loving care on her such that, when we took her away to Scotland in August 1963, she was the very image of the classic boat long before the notion of such a thing had taken a hold in the sailing world.

As our younger brother John was also going to the schools racing in the Clyde and had – together with two others – hitched a lift with James and me on the *Marie Michon*, there were four young Nixons trying to get across the North Channel aboard two different boats in the face of an increasingly dirty nor'easter. On *Marie Michon* we'd had quite a pasting by the time we got to shelter in Campbeltown, having learnt the hard way that even the handsomest gaff rigged craft are no great shakes to windward. Michael meanwhile had got his squad safely to Lamlass, but as the only decent lee in the nor'easterly gale which was now blowing was under Holy Island, he had no way of letting the folks at home know he was okay.

But in any case, in those days cruising people didn't expect to be in touch very much at all.

Certainly in Campbeltown with the wind and rain sheeting across the little harbour, aboard *Marie Michon* we were completely absorbed in getting the heating stove in the saloon working properly. Thus our main problem was asphyxiation until we found a secret damper in the chimney. So when the harbour master dropped by – not in the best of tempers in the pouring rain – to check who we were, we thought nothing of it until much later we learnt that, back in Ballyholme with a howling nor'easter rattling the house, there was an element of alarm after a Belfast newspaper phoned our mother to ask her how it felt to have four sons missing in the North Channel.

The remainder of the cruise to Clynder was blissfully gentle, with a particularly memorable passage through the Kyles of Bute. But it seemed that the younger members of the crew remembered even more vividly that they'd been extremely seasick out in the North Channel, so once the week of racing was over, James and I found we were on our own for the homeward passage. But he had won the universities racing, so we were taking his enormous great silver cup home with us, and by the time we sailed from Clynder in celebratory mode, we'd the entertaining support of Dougie Arthur of Glasgow University as third hand. The passage home was a cracker, storming along in a strong and sunny nor'wester, and though we went in to Larne at dawn to ride out a foul tide and a rainy backing of the wind to the sou'west, by Sunday afternoon we were back in Ballyholme on time.

Some years later, George and Jim sold *Marie Michon* on to a Strangford Lough owner, who kept her on a mooring off Sketrick Island. She was driven ashore in an easterly gale one Autumn, and became a total loss. She was and is much missed.

Ainmara being very much available for charter from Billy Doherty, we cruised her round Ireland in 1964 and out to St Kilda in 1965, though contact was maintained with gaff rig through sailing with Michael McKee on the *Marie*, which in 1931 had been the first winner of the Faulkner Cup. Then in 1967 and 1968 I got involved with the Vertue cutter *Ice Bird* for cruises to Iceland and Spain, so bermudan rig was still in the ascendant. 1968 was also the year in which I met Georgina, so while single-handing home from Spain I diverted into Falmouth harbour to keep the kettle boiling, and there at Mylor was Conor O'Brien's *Saoirse*, at that time in the long and

loving ownership of Eric Ruck, and still very much the ocean-girdling gaff ketch.

By 1970 Georgina had decided that we would settle in Howth, so interest in gaff rig was strengthened by the Howth 17s, which were having a re-birth at their port of origin. The great Norman Wilkinson had already been for nearly a quarter century the hugely successful owner of the *Leila*, winner of the Howth 17s' very first race on May 4th 1898. But his work as a stockbroker had him in Glasgow on Tuesdays, and in those distant days there was no way he could get home in time for the Tuesday evening racing. So in a fit of absence of mind, he asked me to race the boat – I can only presume that he was keen to introduce newcomers to the class. Our efforts were woeful for the first two outings, but then on a classic Howth evening with a brisk and sunny sou'sou'east breeze whipping in round the Head to provide a magnificent beat from the East Mark to Balscadden, Johnny Malcolm (now ICC) and I suddenly found how to slip *Leila* into the groove. She leapt away to windward and into first place, and I've had a great fondness for the class ever since.

Nevertheless, it was a complete surprise when Georgina became one of the syndicate which got together to restore the Howth 17 *Deilginis* in 1992. Built in 1907 by James Kelly of Portrush, whose boatyard had opened in 1897 with the construction of Howard Sinclair's award-winning cutter *Saiph* which we went to visit with *Witchcraft* at St Malo in August 1996, *Deilginis* had at one stage deteriorated into a little fishing cruiser, covered in pitch within and without, and hidden away in a city centre farmyard in Dolphin's Barn whose location was known only to a chicken sexer at Leeson Street Bridge whose



The Howth 17 *Aura* (Ian Malcolm) sailing off Carrickfergus on April 11th 1998 exactly a hundred years to the day since her maiden sail in exactly the same location. *Photo: Davy Jones*

whereabouts were in turn known only to the seller of the Sunday papers outside Monkstown church.

But John Massey traced the little boat, so when the Howth 17s' Centenary came up in 1998, we were at least tangentially involved, and it all provided much vicarious sailing enjoyment. For, apart from going briefly afloat to test a new Autoprop which stops her in three-and-a-half boatlengths where previously she had very little astern power at all, the beloved *Witchcraft* didn't go into commission in 1998 because, on the business front, it was a case of all shoulders to the wheel, and all noses to the grindstone, in order to prevent an all-hands-to-the-pumps situation.

With John Malcolm's cousin Ian as a very capable Class Captain, the Howth 17s made an extremely thorough job of their Centenary. The first five had been completed in April 1898 by John Hilditch of Carrickfergus, and it was known that on April 11th 1898 they'd had their first sail, simply heading away on the delivery passage home to Howth with their owners in charge. So on April 10th 1998, incidentally the coldest April Good Friday on record, three of them – *Aura* built in 1898, and *Deilginis* and *Gladys* from Kelly's 1907 Portrush batch – were taken by road to Carrickfergus and launched with considerable ceremony at the marina. They were blessed by Bushmills whiskey, following which the Howth party, together with well-wishers from the venerable Fairy class in Cultra, were entertained to supper in the Mayor's Parlour at the Town Hall, the Mayor, David Hilditch, being distantly related to boatbuilder John Hilditch.

Next day was still bitterly cold with a strong northerly wind, but the sun shone and the three boats sailed in the lee of the land off Carrickfergus Castle. Because of the boisterous conditions, a sailing



Davy McBride and Tim Magennis setting up the topmast forestay aboard the Conor O'Brien designed *Ilen* in Dun Laoghaire. *Photo: David O'Brien*



Round the world veteran Tim Magennis (at deckouse) relishes *Ilen* sailing in Dublin Bay.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

visit to Royal North of Ireland YC had to be called off, but everyone got there by road for a party, and Commodore John Ballagh ICC showed us the impressive renovations and extensions to that most pleasant building where the friendly bar still displays the famous photo of the *Lily Maid* battling along at the June 1910 Royal Clyde regatta despite a broken topmast. The late George Lennox ICC was wont to remark of this photo that it was a great pity they'd to break the poor boat's topmast, just to fit her into the frame... It's doubly interesting when you reflect that the 1904-built *Lily Maid* is now an ocean voyager, owned by noted shipwright Mike "Short-fuse" Jarrold, who sailed his ship from Madagascar to Venezuela in 1994 in order to re-build Don Street's *Iolaire*.

But while *Lily Maid* sailing from Madagascar to Venezuela in the southern summer was all very well, the idea of sailing the three ancient Howth 17s from Carrickfergus to Howth at Easter 1998 seemed out of the question. The wind was Force 7 in the North Channel, and there was ice on deck in the morning. So the well-wishers gradually made their way home under the impression the boats were going to be returned to their trailers and brought back to Howth by road.

Not a bit of it. On Sunday afternoon the three little gaffers were again sailing about off Carrickfergus and then suddenly, at 1630 hrs, they sailed away down Belfast Lough with no visible signal being given, heading away for all the world like swallows suddenly clearing from a telegraph wire. On *Aura*, Ian Malcolm was crewed by Davy Jones, on *Gladys Paddy Cronin* was crewed by his son Damien, and on *Deiliginis*, Nick Massey was crewed by his nephew Ian.

Back home in Howth, the windows rattled that night in the strong to gale north wind, and anyone who knew what was going on had little sleep. For though it was a fair wind, it was bitter and the sea was at its coldest. They had moonlight, though little else. But they surely had providence with them, and they deserefed it. For they came scampering down the Irish Sea out of the dawn past Rockabill and Lambay, and by 0730, just fifteen hours and 91 miles from Carrickfergus, they were on their moorings in Howth harbour.

It was a stupendous achievement, and thereafter the Centenary Year went with a swing. All seventeen Howth 17s were sailing for the Centenary race on May 4th, and Norman

Wilkinson most appropriately won with *Leila* in considerable style, his final mile to the finish being closely accompanied by John Gore-Grimes' new *Arctic Fern* doubling as a photographers' launch – only right and proper as John's first cruise in command of his own vessel was from Howth to Ardglass and the Isle of Man in a Howth 17 in 1964.

Other gaff rigged opportunities abounded in 1998. Thirty years after I'd trespassed aboard *Saoirse* in Falmouth, there was a brief but memorable and hugely enjoyable sail aboard Conor O'Brien's *Ilen* in Dublin Bay at the end of May with Paddy Barry *et al.* As consultants I'd brought along Brendan Cassidy and Davy McBride, both ICC, and round the world gaffer Tim Magennis joined aboard *Ilen* in Dun Laoghaire. Quite how it all came to end up with us in Fitzharris's of Ringsend eludes me for the moment, but it

seemed part of a plan which was working.

Then in late July it was down to Glandore for the Classic Boat Regatta. I'd been invited to sail on the new 40ft Galway Hooker *Naomh Cronan*, built by the Clondalkin Irish Language Group. Although their vessel was fully equipped for cruising in a way which limited her racing potential, they were charming people and great shipmates, and it was all of a piece with with a grand day afloat in a happening with a somewhat surrealist tinge, as the associated Maritime Summer School was officially opened by Jeremy Irons, the regatta itself was opened by Lawrie Smith, and in the regatta one of the winners, racing a 1913 design, was Ron Holland, no less.

Then it was back to the grindstone in Howth, but at the holiday weekend at the beginning of August there was a spot of diversion when Ian Malcolm and I spent an afternoon dredging for razor clams with Howth 17 owner Pat Heydon aboard his 36ft steel trawler, whose name the original owner had managed to misspell as *Tigeress*. It being bad luck to change a fishing boat's name, Pat is probably stuck with it. Anyway, he was too busy getting his new system working, using a gantry supporting a giant hose through which he literally hoovered an admittedly small part of the sea bed. The whole business may have had more than a touch of the Heath Robinsons to it, but I'd our own-caught razor clams for supper that night

Four-sided sails were dominant in late August with the wonderful visit of the Tall Ships to Dublin, and at a memorable party aboard *Asgard II*, I got yarning with David Beattie about his re-rigged Dutch LemsterAak *Schollevaer* on the Shannon. As a direct result, Friday September 11th found the Nixonmobile trundling down towards Lough Ree, crewed by Nick Healy and Ed Wheeler, on our way to make our number with David at Grogan's of Glasson at 1700 hrs exactly.

In professionally researching inns throughout Ireland, Georgina and I have a simple rule of thumb for assessing the calibre of a pub. It's this: As you walk into the place, can you easily imagine Aidan Tyrrell sitting contentedly at the bar counter? If you can, then the place is okay. Well, Ed strode ahead into Grogan's, and his jaw tumbled. For there at the bar was our old mate Mr Tyrrell, looking quite the part for a weekend of entertaining Shannon sailing. As I'd managed to keep his involvement a total secret from the Blessed Ed, the

party was off to a rocket-assisted start.

And as it was a weekend of very special sailing, there was a great time afloat in any case. David's 44ft 1913-built Lemster-Aak *Schollevaer* had long been a humble motor boat, but for 1998 he'd been converting her back to sailing, starting with a massive mainmast shaped by the *Dunbrody* shipwrights in New Ross. It weighed one ton in all up trim. On it was set an attractive suit of cream dacron sails, fitted to a classic little Dutch curved gaff, and a widow-maker of a boom which really had been a telegraph pole. New leeboards were crafted and fitted, and *Schollevaer* had already hoisted sail on a previous weekend. But it was felt that a serious Lough Ree cruise was needed to keep the testing up to scratch.

Except that there's no such thing as a serious Lough Ree cruise. By the time David's amiable shipmate Dermot Clarke had unwound himself down to Grogan's out of the toils of Dublin city, there was evidence of an unseriousness which was in no way dissipated by a boisterous dinner at Wineport, with the handsome LemsterAak out in the Autumn darkness gracing the jetty just yards from the window. Thoughts of an early night were soon dispelled when the mighty engine was fired up around 0100 hrs, and brief spells of moonlight were used to find our way round to Ballyglass where the joint was jumping at the Lough Ree Yacht Club.

We were now berthed outside Alan Algeo's mighty 90ft Dutch barge *Linquenda*, which happens to be the Algeo family home. But on Saturday morning it seemed entirely reasonable to use this 100-tonner as a water taxi to drop down to Athlone and suss out the scene in Sean's bar. Then it was back upriver again., and off into the lake for a spot of sailing. But as the wind was whipping up big-time from the northwest with rain-



It could almost be the *Ijsselmeer* – Aidan Tyrrell clears the bow warp to let the *Schollevaer* take off under sail from a reedy berth on Lough Ree.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

squalls, it now seemed entirely logical that most of the party should watch the first test sail from the comfort of *Linquenda's* wheelhouse.

With *Schollevaer* making a good 4-5 knots under staysail only, the test was going well. I could assess this at my leisure, for I found myself alone at the massive pitch-pine tiller, our hospitable skipper being totally engrossed below in the preliminary preparations for a magnificent supper which would feed the crew of both ships when we finally got to the quaint little harbour of Lecarrow on the Roscommon shore.

So I was left to my thoughts, but then I'd much to think about. For aboard *Schollevaer* was a rare book, *Schoonerman* by Captain Richard England, published in 1981. He had owned *Schollevaer* in the 1930s and '40s, when she was still in sailing trim, having bought her in the Medway. His family had lived aboard the LemsterAak as he moved between jobs. But in his younger days, he'd sailed on coastal trading schooners, and he's always wanted to own a schooner of his own. When World War II ended, he heard that one of the best of the Irish Sea schooners, the *Nellie Bywater* of Annalong, was for sale in Belfast. She needed re-rigging, but was otherwise in good order. Richard England and his heroic wife bought the *Nellie Bywater*, and in 1946 *Schollevaer* was sailed from the northeast of England through the Forth & Clyde Canal to Belfast to be the family's home in the Clarendon Dock while Richard England fulfilled his dream of re-rigging the schooner and working her in the coastal trade.

So now we knew how *Schollevaer* came to be in Ireland. But all this meant even more to me, for as a child in 1947 I'd been on the *Nellie Bywater* more than once in Belfast Docks, and can remember gazing at her from



A thoughtful ship's company sailing down Lough Ree on *Schollevaer* – Ed Wheeler on helm, Sid Shine (left) and David Beattie keeping an eye out ahead, and Jimmy Furey (left) and Dermot Clarke looking astern. (See Ed. doing the wineglass test!).

Photo: W.M. Nixon

Ballyholme through my father's ex-U-Boat binoculars as the schooner's familiar shape headed seaward down Belfast Lough. Indeed, I seem to have a memory of sailing down from Belfast on her at the age of five, and being taken ashore after that very special sail by one of the Groomsport fishing boats, but that's probably only the memory playing tricks. What is for sure is that someone who did sail regularly on the *Nellie Bywater* was that great seaman Victor Fusco, who turned the Morecambe Bay prawner Wender into a fine little cruising yacht which was later owned by Peter Bunting, and is still sailed from the south of England by Sam Poole. With a thriving ice cream business to run, Victor could seldom get enough free time to sail in the summer, so he sailed on the *Nellie Bywater* in the winter. Much as he enjoyed this, he missed his sailing in the summer. So his advice to anyone keen on going into sailing was to get into the coal industry in the first place, and avoid the ice cream business at all costs...

Anyway, there I was, sailing up Lough Ree at the helm of the boat which Richard England had brought to Ireland, reflecting deeply on the tragedy of the *Nellie Bywater*. For it was of course a story which could have no happy ending. The new and cost-efficient Dutch motor coasters, and long-established local companies, forced her out of the Irish Sea and Clyde trade. Then an initially successful attempt to get into film work ended with the collapse of various production companies. Then, in a desperate attempt to get to the Caribbean where sailing traders could still find work, the *Nellie Bywater* foundered off Start Point in a great gale in January 1951. And in going down, the gallant little schooner took Richard England's eldest daughter and one of the crew with her.

It is simply impossible to imagine a winter gale in the Western Approaches when you're on a snug vessel on an Autumn evening in Lecarrow Harbour, so I didn't even try, and instead became so absorbed in that evening's feasting on the LemsterAak that it's possible I had something to do with *Schollevaer's* oaken saloon table being so thoroughly folded away that, in the morning, it appeared to have been reduced to some sort of a flatpack from Woodie's DIY.

Not to worry, it was a lovely sunny morning nevertheless, so off we went to visit Jimmy Furey at his cottage nearby. Jimmy is not only a great builder of Shannon One Designs, but he is also a superb model-maker. It was a profound pleasure to contemplate the creations of this shy man. For Jimmy is a



Lily Maid cracking on... On June 25th 1910, under the ownership of W.J. Jackson, Billy Hume and Sharman D. Neill of the Royal North of Ireland YC, she finished this Royal Clyde regatta despite some problems aloft. The 1904-built *Lily Maid* is today an ocean voyager under the ownership of Mike Jarrold.

Photo courtesy RNIYC

countryman who very seldom can be persuaded to go east of the Shannon, indeed they say he has been to Dublin only twice in his life. So when a model of his won the Gold Medal in an international competition, his brother had to go to London and pretend to be Jimmy Furey in order to bring the prize home.

But Jimmy's interest in boats is such that he was soon persuaded to join us on *Schollevaer* for that afternoon's trial under full sail, and with the equally legendary Sid Shine coming up from Athlone to join the test panel, we'd the cream of Lough Ree experience on board. The sky was looking increasingly threatening, but the wind stayed moderate and *Schollevaer's* performance was most promising, even if we were a little chary of driving this 29-tons of 85-year-old boat as hard as she'd go.

Certainly we were lost in admiration for those tough Dutchmen who can drive their traditional craft so hard that the turn of the bilge emerges well clear of the water on the windward side. When you handle *Schollevaer's* heavy gear, you get some idea of their skill and daring. So in contemplative frame of mind, we returned to *Schollevaer's* mooring at Killenure, and this thoughtful mood prevailed through a gentle de-briefing at Grogan's before heading for home. That's what it is about gaff rigged boats.

They make you think.

And they allow you plenty of time to do so.

Stornoway and Back

Roy Waters

We departed Bangor Marina at 09.40 on Saturday 8 August. A light northerly wind was no help but we had a favourable tide for most of the passage to Gigha and we covered the 65 miles to Ardminish Bay under engine in under 11 hours. The bay was full of boats so had to anchor clear of the moorings.

Underway again at 10.50 we headed across the Sound of Islay. The wind was now S.E. but only light and although we set sail the engine was in use all day. A favourable tide gave us up to 10 knots over the ground in the Sound. On past Colonsay we headed for the Torran Rocks and the Sound of Iona. A new anchorage for the night found us in the Bull Hole at 19.50.

Monday was a sunny day and it started with a dinghy trip round to nearby Fhionnaport for stores. Underway at 11.25, the wind was still very light as we motored north past Staffa, with sails doing little to help. Only 20 miles covered today, which got us to Arinagour, Coll by 15.35 to pick up a vacant mooring. Plenty of time for a run ashore and this included showers and supper at the Coll Hotel. Some sunshine today!

On Tuesday departed Coll at 10.10 and anchored in Canna Harbour at 16.10 – 29 miles. The wind being S.E.3 we set sail plus the “iron topsail” at times. Generally overcast and dry. Canna was crowded, with ten other boats. The boys and I had various runs ashore in the dinghy and visited both churches.

On Wednesday we all lay in and did not depart until 12.45. We had thought of going into Loch Dunvegan but the wind was N.W.3 to 4, and increasing, and after an hour of motor sailing to try and weather Neist Point we bore away and headed for Loch Harport. The sea was quite nasty, the weather overcast with showers, and the forecast not very nice at all. We anchored close to the shore just south of the distillery at Carbost at 16.45.

An unpleasant forecast at 05.30 on Thursday, W. to S.W. 6 to 7, and an unpleasant day with much heavy rain – we stayed put and likewise on Friday! Occasional trips ashore for stores, showers and a couple of meals at the hotel.

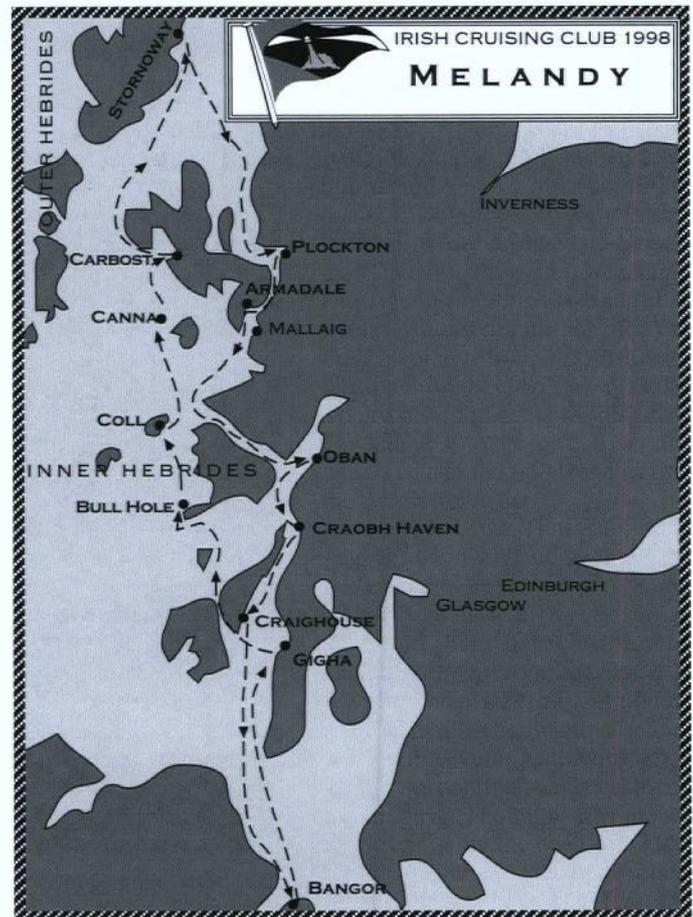
Saturday's early forecast was not better, W.5/6/7, but we were fed up and went to sea anyway! Underway by 08.00 an hour later were motoring head into a W.4 with a nasty confused sea which caused a violent motion. Once clear of Dubh Sgeir we bore away and set some sail and there followed some exhilarating sailing as the wind increased to about W.7. At about this time the engine speeded up on its own and then stopped. I knew exactly what had happened since it happened two years ago in similar conditions. The violent motion had stirred up solid sediment in the fuel tank and blocked the outlet. However since the exhilarating sailing continued we just kept going, closing in on Scalpay and then continuing on round to Stornoway where we arrived at 21.30, 71 miles from Loch Harport. We successfully berthed at the pontoons without the benefit of engine!

Sunday in Stornoway has not changed – it is totally dead! The engine problem was quickly sorted. Monday saw Stornoway back to life and we were able to shop for stores, get the Sunday papers, top up on diesel and water and have showers at the Council amenity building.

The 05.30 forecast on Tuesday 18 was for S.W.5/6. We departed at 07.05 bound for Plockton and soon set working jib plus six rolls in the main. We had a tight fetch across to the Inner Sound and thereafter had to beat down the Sound until we reached the Crowlin Islands and were able to bear away for Plockton. Anchoring at 19.05 we had made good 71 miles.

Having laid out more than enough chain, the wind freshened to S.W.7 during the night and we dragged down past the rocks astern of us. In the dark overcast it was hard to see just where we had got to but we hove up and motored back until we were in the company of other boats before re-anchoring. In the morning contacted fellow ICC member and lifetime friend John Olver at nearby Ardelve. As a result we all had lunch ashore with John and Sheena at the Plockton Hotel, a pleasant interlude. Since the weather was so miserable we stayed put for another night.

Next morning, in somewhat better conditions, we left at 10.50 to motor under the new bridge and through the Kyles just as the tide was starting to turn against us. Motoring on down the Sound of Sleat into S.W.4/5 we made it to Armadale to pick up a visitor's mooring at 16.30.



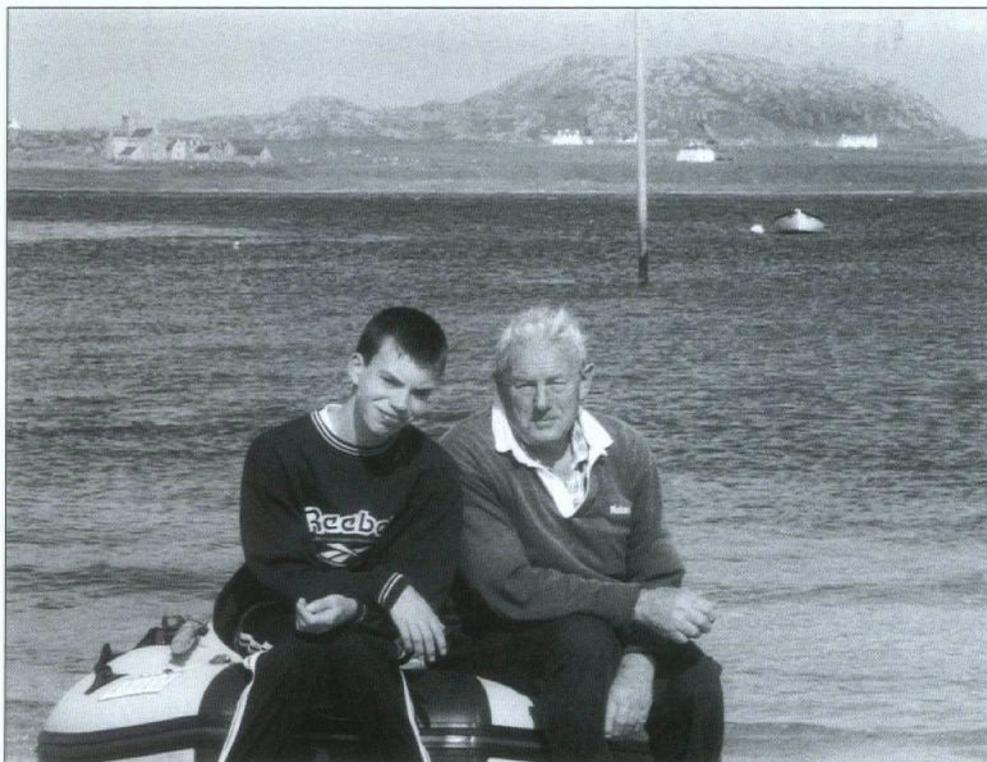
On Friday wind W./S.W.5 so got under way without delay at 07.10. With reefed main and working jib we made excellent time down to Ardnamurchan Point and thence to Tobermory which was very crowded. We therefore, continued on down the Sound of Mill with a fair fresh wind, and rain showers, to reach the pontoon at Kerrera, opposite Oban by 16.00. It was Friday 21, and my birthday, so that evening we crossed to Oban on the free ferry for a special Chinese supper.

Next morning there were domestic chores and a trip to Oban before sailing at 16.00 for Craobh Haven so as to carry the tide down the Sound of Luìng. The wind being W.4/5 we set main and working jib to arrive there at 19.40.

On Sunday, after showers at the now excellent toilet block, departed at 10.00. Wind E.3 now but the whole weather scene very unsettled and we soon ran into rain and poor visibility. Main, genoa and engine got us to Craighouse, Jura by 15.00 in really miserable weather. No inclination to go ashore!

Underway next morning by 06.10. Wind N.3/4/5 and cloudy, but not much in the way of rain and even some sun from time to time. Main, boomed out genoa and engine got us going at a fair lick to catch a favourable tide for most of the North Channel passage. Mull of Kintyre Lt. Ho. Was abeam by 11.00 and we then headed across towards Red Bay before the tide turned at about 13.30. The Antrim coast was very pretty as we progressed south during the afternoon keeping fairly close in now to reach Bangor Marina by 18.00 - 72 miles in 11hr.45 minutes.

An interesting cruise of 16 days in very unsettled weather conditions. Only 11 ports or anchorages but we did get to Stornoway.



At Fionnport, Geoffrey and Roy (Iona Cathedral in background).



In the sound of Sleat, Robert.

Cruising Cuba

Les Auchinloss

On 9th February *Morning Flame* set sail for the Keys and, after reaching for four and a half hours, we pulled into "No Name Harbour", a totally enclosed harbour dredged out of the swampland in a national park, 5 miles south of Miami. Perfectly sheltered and with the lights of Miami clearly visible, we snuggled down for the night, the light disappearing at 7 p.m. The next morning at 08.30 departure south soon led us into the well marked Hawk channel inside the reef. Winds again were favourable, leading to future expectations of benign weather conditions – totally unfounded, as it transpired – and reaching through Biscayne National Park and John Pennekamp Coral Reef Park in 15/20 N/NE winds, we brought up at Key Largo at 15.00. Attempts to enter the local marina were aborted with zero under the keel and we resorted to use of the dinghy to take us ashore. Large numbers of pelicans, getting ready to search for their evening meal, watched our entry with hypnotic eyes and, lazily rising from their perches, flapped heavily by to settle on the edge of the mangroves.

A 10.00 departure from Key Largo on a sun drenched broad reach brought us to Marathon Key, some 50 miles distant, at 17.30. By this time entertainment ashore had its attractions.

We gathered from the Cruising Guide to the Florida Keys that the "in place" was "Frankies Silverado", so after dinner, without paying too much attention, we entered this establishment to find ourselves in a run down stripper bar. A few tired and worn ladies were entertaining some males by twining their skinny bodies round a couple of poles to frantic music and collecting tips by encouraging these same characters to stuff dollar bills into their G-strings! Exiting this illustrious establishment after one beer each, we met another couple who invited us to share their Cadillac and took us to another bar where the "Greatest Jazz Band" from Boston was playing. It seemed that the amplifiers were operating at 5000 decibels, however they had an outside deck where destruction of the eardrums could be avoided and limited appreciation of their music was possible.

On the 14th we set sail for Key West and, with a glorious spinnaker run all day, arrived at 15.00 to find a berth with difficulty, but with telephone and fax facilities adjacent. There had been storms there in the previous week and a number of boats moored in the harbour had been blown ashore and wrecked.

Key West is expensive and dockage rates per day among the highest we have experienced in our travels.

When leaving the U.S. for Cuba it is necessary to get permission from the U.S. coastguard. This permission was detailed supposedly from an application to Miami, but actually from Key West. Recently it appears that, despite having this permission, U.S. boats who visit and return to the U.S. will be fined if they have been shown to spend money in Cuba – in one case \$7,500. This does not apply to non U.S. boats.

The Gulf Stream runs west to east in the channel between Florida and Cuba at strengths of up to 4 knots – as we were to discover. Having pressure to move on we finally left on 17th March with rapidly changing wind conditions,

commencing with a southerly turning round to a N/NE and finally westerly.

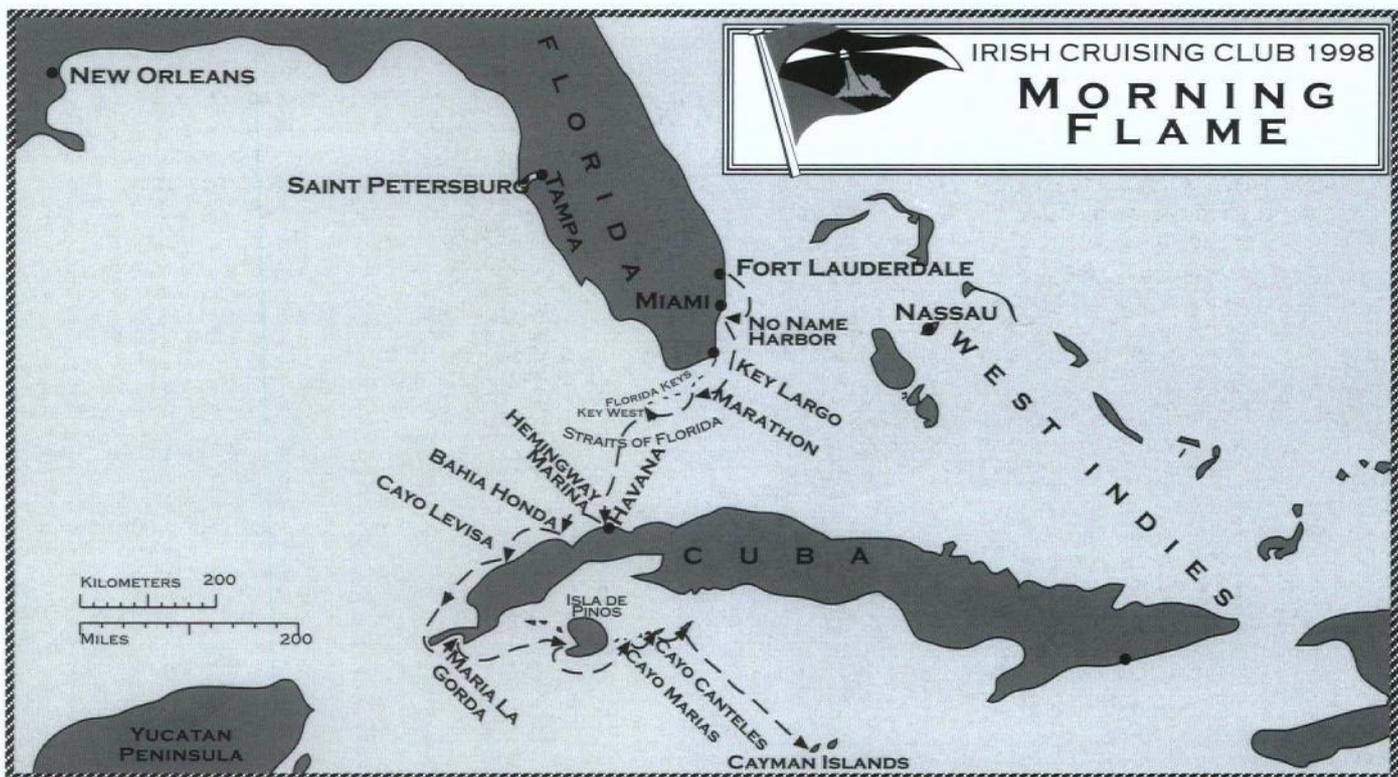
Confused sea conditions in the 25K wind, gusting occasionally to 35K, led to a night of plugging the 4 knot tide, swinging wildly with intermittent rain squalls adding to the confusion. Around noon, with 132 miles under the keel, we spotted Hemingway Marina close to Havana. Entry was tricky as one of the marker poles had broken off and the width of the channel through the reef is very restricted. We finally entered around 13.00 and tied up on the customs docks behind *Surama*, a 137' Huisman Ketch.

Throughout our travels in Cuba it was always questionable if the marks would be in the correct place, if at all – a bit like playing Russian roulette. To make matters worse, the only charts available in the U.S. are based on data of 20/30 years ago and Cuban charts reasonably up to date are only available in Cuba, mainly in Havana. Fortunately a guide to Cuba has been published by Imray in 1997, written by Nigel Calder. This guide proved invaluable.

We had heard something of the efforts of officialdom in Cuba in dealing with visiting boats and so, girdling our loins, we prepared for the invasion.



Morning Flame moving along in Cuban waters



The first to arrive was the doctor who accepted a gin and tonic with alacrity, asked a few questions, filled in a form, stamped it officially, told us it was very important, then that his salary was US\$20 per month and a contribution to Cuban medical resources would be very welcome! On production of a \$20 contribution we had a friend for life, promising all sorts of assistance if required. This visit was followed by the veterinarian and agriculture inspectors who together checked all our fresh and frozen foods.

The next arrival was from the Ministry of the Interior. On offering refreshment she put the can of coke in her bag, filled in some forms and pushed off.

Following on came Customs who poked through the boat, looking it seems for guns or narcotics, neither of which we carried, and enjoyed their beers, even though they were American! Immigration arrived with a flourish and also enjoyed their refreshment. Finally came the Harbour Master who provided us with a place on the marina and promised further documentation.

Hemingway Marina was constructed in Batista times and largely abandoned till 5 years ago when, on the withdrawal of the Russians, tourism was seen as an alternative source of income and the marina was reopened. Adjacent to the marina a hotel, previously operated as a prison, offers mediocre food and accommodation. On our arrival there were 110 boats in the marina of all nationalities, a significant number American, some permanently moored, others in transit as we were, merely using the marina as a check in port and a chance to visit Havana.

The marina is about 8km from Havana and on meeting some of the other cruisers we were tipped off on procedures. In Cuba nowadays there are dollar shops in most main areas where one can buy imported liquors (\$3-\$9 local rum) and somewhat limited supplies. Only dollars are accepted. The local people have coupons and get basic supplies of food, i.e. bread, rice, beans and so on from the state in local outlets, subject to supply availability.

It is interesting that beggars are few and far between and the local population look well fed. The Cubans are a happy people.

If one can converse at all in Spanish you get a great sense of welcome, humour and kindness. There is no sense of overwhelming martial presence. Policemen are not in evidence and, while control is clearly important, it is not too obtrusive.

Recently private restaurants have been allowed. Only 12 people may be seated at a time and only relatives can work in the restaurant. Officially fish and beef cannot be served, only pork, chicken or vegetarian. Where trustworthy foreigners are served if no locals are around, lobster and fish can and was made available. Regardless of turnover, US \$400 per month tax must be paid to the Government. Equally, private B & B's can be operated, but again only two rooms per house are allowed and, regardless of occupancy, US \$250 per month must be paid for each room to the Government.

All taxis are government operated and quite expensive – typically, \$2 per km. Unofficial taxis are widely available and a day tour of Havana may cost \$20-\$25.

An interesting market near the Cathedral in Havana has lots of complex carvings and somewhat startling paintings at reasonable and negotiable prices.

We stayed in Hemingway for three days, tried the local hotel for dinner and quickly learned that Cuba is not the gastronomic capital of the world. On day two we used the private taxi technique and visited Havana to secure some Cuban charts, not available elsewhere. Following this we had a tour of the "original legislature", built in 1928 at a cost of \$17 million – a magnificent building with two identical wings, beautifully finished and, fair to say, in a good state of renovation. Entry was through two sets of 20 ton solid bronze doors, carved with all the heads of Cubans past – the carving of Batista has been carefully obliterated!

Many of the buildings are crumbling and indeed falling down. Paint is a scarce commodity in Cuba and the result is sad, a picture of decay and neglect. Recently, however, some efforts are being made to restore some buildings, including the previous headquarters of Bacardi which moved to the Bahamas when Batista fell.

The last day in Hemingway passed with us enjoying "Cuba Libres" by the swimming pool, while employing a local Cuban

to clean and polish the hull of the boat for \$15.00 – a month's salary for the average Cuban.

The wind having abated somewhat, we decided to leave early and move westward along the coast. However we had not allowed for Cuban bureaucracy and it was 11.40 before we had refuelled and completed all the same arduous documentation, just completed a few days before – only this time no doctor!

We had applied for permission to visit all sorts of places along the north and south coasts, however many were crossed off because there were no "Guarda Civil" in these spots. As the nearest one was Baie Honda, we set off and, 46 miles later, pulled into this sheltered bay and dropped the anchor in front of a run down guarda shack, having enjoyed a reach in a benign 15/20 K NE wind.

In due course an official rowed out in a dilapidated rowing boat, looking suitably serious, checked our papers, smiled and enjoyed a beer. He retained our papers as always until departure the next day, when the routine was repeated. Baie Honda contained a shipbreaking yard and numerous wrecks lined the shore – not exactly a tourist resort. The next morning we left Baie Honda for Cayo Levisa.

Leaving on a SE 20 knot wind at 08.30, the wind steadily increased during the day and by the time we reached the entrance some four hours later it was blowing S/SE 25-35K. This entrance was highlighted by the leading mark being broken off and a series of shallow patches variously documented at 1.6-1.8 metres (we draw 2 metres).

Painfully slow and careful navigation with GPS assistance under a cloudy sky, watched by three yachts already in position, resulted in us successfully dropping anchor at 13.30. We quickly discovered that neighbours, although flying a U.S. ensign, on a Hatteras power boat, were from Ferrybank in Waterford, Ireland – Chris and Claire Ogilvy-White. Chris, an avid sailor, had compromised and moved on to a Hatteras power boat – his attempts to reverse the process falling, I am afraid, on deaf ears.

Cayo Levisa is an island about 5 miles off the coast and is uninhabited except for a palapa style beach, a dive resort and a guarda station. It is serviced twice a day by a ferry to the mainland, some 120kms from Havana. The following day my brother had to leave to return to freezing conditions in Calgary and two other friends were to join us. Air Jamaica provided a convenient exit route from Havana and the plane which brought in George and Meg Aldworth – old friends from the 1950's in Toronto – flew back to Jamaica and thence to Canada with Grant. They were to meet briefly after 40 years!

At Cayo Levisa the wind blew up to 35-40K from the S/SE and attempts by our Irish friends to land via their dinghy (a Boston Whaler) on the mainland were rebuffed by the police who informed them that they could only land via the ferry as their dinghy was not registered in Cuba.

As we had lost so much time we unfortunately had to bypass many of the ports we had hoped to visit, including Los Arroyos and Le Fe, both interesting typical small Cuban towns on the north coast. During the night we passed a number of fishing boats and a couple of cruise liners (quite infrequently, compared to European travels) and as dawn

broke came round Cabo San Antonio on the extreme south west corner of Cuba in very bumpy conditions.

We reached Maria La Gorda around noon on the 28th, having covered 135 miles, and anchored off the hotel in rather rolling seas on an open roadstead, the marina having silted in years ago. The wind by this time had moved around to the north-east and so we were to some extent sheltered.

Maria La Gorda is essentially similar to other locations we encountered – namely a run down hotel on a beautiful beach, originally set up as a gambling resort and brothel in the late 50s during the last period of Batista. We were told that it had been used as a workers' holiday place for some years but is now operating as a tourist hotel, mainly for diving on the prolific reefs and coral outcrops in the area.

As usual we were met and processed by the local guarda but, in view of the open nature of the anchorage, set off again at 17.00 for an overnight trip outside the reefs to Hotel Colony on Isla Juventud.

This time we were facing into an E/SE 25 knot wind and, after several tacks in 8-10 foot waves, reached marina Sequanea, close to Hotel Colony, at 10 a.m. The local guarda boat – a wooden Russian built model – was out of operation so we took to the dinghy and ventured into the marina. As the entry channel was only 1.8 metres deep we were unable to take *Morning Flame* into the dock. After checking in we motored around to Bahia de San Pedro and anchored in 5 metres of calm water.

Isla Juventud (Island of Youth) called Isla de Los Pinos in the past, previously contained 60 schools scattered throughout the countryside. Students from North Korea, Angola, Iran, Iraq, Guatemala and currently Saudi Arabia, came to these schools for indoctrination and agricultural studies. The local children attended these schools Monday/Friday from the age of eleven. They were mostly barrack style buildings with full accommodation. Each school was numbered – Soviet style. Today only half are operating as Cuba can no longer afford to fund them. The island has a lot of citrus fruit, mostly grapefruit, some of which is now managed by Israel and Iraq.

The main town in the north of the island is Gerona with some 11,000 population. This is a very pleasant town with a port and small market and is generally in better condition than Havana, as far as state of repair is concerned.

During a visit there with people from neighbouring boats we had lunch and collected a sackful of fruit and veg from the



Morning Flame anchored off Maria la Gorda, southern Cuba.

market. For eight of us, everything including the ham sandwich lunch, all bought in pesos through our guide, came to US \$16, i.e. \$2 each! The local beer CRISTAL, usually excellent, was that day in bottles and not so good – maybe a spoiled brew!

After lunch we visited a large prison built by Batista on the lines of Juliet Prison in Iowa. This was where Fidel Castro, his brother Raul and some 12 other Revolutionaries were imprisoned for 18 months and subsequently set free in the general amnesty of 1954. They were held in quite luxurious conditions in the hospital to isolate them from the other prisoners.

On 5th March we headed east against a 25-30 K easterly, making for Cayo Largo in easy stages.

The first stop was Cayo Matias, 18 miles on, an isolated mangrove Cay inhabited largely by Iguana and a dog sized “rat like” creature called variously a rabbit, a rat and locally an Agouti. Unable to visually see the leading marks through the reef, we gingerly felt our way by GPS and radar to an anchorage south of the island, in 3.5 metres of water, in pitch dark at 9.30 p.m. On the way we passed a somewhat ominous looking fishing boat who failed to return our salute. It seems that they were from Gerona and spent days catching tuna while sheltering behind the reef at night. We spent the next day anchored in squally conditions, exploring the island in complete isolation. On March 7th we continued east in a 25-30K easterly outside and inside the reef and dropped anchor at Cayo Cantiles. This island houses a green monkey colony, looked after by four people who feed the animals and, in addition, cultivate alligators for sale as meat and skin to France.

Cayo Largo is a relatively large Cay, about 13/14 miles long, now being developed by the Cuban government for tourism. There are four hotels, all bungalow type, along the beach about 5 km from the marina, situated at the west end of the Cay. The marina only holds about a dozen boats and is the base for the dive boats which form a significant part of the tourist effort. These hotels specialise in inclusive holidays – outsiders can use them with beer at \$2.50 per glass versus \$1 in and around the marina! The workers in the hotel are housed near the marina, adjacent there is a large police barracks.

Entering Cayo Largo we had the usual formalities but a pretty thorough search by the guards, for reasons unknown. As there was no room at the marina we anchored inside a spit in 5 metres with sound holding. We were later to be charged US 15 cents per foot versus US 45 cents per foot for the marina – the only place in Cuba where this charge was made.

There are beautiful beaches on Cayo Largo and flights from different parts of Cuba arrive at the local air base on a daily basis. The form seems to be some diving plus an afternoon on the beaches after a buffet lunch. Supplies are limited, though some vegetables were obtained in the “commissary” at inflated US \$ prices, many times local prices. While there we met up with an English couple from the Caymans, who helped us with some charting problems, and two English ladies –one, Anne Fraser who writes for Yachting Monthly, has done a lot of single handed sailing in her time and is very knowledgeable in all marine matters.

The weather continued to mitigate against further progress east and as time was running out and “Herb” from Canada was forecasting further E/NE winds we reluctantly decided to leave Cuba and head due south for the Cayman Islands.

Leaving Cayo Largo as usual took time and we were visited at anchor by a local tourist boat, which carried the usual range of officialdom. Before this we had had to pay a departure tax at the local bank which could only be obtained when we had paid the mooring fees to the local marina. This marina has plans to



Batista Prison on Isla Juventud. Here Batista incarcerated 5,000 people.

expand from 15 to 150 berths in the next twelve months and I imagine future visits may be somewhat more commercial. To our surprise five officials searched the boat from one end to another. Apparently they were looking for unofficially purchased Havana cigars, often sold by street traders, which had eluded the Cuban tax regime. There is virtually nothing else to buy in Cuba. Finally, at 17.00 we set sail due south in a 25K NE breeze. During the night we double reefed the main and reached south frequently touching 9/10 knots with 35/40 knot gusts. Morning dawned to wind whipped seas under a cloudless sky and we finally found our way to the harbour at Georgetown, Grand Cayman after a magnificent 182 mile sail.

At 12 noon we were astonished to see no sign of yachts or cruise ships, so contacting the customs we were advised that all the sea traffic had run for shelter to the southern side of the island. The wind however was dropping and, as the harbour has extensive coral structures, we picked up a mooring, dinghied ashore and cleared through with the minimum of formalities.

Throughout our travels in Cuba we never felt threatened at any time. The Cubans we met were all very friendly, displayed no animosity to either us or Americans and referred to Fidel Castro as “HIM”. We would certainly like to go back and visit the other areas of Cuba missed out on this trip.

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	<u>946 miles</u>

Saint Patrick Round Ireland

Paddy Barry



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FOR THE BEST CIRCUMNAVIGATION WITH SPECIAL EMPHASIS ON NAVIGATIONAL AND PILOTAGE CONTENT

Sailing to faraway places is all very well, but for the *craic*, it's hard to beat the west of Ireland! Northabout we reckoned, with the good intent, as ever, of avoiding the honey-pots and seeking new and interesting places.

But first, we had an early May week in the Clyde. Bound northward, we tacked in out of the tide to Knockinelder Bay, just north of the mouth of Strangford Lough. We anchored close by Quentin Castle and Paul Cooper cooked a breakfast, which made all the world seem bright. The plug to weather, later in the day, to Portpatrick was not so nice. Next morning while motoring north in sunny calm, diesel ran dry – a result of too-casual preparation. This put our light-weather skills to the test as we sailed up Loch Ryan into Stranraer for fuel. Later at Ailsa Craig it was so calm that we could tie alongside the old rickety jetty, at half tide. The thousand feet to the islands top are a delight of wild bluebell, dry peaty ground, ferns, rabbits and on its western side, gannets galore.

After lying at Lamash Pier we spent 3 days in Brodick, tucked inside the ferry pier, while we went leppin' around the hills of Arran in the cold and rain. After an overnight in Rothesay we sailed for Bangor, where they charge for tying to the pier. In early morning fog we groped round through

Donaghadee Sound, anchored again off Quentin and sheltered in Ardglass. At 02.00 we sailed again in a westerly, picking out that noble star Arcturus, part of Bootes, the Herdsman. We also replaced a broken drive-belt and sailed back to our mooring on the Liffey, the season well begun.

For our 'circumcision', as Conn McCann, God

be good to him, used to call it, we had Ruadhri Ó Tuairisg, Rory Walsh, Raphael McIlhone, Donncha Ó hEallaithe and, a man new to the boat, Dennis Ryan. Dennis had been a ten-second man in the days before 100 yards became 100 metres.

Leaving Dun Laoghaire on Friday evening of July 3rd, we close-hauled it through the night up the Irish Sea. At Ardglass we were to pick up Raphael. Sure enough there he was on the stormwall of the pier, 08.00 hours. A decent man motoring in from his pots bade us "good morning, and did we want into the marina?" "No thanks" we said, but "Could he fetch out to us that oul' fella with the cap on his head, the pot and the net". And he did.

Without having to drop any canvas we turned for sea with our mariner from Killyleagh now aboard. And we now had the means to feed ourselves, with a 100 yard net and a 'creel' as Raphael called the lobster pot. At Black Head we motored close by the shore and anchored in the bight south-west of Muck Island to let the contrary tide run itself inwards.

At Carnlough that evening, Dennis played his first of many Aces, what a find! What a cook!

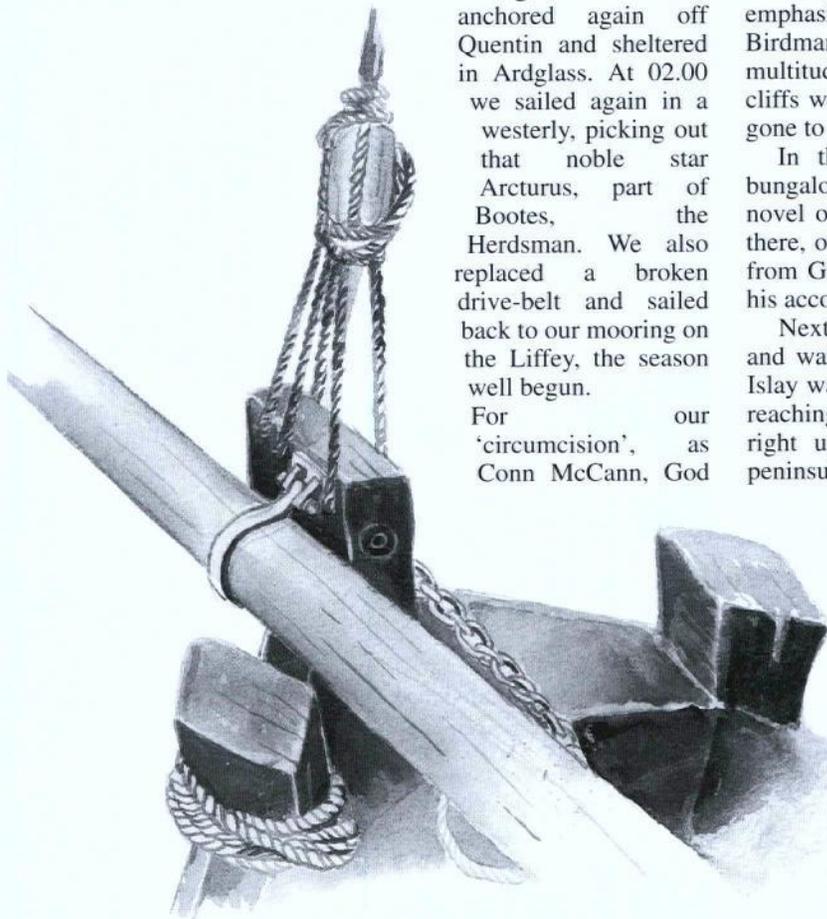
Next day, intending to go farther, a force 6 or 7 from the north persuaded us into Church Bay, the new breakwaters and Rathlin Pier. The Scottishness of Rathlin is now given emphasis by the CalMac ferry. At the west point lighthouse, Birdman Neil McFaul showed the nesting, wheeling, multitudes of many species, now plentiful; in a few weeks these cliffs would be empty, the breeding season over and the birds gone to sea.

In the pub that night, a not-very-beautiful overgrown bungalow, I was reminded not at all of Michael McLaverty's novel of the island, 'Bring my Brother Back'. But there was there, on his annual fortnight's holiday on his boat *Jamie Boy* from Gigha, Graham McCulloch, who has a lovely way with his accordion.

Next morning as we left Rathlin's west point astern the air and water were alive with guillemots, razorbills and puffins. Islay was in sight of the north; the tide ran west with us, close reaching in a cool sunny breeze. We lunched on deck and sailed right up to Bunagee pier on the east side of Inishowen peninsula. At dusk Raphael and Ruadhri shot the net at the mouth of the river, for the white trout.

It was high water next afternoon as we pulled into the pier on the south side of Donegal's Inis Bofin.

We weren't sure what to expect; but the lads on the pier bade us welcome in that most eloquent of ways – they pulled their boats up out of our way so we could go alongside. The ten or so families come out from the mainland only for the Summer now. They are all strong Irish speakers and were plentiful in invitations to their houses. The corncrake still does his thing here; the fields once tilled grow a thick soft carpet of grass, lovely to walk. The beach at Toberglassan Bay



could be seen to give excellent shelter, far better than off the pier.

We had sailed westward between Inis Doey and Inis Bofin. The locals told us that we could have sailed westward over the spit to the south of Bofin, from ½ tide upward. And we did. When we were leaving for Tory Island that was the way we went. As well as being shorter, it made the passage out to Tory sheltered for half the distance. For the record, at 2½ hours after high water, we had 0.4 m below our keel. Our draft is 1.9 metres.

Tory pronounced *Torrey* locally, is a late-night place. We thought we were late in the Community Hall. In fact we were early! Patsy Dan, King of the Island, made all welcome and our Rory responded – in his best of Donegal Irish. The cornrake was well and so were we.

Next morning the wind blew fresh from the south, making the pier untenable. With split crew we took the boat out to the heavy mooring in the open bay south of the pier. The scope was short and we snubbed heavily, being hard on boat and crew. A rubber tyre (we carry three as fenders) was tied into the riser and this softened the snubbing, somewhat. Most bad days diminish in memory. This one did not as a F.7 from the south-west drove breaking water onto the rocky shore, all too close.

Of course we shouldn't have been there at all in these conditions but round in Port an Dún, where the locals said it was flat calm, or better still across in the shelter of Toberglasson Bay on Inis Bofin. It blew itself out by evening, and we moved back in to the pier, to re-unite with that half of the crew who had been marooned for the day, drinking endless coffees in the hotel.

The pier is being extended and will be terrific when it is finished, which looks like being a long time into the future.

In the hotel that night there was a céilí in aid of the RNLI. At £1 per head entry, this initially didn't look like a big earner for the lifeboat. However the auction of Tory paintings brought the total to not far short of a thousand pounds. In the raffle, I won two bags of cement, which I donated to the new pier – which is where they probably came from in the first place. This céilí was unusual also in that no one stood to the floor.

The sail close hauled southward next morning to Gola was gorgeous. Muckish and Errigal Mountains stood up. White cottages fringed the coastal strip. But even in these best of conditions the northward entrance into Gola took careful pilotage. There are leading beacons for the north entrance, which we didn't see until we were on anchor, off the pier.

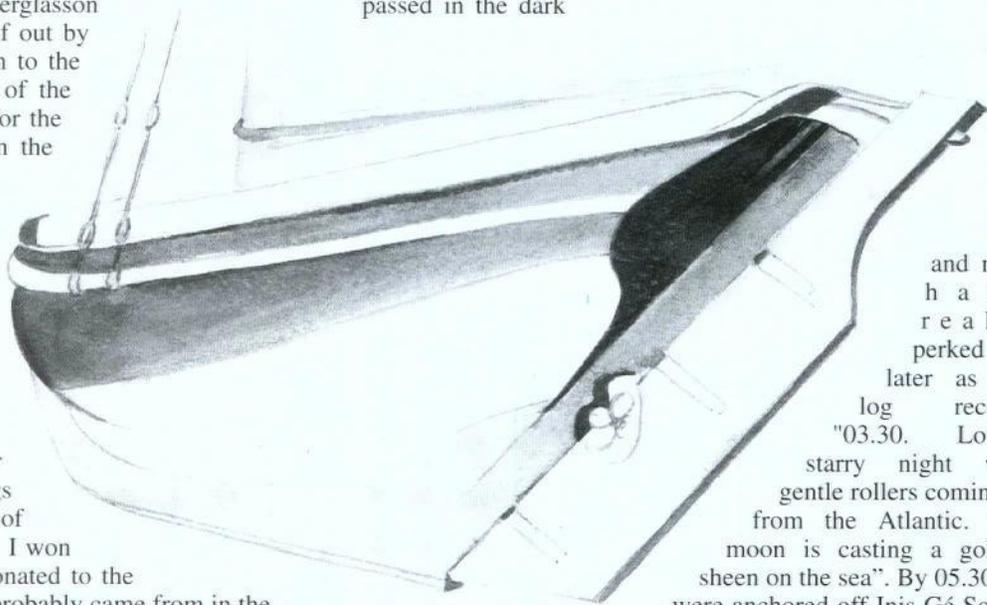
The pier has 6 foot of water at half-tide. We blew the dinghy, with our handy electric pump – far better than the usual balancing act needed with foot pumping. The boys shot both net and pot. Rory gathered his Gola-books and we went walkabout through the deserted village and then up round the island, home to over 200 people until the seventies. In those times farmwork and bog-work alternated with fishing. But it was fishing that brought in the cash, so it got priority. From June to January was fishing-time, working for money. From January to June the work was for consumption, food and turf. This life is all gone now. It remains only in the books and memories of islanders living across on the Donegal mainland.

On the rising tide, our keel scraping the sandy flats betimes, we sailed into Bunbeg as the sun fell. Lobster and crab, both, went onto our table that night. Our cabin fire was well lit for the next few days as wind and rain dominated. Delia, a friend from Tory, landrovered us all over north-west Donegal, from Crohy Head to Maheroarty, from Cruit Island to the Poisen Glen. We even saw Daniel O'Donnell's house!

On Saturday the weather moderated and we followed the Tory ferry out. Her course differed somewhat from that charted. The bottom sand must be moving. The swell frustrated our planned landing on Owey Island and we took the mostly inside route to Arranmore, passing much too close to Blind Rock – over it actually! In many ways ones first entry into a place is the safest, as pilots and charts are assiduously studied. Assumed familiarity is a dangerous thing.

The forecast threatened F9 from the north-west; we dried out inside the old pier, from where we viewed life on this busy island. The ferry brought in a squad car, which caused quite a stir of untaxed bangers disappearing westward in a cloud of red-diesel smoke. It rained and it blew. We walked, talked, musiced and panted in Jerry Early's.

On Tuesday 09.30 we cleared South Sound bound for Mayo, in conditions far from ideal, F5 dead on the nose. 68 miles to Eagle Island. The bumpy crossing of Donegal Bay was painful and slow, 10 hours for 30 miles at one stretch, as the wind rose. Things eased as the Stags, Broad Haven and Erris Head were passed in the dark



and must have really perked up later as the log records "03.30. Lovely stary night with gentle rollers coming in from the Atlantic. The moon is casting a golden sheen on the sea". By 05.30 we were anchored off Inis Gé South, north of Rusheen rocks. Ashore, two of the deserted houses have been

re-roofed and done up on each of the islands. A French group were surveying seals. We motored back north to Inis Glora, anchoring off its south-east and viewing the monastic remains, which we found to be in very poor condition.

With sail and an occasional touch of engine, the afternoon southgoing tide lightly carried us close west of Achill, inside and to the pier at Inis Turk.

The sailing next day was terrific. We were only going the short distance to Boffin so could relish in the fresh sunny beat to south. We sailed into Ship Sound and anchored off the south-east corner of Inis Shark. There we walked, between squally showers, through another deserted village, its community lost to nearby Boffin.

And there we too sailed, to tie up beside the old drying pier outside O'Days. The pier is filthy, worse than ever. Yet we manfully strode through it to the honey-pot where our Pat Redmond and Raphael were joined in their music making by Matt Molloy – or was it the other way round? Hard to tell as in

the words of an Oileán Cléire man, "in our sleeping, we added part of the next day to the night".

The outlook was for a southerly gale as on Saturday we landed on High Island. This was a long held ambition, achieved only by driving the dinghy hard into the bouldered surge at the cleft on its east side. The scramble up the cliff is by no means assured and at its top is the old mine shaft in which The Martins of Ballinahinch once sent men to moil. Luck was with us insofar as the archaeological-dig-team were 'at home' and we got the full showround of the newly excavated Saint Feicín's chapel and beehive huts. The 19th century miners hut still stands, now used as a canteen by the OPW team.

Joyce's Sound from the west, is now so much easier, with GPS to pick up its leading mark Clarks Rock. Conditions for us were far from the 'ideal' suggested in the sailing directions, as the tide had turned 2 hours. It flushed us through, breakers on either side and a lobster pot on strong rope laid, of all places, in the middle.

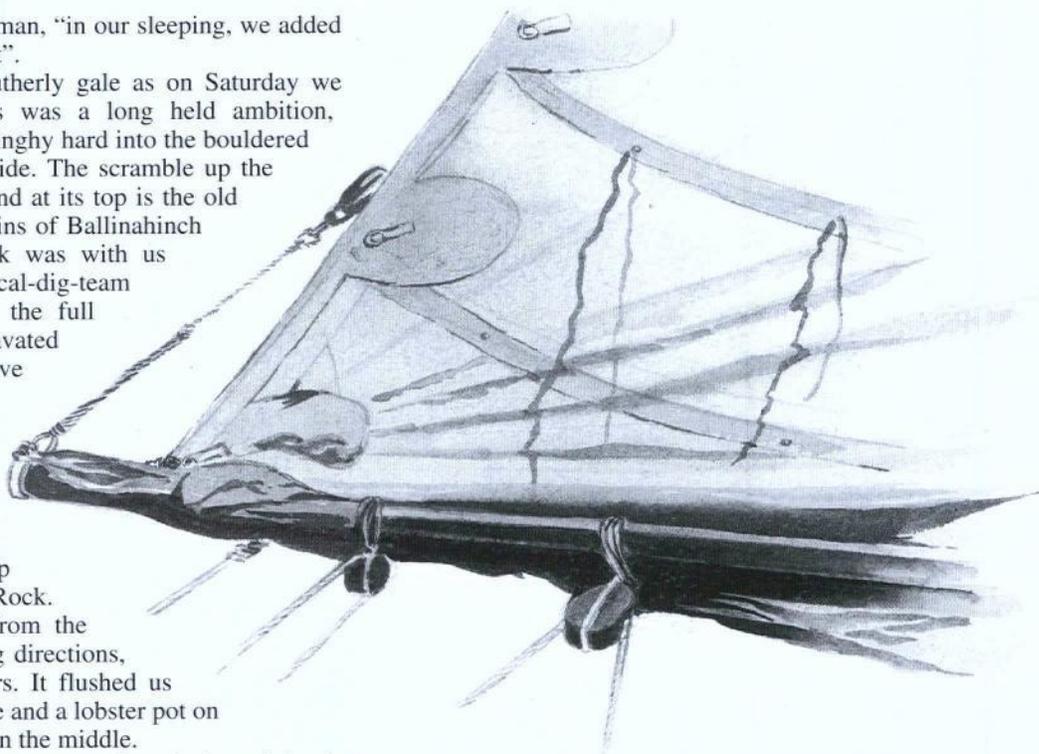
Two weeks out of Dublin, we anchored that night in Roundstone and took a creditable third in the regatta Bád Mór race next day. The new yellow County Council moorings might as well be on the moon, so far away are they off across the bay by Inis Nee. I don't know what they were thinking of or what advice they got, dumb or malicious. The Council said to me, later, that they would move them over to near Roundstone Pier.

Over the next 6 weeks, though aboard each weekend, I did virtually nothing, save one sail out to Saint Macdaras Island. A combination of bad summer weather and lack of sailing company dictated idleness.

At midnight on Thursday August 27th, a crew of climber / sailors lifted anchor in an anti-cyclone that would allow a 4-day delivery back around. With Harry Connolly, Peter Gargin and Paddy O'Brien, we left by the guidance of the small navigation lights on Inis Nee and then Deer Island to clear Skerd rocks on their deeper western side. The sea was so flat that, as a disadvantage, no waves broke on the Skerds. Silently they stood just slightly blacker than the blackness around.

In the morning Brandon and Sybill were clear ahead. We went inside Beginish and anchored off Trá Bán on the Great Blasket. Though still only August, the lobster pots about the islands, some of which I had worked for a couple of days in May with Danny and Cormac Sheehy of Ballyferriter, were now all in. Bad weather and bad fishing all summer led to a premature end to the season.

We had a grand sail over to Dingle, but for the intrusive revving engined boats around that lovely dolphin and next morning, some anti-cyclone, the wind was fresh from the



south-east as we approach Skellig Michael. Blue Cove on the normally exposed and unused west-side looked attractive. As a look-see we launched the dingy, I stayed aboard, and the intrepid three scrambled up. The landing is not quite as shown in the ICC directions but is mid-cove, and a dinghy *can* be hauled to safety. Initially the path is walkable, but then turns distinctly 'airy' as it degenerates to steep wet grass, over which they 'levitated' up to Christ's Saddle and, with more difficulty, down again. That night, at 22.30 we crept into North Harbour, Cape Clear, empty and dark – a great contrast to our June visit in *Ilen*. Fatigue tempered our pleasure at being back. We lowered a few pints in Ciaran Ó Driscolls.

Next day we motored to the Stags, then sailed to Glandore, the forecast turning distinctly sour from south-east. We chain moored to the new (very well placed) Cork County Council moorings and by bus and train withdrew to base on August 30th.

A log entry for September 7th shows: "Pumped boat approximately ½ hour. Survived SE gale yesterday! Francis (Lynch) and Cyril (Kilgrew)

God bless 'em!"

On Wednesday September 16th, with Pat Collerean, Kevin Cronin, Cillian Monaghan and Nick Doran, we sailed for Dublin in the grandest easy sail you could imagine. We even kedged the tide off Kilcoole in the sun, while Pat operated on the starter motor, and with not-a-bother went up the Liffey.

Sketches by Donal McPolin

NELLIE BYWATER

I sailed on the Nellie Bywater
From the last day that I went to school
A grand ship and fair was her master
We made fast hauls to old Liverpool
Haul away would roar Captain McKibben
As the boat turned the end of the pier
With all hands working hard at the rigging
For the city on Mersey we'd steer.

(Chorus)

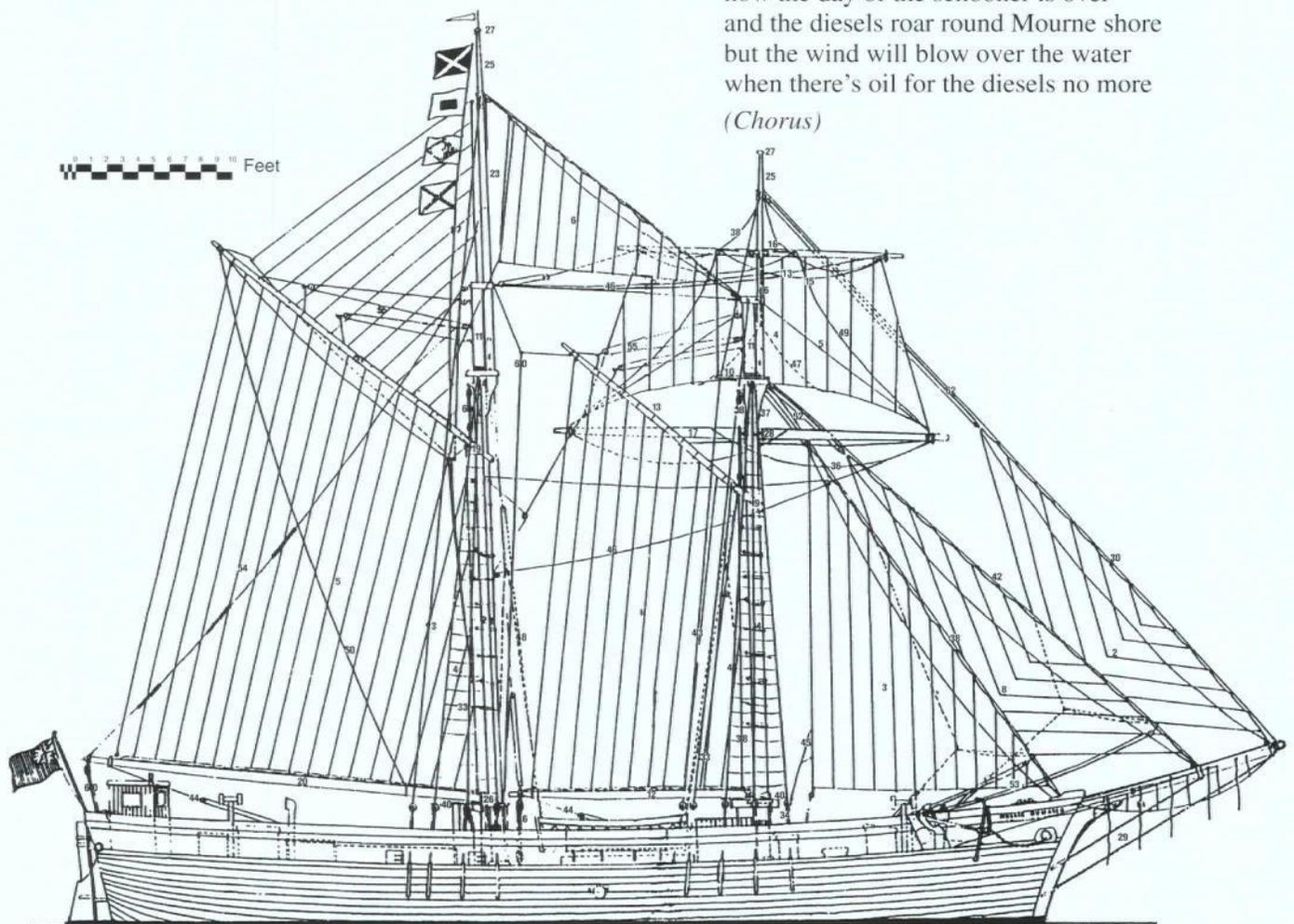
Like swans gliding over the water
From Kilkeel or from Auld Annalong
We hauled hard on a small Mourne schooner
Still we always made time for a song

We sailed out in all kinds of weather
I remember the blizzards the gales
Sure one night in a stormy Nor'Wester
We blew onto the north coast of Wales
But we patched up the Nellie Bywater
And we sailed her back here to the Pier
She was back on the sea a month later
And she sailed on for many's a year

(Chorus)

We hauled cargoes of good Mourne granite
Fresh cut from Slieve Donard's fair side
with a hold full of square sets and cribbens
we would sail on the first flowing tide
now the day of the schooner is over
and the diesels roar round Mourne shore
but the wind will blow over the water
when there's oil for the diesels no more

(Chorus)



Schooner *Nellie Bywater* of Annalong

Port Newry 69715, Signal Letters MSFV

Built 1873 W. Thomas, Millom

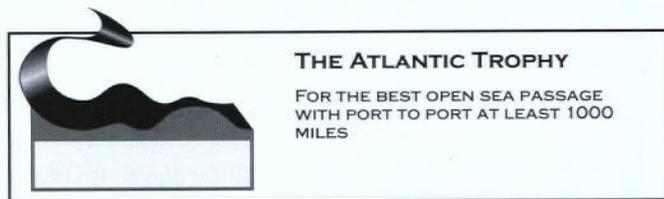
Rerigged 1946-48 by Captain England, Master-Owner

Gross Tonnage 115

Rig: Tops'l Schooner. Length from Knightshead to half-round, 98 ft; between perpendiculars, 89.7 ft; Beam, 22.3 ft. Depth of hold, 10.1 ft. Draught loaded, 11.5 ft.

Madcap holidays in Greenland

Adrian Spence



Twenty to twenty five foot waves and a full gale on our nose had Brian Black being washed about the cockpit. Two waves cascaded on board in quick succession filling the cockpit and flooding below to a depth of several inches. It was time to heave to. The sudden peace and comfort of *Madcap* lying to only her stay sail hove to was almost unnerving but it allowed Sadlier to proceed with happy hour about 300M SSW of Iceland.

It was five days earlier on Monday 29th June 1998 that we left Portaferry bound for Greenland on *Madcap*, a Bristol Pilot Channel Cutter built in 1875 by Davies and Plain in Cardiff. A strong and stable boat, she was built to withstand the seas and weather of the western approaches, winter and summer alike. During the five years I have owned her, she has been refastened and a new stem fitted. The deck has been repitched and new sails bought. A replacement engine, a Perkins 4236, was installed three years ago. Our plan was to sail direct to Cap Farvel the southern tip of Greenland and then sail up the west coast to Illulisat at N69°15'. The first stop out of Ireland was hoped to be Nuuk at N64°10'.

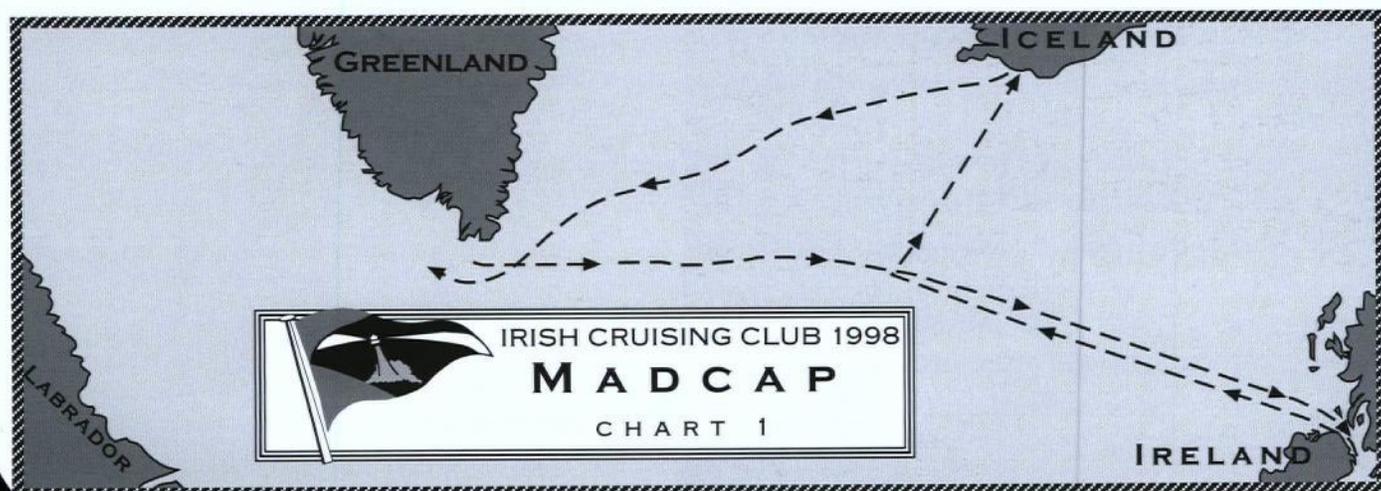
It was in 1993 I had sailed in Greenland with Paddy Barry on the *Saint Patrick* and I knew I would return some day. However, it was Sadlier who began the impetus to make the journey in 1998, concerned as he was that the pickling effects of whiskey would not hold back advancing senility forever. To prepare the boat we did the usual painting and decorating but also improved the heat produced by the cooker by changing from butane to propane. We installed a weather fax so we would obtain the ice reports crucial to making a safe landfall. Out went the coal fire, replaced by a Reflex diesel heater. *Madcap's* Mechanical Engineer and Spark installed self steering which, through no fault of theirs, operated only as a placebo to Bluff's concerns re hand steering the entire trip. Fortunately she is light on the helm and holds her course easily.

Before we left, 1400 litres of diesel supplied by Fuel Services and 500 litres of water were loaded. The stores of

food, calculated and organised by Marion Sadlier, were packed. As final preparation for our arduous trip, we partook fully of the excesses of the Galway Hooker weekend at Portaferry.

Dropping our warps at 1030 on Monday 29 June we passed over a peaceful bar into the Irish Sea and turning north accepted a SW F3-4, but as we passed Belfast Lough the wind died only to reappear from the north west. We passed through Rathlin Sound with the tide motor sailing on a course of 300°T. Passing Malin Head with 1200M to Cap Farel, we were headed and pushed NNW. Nevertheless, progress was good with noon to noon runs of 130M and 122M from 30th June to 2nd July. We were close hauled. *Madcap* has all the inefficiencies of the last century with a windward ability more akin to reaching, but, with judicious use of the horse power supplied by Dorothy Perkins, she will go upwind successfully.

On 3rd July, the barometer was falling rapidly. A fax from Hamburg confirmed that the NW F3 would not last long. During the evening it backed to SW and increased to F5/6. We changed to the smallest jib, staysail and rolled two reefs into the main. At 0500 on Saturday 4th July, the head of the main ripped. We dropped it as the wind and seas increased until we hove to at 1130 in a westerly gale. We rested, repaired the bilge pump, ate and accepted Sadlier's orders to join in the happy hour. We discussed the benefits of a 20 ton boat in poor weather. We discussed the disadvantages of a diesel heater attempting to explode when assaulted by downdraught and how to heat the torrent of water pouring in around the mast to make a warm shower. It seemed bizarre if not surreal to be floating in the grey North Atlantic under a persistently grey sky and listening to Sadlier's promise to himself to retire from sailing and always to holiday in the sun. This was Frank Sadlier, one time international polluter and oil baron, now retired elder statesman (his description). Further in our crew was Brian Black, Environmental Correspondent for UTV and best dressed guy in the North Atlantic and Claire Buckley, Estate Agent and self anointed Lady Killinichy. All experienced sailors, Brian

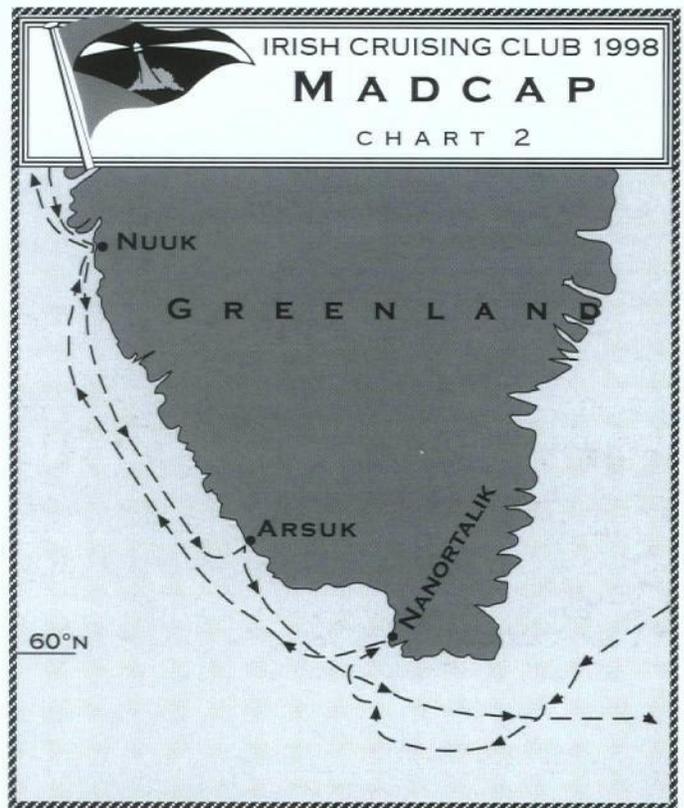


was described as a Bermudan blouse although when one sails a gaff rig upwind one can understand that the inventor of Bermudan rig sailed gaff. Claire has extensive racing experience while Sadlier is just Sadlier.

The morning of 5th July saw the wind decrease to F2/3. It had veered during the night to NW. Frank and Claire repaired the main while Brian and I refilled the two diesel tanks and off we went again on starboard tack with 730m. to Cap Farvel. Then the weather fax printed out a wave of depression. Another deep low was coming our way. It looked like more strong headwinds. On 6 July, when the wind backed and increased, the seas mounted again. For the past week we had had winds between F2 and F8 but always ahead of us. We had used so much diesel and with several more days of strong headwinds, it was now apparent that our diesel supply would expire before we could get into port in Greenland. The Vestmann Islands lay 330M to the north north east. This seemed a much more attractive option and what a fantastic bonus it turned out to be. A westerly gale with large seas was blowing. We took this behind us at about 8KN – exhilarating stuff but after 12 hours we stowed the staysail, continuing under small jib and very heavily reefed main. The days run was 169M.

A Navtex broadcast from Reykjavik warned of NE F9. This was (a) unbelievable and (b) unfair. However, the next broadcast gave the direction as NW. Was “NE” a typographical error? In any event, during the night of 7/8th July the wind eased to F6 allowing the staysail to be hoisted. At 1000 on the 8th, Brian spotted Surtsey Island, the most southerly of this volcanic group. We sailed to Heimaey arriving 8 days out of Ireland. Heimaey is the most northerly island and the only one which is populated. It is 5 miles from the Icelandic mainland and is one of Iceland’s most important fishing harbours. The islands were named after the Irish Thralls who had fled the mainland having murdered a guy called Hjorleifur, one of the original Norse settlers in 874. Unfortunately Hjorleifur had a big brother, Ingolfur. He was fairly determined and presumably cross, so he pursued the Thralls to Heimaey and killed them all.

In 1973, the volcano on Heimaey, Helgafell, erupted, engulfing the entire town. The five thousand population was evacuated. The only casualty was the local drug addict who remained to loot the chemist shop but died for his trouble. Now the town has been totally rebuilt. It is bustling but friendly. The harbour is well protected and easily entered. We enjoyed the local delicacy, puffin, and met those building the pen for Willy, the killer whale and movie star, soon to be released to freedom. For a day and two nights we enjoyed warm sunshine and the company of the local people. A Faeroese dentist and his son appeared in a 36 foot wooden fishing boat. They were in transit from SW Greenland to the Faeroes. A fascinating pair who



lived off the land and sea with their fishing gear, rifle and shotgun. They spoke also of the heavy ice around southern Greenland. A 38 foot English sailing boat was towed in with a broken mast. We felt for the owner who had to get a new mast delivered from Europe.

Friday 10th July saw us leaving Vestmann with an embryo plan to return in some future year to circumnavigate Iceland. Once more *Madcap* was full with diesel and water. At last the weather was kind, NE2/3 and flat seas with 717M to Cap Farvel. As we sailed north to Iceland, the nights became shorter until we had 24 hour daylight. Now as we sailed WSW, darkness slowly reappeared. Sadlier insisted that the time pieces on board were moved one hour back to keep in step with our westing.

For 4 days until 14th July the weather was superb. The sun shone and the sea was smooth. The wind was light, maximum F3 and first north easterly then southerly and again northerly. We laid our course of 250°T making 140M per day. At times we sailed with topsail up. At others we motored. The log records the weather as being “A la Med”. We saw whales for the first time on 11th July and then frequently thereafter. The fresh bread and baguettes were finished so wheaten bread was baked each day. Yet each day we wondered for how long this good fortune would last.

There was more concern that the weather would deteriorate again. We were well aware that the North Atlantic dictated where we went but it was the engine that eventually slowed us down. Firstly, smoke started pouring from the exhaust, the temperature of which went up, a sure sign of injector problems. Then diesel started leaking into the sump. The revs dropped. With no wind, *Madcap* limped along in a smooth sea.

At 2230 on 14th July, Mr Black spotted what were either icebergs or peaks in East Greenland. They were too far away for us to decide. The Reflex heater had failed us the night before due to dirt in the fuel which led to the wearing of thermal underwear in our bunks. As the temperature dropped further, we were relieved to have it working once more. Fog banks were now a problem. The latest ice report showed we



Adrian Spence, skipper, Claire Buckley, Frank Sadlier, Brian Black (This was the outbound crew).



Big seas in south westerly gale in mid-Atlantic. *Madcap* was at her best in heavy weather – stable and secure.
Photo: Brian Black

were closing sea ice. The experts say ice cannot be forecasted. These reports are created by Ice Central based at Narssaq in Greenland. They use a twin Otter and a helicopter to overfly the ice every few days, plotting not only the position of the ice but its concentration and type, i.e. bergs, growlers, polar ice etc. Concentration is expressed in tenths of sea area. As a small boat without ice protection, 3/10 is our limit. This ice is mostly polar, i.e. frozen sea from north east and east Greenland. In spring with the thaw, thousands of square miles of ice drifts south in the east Greenland current. This sweeps down the east coast before curling round the south of Greenland to dissipate up the west coast as it meets the west Greenland current, travelling south.

Our first definite sight of land came through the hawk eyes of Frank. The southern end of the ice cap near Prinz Christiansund in SE Greenland was 70M distant about due west and spotted at 0410 on 15th July, 5 days out of Vestmann and 15 out of Portaferry. The east Greenland current was now exerting its influence pushing us south.

As we crossed from Ireland, ice reports initially showed the southern extremity of the ice to be about N59°30'. However, a report dated 11th July showed it had spread to about N59°00'. This happens in periods of calm weather as the absence of wind allows the ice to drift apart.

At 1030 on 15th July we came upon the sea ice in fog – it was straight on our bow – at N59°30' W 42'17". Tacked onto starboard, *Madcap* started to work south into the SW F3/4 to find the southern extremity of the ice before altering westward. This was the most risky part of our voyage. To be caught in this ice would easily have the boat wrecked. Even in the small

swell the growlers rocked menacingly. The plan was to keep all ice on our starboard side but this was difficult because the ice was spread and fog was plentiful. Twice we were caught with ice on both sides and had to retrace our steps, hoping the ice had not closed behind us. *Madcap* travelled SE at times, SW at others until the ice was sparse and we turned west once more. It is unnerving sailing in fog and at night, knowing that ice may appear at any moment. *Madcap* had to be slowed for safety. It was very cold, the person on watch exposing only their eyes to the air. Yet still it was exciting and the ice fascinating as it changed colour and shape. Letting our imaginations loose, we spotted familiar characters in their shapes. The log records sightings of swans, ET, the Larne–Stranrear ferry and even King Billy on his horse.

At 0100 on 16th July was passed about 30M south of our Cap Farvel waypoint, a total of 60M south of Cap Farvel itself, 1200M from Malin Head by Great Circle route and 1640 via Vestmann. We were at sea for 13 days from Malin, averaging 125 miles per day. Our initial objective of making our first landfall at Nuuk, 450M up the west coast, was still on, even though the engine was still threatening trouble. At 0815 the threat became a promise as the revs dropped to 1200 and the promise came to fruition when the revs suddenly increased to well over 3500. As the engine screamed and smoke poured from it, we expected an explosion. Claire worked the throttle, Brian the fuel cut off and I the fuel valve. Frank, in his bunk, pulled his sleeping bag over his head and planned his escape route. The engine stopped, the smoke cleared and we shook.

So, a sailing ship once again but with no wind, Nuuk looked



Skipper Adrian Spence putting a tie round the jib as the wind got up. Wind strength varied but was generally around 4 - 5, but got up to gale on occasions. The biggest met. problem though was fog.

Photo: Brian Black

doubtful. I decided that the governors in the injection pump were at fault and set to fitting the spare although it must be confessed that as a diesel mechanic I would make a better lawyer. For many hours I bolted and unbolted and turned the pages of the manual. Eventually, my moment of triumph arrived, the button was pushed and nothing happened. At least between the fog banks the sun shone. The sea was smooth and the wind light. *Madcap* made progress between 3 and 5 KN during the 17th. There was little ice to concern us. A little fishing and gentle sailing in peace and quiet was relaxing. Our first clear views of Greenland showed a spectacular coastline. Mountains not yet weathered culminate in peaks as sharp as needles. They say this is very similar to Patagonia where Tilman sailed his Bristol Pilot Cutter. He also sailed to both the west and east coasts of Greenland. Some wondered if we intended to retrace Tilman's steps in *Madcap* but, since his Pilot Cutter was wrecked in Greenland, I believed it better to do our own thing.

We made a link call to Ice Central through Qaqortoq Radio. They were to overfly the ice in a few hours. Thus at 1200, they called us on VHF from their plane to give us ice information. We were aiming for Paamuit where we could hopefully find a mechanic. Ice Central knew of a mechanic in Nanortalik, now 60 M to our east. Paamuit was 150M to the north. Other settlements between these two were shielded by ice. We set course for Nanortalik. The evening of 17th saw the wind ease. The working rig of jib, mainsail and staysail was supplemented by topsail and jib topsail. For dinner, we dove to or, with three headsails up, as Frank put it, hove three.

During the night the wind disappeared. We each spent our watches searching for breaths but drifted one mile backwards during the night. Time was now becoming an issue. Brian and Claire were to fly home on 24th. The original plan was for them to leave at Ilulissat. That now would not happen. The nearest fixed wing airport was Nuuk, 360M to the north, but we still had to get into harbour, get the engine fixed and then travel to Nuuk. Only helicopters fly from Nanortalik and only infrequently. With no sign of wind, we arranged a tow from a fishing boat through Qaqortoq radio. The skipper of the fishing boat was Innuit and had no English, therefore Qaqortoq arranged and translated. We were assured we could be towed through light ice to Julianhab, a settlement with facilities superior to Nanortalik. On the advice of the skipper we planned a course directly to Julianhab.

A breeze of F2/3 on our port beam appeared. *Madcap* sailed well until we came to the ice edge. It was 7/10. There was no way through. We gybed and broad reached with the ice on our port side. Ice Central still advised Nanortalik. Visibility was perfect. Qaqortoq Radio passed our position to the fishing boat several times, but although he claimed at one stage to be within two hours of us, we never saw him. In the late afternoon, *Irana Artica*, a Royal Arctic line container ship, appeared from the north. Her captain advised we go to Nanortalik. When the concentration of ice reduced, he forced a way through, slowing to allow us to follow him. We challenged him to a race to Nanortalik. Later, he claimed victory and the prize of Guinness but he did use his engine.

The wind died completely. *Madcap* became mechanically propelled once more with the inflatable strapped alongside and 4hp Mariner encouraging her to about 2½ KN. As night fell, the fog returned and the wind piped up to F4/5 on our port quarter. Superb sailing at 6.5KN but terrifying in fog with ice about including some bergs the size of Belfast City Hall. *Madcap* was slowed by stowing the top rig and staysail and reefing the main. Now we were close to the shore but there were no lights, navigational or otherwise to be seen. One had to be wary of relying on GPS as the charts are of questionable accuracy. Thus, we sailed into the wrong bay with the wind

behind us. We spotted the mistake and beat out, round a headland and ran into the estuary leading to Nanortalik. The wind disappeared again but the outboard got us into the harbour and onto a jetty at 0300 on 19th July, 19 days out of Portaferry, 9 days from Vestmann – and we all had a drink!

By 1600 on Sunday 19th, John Nielsen, mechanic, had started work, testing both injection pumps and replacing 2 injectors with spares carried on *Madcap*. The tips of both were damaged. We explored this town on an island, population 1500 and so quite sizeable by Greenlandic standards. Founded in 1797 by a merchant and cooper, it is still Greenland's most southern town and now is the capital of the Nanortalik municipality which encompasses Uunartoq with its hot springs. The town itself has a modern hospital and a school. It also is home to Greenland's largest open air museum in that the old colony has been preserved and established as a museum. When I was here on *Saint Patrick* in 1993, the population had been given a tax rebate. The town was hopping and both hotels were doing a roaring trade. In 1998, one hotel only was open for its only guest, an Englishman on holiday. We ate well in the dining room on ox imported from Denmark. Diesel and water are available from bowzers but both must be paid for. The two supermarkets KNI and Brugsen are well stocked.

While in Nanortalik, the local police arrived to *Madcap*, demanding 8000 kroner (£730), the agreed price for the fishing boat which was to have towed us in. It was explained in succinct and at times colourful terms that the debt was not owed. They left empty handed.

By the evening of 20 July, John had the engine running as well as he could. Still it would not rev fully but at least we had power. Ice Central advised us to wait in harbour until the following morning at 1200 when they would have overflowed the ice. Claire bought two lovely fish from the local market which consisted of little more than a trestle table with an assortment of produce from the sea including seal meat, cod, red fish and eels. The meal was good enhanced by the wine served by the self appointed maître d'hôte, Sadlier. It must be said that selecting and preparing the wine seemed to involve an inordinate amount of tasting by himself.

We dropped the warps at 1000 on 21 July to make all speed to Nuuk for Claire and Brian to join their rearranged flight on the evening of 24 July. Ice Central contacted us at 1400 by which time we had negotiated the sea ice. They gave us coordinates to follow to stay outside the ice, both sea and glacier on our way to Nuuk. We had two more salutary warnings of the need to respect the ice. Firstly, Bent, a Dane who has fished out of Nanortalik for 25 years told us how his



With any 'north' in the wind. The temperature dropped to around 3° which meant oilskins and hoods as essential deck-wear.

Photo: Brian Black

fishing boat became trapped in the ice 2 years previously. He was airlifted out. The boat was trapped for 14 days. He eventually recovered her in a badly damaged state. Secondly, *Irana Artica* passed us having been to Nuuk and bound again for Nanortalik. He was hurrying because the gap in the ice, perhaps 10M wide through which we had come was closing rapidly. He was concerned that he, in his 6000 ton ship, would not get into port.

We motored to Nuuk in a mixture of fog and good visibility, initially with ice, completing the 350M in 60 hours arriving on Thursday evening, too late to go ashore. Nuuk, or Gothab, as it was in the days when Greenland was a Danish colony, is the capital. Including its one suburb, it has a population of about 15,000 and is served by Greenland's only hydro electric station. A museum, seat of government and largest port are surpassed by the presence of Santa's workshop. The fish market is sophisticated in that it has a roof. Seals are flensed on the concrete floor. EC hygiene regulations have not reached this far.

John Rasmenson is the Port Manager. He welcomed us to Nuuk, organised water (at no cost since our needs were small) and explained much about Greenland. He enjoyed cans of draft Guinness and gave us a guided tour of Nuuk. Lunch in a basic but very pleasant restaurant was followed by goodbyes to Brian and Claire and *Madcap*, crewed by the bar steward and myself, left for Illulisat 360M to the north. Undercrewed, but the 60

their urgency to shoot fast, the Innuits seem to have scant regard for Bristol Pilot Cutters that may be in their line of fire.

From perhaps two miles out of Illulisat there appeared to be a barrier of ice but closer inspection showed areas of light bergy bits through which we gently pushed to gain entrance to the harbour. I had some concerns. Joe Pennington, from the Isle of Man, and Ian Turkington, the young Turkey from the exclusive BT9 area of Belfast, had been due to meet us two days earlier at Illulisat. Joe was to have sailed the entire trip with us, but back problems had forced him to remain at home for treatment and recuperation. As we came into the harbour, there was the Turk standing on the wall waiting for us. Their flights had been delayed so they had arrived only 30 minutes earlier.

As Nuuk is the commercial capital of Greenland, Illulisat is the tourist. It has a population of 4000 people and 5000 huskies. There are two hotels and several hostels. Boat trips and helicopter rides around the ice are available. The population survives on fishing, hunting and tourism. Diesel and water are available at the Royal Greenland fish factory. We watched a match in the local soccer tournament and walked to see the bergs calved. The fish factory which previously processed prawns is now on halibut. A Danish Research Scientist involved in monitoring the fish catches explained that there is no shortage of fish in Greenlandic waters but their biggest problem is in employing enough people to work in the factory.

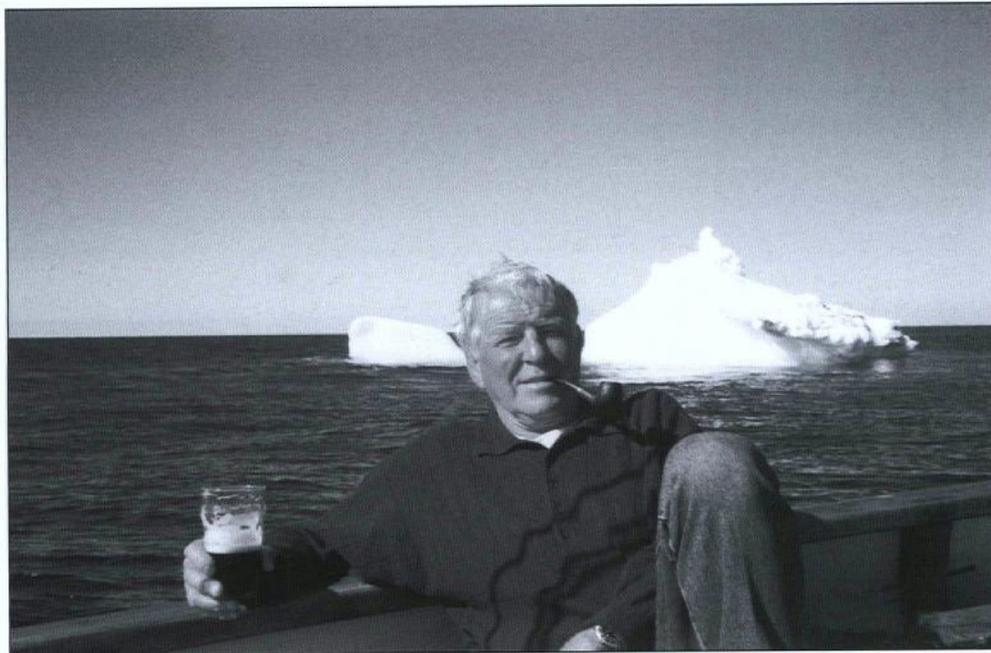
A German cruise liner came and went. The *Disko* anchored off. She was a ferry boat which used to ply the Greenlandic coasts. Now she is a small cruise ship dealing with tourists.

Mooring in Illulisat is haphazard to say the least. Often boats are tied up with only a bowline. Thus, wind or tide can quickly have them working on your hull. We found ourselves using all fenders including car tyres. A 30 foot fishing boat came in having harpooned a whale. It was already cut into lumps of meat and blubber. The entire hold and deck of the boat was covered and the only concession to hygiene was to cover the meat with sheets of cardboard. We bought some meat at about the price of fillet steak at home. From the bar window in one hotel, one has beautiful and spectacular views over Disko Bay as the

setting sun causes the light and bergs to change colour.

By Wednesday 29th it was time to move on. There were various options but the most popular was to circumnavigate Disko Island which forms a barrier across the entrance of the bay. Greenland is the biggest island in the world. The geography is on a huge scale. Thus, it is 200M around Disko Island which has its own ice cap.

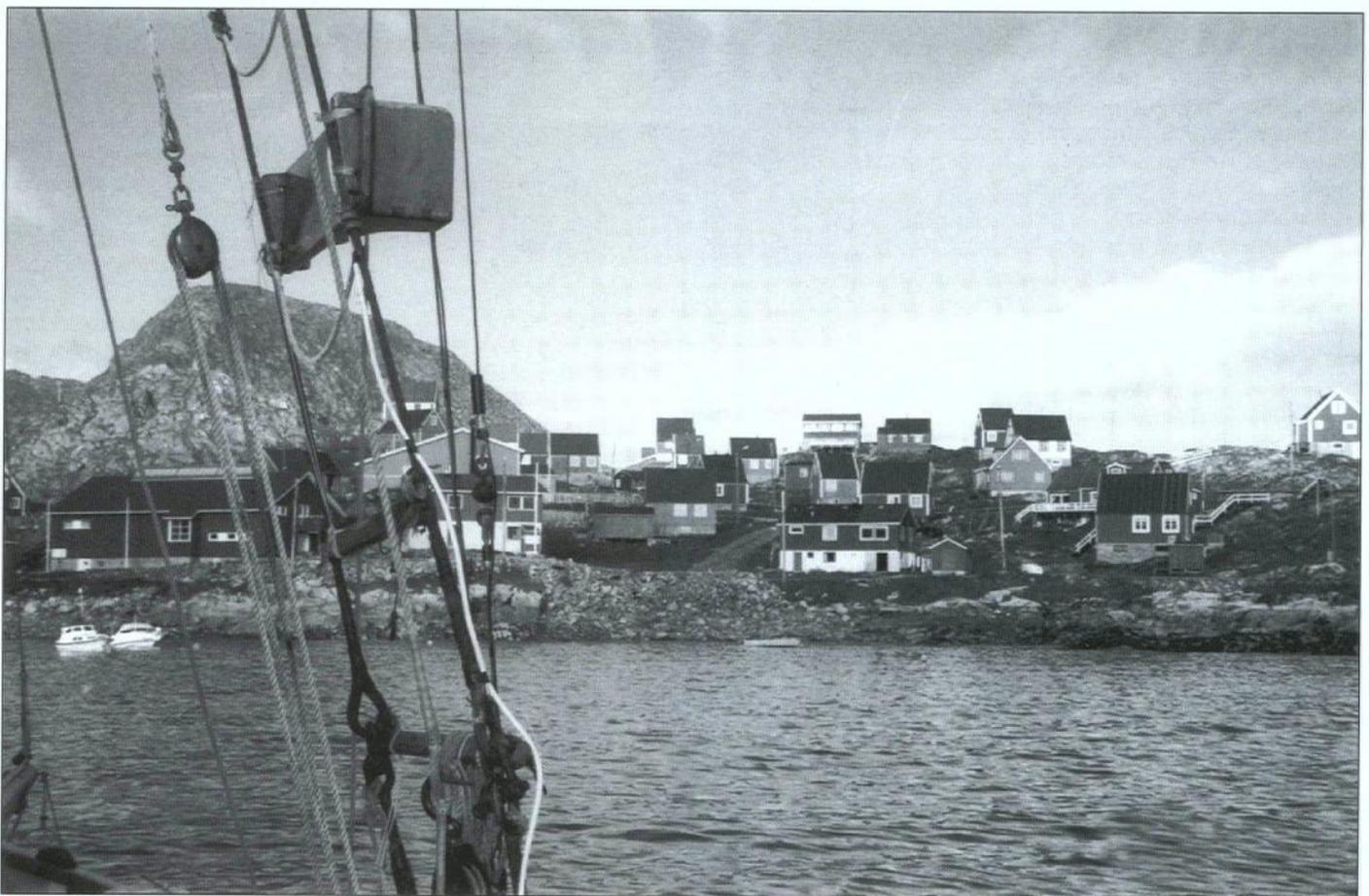
Before we left the Illulisat area, the dingy was launched and we took turns photographing *Madcap* with the bergs as a backdrop. The Turkey got his wish of standing on a piece of ice. Delicately balanced as it thawed, Ian's weight was too much. We were treated to an impressive display of barrel rolling, Arctic style. Heading north, we threaded our way through the bergs for 45M to Smalle Sund and a bay on the east of Qqaitsoq Island. This is unpopulated and remote. The shore rose steeply to 520M. After much searching we found a spot



Frank Sadlier, working hard.

Photo: Brian Black

hours to Illulisat were made easier by flat seas and 24 hour daylight. We ran a course about 12 miles offshore where there seemed to be a significant northerly current. Crossing into the Arctic Circle deserved a small celebration. *Madcap* turned to starboard into Disko Bay at midnight on Sunday 26 July with 60M to Illulisat. The greatest attraction is that beside Illulisat, Kangia, the largest glacier in the northern hemisphere calves its bergs. The spectacle of these drifting in the bay greeted us. Many of them were at the beginning of their long journey to the Grand Banks. Their size, shape and majesty are awesome – the light of the sun low on the horizon enhanced the impression. There also were Innuits in their fibreglass dories hunting seals with rifles. The technique is to shoot at the seal as soon as he surfaces preventing him from breathing fully and forcing him to dive. Each time he surfaces, the hunter is closer, until the final time. The major disadvantage of this technique is that, in



Arsuk – typical settlement.

Photo: Brian Black

shallow enough to anchor and be protected from drifting ice. A dinner of roast lamb carried out from Ireland by Ian was the precursor of an evening that was meant to be quiet but was not. The problems of the world were solved in their entirety by the early hours.

At 0900 we started lifting the anchor to discover that the new electric winch was frequently popping the circuit breaker. Eventually we were under way in a completely flat sea and in blazing sunshine. Along the Vaigat, the channel to the north of Disko Island, *Madcap* crossed N70°00'. The steep sides comprised of volcanic rock and sandstone topped with ice are reminiscent of an enormous Christmas cake. For excitement, *Madcap* hit a lump of ice. The helmsman saw it at the last moment and although unable to avoid it, turned sufficiently to make a glancing blow. The benefit of 1½ inch planks replaced recently by Joe on oak frames was apparent. There was no damage other than scraping but this was a reminder of the problems to be faced if *Madcap* suffered significant damage in such a remote place.

The next stop was Qutdliqssut on the north east shore of Disko Island. This had been a settlement with 1500 people based around a coal mine. In 1969 the mine was closed and by 1972 the settlement was deserted. Still the houses and school stand almost untouched by the passage of time. Trucks, generators and coils of wire sit where they were abandoned. The number of headstones dated 1968 and 1969 suggest an epidemic particularly amongst the children of the settlement. The Queen of Denmark visited Greenland in 1948. She was appalled by the living conditions and particularly the infant mortality rate. She appointed a committee of experts who, with other ideas, designed a new type of house. This wooden prefabricated structure was imported in large numbers and now forms the vast majority of Greenland's housing stock. These

greatly reduced infant mortality and almost removed tuberculosis.

Following dinner, *Madcap* was again on the move weighing anchor at 2230. With 24 hour daylight and no fog, navigation was easy. The coast of Disko Island is largely clear of obstructions. Thus, it was really a question of keeping the land on our left. Once out of the Vaigaat, there were virtually no icebergs. *Madcap* pointed her bows south from N70°20' with about 900M to Cap Farvel – but before then there was more partying to be done.

Friday 31st July saw *Madcap* in Godhavn at the southern tip of Disko Island. As with all settlements there was a jetty which we crept onto. The water was shallow for about 200M as we approached. At low water the keel touched the bottom. Here too, there was a fish factory which was a temporary structure. We talked with the construction workers who were building a new factory. They said that the original would be dismantled and re-erected somewhere else. This is the starting point for climbers and walkers to Disko Island. Greenland is like anywhere else, quiet during the week with the social life at the weekend. So we had timed our arrival perfectly. The only pub had a live band led by a Jimi Hendrix look-a-like and a happy hour. Saturday night was better with a happy two hours. By now we were almost immune to the local prices for alcohol such that £2.30 for a small (330 ml) bottle of Tuborg seemed cheap. Two heavy nights partying in the pub and on *Madcap* left four weary little boys crawling out of Godhavn at 0730 on Sunday 2nd August having to leave early to avoid low water. We were bound for Sisimuit, 140M south. We suffered rain and a light S/SW wind. More motoring.

Sisimuit is one of the large towns in population (5000) and fishing. It is just inside the Arctic Circle and is the most northerly town which is ice free. People have lived in this area

since at least 2000 BC. Now it is very much a commercial port. The harbour is dirty with the water covered with a greasy effluent, presumably from the fish factory which is in a surprisingly run down state. We came across a French sailing boat, only the third sailing boat we had seen since arriving in Greenland. We had a beer in the local pool club and reindeer sausage for dinner. The supermarkets were typical being well stocked with frozen food but very little fresh. It is here also one can buy a television, video and rifle. There are no handguns or automatic weapons but everything for the hunter.

A local school teacher came on board *Madcap* with his son and daughter. She was returning to College in Aasiaat. There are only three Colleges in Greenland for education for 16 to 18 years being at Aasiaat, Nuuk and Qaqortoq so the children must board. He described the location of the outdoor swimming pool and the ski run. Showers and breakfast in the Seaman's Mission left *Madcap* long enough for her to be aground by her keel at the Royal Greenland Factory Quay. After a three hour wait, she was afloat and we were gone with a NW F5 giving us a broad reach. We had to stay clear of a tug towing a barge with a crane to a new fixed wing runway being built. A project is underway to equip all the major settlements with such a facility not least since the helicopter fleet is becoming ancient. Leaving Sisimuit meant saying goodbye to the huskies for the last time, maybe not a matter of sadness in view of the constant racket they make. In summer they are chained and fed only two or three times per week since they are not working. To obtain a permit for a dog, its eyeteeth must be removed and the local council must have allocated a chain place.

The wind stayed with us, persuading us to push on for Nuuk but the last 40M saw the wind ahead of *Madcap* with thick fog. Visibility was about 200M as we crept up the fjord to Nuuk. We could not see any of the leading lights. The first sight was the accommodation lights of a tanker tied up at the outer extremity of Nuuk harbour. At 0100 *Madcap* was tied up with the assistance of a drunk German with an enormous Alsatian. Its presence at the top of the ladder made one's ascent slower than normal although it transpired that the animal was more into licking than biting.

The decision to come straight to Nuuk was inspired or just plain lucky. By 0800, the wind was SW F9 with driving rain and vicious gusts. The five minute walk to the Seaman's Mission

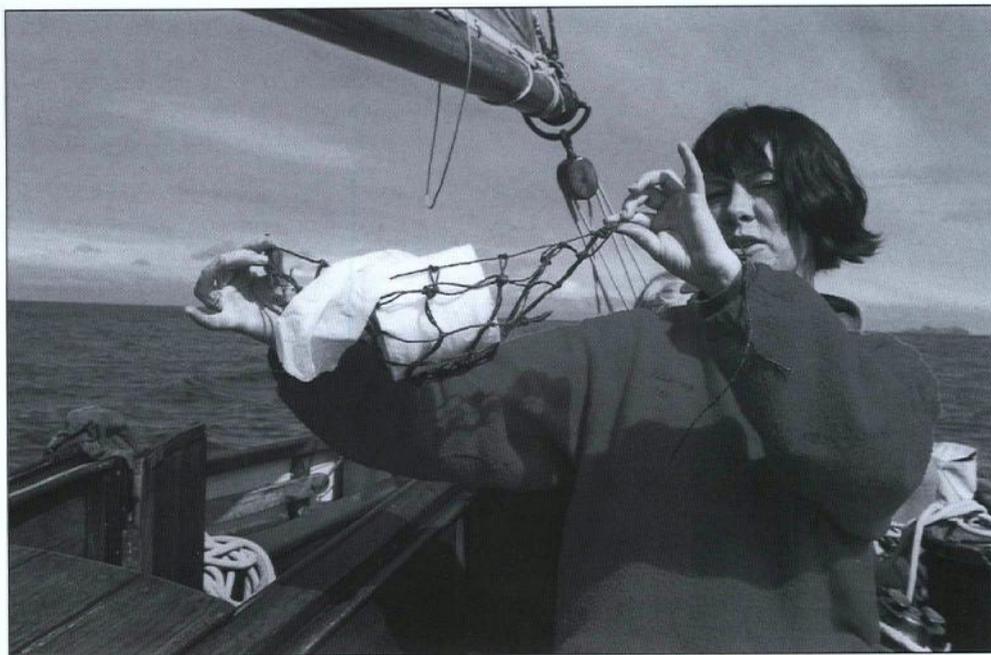
left us soaked. Nuuk was where we intended to victual the boat for our return to Ireland, only stocking up with any fresh food such as bread further south. This task was postponed until the weather was more clement. In the interim, we did our laundry in the Seaman's Mission. The dryer was not totally effective so several lines were rigged below in *Madcap* and the heater set low. It was nearly impossible to get below. What else could we do but retire to the pub. There are five licensed premises in Nuuk. Four are owned by the same company, the fifth is hardly worth visiting. The Hard Rock Café, managed by a Londoner, was the most lively. The music did not match the videos but no one seemed to care or notice. We made new friends including a very frank Danish economist and one of the harbour administrators. The pubs closed at 0300 and so to Nuuk's fast food outlet of which the customers view is a wall with a small square hole in it. There was no queue but about 100 people wanting served. Buying a hot dog was like being in the middle of a combination of an All Blacks scrum and a cattle stampede.

Saturday 7th August brought improved weather. Frank and Ian bought the stores while Joe and I repaired a few broken bits. Thoughts of buying a 10 glass bottle of Vodka were removed by the price of £38.00. Saturday night saw Frank doing his sensible and mature act by staying aboard. The rest of us still search for maturity. All in all 0930 the following morning seemed awfully early as *Madcap* headed for Qaqortoq, 300M south.

At first, we motored with no wind. As we came into Monday 9th we motor sailed into a headwind which became a southerly gale. An injector pipe cracked. We replaced it. Then the revs dropped. Smoke poured out of the exhaust. This was déjà vu. We ran 15M NE to Arsuk. Although only 150 people live there, they included a mechanic, another John aged 23. He took away all our injectors and pipes including the spares. The injector tips were again the problem. For two days he worked until at last the engine sounded better than it had done since arriving in Greenland. However, by this time, the wind shifted to W, blowing straight into the bay. *Madcap* surged wildly on her doubled warps. By the time an anchor was laid astern, the port bit of 4 x 4 oak was snapped. The wind eased during the evening but F9 was forecast. Therefore we departed Arsuk in the gathering darkness to find shelter about 15M up Arsuk Fjord at Christian Havn, a bay at the side of the fjord where we

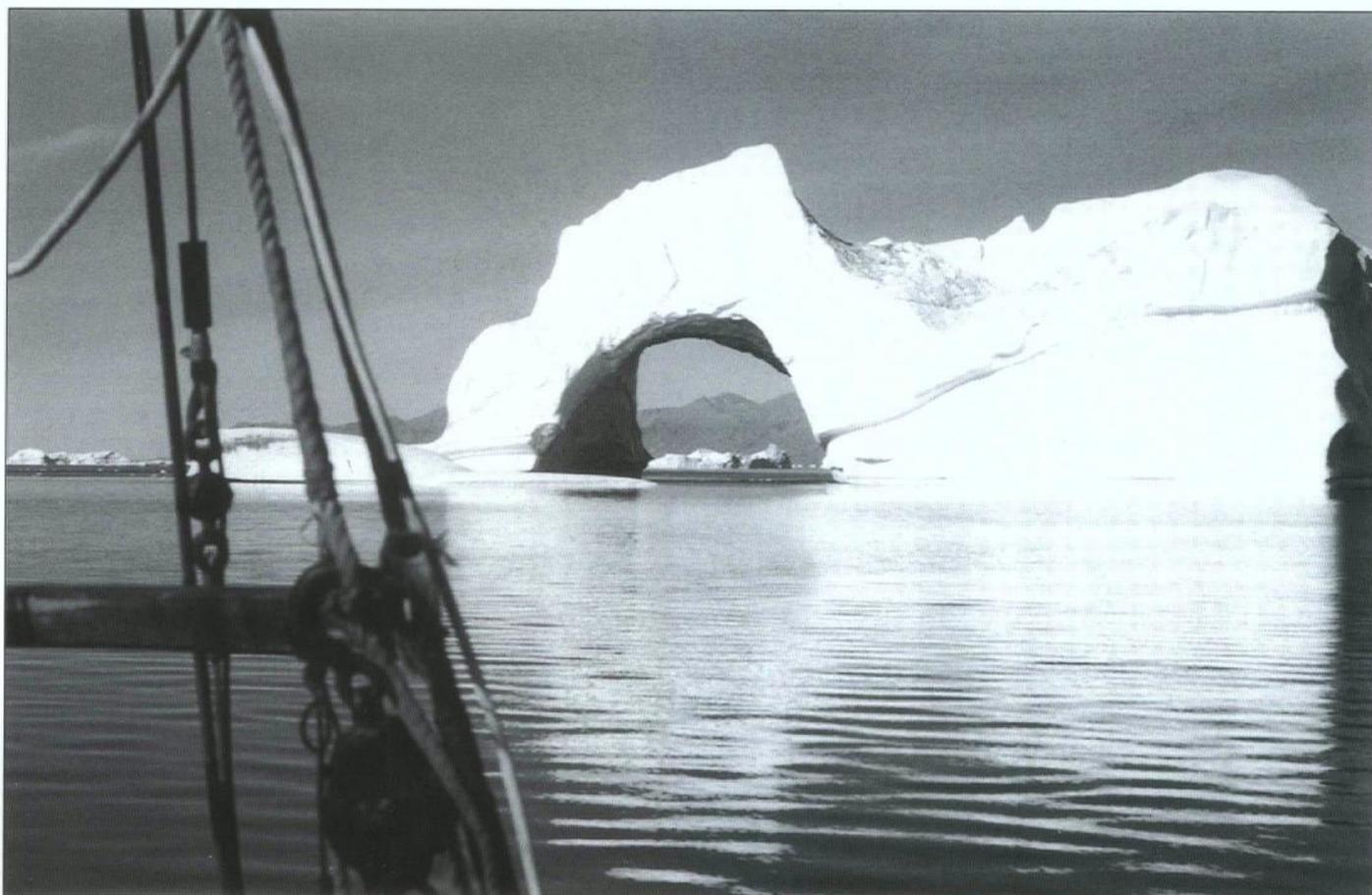
hid behind a rocky outcrop for the rest of the night. We were within a few miles of Gronnedal, HQ of the Danish Navy in Greenland, and Ivigtut, in which two families lived. The two families derived their income from the Danish base but lived off base for tax reasons. The two settlements are joined by Greenland's longest road at 5M which is also the only road to link the two settlements.

At 1130 on Thursday 12th August we weighed anchor and departed for Ireland. We motored slowly into a westerly F6 down the fjord but, once we turned south, *Madcap* romped along at 6/7 KN under staysail and double reefed main. The wind eased to F4/5 in the evening allowing good sailing to continue under the full working rig. The night was moonlit, illuminating the occasional ice. By dawn, the wind had gone. *Madcap* motored in flat seas and



Everyone found their own way of passing the long hours across the Atlantic. In Claire's case it was knotting a bog roll net to her own design.

Photo: Brian Black



Ice-arch in Disko Bay, West Greenland. Beautiful but dangerous, as they are highly unstable and can capsize without warning.

Photo: Frank Sadlier

good visibility. Ice Central had given us co-ordinates to avoid the sea ice. We had hoped to sail through Prinz Christain Sund, a 70M cut through southern Greenland but with an unreliable engine and 3/10 ice still in the sound we opted to travel the further distance around Cap Farvel.

On Friday 14th at 2140 *Madcap*, sailing in a gentle breeze, gybed onto 090°T, setting course for Malin Head, 1246M distant. We kept south of N59°30' but still encountered some ice. Between 0000 and 0100 on 15th *Madcap* was left to drift in a flat calm and thick fog. Visibility was so poor we dared not motor for fear of collision with ice. At 0915, Cap Farvel was once more abeam, 20M to the north. A graffiti artist attacked the heads. A rash of retaliation followed. By the evening of Sunday 16th Greenland with her ice and fog was behind us and our sick engine appeared well enough to be moved out of ICU. The wind came 5W F4. *Madcap* broad reached at 6½-7KN. We listened to Icelandic fishing boats talking on VHF The wind increased F5, the topsail was stowed as *Madcap* charged on at 7½-8KN. By 1850, we had less than 1000 miles to go. Frank announced a special happy hour.

Rapid progress continued for three days in breezes between F4 and 6. We moved through a cycle of sail configurations from all sail to jib and double reefed main and back to all sail. Suddenly, at 1850 on 29th August, our progress was dramatically arrested. The helmsman, content running before a F4 under full main, staysail and jib did not appreciate the rapid rise in wind strength. Taken unawares, *Madcap* gybed accidentally.

The preventers on both booms prevented major damage. As we came under control again, the wind rose to F9. We hove to under a small jib at the stem head and had dinner. The seas were large and confused. Several broke on top of *Madcap*. By morning, the wind had eased. We set off again under only the jib at 5-5½ KN.

By Friday 21st, we were motoring once more but the engine had to go back to casualty. A core plug developed a hole in it. This was repaired with a pared down match stick. The salt water cooling became intermittent. On Saturday 22nd, the wind shifted to SE F5 making for slow progress on starboard tack. Whales which we had seen aplenty were replaced by dolphin who accompanied us for four days giving a superb display.

Two more core plugs began to leak. They were repaired with match sticks and we reduced revs to 1200 to prevent further problems. The wind moved to ENE. We had been pushed north. The Harbour Bar, Portrush, was not going to be our first stop. Eventually, after 14 days at sea *Madcap* was tied up at Portpatrick in Scotland for our final relaxation.

Five thousand miles in 8½ weeks, *Madcap* crossed the North Atlantic going uphill and then down. We had the added bonus of visiting Iceland forced on us. We suffered four gales, an unusually high incidence of fog and serious engine problems but what a fantastic holiday. Finally, Marion Sadlier created menus for us of meals that could be cooked by culinary idiots in any weather. They were a raging success and a highlight of the trip.

Alys in Biscay and Galicia

David Park

I planned to be away two months this year. Semi-retirement is a wonderful institution and I anticipated it would blend in beautifully with the Galician Rally followed by a slow cruise home across Northern Spain and South Brittany.

We couldn't leave until 19 June 1998 so the prospect of making the first Rally in Bayona was in doubt.

We took the tide out of Strangford Lough that evening. On board were Peter Minnis (ICC), my daughter Julia and her finance Rupert; four in all. It was reasonably calm in the Irish Sea but then we got the traditional head winds and could just lay Lands End and decided on a short stop in Newlyn which is still a lovely unspoilt fishing port. The head winds persisted and the next port was 'L'Aberwrach on the North Brittany coast. This passage was greatly improved at noon by a champagne and cake reception as it was my birthday. The following day we had a miserable motor sail in wet misty weather through the Chenal Du Four and then west of Ile de Sein and were just able to lay the north west corner of Spain. On the wind we managed 246 nautical miles in the first forty-eight hours but then the wind headed and we motor sailed the last 106 nautical miles to La Coruna. Numerous porpoises and some whales were sighted and the passage took three and a quarter days. Hilary and Carolyn joined us here; both being teachers they could not get off earlier and had flown to Santiago De Compostela.

Glory be, the sun came out, the wind freed and we had a glorious sail of 76 nautical miles from La Coruna to Muros. We finished the day having a fine seafood meal ashore at 2300. Spain only seems to come alive in the middle of the night. From Muros we sailed the 25 nautical miles to Puebla del Caraminal in the Ria de Arosa to join the second ICC Rally.

The Rally is well recorded but suffice it to say the organisation was superb and much credit is due to Leo Conway, who did all the donkey work, and Michael McKee, our Commodore, who carried off everything with aplomb. We attended the final Rally at Portosin on 6 July followed by another motor sail in poor visibility to Camarinas. We did some shopping here next morning and watched the lace making for which this small village is famous. Another motor sail took us to the fishing harbour of Malpica just to the east of the Islas Sisargas. A fisherman kindly directed us to an unoccupied buoy; we were the only yacht there and the harbour was active all night making sleep difficult. More head winds and motoring took us to Ria De Cedeira. This is a pleasant anchorage in a very pretty Ria and we stayed two nights. John Clementson and Ann Bunting were here and we all enjoyed reciprocal meals aboard *Alys* and *Faustina II*. In Ribadeo I managed to find two electricians to sort out alternator problems which had been ongoing since leaving home. They repaired the alternator but said it was old and should soon be renewed. Ribadeo is a fine old town. We had a very good meal in the Parador here and it was not expensive. The weather was now very hot and we motored to Cudillero, a quaint old fishing village which has a new massive harbour. There are several pontoons for yachts (no charge). Hilary and I ate ashore here and had a superb meal –



THE STRANGFORD CUP
FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE



Carolyn Minnis, Peter Minnis, Hilary Park at Santiago de Compostela.

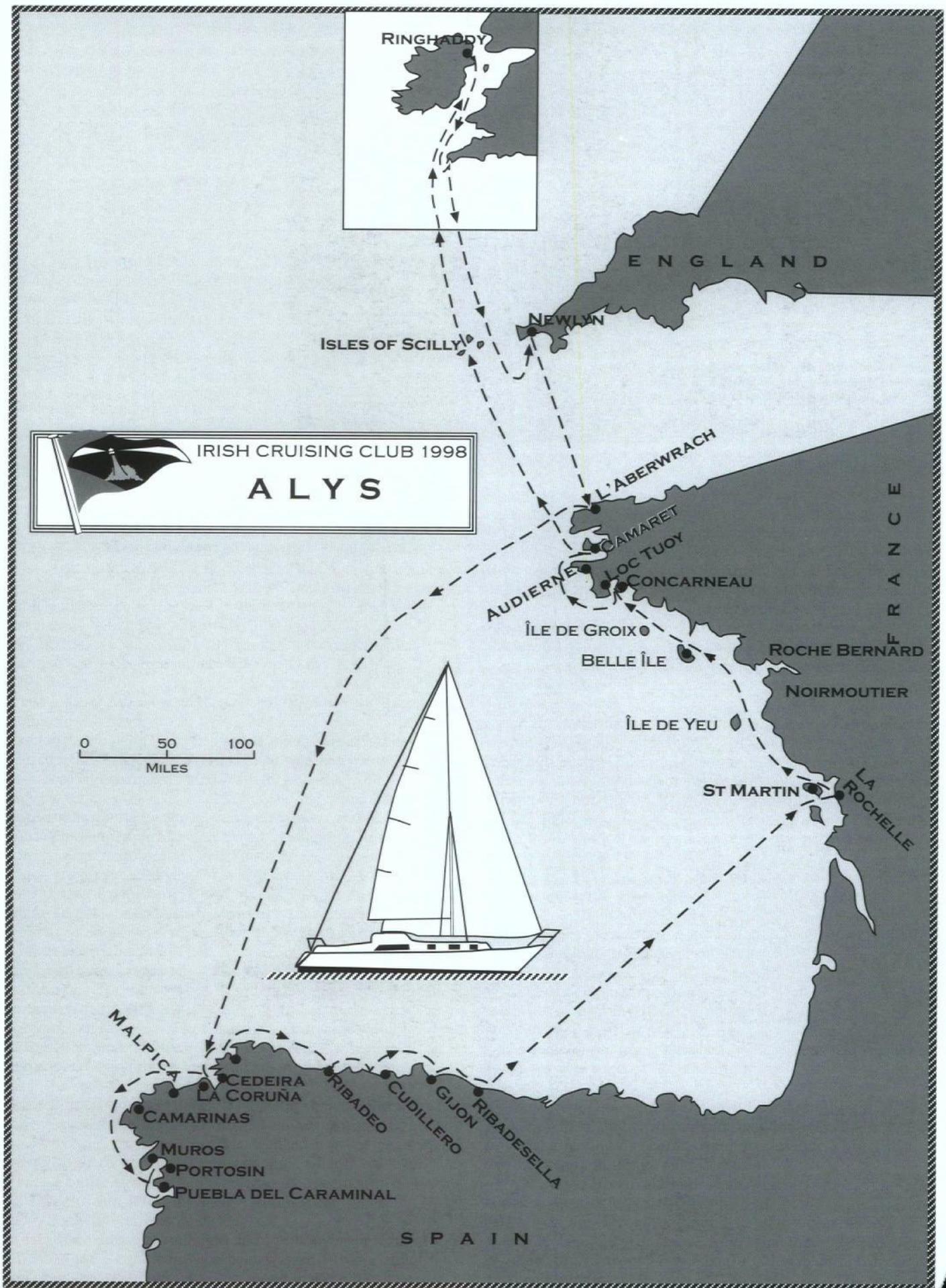
three courses with wine, brandy and coffee cost £32 for the two of us. This area of Spain is very cheap.

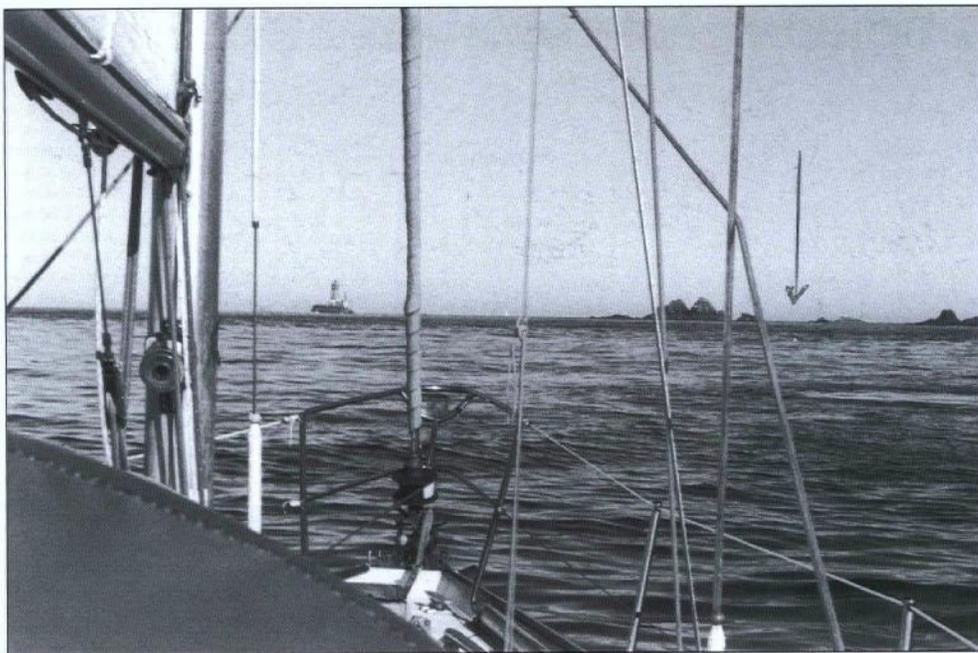
From Cudillero we motored around Cabo Penas where there was a huge swell although it was a calm day. This must be a fearsome spot in bad weather.

Again the alternator packed up and at Gijon I cut my losses and had a new one fitted and that was the end of the trouble. Yet another motor sail took us to Ribadesella, a very pretty town but the entrance bar had little water at L.W. and we just managed to enter with less than a metre to spare. Peter and Carolyn left us here to fly home from Santiago and we left the same day at noon to sail across Biscay to La Rochelle to meet Aidan Tyrrell (ICC). We had a grand beam reach with very little motoring and covered the 230 nautical miles in forty-two hours. One incident on our first night at sea is worth recounting. I was on watch and saw a series of strobe lights stretching across the bow from one horizon to the other. To port I could see a massive bright light just dipping below the horizon (The mother ship?).

Each strobe light was about a quarter mile apart and rather than go between them I bore off south east and had to go at least six miles to get around the last light. At dawn they all disappeared and I could see a large motor boat on the port horizon. This was a most confusing situation as we were beyond the continental shelf. I presume it was a huge drift net and as for strobe lights we did see some mounted on the masts of fishing boats in France. Is this a new form of navigational warning?

We stayed three days at Minimes Marina at La Rochelle and used the ferry from the marina to the centre of town. Aidan duly arrived and we sailed the 11 nautical miles to Saint Martin on the Ile De Ré. You lock in here several hours each side of H.W. and it is a very chic old town with a Vauban fort. A southerly wind carried us north to Port Joinville on Ile d'Yeu. This is also a pleasant town but very crowded with holiday





Raz de Sein, Passe du Trduziard from the South, La Vielle Lighthouse to Port, pass marked with arrow.

makers. Hilary and I walked across the island visiting Marshall Pétain's grave – he was imprisoned on the island after the last war and eventually died there. There is a spectacular ruined castle on the south coast well worth a visit.

We sailed from Ile d'Yeu to L'Herbaudiere, a marina at the north end of Ile de Noirmoutier – a stopping off point rather than anything spectacular. The following day we locked into the Villaine River (no charge) and motored up to Roche Bernard. The marina here is in most pleasant surroundings and the town itself is most attractive.

Aidan's daughter Oonagh and friend Walter joined us for a few days and we picked them up at Port Haliguen at the tip of the Qujiberon Peninsula. We sailed out to Le Palais on Belle Ile but the weather was wet and miserable so we consoled ourselves with a fine meal ashore courtesy of Walter. In bright sunshine we sailed from Belle Ile to Port Tudy, Ile de Groix – a place I enjoy especially the walk up the hill to the small village. In Concarneau, Oonagh and Walter left us and Helen Hassett joined us from Cork. We had a super meal here in "Chez Armande" just facing the marina. It has the new Michelin "Bib Gourmand" rating which is good food at moderate prices. After Concarneau we spent an evening in Loc Tudy and then motor sailed around Penmarc'h to the St Evette anchorage at Audierne. It was a beautiful day here and we had a long hot walk into Audierne. The next morning was calm and we were away at 8.30 to catch the tide at the Raz de Sein. We went through the Passe du Trouziard (see photograph) which is between Gorlégriez to the west and Trouziard. We had an uneventful sail to Camaret where

we stocked the boat in the supermarket for the passage home. Helen left us here to stay for a few days in Audierne before flying home to Ireland.

Our intention was to visit Ile de Molène and anchor overnight but as we approached it became increasingly foggy. There were rocks everywhere and on rounding the North Cardinal buoy Porceauex we bounced off a rock to the west of it which seemed a trifle odd! At this stage we decided to cut losses and go to sea through the Chenal de la Helle. We had a grand sail all day and night but again encountered thick fog south of the Scilly Isles. We managed to identify the old lighthouse on St Agnes and anchored in The Cove between St Agnes and Gough. It had taken us twenty-six hours from Camaret. The fog didn't burn off until lunch time and similarly the next day when we went over to Porth

Cressa to do some shopping in Hughtown. I had never been on St Martins so we motored across at H.W. to Tean Cove and anchored. The new St Martins Isle Hotel provided an excellent dinner and also gave us free showers.

We had a fast passage home to Ireland. The wind started westerly and slowly backed south west and we had the Tuskar abeam at the first of the flood. We stopped at the new Ardglass marina 48 hours out from Scilly (250 nautical miles, average 5.2k).

We were alongside Ringhaddy pontoon the next afternoon 14 August 1998.

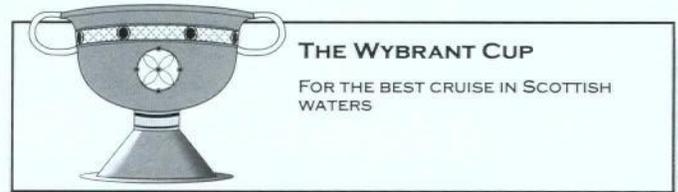
Thus ended an interesting Galician and Biscay Cruise. We managed to sail 2106 nautical miles in eight weeks visiting twenty-eight ports and harbours.



Alys at Tean Sound, Scilly

Dodging gales in The Outer Hebrides

Peter and Evie
Ronaldson



Our cruise in our Contessa 32 *Scotch Mist* this year was intended to be a celebration of retirement. After 35 years of cruising with deadlines dictated by the demands of employment this would be our first venture unconstrained by serious time pressures – there would we hoped, be challenging sailing and pilotage, peaceful, beautiful and lonely anchorages, interesting excursions ashore and of course the sort of food and refreshment both afloat and ashore which complement any successful cruise.

We had had a wonderful time in Galicia on board *Faustina II* enjoying the atmosphere, climate, scenery, companionship and fun which the Cruise in Company brought, but we were now looking forward to doing our own thing in our somewhat less luxurious but nevertheless sea-kindly and much loved classic little ship. The weather was of course beyond our control and in the event it turned out that one of the most useful and over-worked pieces of equipment on the boat was the trusty Eberspacher heater.

The few days after the final retirement party were spent carrying out all the usual last minute preparations and by the afternoon of Friday 24th July we were ready to go and finally left Bangor Marina at 1545. Unfortunately by then we had missed the first few hours of favourable tide in the North Channel so decided that a short leg to Carnlough would be the best we could hope for. It turned out to be motor sail into a brisk F4 north westerly with a lumpy sea which if nothing else washed the marina dust and grime off the decks. We have always maintained that the Antrim coast is among the most attractive parts of our coastline and in the afternoon sun it was looking its best – the only drawback being that the entrance to Carnlough harbour was difficult to pick out against the bright light. We entered the harbour at 2045 about two hours after low water and had no difficulty with our 5' 6" draft. We secured outside several resident craft on the north side of the tiny basin and were immediately subjected to a rather aggressive inquisition by about 8 youths who climbed over the inside boats, lined themselves along our neighbour's lifelines and fired question after question at us in most unpleasant and intimidating manner. It was not a pleasant welcome to Carnlough and we soon decided that it would be unwise to leave the boat unattended.

The following morning things were much more pleasant and as soon as the tide turned in our favour we were off bound for Gigha with a gentle south westerly pushing us on our way. Unfortunately this rapidly fell away and it became necessary to motor sail to maintain progress. We were now slipping comfortably into cruising mode in the way one settles into a good book and had a quiet and uneventful passage interrupted only by the attention of some passing porpoises. The strong favourable tide ensured a quick trip but we were still too late to find a visitor's mooring free and had to anchor in about 3 metres to the south of the moorings where we were comfortably sheltered from the increasing southerly breeze. Rain and wind made the prospect of going ashore unattractive

so we ate well on board accompanied by a bottle of Faustino V which reminded us of Galicia even if the weather didn't.

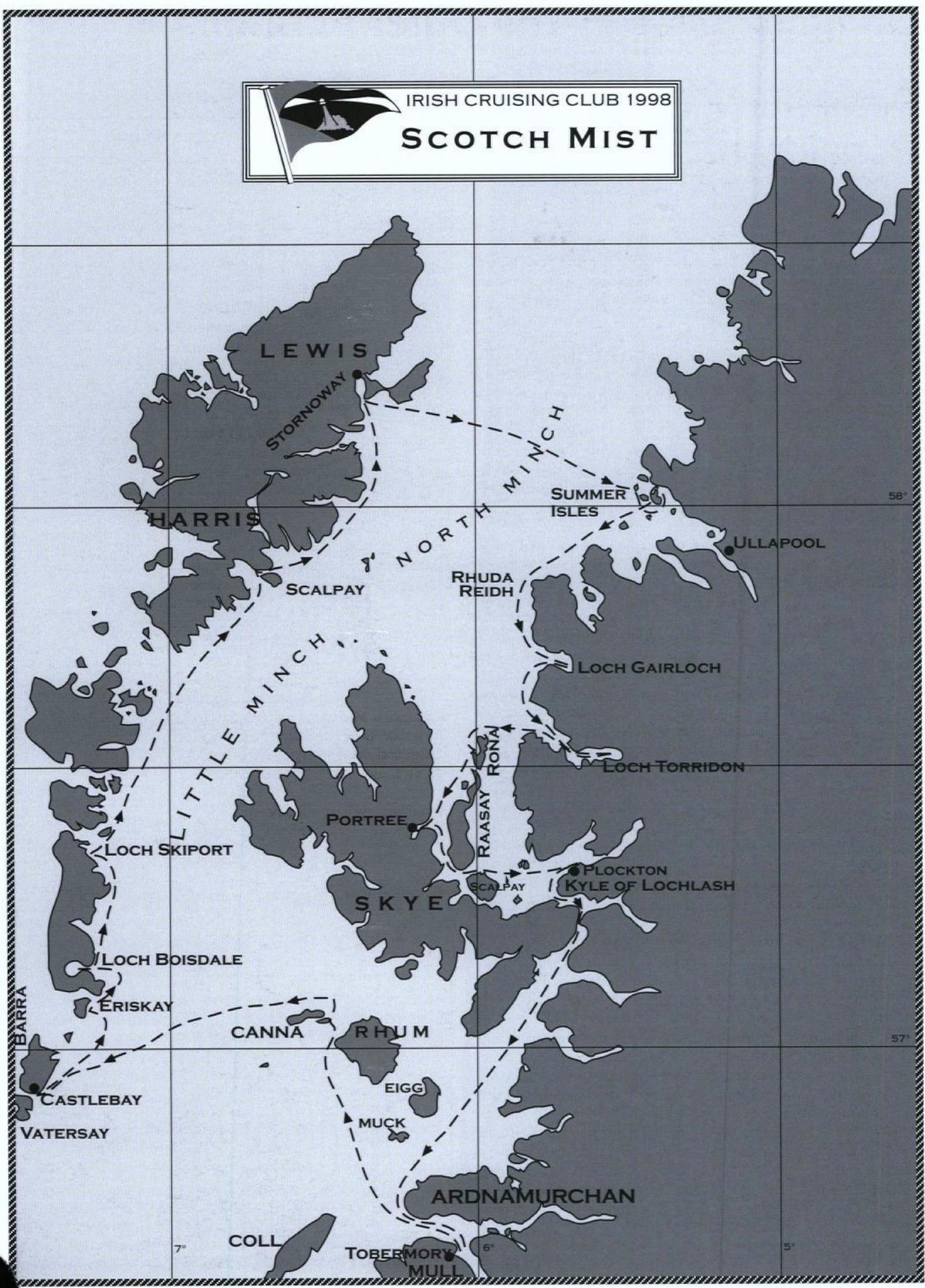
The weather pattern was distinctly unsettled with a series of Atlantic Lows interspersed with short lived weak ridges crossing Western Scotland with monotonous regularity and we found the Marinecall coastal waters forecasts broadcast by the Coastguards to be both accurate and timely with updates at 0700 and 1900 each day. The forecast was broadcast by Belfast, Clyde, Oban and Stornoway Coastguards at four hourly intervals and there was always a convenient broadcast of the new forecast between 0800 and 0900 daily. On Sunday 26th July it gave some hope of an improvement later in the day so we had a leisurely morning finally leaving at 1220 when the wind had moderated to a gentle F2. It became so pleasant in fact that we set the spinnaker for an hour or so – a rare event on *Scotch Mist* when there are only two aboard. Once again motor sailing was the order of the day but it was nevertheless most enjoyable with the company of the odd porpoise and a fascinating collection of sea birds all the time. We carried the tide through the whole length of the Sound of Jura and were finally sluiced through the narrows at Fladda at about 10 knots over the land at 1800. At 1925 we anchored in Puilladobhrann in the company of about fourteen other boats. It was a beautiful calm evening, dinner was enjoyed in the cockpit and we soaked up the unique atmosphere of the highlands for the first time on the cruise. Despite the crowded anchorage it was wonderfully silent – everyone there was enjoying and appreciating their magic surroundings.

The forecast the following morning was no more encouraging than previously but at least the wind was to be southerly and not very strong – this should enable us to reach Tobermory that day. Once again the tide dictated that an early start was unnecessary so the anchorage did not start to clear until about 1230 when we were all shown up by a couple on a beautifully kept *Virtue* who weighed anchor and cleared the anchorage totally under sail. We were less confident of our



Peter and the Skye Bridge.

IRISH CRUISING CLUB 1998
SCOTCH MIST

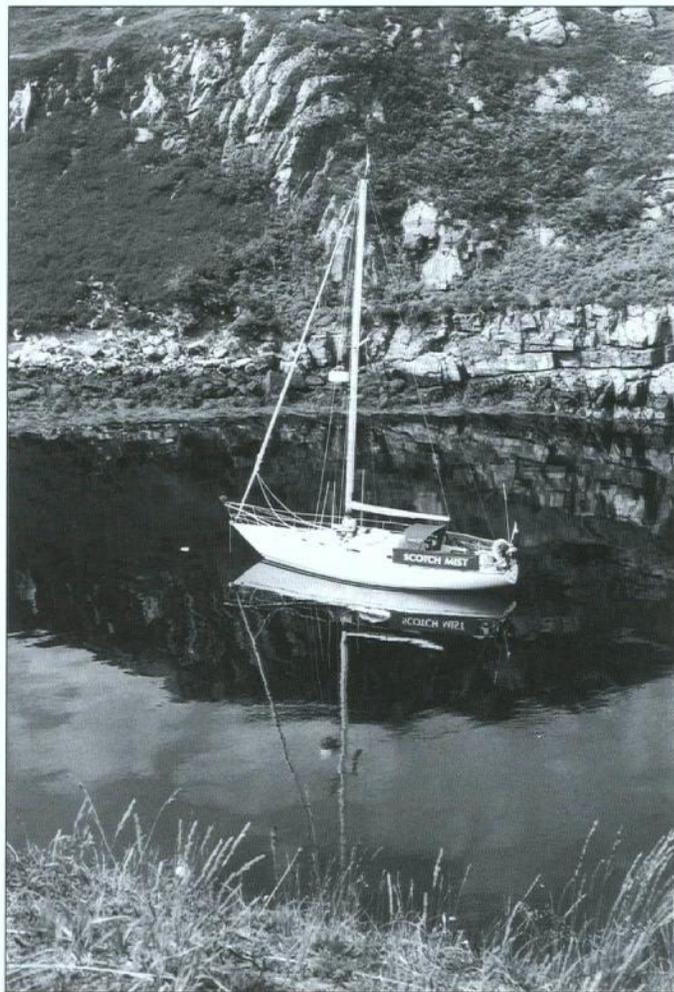


ability to follow suit without creating havoc and motored gently out into a surprisingly sunny Firth of Lorne. A visitation from two very low flying and extremely noisy jet fighters scared the living daylight out of us as we entered the Sound of Mull where we found the wind firmly set in the north west despite the forecast. This of course meant either a beat or the engine and we found the magnetic attraction of Tobermory too much to resist – and left the sailing to the purists of whom initially there were many- before we were half way up the Sound however most had decided the call of the MishNish could not be resisted. Just off Calve Island at the entrance to Tobermory we saved the RNLi a call by rescuing three teenagers in a runabout with a failed engine and towing them into the harbour. At 1830 we anchored in Tobermory and decided that we deserved a meal ashore – we had not actually been off the boat since we left Carnlough – and ended up not only having an excellent meal in the Lochinvar restaurant but having a great night's crack in the MishNish with the crew of *Freda* an ex-RNLi lifeboat who we had seen setting off from Carnlough. There was music and dancing and storytelling which went on until the early hours and which ensured that an early start the next morning was out of the question – and what did it matter – for this was to be a cruise with no time pressures!

In fact we declared the next day (Tuesday 28th) to be a lay day and instead of going to sea enjoyed a marvellous day in port. We were lucky enough to find a vacant visitor's mooring and entertained Katie and Frank Christie on board, heard all the latest news from the CCC and were in turn entertained aboard Douglas Clow's *Guilty* – we spent time exploring the wonderful Brown's Alladin's cave of a hardware shop and then carefully avoided a repeat of the previous night's excesses by eating on board.

We now felt that we had completed the preliminaries as it were and were now ready to start cruising in earnest. The weather did not wish to co-operate however and the following morning dawned damp and dreary. Ardnamurchan beckoned so we set off under engine at 1010 bound for the most westerly point on the British mainland. We had a light southwesterly as we rounded the headland and motorsailed quietly towards Canna which was our chosen anchorage. It was another benign day from the weather point of view with heavy grey clouds hanging over the higher hills on Eigg and Rhum. On Rhum it seemed as if the many waterfalls were pouring straight out of the clouds and at times during the heavier showers we thought they were. We saw our first puffins of the cruise and as we approached Canna the sun made its most determined effort to appear since we left. We dropped anchor in the perfectly sheltered harbour at 1600 having the place almost to ourselves – there were only two other boats there – and almost immediately went ashore for a walk on our favourite Hebridean island. Canna is a most beautiful place with lush green rolling pasture backed by higher heather clad hills and it was looking absolutely splendid in the afternoon sun. We were interested to see that the old Catholic church is being converted into a study centre by the National Trust who now own the island.

We had now made up our minds that we would head for the Outer Hebrides – new ground for Evie – and the forecast of a NNE to N 3 to 4 becoming N4/5 locally 6 helped us decide on an early departure from Canna which we left at 1030 on 30th July. To say we had a brisk sail was putting it mildly for the F6 came a lot sooner than forecast and we flew across the Minch under heavily reefed main and genoa with the log recording eight knots regularly. The sun shone most of the time and there were few other yachts about but despite the wind we had a wonderful day with the hills and mountains of the Outer Isles gradually rising above the horizon and appearing first purple and then brown and green as we approached. We decided to



Our private bit of Heaven – Tanera Beg.

head for Barra and by 1625 we were abeam of the Bo vich Chuan buoy which lies two miles of the entrance to Castlebay, the main town of the island. The wind was now gusting well over 30 knots so we were glad to be in shelter and were relieved to find that there were plenty of free visitors moorings laid very conveniently close to the landing slip in the centre of town. We were very pleased with our days sail but were quite tired and settled for an early night after a fine meal, a couple of G&T's and an excellent bottle of wine. We had covered 40 miles in 6½ hours

We now discovered the real beauty about our new found freedom for we decided to stay in Barra for a couple of days. Our time there was spent exploring the island and its neighbour Vatersay on the local bus when we saw the wonderful white sands of the local beaches and of course called at the airport which uses the beach as its runway and where the timetable is dependant on the tide. We were interested to cross the new causeway to Vatersay and visit the fabulous beach on which many of us had enjoyed a great barbecue during the CCC 75th Anniversary many years previously. It was very different now being almost completely deserted despite warm sunshine. We visited various hostelrys for food and sustenance and watched a local wedding which seemed to involve the entire population of the island. We were told by the experts, however, that it wasn't a real highland wedding as only the bride was an islander – the bridegroom was an outsider from England!

Saturday (1st August) morning was spent refuelling and taking on water. The Outer Hebrides are not yet geared to accommodating yachtsmen and we soon realised that in most cases fuel and water had to be carried from the local pump or tap as the case may be. On Barra the water still has

pronounced peaty colour which makes it look rather like weak whisky – unfortunately without the same benefits. It is worth noting that Camping Gaz is virtually unobtainable in the Outer Hebrides so anyone depending on this form of fuel should make sure they have plenty before they leave. We were not aware of this until it was too late and almost paid the penalty later in the cruise.

We left Barra at 1500 on Saturday and sailed / motor sailed the few miles to Acairseid Mor on Eriskay. The entrance to the anchorage is very narrow and quite tortuous and we did not find the leading marks – “columns with white boards” as conspicuous as we expected. The sailing directions also refer to a conspic. white house on the same line as the leading marks which we felt not to be the case but nevertheless we made it safely into the excellent anchorage by 1800 and were disappointed to find that one of the two visitors moorings was occupied by local fishing boat which had obviously been there for a long time. The other mooring was occupied by two yachts so there was little option for us but to anchor which we did in the middle of the harbour. The following morning the forecast was awful, threatening southerly 7 to 8 by evening so we promptly decided to head for the relative civilisation of Loch Boisdale before the gale arrived. We knew there were visitors moorings there but did not realise that they were not really placed in the best position to offer good shelter from a southerly gale. We scampered away from Eriskay at 1000 and had a cracking sail under headsail alone in an ever increasing southerly which blew us into the loch by 1130. We found plenty of vacant moorings, selected one, and rigged a couple of back up lines to the buoy for a little extra peace of mind. By 1800 the forecast had proved to be very accurate and the new one at 1900 offered little encouragement forecasting gusts of up to 45 knots overnight. At 2130 we were recording a steady 30 knots with gusts of 37 and it was pouring rain. The anchorage could have been more comfortable but we realised that to anchor in a more sheltered area would have interfered with the ferry fairway.

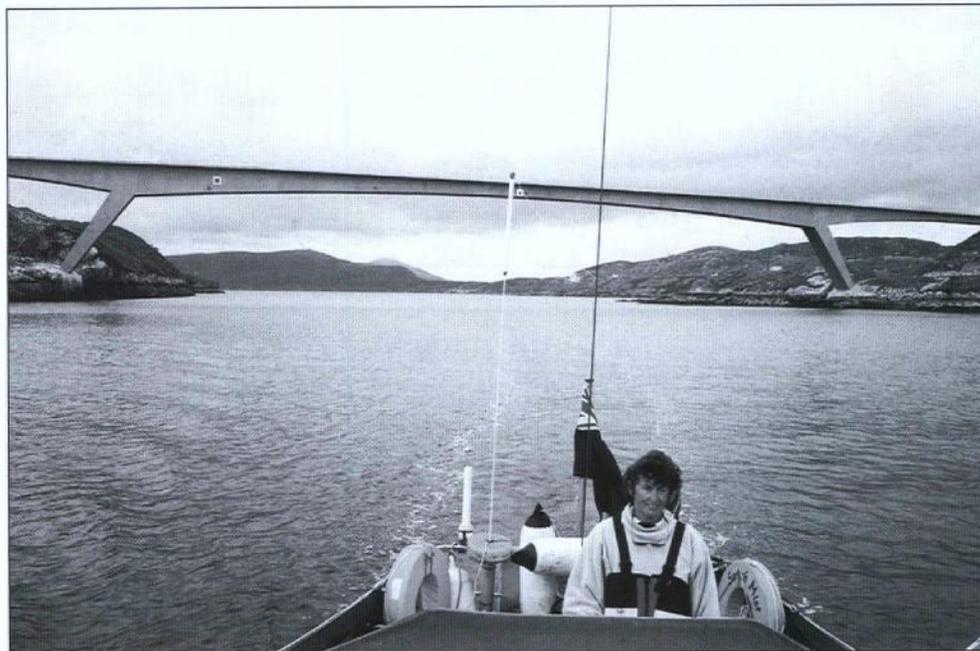
Needless to say the night was not particularly peaceful but we still managed to have an excellent meal of pork chops and strawberries and cream washed down with a good bottle of wine and we felt a good deal more comfortable than a group of walkers which we saw climbing up into the rain clouds at about 1900. We later discovered that they were taking part in the

annual charity hill walk – some people are even madder than yachtsmen.

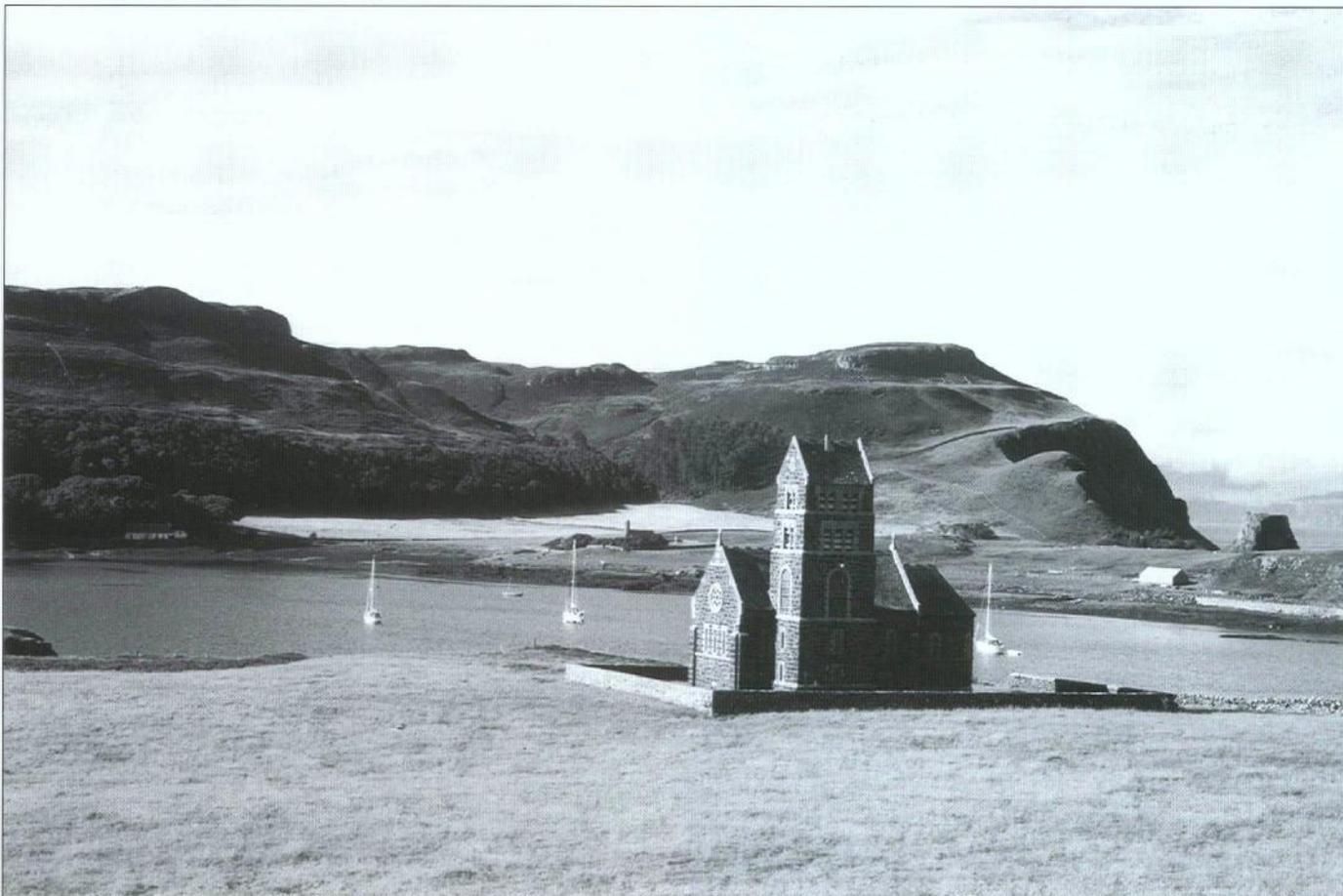
The weather forced us to stay in Loch Boisdale for three days and this allowed us to spend more time ashore exploring South Uist and its neighbouring islands of Benbecula and North Uist by bus. We enjoyed seeing the varied landscapes of machair, sand dunes, lochs and hills and we met many of the local population who seem to be able to eke a living out of such an inhospitable land. We even found a small village store which sold Camping Gaz and promptly relieved him of his total stock – one cylinder! In the Loch Boisdale Hotel we discovered the most delicious crab claws – a huge plate for £3.50 seemed remarkable value and we also found first class showers owned by the Council on the pier in which it was almost impossible to run out of hot water for just 50p. One drawback of the harbour was the necessity to climb a ladder of up to 20 rungs depending on the tide to get ashore from the dinghy.

By Wednesday 5th August the threat of gales had diminished sufficiently to tempt us to sea again although we were interested to note that the forecasts issued by Oban Coastguard differed from those issued by Stornoway in some significant details despite covering the same area and presumably using the same basic data. Strangely enough Stornoway seemed to omit some of the stronger winds forecast by Oban. A few last minute purchases were made from the modern but poorly stocked store and we were amazed to find that it was only possible to buy fresh milk on Wednesday and that this week's had not come in yet! We slipped our mooring at noon and had a most exhilarating sail along the coast of South Uist admiring the patterns of sunshine and showers on the purple mountains. The wind was fresh but the sea was flat and at one stage someone even said that it reminded them of sailing along the lee side of the Caribbean Islands – a pity about the temperature! We were flying along at up to eight knots and decided that the Wizard Pool in Loch Skipton seemed an attractive place to head for. We found excellent shelter and excellent holding in about 4 metres inside Wizard Island and for the first time in the entire cruise found ourselves totally alone and really cut off from the world in a wonderfully bleak yet majestic landscape – we had no idea where the nearest sign of civilisation was. Our loneliness was short lived however as we were soon joined by a Sailing School Sigma 33 who demonstrated most expertly the art of laying two anchors – a

wise precaution as it turned out because the next forecast was again full of gale warnings which duly turned out to be accurate. We had a fine meal of fresh flounder bought from a fisherman in Loch Boisdale but before the dishes were washed we were being blasted by 35 knot squalls screaming down the side of the nearby Hecla mountain. By midnight however things had quietened down and we got a good night's sleep – on reflection it would have been better to select one of the many other excellent anchorages in Loch Skipton which all lie further away from the influence of Hecla. We took the opportunity to explore these the following morning and were particularly impressed by the Linne Arm of the Loch in which a boat would almost bulletproof and not subject to squalls from any high land.



Passing under the new bridge linking Scalpay with Harris.



Canna Harbour in the evening sun.

With all this exploration we didn't finally leave Loch Skipport until 1240 by which time there was a glorious F5 southwesterly to carry us further north along the 'Long Isle'. What followed was by far the best sail of the cruise – broad reaching in up to 30 knots of wind comfortably reefed and enjoying the ever changing island scenery as we passed one island after another – each one with its own characteristics and each one a little bleaker and devoid of vegetation than the one before. The colours were fascinating and the bird life was simply outstanding in its range of species and their numbers. At times the sea was teeming with birds and our reference book was kept busy identifying them all. Passing the Sound of Harris the sea was a bit confused and we thought briefly of visiting Loch Rodel but progress was so good and the sailing so enjoyable that we decided to press on and eventually called it a day off Scalpay (Harris) where we anchored in the North Harbour at 1900 having covered 45 miles in six and a half hours. The harbour is a busy fishing port and the whole economy of the island has been transformed by the construction of a road bridge linking it with the mainland of Harris. Exploration of the island on foot the next morning revealed many new houses, and a new lottery funded community hall as well as a lively Gaelic tradition with many of the locals using it as their native tongue. Indeed we were delighted to see throughout the Outer Hebrides that most day to day business is still carried through the Gaelic language despite the influence of mass communication systems.

Having travelled so far along the Outer Isles it would seem a pity to leave without seeing Stornoway which was now only 30 miles away. The forecast was still giving southerlies 3 to 4 so we weighed anchor at 1215 on Friday 7th August determined to find out if Stornoway's reputation for sociable week ends (excluding Sunday!) was justified. We weren't to be

disappointed. We passed through the Sound of Scalpay and under the fine new bridge which has headroom of 20 metres and out into the Minch once again with a gentle 10 knot southerly. The bird life was less prolific than previously but as we passed inside the Shiant Islands we saw thousands of puffins this apparently being one of their major population centres in the world. We were also interested to see one of the most inaccessible construction sites one could imagine – it appeared that Gob na Milaid lighthouse was being rebuilt and the site could only be accessed by helicopter and by an amazing series of ladders and platforms built into the cliff.

Stornoway has a small marina at the inner end of the harbour and we found the dockmaster most helpful in guiding us to a berth. It is a somewhat basic facility with few of the comforts one associates with a modern marina but it nevertheless fulfills a most useful need as it separates yachts from the fishing fleet and provides a good level of security. We were amused to see that the harbour is home to a colony of large seals who presumably live on the cast offs of the fishing fleet – they pay a high price for their food however as the harbour is filthy and they must include large quantities of diesel fuel in their diet. We had unwittingly arrived in Stornoway on their annual Carnival week end and after an average meal in a hotel close to the marina we toured a few pubs where the locals were getting into practice for the main event on Saturday. There is no doubt that alcohol plays a very important part in the Stornoway culture – especially among the younger citizens – but we saw no sign of any aggressive or really offensive behaviour and everyone seemed intent on having a good time – somewhat different from our experiences at home. We enjoyed the Carnival with its colourful and musical floats the next day but found the following evening more suited to teenager culture so we retired to the boat at a respectable hour. The following day was Sunday

and of course Stornoway closes down completely. No shops, no buses, no ferries, no pubs, no people, no nothing – its hard to imagine a greater contrast from the revelry of the previous two days – so we decided we had seen enough of it and the Outer Hebrides for this year and cast off at 1100 bound for the Summer Isles off the mouth of Loch Broom on the Scottish mainland. As usual the forecast was depressing, talking about yet another deep low over Iceland, but locally they expected nothing over F4 and in the event it never even reached that level. By 1150 we were clear of the harbour and we had a quiet passage sometimes sailing sometimes motor sailing across the Minch to Tanera Mor the largest of the attractive Summer Isles group where we arrived at 1800. Unfortunately the best anchorage on the island, commonly known as the Cabbage Patch is completely full of fish farming equipment and is totally unusable by yachts so we anchored in about 5 metres off an old jetty in the south side of the main bay. We were the only yacht there and enjoyed a fabulous highland evening – flat calm, sunny, silent apart from the splashes of fish in the nearby farm – spoiled only by our first real attack by midges!

Summer arrived the next day and we explored the other anchorages in the group finally anchoring for lunch in a tiny bay between Eilean Fada Mor and Tanera Beg in hot sunshine which even brought out the swimsuits for a while. A photographic expedition ashore produced excellent results and then we just relaxed and enjoyed our own private bit of paradise. It was so pleasant that we cancelled our plan to visit the gardens in Inverewe and headed instead to Gairloch which we reached at 1800 after a passage round Ru Re motoring against an ever increasing southerly. Having looked at the anchorages off Sheildaig where we saw the magnificent Fife ketch *Kentra* at anchor we eventually decided to head for Badachro which we knew to have a pub which served meals. We picked up a privately owned visitors mooring – £7.50 for the night – and immediately headed ashore for what turned out to be a major disappointment to say the least. The pub was in the process of changing hands and all we can say is good luck to the new owner! We retired aboard eaten alive by midges and still fairly hungry.

A detailed exploration of Loch Torridon was carried out the following in glassy calm but mostly dull conditions and we then headed across the top end of the Inner Sound to Acarseid Mor on Rona which has long been one of our favourite anchorages. Here we were amazed to find that the only house at the head of the bay had been transformed from a derelict ruin into a most comfortable cottage which even had a shower for the use of visiting sailors. Acarseid Mor is a perfectly sheltered pool and we enjoyed a quiet and absolutely silent night there with an excellent meal, excellent wine and only minimal attention from the midges! Stores were getting low and it was time to visit the metropolis of Portree on Skye for a big shopping spree. It is only 10 miles from Rona so we motored across against a fresh south-westerly picking up a visitors mooring at 1410 on Wednesday 12th August. In Portree the visitors moorings are situated on the opposite side of the bay from the pier and the journey ashore can involve quite a long and wet dinghy trip. We also noted that

many of the visitors moorings seemed to have been fitted with riding strops by local boatowners presumably for their own use. We enjoyed the best meal ashore of the whole cruise in the excellent Bosville Hotel. They specialise in seafood and our meal more than compensated for our disappointment in Badachro. We also found the cheapest diesel of the cruise on Portree pier where it is handled by the very helpful piermaster – generally we found Portree to be prosperous and full of foreign tourists – surely a sign of the benefit of the Skye Bridge.

Next day we had fresh sail in the well forecast F5-6 southerly to Plockton where we hoped to meet up with family now living in Scotland. In the event we were there for four days sheltering from a series of southwesterly and westerly gales which gave plenty of time to see the family and also to see the surrounding country. We befriended another stormbound couple, Jill and Al Murray who happened to have their car in Plockton as well as their boat and we were able to enjoy the amazing road over the Applecross mountains thanks to their generosity.

Despite our principles about our new found freedoms we were beginning to think of home more and more with each successive gale warning so when we finally got a respite from the incessant southerlies on Monday 17 August we left Plockton determined to get as far south as wind and tide would permit – as quickly as possible! We could not leave until 1500 because the tide (up to 7 knots) would not be favourable through the narrows at Kyle Rhea until then but once we got away progress was rapid using both sail and power. The forecast at 1900 encouraged us to keep going for it said the northwesterlies we were enjoying would only last a few hours before the next depression brought southerlies again. We gave up any ideas of stopping at Isle Ornsay, Mallaig or Loch Nevis and pushed on to Ardnamurchan which we rounded at 2245 in the dark. Our radar was useful for a while as we kept a safe distance offshore after rounding the headland and soon we picked up Ru na Gall light at the entrance to Tobermory where we finally anchored in the rain at 0100 on Tuesday 18th August.

We had thus closed the circle having left Tobermory three weeks earlier, crossed the Minch via Canna, sailed virtually the full length of the Outer Hebrides, recrossed the Minch and returned to Tobermory down the mainland coast. Our passage back to Bangor more or less retraced our outward track although we called into different anchorages. We spent a wet



Canna Harbour.



Absolute wilderness – The Wizard Pool, Loch Skipport.

and stormy night in Loch Spelve which now seems to be one huge fish farm, we spent two nights waiting for weather in Craobh Marina where we enjoyed excellent food in the Creels restaurant which adjoins the marina office and experienced the roughest water of the whole cruise in the tide race off the MacCormaig Isles. Ardminish Bay in Gigha was our final port of call and on Saturday 22nd August we made our final passage to Bangor in calm and eventually sunny and warm conditions – the sort of weather which unfortunately we had seen all to little of in the previous four weeks. As we approached Bangor we spied the Commodore's *Isobel* abeam and finished the cruise with drinks and lunch together on *Scotch Mist* in the Marina.

So ended our first cruise without the worry of work in the background – the weather may not have been great – in fact for much of the time it was downright awful – but we didn't let it get us down – too much! We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, saw many new and interesting places, avoided too much hassle and that surely is what cruising is all about. Next year though I think we might try and find somewhere drier, less windy and warmer!

SUMMARY

<i>July</i>	<i>Bangor Marina to:</i>	<i>Miles</i>
Friday 24th	Camlough	27
Sat 25th	Gigha	39
Sun 26th	Puilladobhrain	38
Mon 27th	Tobermory	29
Wed 29th	Canna	34
Thu 30th	Castlebay	40
<i>August</i>		
Sat 1st	Eriskay	18
Sun 2nd	Loch Boisdale	9
Wed 5th	Loch Skipport	15
Thu 6th	Scalpay	46
Fri 7th	Stornoway	31
Sun 9th	Tanera Mor	38
Mon 10th	Badachro	35
Tue 11th	Rona	40
Wed 12th	Portree	11
Thu 13th	Plockton	23
Mon 17th	Tobermory	58
Tue 18th	Loch Spelve	24
Wed 19th	Craobh Haven	16
Fri 21st	Gigha	37
Sat 22nd	Bangor	66
	TOTAL	674

The length and breadth of Portugal in *Rafiki*

Hilary Keatinge

We recovered from the ICC Cruise in Galicia and were feeling somewhat bereft – no *Moshulu* briefings at 10.00, no gin and tonics in crowded cockpits, no busy social itinerary, just *Rafiki* and us. Up to that moment it had been all go for months as we had set ourselves an ambitious timetable. We had bought the ten-year-old *True Love IV* in Holland and turned her into a very upgraded *Rafiki* in seven weeks.

The Atlantic coast of Portugal

14.30 on 10th July we crossed the Spanish Portuguese border; it was a sparkling day, the wind fluky from the north. An hour later off Cabo Montedor both wind and sea were up, then the wind died totally, the sea became very confused and fifteen minutes later we were coping with 41 knots across the deck. We had read of the Portuguese trades but this was our first experience of them and it was to be the pattern as we progressed south; the old hands sighed that it was not usually quite as strong. So we negotiated a dredge at the entrance to Viana do Castelo; the bar needs dredging each year though there was plenty of water as we entered and it was later in the marina that we wondered if we would get stuck in the mud. Ferocious gusts whistled through the rigging, white caps flew across the harbour and we tensed for what we might meet in the way of berthing problems. Happily, conditions were much calmer as we turned off the Rio Lima just before the bridges and there were helping hands to guide us into a berth. The system was the same in most of these marinas; we went in bow first, took a slimy lead to the stern mooring quickly aft and then hauled like mad. This one was the worst we came across as it was chain, incredibly ugly and we were really too long for the berth.

We wandered through the narrow cobbled streets to the centre of Viana where Gothic arches and Renaissance buildings set off the spacious Praca da Republica, its fountain massed with colourful flowers. Four hundred years ago Viana was home to famous navigators and explorers; today it is a busy fishing port and tourist attraction.

Next morning with just the full genoa we rolled down the coast in a brisk northerly; it moderated for the lunchtime sandwiches but was ready to whip up again to Force 7 as the chimneys of the oil refinery came abeam just north of Leixoes (pronounced lay-choise). There is a submerged length of breakwater off the north mole and we had the added excitement of a tanker and two tugs as we rounded into the harbour. We were very glad of assistance as we made the tight turn into our allocated berth; in the excitement I thanked the marinero in Spanish and was politely but firmly told I was in Portugal now – obrigada was the word I needed! Once the lines were secured we gathered our papers for the Office. We had been warned that officialdom was the name of the game here, and yes, there were long forms to fill in on arrival and on departure one had to collect the deposit paid on security keys, but I must say that we had no bureaucratic no hassle in any of the Portuguese harbours. Eventually we formulated a sheet listing all our vital statistics in Portuguese and this was well received. In some

ports the marina office acted for the guarda fiscal, in others it was separate. However, our hope that the computers in one, just might transmit information to the next in line is yet (if ever!) to be realised.

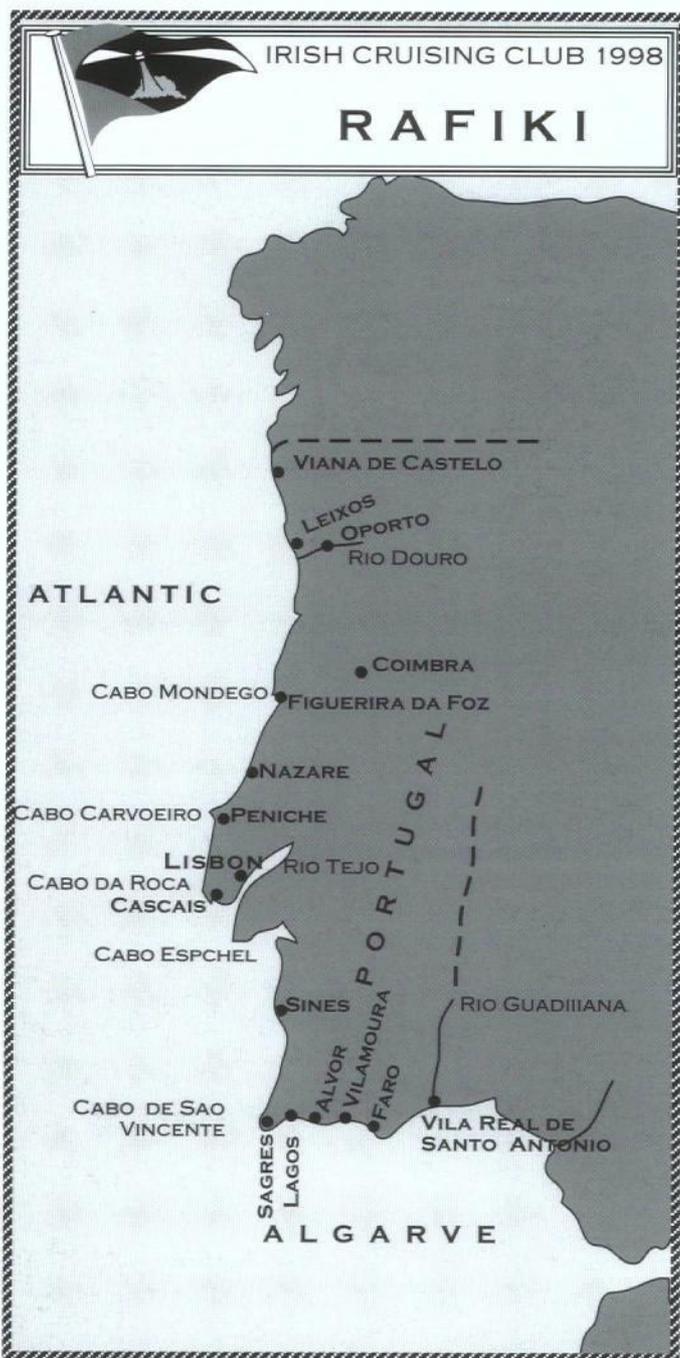
Leixoes is not an inspiring town and there are probably better facilities in Matosinhos some distance away on the other side of the fishing port. Nevertheless, we did find some excellent cheese, what few provisions we needed and eventually a hole-in-the-wall which would release cash to us foreigners. It is an easy run from Leixoes to Oporto either by taxi or bus and we opted for the former for our day in the old quarter of this famous trading centre. In spite of the heat we climbed slopes and steep steps to explore all the levels of this fascinating town. By chance we became part of the pomp and ceremony of an ordination service in the hilltop cathedral and after lunch on the lower reaches we took a trip on the Rio Douro. There was one visiting yacht tied alongside, but it did not look a comfortable, or indeed particularly safe berth – we were glad we had come by road.

We were wind and fog-bound in Leixoes next day, really horrid. But by now we were part of a southbound convoy and there was quite a team spirit as we met up with others similarly weather bound in the marina; the day of inactivity passed quickly enough.

The visibility was not great as we left in the following dawn but the wind was a limp 1-2 and we wove our way through the fishing fleet heading for Figueira da Foz 62 miles south. We had wondered at the absence of fishing boats coming down the coast but guess it was because of the weekend. From Leixoes the shoreline seemed very flat and empty, just equal strips of unbroken golden sand and low dark background until in sight of Cabo Mondego. Half an hour later we were skirting yet another dredger into the shelter of Figueira. Here we were summoned to tie up by the Official Office for formalities before being released to the marina officials. This marina is very new, there were finger pontoons and lots of space; we understood there were showers somewhere but few facilities as yet. We enjoyed shopping in the market which is just across the road and were tempted into buying, what no cruising boat should ever be without – a huge bunch of flowers.

It is 35 nautical miles from Figueira da Foz to Nazare and for the first three hours we had an excellent broad reach though increasingly we were to the west of our course. It was one of those days when we just did not get our sail trim quite right, for with an eye to the time, in anticipation of the stronger wind, we had put in a reef, but on this 16th morning of July we did not need it. Then by mid afternoon we had a brisk north-west 5 and an uncomfortable sea and no alternative but to run before it. The highlight of the passage was the school of dolphin who played games with us for over half an hour.

The two pontoons at Nazare's marina were full and we tied up three out alongside a French boat and a very derelict resident. The "marina under construction" (pilot book of 1995) is no further on; there are pretty plans and drawings of the desert-like ground between the water and the smart offices



beaches in banks and we were on constant radar watch for a couple of hours, essential given the high number of sport and professional fishing boats in the area; some of the fishing floats too showed up on the screen, but some did not. The murk cleared as we neared the dramatic rock stacks off Cabo Carvoeiro and once we rounded the point up came the wind for the last couple of miles into Peniche.

This harbour and marina have changed since the pilot was last published (1995), the mooring buoys are strictly fishing boats only, one of our convoy was refused diesel from the fishermen's depot and the marina now has a long outside berth where visitors raft up alongside, on either side. However, Peniche is charming. It is full of life; on the waterfront big crews of fishermen ready their nets for sea – some of the boats we saw had fourteen on board going out for a nights fishing. There were diving crews and ribs and unfortunately, the ubiquitous jetskis; shoreside the streets were lined with oil-drum barbecues smoking with sizzling rows of sardines, impossible to resist. And there was the gentler side as well, for there has long been a tradition for lacemaking which is being encouraged even today.

SUNDAY 19TH JULY: We set off under engine and radar. By mid morning we had about 3 miles of visibility and the wind managed a fluky Force 3 as we ran south.

Abeam Cabo Roca and up came the wind, we were on a spanking run, then a reach as we rounded Cabo Rasa towards Cascais. One hour later we were becalmed! So it was a motor up the Tagus, against a strong tide. The Port of Lisbon has four marinas and there is a new one by the Expo'98 site. We had been recommended the Doca Alcantara and duly called them for a berth – VHF produced no reply and it was the mobile that got us through.

Monday is a hopeless day for sightseeing as museums are closed and besides it was overcast and drizzling so we replenished stores and went through a huge pile of post which Andrew had kindly delivered. We did keep very much in touch with our family and friends throughout our summer, thanks to the marvellous Nokia 9000i. This little gem combines phone, fax, e-mail; we could both listen to the calls from our son in Chicago, follow the disasters of our daughter in Nairobi, be up-to-date with the sad news and the good from Australia, Kenya, Ireland and wherever. We could not have enjoyed being away for so long without it – great but... well I won't spoil it by mentioning the bills – could we call them essential cruising expenses?!

So to the sights of Lisbon, we thoroughly enjoyed it all, the old and new, the smart and even the rundown – and there is quite a lot of that. Bill found the art galleries wonderful- he spent hours in the Gulbenkien and the Museum of Ancient Art. What treasures are to be seen and photographed: Belem with its monuments, superb monastery and cloisters; the impressive commercial area round the big plazas of Rossio and Restauradores and above them all the steep streets and alleyways of the crumbing Alfama district crowned by the Castelo de Sao Jorge.

At the end of the week we were ready to go to sea again and planned on a night anchored off Cascais before going on south. Fuel first in the Doca de Bom Successo – not an easy manoeuvre and then a final few photographs of the Monument to the Discoveries and the Belem Tower. It was hot and increasingly windy – gusting 40 and spray alarming the helmsman, we even pulled out the oilskins, but we had been assured that Cascais was very sheltered from the north. There were quite a few boats already anchored and we could not get as close to the beach as we would have liked. We let the anchor out, lots of chain, check, let her settle, a touch on reverse... wham... the wind dial hit 43, the chain jumped on the windlass,

being developed as one. We took the bus into town. This is a serious resort area though the fishermen do still bring their catches onto the beach where their womenfolk, with their seven petticoats (not sure of the significance of the number...), lay the fish out on racks to dry. High up on the cliff is the village of Sitio, reached by funicular, and it is the perfect vantage point from which to watch all the beachside activity. Back at sea level once more we choose the restaurant which seemed to have the most custom and was the most fun – the neighbouring establishments were almost empty. The meal was simple but good.

Nothing was in sight next morning but thick fog – a by-product of the stationary high pressure, and we felt our way out on the promise of the forecasters: Rio Minho to CaboCarvoeiro – just south of us – "N4-5 good visibility"! Once we got the measure of the Navtex we were receiving two forecasts a day on only about 20" of paper! On the whole they were accurate as far as wind direction was concerned. The fog swirled in on the



Vasco de Gama overlooks the harbour at Sines – Portugal.

Photo: Hilary Keatinge

jerked it sideways. Result: telltale oil spill round the windlass case. After an uncomfortable night when the wind gusted and died and changed direction and the sleepers heard it all we cautiously wound the anchor up – no problem then, but for how long we wondered, so it was back to Lisbon. Andrew came to the rescue, on Monday morning he found us a South African who knew a man, who had a workshop etc.etc and we had a good-as-new windlass in three days.

We left Lisbon again passing under the “bee bridge”. This fine bridge which spans the Tagus does seriously sound like a swarm as the traffic buzzes across, the marina underneath it could be bad for your hearing we were told. The wind never really settled and veered from SE to NW but no serious gusts and we ran towards the dramatic Cabo Espichel. To the north the face of this headland was steep and smooth, but once round it showed very rugged and crumbled, the lighthouse is set well back with a lookout post sitting precariously on the edge. We were relieved to be well south of the point when we heard notice on the VHF to clear the area for a firing exercise. Our destination for the day was about 34 miles south of Espichel.

Sines was the birthplace of Vasco da Gama and just a pretty fishing village until recently, now there is an oil terminal and heavy chimney-ed plant. The marina is being developed in the southern corner of the fishermen’s inner harbour and though small we did find a berth; there is plenty of space to anchor, however one would need to pick the area most protected from the wind. The town is an easy climb, high up above the beach and we found a very friendly restaurant for a lengthy lunch. We were not the only ICC members in town and the ICC’s Deirdre and Adrian Stokes in Dom Perigon joined us for drinks later. It blew hard all

night and the waves seemed to crash endlessly off our scoop – noise is exaggerated in the early hours! An extra day in harbour was needed to recover!

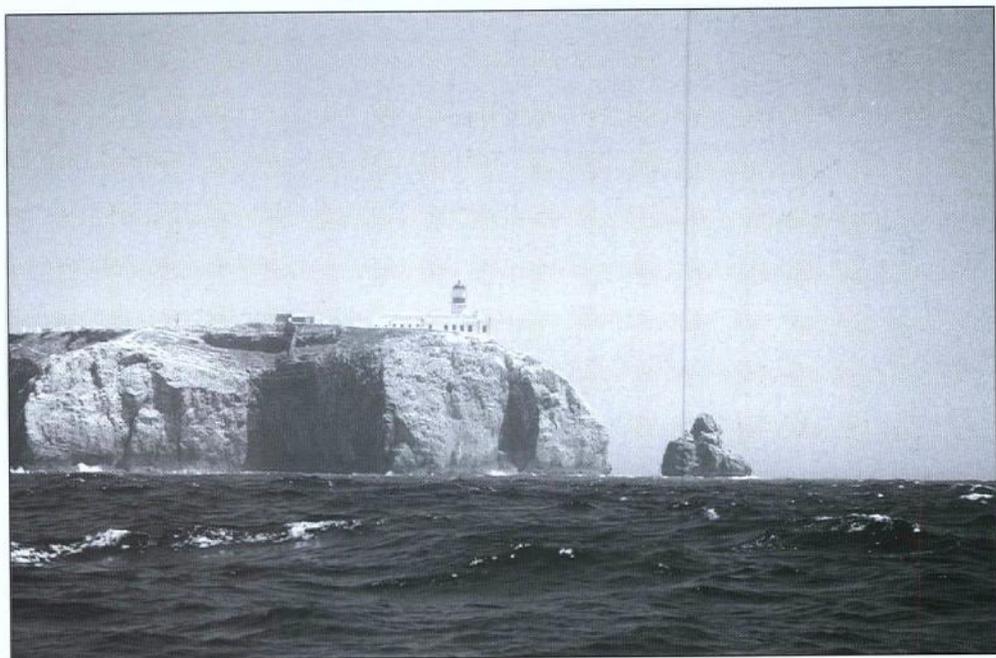
It is just over 60 miles from Sines, round the corner to Sagres. The forecast was moderating from N5-6 down to 4 and we were at the harbour entrance at 06.45 with two reefs tucked in as we set off on the usual dead run with a moderate to big swell. The wind slackened off but we left the reefs in and sailed a more comfortable broad reach. As we neared Cabo S. Vicente we were wallowing in a lumpy untidy sea and as what little wind there was knocked the drive out of the sails in the deep troughs, we turned on the engine. Suddenly at 14.30 as we turned our backs on the Atlantic round the steep headland we were hit by a strong nor’westerly and this continued to blow for the rest of

the day and much of the night.

The Algarve

We anchored off Sagres beach where we were visited by an English crew who were preparing for a battering on their northbound passage – I think we were seen as light relief! In the early hours the wind was replaced by a nasty roll and we were not unhappy to be away next morning. We had a peep into the adjoining bay – Baleeira and it looked a more protected anchorage though the pilot was not very complimentary about the holding. An easterly 2 and no swell was a somewhat different scenario for us and on the 16 miles to Lagos we felt we were truly in a different world.

The approach to Lagos is lovely round the Pta da Piedade with its dramatic rocks and caves and you pass up the river to the splendid new marina. It is well protected and just a footbridge crossing from the town; it is now the chosen spot of



Approaching Cape St. Vincent

Photo: Hilary Keatinge

many leaving their boats in Portugal during the winter. Our daughter Joanna joined us here having caught the train (station directly behind the marina) from Faro and when five of the RCC boats returning from their Azores Meet came into town we were happily distracted for an extra day.

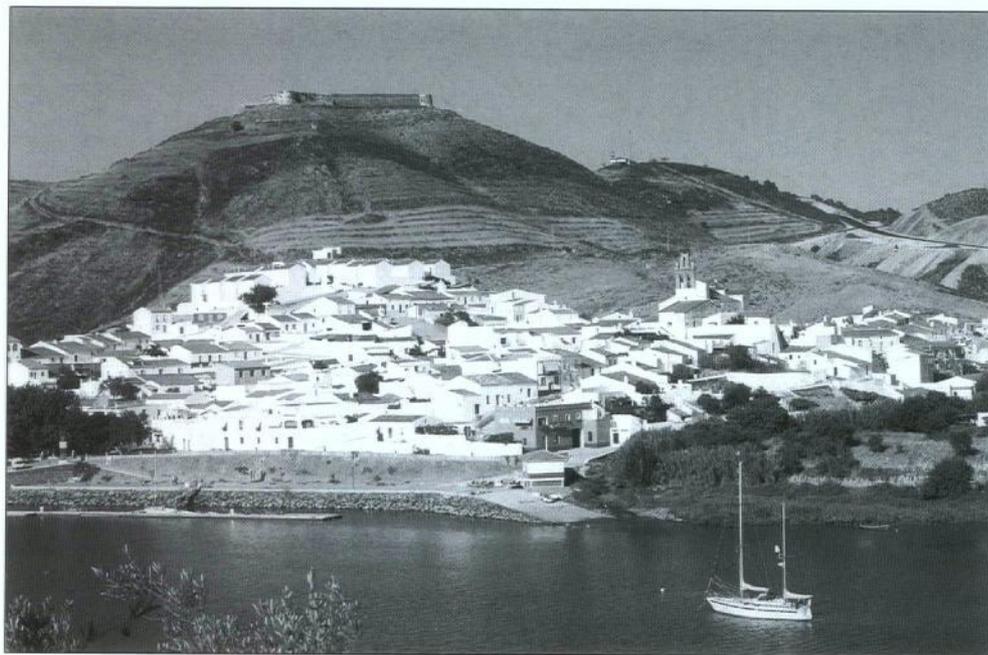
It was hot and humid and totally windless when we pottered along the beaches the whole of 2.5 miles to Alvor. Tide was now to play an important part in our timetable. To anchor off the town itself one needs to come in just after low water – take your courage in both hands and seek out the unmarked channel up between the extensive sandbanks. In the pool there were quite a number of boats some anchored, some on moorings. There was a definite community feel here as dinghies rowed backwards and forwards between the boats,

several had been in town for months and we heard much of the gossip from a young English solo sailor who paddled round from his 32-footer in a kayak. We went swimming off the sandbanks and enjoyed the ambience of town and harbour.

Tuesday morning and it was gray and misty, but there was enough visibility to wind our way out into deep water again and on to Vilamoura 24 miles along the increasingly developed Algarve shoreline. Vilamoura is a resort developed on a space, no old town or even a new town, just endless high-rise apartment blocks and a huge marina – with yet a different kind of electric socket fitting! We found it noisy and rather soulless but it is a good staging post and conveniently near Faro airport.

We tried to sail to Faro but the wind never registered more than E3, and mostly 2. We were beginning to understand something of the Algarve, Mediterranean summer wind – very strong from the east or west or none at all. So we motored to the entrance round the low lying Cabo de Santa Maria. The channel soon splits, one arm going NE to the fishing town of Olhao and the other west up a buoyed channel to the anchorage near Faro.

One of the joys of our new life of one-way cruising is that you can change plans en route so when it was suggested to us that we would have a much better time going up the Rio Guadiana than the Guadalquivir to Sevilla we took the advice. We motored, sailed, motored again as the sou'westerly came and went all of the 26 miles to Vila Real de Santo Antonio on the Portuguese side of the Guadiana. The sandy bar can be tricky and one is advised to come in at half flood and watch for a cross current off the marina. They are trying to make something of this border town and there is much landscaping going on round the marina but we did not feel very inspired. Next day we made our river trip. First under the new



Rafiki at anchor on the Portugese/Spanish border (looking towards Sanlucar)

suspension bridge; the information on the clearance varied somewhat – from 18m–30m, however a Contest 45 with 21m mast left near low water and did not return! We went up with the flood keeping to the middle of the channel, taking the outside of the corners. There was marginally more Portuguese development and we passed ruined farm cottages on both sides. We noticed some evidence of the terrible flooding which had happened late one night last winter when both the Portuguese and the Spaniards, without consultation, opened their sluices at the same time. Pontoons were swept away and liveboards were adrift in orange groves, though only one boat disappeared out to sea and no lives were lost. We anchored between the Portuguese town of Alcoutim and the Spanish Sanlucar and found it very peaceful indeed. Alcoutim has a pretty church, complete with storks nest on the belfry, a castle and several bars, though there did not seem much in the restaurant line. We did not explore Sanlucar with its mirror village – church, storks, castle and no sign of a riverside eating house but will definitely do so next time – some sort of lethargy creeps in when cruising in the sun and one cannot be for ever rushing off on exploration trips.

So as we came down stream once more we hauled down our Portuguese curtesy flag, unearthed the Spanish dictionary and called in at Ayamonte which lies across the river from Vila Real de Santo Antonio. We had been in Portuguese waters for 40 days, had made acquaintance with many of the harbours and anchorage's and while not exactly speaking like natives we could manage to order a bottle of cold white wine and a plate of grilled sardines with the best of them.

Rafiki is wintering, on the hard, in Almerimar, southern Spain and hopes to set off east in Spring '99.

Where the wind's like a whetted knife...

Nick Massey

There are a number of wooden gaff sloops included in the ICC list of yachts which are described as being 'Howth 17 O.D.' Class. One such is *Hera*, said to have been built in 1899. Actually she was built in 1898 in Carrickfergus along with four other identical craft, these are the original Howth Seventeens. They were launched in Carrickfergus and sailed to Howth by their new owners over the Easter weekend 1898 in pretty foul weather. Four of them took shelter on the way, the other sailed non-stop to Howth.

Everybody that sails in a Howth Seventeen hears this heroic tale sooner or later, usually with the added barb that a later fleet, built in Portrush for Dublin Bay Sailors was transported by rail to Kingstown [now Dun Laoghaire].

Throughout my life I have had a love-hate relationship with these boats. It started when I was 12 years of age after Norman Wilkinson took my father and I out for a sail in the *Leila*. As soon as I was old enough I began to crew in one of them, even though at the time I had a cadet dinghy of my own. At the age of twenty I owned my first Seventeen. In the intervening years I have put three of them through my hands. Presently I am a part owner of *Deilginis*.

I am very lucky in that my wife Elizabeth shares my enthusiasm for Boyd's Boats; actually she is better at racing them than I am. Down the years I have tried a number of times to free myself from this obsession especially by way of serious cruising, but I keep coming back to my first love. My greatest satisfaction has always been derived from 'saving' one of them; like the time [1971] when I discovered one in a farmyard in Dolphin's Barn and had her restored, to sail once more.

In recent years my interest has declined somewhat, partly because of other commitments but also because the fleet is thriving [they have even built two new ones to replace the two that were lost]. The talk about celebrating the Centenary however soon re-kindled the old passion and by November of last year I had become part of a group planning to sail some of them down from Carrickfergus once again. We looked for support from our cruising friends and obtained commitments from amongst others *Changeling* [K. Jameson], *Jabberwok* [P. Courtney], *Moody Lady* [P. Power] and *Jokers Wild* [F. Ennis, Commodore H.Y.C.].

We intended to take three Seventeens by road to Carrickfergus on Good Friday and sail them home over the Easter weekend. The boats involved were *Aura* [Ian Malcolm], *Gladys*

[Paddy Cronin] and *Deilginis* [myself and partners]. The Cruisers would sail up there some days beforehand and accompany us on the way back. While in Carrickfergus they would provide us with accommodation. It seemed to be a pretty sound plan and was accepted as such by the Class Association. The next step was to make contact with the authorities in Carrickfergus. To this end we sought help from the Northern Ireland Tourist Board and also from David Jones, a fellow Seventeen man with family connections in that town. The people in Carrickfergus instantly warmed to the idea, and before very long meetings were arranged with the various local bodies on the ground. Eventually a Civic Reception was agreed, and launching and berthing facilities free of charge were offered to us. The free berthing offer was to include any support boats which might arrive. All of this was promised despite the fact that our visit would coincide with the Easter Weekend!

We started work on the boats very early in the year, taking full advantage of the dry, but exceptionally cold, Spring and, thanks to the many willing helpers, they ended up looking very smart indeed. On the weekend before our departure date the weather took a turn for the worse. The wind went away to the north east and began to throw up a nasty sea. There was some respite early the following week and Paul Power, taking advantage of this, slipped his moorings and headed north. He made it as far as Ardglass before it filled in again and was stuck there for several days. *Changeling* and *Jabberwok* left later in the week in the teeth of some very unpleasant weather. *Changeling* took a direct route but before long had to abandon



14 *Gladys* with *Aura* hidden behind.

Photo taken from *Deilginis*.



14 *Gladys* (Paddy Cronin), 7 *Aura* (Ian Malcolm).

her attempts to get north because of the conditions. *Jabberwok* took an inshore course and made considerable progress, getting to within sight of St. John's Point before her mainsail split in two, leaving her no choice but to return to Howth.

Notwithstanding these disappointments we loaded up the Seventeens, two on a lorry and one on the Class road trailer, ready to roll. We set out on Good Friday morning and reached Carrickfergus around 1130 without incident. At 1500 there was a formal launching in the presence of David Hilditch, Lord Mayor of Carrickfergus, and other dignitaries and this was followed by a Civic Reception in the Town Hall.

Because of the absence of 'mother ships' we took lodgings locally and soon after adjourned to the Carrickfergus Yacht Club where the friendly atmosphere and the warm spirits soon induced a feeling of well-being despite our setbacks. The gloom quickly returned on Saturday however for in addition to our severe hangovers we found that the wind was really 'honking' from the north. The weather man was giving force 6 to 7 with gusts of 40 knots. All our carefully laid plans were coming apart – the prospects of leaving for Howth were nil, the plan to sail to Cultra to meet our friends from the Fairy Class had also to be abandoned, and even the 'photo-call' sail past Carrickfergus Castle was fraught with risk. We did this anyway and then travelled by road to Cultra where we were wined and dined by our old adversaries. Afterwards we returned to Carrickfergus Yacht Club to drown our sorrows. By this time people had begun to drift away homewards even some of our potential crews and our situation seemed to be hopeless.

Sunday morning breakfast was interrupted by Paddy Cronin, waving a metfax and exclaiming that the wind was forecasted to back north west and decrease to force 4 to 5 in the evening! He

was immediately reminded by my wife [Elizabeth], and shortly afterwards by his own wife Rachael that there were no 'mother ships' except for Paul Power's, which was storm bound in Ardglass! The downside of the fax that Paddy was holding was that there would be showers of rain, hail, sleet or snow with sunny intervals and that the sea state would be 'moderate' off the Antrim and Down coasts. But Paddy was determined to go, and I was determined not to be left behind! Ian Malcolm now had no crew so Elizabeth was 'volunteered' for the job.

David Jones had come north to act as our 'on the spot' liaison officer, and was on his way to visit his mother's family home when word reached him of our intention to sail that evening. Like any truly professional airline pilot he insisted on checking the forecast

Photo taken from Deilginis.

himself and, being satisfied, he gallantly offered to take Elizabeth's place on *Aura* provided he got a loan of some oilskins.

And so the final preparations were put in train; the ladies organising food and beverages and relaying messages to all and sundry while the men deliberated. *Gladys* would be manned by Paddy Cronin and his son Damien, *Aura* by Ian Malcolm and Davy Jones and *Deilginis* by myself and my nephew, Ian Massey. At 1500 we sat down to have a final meal before our departure. Although the food was excellent we did not do it justice for by then the adrenalin had begun to flow and tension was all around.

We each took in a single reef in our mainsail before leaving and then, following a send off signalled from the Carrickfergus Yacht Club, we set a course for the Briggs Buoy, departing at 1700.

Meanwhile, back in Howth, Francis Ennis, when he heard of our intended departure quickly got together a crew and put to



Deilginis.



Deilginis.

sea though the wind was whistling down from the north and the sea boiling. He battled his way northwards tacking across the Irish sea towards the Isle of Man. *Changeling* too put out for the second time but was again compelled to give up, this time because of an engine problem. Francis hoped to intercept us on the way down and kept trying to make radio contact with *Moody Lady* to get a progress report. Paul Power was advised to expect the Seventeens to be abeam of Ardglass around midnight and made his plans accordingly.

When we had cleared Carrickfergus and laid off for the Briggs Buoy we came onto a close reach – port hand. It was nice and sunny but the wind was very fresh and we were shipping a good deal of water in the squalls. After a particularly bad one of these my nephew asked whether or not it would be possible to take shelter on the way if things got really bad. My answer was a brusque ‘not possible in these conditions’ for truth to tell I was myself thinking of turning back at that particular moment! We reached the Buoy at 1815 and squared away on to a port hand run. Things were really beginning to hot up now and when we reached the Sound we were making 9 knots over the ground. Skulmartin was passed at 1930 and by then the seas had become really dangerous for a Seventeen. It took all of my skill and concentration to keep *Deilginis* from broaching and filling up. We were very close to a gybe and the other two boats were trying to whisker their jibs to steady them. I felt that as we were already surging along at great speed it was safer to simply hang on and hope for the best! *Aura* kept pulling away from the other two for no apparent reason; this required her to attempt to slow down whenever the seas would allow her, in order that the three of us could stay in visual as well as radio contact. It was during one such manoeuvre that she gybed all standing and broke her boom. Were it not for the quick action of her crew the whole rig could have carried away! When disaster struck, Davy Jones took the helm and kept her going down wind under jib while Ian Malcolm went on deck to lower and secure the main and to set the spare jib in its place. It was a very difficult operation in such a seaway but Ian is sure footed and ‘cool as a cucumber’. She was soon under way again, under a slower but more comfortable rig. In spite of this delay we reached the South Rock L.V. at 2000. This meant that we could gybe onto starboard and come on to a heading of 210 degrees pointing straight for Howth! Soon after we gybed the seas took on a slightly less dangerous aspect and steering became a good deal easier.

I decided to give Ian a turn at the helm so that he would have something to take his mind off the journey ahead and also to enable me to get some rest. He wedged himself against the coaming, his feet pressed against the hull, tiller in one hand and a plastic bottle of water in the other and he seemed to be happy enough. So, still in all my gear, I climbed into a sleeping bag and quickly fell into a sound sleep.

Ian woke me up at midnight and I took over the helm. I felt refreshed after my sleep. The boat was still flying along into quite big seas, there was a bright moon making it easy enough to steer and Ardglass lay astern of us. Gladys was sailing close



Arriving at Howth (very cold). L. to r.: Ian Malcolm, Ian Massey, Damien Cronin, David Jones, Nick Massey and Paddy Cronin.

by but *Aura* had fallen far behind. I learned by radio that she was being shadowed by *Moody Lady* and was OK. The Seventeens had actually passed Ardglass well before our ETA, at a time when Paul Power’s crew were still in the pub. So Paul had a bit of a scramble to get to sea to chase after us. Eventually he caught up with *Aura* and took up station astern of her.

Our Commodore had even worse luck for after 10 hours or more at sea in really awful conditions he was close to the Chickens Light when the Seventeens were passing his latitude. He altered course when he received a fix from *Moody Lady* hoping to meet up with us in Dundrum Bay. After some time his lookout spotted navigation lights and he hove to, to await their approach. Unfortunately they turned out not to be his quarry and the search was resumed. In the end he returned to Howth around 0900 on Monday without ever sighting the Seventeens.

I myself saw very little traffic during the night a fact that did not displease me. One small coaster did, however, cause me some concern as we crossed Dundrum Bay. I feared it might be making for Carlingford and would cross my path – not having radar or navigation lights I would be very hard to see! I was steering with the aid of the moon and began to pick up a light which I believed to be Rockabill but was not sure. At 0400 I aroused Ian and I asked him to check this against the chart but with the boat bouncing around so much he was unable to do so. We held our course regardless and he took over the helm. I had become very cold at this stage; also everything below decks was saturated so my attempts to sleep were less successful second time round. I got up around 0600 and was actually shivering.

We were now abeam of Lambay Island, on the eastern side, the seas had smoothed out and the wind was offshore. Cold as I was a feeling of elation came over me for I knew that we had cracked it; nothing could stop us now!

We entered Howth Harbour shortly after 0700, having sailed non-stop Carrickfergus to Howth in about 14 hours. Looking back over the account of my trip with John Gore-Grimes around Iceland, 20 years previously, I find that it took *Shardana* 14 hours to sail from Mew Island to Howth in not dissimilar wind conditions!

Can I now take my leave of these damn boats?

A gentle voyage to the Hebrides

Jim Slevin

This year we decided if the wind was from the north we would sail south and vice versa. So on Saturday June 20th Tony Toher, Derek Byrne and myself, shortly after 10.00 with a 10 knot wind from SE set sail from Mullaghmore, Co. Sligo in Donegal Bay.

We had a leisurely passage up the Donegal coast, the only distraction being buzzed by our friend Andrew Fenton in his bright yellow vintage Piper Cub. Both Andrew and his plane appear in the film 'This is our Father', recently released in Seattle, soon to be released here in Ireland.

As we sailed past Mingulay in the noon sunshine the wind freshened from the SW and we were joined by a school of dolphins leaping out of the water as though to welcome us to the Hebrides.

Before departing from Ireland I purchased a copy of the latest C.C.C. Outer Hebrides Sailing Directions, dated 1995, supplied without corrections. In the approach to Castlebay, Barra, Sgeir Dubh is no longer a S. Cardinal and should be corrected to read, a concrete column with black and white horizontal bands. We tied up to a H.I.D.B. buoy at 14.05 in Castlebay harbour next to *Cuan Fisher* from Northern Ireland. Fortunately we had arrived early as by evening some thirty yachts had entered Castlebay for West Highland week, with many of them having to anchor in Cornaig Bay.

Next morning we left Castlebay with a fresh SW wind for a brisk sail to Dunvegan on Skye. On arrival at 19.00 hours we had to drop anchor as the three official buoys were occupied. Though a delightful anchorage the tourist traffic was light so there was no problem dining ashore.

On Tuesday, with the wind still favouring us we continued up the NW coast of Skye. We approached the passage between Eileann Troddy and Skye with a little trepidation as I had experienced a rough passage through the strong tides there twenty years earlier. A large Norwegian tanker steamed up behind us on our starboard side and then suddenly changed course to pass outside Eileann Troddy. With the strong offshore wind and (fortunately) flat waters we made 10 knots over the ground through the swirling tide. Once clear of the island we had, for the first time on the cruise, to shorten sail and tack down the sound of Rassay to Portree. Again we were able to pick up a mooring though these were situated some distance from the harbour.

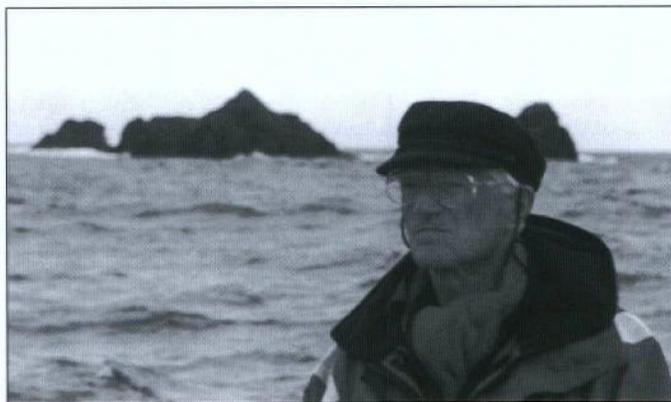
On the next morning Derek went over to talk to the skipper of a Galway Hooker on the nearby mooring to find that it was based in Portree for charter. Tony, who had experienced some difficulty with his dentures was fortunate in securing the services of an excellent dentist whose clinic was situated on the pier. This delayed our departure from Portree but we soon had the yacht under way.

Having cleared the south tip of Rassay we had a fast reach past Scalpay and under the new bridge to Skye on a glorious sunny afternoon. We tied up next to the new pontoon at Kyle of Lochalsh. This was an international gathering as there was a French, an English, a German and now an Irish yacht gathered there. We had a long conversation with the German couple who



THE FORTNIGHT CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE UNDERTAKEN
IN A MAXIMUM OF 16 DAYS



"Old Man of the Sea". Tony Toher with Stags of Arranmore in background.

Photo: Derek Byrne

had sailed from Germany to Norway, around the north of Scotland and were proceeding to the Mediterranean.

Next day we took on fuel and water at the main pier. Diesel cost only 11p per litre and we received a friendly welcome from the harbourmaster who trains the local Shinty team. He told us that he visits Galway and Kerry every year.

Another glorious day but no wind so we motored down the Kyles with the tide and quickly rounded the southern end of Skye. The Coolins provided a magnificent backdrop as the wind picked up and we hoisted sail to take us to Loch Scresort on Rhum. En-route we met *Gordunstown* – sail training yacht with her magnificent red spinnaker set, returning from Rhum. Tony photographed them and we conversed with their skipper, Lorri Mill, on the V.H.F. Tony told him that we would forward a copy of the photographs. We dropped anchor in Loch Scresort beside a Belgian yacht that had been anchored on Sunday in Castlebay. It was time for a walk ashore to inspect this interesting island. Unlike Bill Cuffe-Smith last year this was the only time we heard the cuckoo on our voyage.

We left Rhum early in the morning to make sure that we would get a H.I.D.B. mooring in Tobermory. To quote Robbie Burns – 'the best laid schemes of mice and men...' etc., was surely true as when we arrived in Tobermory at 14.00, all the moorings were occupied. On our second attempt, we got the anchor to hold. Friday night was music night at The Mishnish which though packed with natives and visitors was most enjoyable.

Saturday was a rest day and while Tony set off on the bus at 07.20, to fulfil a cherished ambition of a visit to Iona, Derek and myself sunned ourselves in the cockpit. In the afternoon we showered at The Mishnish, did the shopping and mixed with the visitors. We watched a beautiful schooner approx. 70ft long with overhung stern sail off her mooring in the harbour. As the evening progressed there was a steady stream of yachts into the harbour until it was really full. On making enquiries we were told that they were taking part in the 'Round Mull Race'. We retired once more to The Mishnish on Saturday night to meet

up with our new friends. Among the Irish there that night was Emma from Galway; having performed in Riverdance, she gave a brief exhibition of her outstanding dancing skills. She told us that she was on a break from her studies at university in Newcastle, spending the summer in Tobermory, with an artist friend. After another late and rather boisterous night, we declined an invitation to continue the party aboard a yacht called *Good Crack* moored beside us. As we fell asleep the bagpipes were still serenading the assembled boats in the harbour.

Sunday morning and as we prepared to leave the charming anchorage of Tobermory, our anchor dragged and we narrowly avoided colliding with another yacht. Another favourable wind and a fast passage down the Sound

of Mull to round Lismore, renowned for Tales of Fairies, possibly cousins of the little people at home. We encountered quite a few yachts entering and leaving the Sound and at that point picked up two PAN PAN calls on the V.H.F. Oban Coastguard responded to both of them right away. The Oban Lifeboat was launched and while one yacht that had lost steerage was taken in tow by another close by, the Lifeboat dealt with the other caller who had struck a submerged object. Fortunately no major damage was caused to either craft. We tied up to a pontoon in Dunstaffing Marina at 14.30, having stemmed a 2 knot tide which flows through this well sheltered anchorage. We dined at The Wide Mouthed Frog restaurant in the marina complex. The food was good and prices reasonable. At the bar we met the Australian crew of the superb Swan 65, *Desperado*, who were heading south to Ford week in Cork.

On Monday we sailed the 6 miles around the corner into Oban to pick up one of the moorings off the esplanade and go shopping for stores. We sampled prawn sandwiches from a cabin on the seafront that boasts the best prawn sandwiches in the world and found it hard to disagree with them. It was a good opportunity to stock up at the fine new Tesco store with our needs for the trip home. There were a number of yachts from different countries there doing the same thing.

In the morning the wind had swung around to the north to give us another good sail under blue skies down to Colonsay. We took a look at the suggested docking area on the north side of the pier at Scallisaig and with the 25 knot wind from the north decided that it was too narrow if we needed to exit in a hurry. We motored around into Loch Staosnaig and selected a place to anchor with great care avoiding the underwater power cables clearly marked with yellow markers lined up ashore. Shortly afterwards we were joined by a Scottish yacht called *Iolaire*. While comparing notes with her skipper we found that he had reached the same conclusion regarding Scallisaig. On going ashore we climbed the steep hill with the prominent monument on top, erected to a former laird of the island by his grateful tenants. Feeling a little heavier after dining in the hotel we were not anxious to climb the steep hill on our return trip so



New pontoon at Kyle of Lochalsh.

Photo: Jim Slevin

we inquired about an alternative route. We were advised to turn right on leaving the hotel then take the first left until we came to the overhead power lines and follow them across the fields through the bracken to the anchorage.

On Wednesday as we were leaving Scotland for Irish waters the crew assembled on deck at 06.00 to haul the anchor only to find that it would not budge. We made a collar of chain with a rope attached and lowered it down the taut anchor chain. We then fell back on the chain before motoring forward taking up on the rope only from the stern and so freed the anchor. This operation took an hour and twenty minutes. Another lovely morning and having put away the hacksaw, we hoisted sail for the voyage to Sheephaven. We picked up one of the new moorings at Downings at 20.15 having sailed 91 miles in less than 13 hours. On the V.H.F. we overheard the English yacht *Solo* in trouble having become entangled in a net at the entrance to Lough Swilly.

Next day, in lighter winds we sailed between the Stags and Owey Island onto another mooring at the anchorage on Arranmore. These new visitors moorings are a most welcome attraction to visiting yachtsmen. Already we notice an increase in the number of UK yachts on the north west coast. We dined ashore at the Glen Hotel on Arranmore.

On Friday we left Arranmore with a 16 knot wind from NW and sailed back to our mooring at Mullaghmore.

Summary:

We had favourable winds aft of the mast for 90 % of our voyage. We sailed 609 miles in 97 hours giving an average speed of 6.28 knots. We used 25 gallons of diesel, a quarter of which was used to charge the batteries. In fourteen days, though some nights were wet, we had two half days of showers. The barometer remained at 1010 MB for most of the voyage. In twenty years of cruising this was the most relaxing of them all – truly, gentlemen should never sail against the wind.

Squaring the Atlantic Circle

Brendan Bradley

After the CCA Summer Cruise in Maine last year, *Shalini* wintered at Barden's boatyard in Marion, Massachusetts, a friendly family owned yard, ideal to make herself at home and know that she would be well looked after for the long months ahead.

Marion is a quiet residential town on Sippican Harbour, a natural inlet off Buzzards Bay, a few miles west of Cape Cod and about 50 miles south east of Boston. There are no problems with security here and the yard is completely open with no perimeter wall or fences. We laid up at the end of September '97 and left it to the yard to put on the winter cover which had been transported by Aer Lingus Freight from Dublin. A winter sports holiday in Vermont in February 1998, at the invitation of crew member David Kazanowski and his wife Colleen, enabled Pamela and myself to visit *Shalini* to see that all was well.

The yard organised all the necessary winterising of water tanks, engine and heads as it was necessary to prepare for temperatures possibly as low as minus 30°C, and not having had previous experience of this myself I decided to leave it to the experts. The water maker had to be removed and stored in a controlled temperature as I was informed that if the membrane were to freeze it would be totally destroyed. As it happened there was a lot more rain than snow and ice last winter in that part of North America, but it was well to be prepared.

Another 4 day visit to Marion in March, using up 2 half tickets which would otherwise have been unused, due to the intricacies of the airline ticketing system, enabled me to have work started early in preparation for our eventual launch at the beginning of May. There was rigging to be checked and some replaced, skin fittings to be cleaned and greased, electrical charging problems to be sorted out, engine to be serviced and new starter motor and alternator to be fitted; jobs to be got underway both by myself and the boatyard. Everything had to be checked and rechecked as, come May, we would be setting out into the Atlantic Ocean with little or no chance for a shakedown cruise to test gear and systems.

I returned to Marion at the beginning of May giving myself about 10 days to have *Shalini* launched and made ready to sail. A few days later the crew began to assemble. Ivor Cherry arrived first and then Graham Crisp, both of whom had sailed the Atlantic with me in the opposite direction from Las Palmas to St Lucia in the *Arc* 1996, and David Kazanowski from Boston who had sailed on *Shalini* in the Caribbean and from Maine to Marion in 1997.

There was still lots to be done. Ivor gave me a hand with the heavy jobs and loading on all the cushions and sails which had been taken off for storage during the winter and he and Graham were in charge of the food and drinks department. David had already come down to Marion earlier and arranged to have emergency hatches made in his factory near Boston. During the winter I had read "The Perfect Storm" which was set in local waters and wondered what we would do if we had very bad weather and lost one of our hatches. Lewmar knew nothing about emergency hatches, so we had to make our own.

Ivor's brother-in-law John McLaughlin, who was to have

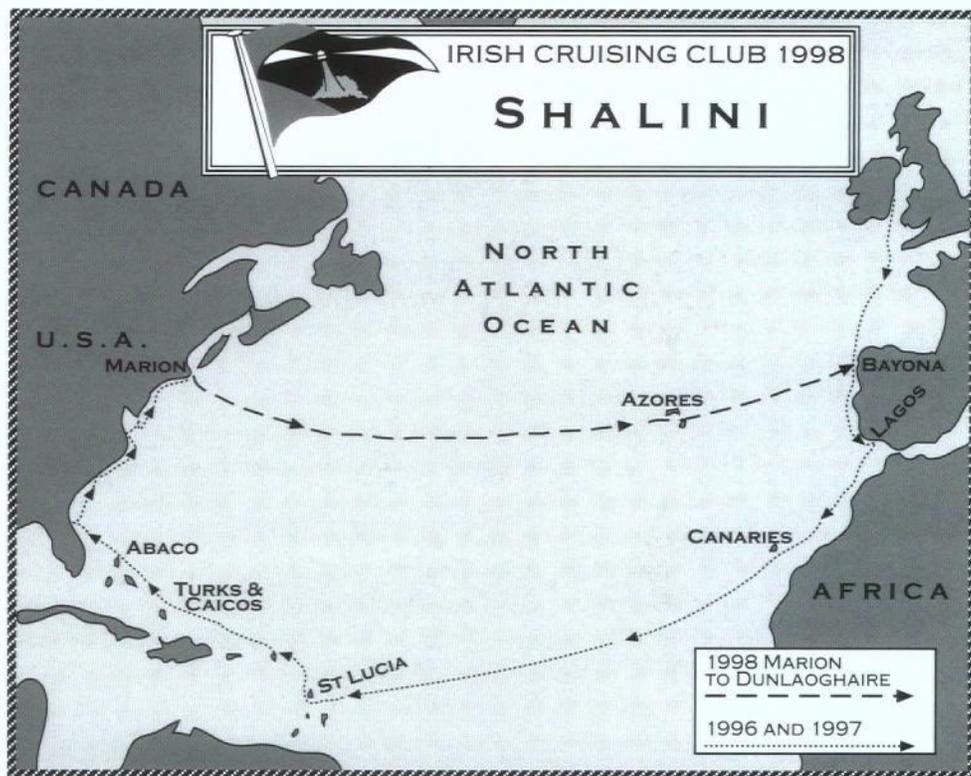


Wintering at Barden's

sailed with us as ships doctor, was unable to do so. Instead he provided us with a huge parcel of medical supplies. On the Sunday before departure there had been a plan to visit the McLaughlin household west of Boston, but it was decided that a picnic at Marion was more suitable. The only problem was that it was lashing rain and the question was where to have the picnic? The boat was not suitable as all manner of jobs were in progress and half finished. Fortunately, at the eleventh hour, I thought of asking the Beverly Yacht Club, if we could use their facilities. The request was graciously granted and so a great party followed in the warmth of the otherwise deserted club bar.

The next day there was no sign of David. It transpired that he was searching the house for his passport, which was never found, so he spent the day obtaining a new one in Boston. It had been our intention to sail on Tuesday May 12 but the weather had not improved and there were still a lot of jobs to be done so our departure was delayed. We were almost ready on Thursday and the weather seemed to be improving but, as Barden's did not have a fuel dock, we made the short run of about half a mile up Sippican harbour to take on fuel, when we discovered that the engine would not run at more than about 800 revs, a quarter of the normal maximum, and on return to Barden's it was soon discovered that the maxprop propeller had been reassembled incorrectly after servicing. The pitch had been doubled in the process and it was not surprising that the engine objected. The yard was most apologetic and lifted the boat out on the next tide at about 2200 (6 hours after normal closing time). All was righted in a couple of hours and the boat relaunched at midnight. We were finally ready to go on Friday 15 with a much improved weather situation and a reasonably good window for the next 3 to 4 days. Rather than the original idea of a sail to Block Island or possibly Nantucket for a one day shake down cruise, we decided to head out past the Elizabeth Islands, between Buzzards Bay and Martha's Vineyard, and proceed south of Cape Cod. We took a south easterly course to avoid the Nantucket Shoals and sailed out into the Atlantic bound for the Azores.

The journey took us 16 days. We brought with us a sat phone



which David rented in Boston. Not only did this give us the facility of making instantaneous phonecalls anywhere at anytime, but we were also able to receive weather information and faxes via a laptop computer. In addition, with the SSB radio, after considerable frustration failing to make contact on the first day, I managed next day to check in with Herb's weather net and found this to be a most useful service. Herb commences his net at 2000 UT each day and intending participants check in during the previous half hour by announcing boat name and position. As he does not acknowledge this message one hopes that he has heard. Herb then contacts each boat in turn working his way down the east coast of the US, the Bermuda region, the West Indies, sometimes across to the Pacific and then eastward across the Atlantic to the coast of Europe. The whole exercise takes about 4 or 5 hours and it can become quite tedious listening to other peoples reports while awaiting your turn. If you miss it, Herb may leave you out the following day! Otherwise, he keeps each boat on his call list knowing that it will normally have moved 2° or 3° per day and he will have analysed the wind and weather conditions for the subsequent 24 hours. He advises each boat in turn the conditions it can expect and may suggest a waypoint to head for, in order to avoid adverse or to reach more favourable weather. Without exception, every boat that I heard signing off at the end of its voyage was fullsome in its praise and thanks to Herb for his skilful and helpful guidance. Sometimes we heard him helping in emergency situations, where he could relay messages.

David operated the weather fax using the laptop computer and the sat phone. Most of this information came from the US National Weather Center at Washington. On occasions the information and predictions we received from this source were at odds with Herb and led to some slight tension aboard, as I was inclined to have greater faith in Herb, which was not always shared by David!

The crossing differed from the westward journey in that there was much greater variety in wind and weather conditions. The ARC had tended to be a steady 20/25 knots from astern with the occasional squall to watch out for. During the first

week or so of this crossing the winds tended to be light and ahead of the beam. We sailed south east for about 400 miles and crossed the Gulf Stream which helped our speed by a knot or two and the waters became warmer and more confused. Herb advised us to keep in a south easterly direction in order to avoid the effects of a low pressure system centered on Nova Scotia and we eventually altered course due easterly when we were at about 57°N 37°W, 200 miles or so south of our rhumb-line and 6 days out from Marion.

Since leaving Marion we had had an annoying problem starting the engine. There was an intermittent fault and sometimes the starter would fail to function and other times it started perfectly. We communicated on sat phone to the boatyard as this problem had already manifested itself in Marion, but whenever the mechanic looked at it, the engine started first time so he could not trace the problem. Eventually, with direction over the sat phone, we located the fault which merely entailed tightening a nut on a isolator switch in a most inaccessible place, and the problem was solved. Quite a relief as the engine was required not just to drive the boat but for charging batteries, heating water, boosting refrigeration and water making, all very important on a long passage.

About mid Atlantic we had our first storm, a force 8 lasting about 12 hours. We took in 3 reefs in the main and adjusted the headsail to the wind. *Shalini* bounded along in these conditions with no bother at all. We had the cockpit cover up and remained sheltered and dry in the cockpit except when the odd wave slapped over the side of the boat and broke on the deck, sometimes sloshing under the cover into the cockpit. But down below life went on as normal more or less regardless of the conditions on deck. An electrical storm one evening definitely put the wind up us. We could see the storm approaching in the distance on a fairly calm and still evening. We even tried to run away by using the engine, but the storm's progress towards us was relentless and it soon became obvious that any actions to escape were futile. After about an hour, it enveloped us entirely – the sky virtually permanently lit up by sheet and fork lightning in all directions, but practically no noise or thunder, as you would expect. Clearly our thoughts were of being struck by lightning. It seemed almost inevitable and what could we do about it? We looked up the Atlantic Crossing Guide, but there



Graham, David, Ivor and Brendan at Marion.

was little help on offer except to describe the effects of a strike, which would destroy all electrical and electronic equipment, but was unlikely to cause injury to crew. So we went below, poured ourselves a drink, and hoped for the best. The danger passed and all was well.

Another interesting weather phenomenon seen by the crew while I was off watch was a water spout described in the Concise Oxford Dictionary as "when whirling cloud forms a funnel-shaped pendant, which descends towards the sea and draws up a corresponding volume of whirling water".

When it was clear that we were going to be late reaching Horta and none of us would be able to catch our flights to return home, I called David Freeman on the sat phone hoping that he would be able to use his influence with the airline to rearrange our bookings, even if not strictly within the terms upon which the tickets were issued. To my delight, not only did he manage to achieve this, but also arranged that he and his wife Valerie, and Dick and Heather Lovegrove and Killian Skay and his wife Deirdre would fly out to Horta to sail around the islands and leave *Shalini* at Ponta Delgada, where I planned to return a fortnight later.

About 36 hours out from Horta, Herb was forecasting a big blow, but David was getting contrary information from Washington. We held a conference and Ivor advised that we should avoid making a landfall at night in poor weather conditions and, although we had the benefit of radar and GPS, this seemed wise counsel. Herb suggested that we heave-to for 12 hours, but never having done so, I decided to sail slowly north for a while so that we could then ride the storm and reach

Brían MacManus takes up the story:

O

tell me all about
Anna Livia! I want to hear all
about Anna Livia. Well, you know Anna Livia?
Yes, of course, we all know Anna Livia. Tell me all

And so on Bloomsday Bruce Lyster, Eric Hill, Paddy Moss, Brendan and Brían flew from Dublin to Ponta Delgada. Dublin London, London Lisbon, Lisbon Ponta Delgada. Cost about £250 including return Porto Dublin. Excellent value. The new Lisbon airport, on the back of Expo '98, very smart, and indeed the new roads in Portugal, which we were to enjoy later in the trip, are a real credit to the EU Cohesion Funds.

Uneventful flight from sunlit Lisbon but we noticed significant cloud over San Miguel as we flew towards Ponta Delgada. The airport was fairly bleak with the wind whistling and creating the usual pit of stomach feeling and scanning of the sky to identify possible bright spots. Is that a spot of blue, a break in cloud cover – no. Tapping of barometers and listening to forecasts did not lead to any improvement in the weather or optimism for the near future.

Following a delightful meal organised by the relaxed holidaymakers David and Valerie, Dick and Heather, Killian and Deirdre, we retired to *Shalini*. The holiday makers were retiring to their luxury hotel and we went shivering down to our virgin berths.

Next day we spent provisioning the boat. Each crew member undertaking to provide and cook the food for one day. Eric



Brendan on watch.

Horta in daylight. This we did in winds from NW reaching 45 knots at times and blowing a full force 8/9 for 24 hours. By dawn on Sunday May 31, the storm had blown itself out and we sailed along the south coast of the island of Faial in relative calm and tied alongside a very large catamaran on the outer harbour wall at Horta at about 0800.

There are 4 separate offices at Horta, the harbour office, customs, immigration and the police. Fortunately they are all fairly close together in one building but it does seem a little unnecessary to have to make 4 visits. David rented a car and booked himself into a hotel for some much needed comfort. Graham was in a hurry to return home and although he had promised us a lunch to celebrate our arrival, I suggested that he go to the airport first to sort out his flights. We didn't see him again and we never got the lunch. However, during the passage we had the most wonderful gourmet food prepared by Graham and Ivor and so we really can't complain.

* * *



Lunch party at Puebla de Caraminal.

opted for a chicken dish. He had a recipe in his pocket provided by Margaret, however, he lost the coconut cream so it was a bit different from the Darina version. We didn't notice the difference. Bruce, clearly a great observer (as well, of course, as a great participant) had seen somebody do a baked fish dish. He bought 2 huge bags of enormous frozen sardines. At sea these sardines thawed and froze over a period of days (we were trying to fix the fridge) and were eventually served up by Bruce. On a bucking reach he cut off tails, heads and gutted them and then baked them in olive oil well covered with peppers. Even Bruce, slightly the worst for wear after his cooking experience down below, ate his share. Apparently the first meal the man ever cooked. We can vouch for the fact that there is no truth in the rumour about dying after eating food frozen, thawed, frozen, thawed etc.

However, back a little bit in time, before the outbreak of culinary excellence, the skipper ignoring the pleas of the crew said, as usual, that the boat was departing the dock at 0430. We all pretended to be asleep in the middle of the night and



Leo Conway, Hon. Sec. and Gerry Sheridan at vineyard.

eventually departed in the slanting rain and whistling wind at 0800. A perfectly reasonable time to go out to sea in a half gale on your holidays!

Three accountants, an engineer and a jeweller. How did they get on? Really wonderfully well. Paddy told the most beautifully crafted stories of the jewellery retail trade in Dublin and London. The dowager getting Paddy to buy a bottle of single malt, only a best brand would do, to fuel her Roller during the Suez crisis so she could get home. What fun and what laughter echoing over the empty seas.

A boat like *Shalini* uses enormous quantities of electricity; self steering, hot water, navigational equipment, lights, water maker, radio, the list is endless. This time rather than using the windmill we use the trailing impeller. This produces about 6 amps per hour and is a great invention. Getting it back on board is quite a job and the only way to untangle the braided rope when it has been retrieved, is to detach the impeller and throw the rope over the side remembering to keep one end attached. The only other piece of advice I can think of is to make sure not to fall over the side when the gizmo is working, it is extremely powerful and dangerous.

2 days out the winds died and the skies cleared. The stars were wonderful and being on watch on ones own was a wondrous experience. That time in a cruise when you hope never to make a landfall. But eventually we did, having crossed the shipping lanes during daylight. We closed the land picking out the lights of Galicia and eventually tying up to the Marina in beautiful Bayona.

What a wonderful gathering of ICC members and their guests we met. The world and his wife were in Galicia. Then that great party in Monte Real Club de Yates. A sit-down dinner for 150 and each of us served with a pair of whole fresh sole, cooked to perfection. The drink was endless and the chat great. Michael McKee presented the flag of the cruise to the Commodore. The flag showed the lighthouse of La Coruna beaming its light towards Ireland, showing a Spanish galley the way and the ornamentation was of scallop shells. The idea was to signify the Celtic colonisation of Ireland from Galicia, the old lighthouse at La Coruna (which matches our Hook lighthouse for antiquity) and the scalloped shells which were always worn by pilgrims making their way to Santiago de Compostela. What a wonderful evocative flag.

It is also now an appropriate opportunity to express the gratitude of the 70 or so people who have all enjoyed the pleasure of sailing the lovely *Shalini* in its circumnavigation of the Atlantic over the last 2 years. Thank you Brendan and Pamela from us all for a wonderful adventure.

* * *



Galicia Battle Flag and Transoceanic Pennant.

Bayona was the completion of *Shalini's* Atlantic Circle for it was from here that Pamela and I had headed south along the Portuguese coast in September 1996. Pamela now joined Eric and myself with Eric's wife Margaret, the rest of the crew returned to Dublin after the first party at the Monte Real Club de Yates which was magically orchestrated by Joe Woodward. The cruise in Galicia was a great success and we were privileged to be part of it. wonderful parties, impeccably organised and marvellous venues all thanks to the hard work and seemingly effortless efficiency of Leo Conway, ably assisted by his wife Phil.

For our return journey to Ireland, Pamela and I were joined by our Commodore Michael McKee. We departed from Camarinas, having sailed from Portosin a few days after the last party, accompanied by Michael's wife Anne and Sheila McCann.

The seas were a bit rough following the northerly winds of the previous few days, but we pressed ahead steadily with the help of the engine and enjoyed good night vision with an almost full moon. We were accompanied across the Bay of Biscay by John Godkin's *VSOP* with a much weightier crew than ourselves. On arrival at Hughtown, the weather predictions were distinctly gloomy, so I decided to stay put. My decision was vindicated when *VSOP*, having set out for Kinsale, returned a few hours later reporting horrendous conditions.

The new mooring buoys at Hughtown are a considerable advance on anchoring there, but are a bit close together for comfort. We found ourselves being bumped by the one astern. Pamela hadn't been to the Scillies before, so we took our time visiting the usual hostelries and went for long walks. We went across to Tresco by ferry and visited the gardens in pouring rain.

After 3 days, the weather improved. *Shalini* crossed the flats to Tresco on a falling tide, not to be advised, but we made it, and headed north from New Grimsby harbour. Our journey to Dun Laoghaire took just 32 hours.

Having announced our impending arrival by VHF and cellphone, we dallied awhile in Killiney Bay, dressed overall and then proceeded into Dun Laoghaire harbour. It was Bastille Day, the French fleet were in port, and the club flagpole was duly adorned, especially for us, we were told!

A small reception party had assembled and much champagne was very generously provided. *Shalini* had completed her 2 year voyage, approximately 14,500 miles, with over 70 people having enjoyed cruising aboard at some stage. A most happy and enjoyable adventure.

Building Irish currachs of circa 1925

James Cahill

As part of my restoration of the old British Admiralty Coastguard Station at Rosmoney, Westport, I decided to research and build thirteen different types of currachs which were used on the north and west coast of Ireland after the turn of the century. During my research into the coastguard service I came across incidences of currachs and stories. For example, a report of 10 currachs leaving the Inishkeas on a Sunday morning in 1846 with a complement of 30 men from those islands. They boarded a becalmed ship with a cargo of grain. They unloaded sufficient grain to fill their currachs. In calm water, each of their three man currachs could carry one tonne or more. They were subsequently apprehended by the authorities and brought to prison in Belmullet pending the hearing of a case against them for theft and robbery on the high seas.

I also discovered that during the early years of the 19th century, the Admiralty were having great difficulty, particularly in the south of England, in apprehending the free-traders, then being branded as smugglers. It was decreed that all rowing boats with more than four pairs of oars in the south of England would be confiscated. In Ireland the onus of proof was changed

for the owners of boats with more than four pairs of oars, so that it would be up to the owner to show that he was not engaged in any smuggling with the boat. I believe this is one reason why in our research we did not come across any currachs with more than four pairs of oars. In north Mayo, a fifth man used a steering oar. Steering oars were occasionally used on the Kerry currachs also.

Over three years ago, I began researching the topic with a view to building various currachs which do not exist anymore. I was given a jump start by referring to the book written by Mr. James Hornell, entitled *The Coracles and Currachs of Britain and Ireland*. Mr. Hornell did his research in the 1920's and devotes most of the book to an analysis of the coracles used in Britain. In his book, he drew scale drawings and produced basic specifications for various currachs along the coast. He also published some photographs. His book was written long before the advent of the out board motor. I have no reason to believe that there were any consequential changes in the design of currachs in the localities for many hundreds of years before then. With our former Rear Commodore, Jarlath Cunnane of



James Cahill, friends and part of his currach fleet, at the old Rosmoney Coastguard Station, near Westport.

Type	L.O.A.	Beam	Construction	Cover	Gunwale
Boyne Coracle	6ft 0 ins	4' 6"	Hazel / Willow	Canvas	Willow Band
Rosses Paddling	8' 1"	3' 5"	Cleft Wood	Canvas	Single
Bunbeg Paddling and Rowing	8' 6"	3' 9"	Sawn Laths	Canvas	Single
Tory	11' 2"	3' 7"	Sawn Laths	Canvas	Single
Sheephaven Downings	14' 4"	3' 8"	Hazel	Canvas	Single
N. Mayo Bolderrig	23' 6"	4' 0"	Hazel / Laths	Canvas	Double
Iniskea	17' 7"	3' 10"	Ash Rods	Canvas	Single
Achill	20' 4"	3' 11"	Sawn Wood	Canvas	Double
Kilkee	17' 8"	3' 10"	Sawn Wood	Canvas	Double
Dingle	25' 0"	4' 6"	Sawn Wood	Canvas	Double
Currane Achill	19' 0"	4' 0"	Sawn Wood	Canvas	Double
Aran	19' 6"	3' 10"	Sawn Wood	Canvas	Double

Knock and friend Tadhg O'Driscoll, we visited parts of Mayo and Galway to take photographs of and measure a variety of boats including currachs. We then proceeded to build the Arran Currach from the Hornell design in his workshop at Knock during Christmas vacation periods.

I also spoke in detail to individuals from separate localities in Mayo, Galway and Kerry. In this regard, I will mention a couple of people – Mr. John O'Malley, Boat Builder, Currane, Achill, Mr. John Gallagher whose late father built currachs throughout his life at Currane and Mr. Padraig O'Tighe Martin of Carrowteige, County Mayo. I had very detailed discussions with Mr. Michael O'Leary of Tralee. Michael came from the Magharee islands where his family were currach builders. While he himself worked for the Forestry over the years, he had kept up the tradition of building currachs on the mainland. Michael helped me prepare a written step by step instruction guide to be used in the building of a Naomhóg. We also took measurements of a variety of currachs in West Kerry.

I subsequently came in contact with Mr. Padraig Ó Duínín formerly of the West Cork. Padraig established a FÁS scheme in Cork under the title "Meitheal Mara". I spoke to Padraig about the possibility of building the fleet of currachs. The discussions were successful, the specifications agreed and I contracted with him to build the boats in Cork. At that time Meitheal Mara was based in the Sisk property on the Airport Road, Cork. I understand that our esteemed member, Mr. Hal Sisk has given his full support to Padraig and Meitheal Mara.

I supplied Meitheal with oak and certain other materials and they got down to the building. Mr. Ó Duínín was in charge of this and other related projects. It is important to understand that in the operation of the FÁS scheme he has been continually teaching new trades to formerly unemployed people who agreed to get involved in the building of currachs. In this endeavour I wish to express my full praise and admiration to Padraig for a job well done in difficult circumstances.

Each of the 12 vessels built by Meitheal Mara differ dramatically and each is a fully traditional craft. The vessels come with over 60 oars and paddles, 2 masts, gaffs, leeboards

and 2 sails for the sailing currachs. Padraig had already built a number of naomhógs and has a fleet of six which he and his friends use on the Lee and bring to other traditional boat gatherings or regattas.

Our combined research and work, I am very proud to say, has resulted in the only fleet of currachs in existence which represent the different types used on the coast. The fleet of 13 includes a Boyne Coracle. Apparently, the Boyne is the only river on which coracles were used in Ireland. We have so far been unable to find details of the Lough Derg/Shannon currach type which died out in the 1880's.

The currachs will be on display during the summer months next year at the Old Coastguard Station at Rosmoney, five miles from Westport on the shores of Clew Bay.

It appears to me that the currachs used on the west coast of Mayo and Galway continue to survive and thrive. It strikes me that the fully planked currachs survive simply because they are easier to modify for the outboard engine. Meitheal Mara's survey of currachs show the following:

Many of the types in the fleet no longer exist.

Currach survey figures		
Date	Area	Number
C. McGealalt '94	West Kerry Dingle	25 Currachs
August '94	North Kerry Mouth of Shannon	4 Currachs
February '96	Castlegregory Brandon Bay	19 Currachs 3 Currachs
August '94	South coast of Clare	14 Currachs
August '94	West Clare	22 Currachs
	Aran Islands	19 Currachs
September '95	South Connemara Galway	15 Currachs (including racing currachs) but must be more
September '96	North Connemara	35 Currachs
	County Mayo Inishturk Inishboffin	8 Currachs 12 Currachs (oral account)
	Clare Island	18 Currachs (incl. wrecks)
	Clew Bay Area	7 Currachs
	General Achill Area Achill Island Mainland, Achill Beag and Area	67 Currachs (incl. wrecks)
	Erris Area	20 Currachs
	North Mayo	5 Currachs
TOTAL		293 Currachs
Note: I expect that the total can be increased by 40%. Currachs are easily stored and behind houses while their owners, as migrant workers are abroad or in other parts of Ireland. There are also small landing places where one would find single currachs.		
I did not have the time to make such indepth enquiries and Donegal, for example was not surveyed.		

Coastal Surveyors

If members refer to the 1991 edition of the Journal they will find a list of Coastal Surveyors. Regrettably a number of these have gone to join Davy Jones and at least one is no longer resident in Ireland. A new list is now reprinted below. We are particularly thin on the ground in the NW area. Quite a few are getting "long in the tooth" so younger volunteers are more than welcome. Contact your area Flag Officer.

With the advance of the dreaded mobile phone it very necessary for us to include as many numbers as possible in our publications. They are usually a reliable means of communication in an emergency in coastal waters and sometimes quicker to use than VHF in many cases. Also they can be used to book tables for food at the next port of call which is always appreciated by the female crew!

The list of Port Officers is under consideration and may be published in the next Newsletter together with an outline of their duties.

The List:

1 Mine Head to Carnsore Point	Colin Chapman Donal Brazil
2 Carnsore Point to Kilmichael Point	Donal Brazil
3 Kilmichael Point to Wicklow Head	Terry Johnson Paul Butler
4 Wicklow Head to Dublin Port	Terry Johnson Ronan Beirne Paul Butler
5 Dublin Port to Balbriggan	Terry Johnson Jenny Guinness
6 Balbriggan to Carlingford Entrance	Dr. Jack Flanagan
7 Carlingford Entrance to Strangford Lough	Michael O'Farrell John Fisher
8 Strangford Lough - S Strangford Lough - N	David Maxwell Tom Andrews
9 Strangford Lough to Ballycormack Point	Michael McKee
10 Ballycormack Point to Black Head	Ian Wylie Arthur Orr
11 Black Head to Fair Head	Tom Hutcheson
12 Fair Head to Inishowen Head	Wallace Clark
13 Inishowen Head to Fanad Head	Wallace Clark
14 Fanad Head to Bloody Foreland	James Slevin Wallace Clark
15 Bloody Foreland to Donegal Town	James Slevin
16 Donegal Town to Eagle Island	James Slevin
17 Eagle Island to Achill Beg	James Cahill
18 Achill Beg to Slyne Head	Brian Lynch
19 Slyne Head to Liscannor Bay	Frank Sheridan
20 Liscannor Bay to Kerry Head	Tony Clark
21 Kerry Head to Valentia Harbour	Jerry O'Sullivan
22 Valentia Harbour to Kenmare River South	T. F. Clifford
23 Kenmare River South to Dursey and Mizen Head	Joe Woodward Bill Hosford Joe Fitzgerald
24 Dursey and Mizen Head to Schull	E. Derek Harte Bernie Cahill
25 Schull to Old Head of Kinsale	Raymond Fielding Dominick O'Flynn
26 Old Head of Kinsale to Mine Head	James Villiers-Stuart Donal McClement Donal Brazil

The Duties:

- 1 Read the present entry in the Sailing Directions and Amendments for your area.
- 2 Visit the area annually by boat or car.
- 3 Gather updated information regarding:
 - a) Availability of fuels, gas and stores, eating houses, pubs, hotels, showers, laundrettes, etc.
 - b) New works on piers, jetties, quays, marinas, etc.
 - c) New or changed fish farm positions.
 - d) Changes of inshore lights, which are not the responsibility of the Commissioners of Irish Lights.
 - e) Update information on those who will do repairs to boats, sails, engines, electronics, with addresses and telephone numbers, and chandlers.
 - f) Update names of persons who look after boats left at anchorages or help in emergencies. Also Harbour Master names and telephone numbers.
 - g) Changes in navigational information, e.g. new soundings, shifting banks, dredging, etc. Note for soundings, be careful to get accurate positions, time and depth of water. Missing or new beacons, perches.
 - h) VHF channels in use at the large harbours.
 - i) Check telephone numbers and add new.

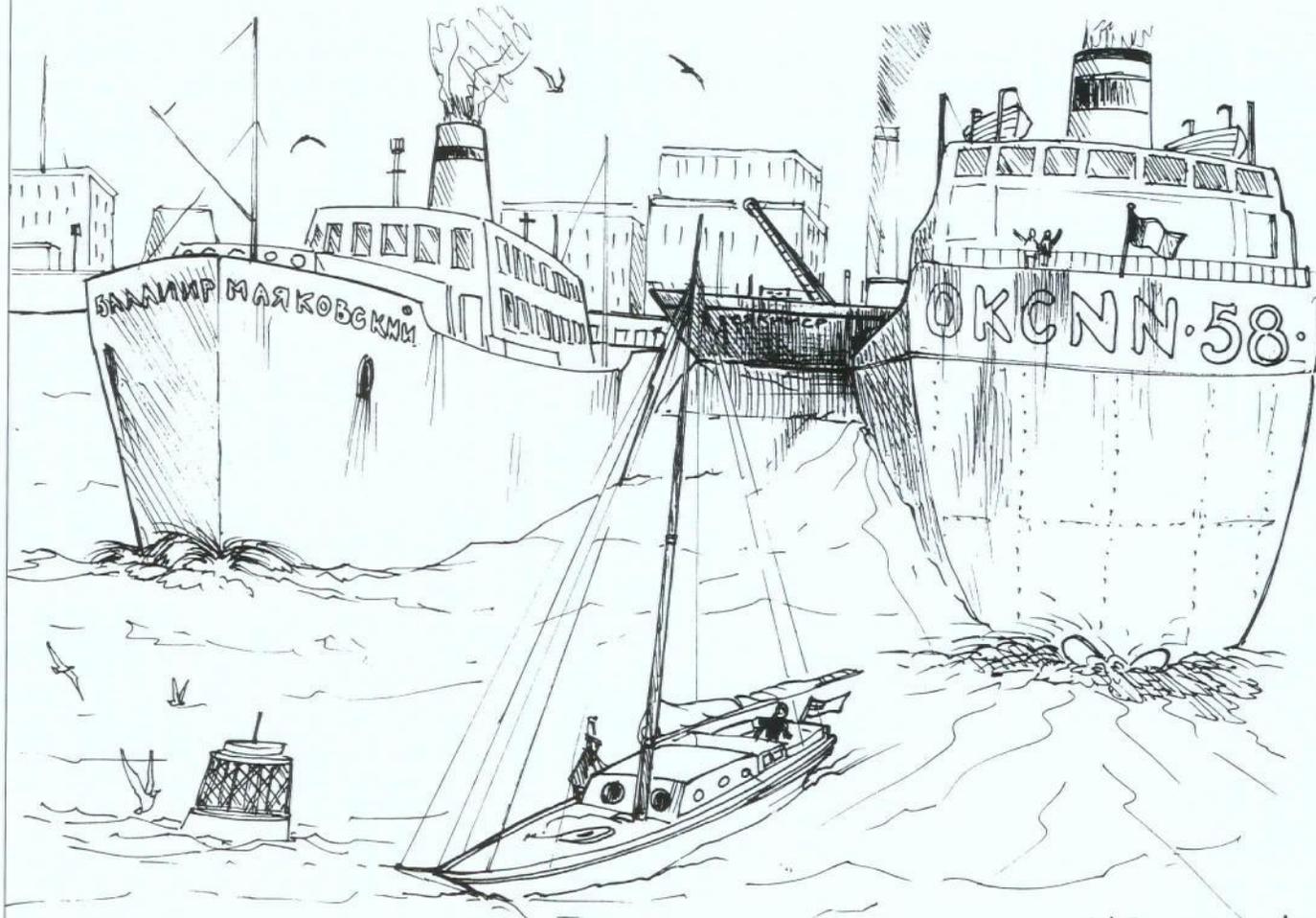
As the amendments are published in the Spring of each year, and there is a fair amount of editing and checking work to be done, will those designated please send in their reports to their compilers by 28th February 1999. Any other member who anything of interest to report is more than welcome to send it in.

Sailing Directions for South & West Coasts of Ireland

By the time you receive this Journal the new edition of the above by ICC Publications Ltd. will be available to all members. The Club is everlastingly grateful to Malachi O'Gallagher and his wonderful wife Evelyn for all their efforts in producing this excellent publication. Kevin Dwyer with his flying farmer friend took all the new photographs that have been included in this edition. Malachi has decided to retire having not only produced this book but also the 8th edition of the E-N SDs.

A new E&N is underway under the guidance of John Gore-Grimes, who leads a small team to publish in the Spring of 1999. After this watershed Ed. Wheeler is going to take over the job of Compiler for E-N only. His first duty will be to produce amendments to the 9th edition and then in due course produce the 10th edition. Members having items of interest for publication should now send them to Ed. The new Compiler for the S-W is to be Jeanot Petch. As with Ed., items for the first amendments of S-W direct to Jeanot please. These will also be published in Spring 1999. No further amendments are to be issued for any previous editions of either book.

The price of the 9th S-W is £25 to members. Small stocks are held in Dublin by Ronan Beirne; Cork by Jeanot Petch; and Belfast by Arthur Orr. Cheques in payment to ICC Publications Ltd. No cash please!



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Dunn's Ditties

Ann Bunting and John Clementson write about Faustina II

Faustina II's cruise to Spain and France this year lasted nearly three months and John was on board throughout. With a guest crew, a fast passage was made to Galicia where Ann joined together with our guests Peter and Evie Ronaldson and

Ronnie and Hazel Barr. All six of us first had a great couple of days in Santiago – and we really recommend the *Parador* – just stunning. Enough will have been written elsewhere about the Rally – especially *Caraminal*. It was seriously good fun throughout.

With the Rally sadly over, Ann and John explored slowly along the Spanish north coast as far as Santander. There we discovered the wonderful 'Picos De Europa' mountain group by car before Ann reluctantly left to go home to do some work. John's son Simon crewed the boat across 'The Bay' to La Rochelle where John, now solo, explored locally for a week or so (including up the River Charente to Rochefort). At La Rochelle, Ann rejoined, with some friends, to cruise northwards along the west Brittany coast and on back to Bangor. The Golfe du Morbihan and Vannes, La Vilaine river to La Roche Bernard and further, and the Iles de Glènan and many other harbours and anchorages were explored. So much did we enjoy Brittany and so much is there to see there that *Faustina* may well return in 1999 to do both the north and west coasts.

We called in at Howth on the way home, visited the Tall Ships and were royally entertained at Censure House. All in all a great cruise in generally good weather, except for the gale that hit us on the last stretch of our run from Audierne to Milford Haven. The main problem there was the clinking of all the wine bottles throughout the boat! Our most grateful thanks to Roy Waters for lending us 27 charts and the necessary pilot books for our cruise.

Wallace Clark writes of the loss of Wild Goose:

Our stranding came at the end of a 400 mile passage back from Brittany on a dark but not particularly dirty night in July.

We'd had an enjoyable passage back from Lanildut, beset but not spoiled by engine troubles. This meant sailing engineless to Cork via the Scillies – good for the spirit to lie a whole night becalmed in mid Channel – like it happened in the old days.

We were most kindly looked after at Crosshaven. Brian Cudmore went to pains to get the right man to fix the Watermota and he did a good job.

The disaster took place near the mouth of the Bann which we were attempting to enter at 03.00. Victor Hamill of Coleraine Yacht Club and I had anchored to have dinner and await a fair tide in the lee of Torr Head. We were given a handsome gift of a salmon straight out of the net by Captain Paddy McNeill which we were never to eat.

Between us we mistook the east training wall for the west and beached her on the long strand at Portstewart. Only available excuse is that we had been forced right inshore by a proliferation of salmon nets around the mouth with owners flashing lights and shouting instructions by radio. So we were approaching from a very unfamiliar angle. The pier head was not visible, but this we took to be due to local vandals who had stoned it out in the past. Another yacht had done the same thing and beached three days earlier.

Worth noting is that the first wave over the stern knocked out our 12 volt electrics and with it the VHF. But a Cellphone, pre-set to the Bangor Coastguard, quickly brought help.

We scrambled ashore unhurt. *Wild Goose* was towed off, stern first by the ever helpful RNLI, having done the same evolution for our predecessor. A tricky enough one in shallow water on the edge of the surf with a strong cross tide. They got her off just before High Water but she then sank in 35 feet about half a mile out.

The timing of the event was curious. June and I had decided that we are getting a bit old to handle her without assistance, so it was time to part company with our well beloved ship. But we couldn't bear to sell her. How to find an honourable solution was a problem.

I fancy she heard us say all this and took her own way of solving it. There is a happy ending as with the co-operation of Yachtsure we have been able to hand her over to The Causeway Coast Maritime Heritage Group a very active body who already have collected several antique boats.

They have salvaged the hull and are busy working on it. She will be on show next year, probably right beside the Giant's Causeway Centre which attracts some 400,000 visitors a year. They have requested to have me stuffed in the cockpit, glass of rum in hand, but I'm saying 'Not just yet'. We hope to do a bit more sailing first. Of course I am very sad not to have her, or any of our other seagoing boats, after fifty years of ownership. But she had not gone to what I hope will be a proud place in competent hands.

Incidentally a book compiled from Milo's log with great help from Libby Purves about his last voyage in *Wild Goose* called *Sailing Round Russia* will be available in December. 188pp, 32 in colour £12.00, postage included, from the publishers Leinster Leader, 18 South Main Street, Naas, Co. Kildare.

Brian Dalton writes of flags in Maine:

This year's cruising was among the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Francophone and gastronomically important, they fly the flag of Quebec – a white cross on a blue field with a white fleur de lys in each quadrant.

Back home in our new house on the shore of Penobscot Bay, Maine, we flew our protest flags on Columbus Day (12 Oct.) in

honour of Brendan, Lief and others. The flagpole was a local cut tree now secured to a stump by bolts for easy dismantling and maintenance. The rope is decorative.

Why are private flagpoles so rare in Ireland? In Scandinavia and the United States they are plentiful. Flag flying is fun. However, we hoist the ICC burgee in the hope a passing member will anchor and enjoy some hospitality.



The Dalton's flagpole in Maine – an invitation to passing members.

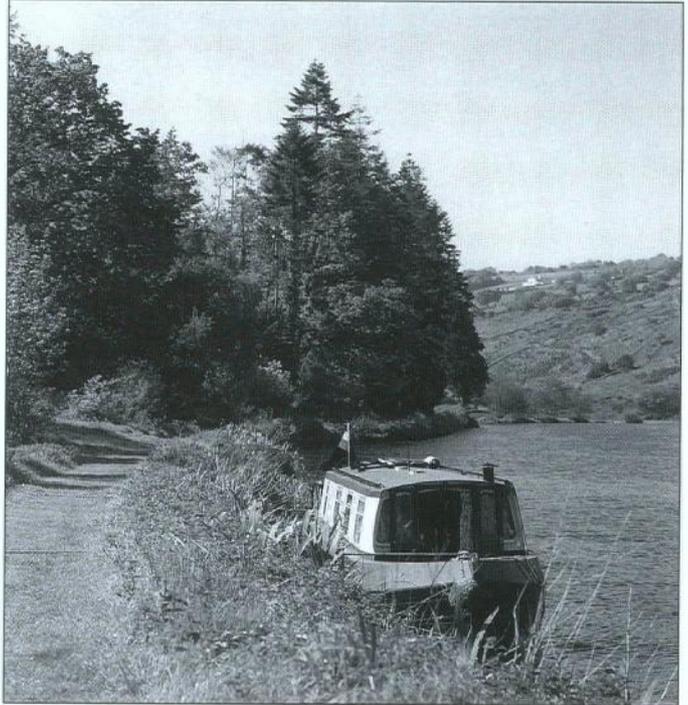
Kevin Dwyer writes of Inland Ireland:

Over the past twelve months I have worked with Malachi O'Gallagher, Hon. Compiler of the Sailing Directions on his new edition for the south and west coasts. New marinas seem to be growing around our coasts and photographic flights had to be made over Kilmore Quay, Lawrence Cove and Fenit. Aerial photographs were taken of a number of anchorages on the Donegal coast and in Connemara, quite a number of photographs were selected from my own library which has increased in size since the last edition was published in 1993. The new edition has twice as many aerial photographs.

My own cruising this year has been on the inland waterways of Ireland. My ICC ensign has sailed the length of the Barrow Navigation from St. Mullins lock near New Ross, up to the Grand Canal and across to Tullamore. It also sailed along the

upper reaches of the River Shannon and through the Shannon Erne Waterway. A lock-keeper in the Midlands felt that the Fastnet Rock on the flag was a bit far away from home.

I have now completed photography for my next book which hopefully will be published by the spring of 1999. It will take you on a journey through our inland waterways from New Ross to Beleek. The photography will primarily be aerial but on this occasion I will also be including quite a number of photographs taken at water level and from which I hope to be able to give the a feeling of being on our waterways and show how beautiful they are.



ICC Ensign near St. Mullins.

Marilyn Kenworthy writes of Flica:

April 8th 1998 – at last! The long awaited day of going to Ipswich to take delivery of *Flica* my new Oyster 42, named after my late Grandfathers 12 metre.

The crew, a very fine bunch was Liam Bohane, Grattan Roberts and Donal McClement (all ICC members) ably assisted by young Clive Higgins. The cruise home was a great adventure visiting Fecamp and St. Vaast in northern France as well as St. Peters Port and Newlyn before arriving at Crosshaven on 18th April. We were not in a rush to get home!

Five weeks later *Flica* departed for Galacia – again an able bodied bunch aboard including Liam and Grattan as well as myself and Colin Hayes (ICC member).

I was feeling a little anxious about this passage but the knowledge that she was a fine solid boat helped enormously and her behaviour was way above my expectations. Now I will go anywhere!!

Three days and three hours for the 500 miles to our first landfall at La Caruna was pretty good going. Very heavy rain did not stop our celebrations and the enjoyment of such a beautiful city. The local seafood and excellent wines were a foretaste of things to come.

The next week two of us had a leisurely cruise to Bayona where we were welcomed by fellow member Andrew Curtain and his crew. We had a "small" party which only lasted about 12 hours.

Flica was left in the safe care of the excellent staff of the Real Club Nautico for the next two weeks and when we returned to Galacia – what a wonderful area – Colin, Freda Hayes plus Donal McClement and Liam made up the crew for the Rally. At this stage may I say well done to the organisers. Superb weather, occasional parties and cruising the Rias was very special – apart from the sore heads now and again – and the lunch at Caraminal – never to be forgotten. Hopefully, we can have a repeat in a few years!!

Flica arrived back in Crosshaven on 7th July after a fairly rough passage and had a short rest before heading west. We got as far as Dingle, but the weather was pretty awful. Luckily we had the three weeks of sunshine in Spain.



Flica cruising the Rias Galicia '98.

In her short life of 5 months, to date she has logged almost 3,000 miles – not bad for a young one!

Plans for 1999 are now being talked about. La Rochelle seems like a good bet and who knows – maybe the Caribbean for the Millennium?

Tom Kirby writes of Yami-Yami's cruise to Galway

Having spent the previous four summers transporting Mirror Dinghy sailors to various events, I was determined to do some decent cruising this season. However, due to a combination of circumstances,

Yami-Yami, my 1978 Sadler 25, was not launched until 1st August and at that stage we felt the 'summer' had passed us by. Consoling ourselves with the thought that we hadn't missed much, considering the weather up to then, we left Crosshaven at 1600 hours on Monday 3rd August, heading west with no definite plans other than a fortnight's cruising. The initial crew was my long-term sailing companion, John Murphy, and myself. The benefit of a free wind was too tempting so we decided to sail on overnight, arriving in Baltimore Harbour around 0400 Tuesday. Tuesday and Wednesday were spent in Schull, where we carried out some minor repairs, and we were joined by ICC member Ron Cudmore.

The following days of that week were blessed with the best weather of the summer. While we could have used some more wind, being forced to engine a good deal, we reached Kiltonan on Inishmore on Sunday evening, having visited the fine marina facilities at Lawrence Cove on Bere Island and Dingle, and also the beautifully scenic Smerwick Harbour. By that stage some exercise was badly needed by all the crew so we hired bicycles from the shop on the pier and cycled out to Dun Aengus fort, which is well worth a visit provided you don't venture too near the sheer cliff edge. Later that evening we

enjoyed a glorious sail, 10 miles to Cashla on the mainland, north of Aran.

Next day, Monday 10th, brought a change in the weather. We had arranged a crew change at Galway Docks and, with a forecast of southerly 4/5, we anticipated a pleasant 20 mile reach along the north shore of Galway Bay. What we got was a gradually increasing and veering wind so that by the time we reached Galway wind speeds of 45 knots were being recorded on the pier. This SW gale persisted for the next 2 days and, with no real improvement forecast up to the weekend, we decided on Thursday to leave the boat in Galway Docks. While it is not an ideal place for a small yacht, due to the commercial nature of the port, it is certainly very sheltered. I would like to make special mention of two ICC members in Galway. Harbour Master, Frank Sheridan, and Pat Lavelle were most helpful. They gave us good advice about our berthing place and also kept a close eye on the boat for us during our absence.

On Tuesday 25th August Ron Cudmore, Kieran Collins and myself left Galway. The forecast was for the prevailing south westerly to veer northwest, giving us a favourable reach to the Dingle Peninsula. However, ten hours later and with no sign of the expected veer, we reached Kiltonan, wet and tired after a hard slog up-wind. I certainly appreciated the truth in the old maxim 'They breed tough sailors in Connemara'. At last the Gods took pity on us as next morning we left the Arans at 0600 hours with a fresh northerly behind us and, sixteen hours later, arrived at Dingle Marina just in time for a well deserved pint before closing time, much relieved to have put our experiences of Galway Bay behind us.

I had to leave the boat in Dingle, where the marina affords a very safe, sheltered berth in all conditions, for three weeks. We paid for our nice reaching wind from Aran in that we had to beat practically all the way home to Cork Harbour, the wind gradually backing around from SW to NE as we progressed along the coast. My son, Myles, and some college friends did most of this leg, in fact from Bere Island to Crosshaven, also calling at Port Magee, Schull, Glandore and Courtmacsherry. We finally tied up at the RCYC Marina at 2300 hours, Friday 25th September; just in time to take part in our class championship starting the next morning!

The following crew participated at different stages: Tom Kirby, John Murphy, Ron Cudmore, Michael O'Sullivan, Kieran Collins, Peter O'Higgins, Myles Kirby, Paddy Cooney, Peter Coyle. Special mention must be made of our Shore/Transport Manager, Eileen Kirby, for her various car trips to Galway, Dingle, Bere Island and practically every port in Co. Cork west of Cork Harbour, not to mention the regular stews, curries and food parcels which made life much more bearable.

What lessons did we learn? The Sadler is a most sea-worthy boat; in the 20 years I have owned her I have had many occasions to be grateful for her stiffness, her ability to carry her sail comfortably and, in particular, her capacity to beat to windward in difficult conditions. She is, however, a small boat for offshore passage making and one needs to take reasonable care when planning such trips. Our engine – a 6 horsepower Petter diesel – is a little under powered and several other owners tell me they have benefited greatly from changing up to something more powerful.

Further modifications might be a spray-hood and a furling headsail. I can see problems in trying to persuade the racing members of my crew of the advantages of these!

Alan Leonard writes of Coda's maiden cruise

Having conceded that design had moved on somewhat in the past 30 years we parted with *Wishbone* after the '97 season and I began a series of visits to Bowman Yachts in Southampton to watch our Starlight

35 *Coda* taking shape. We took delivery of her from Rhu Marina at Easter, sailing her to Bangor Marina on Easter Monday. Snow on the deck the following morning dissuaded us from proceeding to Whiterock so she lay in Bangor until the May Bank Holiday.

A long cruise to get to know her seemed appropriate, so plans were made to visit Brittany. My sister, Liz England (I have been asked by the Commodore to make it clear that "Liz England is Gerry Leonard's daughter"), her husband Fred, my eldest son David and I went on board on Monday 20 July. There were fresh southerlies blowing and progress was slow so that by Wednesday 22nd we were still only in Carlingford. The wind veered and we left Carlingford on the last of the ebb so as to pick up a fair tide further south. With a stiff westerly we made great progress and carried the tide to well south of Wicklow Head. We then had to plug the tide for a few hours and took our departure from the Tuskar shortly before midnight. The wind eased and we spent the night motor sailing in a light north-westerly, arriving in St Mary's Pool, at 20.40 the next evening. After a nights sleep we took on fuel and stores and set off for Brittany. Motoring across the channel in calm conditions, we went outside everything, Ushant La Chaussee de Sein, the lies de Glenans and Belle lie. We arrived at Pornic Marina at 07.00 on Monday 27 July, 45 hours from the Scillies.

Pornic is a good place for crew changing as it is about half an hour from Nantes Airport by taxi. It would be possible to take the airport bus into Nantes and then travel to Pornic by train but the station is a long way from the Marina and the extra time and hassle involved would seem to obviate the cost saving. There are several Air France flights a day from Gatwick. Elizabeth, my wife, and Colin, my younger son, arrived that afternoon. Liz and Fred left to return to Scotland. The light north-westerly which had brought us here freshened with a vengeance so we spent the next couple of days in Pornic. Eventually we motor sailed reefed down to L'Herbaudiere at the north end of the lie de Noirmoutier. On Friday 31 July we had an enjoyable beat in a 'to moderate north-easterly' across to La Turballe. we were now nearing our chosen cruising area of the Vilane and La Golfe du Morbihan. We visited Arzal, La Roche Bernard, Port du Croesty and then into the Morbihan. As is so often the case the idea for this cruise arose from a book. George Millar's "Oyster River" had been read and reread over the previous winter and we visited many of his anchorages. Anchored off the Ile de la Jument with the ebb roaring down "the gut" only a few yards away, we could imagine the Millars in *Amokura* slipping away from the malevolent "Ric-Rac" in the fog. Colin caught a 2 lb bass which we enjoyed for breakfast next morning. We also made a trip up the Auray River to Le Rocher from where we visited Auray and Le Bono by dinghy. Time was by now running out as fast as the ebb in the gut as Elizabeth and the boys were booked on the afternoon flight from Nantes on Saturday 8th. We took what we thought was the last of the ebb down the Auray River but must have miscalculated as the tide was still ebbing strongly in the gut when we got there. Eventually it turned and we carried the flood the whole way up to Vannes. La Golfe du Morbihan has much in common with Strangford Lough (strong tides near the entrance, many islands, and acres that dry out at the head). The Strangford Lough equivalent of Vannes would be to make fast in a Marina in the middle of Newtownards! There is a regular train service to Nantes which connects well with the flights and crew changing was again easy.

I was joined by Ken Smart, veteran of many cruises in *Wishbone* since 1972, David Wilson, who had cruised a few times on *Wishbone*, and Brian Morgan recently retired colleague, International 14 sailor and artist. The return passage included visits to Concarneau, Camaret, The Scillies, Rosslare

and Howth. Notable passages were a fine reach from the Scillies to our landfall near the Coningbeg, a close reach across Dublin Bay from Bray Head to Howth on a lovely sunny evening and a reach from Howth inside Ireland's Eye and Lambay, outside Rockabill to St John's Point, then a brisk beat up the narrows and a gentle drift up Strangford Lough in the evening to find on our arrival that Elizabeth had a bottle of Champagne on ice! A fitting end to a good cruise of two days under a month. We felt that our new craft had had a good "shake down".

Donal McClement writes of a very busy year

What a year! It started with 2 visits to Oyster Marine to commission Marilyn Kenworthy's lovely new Oyster 42 *Flica* in March and April. The trip back to Cork included visits to Fecamp, St Vaast, St Peter's Port and Newlyn over an 8 day period. The Rally was next and it took a lot of pluck to leave Crosshaven just before Ford Cork Week for which I was the Chairman of the Race Committee. No doubt there are many stories already in circulation about the Spanish Cruise but the return trip of 570 miles on the nose was a great test of the boat. 96 hours saw me arrive back with 3 days to spare before the start of what was without doubt the best ever Cork Week. Nearly 650 boats took part over the 5 days of racing and all credit to Harold Cudmore who proved that there is still life in the old dog by taking the top honours in Class Zero. The South Coast Rally at Sherkin Island in the company of Colin and Freeda Hayes on *Saoirse of Cork* was the best day of the Summer and the excellent food and liquid refreshments provided by the Murphy family made for a memorable day. Forced to miss the visit to the Naval Base because I was slumming it on a lovely newcomer 10 the harbour in Crosshaven Boatyard's ever popular October League I am told the it was a great day out with the Commodore in sparkling form However we had a great weekend racing the Swan 53 *Rambler* owned by Martin Dooney of Glandore. A quick delivery trip to the Clyde on an American friends Alden 47 ketch in late October saw visits to Kilmore Quay, Ardglass and Ardrossan over a 4 day period. If one has to sail in late October in our climate then *Aurora* was a really nice boat to do so. Looking forward to a restful year in 1999.



Overlooking Lough Hyne. Gordon Knaggs and Sean McCormack.

Sean McCormack writes of Marie Claire's Summer

For the first time ever *Marie Claire* stayed in commission during the Winter of 1997/98 and we succeeded in having, at least, one sail each month during that period.

Marie Claire joined the Howth Cruising group on their Saint Patrick's Day outing to Malahide and also the May bank-holiday weekend cruise to Arklow.

On the June bank-holiday weekend we took part in the ICC outing to Carlingford. Despite the fresh conditions, this proved to be a most enjoyable trip.

For the first three weeks of August we took a break from the Dublin area racing scene and headed for West Cork and Kerry. It was some years since I was last on this magnificent sailing coast and, with the best weather of a poor Summer, we had fantastic sailing and a most enjoyable time.

We explored a total of 25 anchorages for lunch/swim stops and overnights. The highlights that come to mind include the under 30 hour sail from Howth to Kinsale.

Sailing into Dingle Harbour with "Fungie" alongside and being closely followed by an armada of craft carrying hundreds of excited camera clicking tourists.

Shooting the rapids at Barlogue Creek and exploring Lough Hyne and the high surrounding hills and then a very peaceful night aboard the only craft in the creek.

Exploring ashore on Cape Clear and Sherkin Island to help clear the heads after late nights in the local hostelrys.

The sail from Crookhaven to Schull via Man of War Sound and Long Island channel. For this sail we had on board the non sailing family of two members of the crew, Hugh and Kevin. Their enjoyment of the sail in warm sunny force 3 winds was palpable.

Another memorable sail, for different reasons, was from Ballycotton and our approach to Kilmore Quay in S.W. Gale conditions.

Our two disappointments were not being able to land on the Great Skellig and the rough seas out at the Fastnet Rock which ruled out photography from the dinghy.

All in all a great trip and back in Howth just in time to see the Tall Ships away.

Brian Smullen and Peter Mullins write of *Cuilaun* 1998

In 1992 *Cuilaun* was laid up in Rockport, Maine while Brian sailed *Zaberdast* around the world in the Europa Rally and it was not until *Zaberdast* was sold in 1995 that a decision was made to re-commission *Cuilaun*. This proved a greater project than expected. Although

Cuilaun's teak hull had not suffered (she spent the summers afloat) her machinery and electronics needed close attention. We are all familiar with Murphy? He was alive and well and living in *Cuilaun's* bilge. The knock on effect all started with the somewhat elderly and now out of print Volvo Penta MD 21. It had taken an unscheduled saltwater bath and was removed to be replaced by a Yanmar 4JH2. While the old engine was out we had the keel bolts checked. They needed replacing but "what of the ones under the tanks" we asked? "Lets have them checked out" we said and they too needed to be replaced. While the tanks were up we had them tested for leaks and sure enough they were not holding pressure which explained why there was a smell of diesel. The knock on effect continued to include all through hull fittings being replaced, new prop shaft, wiring and control panel, plumbing and electronics including new radar, GPS and interfaced autopilot. That sort of took care of the "downstairs" department. On deck we had the spars painted, the booms replaced to accommodate a new suite of sails from Halsey Lidgard, new head sail tracks and cars and replaced all the running rigging with Kevlar and Spectra. Having got so used to hydraulic furling and winches on *Zaberdast* and not being as young as we thought or wished we installed a Lewmar Commander 400 system. And to cap the refit we had designed and fabricated a cockpit dodger which has been promised since *Cuilaun* was launched 28 years ago. *Cuilaun* had her renaissance debut at the CCA 75th

Anniversary Summer Cruise in Maine in 1997 where we met various members of the Newport Bermuda Race committee who were actively soliciting entrants for the race starting on June 19 the following year. We decided to enter the Double Handed Spinnaker Division to be raced under the newly adopted AMERICAP handicap system which would favor more traditional boats.

Preparation for the race took place throughout the winter with Peter making frequent trips to Camden Maine to check on progress being made by the capable hands at Wayfarer Marine. *Cuilaun* was launched early and we were soon trying out our new sails and developing some short handed techniques. The hydraulics, winches and furling gear proved an excellent labour saving addition and the MPS came with a ATN snuffer which meant that only one person was required on the fore deck while hoisting or handing, the other could tend the sheets and guys while the auto pilot known affectionately still as Dr. Simms (as in Otto for those who may remember the venerable cleric) took care of the steering. After a round of excellent parties, the 1998 Newport - Bermuda race got under way on Friday 19 June. There were 161 starters which was remarkable not only in its size but in its diversity. In The Two Handed Division there were 9 starters and were the last to go by which time any wind in Naraganset Bay had totally disappeared. This was a harbinger of things to come as the forecast was for light and variable winds for the next week. A light air race it was, but not apparently a record. We had installed a Thrane & Thrane Imarsat Maritime Telephone and were able to down load onto the lap top the weather and gulf stream reports. We were also able to keep in touch by e-mail and of course by telephone at any time of day or night. This proved very useful when the hydraulic filter on the Lewmar winch system decided to part company with the pump and deposit most of the oil in the bilge. There is excellent manual back up to the system so not all was lost and we were able to recycle the oil from the bilge and strain it through coffee filters and a quick call to Wayarers had a solution worked out and new parts shipped to Bermuda to await our arrival. We had no set watch system as such but tried to do 4 hours on during the day and 3 at night. The going was very slow and reviewing the log makes painful reading. "7 miles logged in 4 hours".



"After you with comics!"

Brian Smullen and Peter Mullins relaxing in *Victoria's* library.

The Newport Bermuda Race can be won and lost in the Gulf Stream and it is very important to know where the warm and cold eddies are, where the meanders are going and how fast. We had started monitoring the stream on the Internet three months before the start and in addition we had subscribed once again to Bob Rice's Weather Window and the wind did eventually oblige for a little while when we approached the

Stream which we got just right. Speeds over the ground were in excess of 8 knots and actually hit 10.7 on one occasion but sadly it was not for long and soon the breeze died away to nothing. There was a compulsory daily radio check in and it was noted that many of the back markers were withdrawing. The Race Committee also had a web site and we were able to log on and monitor positions and placings throughout the race. At one stage early on in the race we were actually lying second in class. The slatting of the main and mizzen was hard on the nerves and the sails. All the long battens broke and the deck was littered with shards of fiber glass and added to which *Cuilam* had to be hand steered as Dr. Simms really could not cope as we were making little or no head way. On Wednesday 24th June after over 5 days and only just over half way to Bermuda and with no forecast of any wind until the weekend and with our return passage crew already waiting in Bermuda we reluctantly withdrew from the race. In all 36 other yachts withdrew a record since 1906! The AMERICAP divisions were so hampered by light and variable winds and withdrawals that the Race probably did not provide any real test of this new handicapping system. However it is noteworthy that this division winner was a Pearson 39 winning over six "maxis" and the simpler handicap system was successful in appealing to a broader base of competitors.

Murphy was still not content and within 24 hours we were motor sailing into 20/25 knots from the SW until we reached Bermuda where we were met by Terry Johnson (ICC) Ned Rowland (CCA). Tom Power and Tom Sinsteden who had all flown out to make the return passage to Camden. Sadly Ned had to return to the States before we departed due to a family bereavement. After three days delay for favorable weather we departed from St. George's Bermuda on Wednesday 31st July and made a fine start for home. In the first 24 hours we had logged 178 miles but it was not for long and once again we were plagued with light airs and had to resort to the motor and to add insult to injury any skill we had in going south through the Stream proved quite the reverse going north as we battled 3 to 4 knots of foul current. However the company made up for it and in due course we started making better progress and arrived back in Camden four and a half days out of Bermuda experiencing everything from light and variable winds to fog and rain. For the remainder of the season we enjoyed some excellent short cruises in Maine and took part in the classic wooden boat regatta with Cas Smullen (ICC) at the helm getting 8th out of 96 starters and winning the Retired Skippers Race out of a field of 43 starters.

David Nicholson writes of *White Shadow* in Turkey:

Evie and Peter Ronaldson joined Joan and me for an Autumn cruise on *White Shadow*. Leaving Marmaris in warm, sunny, October weather with light winds, we motor sailed east along the Lycian coast, visiting many

little anchorages including Goçek, Fethiye, Kalkan and Kas. These are some of the most attractive harbours in the eastern Mediterranean, each has its own special charm.

Goçek has two marinas, one in the town for the charter fleets and gulets and another a free ferry ride to the west of the harbour

The main street is busy with shops selling the usual tourist fare – Turkish delight, carpets, trinkets and clothing. The centre is a small square with a mosque. Beyond that there is little besides local houses and rugged countryside.

In Kalkan we were fringe guests at a local wedding reception being held on the quay – complete with Turkish music, much dancing – men with men, women with women.

Kas is a much larger town with a big fruit and vegetable

market in the square. The ancient underwater Roman city off Kekova island, ten miles further east, is well worth a visit.

Our return to Marmaris was via Fethiye and Eldnçik – where we took a trip up the Dalyan river to see the remains of the old city of Caunos.

Marmaris has a large covered bazaar with a multitude of stalls offering gold, silver; leather and carpets. Exploring here could occupy many hours. It contrasts with the waterfront of the old town, where the gulets are moored stern to the quay and restaurants abound.



David Nicholson celebrates 50,000 miles cruising.

On 10th October, just after 1700 hours as we approached the quiet waters of the village of Kalkan, it was time for celebrating as the skipper had just completed 50,000 nautical miles at sea. Out came the champagne.

Over the last twenty five years, in *Crescendo* (a Ballad 30), *Black Shadow* (a Contessa 35) and latterly *White Shadow* (an Oyster 37), I have visited five continents, with two prolonged cruises in each of the Caribbean, the Baltic and the Mediterranean – over all travelling to fifty three countries and more than one hundred and thirty islands.

Some eighty friends have joined Joan and me, many of them on numerous occasions and none more so than the late Rob d'Alton whose company over a period of twelve years we will always cherish.

Cruising has been a unique way to enjoy the varied cultures of so many places. The Caribbean with its laid back way of dealing with everyday living contrasts greatly with the busier way of life in northern climates.

Then again, the North African and Easter Mediterranean habits of bargaining and barter are skills that take time to achieve.

It is important to take time to get acquainted with the local culture which is generally rewarded with friendship and courtesy.

David Nicholson writes: FIRE!

You may think it will never happen to you – but it did.

Last April Eddie Sheehy and I were cruising the west coast of Turkey aboard *White Shadow*.

Our engine had been giving trouble on and off due to fuel starvation, the cause of which was diagnosed as dirty diesel at the bottom of the fuel tank.

Once this was pumped out with the help of the friendly marina managers, a mechanic and a student to interpret, we set forth from Kusadesi to motor sail overnight to Lavrion –

approximately 16 miles west and close to Athens airport, to pick up our new crew.

After a good lunch Eddie went to bunk while I dozed in the cockpit as we motor sailed under auto-helm, in a light northerly wind.

Next thing, I saw smoke billowing up through the companionway. Rushing below I removed the engine cover and, through the smoke, saw flames jumping up at the back of the engine.

In the ensuing alarm it took a good few seconds to first find a fire extinguisher and then activate it. White foam was everywhere but the fire was quickly extinguished. What a mess! All caused by a diesel leak in the fuel filter connection which had dripped down on the regulator's hot plastic cover.

Although we were already behind schedule a return to Kusadesi, only four or five hours away, seemed the most sensible option. Once cool, we stripped down the badly burnt regulator, reconnected it and – low and behold, we were underway on full steam.

At Kusadesi, help was at hand almost immediately, and within four hours a most efficient mechanic had refitted a new regulator and completely rewired the engine – all at a very modest cost.

Well done the Turks!

The rest of our cruise was not so dramatic but it was very varied and enjoyable.

Jack Forde (ICC), Phil Farrelly, David O'Morchoe (ICC), P.J. Daly and Alec Morrogh joined us at various stopovers in the Aegean Sea. In an anti clockwise circle of 750N/M we cruised the Turkish coast westwards from Marmaris, the Dodecanese, the Northern and Southern Cyclades and returned to Turkey.

In 30 days of cruising aboard *White Shadow* we overnighed in fifteen Greek Islands, spent time exploring ashore, and were only stormbound with strong gales on two occasions.

The Netsel Marmaris Marina, which accommodates 750 boats must be the best marina in the eastern Mediterranean.

White Shadow will stay there for another year so that we can continue to enjoy the superb Turkish hospitality, the friendliness, the exciting cultural differences, the many archaeological sites.



James Nixon, aged 19, homeward bound from the Clyde in *Marie Michon* with the Young Cup for the Universities Championship stowed below *en route* to Trinity College. Photo: W.M. Nixon

James Nixon writes of *Ardnagee*:

We took thirteen days in June exploring the west coast of Scotland. Our target was St. Kilda but poor weather kept us inside many of the islands. We called at Islay, the Bull Hole, Tobermory, Drumbuie and Loch Ailort

There we visited the grave of Norman Brittain, Lt. R.N.V.R. He was a great uncle of James Somerville who was a member of our crew. His body had been washed ashore three weeks following one of the great naval tragedies of the war. In 1942 H.M.S. *Curacoa* was cut in two by the liner *Queen Mary* and sank in about five minutes, and over three hundred men perished. Norman Brittain's body was buried in a beautiful ancient graveyard at the mouth of Loch Ailort. This tragedy was not public knowledge until after the war. After this pilgrimage we called at Arisaig and had a wonderful sail out to Eriskay, but northerlies prevented us any further movement in that direction.

We enjoyed sunny weather with cold northerlies, while the rest of Britain was experiencing wet and windy conditions. We ran south through the Sound of Gunna to Coll. Then back through the Sound of Iona to Loch Tarbert on Jura and through Corryvreckan to Ardinamar, the McCormaig Isles and Tayvallich.

In unsettled conditions we spent a night at the Ardmore Isles on Islay, followed by brief calls at Rathlin and Red Bay before returning to Bangor.

We were disappointed not to get to Kilda but it was a splendid cruise with the most poignant visit to Norman Brittain's grave.

I was joined on *Ardnagee* by Holly and Alexander Nixon, Joe Kennedy, Patrick Knatchbull and James Somerville, and as on previous cruises, it was a very happy crew.



Joe Kennedy and *Ardnagee* at Ardinamar.

Vincent O'Farrell writes of *Fastnet Dancer* to the West Indies

Departed Mogan, Gran Canaria on Sat 10 January 1998 after a selection of mixed forecasts giving contradictory information. We settled on a favourable one from Meteo France and left ahead of four other yachts that waited until the Monday. Meteo

France proved to be correct and we got a easterly breeze of 15 knots and not the strong southerly that both Spain and Herb had been forecasting. This did come 48 hours after we left but we were to the south of it by then.

On board was first mate Maureen, my niece Sandra from the *Blind Piper* in Derrynane and a friend Patrick McCaughey from Howth Yacht Club. The crossing was without major incident. Scrabble passed a good deal of the afternoon time. The next was taken up with fishing (caught nothing) reading and writing with a lot of cooking.



Sandra O'Donnell and Pat McCaughey and a loaf of freshly baked bread!

The rig for the most part was main on a preventer and boomed out jib but sometimes also under twin headsails. Seas were quite lolly at times due to bad cross swells.

Damages consisted of a broken telescopic boom and a burst bladder in the accumulator tank of the fresh water system. We used the radio a great deal. Twice for calls home via Portishead, for daily calls with the other yachts within 300-400 miles and to listening to Herbs forecasts and Trudys Atlantic Web. We also used Inmarsat C to keep in touch with Philip Scully on *Starry Night* and our son Fergus via the Internet in Schull.

We met two big ships en route one with steering difficulties which he advised us of on the VHF.

At 18.00 on Wednesday 28th January we were off St Lucia

and waited out the night before anchoring in Rodney Bay in the early morning.

Winds for the trip were on average between 15-20 knots but we did have a couple of days of winds of between 28-35 knots. We had to jibe about 6 times during the crossing to maintain the course which was a fairly direct route as the winds favoured this all the way being easterly around 15 knots for the first 8 or 9 days until we picked up the Trades.

In Rodney Bay we met up with Fletch and Leonie on *Tuby Ruff* on their way back to Australia. I knew them from Majorca and Schull and they had also met David Nicholson in the Med. Later on in Bequia we met Uts, a now retiring three times round the world yachtsman. He knew that man Nicholson as well, had met him in Baiona. Uts was selling his beautifully built Colin Archer and retiring to Bequia.

We explored the Grenadines and found a very good spot to leave the boat at St. George's Yacht Club Marina in Grenada. Very reasonable and in the very good hands of Margaret and Alstin of Outfitters International Tel : 473 440 7949 Fax: 473 440 6680. Ask for Julie. We also found an excellent Volvo Dealer and workshop on the Island of Martinique. His name is Frank Agren and the company is Inboard Diesel Service. He is Swedish and has a first class knowledge of the Volvo engine. We were able to leave the boat under his care at Casa Pilote and come home for a few weeks. He worked on the engine while we were away and there was no berthing charge.

Franks tel: 596 787 196 Fax 5966 788 075. Internet ids@cgit.com.

Prickly Bay in Grenada is one of our favourite anchorages and we hope to return here with *Fastnet Dancer* on 10th November to have her hauled out at Spice Island Marina for a scrub and paint. We hope after that to do a bit more exploring this winter, possibly down to Tobago before returning north.



Paddy O'Sullivan, Jarlath Cunnane and Paddy Walsh passing on the Commodore's Flag. Photo: Anne Kenny

Paddy O'Sullivan writes of *The West*

The Galicia Cruise in Company saw twelve western members taking part and, with their crews, made up about thirty participants. Not bad considering we have only forty members on the western seaboard. The event was thoroughly enjoyed by all. While there, Tom Foot was involved in negotiations for a *Reliance 45*, purchased in Bayona and now snug at it's moorings in Galway. David Fitzgerald and *White Heather*, after taking part, sailed to southwest France, where he is leaving his boat for the rest of the season and maybe longer.

There were many other cruises besides Galicia. As one example, members Jimmy Slevin and Tony Toher went to the

Hebrides in *Tandara*. They had a great welcome there and Jimmy commented that a good many skippers of the large number of yachts cruising the area would be enticed to do likewise on the western seaboard had we more marinas. Another by Brendan Travers, consisting of a five week return cruise from Kilrush to North Wales, was a notable effort taking into account the size of his yacht *Sea Maiden*, a Leisure 23.

We had a highly successful rally in Dingle on the weekend of July 25th with an informal dinner which took place in Lord Baker's Restaurant. We had a gathering of twelve members, their crews and guests, making up a party of thirty. One of the guests was Lt. Cdr. Brian Farrell, Dingle Harbour Master, himself an enthusiastic sailor. All savoured the fare and the atmosphere, and during the evening Jarlath Cunnane presented me with his Rear Commodore's flag, now that I have this function. Reluctant to disperse, the party left Lord Bakers and found a late night hostelry where the fun continued into the small hours!

Peter Mullins and Brian Smullen write of Antigua to Gibraltar in Victoria of Strathearn

In April we were asked if we would be interested in delivering the 92ft. ketch *Victoria of Strathearn* from Antigua to Gibraltar as her long time captain, Simon Farmer, was taking some "Paternity Leave". An opportunity of this kind is not turned down in a rush so at 1600 on April 8th we departed Falmouth Harbor Antigua bound for Horta with a 100 guinea

bet on the table with the 88ft. water ballasted sloop *Shaman* who was to give us 24 hours for the 2400 NM passage! *Victoria* was built by Camper and Nicholsons to an S&S design in 1991. She is a fine big powerful ketch, sea kindly, fast and weatherly with hydraulic furling sails and winches and all the navigational toys one would expect and a fine 275 HP MTU. Basically *Victoria* looks like an overgrown Swan 65 and indeed the owners previous yacht was the Swan 65 Big Easy, well known to ICC members.

The existing crew were in place when we arrived and they proved an interesting multi-European group. The mate Jeron Henricks known as Cloggy hailed from Holland, the chef, Kathryn Alexandra known as Dippy came from Sutton, the deck hand Toby Derrick was from Wales and the stewardess Clare Roskell came from England. With a total of six crew we were able to put into good effect the staggered watch system which provided for single man two hour watches during the day and three hour double man watches at night with a change every two hours. We got some pre passage weather routing from Bob Rice's Weather Window after which we tuned into Herb of Southbound Two who proved excellent as usual. In addition we were able to download weather forecasts and spoke twice daily with *Shaman*. We enjoyed excellent sailing for the first four days logging 255 miles in one 24 hour run but on the morning of Sunday 12 April while hard on the wind in about 30 knots with the main rolled to the second spreaders the Rondal rod parted at its base and suddenly we had a full main and no

way of reefing. This meant handing the main, removing the huge vertical battens and flaking the sail as best we could under the circumstances and getting it below. We now had the problem of a 100ft. rod banging around in the mast. Under adverse conditions the mate was hauled aloft and managed to secure the rod. Back under head sails and mizzen and a liberal use of engine we made good progress. It transpired the rod had broken earlier in the season and had been temporarily repaired for the passage.

During the passage we spotted an abundance of whales indeed so many that we had to be extra vigilant but this sadly did not prevent us from hitting one which caused the vessel to stop short. No damage was observed but the whale was seen to be injured. A note by Clare in the log stated "No whale revenge as yet - but grounds for a good movie!". Despite the lack of main sail we made good progress logging 245 miles one day the average being about 215. A daily sweepstake was run and some fared better than others. The passage also gave us a good opportunity to brush up on our astro navigation and it is a great comfort to know the system still works! In due course the wind freed us and died and we had to resort to more use of the motor and on Sunday April 10th we arrived in Horta, 10 days 22 hours out of Antigua. Our average speed was 9.25 knots for a logged distance of 2406 miles. We saved our time on *Shaman* with 6 hours in hand. A quick pit stop in the Azores to re-fuel and re-provision and we set off two days later for Gibraltar. The winds on the second leg were all from astern and varied from flat calm which is so often the pattern when the Azores High established itself to 30 knots up the chuff. We were lucky to enter the Straits during daylight as the traffic was as heavy as ever. After an uneventful 5 day passage we tied up at Marina Bay with 1190 miles on the log, an average of a little over 9 knots. We met Simon Farmer at the airport as we departed on the return flight. Talk about good timing or luck or maybe a bit of both.



"Let's sit this one out!" Brian Smullen and Peter Mullins taking racing seriously on *Cuilaun* at the start of the 1998 Newport - Bermuda race (two-handed).

List of Past Officers of the Irish Cruising Club

Commodores

1929	H. M. Wright
1942	A. W. Mooney
1950	M. A. Sullivan
1953	J. B. Hollwey
1954	R. P. Campbell
1958	F. Cudmore
1960	H. W. S. Clark
1963	P. H. Greer
1966	R. L. Berridge
1969	J. D. Faulkner
1972	R. H. O'Hanlon
1975	D. N. Doyle
1978	J. H. Guinness
1981	P. J. Bunting
1984	C. J. FitzGerald
1987	J. Gore-Grimes
1990	H. P. Kennedy
1993	D. Nicholson
1996	L. McGonagle
1998	M. McKee

Vice-Commodores

1929	H. P. F. Donegan
1941	A. W. Mooney
1942	H. E. Donegan
1947	P. O'Keefe
1948	M. A. Sullivan
1950	J. B. Hollwey
1953	R. P. Campbell
1954	B. C. Maguire
1956	F. Cudmore
1958	H. W. S. Clark
1960	P. H. Greer
1963	C. Riordan
1965	W. H. D. McCormick
1967	J. D. Faulkner
1969	D. N. Doyle
1971	R. H. O'Hanlon
1972	P. J. Bunting
1974	G. B. Leonard
1976	J. M. Wolfe
1977	A. D. MacIlwaine
1978	P. J. Bunting
1980	G. Kenefick
1982	C. J. FitzGerald
1984	L. McGonagle
1986	J. Gore-Grimes
1987	H. P. Kennedy
1989	D. H. B. FitzGerald
1990	Arthur S. P. Orr
1993	Brian Hegarty
1996	Michael O'Farrell
1997	Arthur Baker

Rear Commodores

1929	H. R. Wallace
1930	A. W. Mooney
1941	H. E. Donegan
1942	D. Mellon
1947	H. Osterberg

1950	K. McFerran
1951	R. P. Campbell
1953	B. C. Maguire
1954	F. Cudmore
1956	H. W. S. Clark
1958	P. H. Greer
1961	C. Riordan
1963	W. H. D. McCormick
1965	R. L. Berridge
1966	J. C. McConnell
1968	J. H. Guinness
1970	R. H. O'Hanlon
1971	R. J. Fielding
1973	H. Cudmore
1975	J. M. Wolte
1976	A. D. MacIlwaine
1977	J. M. Wolte
1978	G. Kenefick
1980	M. McKee
1981	J. Gore-Grimes
1983	L. McGonagle
1984	M. McKee
1986	H. P. Kennedy
1987	M. R. Sullivan & D. H. B. Fitzgerald
1988	B. Hassett & D. H. B. Fitzgerald
1989	B. Hassett & A. S. P. Orr
1990	Clayton Love Jnr & D. J. Ryan
1992	Brian Hegarty & David Nicholson
1993	Michael O'Farrell & David H.B. FitzGerald
1994	Michael O'Farrell & P. Walsh
1995	L. McGonagle & P. Walsh
1996	Arthur Baker & Jarlath Cunnane
1997	J. Cunnane & C.E. Ronaldson
1998	T. Johnson & P. O'Sullivan

Honorary Treasurers

1929	W. MacBride
1948	G. B. Moore
1964	N. Watson
1973	L. Sheil
1979	R. Shanks
1984	D. O'Boyle
1993	D. Brazil

Honorary Secretaries *

1929	H. B. Wright
1933	D. Keatinge
1935	R. P. Campbell
1937	K. McFerran
1941	D. Keatinge
1944	M. F. Hally
1948	T. J. Hanan
1960	P. D. Morck
1965	A. Dunn
1977	P. J. D. Mullins
1981	B. Hegarty
1990	C. P. McHenry

*NOTE: From time to time there were acting Honorary Secretaries; the names listed are where the incumbent has held office for at least one year.

List of Award Winners

THE FAULKNER CUP

Year	Winner
1931	Keatinge & McFerran
1932	A.W. Mooney
1933	D. Tidmarsh
1934	Mrs Crimmins
1935	H.D.E. Barton
1936	A.W. Mooney
1937	D. Tidmarsh
1938	H.P. Donegan
1939	Miss D. French
1947	A.W. Mooney
1949	L. McMullen
1950	H. Osterberg
1951	H.W.S. Clark
1952	P. O'Keefe
1953	H.W.S. Clark
1954	B.C. Maguire
1955	C. Love
1956	N. Falkiner
1957	R. O'Hanlon
1958	R.P. Campbell
1959	P.H. Greer
1960	R.D. Heard
1961	N. Falkiner
1962	R.D. Heard
1963	R.H. Roche
1964	R. O'Hanlon
1965	L. McMullen
1966	R. O'Hanlon
1967	R.P. Campbell
1968	R. O'Hanlon
1969	J. Virden
1970	J. Virden
1971	R. Sewell
1972	J. Virden
1973	A. Leonard
1974	J. Gore-Grimes
1975	J. Eves
1976	G. Leonard
1977	B. Law
1978	J. Gore-Grimes
1979	M.P. O'Flaherty
1980	J. Gore-Grimes
1981	J.F. Coffey
1982	E.P.E. Byrne
1983	R. Cudmore
1984	O. Glaser
1985	J. Gore-Grimes
1986	B. Bramwell
1987	Paddy Barry
1988	Terence Kennedy
1989	Cormac McHenry
1990	Paddy Barry
1991	Peter Bunting
1992	Michael Coleman
1993	Paddy Barry
1994	Michael Coleman
1995	Peter Killen
1996	Hugo du Plessis

Yacht

<i>Marie</i>
<i>Nirvana</i>
<i>Foam</i>
<i>Nirvana</i>
<i>Dauntless</i>
<i>Aideen</i>
<i>Foam</i>
<i>Gull</i>
<i>Embla</i>
<i>Aideen</i>
<i>Rainbow</i>
<i>Marama</i>
<i>Zamorin</i>
<i>Mavis</i>
<i>Caru</i>
<i>Minx of Malham</i>
<i>Galcador</i>
<i>Euphanzel</i>
<i>Harmony</i>
<i>Minx of Malham</i>
<i>Ann Gail</i>
<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
<i>Euphanzel</i>
<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
<i>Neon Tetra</i>
<i>Tjaldur</i>
<i>Rainbow</i>
<i>Tjaldur</i>
<i>Verve</i>
<i>Tjaldur</i>
<i>Sharavogue</i>
<i>Sharavogue</i>
<i>Thalassa</i>
<i>Sharavogue</i>
<i>Wishbone</i>
<i>Shardana</i>
<i>Aeolus</i>
<i>Wishbone</i>
<i>Sai See</i>
<i>Shardana</i>
<i>Cuilaun of Kinsale</i>
<i>Shardana</i>
<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
<i>Beaver</i>
<i>Morgana</i>
<i>Verna</i>
<i>Shardana</i>
<i>Tor</i>
<i>Saint Patrick</i>
<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
<i>Saint Patrick</i>
<i>Gulkarna II</i>
<i>Stella Maris</i>
<i>Saint Patrick</i>
<i>Stella Maris</i>
<i>Black Pepper</i>
<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>

1997	Cormac McHenry
1998	John Waddell

<i>Erquy</i>
<i>Heather of Mourne</i>

THE STRANGFORD CUP

Year	Winner
1970	R. O'Hanlon
1971	M. Park
1972	R. Gomes
1973	J. Beckett
1974	J. Guinness
1975	G. Leonard
1976	W. Clark
1977	J. Guinness
1978	J. Villiers Stuart
1979	J. Gore-Grimes
1980	M. Villiers Stuart
1981	J. Guinness
	D.J. Ryan
1982	W.A. Smyth
1983	J. Guinness
1984	J. Gore-Grimes
1985	A. Morton
1986	Paddy Barry
1987	Brian Dalton
1988	Hugo du Plessis
1989	David Nicholson
1990	Tommy O'Keefe
1991	David Fitzgerald
1992	Cormac McHenry
1993	W. M. Nixon & E. Wheeler
1994	David Park
1995	Bernard Corbally
1996	David Park
1997	Brian Black
1998	David Park

Yacht
<i>Clarion</i>
<i>Kitugani</i>
<i>Ainmara</i>
<i>Dara</i>
<i>Sule Skerry</i>
<i>Wishbone</i>
<i>Wild Goose</i>
<i>Deerhound</i>
<i>Vinter</i>
<i>Shardana</i>
<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>
<i>Deerhound</i>
<i>Red Velvet</i>
<i>Velma</i>
<i>Deerhound</i>
<i>Shardana</i>
<i>Sung Foon</i>
<i>Saint Patrick</i>
<i>Boru</i>
<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
<i>Black Shadow</i>
<i>Tir na nOg</i>
<i>Peigin Eile</i>
<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
<i>Alys</i>
<i>Rionnag</i>
<i>Alys</i>
<i>Cuillin</i>
<i>Alys</i>

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

Year	Winner
1978	R. Cudmore
1979	A. Doherty
1980	David Nicholson
1981	M.H. Snell
1982	DAvid Nicholson
1983	J.F. Coffey
1984	J.F. Coffey
1985	J.F. Coffey
1986	Hugo du Plessis
1987	James Cahill
1988	Brian Smullen
1989	Dermod Ryan
1990	Jarlath Cunnane
1991	Ronnie Slater
1992	David McBride
1993	Jarlath Cunnane
1994	Jonathan Virden
1995	Henry Barnwell
1996	Cormac McHenry
1997	Brendan Bradley
1998	Adrian Spence

Yacht
<i>Morgana</i>
<i>Bali Hai</i>
<i>Black Shadow</i>
<i>Golden Harvest</i>
<i>Black Shadow</i>
<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
<i>Ricjak</i>
<i>Cuilaun</i>
<i>Sceolaing</i>
<i>Lir</i>
<i>Tandara</i>
<i>Deerhound</i>
<i>Lir</i>
<i>Twayblade</i>
<i>Hylasia</i>
<i>Erquy</i>
<i>Shalini</i>
<i>Madcap</i>

THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1941	E.J. Odum	
1951	Brendan Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
From 1954 the Navigation Cup awarded for the best cruise around Ireland.		
1954	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1955	Dr. R.N. O'Hanlon	<i>Ancora</i>
1956	R.C. Arnold	<i>Maid of York</i>
1957	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1961	C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>
1963	W. & B. Smyth	<i>Wynalda</i>
1964	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1967	C.H. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1968	J.D. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1969	R. Mollard	<i>Osina</i>
1871	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1973	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1974	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1975	J.B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1977	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1978	R.P. Campbell & J.R. Osborne	<i>Verve</i>
1979	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1980	P. Gray	<i>Korsar</i>
1981	Ronan Beirne	<i>Rila</i>
1982	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1983	A. Doherty	<i>Svegala</i>
1984	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1985	T. O'Keefe	<i>Orion</i>
1986	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1987	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1988	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1989	Tony Morton	<i>Lamorna III</i>
1990	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1991	Robert Barr	<i>Ar Men</i>
1992	No Award	
1993	G. Nairn & M. D. Whelan	<i>Lola</i>
1994	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
1995	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1996	Michael McKee	<i>Isobel</i>
1997	No Award	
1998	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>

THE FORTNIGHT CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1958	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	J.W.D. McCormick	<i>Diane</i>
1963	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1964	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1965	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1966	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1967	Miss E. Leonard	<i>Lamita</i>
1968	P. Dineen	<i>Huntress</i>
1969	R.C.A. Hall	<i>Roane</i>
1970	N. St. J. Hennessy	<i>Aisling</i>
1971	J.R. Olver	<i>Vandara</i>
1972	C. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1973	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1974	J. Wolfe	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
1975	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1976	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1978	R. Dixon	<i>Oberon</i>
1979	B.J. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1980	R. Paul Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1981	S. Orr	<i>Den Arent</i>
1982	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1983	C.P. McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1984	B.H.C. Corbally	<i>Puffin</i>
1985	R. Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1986	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1987	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1988	John Ryan	<i>Saki</i>
1989	Brian Hegarty	<i>Safari of Howth</i>

1990	Seamus Lantry	<i>William Tell of Uri</i>
1991	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>
1992	Clive Martin	<i>Lindos</i>
1993	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>
1994	Frank Larkin	<i>Elusive</i>
1995	Dick Lovegrove	<i>Hobo V</i>
1996	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
1997	Michael d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1998	Jim Slevin	<i>Testa Rossa</i>

THE WYBRANT CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1933	J. B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1934	Dr. L.G. Gunn	<i>Albatross</i>
1935	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1936	Leslie Chance	<i>Britannia</i>
1937	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1938	Dr. O.P. Chance & R. Storey	<i>Saphire</i>
1939	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1940	K.McFerran & Dr. O'Brien	<i>Hazure</i>
1941	D. Keating & R. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1942	J.B. Cotterell & J.F. McMullan	<i>Minx</i>
1943/45	No Award	
1946	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1947	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1948	Dr. R.H. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1949	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>
1950	A.W. Mooney	<i>Evora</i>
1951	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>
1952	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1953	No Award	
1954	T. Crosby	<i>If</i>
1955	R.P. Campbell	<i>Alata</i>
1956	S.F. Thompson	<i>Second Ethuriel</i>
1957	Col. W.S. Knox-Gore	<i>Arandora</i>
1958	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1959	G. Kimber	<i>Astrophel</i>
1960	J.C. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>
1961	S. O'Mara	<i>Fenestra</i>
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1963	Lt. Com. T. Sheppard	<i>Greylag of Arklow</i>
1964	T.F. Doyle	<i>Elsa</i>
1965	S. O'Mara	<i>Oisin</i>
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1967	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1969	R.I. Morrison	<i>Querida</i>
1970	Hugh Coveney	<i>Dalcassian</i>
1971	J.A. McKeown	<i>Korsar</i>
1972	J.C. Love	<i>Fionnuala</i>
1973/77	No Award	
From 1978 onwards the Wybrant Cup was awarded for the best Scottish cruise.		
1978	Chris Green	<i>Norella</i>
1979	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1980	D.A. McMillan	<i>Goosander</i>
1981	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1982	Ronan Beirne	<i>Givusa Kuddle</i>
1983	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1984	R. Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1985	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1986	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1987	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
1988	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
1989	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1990	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1991	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1992	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1993	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
1994	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1995	Paul Butler	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1996	Brian Black	<i>Cuillin</i>
1997	James Nixon	<i>Ardnagee</i>
1998	Peter Ronaldson	<i>Scotch Mist</i>

THE FINGAL CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1981	Robert Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1982	W. Walsh	<i>Carrigdown</i>
1983	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1984	R.M. Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1985	P. Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1986	B. Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1987	Frank McCarthy	<i>Scilly Goose</i>
1988	Robert Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1989	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1990	Michael d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1991	W.M. Nixon	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1992	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1993	Stephen Malone	<i>Symphonie</i>
1994	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose of Moyle</i>
1995	W.M. Nixon	<i>Witchcraft</i>
1996	Richard Lovegrove	<i>Shalini</i>
1997	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>
1998	Peter Killen	<i>Black Pepper</i>

WRIGHT MEMORIAL SALVER

Presented to the Irish Cruising Club by H.J. Wright in memory of H.M. Wright, *Eolanda* (15 tons), Commodore 1929-1942.

Year	Race	Yacht	Recipient
1943	Whit	<i>Marama</i>	H. Osterberg
1945	Whit	<i>Mavis</i>	J. B. Kearney
1949	Whit	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney
1950	Whit	<i>John Dory</i>	P. O'Keefe
1951	Whit	<i>Alata</i>	R.P. Campbell
1952	Whit	<i>Setanta</i>	F. Cudmore
1954	Whit	<i>Euphanzel</i>	N. Falkiner
1955	Whit	<i>Suzette</i>	A.E. Pope
1956	I.O.M.	<i>Zephyra</i>	S. Cresswell
1957	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1959	Cork-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler MC
1960	I.O.M.	<i>Harmony</i>	R.H. O'Hanlon
1961	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1962	Howth-Port St. Mary	<i>Cu-na-Mara</i>	D. Barnes
1963	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler
1964	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Twayblade</i>	E. Tweedy
1965	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1966	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Fionnuala</i>	R. Courtney
1969	Cork-Fastnet-Castletownshend	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1972	Dun Laoghaire-Arklow	<i>Tryphena</i>	F. Ryan
1973	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Cecille</i>	G. Radley
1974	-	<i>Korsar</i>	J.P. Bourke
1976	I.C.C.	<i>Querida of Howth</i>	I.R. Morrison
1977	Crosshaven-Fastnet-Baltimore	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler
1978	Howth-Strangford	<i>Leemara</i>	W.R. Cuffe-Smith
1979	-	<i>Four Seasons</i>	L.G.F. Heath
1980	-	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1981	-	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mullard
1982	-	<i>Tritsch Tratsch IV</i>	Dr. O. Glaser
1983	-	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1984	-	<i>Beaver</i>	E.P.E. Byrne
1986	-	<i>Misty</i>	M.W. Knatchbull
From 1993	Awarded by the Northern Area Committee		
1993	-	J. Russell	Service to Sailing
1995	-	Adrian Spence	
1998	-	Adrian Spence	Greenland cruise

THE GLENGARRIFF CUP

This Waterford Glass trophy which had not been presented since the Jubilee Cruise in 1979 (see 1979 Annual) and is now awarded by the adjudicator for the best cruise in Irish waters.

Year	Recipient	Yacht
1993	James Nixon	<i>Sea Pie</i>
1994	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>
1995	Bill Rea	<i>Elysium</i>
1996	Maeve Bell	<i>Realta</i>
1997	Máire Breathnach	<i>Romist</i>
1998	Brendan Travers	<i>Sea Maiden</i>

JOHN B. KEARNEY CUP

Year	Winners
1983	P. Campbell: Compiler of ICC Directions
1984	J. Moore: Skipper of S.T.Y. <i>Graine</i>
1985	Jennifer Guinness: <i>ICC Publications Officer</i>
1986	Harold Cudmore Junior: Yachtsman
1987	Cap. G.F. 'Eric' Healy: Captain of S.T.Y. <i>Asgard II</i>
1988	Capt. Tom McCarthy: Captain of S.T.Y. <i>Asgard II</i>
1989	Sail Ireland Project: Round the World Race in <i>NCB Ireland</i> .
1990	Ursula Maguire: Secretary of Irish Yachting Association
1991	The Southern Cross Team Winners: H. Cudmore, J. English & J. Maguire
1992	Denis Doyle: Yachtsman
1993	Arthur S. P. Orr: Compiler of ICC Directions
1994	Daphne French: Yachtsperson
1995	Ronan Beirne
1996	No Award
1997	'South Aris' team
1998	Malachi & Evelyn O'Gallagher

THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

Year	Recipient	Yacht	Race
1950	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	
1951	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	Islands Race
1956	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	Islands Race
1957	S.F. Thompson	<i>Ithuriel</i>	
1958	J. Ronan	<i>Wye</i>	Islands Race
1959	J. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>	Pollock Race
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>	
1961	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1964	A.E. Pope	<i>Susette</i>	
1965	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1967	S.F. Thompson	<i>Wye</i>	
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1969	F. Cudmore	<i>Setanta</i>	
1970	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1971	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1972	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1973	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1974	G. Radley	<i>Cecille</i>	
1976	J.C. Butler	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	
1977	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1978	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1979	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	
1980	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1981	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1982	C. Love Jnr	<i>Rebel County</i>	
1983	S. Mansfield	<i>Luv Is</i>	
1984	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1985	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1987	T.E. Crosbie	<i>Senta</i>	
	C.J. Fitzgerald	<i>Mandalay</i>	
1988	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1989	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	
From 1992	awarded by the Southern Area Committee:		
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>	
1993	Kevin Dwyer	S. and W. Coast Aerial Photography	
1995	Arthur Baker	S.W. Coast Rally Organiser	
1996	Donal Brazil	Services to ICC as Hon. Treasurer	
1998	Gary MacMahon	<i>Ilen's</i> return from Falkland Islands	

ROCKABILL TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1962/63	No Award	
1964	J.D. Faulkner	<i>Angelique</i>
1965	J.H. Guinness	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1966	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1967	No Award	
1968	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>

1969	No Award	
1970	J.P. Jameson	<i>Ganiamore</i>
1971	R. Courtney	<i>Bandersnatch</i>
1972/73	No Award	
1974	J.P. Bourke	<i>Korsar</i>
1975/78	No Award	
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980	J. Wolfe	<i>Deerhound</i>
1981	No Award	
1983	K. & C. Martin	<i>Estrellita</i>
1984	No Award	

From 1985 onwards the Rockabill Trophy was awarded for "A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship".

1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	John Olver	<i>Moody Blue</i>
1987	J.B. Law	<i>Redwing/Spirit of Shell</i>
1988	No Award	
1989	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1990	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1991	Wallace Clark	<i>Aileach</i>
1992	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1993	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1994	Peter Hogan	<i>Molly B</i>
1995	Brian Smullen	<i>Zaberdast</i>
1996	Tom Foote	<i>White Heather</i>
1997	Paddy Barry/ Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Tom Crean</i>
1998	No Award	

DONEGAN MEMORIAL TROPHY 1940

Year	Yacht	Recipient	Race
1945	<i>Evora</i>	R.H. & D.M. O'Hanlon	
1946	<i>Mavis</i>	J.B. Kearney	Kingstown/Cork
1947	No Award		
1948	<i>Aideen</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1949	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1950	<i>Sonia</i>	D.J. & P.M. Purcell	Clyde Race
1951	<i>Minx of Malham</i>	B. Maguire	Clyde Race
1952	<i>Viking O</i>	Col Hollwey	Clyde Race
1953	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Beaumaris-Week
1954	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Clyde Race
1955	<i>Glance</i>	F.C. Hopkins	Puffin Sound Race
1957	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1958	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Dun Laoire/Cork
1959	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1960	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Dun Laoire-Cork
1961	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Irish Sea Race
1962	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Irish Sea Race
1963	<i>Fenestra</i>	S. O'Mara	Morecombe Bay
1964	<i>Susanna</i>	J.C. McConnell	Irish Sea Race
1965	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Morecombe Bay
1966	<i>Orana</i>	P.D. Pearson	Irish Sea Race
1967	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1968	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1969	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1970	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Cowes/Cork Race
1971	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1972	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>	O. Glaser	Irish Sea Race
1973	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1974	<i>Assidious</i>	C. Love	(1st ICC Boat)
1975	<i>Dictator</i>	D.M. Irwin	Morecombe Bay
1976	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler	Irish Sea Race
1977	<i>Red Rock III</i>	O. Glaser	Morecombe Bay
1978	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1979	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mollard	Morecombe Bay
1980	<i>Standfast</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1981	<i>Bandersnatch of Howth</i>	R. Courtney	Morecombe Bay
1982	<i>Joggernaught</i>	D.J. Morrissey	Irish Sea Race
1983	<i>Imp</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1984	<i>Little Egypt</i>	R.B. Lovegrove	Irish Sea Race
1985	<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race
1986	<i>Rob Roy</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1987	<i>Demelea</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race

1988	<i>Red Velvet</i>	M. O'Rahilly	Irish Sea Race
1989	<i>Comanche Raider</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1990	<i>Woodchester Challenge</i>	H.R. Gomes	Round Ireland
1991	<i>Findabar of Howth</i>	P. Jameson	Round Ireland
From 1993 Awarded by the Eastern Area Committee			
1993	P. Hogan	Circumnavigation of the Globe	
1994	Brendan Bradley	Brittany Rally Organiser	
1995	Barbara Fox-Mills		
1996	Evelyn O'Gallagher	Sailing Directions	
1998	Bruce Lyster	Tall Ships Committee Chairman	

TRANS OCEANIC PENNANT

In accordance with rule 20, the Committee has decided that a pennant, to be known as the Trans Oceanic Pennant, may be awarded as follows:

A member owner or skipper, who has sailed his vessel across an ocean, may fly the Trans Oceanic Pennant on that vessel so long as he owns or skippers her. The pennant may not be flown by another owner or skipper on that vessel.

The pennant may be flown by the member to whom it was awarded on any other vessel they may subsequently own.

This pennant shall be 60" long and 8" wide at the hoist, tapering to the tail; black and red with the Fastnet device affixed and in accordance with its traditional design.

It shall be awarded retrospectively to those members who presently qualify to fly it (1994). The pennant has been awarded to the following:

Auchincloss, Les	Cudmore, Ronald	Mullins, Peter
Barnes, Sean	Glaser, Otto	Nicholson, David
Barry, Paddy	Gore-Grimes, John	O'Farrell, Kevin
Bradley, Brendan	Gray, Peter	O'Flaherty, Michael
Bramwell, Barry	Gray, Susan	Osmundsvaag, Harry
Bunting, Peter	Greer, Perry	du Plessis, Hugo
Cahill, Bernie	Hogan, Peter	Smullen, Brian
Cahill, James	King, Heather	Smyth, William
Chapman, Colin	Leonard, Alan	Snell, Michael
Clow, John	McBride, Davy	Viriden, Jonathan
Coffey, Jack	McClement, Donal	Whelan, Pat
Coleman, Michael	McHenry, Cormac	White, Lawrence

THE GULL SALVER

Awarded for distinction in an international sailing event by a member sailing his own boat.

Year	Winner	Yacht
1995	Donal Morrissey	<i>Joggernaught</i>
1998	No Award	

THE PERRY GREER BOWL

Awarded for the best first I.C.C. log

Year	Winner	Yacht
1995	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>
1996	Jimmy Conlon	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1997	Hilary Keatinge	<i>Kilpatrick</i>
1998	No Award	

THE WILD GOOSE CUP

Awarded at the adjudicators discretion for a log of literary merit

Year	Winner	Yacht
1995	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>
1996	James Nixon	<i>Arndagee</i>
1997	David & Joan Nicholson	<i>White Shadow</i>
1998	No Award	

THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

Awarded by the Western Committee

Year	Winner
1995	Paddy O'Sullivan
1996	Jarlath Cunnane
1997	Pat Lavelle
1998	Brendan Travers

List of Members

Note: This list of members' names and addresses is for the private and personal use of members only. It must not under any circumstances be used for any commercial purposes, circulars etc, no matter how relevant such circulars might be considered to be to the interests of members.

* Denotes an Honorary Member. The year in which the honorary membership was conferred is shown in brackets.

Denotes a Senior Member.

Corrected to 10th November 1998.

We invite members who wish to have their partner's names included in future listings to advise the Honorary Secretary.

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE No.	NAME OF YACHT
Adams, Peter J., 1970 (Gillian)	Elm House, Mannamead Avenue, Mannamead, Plymouth, Devon PL3 4SP. (01752 269705)	<i>Modus Vivendi</i>
Ahern, Michael J., 1990 (Ronnie)	Belmont, Rochestown, Co Cork. (021 363092/Office: 021 295011)	
Anderson, Gordon F., 1974 (-)	30 Avondale Crescent, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 3390)	
Anderson, Terry S., 1991 (Maureen)	37 Bayview Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 6TW. (01238 541625)	<i>Sundowner of Down</i>
Andrews, Dianne M H, 1988 (Tom)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5NP. (01247 872233)	<i>High Jinks (PO)</i>
Andrews, Tom M, 1988 (Dianne)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5NP. (01247 872233)	<i>High Jinks (PO)</i>
Aplin, Roger, 1972 (-)	Romanesca, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (280 0434/Office: 475 6426)	
Aston, Alan, 1997 (Irene)	1 Marino Station Rd., Holywood, Co Down, BT18 OAH. (01232-426497/Office: 01232-42842)	<i>Golden Nomad</i>
Auchincloss, Leslie, 1992 (-)	Beau Manoir, Rue des Maindonnaux, St Martin, Guernsey GY4 6AH. (1481 39840)	<i>Morning Flame</i>
Baker, Arthur R., Vice Commodore ICC, 1990 (Marjorie)	Shournagh Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co Cork. (021 870031)	<i>Irish Mist I</i>
* Baker, Marjorie, (1996) (Arthur)	Shournagh Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co Cork. (021 870031)	
Ballagh, John B, 1988 (Rosmary)	"Camelot", 19 Seafront Road, Cultra, Co Down, BT18 0BB. (01232 428335)	<i>Jane Marie</i>
Balmforth, Michael B., 1966 (Alison)	Westgate, Toward, Dunoon, Argyll, PA23 7UA. (01369 870271/Office: 01369 870251)	
Barnes, Sean, 1998 (Brioni)	Lynwood, Cunningham Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 8088)	<i>Cu Two</i>
Barnwell, Henry, 1990 (Ivy)	Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 6254)	<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>
Barnwell, Ivy, 1990 (Henry)	Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 6254)	<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>
Barr, Hazel, 1971 (Ronnie)	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 4TB. (01247 813369)	
Barr, R.G.M., 1973 (Hazel)	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 4TB. (01247 813369)	
Barr, Robert, 1969 (Mary)	Heather Lodge, Kerry Mount Avenue, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (289 3269)	<i>Pen Men</i>
Barrington, Desmond J., 1983 (Helen)	37 Ballinlea Heights, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 5732)	
Barry, Frederick, 1990 (Elaine)	18 King's Avenue, Carsholton Beeches, Sutton SM5 4NX. (0181 643 4127)	
* Barry, Mary, 1986 (Paddy)	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (280 0820)	
Barry, Paddy, Hon. Editor ICC Annual, 1984 (Mary)	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (280 0820/Office: 284 7101)	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
Beach, John S., 1992 (-)	Kynes, Shane's Castle, Antrim, BT41 4NE. (01849 463282/Office: 08494 28216)	<i>Virago of Strangford</i>
Beck, Horace P., 1963 (-)	Ripton Middlebury, Vermont, 0766, USA.	<i>J'ablesse</i>
Beirne, Ronan M., 1975 (Sheila)	5 Doonanore Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (284 0759/Office: 867 1888)	<i>Swallow</i>
Bell, Adrian, 1996 (Maevae)	1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast BT9 5EG. (01232 668435/Office: 01232 667914)	<i>Realta (PO)</i>
Bell, J. Alan, 1994 (-)	The Coach House, 1A Carnathen Lane, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0EH. (01247 888949)	
Bell, Maevae, 1996 (Adrian)	1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast BT9 5EG. (01232 668435/Office: 01232 672488)	<i>Realta (PO)</i>
Benson, Dr. R., 1975 (-)	64 Bellevue Road, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 2352)	<i>Marlou</i>
Black, Brian, 1981 (-)	137 Shore Road, Strangford, Co Down, BT30 7NP. (01396 881678/Office: 01232 262000)	<i>Caelan of Strangford</i>
Blaikie, James A., 1969 (-)	3 Lyndhurst Crescent, Bangor, Co Down, BT19 1AU. (01247 472209)	
Bohane, William A., 1990 (Marlyn)	Brandon Lodge, Mount Ovel, Rochestown, Cork. (021 361860/Office: 0402 33672)	
# Bourke, J. Roger, 1940 (Norma)	Carbiere, Ashbourne Avenue, Limerick. (061 228026/Office: 061 31544)	<i>Iduna</i>
Bourke, John P., 1965 (-)	Parkwood, Carrickbrennan Rd., Monkstown, Co Dublin. (280 1657)	
Bourke, Dr. Michael Paget, 1975 (-)	Linden, Brighton Rd, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (289 2133)	
Bourke, Philip, 1983 (Ann)	Avon Wood, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (288 7491)	<i>Fiacra</i>
Boyd, Kenneth M., 1987 (Hilary)	Coolbeg, 23 Seafront Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0BB. (01232 424422)	<i>Jeremy Fisher of Hamble</i>
Bradley, Brendan, 1980 (Pamela)	Blue Rock, Killough, Kilmacanogue, Co Wicklow. (286 9645)	<i>Shalini</i>
Brady, William, 1985 (Ruth)	Mahonville, Castle Road, Blackrock, Cork. (021 357963/Office: 021 270917)	
Branagan, Michael, 1989 (-)	14 Blackberry Rise, Portmarnock, Co Dublin. (846 2554)	
Branigan, Brenda, 1990 (Pat)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandyford, Co Dublin. (295 6273/Office: 896106)	
Branigan, Patrick M.C., 1982 (Brenda)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandyford, Co Dublin. (295 6273)	<i>Maximizar</i>
* Brazil, Clare, (1993) (Donal)	Killard, John's Hill, Waterford. (051 875636)	
Brazil, Donal P., Hon Treasurer ICC, 1990 (Clare)	Killard, John's Hill, Waterford. (051 875636/Office: 051 872039)	<i>Ruinette (PO) and Natian (PO) Kilpatrick</i>
Breathnach, Maire, 1997 (-)	68 Cardinal Court, Wilton, Cork. (021 343244/Office: 023 41814)	<i>Romist</i>
Brogan, Dr. Michael, 1997 (Laura)	Doctor's Road, Ballyhaunis, Co Mayo. (0907 30992/Office: 0907 30016)	<i>Mac Duach</i>
Bruen, J. Chris, 1990 (Maureen)	Calypso, Fairy Hill, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 863510)	<i>Sundream</i>
Bryce, Robert G., 1969 (-)	St Benedicts, Thormanby Road, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 2829)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE No.	NAME OF YACHT
Bunting, Ann, 1969 (John)	Ballyreagh, Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 8SN. (01247 812310)	<i>Faustina II (PO)</i>
Bunting, Christopher J., 1986 (Claire)	35 Grimsdells Lane, Amersham, Bucks HP6 6HF. (01494 433184/Office: 0181 966 2491)	
Bunting, Peter J., 1962 (Elaine)	Orchard House, Hogs Back, Seale, Farnham, Surrey GU10 1HE. (01488 811 985)	
Burke, J. F., 1971 (-)	Richmond House, Blackrock, Cork. (021 293730)	<i>Happy Return</i>
# Butler, J. C., 1959 (Margaret)	Belgrove, Cobh, Cork. (021 811343)	
Butler, Paul, 1987 (Noirin)	32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (288 4393)	<i>Red Velvet</i>
Butler, Pierce, 1995 (Vivienne)	Kingston Farm, Kilternan, Co Dublin. (295 5166/Office: 628 20238)	<i>Aeolus</i>
Byrne, E. Philip, 1982 (Rosemary)	Sunnydale, 4 Nugent Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14. (298 1951)	<i>Growthtiger</i>
Byrne, Harry E. O'C., 1974 (-)	Lismoyle, Coast Road, Malahide, Co Dublin. (845 0498)	<i>Alphida of Howth</i>
Cagney, Romaine, 1978 (-)	7 Roncalli Road, Kilbarrack, Dublin 13. (832 3239)	
Cahill, Bernard M., 1984 (Kathleen)	Cuan Ban, Colla Road, Schull, Co Cork. (028 28309)	
Cahill, Daniel, 1990 (-)	Cuan Ban, Colla Road, Schull, Co Cork.	
Cahill, James J., 1978 (Katherine)	Ellison St, Castlebar, Co Mayo. (094 25500)	<i>Ricjak</i>
Cassidy, Brendan, 1982 (-)	Dunluce, Strand Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 2254)	
Cassidy, Liam, 1978 (-)	4 St. Helens, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (280 3717)	<i>Tudorose (PO)</i>
Chapman, Colin A., 1989 (Jeanne)	The Old Rectory, Comeragh, Kilmacthomas, Co Waterford. (051 291166/Office: 051 875855)	<i>Deerhound</i>
Clapham, John F., 1965 (Rosie)	Mertoun, Cliffside Road, Torquay, Devon TQ1 3LB. (01803 324726/Office: 01803 297337)	<i>Tresillian IV</i>
# Clark, Wallace, M.B.E., D.L., 1951 (June)	Gortead Cottage, 115 Kilrea Road, Upperlands, Co Derry, BT46 5SB. (01648 42737)	
Clarke, Tony, 1985 (Eileen)	Friarstown, Ballylough, Co Limerick. (061 229035/Office: 061 141852)	<i>Silver Breeze</i>
Clementson, John, 1997 (Ann)	Ballyreagh, 84 Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 8SN. (01247-812310)	<i>Faustina II (PO)</i>
Clifford, Thomas F., 1988 (-)	The Kerries, Tralee, Co Kerry.	
Clow, John W., 1991 (Joan)	Mid Linthills, Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, Scotland, PA12 4DL. (01505 842881)	<i>Capercaillie</i>
Coad, Brian P., 1982 (Daphne)	Noreville, Inistioge, Co Kilkenny. (056 58417)	<i>Raasay of Melfort</i>
Coad, Geoffrey, 1991 (-)	Pine Cottage, Ballinakill, Dunmore Road, Waterford. (051 875651)	<i>Cenerea</i>
# Coe, R., 1957 (-)	Craigie, Monastereven, County Kildare. (045 25300)	
Coffey, John F., 1981 (-)	"The Bungalow", Spencer Villas, Glashule, Co Dublin. (284 3727)	
Coleman, Michael C., 1988 (Eileen)	Mount Carmel, High Road, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co Cork. (021 811397)	<i>Stella Maris</i>
Colleran, Patrick, 1980 (-)	48 Taney Crescent, Goatstown, Dublin 14. (298 5625)	
Collins, Michael D., 1975 (-)	"Inniskeel", Quill Road, Kilmacanogue, Co Wicklow. (286 8109)	
Condon, K. Cal, 1988 (Peg)	Montana, Crab Lane, Blackrock, Cork. (021 294165/Office: 021 543102)	<i>Mashona</i>
Conlon, Jimmy, 1996 (-)	27 Fernwood Crescent, Lehanamore, Cork. (021 322121/Office: 021 702581)	
Connor, Brendan J., 1980 (-)	22 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13. (8322403/Office: 8552201)	<i>Vinter</i>
Conroy, Stan, 1992 (Rita)	38 Wynberg Park, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (280 7398)	
Conway, Leo, 1991 (Phil)	Windrush, Killiney Road, Co Dublin. (285 1870)	<i>Delphin</i>
# Cooke, K. L., 1959 (-)	Salia, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 2348)	<i>Kumaree</i>
Cooke, Tom, 1996 (Stephanie)	Fortal, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 5797/Office: 676 6592)	<i>Sandy Ways</i>
Cooke of Islandreagh, Lord, O.B.E., D.L., 1977 (-)	Islandreagh House, Dunadry, Co Antrim, BT41 2HF.	<i>Misaja</i>
Cooper, Paul D., 1983 (-)	3 Bayside Park East, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 4289)	<i>Lazy Day</i>
Corbally, Bernard H. C., 1984 (Ann)	Gilspear, Kilmacanogue, Co Wicklow. (286 3261)	<i>Rionnag</i>
Costello, Walter F., 1980	Bleak House, 7 Lawson Street, Mudgee, New South Wales 2850, Australia.	
Cotter, William J., 1975 (-)	6 Old Orchard, Ann Devlin Road, Templeogue, Dublin 14. (494 3497)	<i>Zuben'ubi (PO)</i>
Courtney, Peter, 1982 (Helena)	Seamount, Balscadden Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2008)	<i>Oona</i>
Craughwell, Michael, 1997 (Anne)	39 Threadneedle Rd., Salthill, Galway. (091 52118/Office: 091 568222)	<i>Buskateer</i>
Crebbin, John F., 1992 (Jennifer)	3 Eaton Brae, Corbawn Lane, Shankill, Co Dublin. (282 4468/Office: 670 9129)	<i>Alannah</i>
Cronin, T. P., 1981 (-)	35 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin.	
# Crosbie, E., 1957 (-)	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork. (021 501963/Office: 021 272722)	<i>Tranquility</i>
Cross, Dan, 1986 (Jill)	Woodhouse, Aghamarta, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 831521)	<i>Handy Mistress</i>
Cudmore, Anne L., 1979 (Ronald)	Goleen, Sandycove Avenue East, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 3390)	
Cudmore, Brian, 1966 (Eleanor)	"Cloudhill", Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 893625/Fax: 021 893625)	<i>Ann Again</i>
Cudmore, Denis, 1986 (Brid)	10 Chesterfield View, Castleknock, Dublin 15. (820 6599)	<i>Kanga</i>
Cudmore, Eleanor, 1997 (Brian)	Cloudhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 893625)	<i>Ann Again</i>
Cudmore, Fred Jr, 1966 (-)	Ocean Approach, Myrtleville, Co Cork. (021 831541)	
Cudmore, Harold Jr, 1959 (-)	4 Queen's Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight, PO31 8BQ. (1983 280466)	<i>Silver Slipper</i>
# Cudmore, Dr. Harold, 1956 (Mary)	Ainrush, Rosebank, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 293016)	
Cudmore, Dr John, 1977 (Aideen)	6 The Garden Village, Talbots Inch, Kilkenny. (056 65838)	
Cudmore, Justin R, 1966 (Kate)	Southcourt, South Douglas Road, Cork. (021 892242/Office: 021 274019)	<i>Setanta (PO)</i>
Cudmore, Mary, 1970 (-)	Ainrush, Rosebank, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 293016)	
Cudmore, Peter F., 1966 (-)	18 Willowmere, Rochestown Road, Cork. (021 364257/Office: 021 503726)	
Cudmore, Ronald, 1964 (Anne)	Goleen, Sandycove Avenue East, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 3390)	
Cuffe-Smith, Capt. William R, DFC CdeG, 1970 (Betty Mary)	274 Seacliff Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HS. (01247 465 066)	<i>Leemara of Howth</i>
Cullen, Maurice, 1971 (Elizabeth)	"Grianblah", Palmerston Park, Dublin 6. (497 7002)	
Culleton, Peter, 1990 (-)	9 La Vista Avenue, Sutton, Dublin 13. (497 7002/Office: 778932)	
Cunnane, Jarlath J, 1988 (Madeline)	Knock, Claremorris, Co Mayo. (094 88269 /Office: 086 256 5784)	<i>Lir</i>
Cunningham, Dr John, 1998 (Patricia)	Bridge House, Tuam, Co Galway. (093 24155)	<i>Maud</i>
Currie, John D., 1985 (-)	11 Seafront Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0BB. (01232 426469)	<i>Carna</i>
Curtain, Dr. W. Andrew, 1971 (-)	"Riverview", 47 Sundays Well Rd., Cork. (021 393862/Office: 021 342080)	<i>Pilgrim Soul</i>
Curtin, J. Leonard, 1993 (Mary)	Springmount, Carrigrohane, Co Cork. (021 871508/Office: 021 545222)	<i>Karena</i>
# D'Alton, Michael M. A., 1956 (-)	Kilda Lodge, St. George's Ave., Killiney, Co Dublin.	<i>Siamsa (PO)</i>
d'Esterre Roberts, R. Grattan, 1989 (Mairead)	Riverwood, Currabinny, Co Cork. (021 374444/Office: 021 378383)	<i>Hafod (PO)</i>
Dalton, Brian, 1967 (-)	89 Rockport Shores, Rockport, ME 04856.	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE No.	NAME OF YACHT
Daly, Dominic J., 1968 (-)	Pembroke House, Pembroke Street, Cork. (021 505965/Office: 021 277399)	
Daly, John E., 1990 (Marion)	The Glade, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 362833/Office: 021 277911)	<i>Prelude</i>
Davis, Helen J., 1980 (Samuel)	8 Glenmachan Drive, Belfast, BT4 2RE. (01232 761417/Office: 01238 541294)	<i>Jacana</i>
Davis, Samuel M., 1980 (Helen)	8 Glenmachan Drive, Belfast, BT4 2RE. (01232 761417/Office: 01238 541294)	<i>Jacana</i>
Deane, Douglas, 1965 (Liz)	Churchbay, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831002)	
Delamer, David, 1994 (-)	Baily Cottages, Baily, Co Dublin. (839 3634)	
Dempsey, J. A., 1973 (-)	Inwood, South Strand, Skerries, Co Dublin. (849 1326)	
Devenney, E. K., 1973 (-)	4 Vernon Park, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 4PH. (01247 461410/Office: Dundonald 4535)	<i>Moonshadow</i>
Dick, J.R. William, 1971 (Heather)	Redboy, Blessington, Co Wicklow. (045 65233)	
Dickinson, William B., 1979 (Elizabeth)	2 Victoria Terrace, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JB. (01247 468772)	<i>Tertia of Lymington</i>
Doherty, Tony, 1969 (-)	2 Southern Road, Cork. (021 271327)	
Donegan, James D., 1983 (Deirdre)	Carrigmore, Glounthaune, Co Cork. (021 353137/Office: 021 277155)	<i>White Rooster</i>
Doonan, Francesca, 1988 (Paul)	18 Woodside, Balkill Road, Howth, Dublin 13.	
Doonan, Paul S., 1986 (Francesca)	18 Woodside, Balkill Road, Howth, Dublin 13.	
Doran, John, 1997 (-)	Drisoge, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 1709/Office: 830 9533)	<i>AGB First</i>
Dowey, James E., 1988 (Lyn)	Coastguards Row, 467 Shore Road, Whiteabbey, Co Antrim, BT37 OSP. (01232 853582)	
Doyle, D. Conor, 1966 (Mareta)	C/o D.F. Doyle Ltd, 1 Connell Street, Cork. (021 772348/Office: 021 275235)	<i>Elsa</i>
# Doyle, Denis N., 1956 (-)	Tideways, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 372105/Office: 021 275235)	<i>Moonduster</i>
Doyle, Frank, 1966 (-)	17 Barnstead Drive, Church Road, Blackrock, Cork. (/Office: 021 275235)	
* Drew, Bob, (1997) (Mindy)	50 Falkin Road, Sachem's Head, Guildford, CT 06437, USA. (203 453 5474)	<i>Knight Hawke</i>
Du Plessis, Hugo, 1978 (-)	c/o 26 Windmill Road, Polegate, Eastbourne, Sussex, BN26 5BG. (01323 484606)	<i>Samharcin an lar</i>
Duffin, Nicholas S. R., Sr, 1990 (Andrena)	11 Grey Point, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co Down, BT19 1LE. (01247 852688/Office: 01232 458287)	<i>Water Spaniel</i>
Duggan, John P., 1986 (-)	Av. da Liberdade 245-7, Lisbon 1250, Portugal. (311 3300)	
Dunn, Aidan, 1963 (-)	2 Nutley Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4. (269 1158/Office: 283 8947)	<i>Eblana</i>
Dunphy, T. Austin, 1990 (-)	Sealawn, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 2853)	<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>
Dwyer, David M., 1993 (Fianne)	32 Radcliffe, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 4910)	<i>Fianne (PO)</i>
Dwyer, Kevin F., 1966 (Fiona)	The Wilderness, Glanmire, Co Cork. (021 353441/Office Fax: 021 354138)	
Dwyer, Michael R., 1989 (-)	Bellvue, Glenbrook, Co Cork. (021 841453/Office: 021 273131)	
Dyke, Stanley W., 1965 (-)	Benwell, Crosthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 7918)	
England, Liz, 1967 (Fred)	Eastwood, Donaldson's Brae, Kilcreggan, Dunbartonshire, Scotland G84 0LA. (01436 842)	<i>One Timee</i>
English, J. D., 1991 (April)	Harbour View, Upper Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 832209)	<i>Eko (PO)</i>
Escott, William P., 1980 (Margaret)	70 Thornleigh Gardens, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 4NP. (01247 461881)	<i>Wheelsht</i>
Espey, Fred J. K., 1978 (-)	4 Myrtle Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 5160)	<i>Verve (PO)</i>
Eves, Alastair R. W., 1984 (Janet)	"Mariveg", 32A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 3RD. (01247 469838)	<i>Zanfá</i>
Eves, F. Maitland, M.B.E., 1967 (Eva)	Loughside Farm, 57 Ringdufferin Road, Toye, Downpatrick, Co Down BT30 9PH. (01396 828923)	<i>Cephas</i>
Eves, Jeremy R. F., 1975 (-)	3 Ranfurley Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 3SN. (0247 270460/Office: 0247 271525)	
Eves, Roland E., 1982 (Elizabeth)	Carrig-Gorm, 27 Bridge Road, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co Down BT19 1TS. (01247 853680)	<i>Lutanda</i>
Fahy, Patrick J., 1982 (-)	8 Saint Mary's Road, Taylors Hill, Galway. (091 23997)	
# Fannin, Robert N., 1959 (-)	Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co Dublin.	
Fannin, Robert J., 1981 (-)	c/o Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co Dublin.	
Fasenfeld, George, 1997 (-)	3 Elgin Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4. (660 9488/Office: 660 3255)	<i>Wild Bird</i>
Faulkner, Sir Dennis J., C.B.E., D.L., 1960 (-)	Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 6TU. (01238 541114)	<i>Kariat</i>
Fergus, Sean G., 1985 (-)	"Abbingdon", 56 Grosvenor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6. (496 5653/Office: 685777)	
Fielding, Christine M., 1971 (Raymond)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 841428)	
Fielding, Dr. Raymond J., 1956 (Christine)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 841428)	
Finnegan, John J., 1966 (-)	Seapoint House, Monkstown, Co Dublin.	
Fisher, J.D.F., 1969 (Susan)	Rathturret, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RX. (016937 73667)	
# FitzGerald, C. J., 1944 (-)	28 Richmond, Blackrock Road, Cork. (021 292210/Office: 021 270095)	<i>Mandalay</i>
FitzGerald, David H. B., 1966 (Jean)	The Quay, Kinvara, Co Galway. (091 637290)	<i>White Heather</i>
FitzGerald, Grainne, 1993 (-)	2 Mayville Terrace, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (284 0731/Office: 907664)	
Fitzgerald, Jack, 1986 (-)	56 Bayview Drive, Killiney, Co Dublin. (282 1342)	
Fitzpatrick, Thomas J., 1985 (Mary)	Kincora, Deerpark, Howth Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 5554/Office: 660 9566)	<i>Arawak</i>
Flanagan, Dr. Jack, 1980 (Eta)	7 Offington Avenue, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 5277)	<i>Rockabill III (PO)</i>
Fletcher, Gillian, 1996 (-)	12 Greenmount Square, Dublin 12. (453 1612)	
Flood, Sean, 1994 (Joan)	Roskeen, Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 3188/Office: 295 3333)	<i>Rhapsody</i>
Flowers, Maurice H., 1983 (-)	42B Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (01247 465157)	<i>No Fear</i>
Foley, Clare, 1980 (Ciarán)	Monkstown Castle, Co Dublin. (280 8103)	<i>Flying Ferret</i>
Foote, Thomas S., 1996 (Hilary)	"The Moorings", Tonabrocky, Bushy Park, Galway. (091 522833)	<i>Subadar</i>
Forde, John B., 1990 (-)	Elmford, Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork. (021 291299)	<i>Roaring Water</i>
Fowler, Robert J., 1969 (Tiggy)	Mont Alto House, Sorrento Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 8529)	<i>Trilogy</i>
Fox-Mills, Barbara, 1981 (Liam)	The Tansey, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 2823)	
Foxall, Roger M., 1988 (-)	Derrynane, Caherdaniel, Co Kerry. (0667 5155)	
Freeman, F. David, 1986 (Valerie)	Knollycroft, Coliemore Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 9439/Office: 676 0261)	<i>Twocan</i>
Gallagher, Benignus N., 1980 (Mary)	4 Carrickbrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 3755)	<i>Sparkle</i>
Gallagher, Dr. Jack, 1992 (Meg)	Weir House, Woodstown, Co Waterford.	<i>Ruinette (PO) and Natian (PO)</i>
Garrard, Natascha, 1990 (Simon)	The Shack, Baily, Co Dublin. (833 3670)	
Geldof, Robert, 1968 (-)	18 Crosthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 2818/Office: 778869)	<i>Rockwell Salamander</i>
Gibson, Richard Y., 1992 (Sue)	Kimberley, Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831408/Office: 021 831505)	<i>Cara of Quoile</i>
Gillespie, Dr. Peter J., 1993 (-)	4 Demesne Gate, Saintfield, Co Down, BT24 7BE. (01238 510779)	
Gilmore, Dr. W. R., 1985 (-)	9 Coastguard Lane, Groomsport, Co Down, BT19 2LR. (Donaghadee 882410)	
Glaser, Dr. Otto E., 1972 (Patricia)	Thalassa, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 4797)	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE No.	NAME OF YACHT
Gleadhill, Diana, 1996 (-)	Lough Hill, 30 Ballymacashen Road, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 0SH. (01238 541815)	
Glentoran, Lord T. Robin V., C.B.E., D.L., 1977 (Maggie)	Drumadaragh House, Ballyclare, Co Antrim, BT39 0TA. (01960 340222/Office: 01960 340422)	
# Glover, Dr. W. E., 1963 (Lillian)	2 Coolong Road, Vaucluse, New South Wales 2030, Australia. (02 9337 4342)	<i>Wizard</i>
Godkin, John, 1992 (Sandy)	Sandycove, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 774189/Office: 021 274236)	<i>V.S.O.P.</i>
Gomes, Deirdre, 1980 (Richard)	Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co Down. (012477 88365)	
Gomes, H. R., 1967 (Deirdre)	Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co Down. (012477 88365)	<i>Ain Mara</i>
Good, Courtenay, 1991 (Valerie)	Ardkilly House, Sandycove, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 772390/Office: 021 772300)	<i>Mad Goose</i>
Gore-Grimes, Anthony, 1978 (Katharine)	Roxboro, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 2449/Office: 872 9299)	<i>Bonanza</i>
* Gore-Grimes, John, 1973 (1990) (-)	Shack, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 3670/Office: 872 9299)	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
Goulding, Tom, 1980 (-)	12 Asgard Road, Howth, Co Dublin.	
Gray, C. Peter, 1980 (Susan)	45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 3911)	<i>Waxwing (PO)</i>
Gray, Susan D., 1990 (Peter)	45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 3911)	<i>Waxwing (PO)</i>
Green, Dr. Micheal, 1964 (-)	3 Sycamore Close, Woddingdean, Brighton, Sussex, BN2 6SJ.	
Greenhalgh, David, 1978 (-)	15 Ashley Park, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5RQ. (454 860)	<i>Big Boots</i>
Greer, Dr Heather, 1966 (-)	Cynara, Windgate Rise, Howth Summit, Co Dublin. (832 3731/Office: 839 1586)	
# Greer, P. H., L.L.D., 1951 (-)	22 Greenfield Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 3195)	
Guinness, A. Peter, 1963 (-)	Chapel Farm, Great Missenden, Bucks., HP16 ORF, England. (1494 862322)	
Guinness, Ian R., 1979 (-)	Rosbeg, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 2152)	<i>Hera</i>
Guinness, M. Jennifer, 1966 (-)	Censure House, Ceanchor Rd., Baily, Co Dublin. (832 3123/Fax: 839 2057)	<i>Alakush</i>
Hall, Mervyn J., 1970 (-)	480 Portway, Shirehampton, Bristol, BS11 9QH.	<i>Baily of Howth</i>
Hand, Frank, 1985 (-)	4 Lyndon Gate, Blackhorse Ave, Dublin 7. (838 8876)	
Harbison, Dr. John F., 1977 (-)	Inishbeg, Nashville Road, Howth, Co Dublin.	
Harte, Edward D., 1969 (-)	Glencar, High street, Schull, Co Cork.	
Hawthorn, George S. N., 1985 (-)	77 Tullynakill Road, Ardmillan, Comber, Co Down BT23 6AG. (0801238 541774/Office: 0801232 662281)	<i>Fidem III</i>
Hayes, J. Colin, 1992 (Freda)	"Woodley", Rochestown Road, Cork. (021 891948/Office: 01 670 0633)	<i>Saoirse of Cork</i>
Healy, Capt George F., 1968 (-)	13 Killiney Towers, Killiney, Co Dublin. (284 8612)	
Heard, Ruth, 1967 (-)	Stone Cottage, Clarendon Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 2258)	<i>Harklow</i>
Hegarty, Andrew M., 1990 (-)	Cairngorm, Baily, Dublin 13. (832 3421)	
Hegarty, Betty, 1986 (Brian)	Cairngorm, Baily, Dublin 13. (832 3421)	<i>Oleander of Howth (PO)</i>
# Hegarty, Brian, 1957 (Betty)	Cairngorm, Baily, Dublin 13. (832 3421)	<i>Oleander of Howth (PO)</i>
# Hegarty, Dermot, 1959 (-)	30 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 4080/Office: 661 3311)	
Hegarty, Neil, 1990 (Angela)	6 North Mall, Cork. (021 397191/Office: 021 962027)	<i>Beagle</i>
Hellstern, Hans, 1995 (-)	7 Fort View II, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 772643/Office: 021 772304)	<i>SantÉ</i>
Hemphill, Lord Peter P., 1981 (Anne)	Raford, Kiltulla, Co Galway. (091 848002/Fax: 091 848174)	<i>Knocknagrena</i>
# Hennessy, Dr. Noel St. J., 1957 (Kathleen)	15 Brookvale Downs, Rathfarnham, Dublin 14. (490 7698)	
Henshall, James A., 1979 (Rosemary Ann)	Carrignacreevy, 11 Plantation Road, Saintfield, Co Down, BT24 7JB. (01238 511384)	<i>Maimoune (PO)</i>
Hill, Eric A. G., 1995 (-)	164 Glenageary Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (285 4310/Office: 285 4310)	
Hill, Dr. Michael J., 1980 (Isobel)	86 Rashee Road, Ballyclare, Co Antrim, BT39 9HT.	<i>Juffra</i>
Hilliard, C. E., 1961 (-)	Araglen, Proby Square, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (283 6760/Office: 404 1186)	
* Hogan, Peter St. J., (1993) (-)	153 Strand Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4. (260 1233)	
Horan, Paddy, 1998 (Maria)	21 Fairyfield, Parteen, Co Clare. (061 340831/Office: 061 330110)	<i>Doran Glas</i>
# Horsman, Henry F., 1952 (-)	Glenteigue, Arklow, Co Wicklow. (0402 39804)	
Hosford, W. K., 1974 (-)	Rockcliff House, Blackrock, Cork. (021 291009)	
Hunt, C. K., 1963 (Poppy)	Bawnavota, Summercove, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 772534)	
Hutcheson, Thomas C., 1990 (-)	18 Chainé Memorial Road, Larne, Co Antrim, BT40 1AD. (01574 77284/Office: 01232 864331)	<i>Tieveara</i>
Hutchinson, Alan, 1991 (Maureen)	27 Glenbroome Park, Jordanstown, Newtownabbey, Co Antrim, BT37 0RL. (863 629)	<i>Suaeda</i>
Hutchinson, William R., 1969 (-)	Seaview House, Seacliff Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HG. (0247 460 588)	
Irwin, John, 1982 (Diane)	c/o 37 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HP. (01247 471888)	<i>Dundrum</i>
Jameson, J. Patrick, 1968 (Elizabeth)	Evora, Dunbo Hill, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2931)	<i>Changeling (PO)</i>
Jameson, Kieran J., 1998 (-)	23 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin. (839 0649/Office: 832 6466)	<i>Changeling (PO)</i>
Johnson, Terence C., Rear Commodore, 1960 (-)	Frazerbank, Strathmore Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 1439/Office: 452 3000)	<i>Nyabo</i>
Johnston, Denis B., 1979 (Margaret)	Kilburn, 33 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0PD. (883 951)	<i>Trininga</i>
Johnston, Guy B., 1995 (Helen)	8 Leeson Park Avenue, Dublin 6. (/Office: 676 7666/Office Fax: 676 7146)	<i>Sirikit III</i>
Kavanagh, Gerald P., 1980 (Ann)	11 Redford Rise, Redford Park, Greystones, Co Wicklow. (287 2476)	
Kavanagh, Liam F., 1994 (Elizabeth)	Kaduna, Maryborough Hill, Douglas, Cork. (021 893560/Office: 021 274461)	<i>Voyageuse</i>
Kean, Norman, 1991 (-)	148 Hamilton Road, Landenberg, Pennsylvania 19350, USA.	
Keane, Barry, 1975 (Brenda)	55 Wyvern, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 5569)	<i>Elysium (PO)</i>
Keatinge, Hilary J., 1996 (William)	3 Alexandra Road, Lymington, Hants, S041 9HB. (01590 672426/Fax: 01590 670561)	<i>Rafiki (PO)</i>
Keatinge, William D., 1988 (Hilary)	3 Alexandra Road, Lymington, Hants, SO41 9HB. (01590 672426/Fax: 01590 670561)	<i>Rafiki (PO)</i>
Keily, Daniel J., 1973 (-)	Moorpark, Fountaintown, Co Cork. (021 831235)	
Kelliher, E. Brenda, 1983 (-)	PO Box 1886, Annapolis, MD 21404-1886, USA. (410 2349 1822/Fax: 410 349 8714)	
Kenefick, Neil G., 1985 (Iris)	"Waterside", Corrabiny, Co Cork. (378024/Office: 892813)	<i>Eko (PO)</i>
Kennedy, Bridget, 1973 (Terence)	Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 6RL. (01238 541470)	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
Kennedy, Hugh P., Q.C., 1963 (Aoife)	Edgebank, 16 Deramore Park South, Belfast, BT9 5JY. (660 500/Office: 669 556)	<i>Tosca IV of Bangor</i>
Kenny, Brian P., 1997 (Anne)	"Alderbrooke", Ballard, Tralee, Co Kerry. (066 26590/Office: 066 21911)	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>
Kenworthy, Marilyn, 1990 (Liam)	Brandon Lodge, Mount Ovel, Rochestown, Cork. (021 361860)	<i>Flica (PO)</i>
Kidney, John, 1991 (Zsuzi)	Caragh, Gordon Avenue, Foxrock, Co Dublin.	
Kidney, Noel J., 1986 (-)	Littlefield, Glencullen Road, Kilternan, Co Dublin. (495 3782)	<i>Dulcibella</i>
Kilgrew, Cyril L., 1995 (Ann)	Rushanes, Glandore, Co Cork. (028 33446)	<i>Juno</i>
Kilkenny, Joseph, 1971 (-)	Gray's Lane, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 3442/Office: 677 8932)	

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Killen, Peter R., 1994 (Beverly)	3 Killeen Terrace, Malahide, Co Dublin. (845 3019)	<i>Black Pepper</i>
Kilroy, Howard E., 1989 (-)	Rarc an Ilan, 22 Colemore Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (284 0952)	
King, Heather R., 1989 (-)	The Cabin, Rathdown Road, Greystones, Co Wicklow. (287 4944)	<i>Seareign</i>
* King, Cdr W., DSO*DSC. RN. Retd., (1987) (-)	Oranmore Castle, Oranmore, Co Galway.	
Kirby, Tom, 1971 (Eileen)	Park Road, Clogheen, Clonakilty, Co Cork. (023 33553/Office: 023 33240)	<i>Yami-Yami</i>
Knatchbull, Michael W., 1986 (Rhona)	Gambles Lodge, Upper Mountown, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 1420)	
Knott, H. B., 1964 (-)	Marlay, Saval Park Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 3312)	
Lantry, Seamus, 1990 (-)	4 Fr Mathew Street, Cork. (087 256 1915/Office: 021 270788)	<i>William Tell of Uri</i>
Larkin, Frank J., 1982 (Caroline)	San Jose, North Circular Road, Limerick. (061 453267/Office: 061 361555)	
Laurence, Dr. David T., 1975 (Madeline)	31 Sutherland Avenue, Jacobs Well, Guildford, Surrey, GU4 7QX. (01483 539876/Office: 01483 23225)	
Lavelle, Pat, 1991 (-)	30 The Green, College Road, Galway. (091 67707/Office: 091 57707)	<i>Colla Voce</i>
Law, J. Brian, 1975 (Rosemary)	Cherry Hill, Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 6PR. (01238 541386/Office: 01846 677317)	<i>Sea Rose</i>
Lawlor, Tom, 1993 (Fran)	34 Vernon Avenue, Dublin 3. (833 1073)	
Layng, Capt. Brian, 1988 (Joan)	"Ashvale", Windgate Rise, Howth Summit, Co Dublin. (832 4104)	<i>Leigh Mary</i>
Lee, Adrian F., 1992 (-)	94 Camden Hill Road, London SE19 1NX. (0171 2435780/Office: 0171 9302345)	<i>Janey Mac II</i>
# Lee, Reginald, 1961 (Denise)	Sydney Lodge, 93 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (288 9486)	
Leonard, Alan G., 1964 (Elizabeth)	28 Knockdene Park South, Belfast, BT5 7AB. (01232 653162)	<i>Coda of Cuan</i>
Ley, Angela, 1986 (-)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JW. (01247 454937)	<i>Busy B (PO)</i>
Ley, John E., 1986 (-)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JW. (01247 454937)	<i>Busy B (PO)</i>
Long, Norman, 1991 (Kay)	20 Mapas Avenue, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 9847)	
Love, Betty, 1992 (-)	Clanricarde, Blackrock Road, Cork. (021 293977)	
Love, Clayton Mnr., 1990 (Ellen)	Cooline, 11 Rockcliffe Terrace, Blackrock Road, Cork. (021 292747/Office: 021 310066)	<i>Blue Shark (PO)</i>
Love, Clayton Jnr., 1971 (Betty)	The Library P.O. Box 125, Clanricarde Lodge, Blackrock Road, Cork. (021 294241)	<i>Royal Tara</i>
Lovegrove, Richard V., 1981 (Heather)	"Corrig", Convent Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 9782/Office: 677 0335)	<i>Lady Aivilon (PO)</i>
Lovett, Dermot, 1995 (Margaret)	High Water, Coast Road, Fountainstown, Co Cork. (021 832142/Office: 021 294909)	<i>Serifa (PO)</i>
Lowry, Dr. Paul, 1997 (-)	16 Slievemoyne Park, Belfast, BT15 5GZ. (01232 774974)	<i>Kittiwake IV</i>
# Luke, Derek, 1959 (-)	Seafield, Ballure Road, Ramsey, Isle of Man IM8 1NL.	
Lynch, Brian R., 1988 (Onora)	4 Courthouse Square, Galway. (091 522214/Office: 091 563131)	<i>Peggy West</i>
Lynch, Donal, 1996 (Sheila)	"Clara", Orchard Road, Cork. (021 542826/Office: 021 545333/Fax: 021 342497)	<i>Melisande (PO)</i>
Lyster, W. Bruce, 1985 (-)	Huckleberry, Knocknackee Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin.	<i>Errislannin</i>
MacAuley, Dr. Daniel J., 1979 (Marie)	4 Norton Drive, Malone Road, Belfast, BT9 6ST. (01232 661840)	<i>Capella of Kent</i>
# Macken, J. J., 1949 (-)	White House, Dalkey Avenue, Co Dublin. (285 9585)	
MacLavery, K. J., 1961 (-)	Ballynally Lane, Moville, Co Donegal. (077 82239)	<i>Eoin Rua</i>
MacMahon, Gary, 1992 (-)	Strandville House, Clancy Strand, Limerick. (061 325986/Office: 061 400620)	
Madden, Arthur G., 1961 (Mary)	Hazeldene, Marina, Blackrock, Cork. (021 357985)	
Magan, Arthur S. C., 1981 (-)	Cloghreen, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 2408)	
Magee, John R., 1990 (Mary Lou)	c/o James Cahill, Ellison Street, Castlebar, Co Mayo. (401 245 6400/Office: 401 351 6000)	<i>Sea Fox</i>
Magenis, Conna, 1975 (Geraldine)	Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RU. (016937 72237)	<i>Snowgoose of Moygannon</i>
# Maher, Patrick J., 1959 (-)	Ballinglanna, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 293966)	
Malcolm, John, 1991 (-)	Willow Cottage, Langley Upper Green, Essex, CB11 4RU. (01799 550884/Office: 01279 658412)	
Malone, Anne, 1990 (Stephen)	"Barlogue", 8 Rochestown Rise, Rochestown, Co Cork. (021 891793)	
Malone, Stephen A., 1979 (Anne)	"Barlogue", 8 Rochestown Rise, Rochestown, Co Cork. (021 891793)	<i>Symphonie</i>
Markey, Jimmy, 1984 (Marie)	18 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2906/Office: 086 264 8251)	
Martin, Clive C., 1978 (Mary)	Erinagh, Kerry Mount Avenue, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (289 3565)	<i>Lindos</i>
# Martin, F. Derek, 1954 (-)	Woodley, Eaton Brae, Shankill, Co Dublin. (282 4457)	<i>Lovely Lady</i>
Martin, J. Kenneth, 1982 (-)	Tres Fleur, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (289 3981)	<i>Jaded</i>
Massey, John, 1992 (-)	7 Glencarraig, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 5636/Office: 830 1211)	
Massey, Nicholas W., 1980 (-)	2 Thormamby Lawns, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 5058)	
Maxwell, Cdr. RN J. David, 1982 (Carolyn)	50 Old Court, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co Down, BT30 7NG. (01396 881205)	<i>Virago of Strangford (PO)</i>
McAnaney, Eugene, 1975 (-)	18 Willowfield Park, Goatstown, Dublin 14. (298 2381)	
McAuley, F. D., MCh. D.O.M.S., 1961 (-)	45 Upper Leeson Street, Dublin 4. (660 4580)	
McBride, Denis, 1972 (-)	25 Thormanby Road, Howth Summit, Co Dublin. (832 2126)	
McBride, Edward D., 1970 (-)	62 Bayside Walk, Sutton, Dublin 13. (839 3419)	
McBride, Frances, 1987 (-)	Little Starlings, 122B Bluehouse Lane, Limpsfield, Surrey, RH8 OAR. (01883 717383)	
McCann, George, 1968 (-)	21 Riverside Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 4SA. (01247 462035)	<i>Deucalion</i>
McCarthy, Francis, 1985 (-)	Kedges, Forthill, Summercove, Kinsale, Co Cork. (/Office: 021 277338)	<i>Silly Goose</i>
McCarthy, Tom, 1994 (-)	Suite Cottage, Ballinrea, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 372343)	
McCleave, Derek, 1998 (Gillian)	46 Ravenhill Park, Belfast, BT6 0DG. (01232 692184/Office: 01849 422005)	<i>Kirmew</i>
McClement, Donal J., 1983 (-)	2 Cedar Grove, Glasheen Road, Cork. (021 962786/Office: 021 831161/Fax: 021 831603)	
McConnell, John H., 1965 (-)	Breeoge, Ardmhuire Park, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (/Office: 781 544)	
# McConnell, Maimie T., 1959 (-)	27 Knocknacree Park, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 8725/Fax: 284 0822)	<i>Kala</i>
McConnell, Stafford C., 1971 (-)	Killaloe, Co Clare. (061 376908)	
McCormack, Paget J., 1991 (Andrea)	24 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (288 4382/Office: 872 5566)	<i>Saki</i>
McCormack, Sean, 1990 (-)	15 The Avenue, Woodpark, Ballinteer, Dublin 16. (298 4120/Office: 836 4399)	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
McGonagle, Liam, 1959 (Barbara)	The Tansey, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 2823/Office: 660 9799)	<i>Ounavara of Howth and Meander III (PO)</i>
McGuire, Gary E., 1990 (Vivienne)	Spindrift, 802 Howth Road, Dublin 5. (832 3190/Office: 833 1154)	<i>Púcabán</i>
* McHenry, Barbara, (1993) (Cormac)	8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14. (288 4733)	
McHenry, Cormac P., Hon. Sec. ICC, 1980 (Barbara)	8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14. (288 4733)	<i>Erquy</i>
# McIlwaine, A. D., 1960 (-)	Glebe Cottage, 7 Church Hill, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6PP.	
McKean, William W., 1986 (-)	27 Fotheringay Road, Glasgow, G41 4NL. (0141 423 6370)	<i>Siolta</i>

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* McKee, Anne, (1998)	52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5HX. (0801247 472692)	
McKee, Michael, Commodore ICC, 1962 (Anne)	52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (0801247 472692)	<i>Isobel</i>
McKenna, David C., 1964 (-)	G 102 Marina Bay Homes, Atlantic Drive, Aisaworld City, Paranaque, Manila 1703, Philippines	<i>Rapparee II</i>
# McKinley, Fergus, 1953 (-)	Beechfield, Sydney Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (288 8376)	
McKinney, John J., 1975 (-)	3 Balally Drive, Dundrum, Dublin 16. (295 6305/Office: 497 8490)	<i>Zuben'ubi (PO)</i>
McMahon, Brendan, 1988 (-)	Moyarta, North Circular Road, Limerick. (061 453934)	<i>Salara</i>
McMahon, The Hon. Mr. Justice James, 1973 (-)	18 Palmerstown Grove, Milltown Road, Dublin 6. (269 8471)	
McMillan, Alastair M., 1968 (-)	Treborth, Corbridge, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 4042)	
McMordie, H. M., 1972 (-)	Avenue Cottage, Old Court, Downpatrick, Co Down BT30 7NG.	<i>Anolis</i>
McMullan, F. Gerald, 1986 (-)	39 Victoria Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5ER. (01247 472826)	
McMullen, Colin P., 1975 (Alison)	10 Tivoli Terrace North, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (284 3663/Office: 280 9577)	
McWilliam, John A., 1990 (Diane)	3 Braddock Reach, Whiterock, Killinichy, Co Down, BT23 6PY. (01238 541118/Office: 01238 542300)	
Meade, Eamon, 1992 (Olivia)	Fiddown, Piltown, Co Kilkenny. (051 643311/Office: 051 855034)	<i>Mouflon</i>
Meagher, Niall, 1992 (-)	Gleann na Greine, Naas, Co Kildare. (045 897728)	<i>Zuben'ubi (PO)</i>
# Mellon, D. E., M.D., 1947 (-)	La Tuquette, Serignac, Peboudou, 47410 Lauzun, Lot et Garonne, France.	
Menton, James F., 1986 (Margaret)	14 The Rivery, Crosstown, Wexford. (053 21483)	<i>Caranja</i>
Metcalfe, Peter, 1989 (-)	Jordberga Gard, 23020 Klagstorp, Sweden. (46 410 26216/Fax: 46 410 26095)	
# Minchin, John, 1960 (-)	Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 831392)	
Minnis, Peter, 1996 (Carolyn)	58, Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down. (01247 882577/Office: 01247 818853)	
Mollard, Robert E., 1969 (-)	27 Sion Road, Glengageary, Co Dublin. (285 4317)	
Monson, Roderick G., 1983 (-)	2 Castlehill Road, Stormont, Belfast, BT4 3GL. (656051)	<i>Mazara</i>
# Montgomery, E. J., 1955 (-)	78 Northumberland Road, Dublin. (668 1903)	
Moore, John S., 1985 (-)	c/o Ulster Cruising School, The Marina, Carrickfergus, Co Antrim, BT38 8BE. (01960 366680/Office 01960 368818)	
Moran, Desmond, 1991 (-)	Stephen House, Stephen Street, Sligo. (071 42886)	
# Morck, Patricia C., 1962 (Peter)	Ballylug, Rathdrum, Co Wicklow. (0404 45164)	
# Morck, Dr. Peter B., 1958 (Patricia)	Ballylug, Rathdrum, Co Wicklow. (0404 45164)	
# Morehead, R., 1950 (-)	Leeward, Marina, Blackrock, Cork. (021 357714)	<i>Pipit (PO)</i>
Morris, Dr. Geoffrey, 1983 (-)	18 Cheltenham Court, Brampton, Ontario, Canada, L6W 1J3.	
Morrison, R. Ian, 1957 (-)	"Weatherly", Claremont, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2086)	<i>Safari of Howth</i>
Morrissy, Donal, 1982 (-)	Clarenbridge House, Clarenbridge, Co Galway. (091 796306)	<i>Joggernaut</i>
Morton, Admiral Sir Anthony G.B.E., K.C. (-)	Flat 6, Amburst, 90 St Cross Road, Winchester, Hants SO23 9PX. (01962 56393)	<i>Lamorna III.</i>
Mulhern, James, 1958 (-)	Struan Hill, Delgany, Co Wicklow. (287 4785)	<i>State O'Chassis (PO)</i>
Mullins, Peter J. D., 1971 (-)	1625 S.E. 10th Avenue, Apt 710, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316. (954 462 6945/Office: 954 695 7509)	
Nairn, George E., 1980 (Peggy)	3 St Helen's North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (280 8765)	
Nairn, W Stuart, 1987 (Janet)	The Penthouse, Point Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831859)	<i>Armorique (PO)</i>
Nicholson, David, 1980 (Joan)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 842160)	<i>White Shadow</i>
Nicholson, Joan, 1991 (David)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 842160)	
Nicholson, Max, 1996 (Helen)	"Seabank", Dunmore East, Co Waterford. (051 383207/Office: 058 41206)	
Nixon, Georgina A., 1987 (William)	14 Evora Park, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 3929)	
Nixon, James, 1971 (Katherine)	7 Mount Pleasant, Belfast, BT9 5DS. (01232 666508)	<i>Ardnagee</i>
Nixon, W. M., 1963 (Georgina)	14 Evora Park, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 3929)	<i>Witchcraft of Howth (PO)</i>
O'Boyle, Donal, 1974 (Liz)	Drake Lodge, Drake's Pool, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 831028/Office: 021 318333)	<i>An Giall</i>
O'Boyle, Elizabeth, 1993 (Donal)	Drake Lodge, Drake's Pool, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (/Fax: 021 831996)	
O'Brien, Daniel D., 1978 (Rose Marie)	126 Harold's Cross Road, Dublin 6W. (490 7731/Office: 497 9423)	<i>Live Wire</i>
O'Callaghan, Brendan, 1990 (Majella)	"Cashelbeg", Laurel Walk, Bandon, Co Cork. (023 43077)	
O'Connor, Daniel, 1971 (-)	The Pines, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (285 8012/Office: 676 4661)	<i>Leprechaun</i>
O'Connor, Gilbert J., 1987 (-)	36 Whiterock Road, Killinichy, Co Down, BT23 6ST. (01238 541 345)	<i>Mantura</i>
# O'Connor, Dr. Maurice, 1957 (Beatrice)	33 Eglinton Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4. (269 2175)	<i>The Lady Beatrice (PO)</i>
O'Connor, Patrick, 1996 (Christine)	Naval Base, Haulboulina, Cobh, Co Cork. (021 811442/Office: 021 378777 Ext: 4743)	
O'Donnell, Barry, 1984 (Mary)	28 Merlyn Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4. (269 4000)	
O'Donoghue, Dr. R. F., 1971 (-)	Halyards, Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831734)	<i>Looking Forward</i>
O'Donovan, Adrian, 1986 (-)	Leaves of Grass, Point Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork.	
* O'Farrell, Kevin C., (1989) (-)	c/o Post Office, Killaloe, Co Limerick. (061 376565)	
O'Farrell, Michael, 1975 (Anne)	Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co Down, BT34 3RU. (016937 72620)	<i>Cuchulain</i>
O'Farrell, Phillip V.J., 1990 (Caitriona)	15 Drumreagh Road, Rostrevor, Co Down, BT34 3DS. (016937 39830)	
O'Farrell, Vincent J., 1981 (Maureen)	Eldon Hotel, Skibbereen, Co Cork. (028 22000)	<i>Fastnet Dancer</i>
O'Flaherty, Michael P., 1968 (-)	Le Fainel, Le Vallon, St Martin's, Guernsey, GY4 6DQ. (01481 37650/Fax: 01481 37651)	<i>Cuilaun (PO)</i>
O'Flynn, Dominick, 1990 (Mary)	Janeville Lodge, Sundays Well, Cork. (021 393744/Office: 021 543505/Fax: 021 543412)	<i>Cavatina</i>
* O'Gallagher, Evelyn, (1994) (Malachi)	12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin 6W. (490 5800)	
O'Gallagher, Malachi, Hon Compiler, 1968 (Evelyn)	12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin 6W. (490 5800 /Fax: 490 5940)	<i>Tivoli</i>
O'Hanlon, Andrew, 1969 (-)	8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6. (269 8117)	
* O'Hanlon, Barbara, M.D., 1962 (1984) (-)	8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6. (496 5130)	
O'Keefe, Mary, 1994 (-)	Tawlaght, Fenit, Co Kerry. (066 36185)	<i>Tux</i>
O'Keefe, Dr. Maurice, 1972 (Arabella)	"Scilly", Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 72458)	
O'Kelly, Brian C., 1991 (-)	Grange, Co Sligo. (071 63197)	
O'Leary, Archie, 1990 (Violet)	Strand Lodge, Currabinny, Co Cork. (021 378526/Office: 021 277567)	<i>Irish Mist</i>
O'Mahony, Bill, 1991 (Brenda)	6 Castlerock, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 372588/Office: 021 312755)	<i>Capsicum</i>
O'Mahony, Patrick J., 1996 (Clare)	"Willowhill", Ballyfouloo, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 842387/Office: 021 329330)	<i>Mistral</i>
O'Morchoe, The David N. C., 1981 (Madam Margaret)	Ardgarry, Gorey, Co Wexford. (055 21803)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE No.	NAME OF YACHT
O'Neill, J. Russell, 1964 (-)	59 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0PQ. (01247 888609/Office: 01247 888088)	<i>Miss Molly of Hamble</i>
O'Rahilly, Dr. Michael, 1979 (Frances)	38 Dornden Park, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (269 5285)	<i>Mystery</i>
O'Sullivan, Jeremiah, 1964 (-)	9 Rock Street, Tralee, Co Kerry. (066 21011)	
O'Sullivan, Patrick J. F., Rear Commodore ICC, 1984 (Phyllis)	Castle Demesne House, Ivy Terrace, Tralee, Co Kerry. (066 7121434/Office: 066 7121522)	<i>Askari</i>
O'Tierney, Dr. Donal, 1986 (Win)	41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Co Down, BT34 3NJ. (016937 73630)	
O'Toole, Dr. Ray, 1996 (Valerie)	Corcullen, Galway, (091 555168/Office: 091 524222)	<i>Aoife (PO)</i>
Olver, John R.H., 1971 (Sheena)	Torbeag, Ardelve, By Dornie, Rosshire, Scotland IV40 8EY. (01599 555385)	
Orr, Arthur S. P., VRD* DL FRIN, 1970 (Jane)	Evergreen, 11 Old Holywood Road, Belfast, BT4 2HJ. (01232 763601)	<i>Maimoune (PO)</i>
Osborne, James R., 1974 (-)	Glenbrook, Enniskerry, Co Wicklow. (286 3509)	<i>Verve (PO)</i>
Osmundsvaag, Arve, 1992 (Ursula)	Rossdue, Moyard, Co Galway. (095 41098/Office: 095 21730)	<i>Skarv av Stad</i>
# Osterberg, Paul, 1949 (Valerie)	The Old Manse, Hillsborough, Co Down, BT26 6HW. (01846 682226)	<i>Bibi</i>
Park, Dr. David S., 1969 (Hilary)	Yew Cottage, 34a Carrowdore Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, BT22 2LX. (01247 788625)	<i>Alys</i>
# Park, J. Mungo, M.B.E., 1955 (Amanda)	Carraig Breac Lodge, Baily, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2210)	<i>Twiga</i>
Park, Jonathon S., 1987 (Deborah)	8 Old Station Road, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0BX. (01232 421938)	
Payne, J. Somers, 1969 (Eithne)	4 Camden Terrace, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831128)	
Pearson, Alan J., 1983 (Claire)	35 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13. (/Office: 830 7727)	<i>Halloween</i>
# Pearson, J. D., 1950 (-)	Craig Lodge, Claremont Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2276)	
Petch, John A., 1987 (Libb)	Seaview Farm, Kilbrittain, Co Cork. (023 49610)	<i>Seadrifter</i>
* Pilling, J. Ross Jr., 1987 (1996) (-)	1400 Waverley Road, Apt. A, Gladwyne, PA 19035, USA.	
* Power, C. D., Commodore RCC, (1995) (Penny)	Swanmore Lodge, Upper Swanmore, Hampton Hill, Southampton, SO32 2QN. (01489 892130)	<i>Kwai Muli</i>
Prendeville, Neil J., 1990 (-)	c/o Oakdene, Beaufort Park, Curragh Road, Cork. (021 961218/Office: 021 328219)	<i>Mary P</i>
* Price, Peter J., Hon Sec RCC, (1993) (Gill)	Byways, Taylors Lane, Bosham, West Sussex, PO18 8QQ. (01243 572130)	
Pritchard, Maura G.M., 1966 (Marshall)	The Coach House, 36 Craigdarragh Road, Helen's Bay, Co Down, BT19 1UA. (01247 852237)	<i>Lady Jane (PO)</i>
Pritchard, P. Marshall, 1966 (Maura)	The Coach House, 36 Craigdarragh Road, Helen's Bay, Co Down, BT19 1UA. (01247 852237)	<i>Lady Jane (PO)</i>
Radley, George, 1971 (-)	The Brake, Cobh, Co Cork. (021 811394)	<i>Cecille</i>
Ralston, George L. D., 1986 (Lynne)	Whinstone, 39 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0PD. (01247 882330)	<i>Insouciance</i>
Rea, William T., 1977 (Eithne)	7 Verona, Queen's Park, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (280 7987/Fax: 280 7987)	<i>Elysium (PO)</i>
Reilly, Norbert, 1983 (-)	Lerrig, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Co Dublin. (839 3186)	<i>Cochise (PO)</i>
Revill, Reginald G., 1979 (-)	11 Burrow Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 5544/Office: 765 801)	
Richardson, Cecil, 1989 (Lily)	52 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 3800)	
Riordan, S. William, 1985 (-)	Greylands, Knocknacree Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 9081/Office: 760 631)	<i>Tudorose (PO)</i>
Roberts, Rex, 1974 (Pat)	90 Ballinclea Heights, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 4352)	
Robertson, Alan A., Commodore, CCC, (1998) (Joyce)	22 Dumyat Drive, Falkirk, FK1 5PD. (01324 624 430)	<i>Jomora</i>
* Roche, T. H., 1935 (1988) (-)	Ros-na-Greina, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (288 1093/Office: 775 014)	<i>Neon Tetra</i>
Rogerson, Fred J., 1983 (Janet)	113 Lakelands Close, Stillorgan, Co Dublin. (288 6437/Office: 6609155)	<i>Happy Return</i>
Ronaldson, Charles E., 1967 (Evie)	72 Whinney Hill, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0HG. (01232 426459)	<i>Scotch Mist (PO)</i>
Ronaldson, Evie, 1997 (Peter)	72 Whinney Hill, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0HG. (01232 426459)	<i>Scotch Mist (PO)</i>
Rooney, John W., 1994 (Penny)	28 Park Drive, Ranelagh, Dublin 4. (497 7004/Office: 676 6167)	
Rountree, Alan H., 1995 (Bernie)	Ballyusk, Ashford, Co Wicklow. (0404 40156/Office: 0404 40156)	<i>Tallulah</i>
Russell, John F., 1965 (Joan)	34 Killinakin Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, BT23 6PS. (01238 541562)	
Ryan, David F., 1973 (-)	PO Box 11082, Manama, Bahrain.	
Ryan, Dermot J., 1971 (Sheila)	Ashdale, Castle Close, Castle Park Road, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (280 3585/Office: 660 5011)	<i>Sceolaing</i>
Ryan, Paul J., 1984 (-)	Ashdale, Castle Close, Sandycove, Co Dublin.	
Ryan, Peter, 1988 (Margaret)	44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co Armagh, BT66 7QD. (01762 881418)	<i>Nicu</i>
Ryan, Yvonne, 1988 (-)	Annamoe, 77 Killiney Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (284 0311)	
Sadlier, Frank A., 1985 (Marion)	19 Quay Road, Strangford, Co Down, BT30 7LL. (01396 881830)	<i>Nisha</i>
Sargent, Gerard M., 1996 (Barbara)	49 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. (832 5392)	<i>Targeteer</i>
Selig, Ivan L., 1965 (Daphne)	Bree Lodge, Craigavad, Co Down, BT18 ODE. (01232 424361)	
Sewell, Richard G., 1969 (Vivian)	7 Edith Terrace, London, SW10 0TQ. (0171 352 7367)	<i>Thalassa</i>
Sharp, Ronald L., 1974 (Sheila-May)	Ardbeg, Craigmillar Avenue, Milngavie, Glasgow, G62 8AU. (0141 956 1984)	<i>Ultimate</i>
Sheehy, Edward J., 1998 (Eileen)	"Ilton", Magazine Road, Cork. (021 541816)	
Sheil, David J., 1985 (Nora)	Cloonbane, Doneraile, Co Cork. (022 24148)	
Sheil, Leonard Jr., 1988 (-)	24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin.	
Sheil, Leonard, 1968 (Hazel)	Portlet, 24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 1878/Office: 280 7838)	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
Sheil, Robert, 1988 (-)	29 Gabriel House, Odessa Street, London, SE16 1HQ. (232 0041)	
# Sheppard, Lt. Comm. Thomas, RN (Retd), 1957 (Judith)	Derrybawn, Military Road, Ballybrack, Co Dublin. (282 4413)	<i>Greylag of Arklow (PO)</i>
Sheridan, Capt. Frank W., 1981 (-)	The Bearings, Lough Atalia Road, Galway. (091 563920)	<i>Finavarra</i>
Sheridan, Gerry A., 1995 (Terry)	Swiss Cottage, Newtown, Waterford. (051 870847/Office: 051 372891)	<i>Playtime</i>
Siggins, Brian, 1985 (-)	Tyrone, Kilcolgan, Co Galway. (/Office: 091 51706)	<i>Ausoba</i>
Simms, Robin J. A., 1969 (Nan)	80 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (01247 473563)	<i>Moonstream</i>
Sisk, H. B., 1973 (-)	Waterstown House, Sallins, Co Kildare. (045 76268)	
Slater, Ronnie, 1977 (-)	39 Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co Down, BT19 1LB. (852373)	<i>Tandara</i>
Slevin, James, 1986 (-)	Arenal, The Mall, Ballyshannon, Co Donegal. (51379/Office: 072 51177)	
Smith, Noel T., 1998 (Helen)	Lyndhurst, St Vincents Road, Greystones, Co Wicklow. (287 4583/Office: 679 1201)	<i>Laragh</i>
Smullen, Brian P., 1968 (-)	33 Leeson Park, Dublin 6, (280 6729/Office: 660 5011)	<i>Cuilaun (PO)</i>
Smullen, John A., 1987 (-)	Seaview, Corrig Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 7296/Office: 288 8847)	
# Smullen, John D., 1961 (Helen)	11 Connolly Square, Bray, Co Wicklow. (286 2679)	
Smyth, Francis G., 1979 (-)	30 Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co Down, BT22 2RX. (0247 460081)	<i>Phantom</i>
Smyth, N. Louis, 1983 (-)	Ardkeen, Castletroy, Co Limerick. (061 337756)	<i>Flight of Fantasy</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE No.	NAME OF YACHT
# Smyth, William A., 1960 (-)	18 Raleigh Court, S. Embankment, Dartmouth, Devon, TQ6 9BQ. (01803 834121)	<i>Globe Star</i>
Snell, Michael H., 1974 (-)	Ballagilley Cottage, Maughold, Isle of Man, IM7 1EP. (01624 813586)	<i>Golden Harvest</i>
Somerville, R. Andrew, 1980 (Susan)	Sally's Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co Wicklow.	<i>Emanuel</i>
Somerville, Susan M., 1989 (Andrew)	Sally's Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co Wicklow. (281 8253/Office: 677 2941)	
Spence, Ralph E., 1988 (-)	40 Castle Street, Killough, Co Down, BT30 7QQ.	
Spence, S. Adrian, 1991 (-)	17 Kings Manor, Cherryvalley, Belfast, BT5 6PH. (01232 796920/Office: 01232 562159)	<i>Madcap</i>
Stevenson, Dr. I. J., 1991 (-)	55 Churchtown Road, Ballyculter, Downpatrick, Co Down, BT30 7AZ. (01396 881798)	
Stevenson, John A., 1964 (-)	22 Baring Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks, HP9 2NE, England.	
Stevenson, John C., 1984 (-)	Ardmore, 1 Seaforth Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HV. (01247 472779)	
# Stewart, Alan C., 1959 (-)	6 Haile Park, Haile, Egremont, Cumbria CA22 2ND, England.	
Stillman, Chris J., 1985 (-)	3 Thomastown Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (285 2084/Office: 677 2941)	
Stokes, Adrian, 1990 (Deirdre)	Summer Lodge, Wellington Road, Cork. (021 502464/Office: 021 277622)	<i>Dom Perignon</i>
Stokes, Mandy, 1997 (Patrick)	The Coach House, 16 Wellington Road, Cork. (021 504551/Office: 021 277622)	<i>Alpara</i>
Stott, Andrew R., 1992 (-)	Yacht <i>Dalua</i> , c/o Royal Cork YC, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (087 2312036)	<i>Dalua</i>
# Sullivan, C. St. J., 1955 (-)	9 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 4744)	
Sullivan, Richard A., 1992 (-)	Eglantine, Crab Lane, Blackrock Road, Cork. (021 292734)	
* Taggart, A. G., 1970 (1987) (Christine)	8 Whistlefield Court, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 1PX. (0141 942 0615)	
Taplin, David M. R., 1986 (-)	Coliemore House, Down Thomas, PLYMOUTH, PL9 0BQ. (01752 863208)	
Tierney, John, 1960 (Sally)	Aisling, Knapton Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 4391/Office: 676 7998)	<i>State O'Chassis (PO)</i>
Tisdall, Patrick, 1992 (-)	Firlands, Glengarriff, Co Cork. (027 63106)	<i>Speedbird of Shrone</i>
Titterington, Ian H., 1989 (-)	12 Marino Park, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 OAN.	
Toher, Tony, 1992 (Ray)	"Eos", Upper Rosses, Rosses Point, Co Sligo. (071 77216)	<i>Wind Gypsey</i>
# Tomlinson, Michael, 1962 (-)	Moel-Y-Don Llanedwen, Llanfairpwll, Isle of Anglesey, LL61 6EZ. (01248 714 430)	
Tomlinson, Molly, 1965 (-)	Moel-Y-Don Llanedwen, Llanfairpwll, Isle of Anglesey, LL61 6EZ. (01248 714 430)	
Travers, Brendan, 1993 (Evelyn)	14 Castle Lawn, Tulla Road, Ennis, Co Clare. (065 22440)	<i>Sea Maiden</i>
Traynor, Frank, 1985 (-)	34 Rathdown Park, Terenure, Dublin 6.	<i>Tudorose (PO)</i>
Tucker, Brian A., 1985 (-)	"Carrick", Baily, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 3690/Office: 453 0178)	<i>Skyjack II</i>
Turvey, Desmond E., 1980 (-)	Gorsehaven, Shielmartin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 4241)	<i>Meander III (PO)</i>
Tyrrell, Aidan, 1971 (-)	Adelaide Cottage, Adelaide Place, Gardiners Hill, Cork. (021 508419)	
Tyrrell, Dr. Declan G., 1985 (Margaret)	Hillside, The Hill, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 0362)	
Villiers-Stuart, Gary, 1992 (-)	Burnlaw, Whitfield, Hexham, NE47 8HF. (01434 345349/Office: 01434 632692)	<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>
Villiers-Stuart, James, 1961 (-)	Dromna, Cappoquin, Co Waterford. (024 96144)	<i>Arctic Tern</i>
Virden, Jonathan, 1968 (Joy)	The Court Lodge, Yalding, Kent, ME18 6HX. (01622 814509)	<i>Twayblade</i>
Waddell, Dr. John, C.B.E., 1981 (-)	Ringveagh, 10 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 6PR. (01238 541 264)	<i>Heather of Mourne</i>
Waldron, Dr. Oliver C., 1978 (-)	Kingston House North, Princes Gate, London, SW7 1LN.	
Walsh, Anthony, 1979 (-)	Red Island, Skerries, Co Dublin. (849 0113)	
Walsh, Donal, 1992 (Mary)	Meadowlands, Abbeyside, Dungarvan, Co Waterford. (058 44074)	<i>Lady Kate</i>
Walsh, Enda, 1990 (-)	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831483)	
Walsh, Nicholas, 1998 (Maria)	Lacandara, Coxtown, Dunmore East, Co Waterford. (051 383412)	<i>Casares and White Hunter</i>
Walsh, Patrick, 1992 (Ann)	Stradbally House, Kilcolgan, Co Galway. (091 796058/Office: 091 794358)	<i>Jilliana</i>
Walsh, Patrick J., 1982 (Margaret)	Beaumont House, Woodvale Road, Beaumont, Cork. (021 292556/Office: 021 292195)	<i>Aloha</i>
# Walsh, Reginald T., 1950 (-)	Kildary, 65 Merrion Road, Dublin 4. (269 1385)	<i>Sapphire</i>
Walsh, William, 1968 (-)	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831483/Office: 021 502358)	<i>Carrigdown</i>
Waters, Capt. L. Roy, 1985 (Susanne)	15 Ballymullan Road, Crawfordsburn, Bangor, Co Down, BT19 1JG. (Fax 01247 853249)	<i>Melandy (PO)</i>
Watson, Barbara N., 1993 (Bill)	5901 Sun Blvd. #202, St. Petersburg, FL 33715, USA. (727 864 9802)	<i>Strathspey (PO)</i>
Watson, Patricia, 1966 (-)	29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2472)	
Watson, Richard R., 1962 (-)	29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2472)	<i>Ursula</i>
Watson, William R., 1979 (Barbara)	5901 Sun Blvd. #202, St. Petersburg, FL 33715, USA. (727 864 9802)	<i>Strathspey (PO)</i>
Webb, Michael J., 1986 (-)	c/o Suki Webb, 9 Nat Folatman St, Newmarket, Suffolk CB8 8HW. (Office: 72039)	<i>Moondrifter</i>
Wheeler, Edwin M., 1975 (-)	The Riggins, Greenpark, Dunshaughlin, Co Meath. (256643)	<i>Witchcraft of Howth (PO)</i>
Whelan, Geoffrey F., 1985 (Valerie)	The Stables, Nashville Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 3536/Office: 677 7532)	<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>
Whelan, Michael J., 1985 (Maureen)	51 Mount Street, London, W1Y 5RE. (0171 491 4860/Fax: 0171 495 2544)	<i>Maunie</i>
Whelan, Patrick, 1980 (-)	Wellington Mews, 9A Patricks Hill, Cork. (021 501966)	
Whelehan, Harold, 1979 (-)	Treetops, Claremont Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (8324139)	<i>Witchcraft of Howth (PO)</i>
Whitaker, D. Mark, 1991 (-)	13 Manor Orchard, Thornbury View, Rochestown, Cork. (021 362773)	
Whitaker, David J., 1988 (Valerie)	Ashkirk, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 292542/Office: 021 273295)	<i>Aronele</i>
White, John N., 1974 (Sarah)	3 Marlborough Road, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 8364)	
White, Lawrence W., 1980 (-)	20 Boardman Avenue, Manchester, Massachusetts, 1944, USA.	
Whitehead, David, 1972 (Marie)	c/o Billington plc, 1/3 The Strand, London, WC2N 5HA. (0181 876 3140/Office: 0171 747 3817)	<i>Eudora</i>
Williams, J. David, 1984 (Ena)	24 Middle Road, Saintfield, Co Down, BT24 7LP. (01238 519060/Office: 01232 705111)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
Williams, W. Peter, 1968 (Anne)	The Whins, 25 Ballykeigle Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5SD. (01238 528360)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
Wilson, P., 1964 (-)	Gribton, 12 Ralston Road, Bearsden, Glasgow, G61 3BA.	<i>Nan of Gare</i>
Wingfield, Robert T., 1969 (-)	The Spring House, Grimston, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, LE14 3BZ. (01664 812785)	
Winkelmann, Franz C., 1984 (Carmel)	12 Anglesea Road, Dublin 4. (668 4082/Fax: 668 4082)	
# Wolfe, Jack M., 1959 (-)	3A Dunbo Hill, Howth, Co Dublin. (839 4154)	<i>Benbow</i>
Wolfe, John W., 1978 (-)	Robbs Wall, Malahide, Co Dublin. (845 0717)	
Wolfe, Peter C., 1974 (Jill)	Inglewood, Gilford Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4. (269 4316)	
Wood, Trevor R. C., 1987 (Angela)	Rostynan, 1 Haddington Lawn, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 0471/Office: 450 1044)	<i>Misty</i>
Woodward, Joseph B., 1990 (Mary)	Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 291215/Office: 021 273327/Office Fax: 021 272891)	<i>Moshulu III</i>
Woulfe-Flanagan, Ann, 1996 (-)	60 Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 3979/Office: 676 0261)	<i>Rionnag (PO)</i>
Wylie, Ian E., 1971 (-)	Flat 1, 2 Clanbrassil Terrace, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0AP. (421515)	

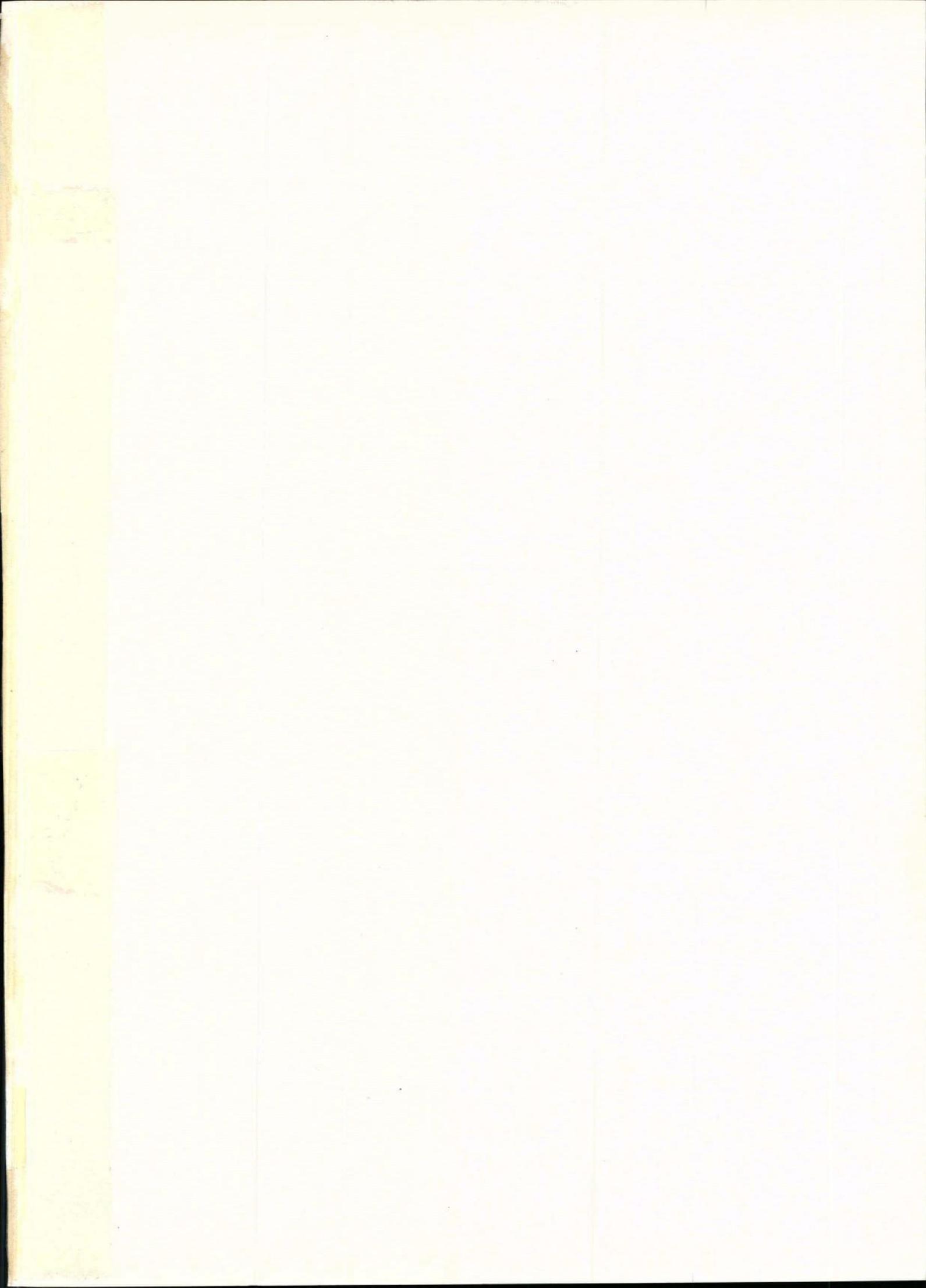
List of Yachts

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig/Built	Designer	Class
<i>Aeolus</i>	P. Butler	5	Sloop F. 1978	D.Thomas	Impala
<i>AGB First</i>	J. Doran		Sloop F. 1986	Group Finot	
<i>Alakush</i>	M.J. Guinness	20	Sloop F. 1985	Rob Humphreys	Soverign 400
<i>Alannah</i>	J. Crebbin	12	Ketch F. 1979	A. Buchanan	Neptunian 33
<i>Aloha</i>	P.J. Walsh	8	Sloop F. 1989	Bill Dixon	Moody 31
<i>Alpara</i>	M Stokes		Sloop F.	M Dufor	Dufor 35
<i>Alphida of Howth</i>	H.E.O'C. Byrne	14.4	Sloop F. 1986	Jacques Fauroux	Jeanneau Sunrise 34
<i>Alys</i>	D. Park	11	Sloop F. 1984	David Sadler	Sadler 34
<i>An Giall</i>	D & E O'Boyle		Sloop F.	Alex Primrose	Moody 33
<i>Andromeda</i>	S. Gray	4	Sloop W. 1962	Johan Hanker	Dragon
<i>Anita</i>	B. Cassidy		G. Sloop W.	Howth 17 O.D.	
<i>Ann Again</i>	B. & E. Cudmore		Sloop F. 1991	G. R. Dumas	Jeanneau Voyage 12.5
<i>Anolis</i>	H.M. McMordie	15	Ketch W. 1900	E.H. Hamilton	
<i>Aoibhneas</i>	M O'Gallagher	9.6			
<i>Aoife</i>	R O'Toole	11.6	Sloop F. 1978	John Sharp	Dolphin 31
<i>Arawak</i>	T. Fitzpatrick		Sloop F. 1985	Brown Bros.	Ruffian 8.5
<i>Arctic Fern</i>	J Gore-Grimes		Sloop F. F. 1998	Najad	
<i>Arctic Tern</i>	J. Villiers-Stuart	11	Sloop F. 1982	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Ardnagee</i>	J. Nixon	15	Sloop F. 1980	Ron Holland	Swan 371
<i>Areté</i>	T. Toher	10.4	Sloop F. 1977	Laurent Giles	Westerly Berwick 31
<i>Armorique</i>	S & J Nairn		Sloop. F. 1984	Vaton/Roseo	Kelt 850
<i>Aronelle</i>	D.J. Whitaker	14	Sloop F. 1985	P. Brett;	Rival 36
<i>Askari</i>	P O'Sullivan	7.6	Sloop F. 1979	Sadlier	Frigate 27
<i>Awbeg Venture</i>	D J Sheil	12	Ketch F. 1978	Mirage 37	
<i>Baily of Howth</i>	M.J. Hall	33	Ketch F. 1981	Holman & Pye;	Oyster 46
<i>Beagle</i>	N. Hegarty	8	Sloop F. 1978	D. Thomas	Impala
<i>Benbow</i>	J M Wolfe		Motor Sailer F. 1979	Colin Mudie	Hardy 20
<i>Bibi</i>	P. Osterberg		Sloop W. 1960	B. Bringsvaerd	BB11
<i>Big Boots</i>	D. Greenhalgh	15	Sloop F. 1976	D. Peterson	Contessa 35
<i>Black Pepper</i>	P. Killen	11	Sloop F. 1982	D. Thomas	Sigma 36
<i>Bonanza</i>	A. Gore-Grimes		Sloop F. 1979	D. Thomas	Impala
<i>Boomerang</i>	K.Christie	8	Sloop W. 1955	Laurent Giles	Brittany
<i>Buskateer</i>	M. Craughwell	12	Sloop F. 1988	Ed Dubois	Westerly Falcon
<i>Busy B</i>	J. & A. Ley	10	Sloop F. 1990	J. Berret	Beneteau 32.5
<i>Caelan of Strangford</i>	B Black		cutter/ketch F. 1973	Luders	
<i>Capella of Kent</i>	D.J. MacAuley	16	Sloop W. 1964	A. Buchanan	Aux
<i>Capercaillie</i>	J.W. Clow			Nicholson	Nicholson 48
<i>Capsicum</i>	W. O'Mahony	5	Sloop F. 1980	D. Thomas	Hunter Impala
<i>Cara of Quoile</i>	P. Gillespie	7	Sloop F. 1972	Van de Stadt	Contest 33
<i>Caranja</i>	J. Menton	22	Sloop F. 1981	A. Primrose	Moody 40
<i>Carna</i>	J. Currie	10	Sloop F. 1980	Ed Dubois	Westerly Konsort
<i>Carrigdown</i>	W. Walsh	22	Sloop F. 1981	Philippe Briand	Sun Fizz 40
<i>Casares</i>	N Walsh	11	Sloop F. 1979	Michael Dufour	Dufour 34
<i>Cavatina</i>	D. O'Flynn	11	Ketch F. 1990	J.A. Bennet	Colvic 31
<i>Cecille</i>	G. Radley	12	Sloop F. 1970	S & S	Swan 36
<i>Cenerea</i>	G. Coad	15	Ketch W. 1973	R. Freeman	One off
<i>Cephas</i>	F.M. Eves		Sloop F. 1985	Du Bois	Westerly Corsair
<i>Changeling</i>	P.J & K.J. Jameson	15	Sloop F. 1989	D. Thomas	Sigma 38
<i>Coda of Cuan</i>	A. G. Leonard		Sloop W. 1998	Stephen Jones	Starlight 35
<i>Colla Voce</i>	P. Lavelle	6	Cutter F. 1982	R. Harris	Vancouver 27
<i>Cu Two</i>	S Barnes		Ketch F. 1989	Sparkman & Stevens	Nauticat 42
<i>Cuchulain</i>	M. O'Farrell	11	Sloop F. 1971	P. Brett	Rival 32
<i>Cuilan</i>	B. Smullen/M. O'Flaherty	28	Ketch W. 1970	G.T. McGruer	
<i>Cuillin</i>	B. Black		Sloop F.	Holman & Pye	UFO 34
<i>Dalua</i>	A. Stott	16	Sloop F. 1988	Holman & Pye	Rustler 36
<i>Deerhound</i>	C.A. Chapman	28	Ketch F. 1970	Ted Hood	Hood 50
<i>Delphin</i>	L. Conway	12.3	Sloop F. 1976	R. Holland	Nicholson 345
<i>Deucalion</i>	G. McCann	15	Sloop F. 1983	D Thomas	Sigma 41
<i>Dingo</i>	I.J. Stevenson	15	Sloop F. 1976	Holman & Pye	UFO 34
<i>Dom Perignon</i>	A Stokes		Sloop F. 1970	L. Giles	Salar 40
<i>Doran Glas</i>	P. Horan	11	Bmu. Sloop F. 1980	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35
<i>Dulcibella</i>	N.J. Kidney	7	Sloop F. 1980	Ed Dubois	Westerly Griffon

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig/Built	Designer	Class
<i>Dundrum</i>	J. Irwin	15	Sloop W. 1967	McGruer	
<i>Eblana</i>	A. Dunn	14	Sloop F. 1989	Bill Dixon	Moody Eclipse 33
<i>Eko</i>	J D English/N G Kenefick		Fractional F. 1995	T. Castro	"1720"
<i>Elysium</i>	W.T. Rea/B Keane	7	Sloop F. 1988	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Emanuel</i>	R.A. Somerville	7	Sloop W. 1962	Raymond Wall	
<i>Eoin Rua</i>	K.J. MacLavery	5	Sloop W. 1964	Tord Sunden	Folkboat
<i>Erquy</i>	C.P. McHenry	11	Sloop F. 1980	Nicholson	Nicholson 31
<i>Errislannin</i>	W.B. Lyster	15	Sloop F. 1990	D. Thomas	Sigma 38
<i>Eudora</i>	D. Whitehead	13	Sloop F. 1973	Warren Luhrs	Legend 35.5
<i>Evolution II</i>	T. Dunphy/G. Whelan	12	Sloop F. 1987	P Briand	First 345
<i>Fastnet Dancer</i>	V. O'Farrell	20	Cutter F. 1991	German Frers	Hallberg Rassy 45
<i>Faustina II</i>	A. Bunting/J.Clementson		Cutter F. 1991	Chuck Payne	Bowman 40
<i>Fiacra</i>	P. Bourke	6	Sloop F. 1979	L. Giles	Westerly Centaur
<i>Fianne</i>	D.M. Dwyer		Sloop F. 1979	A. Primrose	Moody 39
<i>Fidem III</i>	G. Hawthorn	15	Sloop F.	A. Primrose	Moody 36
<i>Finavarra</i>	F. Sheridan		Sloop F. 1980	R. Holand	Nicholson 345
<i>Flica</i>	M. Kenworthy		Sloop F. 1998	Holman & Pye	Oyster 43
<i>Flight of Fantasy</i>	N.L. Smyth	14	Sloop F. 1986	B. Dixon	Moody 34
<i>Flying Ferret</i>	C. Foley	5	Sloop F. 1981	Johnson	J24
<i>Gay Gannet</i>	L. Sheil	7	Sloop W. 1963	C.R. Holman	Sterling
<i>Globe Star</i>	W.A. Smyth	14	Cutter S. 1982	Ted Brewer	Goderich 35
<i>Golden Apple</i>	29		Ketch W. 1980	Evind Amble	Evind Amble 50
<i>Golden Harvest</i>	M.H. Snell	16	Sloop F. 1974	Giles	Bowman 40/Giles 38
<i>Golden Nomad</i>	A. Aston	7	Ketch F. 1981	R. Dongrey	Pilot Trader
<i>Greytag of Arklow</i>	T. Sheppard	12	Sloop W. 1961	Laurent Giles	
<i>Growltiger</i>	E.P. Byrne	6	Sloop F. 1978	L. Giles/C. Hawkins	GK 24
<i>Gundrop</i>	D. Andrews/T. Andrews	15	Sloop F. 1974	Doug Peterson	Contessa 35
<i>Hafod</i>	R. d'Esterre Roberts		Sloop W. 1965	D Simmonds	Horizon 32
<i>Halloween</i>	A. Pearson		Sloop 1971	Squib	
<i>Handy Mistress</i>	D. Cross		F. 1990	Webb Brothers	Motor
<i>Happy Return</i>	F J Rogerson	5	Sloop W. 1965	Holman	Stella
<i>Harklow</i>	R. Heard	12	Motor W. 1963	J. Tyrrell	Motor Cruiser
<i>Hayrider</i>	M. Pritchard/P. Pritchard	12	Sloop F. 1976	R. Holland	
<i>Heather of Mourne</i>	J. Waddell	10	Sloop F. 1973	Holman & Pye	Centurion
<i>Hera</i>	I.R. Guinness		G. Sloop W. 1899		Howth 17 O.D.
<i>Hylasia</i>	H. Barnwell/I. Barnwell	17	Sloop F. 1987	German Frers	Hylas 42
<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>	B. Kennedy	15	Sloop F. 1980	A. Primrose	Moody 36
<i>Iduna</i>	J.R. Bourke	4	Sloop W. 1939	L. Giles	Lymington L.
<i>Insouciance</i>	G. Ralston		Ketch A. 1983	Van Dam Nordia	Nordia 58
<i>Irish Mist I</i>	A. O'Leary	13	Sloop F. 1993	Jones	Sadler Starlight 39
<i>Irish Mist II</i>	A. Baker	19	Sloop F. 1973	D. Carter	Carter 37
<i>Isobel</i>	M. McKee		G.Cutter F. 1989	P. Dalton	Heard 28
<i>J'ablesse</i>	H. Beck				
<i>Jacana</i>	S. Davis		Sloop F. 1965	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Jaded</i>	J.K. Martin	5	Sloop F. 1982	Johnson	J24
<i>Jane Marie</i>	J B Ballagh		Ketch F. 1986	Kaarina Yachts	Seafinn 41
<i>Janey Mac II</i>	A. Lee	15	Sloop F. 1992	R. Humphries	Sigma 400
<i>Jeremy Fisher of Hamble</i>	K.M. Boyd	9	Ketch F. 1973	Gordon Wyatt	Fisher 30
<i>Jilliana</i>	P. Walsh	20.5	Sloop F. 1982	Rassy Enderlain	Hallbery Rassy 42
<i>Joggermout</i>	D. Morrissy	10	Sloop F. 1980	Ed. Dubois	GK 34
<i>Jomora</i>	A A Robertson		Starlight 35		
<i>Juffra</i>	M.J. Hill		Sloop F. 1966	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Juno</i>	C.L. Kilgrew	11	3/4 F. 1986	Ed. DuBois	Westerly Fulmar
<i>Kala</i>	M.T. McConnell	4	Motor F. 1974	Derek Stukins	Downcraft 21
<i>Karena</i>	J. Curtin	12	Sloop W. 1976	Bruce Farr	Farr 37
<i>Kariat</i>	D. Faulkner		Steam (!) W. 1897	LFE, Cowes	
<i>Kenbane</i>	P. Ryan	13	Sloop F. 1982	Ohlson	Ohlson 38
<i>Kilpatrick</i>	D P Brazil	13	Sloop F. 1986	Holman & Pye	Oyster Heritage
<i>Kirmew</i>	D McCleave	5	Sloop W. 1947	Robert Clark	YW 5 tonner
<i>Kittiwake IV</i>	Dr. P. Lowry	14	Fractional F. 1992	Van de Stadt	Dehler 36 CWS
<i>Knocknagrena</i>	Lord Hemphill		Ketch F. 1980	Laurent Giles	Conway
<i>Kumaree</i>	K.L. Cooke	6	Sloop F. 1970	Dufor	Safari
<i>Kwai Muli</i>	K. & P. Power		Sloop F. 1986	Holman & Pye	Oyster 406
<i>Lady Jane</i>	M. Pritchard/M. Pritchard	13	Ketch F. 1978	Van de Stadt	Trintella III A
<i>Lady Kate</i>	D. Walsh	10	Sloop F. 1986	Dixon	Moody 31
<i>Lamorna III</i>	A.S. Morton	7	Sloop F.	Holman & Pye	Twister
<i>Laragh</i>	N T Smith	24	Cutter F. 1996	Carl Beyer	Najad
<i>Lazy Day</i>	P. Cooper	9	Sloop F.	Group Finot	
<i>Leemara of Howth</i>	W.R. Cuffe-Smith	17	Sloop F. 1990	S. Jones	Sadler 39
<i>Leigh Mary</i>	B. Layng	12	Ketch F. 1980	J. A. Bennet	Victor 34
<i>Leprechaun</i>	D.E. O'Connor	4	Sloop W. 1962	Peterson Thuesen	Dragon O.D.
<i>Lindos</i>	C.C. Martin	7	Sloop F. 1977	Van De Stadt	Prospect 900
<i>Lir</i>	J. Cunnane	14	Sloop S. 1990	Van De Stadt	Van De Stadt 34
<i>Live Wire</i>	D.D. O'Brien	10	Sloop F. 1976	De Ridder	High Tension 36
<i>Looking Forward</i>	R.F. O'Donoghue	7	Sloop F. 1979	L. Giles	Westerly Pembroke
<i>Lovely Lady</i>	F.D. Martin	16	Sloop F. 1982	German Frers	First 42
<i>Lutanda</i>	R. E. Eves		Ketch F. 1977	Olle Enderlein	Halberg Rassy 35
<i>Mac Duach</i>	Dr. J. Brogan	15	G. Cutter W. 1979	Colm Mulkerrins	Galway Hooker

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig/Built	Designer	Class
<i>Mad Goose</i>	C. Good		Sloop 1989	Judel Vrolik	40' One off
<i>Madcap</i>	S. Spence		Cutter W. 1875	Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter	
<i>Maimoune</i>	J.A. Henshall/A.S.P. Orr	2.5	Sloop W. 1902	L. Hope	Fairy
<i>Mandalay</i>	C.J. FitzGerald		Sloop F. 1974	Saltalia Finland	Nauticat 33 Pilot House
<i>Manutara</i>	G.J. O'Connor		Sloop F. 1983	F. Ohlson	Ohlson 38
<i>Marie Claire II</i>	S. McCormack	10	Sloop F. 1980	A. Mauric	First 30
<i>Marlou</i>	R. Benson	9	Motor W. 1934		
<i>Marula</i>	15		Steel M.Y. S. 1982	Bederbeke	Pedro 35
<i>Mary P</i>	N.J. Prendeville	10	Sloop F. 1979	R. Holland	Club Shamrock
<i>Mashona</i>	K.C. Condon	8	Sloop F. 1983	Group Finot	Yamaha 29
<i>Maud</i>	J Cunningham		Sloop F. 1979	Angus Primrose	Warrior 35
<i>Maunie</i>	M J Whelan		Cutter F. 1997	T Taylor	Vancouver 38P
<i>Maximizar</i>	P.M.C. Branigan	9	Sloop F. 1978	Pelle Peterson	Maxi 95
<i>Mazara</i>	R.G. Monson	8	Sloop W. 1957	McGruer	
<i>Meander III</i>	L. McGonagle/D. Turvey	11	Sloop F. 1978	McGruer	Grampian 34
<i>Melandy</i>	Mr & Mrs L.R. Waters	10	Sloop F. 1965	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 32 MkIV
<i>Melisande</i>	D. Lynch		Sloop W. 1965	Johan Anker	Dragon
<i>Misaja</i>	Lord & Lady Cooke		Sloop F. 1972	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 32 Mk X
<i>Miss Molly of Hamble</i>	J.R. O'Neill	9	Sloop F. 1979	David Sadler	Sadler 32
<i>Mistral</i>	P. J. O'Mahony	15	Sloop F. 1980	L. Giles	Westerly Discuss
<i>Misty</i>	T.R.C. Wood		Sloop F. 1987	Van de Stadt	Dehler 38
<i>Modus Vivendi</i>	P & G Adams		Cutter F. 1991	Holman & Pye	Oyster 55
<i>Moondrifter</i>	M.J. Webb	10	Ketch F. 1978	J. Roy	Macwester Seaforth
<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	20	Sloop W. 1981	German Frers	52 A.C.
<i>Moonshadow</i>	E. K. Deveney		Sloop F. 1977	W. P. Brown	Ruffian 23
<i>Moonstream</i>	R. & N. Simms	21	Ketch F. 1982	Ian L. Anderson	Seastream 43
<i>Morning Calm II</i>	L. Auchincloss	26.9	Sloop A. 1991	Van der Stadt	Trintella 57A
<i>Morning Flame</i>	L. Auchincloss		Sloop 1996	Ron Holland	Trintella 47
<i>Moshulu III</i>	J.B. Woodward	17	Sloop F. 1976	L. Giles	Salar 40
<i>Mouflon</i>	E. Meade	7	Sloop F. 1979	Laurent Giles	Westerly GK29
<i>Mystery</i>	M. O'Rahilly		Sloop F. 1988	Dragon	
<i>Myth of Minto</i>	J. Beach	6.8	Sloop F. 1977	Holman & Pye	Twister
<i>Nan of Gare</i>	P. Wilson	13	Sloop W. 1965	Sparkman & Stephens	8 C/R
<i>Natian</i>	D. Brazil/J. Gallagher	12	Sloop F. 1976	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>Neon Tetra</i>	T.H. Roche	20	Cutter W. 1954	D. Hillyard	
<i>Nicu</i>	P. Ryan		Sloop F. 1976	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 31
<i>No Fear</i>	M. Flowers	15	Sloop F. 1996	Bill Dixon	Moody S38
<i>Oleander of Howth</i>	B. Hegarty/B. Hegarty	15	Ketch F. 1981	L. Giles	Westerly Conway 36
<i>Olessa</i>	T Fitzpatrick		Sloop F. 1983	DB2	
<i>One Timee</i>	E.M. England	11	Sloop F. 1980	Peter Boyce	O-Day 37
<i>Oona</i>	P. Courtney		Sloop W. 1909	Walter Boyd	Howth 17 Footer
<i>Ounavara of Howth</i>	L.D. McGonagle	21	Ketch F. 1974	Laurent Giles	Moody 46
<i>Peggy West</i>	B.R. Lynch	10	Sloop F. 1976	L. Giles	Westerly Berwick
<i>Pen Men</i>	R. Barr	10	Sloop F. 1970	Sparkman & Stephens	S&S 30
<i>Phantom</i>	F. Smyth	5	Sloop F. 1976	D. Sadler	Contessa 28
<i>Pilgrim Soul</i>	Dr. W. A. Curtain	12	Sloop 1991	J. Berret	Beneteau Oceanis 370
<i>Playtime</i>	G. Sheridan		Sloop F. 1987	Stephen Jones	Hunter Formula 28
<i>Prelude</i>	J.E. Daly	14	Sloop F. 1981	A. Primrose	Moody 33
<i>Púcabán</i>	G.E. McGuire	11	Sloop F. 1980	Ed Dubois	Westerly Fulmar
<i>Quaila</i>	H.F. Morrison	15	Sloop F. 1992	B. Dixon	Moody 38
<i>Raasay of Melfort</i>	B.P. Coad	11	Sloop F. 1972	Peter Brett	Rival 34
<i>Rafiki</i>	W.D. & H. Keatinge		Ketch F. 1987	Carl Beyer	Aphrodite 42
<i>Rapparee II</i>	D. McKenna		Sloop F. 1981	Yamaha Group	Yamaha 36
<i>Realta</i>	A. Bell	14	Sloop F. 1992	Stephen Jones	Starlight 35
<i>Red Velvet</i>	P. Butler	12	Sloop F. 1971	Holman & Pye	Hustler 35
<i>Reiver</i>	J.D. Williams/W.P. Williams	12.5	Sloop S. 1988	A. Mylne	
<i>Rhapsody</i>	S. Flood	10	Sloop F. 1979	Ron Holland;	Club Shamrock
<i>Ricjak</i>	J. Cahill	22	Cutter S. 1982	Cahill	One off
<i>Rionnag</i>	B. Corbally/A. Woulfe-Flanagan	16	Sloop F. 1992	German Frers	Hallberg Rassy 39
<i>Roaring Water</i>	J.B. Forde	14	Sloop F. 1978	A. Primrose	Moody 33
<i>Rockabill III</i>	J. Flanagan		Sloop F. 1998	Berret/Racoupeau	First 33.7
<i>Rockwell Salamander</i>	R. Gibson, H. Kaiser, D. McWilliam		Fractional F. 1996	Castro	1720
<i>Romist</i>	M. Breathnach	5	Sloop F. 1972	L. Giles	Seamaster 23
<i>Royal Tara</i>	C. Love	50	Ketch F. 1979	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 70
<i>Ruinette</i>	D.P. Brazil/J. Gallagher	11	Sloop F. 1971	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Safari of Howth</i>	R.I. Morrison	17	Ketch F. 1982	Olle Enderlein	Hallberg Rassy 42
<i>Saint Patrick</i>	P. Barry	15	G. Cutter W. 1909	Casey Bros.	Galway Hooker
<i>Saki</i>	P.J. McCormack	11	Sloop F. 1979	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 31
<i>Salar</i>	B. McMahan	6	Sloop F. 1970	White & Hill	Cutlass
<i>Samantha</i>	P. Morck	5	G. Cutter 1978	Roger Dongray	
<i>Samharcin an Iar</i>	H. Du Plessis	16	Ketch F. 1977	L. Giles	Westerly Conway 36
<i>Sandy Ways</i>	T. Cooke	15	Ketch F. 1979	Holman & Pye	Oyster Mariner 35
<i>Santé</i>	H. Hellstern		Sloop F. 1979	Rassy & Enderlein	Hallberg Rassy 352
<i>Saoirse of Cork</i>	J.C. Hayes	20	Sloop F. 1989	Jeanneau	Sun Magic 44
<i>Sapphire</i>	R.T. Walsh	7	Sloop W. 1965	Raymond Wall	Colin Marine
<i>Sceolaing</i>	D. Ryan	16	Sloop F. 1969	Raymond Wall	Nicholson 43
<i>Scotch Mist</i>	C & E Ronaldson	10	Sloop F. 1977	D. Sadler	Contessa 32

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig/Built	Designer	Class
<i>Sea Fox</i>	J.R. Magee	65	Ketch W. 1940	W. M. Hand	Motor Sailer
<i>Sea Maiden</i>	B. Travers	4	Sloop F. 1980	F. Pryor	Leisure 23 SL
<i>Sea Rose</i>	B. Law		Ketch F. 1979	W. F. Rayner	Atlantic 40
<i>Seadrifter</i>	J. Petch	14	Ketch F. 1975	Van de Stadt	Victory 40
<i>Seareign</i>	H.R. King	12	Sloop F. 1973	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>Selina</i>	M. Dwyer	8	Sloop F. 1971	Dufour	Diane
<i>Serifa</i>	D. Lovett		Sloop F. 1968	Laurent Giles	Solar 40
<i>Setanta</i>	J. R. & J. Cudmore	7	Sloop F. 1988	Daniel Andrien	Jeanneau Sun Light 30
<i>Shalini</i>	B. Bradley		Sloop F. 1989	Holman & Pye	Oyster 435
<i>Siamsa</i>	M.M. D'Alton/L.D. Latham	5	Sloop F.	W.P. Brown	Ruffian 23
<i>Silver Breeze</i>	A. Clarke	10	Sloop F. 1985	J. Berret	Beneteau 345
<i>Silver Slipper</i>	H. Cudmore	8	SSDY W. 1970	Ray Hunt/Jon Bannenberg	
<i>Siolta</i>	W.W. McKean	11	Sloop F. 1966	Van de Stadt	Excalibur
<i>Sirikit III</i>	G. Johnston & W. Colfer	9.8	Sloop F. 1968	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Skarv av Stad</i>	A. Osmundsvaag	22	Sloop F. 1988	Philippe Briand	SunKiss
<i>Skyjack II</i>	B. Tucker		Ketch F. 1981	Westerly Conway	
<i>Snowgoose of Moygannon</i>	C. Magennis	6	Sloop F. 1978	Pelle Peterson	Maxi 84
<i>Sparkle</i>	B. Gallagher	11	Sloop F. 1986	Martin Sadler	Sadler 34
<i>Speedbird of Throne</i>	P. Tisdall	7.9	Sloop F. 1989	Woods	Banshee Catamaran
<i>Stella Maris</i>	M.C. Coleman	29	Sloop S. 1986	Bruce Roberts	Roberts 45
<i>Strathspey</i>	B.N. Watson/W.R. Watson	18	Sloop F. 1980	Bill Shaw	Pearson 40
<i>Suaeda</i>	A. Hutchinson	12	Sloop F. 1973	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>Subadar</i>	T. S. Foote	6.7	B.M. Sloop 1974	Kenneth Albinson	Comfort 30
<i>Sundowner of Down</i>	T.S. Anderson	15	Sloop F. 1978	Holman & Pye	UFO 34
<i>Sundream</i>	J.C. Bruen		Sloop F. 1993	McGregor	McGregor 26
<i>Suvretta</i>	S. Davis	5	Sloop W.	West Solent O.D.	
<i>Swallow</i>	R.M. Beirne		Marconi W. 1956	J. B. Kearney	Mermaid
<i>Symphonie</i>	S.A. Malone	9.5	Sloop F. 1979	P Briand	Jeanneau Symphonie
<i>Tailte</i>	P. O' Connor	6.5	Sloop 1980	M Doufour	Dufor 35
<i>Taiscealai</i>	McConnell & others		Sloop F. 1977	Ron Holland	Club Shamrock
<i>Tallulah</i>	A.H. Rountree	13	Sloop F. 1987	Van de Stadt	Legend 34
<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	B. Kenny	8	Sloop F. 1972	Britton Chance	Chance 37
<i>Tandara</i>	R. Slater	16	Ketch F. 1977	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 39
<i>Targeteer</i>	G. M. Sargent	6.6	Fractional F. 1980	Rob Humphreys	Target 30
<i>TBA (!)</i>	M. & A. Balmforth		Sloop F. 1997	D. Alan Williams	Dawn 39
<i>Tertia of Lymin</i>	W. Dickinson	15	Sloop F. 1978	Doug Peterson	Contessa 35
<i>Thalassa</i>	R. Sewell	16	Yawl W. 1906	C. Sibbick	
<i>The Lady Avilon</i>	R.V. Lovegrove		S. 1935	Canal Boat	
<i>The Lady Beatrice</i>	M. O'Connor	7	Sloop F.	Olle Enderlin	Shipman 28
<i>Tieveara</i>	T.C. Hutcheson	19	Ketch F. 1979	G.L. Watson	Colvic Watson 35
<i>Tranquility</i>	E Crosbie	8	Sloop F.	Van de Stadt	Dehler 33
<i>Tresillian IV</i>	J. Clapham	16	Ketch F. 1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 39
<i>Trilogy</i>	R. Fowler	11	Sloop F. 1989	Bill Dixon	Moody 31
<i>Trininga</i>	D.B. & M.D. Johnston	15	Ketch F. 1979	W.F. Rayner	Atlantic 40
<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>	Dr. O. Glaser	20	Ketch F. 1981	German Frers	FC44
<i>Tudorose</i>	L. Cassidy/S. Riordan/F. Traynor	12	Ketch F.	Buchanan	Neptune 33
<i>Turtle Tide</i>	G.B. Clarke	14	Sloop F. 1973	Evind Amble	Fjord 33
<i>Tux</i>	M. O'Keeffe		Fractional F. 1997	Neils Jefferson	X 332
<i>Twayblade</i>	J. Virden	9	Sloop W. 1961	A. Buchanan	Norman
<i>Twiga</i>	M. Park		Ketch F. 1973	Holman	Super Sovereign
<i>Twocan</i>	F.D. Freeman	7	Sloop F. 1973	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 29
<i>Ultimate</i>	R. Sharp		Ketch F. 1975	Laurent Giles	Carbineer
<i>Ursula</i>	R. Watson	11	Sloop F. 1985	Halberg Rassy 312	
<i>V.S.O.P.</i>	J. Godkin		Sloop F. 1986	Humphries	Sovereign 400
<i>Verve</i>	F.J.K. Espey/J. Osborne	10	Yawl W. 1963	A.C. Robb	Princess
<i>Vinter</i>	B. Connor	10	Sloop F. 1978	L. giles	Westerly Berwick
<i>Virago of Strangford</i>	J. Beach/Cdr. J.D. Maxwell	11	Sloop F. 1962	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 36
<i>Voyageuse</i>	L. Kavanagh	5.5	Sloop F. 1978	Angus Primrose	Voyager 35
<i>Water Spaniel</i>	N.S.R. Duffin	10	Ketch F. 1975	L. Giles	Westerly Pentland
<i>Waxwing</i>	P. Gray/S. Gray	15	Cutter F. 1980	Peter Brett	Rival 41
<i>Wheesht</i>	W.P. Escott	12	Sloop F. 1974	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>White Hunter</i>	N Walsh		Sloop F. 1987	David Thomas	Formula 28
<i>White Heather</i>	D.H.B. FitzGerald	15	Sloop F. 1988	D. Thomas	Sigma 362
<i>White Rooster</i>	J.D. Donegan	10	Sloop F. 1980	S. Jones	Hustler 36
<i>White Shadow</i>	D. Nicholson	13	Sloop F. 1988	Holman & Pye	Oyster Heritage 37
<i>Wild Bird</i>	G.J.J. Fasensfeld		Cutter F. 1997	Tony Taylor	Vancouver 38
<i>William Tell of Uri</i>	S. Lantry	23	Cutter F. 1988	Chuck Paine	Bowman 40
<i>Wind Gypsy</i>	T. Toher		Sloop F. 1985		
<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>	G. Villiers-Stuart	13	Cutter W.	Admiralty	
<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>	W.M. Nixon/E.M. Wheeler/ H.A. Whelehan	15	Sloop F. 1976	Doug Peterson	Contessa 35
<i>Wizard</i>	W. E. Glover		Sloop F. 1983	J. Kaufman	North Shore 33
<i>Yami-Yami</i>	T. Kirby	6	Sloop F. 1978	D Sadler	Sadler 25
<i>Zarafa</i>	A. Eves		Sloop F. 1980	Don Pye	Gladiateur
<i>Zuben'ubi</i>	W.J. Cotter/J. McKinney/ N. Meagher	10	Sloop F. 1973	Nicholson	Nicholson 32



There are 125 aerial photographs in the ninth edition of the South and West Coast Sailing Directions.



Kilmore Quay from S.



Derrynane Harbour and Quay.



Newport from E.



Lawrence Cove from SW.



Fenit Harbour and Marina from S.



Burtonport from N.