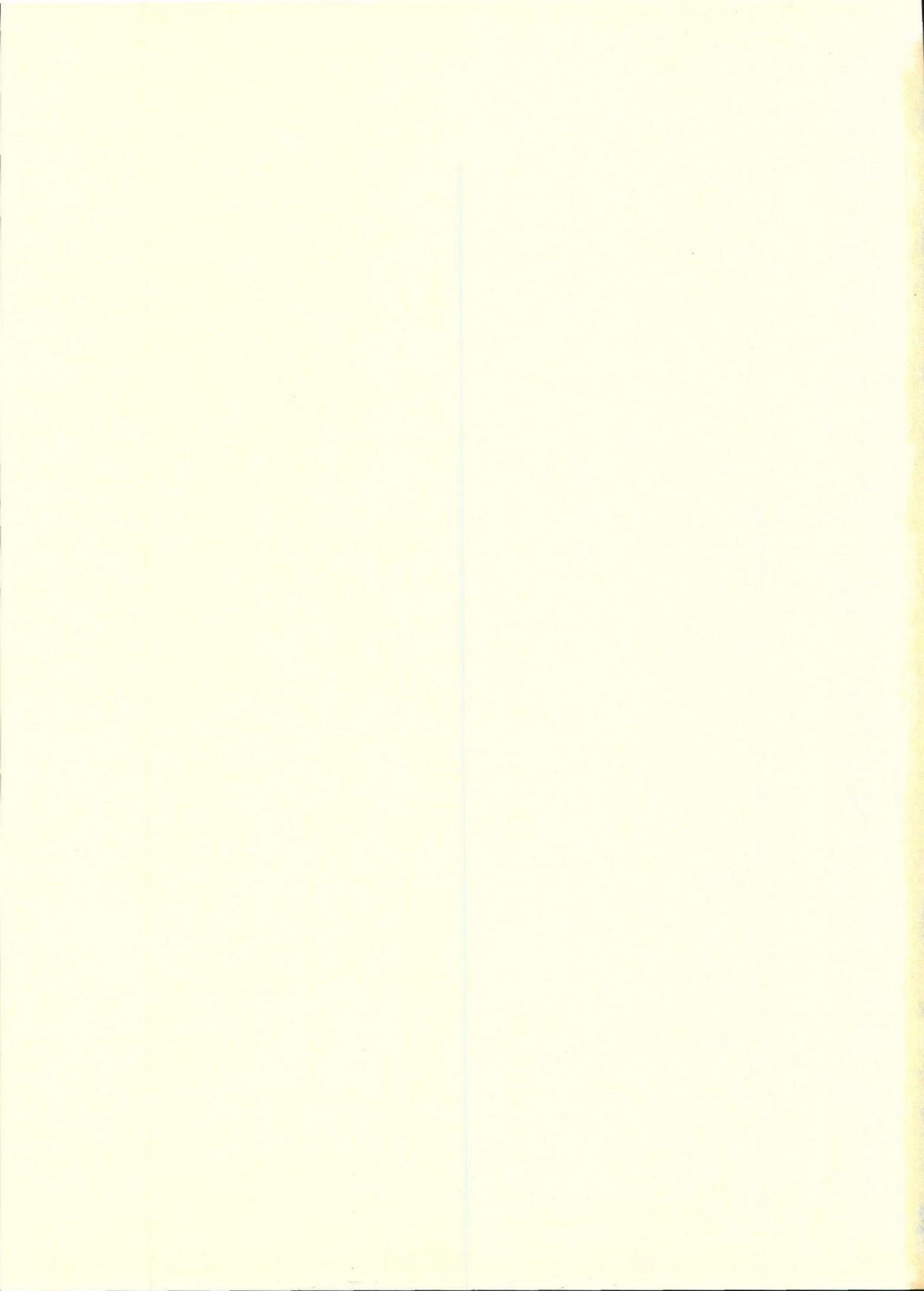


**1999
ANNUAL**



**IRISH
CRUISING
CLUB**



IRISH CRUISING CLUB

ANNUAL 1999



The Routen Wheel

This photograph was taken on entering Strangford narrows on the second hour of the flood. One cannot sail through the Routen wheel. It has been tried on many occasions with no success, you are thrown rather violently to port or starboard depending on which side of the boat the boil strikes you, however one would keep well clear in anything other than settled weather.

The Admiralty coast pilot of 1868 stated: The rate of these streams in the narrowest part of the Narrows reaches a rate of 7 knots at springs at Bankmore Point and causes a whirlpool in the vicinity known as the Routen Wheel, and this has a peculiar effect on vessels steaming against the stream, for Captain Beechey, R.N. FRS., observed on one occasion that though the revolutions of the wheel of his paddle surveying vessel were 22 per minute, indicating a speed of 9 knots, directly the vessel entered Routen Wheel the revolutions decreased to 18 per minute, and the speed of the vessel through the water decreased to 7 knots, whilst she became stationary over the ground, though the engines had not been touched, nor the steam-power reduced. On another occasion, in the same position, the engines suddenly stopped without warning; the water appeared to boil up all round the vessel for a moment, and the engines started again at the proper speed, though the stopping and starting gear had not been touched.

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Front Cover

Sunrise in mid Atlantic heralding another new day as Bernard Corbally looks forward to his home coming after a full year cruising

Photograph: Bernard Corbally

Back Cover

The Shannon Rally.

Photograph: Kevin Dwyer

Title Page

The Routen Wheel note by Jim Blakie

Photograph: Jim Blakie

Submissions for 2000 Annual

To reach the Honorary Editor, Paddy Barry, 21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin (telephone 280 0820) by 15th October 2000 at latest.



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Honorary Secretary's Report

As this is the last Honorary Secretary's report of the century, in fact of the millennium, I feel the year should not be allowed to pass without paying tribute to the efforts and contributions made by all those members who have passed through our Club since 1929. That we enter the new century in so strong a condition and so highly regarded by yachtsmen in Ireland and throughout the western world is a reflection of those efforts and a condition from which we all, present members, are entitled to derive quiet satisfaction. The new century will bring many changes, I wonder for how many years more will this report continue to be distributed to you in printed form? However, I have little doubt but that members and committees will continue to provide a service to yachting throughout the next century in whatever form technology demands, remembering that whatever the technology our chosen playground, the sea, will remain the same.

There were seventeen nominations for membership this year and the maximum number who could be elected under rule 5.(i) had been fixed at ten. That number were elected thus bringing membership numbers up to the limit of 550. However, the committee hope that with the efforts of Peter Ronaldson as the Hon. Treasurer (Subscriptions), (a title we gave to him when we imposed the task on him!), in weeding out non paying members, it will be possible to create some headroom so that in future years not as many well qualified applicants whom the Club would be delighted to welcome as members, will be turned down. Some idea of the difficulties of his task may be gained from the fact that at the end of January last, 90 members had not paid their subscriptions for 1998. To reduce this number through the year has required numerous notices and letters and the committee at their October meeting decided that no Annual or booking form for the 2000 dinner, etc., would be sent to any persons whose subscription for '99 had not been paid by 1st November. If still unpaid at the time of the AGM their names will be read out and they will forthwith cease to be members.

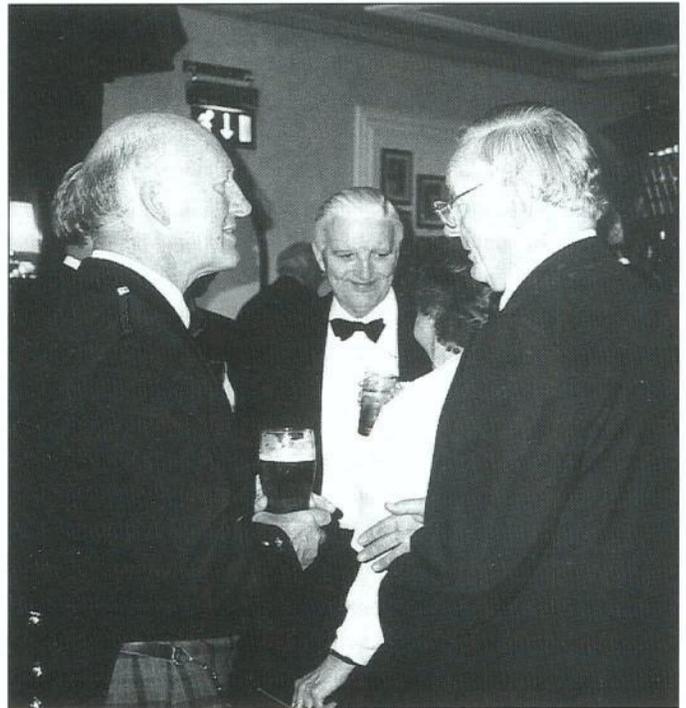
Publications continue to be a major activity of the Club and with Malachi O'Gallagher retiring the task of Hon. Compiler was recognised by the appointment of two compilers for the future. For the South & West John Petch and for the East & North, Ed. Wheeler. Sales of both editions continue to be strong and new editions are required so frequently that it is no longer considered necessary to print Amendments.

A new edition of the East & North was published in March and the committee formally thanked John Gore-Grimes for the work he put into compiling this edition. He did so under tremendous pressure brought about by the sell out of all stock of the previous edition. In this he was assisted by Captain Owen Deignan. The Vice Commodore proposed that Owen be elected an Honorary Member in recognition of his work, not only in this edition of the East & North, but of his services to the club over his years in Irish Lights.

A suggestion had been made that the Club consider a charter cruise in Greece/Turkey for the Autumn, but it was not found possible to arrange flights etc. for a week. However, the

Commodore will seek members' views on whether or not such a cruise should be considered for a year in which no rally on the Shannon is to take place.

Another well attended AGM took place at the Royal St. George Yacht Club, Dun Laoghaire, early in February. It has become a tradition to hold our AGM at the George, we are very grateful that each year they allow us virtually to take over their



Bill McKean and Dermod Ryan with Michael Whelan behind.

Photo: Ronnie Barr



Air sea rescue about to practice with the Hon. Secretary on Erquy.

Photo: C.P. McHenry



Rosemary McKean and Brian Smullen with Donal McClement.
Photo: Ronnie Barr



Cas Smullen, Sheila Ryan and Helen McAllister.



Hazel Barr, John Clementson and Arthur Orr. *Photo: Ronnie Barr*



Who is holding who's hand? *Photo: Ronnie Barr*

Club for the meeting and for dinner afterwards and as always the facilities made available to us were excellent. In return, all we really do is to overfill the bar and impose an extra load on Christie and his staff. In addition to the 78 members who attended, 55 took the trouble to contact me in advance to give their apologies so in all a quarter of our total membership took an active interest in the AGM.

Hon. Treasurer, Donal Brazil, presenting the accounts for the year ended 31st October 1998 said a net loss of £5,266 had been incurred by Irish Cruising Club Publications Ltd. due to the shortage of stock of the South & West Directions and also because the cost of publishing the Annual was charged to Publications. However, for the Club itself there had been an excess of income over expenditure of £4,389. With the decision by the committee to start accumulating a fund to cover the 75th Anniversary Celebrations which will be held in 2004, the Hon. Treasurer proposed that the annual subscription be increased from £40 to £50 as from 1st January 2000. This was seconded by Brendan Bradley and passed without dissent.

The Commodore then proposed the election of the Officers and Committee and all were elected unopposed.

The names of nine members in subscription default were to have been read out in accord with rule 12.(v). One having placed a cheque in from of the Hon. secretary as the meeting commenced left eight whose names were intoned by the Hon. Secretary. Gasps of horror arose from the meeting which translated into hard cash for four of those named and that left a final four whose membership was deemed to have ceased.

Michael McKee thanked members for having elected him as

Commodore for a further year. Confirming that it would not be his intention to stand again as he would be entitled to under the rules, he gave a brief address during which he commented that members seemed to have sailed far north and far south in the course of the past year. Membership continued under severe pressure and he referred to an offer of resignation which had been made to him at the start of the meeting. He explained that resignations were not expected from persons who had a continued interest in sailing and in the Club even if they could not be actively involved. Resignations would be gratefully accepted from those members whose interest had waned, who found that the activities of the Club no longer interested them. If such members could be persuaded to resign, places would become available for those well qualified who were seeking to join.

Thanking the Officers and Committee who had supported him during the year, the Commodore singled out Peter Ronaldson who since taking over subscriptions the previous September had collected over £24,000. He then said that he hoped and trusted that all members were aware of flag etiquette and abided by it. While realising that modern boats tended to have aerial farms at their mastheads, that was still the only place from which the Club burgee should be flown and if required he could supply the name of a wholesaler who could supply strong and durable canes on which the burgee could be hoisted well clear of the truck. Bluntly, he told members not to fly the burgee at the starboard cross trees. If they could not purchase a cane, then they should fly the Club House Flag at the cross trees.

Under Any Other Business, John Clementson said that the thanks of members should be expressed to the organisers of the superb rally to Galicia. This was greeted with acclamation and on that positive note the Commodore brought the formal meeting to a close and called on Bob Fannin, the Adjudicator, to introduce his awards which were presented by Anne McKee, ably assisted by Bill Rea.

The Hotel Europe in Killarney was a new venue for the Annual Dinner which was held at the end of March. Holding the dinner after the AGM was to allow the weather to be more clement than it had been on occasions in February and this proved to be the case. The vast majority of members had a most enjoyable weekend, voting it to have been an excellent venue with excellent staff, so much so that quite a number proposed returning again next year. However, the committee has decided that the proposal by Vice Commodore Terry Johnson that a new hotel in Waterford be used should be accepted. Further, the committee decided that no particular millennium function should be held by the Club. The dinner will be the Annual Dinner, as usual, and we will participate in the Clyde Cruising Club and Royal Cruising Club Millennium events rather than attempting to fit our own function into an already crowded calendar.

This committee is assuming that a "major" rally will be organised by the incumbent committee to mark the 75th Anniversary of the founding of the Club in 1929, thus it has been agreed that only one significant rally will be organised between now and then, probably in 2001 or 2002.

As already reported in the Newsletter which continues to be edited by Adrian Stokes, a most satisfactory June Rally was held to Portaferry by the East region. This was the first time the Club had properly visited the new facilities there, the organisation both of the berthing and of the informal dinner on the Saturday evening was handled by the Vice Commodore. North region members were invited to participate and many did so, including the Commodore who extracted himself from the engine problems which prevented him from arriving by sea as he had planned to. For the Southern region, Rear Commodore Chris Bruen organised a most enjoyable and well attended outing to Cape Clear in July. The weather was good, the craic was mighty, the drink flowed and all got home safely. Thus encouraged Chris promises to organise an even better event in 2000 which might even turn into the event of the Millennium! Then the final event of the year was another Shannon Rally, arranged by Brendan Bradley whose organisational expertise (remember the Brittany Rally?) left nothing to chance. Each boat was provided with a most comprehensive folder giving the names of all participants and even though there was no venue which could take all for the informal dinner, all were very satisfied with the arrangements.

At the October committee meeting, the Hon. Treasurer reported that the cash position of the Club had improved, due both to the sales of the Sailing Directions, both volumes of which had been in stock throughout the summer, and to the collection of outstanding subscriptions. First thoughts on the 2004 event were presented by Arthur Baker and revolved around the actual anniversary of the meeting in Glengariff which took place on 13th July 1929. That will be a Tuesday in 2003 so it would appear that a week incorporating that Tuesday would be most appropriate.

And so, we cruise into another year, in a sound yacht, unencumbered by borrowings and skippered and crewed by excellent Officers and hard working committee. It only remains for your Hon. Secretary to wish you all many many years of health and good cruising into the new century.

Cormac P McHenry
Honorary Secretary

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

Flag Officers and Committee 1999

Commodore	Michael McKee	2nd year
Vice Commodore	Terence Johnson	1st year
Rear Commodore	Paddy O'Sullivan	2nd year
Rear Commodore	J Chris Bruen	1st year

Hon Treasurer	Cormac McHenry	5th year
Hon. Secretary	Donal Brazil	8th year

North

Ronnie Barr
Hugh P Kennedy
Michael O'Farrell
Charles E. Ronaldson

East

Brendan Bradley
Brendan Connor
Liam McGonagle
Bruce Lyster
Peter Killen

South

Arthur Baker
Keith Hunt
Donal McClement
Gerry Sheridan

West

Jarlath Cunnane
Brian Lynch

New Members

David Beattie	Dublin
William Colfer	Wicklow
Martin Crotty	Dublin
Peter Cullen	Dublin
William Kellett	USA
Patrick Knatchbull	Cultra
Jack McCann	Galway
Brian McManus	Dublin
Derek White	Strangford
Mary Woodward	Cork

Deceased Members

William Cuffe-Smith
Daniel J Keily
Patrick J Maher
John Minchin
E J Montgomery
George Radley
Robert Wingfield
Liam McGonagle

Liam McGonagle

1929-1999. Commodore ICC 1996-97

An appreciation

There was a strong tide running out of the Laguna San Raphael and we ducked in between two small islands to avoid the worst of the flow. It was a narrow spot and we finally got the *CQR* and the *Fisherman* bedded into the mud. The dinghy was launched and Liam, alias Saunders of the River, took charge of the shore party. The dinghy drifted down stream at speed heaving a heavy stern warp. They grounded with a bump on a bush covered islet with a solitary tree standing twenty-five feet above the undergrowth. Saunders set his jaw square and hacked his way through the tangled bushes, eventually reaching the tree. He tied several secure, salty knots around the trunk and returned to *Warbaby* which now lay safely with bow on to the stream. Saunders ate two bars of chocolate before dinner that evening.

It was a dark, cold night when Saunders went on deck. He noticed that the boat lay across the stream. Using a powerful search light he observed that the tree was no longer on the islet. We hauled in the stern line with the winch. The tree came to the surface. Saunders was content. His knot had held!

Everyone who knew Liam will have many stories to remember. It was always an exciting privilege to be around this big-hearted, fun-loving bundle of turbulence. He shared his sailing with an incredible generosity. His extensive voyaging was always meticulously planned as well as executed. The final destination was of paramount importance and there was only one certainty. There would always be a first class restaurant.

Liam was a member of our club for forty years. He was as proud of the Irish Cruising Club as we were of him. He worked as a Committee Member with his usual vigour and enthusiasm. When he was elected Commodore in 1996 he threw himself, whole heartedly into the job. His organisation of the 1996 Cruise-in-Company on the Cork coast was an unqualified success. This success was not achieved by good fortune; it was the result of hours of pre-planning, site visits and competent delegation. His ability to get the best from people was a measure of the respect which they had for him. If McGonagle

asked you to do something, you did it willingly knowing that it would be appreciated and that at the end of the road there would be a few drinks and plenty of fun.

In 1997 Liam, as Commodore, represented us at the CCA Cruise in Maine. Observing him we could see the qualities which all of us recognise. Liam had a wonderful ability to talk to and, more importantly, to listen to all corners. He was interested in people of all ages; he was anxious to hear their point of view; he was the same with an eight year old as he was with an eighty year old. If you looked for Liam in Maine there was never any problem finding him. He was the one in the middle, with all the people around him.

Liam's term of office raised the profile of the Irish Cruising Club internationally and he will be remembered as one of the Club's most outstanding Commodores.

When we talked of Liam it was almost invariably in the context of Liam and Barbara. She supported him and he needed and acknowledged her support. Their partnership was a love story. It did not stop Liam from being an energetic, if harmless flirt. To put it simply, Liam loved women. At our annual dinner in Killarney this year, Liam had a very pretty girl serving his table.

When the first course came he asked "Where are you from?" She answered hurriedly "Austria".

When the second course came he asked "How long have you been in this country?"

She answered hurriedly "Four months".

When the third course came he asked "Have you got a boyfriend?"

She answered hurriedly "Yes!".

"What a pity" Liam commented wistfully.

Liam had the strength of an ox – an indestructible ox. In our minds we will still call his name. We will find it so hard to believe that he can no longer answer us.

J. G.-G.

Honorary Editor's Notes

We have published twenty-two logs this year, some too long and some too short. The mixture makes for varied reading, indeed not unlike cruising itself. Sailing in our latitudes, the unpredictability of the weather may be taken as problem or pleasure.

So it is with our logs. One cruise around Ireland resulted in 9,000 words, albeit in two separate logs, while a fair splash over the western Pacific brought forth only 1,000 words in that log.

Both cruise write-ups have special circumstances. In the case of the Ireland logs, one of the authors is our own W.M.N., whose quality of presentation, not to speak of content, makes an Honorary Editor's work a pleasure. Tom Cunliffe, sailor, author and friend of ours, years ago expressed amazement that any professional writer of such repute as our man would write for nothing. Thank you W.M.

In the case of our Greys of the Pacific, as they well may become known, their brevity is all tantalising. That it arrived on email, is a sign of where we are in communications. Now that Portishead Radio is closing down, for those in deep water, it's all satellites a-go-go.

However I'll be happy for now if we can get logs in to us, Dunn's Ditties too if they are any length, on disk.

A number of contributors sent disks, without the necessary two hard copies – and late at that. I need one copy

for the Adjudicator and one copy for editing. In the case of Dunn's Ditties, one hard copy is sufficient, as there is no adjudicating on those.

Does anyone really know the difference between small-scale charts and large-scale? Very few I'd say, to judge by some offerings. But then I sometimes have to think about it, or look it up, myself – not unlike the word viscous, as in engine oil. Is that the thick or the thin?

Logs in 'diary' format are easy to write and to follow, but they do tend to make for somewhat punchy, if not for telegraphic reading. A narrative style, letting your story flow, makes for easier reading. I urge you to try it.

The province of literary criticism is one more in the Adjudicator's bailiwick, insofar as there is an award on offer for meritorious way-with-words. We had one most interesting contribution this year, dealing with East of Europe and written in the West of Ireland, whose content and style defied my red pencil. I just didn't know where to begin, and so uncut it remained. I would not encourage repeat offerings in such style!

As an inducement to getting your logs in on time (yes that's October 15th!), I would confide that at time-cut-off-date I am often concerned at the prospect of an insufficiency of logs, and so for the early editing I am very sparing with the red pencil. However I will still be taking the scissors to reef-by-reef repetition, shoreside culinaries and family minutiae.

To Declan Clancy, I again express my thanks for his help.

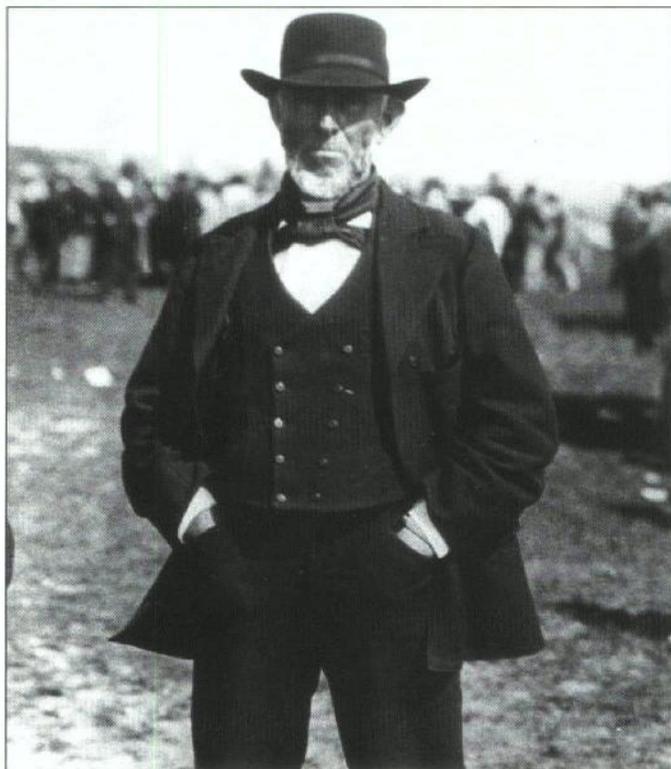
I have, this year, omitted the List of Past Officers, the reason being – short of one page! Printing mechanics dictate that multiples of sixteen pages are used. We therefore, if this List were to be included, would have had a further fifteen blank pages or alternately I would have had to cut a page from one of the logs. Which would you have cut?

We have in fact, at the lofty level of the Editorial Subcommittee, considered various permutations of list omissions, in the interest of economy. We could, for instance, save eight pages by omitting the List of Members. Some far-reaching decisions were taken – however I've forgotten what they were! – because in the heel-of-the-hunt, this 'multiple of 16' thing determines all and forces some arithmetically-directed editing. I was going to write 'arithmetically-driven'! How I dislike that buzzword, almost as much as I dislike *executive* summary.

Many of our members, and all of my friends, must be tired of photos of that lovely old boat of mine. So instead I'd like you to meet the man who built *Saint Patrick*. They don't breed them quite like that anymore.

Enjoy the Annual, I hope. Good cruising. Write and tell us about it.

Paddy Barry, Honorary Editor.



The man who built the Editor's boat, Máirtín Ó Cathasaig, Mweenish Island, Connemara, lena dhreatháir Pat agus Joe.

Challenge Cup Awards

Mungo Park

Each year the logs divide into a number of categories and I have tried and failed, to divide these up for awards. Modern technical aids are so superb that a number of cruises are shamelessly gastronomic. No harm in that, for the information has encouraged and inspired many. Then there are cruises of great daring and courage which quite properly win most awards, if meticulously well planned. There is always the problem of possibly encouraging adventurers to rally to Iceland in a bath!

The I.C.C. has always emphasised a healthy respect for the wrath of Neptune and, taking this as "read", I have gone for those that have impressed and informed me most. There were many good logs and most of them were painstakingly and well presented, and no-one omitted from the awards need feel that it was due to any shortcomings on their part.

There are two ways to go cruising: one spending six months planning, and another sailing off down wind. I've tried both and each has its merits.

Some problems seem to emerge. There is a problem with craft sailing on "auto" and not keeping a constant look-out. The answer to this one is with us; either we keep our own lookout 100% or we bring the old 12-bore along to pepper him if he is on the wrong tack.

The other problem is those fishing harbours that are now hives of industry, once picturesque Killybegs and Newlyn are mentioned, but until you "take refuge" in Frazerburgh you "ain't seen nothing". Forty years ago I went into Newlyn because the tide was wrong at Penzance, after a damp passage from Tuskar, and was nearly crushed by a trawler cutting in to the next berth ahead at 0500 hrs. If the late Norman Wilkinson had not been in the cockpit and let go the stern warp and spring very smartly *Vandra* would have been like a trodden snail. The skipper apologised and said he had two boats behind him and wanted "to see his catch away". I feel we should leave them to their task, for they will always help and look after you if you are caught out.

THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY – *SeaDance* – Máire Breathnach
Despite a latent interest, my knowledge of Irish is almost nil, so I am glad Máire presented her log in impeccable English! It is a superb effort, being mostly single-handed sailing around Ireland, with much time being spent on the west Coast. Her combination of competence and descriptive power is superb; how many of us, single handed, have hove-to off Rathlin O'Beirne to cook lunch? Quite the best Irish Cruise log I have ever read.

THE WYBRANT CUP – not awarded.

Sea Maiden's log was very good but was incomplete and I leave it to next year's adjudicator to consider. We lacked a really first class cruise log in this area where enormous changes are taking place. I have awarded *Alys* the Fingal Cup and she included the NW and North of Scotland much needed, but short on detail.

ROCKABILL TROPHY – *Laroha* – Donal Lynch

This is a fascinating log. We know that the hookers were the

lorries of Connemara when there were no roads, but Donal describes the "dual carriageways" of northern Norway as they have been for centuries and in the comfort of the sheltered waters for most of the time, and in a catamaran. He then takes off for Splitzbergen. There are lessons to be learnt, Maeve is overcome by carbon-monoxide from the heater; their shallow draft is a great advantage inshore. I'm scared of "cats". I believe the new breed has an escape hatch beneath the floorboards!, and yet I remember a Frenchman in Horta in 1970, who was in a huge catamaran he had sailed from Buenos Aires and was planning his landfall on La Rochelle.

THE FORTNIGHT CUP – *Testa Rossa* – Jim Slevin

This was good reading, descriptive and relaxed, although not wasting time. He enjoyed meeting other sailors on the way and the various marine life. He also stitched his own sails!

ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP – *Witchcraft* – Ed Wheeler

Ed must have had a hell of a time writing a log with Winky looking over his shoulder, but I enjoyed his log. His comments on ports of call were good, particularly on Church Bay in Rathlin which should be noted, also Mulroy, into which I have never been and won't go. Fishing and feeding aboard is a good part of the story. The visit to Golam was fascinating. I must enlighten him about the crabs toes.

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY – *Rionnog* – Bernard Corbally

An excellent log, recommended for any member aspiring to the pennant, a very good supplementary guide to the Leeward and Windward Isles. It is alarming to read of so many people encountering yachts on automatic pilot, without a watch!

THE FINGAL CUP – *Alys* – David Park

My own choice. Yer man went to see his son via Scotland, England and Wales! The east coast of Ireland is peppered with Danes, likewise Scotland and England and I have often wanted to follow David's line. His choice of ports in S.E. England was sad, but his account of coming south from Scotland set me thinking. One day I must see Captain Cook's Museum.

THE EASTERN AREA COMMITTEE awards **THE DONEGAN MEMORIAL** to Susan and Peter Grey for their continuing Pacific cruising, in the face of occasional adversity.

THE SOUTHERN AREA COMMITTEE awards **THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP** to Vincent O'Farrell for his considerable extended cruising abroad.

THE NORTHERN AREA COMMITTEE awards **THE WRIGHT MEMORIAL SALVER** to Brian Black for his cruise to the east coast of Greenland.

THE WESTERN AREA COMMITTEE awards **THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY** to John Cunningham for his cruise around Ireland.

THE COMMODORE – **THE JOHN B. KEARNEY CUP**. No award.

WILD GOOSE CUP – Lotophagi – Ray O’Toole

A charming log; great fun. Supplements my own experience of the enormous fun a few friends can get from chartering in Turkey. I hope Wallace enjoys it as much.

STRANGFORD CUP – Cuilaun – Peter Mullins

Easily the best produced log, with coloured photographs etc. This lovely McGruer ketch sailed into the mists of Nova Scotia, across the Gulf of St. Lawrence and circumnavigated the Island of Labrador. She must have gladdened the heart of all who glimpsed her through the fog. I’m glad they got some ice for their Martinis! It is meet and right that our burgee should be carried around the new world by one of the most beautiful yachts ever built.

THE FAULKNER CUP – Caelan – Brian Black

A well planned expedition, carefully and skillfully sailed, which ended in a wall of ice east of Greenland. I commend *Caelan* for determination, skill and courage; most particularly when defeated and turned back, she decided to “cruise” the Horn of Iceland. I’m sorry she had such a bitter welcome home.

THE PERRY GREER BOWL – Jack McCann

This I award to new member Jack McCann whose first log this is, for a splendid cruise and story well told.

Deilginis and *Gladys* with skippers Nick Massey and Paddy Cronin made a first cruise to Dingle in Kerry after a hundred years of racing in a One Design class. We must encourage these modern “skimming dishes” to become cruisers!

A special mention also for *Black Velvet* for up-dating us on the Med. where things are changing daily.

Many thanks for the auxiliary log from that wrinkly old pro Winky, whose mastery of the Queen’s English never ceases to cause me wonder, but as a member of the Royal Alfred Yacht Club (Corinthian) he gets no prize from me!

Peter & Susan Grey are carousing with the French Foreign Legion in Tahiti!

22 logs were received, all of great interest.



Waterford, where the boat in the foreground is the restored *Setanta*, a J.B. Kearney design of 1946 which had long associations with the ICC in the ownership of Fred Cudmore of Cork, while in the background is the former Commodore’s *Ounavarra*.

Photo: W.M. Nixon



Preparing for the Killarney Lake cruise, Annual Dinner weekend.

Photo: Brendan Bradley

Editor’s note: It’s hard for the hotel boatman to make a pound with this type of client around!



Seldom-visited anchorage which nevertheless has two ICC boats lying to moorings – you will probably know where it is, but most of your friends?

Photo: W.M. Nixon

Red Velvet's Summer in the Mediterranean

Paul Butler

As with last year, I decided to take full advantage of having *Red Velvet* in warmer waters by utilising all (and a little more) of my available vacations with two weeks at Easter and Whit and the months of August and September. We wintered her ashore in Levkas (Ionian Sea). Easter was to take us from Levkas to Nettuno (just south of Rome), Whit to Toulon and Summer to a port in the south of Spain.

The principal difficulty that I have experienced with short (in time) cruises abroad is that one must plan flights to one country returning from another. This entails both having firm commitments from crew well in advance and having, whatever the weather, to reach our final destination by a particular day. Once last year and twice this year this resulted in uncomfortable passages.

EASTER

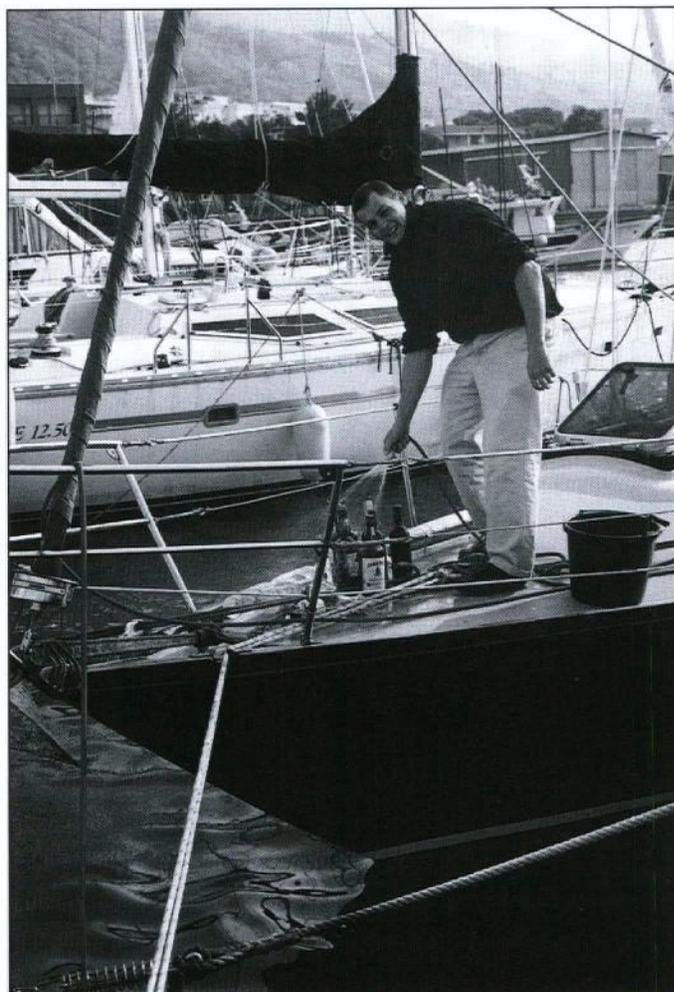
On the 26th March Seamus Roche, Brian Hutchinson, Michael Delaney and I flew to Athens (Prevesa Airport was not open to commercial traffic) and took a pre-booked taxi for the four and a half hour journey arriving in Levkas at 11.00 on the following morning. We found *Red Velvet* already launched by the yard and ready for sea complete with her new head and electric windlass. They still rightly considered it be the mid winter there but we were much consoled by the fact that my favourite local restaurant, *Adriatica*, was open and had been booked for us by the yard. Winds were high, so we spent an extra day provisioning.

On Monday 29th March we cleared the swing bridge at 15.00 and set out on our passage to Reggio. The wind was 4/5 on the nose in a lumpy and confused sea. Initially we motor-sailed but by 18.00 the wind shifted to the NW enabling us to proceed under full sail just on a close fetch. During the night as the wind increased to 6, we left the main alone but rolled in about half of the genoa. Added to this we had rain, thunder and lightening and this was to be the pattern all day and the following evening, not the Mediterranean cruise that I had promised to my new crew! By 04.00 on Wednesday the 31st as we rounded the toe of Italy the wind was completely on the nose and we had to motor sail.

Just short of Reggio Calabria, a Police launch approached; they didn't recognise our ensign and my pointing out the letters "IRL" did not help. When I showed them the word "Dublin" on our transom there was a flicker or recognition and they asked were we from Dublin Ohio or Dublin U. K. ! In the event, they insisted that we tie up alongside them, but whiskey and a few beers had the effect of keeping paperwork to a minimum. We finally took up a lazy line astern and moored bow to in Reggio at 13.30 (Italian time) after 47 hours. I have described Reggio in last year's Annual and will not do so again, save to mention the single open and cold shower at the end of the quay which, to my surprise, the lads took to like ducks to water! We ate (and drank) very well, so much so that, in spite of a late night, we felt sufficiently refreshed to cancel an advertised rest day and catch up on that lost in Levkas.

On Thursday, All Fools' Day, we left Reggio just after

10.00. The wind was, again, on the nose and, as we approached the Strait of Messina we were hit by an electric storm and had to proceed in drastically reduced visibility through one of the busiest ferry crossing straits in the world against a very strong NS current enabling us to make only 1 to 2 knots for about three miles. Once through, the sun came out and, shortly thereafter, we were stopped yet again, this time by a custom's launch. By 19.40 we were in Stella del Sud Marina at Porto di Vibo. We were greeted, in the dark, by a most helpful and friendly staff who, although about to close, took some time looking after our lines and showing us to their hot showers and heads. Restaurants ashore were good so we decided to take an unscheduled rest day with a planned night passage thereafter. Here we said our farewells to Michael who was booked to fly back from Naples, a train ride away. The poor man had had the worst of the cruise and, once he got over the shock of the winter weather, was the life and soul of the company. We were sad to see him go and did not find consolation for all of an hour until 11



Serious Washing!

Photo: Paul Butler

introduced Seamus and Brian to the delights of an Italian street bar and Sambuca in daytime!

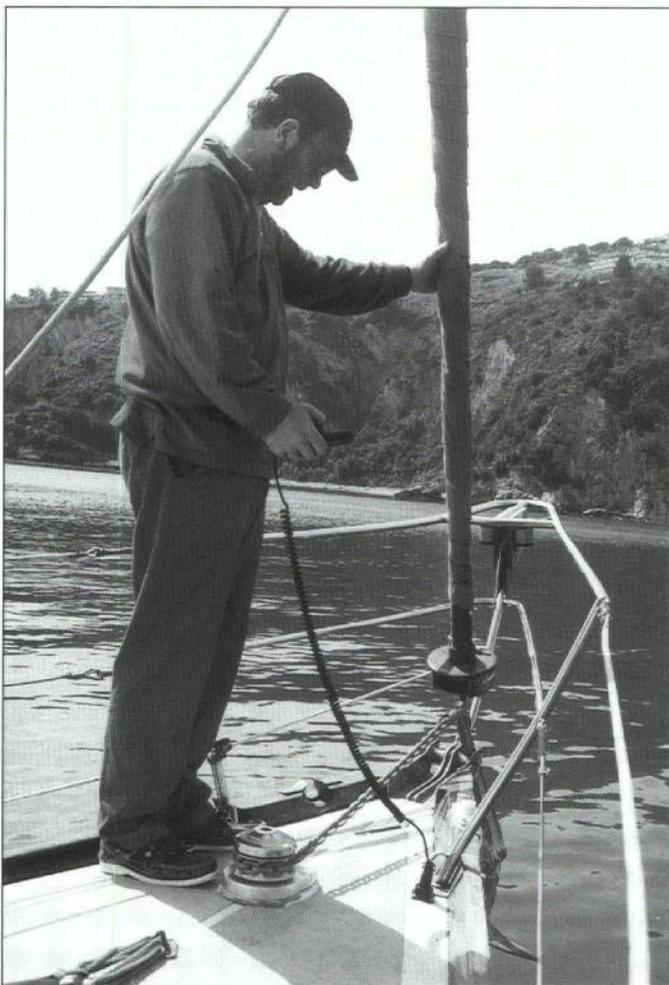
On Easter Saturday morning at 01.30, we set out on an 86 mile passage with a gentle 4, but on the nose. We had an unremarkable motor-sailing passage across the broad bay to Marina di Camerota where we arrived at 16.00.

On Easter Sunday, the 4th April we set off at 11.00 and, despite the fact that we had only about 6 knots of wind, decided to have an unhurried sail. I wanted to try out the new electric windlass, so we dropped the hook off the beach at the (shoal) harbour at Palinura. I am ashamed to relate that I did not join Seamus and Brian for their long swim. Thereafter, we had a leisurely lunch and set off for Marina di Casal Velino where we tied up at 17.45.

On Monday the 5th April we left at 10.30 motor-sailing, yet again, into a NW wind blowing 3. As we approached the Isle of Capri, in the middle of a busy ferry lane, the fan belt went but was quickly replaced with an emergency one. We entered port at 18.30. The beauty of this port defies description (at least, by me). The town is perched 450 feet above the port with breathtaking views of the port, the sea and the mainland into the bay of Naples.

Tuesday the 6th April was declared, yet another, rest day. It was a lovely day. The three of us hired motor scooters. We toured the entire island, the highlight being a visit to *Grotta Azzurra* (Blue Grotto), a cavern entered from the sea by an opening of no more than 3' high, but which inside is of magnificent proportions. This visit was followed by a long lunch in a wonderful restaurant perched on the edge of a cliff close by.

Wednesday the 6th April, Seamus and I saw Brian off on a



It Works!!

Photo: Brian Hutchinson

ferry for Naples where he was to catch a flight home. At 09.30 we left. Initially it was overcast with little wind. By 10.30, however, the sun came out and we were able to sail in a gentle WSW 3 breeze. We were on a 50 odd mile passage so, with malice aforethought, I persuaded Seamus to go off watch. At midday, as we passed Pta. De Tre (N of the bay of Naples), I enjoyed my first of a number of gin and tonics. The log notes "13.00 Seamus is up, CU later". I slept the sleep of the just and awoke about 2 hours before our arrival in Gaeta at 17.45.

On Thursday the 8th we left Gaeta at 12.00 and sailed to San Felice Circeo. The pilot warns of a sand bar extending some 15 metres S of the W breakwater – we found that it had doubled in size but, fortunately, was marked by small red mooring buoys.

On Friday 9th April, our last day's sailing we woke up to a strong on-shore wind which caused a very high and confused sea around the sand bank. I spent about an hour on the pier observing the situation and a few fishing vessels negotiating their way out to sea. In the end, I decided that we should try it and, although mid-channel, we touched the bottom three times on our way out. Once clear, we had a glorious sail under genoa only all the way to Nettuno. Here we were pre-booked (at very reasonable rates) for some six weeks until I could return at Whit. It is a superb marina within a short distance by train from the centre of Rome and with all facilities (including three chandlers, restaurants and shops) within the complex and a good town outside. In all we had covered some 570 miles from Levkas in what was cold and changeable weather compared to that further W at this time of year. Seamus and I took a taxi from the pontoon directly to the airport for our homeward journey.

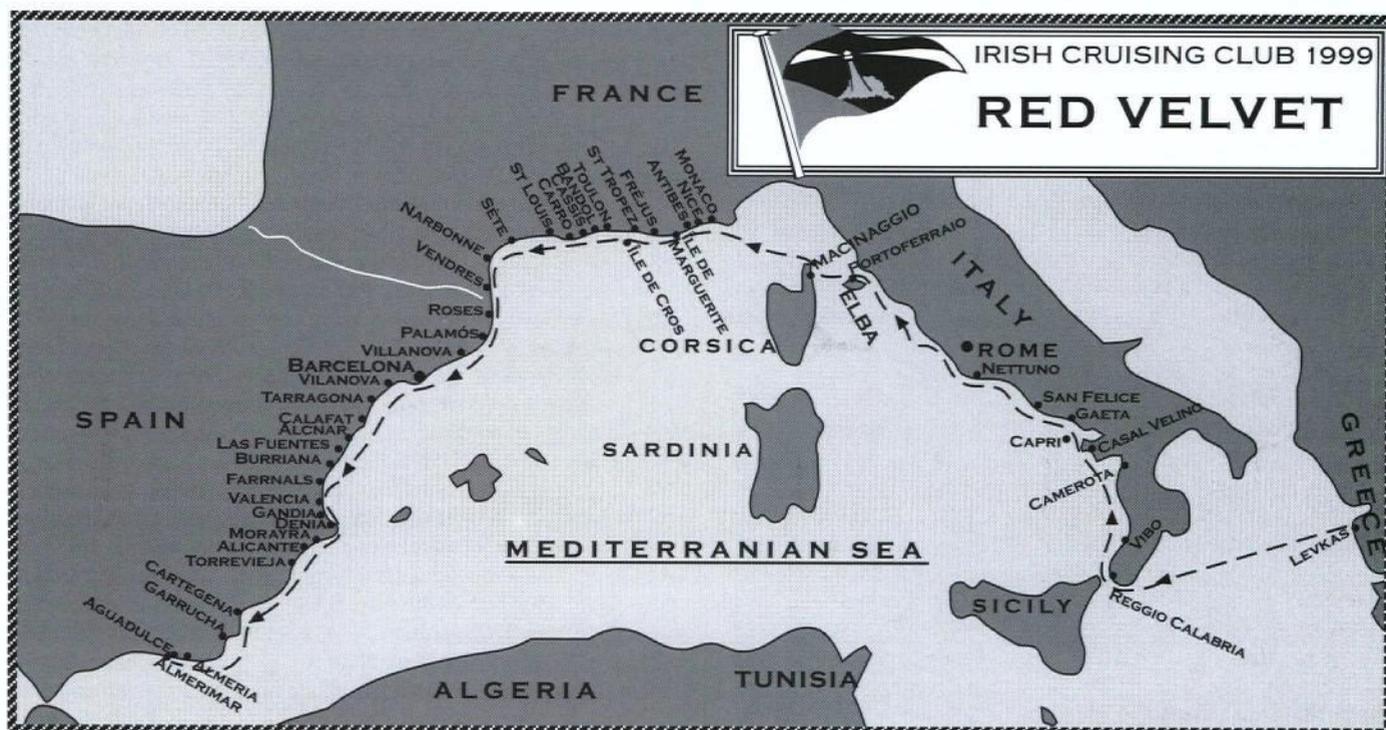
WHIT

On Friday 21st May Don McCarthy, Nicholas Butler, Fiona Lewis, my daughter, Cliodhna and I flew to Rome and took two taxis to Nettuno where we found *Red Velvet* afloat in perfect order. On Saturday Don and Cliodhna took a train to visit Rome while the rest of us provisioned *Red Velvet* and I collected two new SS folding *di Blassi* bikes which I had ordered from one of chandlers. I might mention here that the bikes cost more than £100 less each than if bought in Britain or Ireland, indeed all chandlery items were very good value in Italy.

We set out on Sunday at 12.15 for on a 144 mile overnight passage to Portoferraio on Elba. There was little wind and we had to motor for most of the easy passage arriving at 13.00 on Monday. We first tried the marina recommended in the pilot but found that the same was in an industrial wasteland some distance from the town. In the end we took a lazy line off the quay in the heart of the old town, a perfect situation close to all amenities and restaurants.

Tuesday the 25th May was declared a rest day. After breakfast across the road from our mooring we explored the charms of the town, including the XV1 c. tower at the corner of the old harbour wall, adjacent museum and Roman remains, the indoor market, the citadel and the roads and passages leading up to the Villa die Mulini, where Napoleon was in residence for some 9 months until February, 1815. The later is a charming, peaceful and surprisingly spacious house, perched high above the town with views of the sea from many windows and with tree-shaded and formally laid out gardens, now barely tended. Our day ended with an excellent meal rounded off by a complimentary night-cap of Elban Grappa.

On Wednesday the 26th May we set off at 09.15. All day the wind blew no more than 2 from the N and we motorsailed under main and full genoa. Flying fish were sighted to starboard and at 13.15 we hoisted our French courtesy flag. Shortly thereafter we stopped for a swim in the clear blue sea and enjoyed a lunch of parma ham, melon and rustic Elban bread before setting off



again for Macinaggio on the NE of Corsica where we tied up alongside a pontoon at 17.20. There was plenty of space in this charming marina. I used one of the bikes to fetch blocks of ice and I was able to declare the "fridge" functional again. Of the good selection of harbour-front restaurants, "Belini" (the farthest away) proved to be an excellent choice; we were the only customers and all the efforts of kitchen and dining room were directed towards satisfying our hunger and thirsts.

On Thursday I was up early to buy baguettes and croissants and rush them back by bike. After breakfast, Nick and Fiona took the bikes for a 5 km. cycle to a town up in the hills. Clíodhna, Don and I went for a long walk and ate lunch. At 17.30 we set off on the 108 mile passage (our last over-night this year) to Monte Carlo. Again, there was only a tiny breeze blowing from the SE and we were obliged to motor with the main. By 19.15 the wind had died completely and, shortly thereafter, in the flat calm sea we were joined by a young dolphin for some time. Later, during Clíodhna's watch, she was given a start when two dolphins jumped up close to her. She notes in the log that they stayed with her for some time playing in a dead calm sea with the moist moon and stars making an eerie impact. During the entire passage we managed only an hour and a half sailing. We arrived at Monte Carlo, a spectacular sight from the sea, at 11.00 and were directed alongside (bow in with stern anchor) amidst luxurious motor and sailing yachts. Our very modest mooring fees did not match the rich surroundings. Indeed, as we enjoyed a great lunch in *Restaurant du Port*, we observed that this was serious posers' territory with a succession of Rolls Royces, Bentleys and Italian sports cars cruising by for the sake of just that. That evening we dined in *Café de Paris* just across from the Casino. Clíodhna, all dressed up, Don and I presented ourselves at the Casino. To her great disappointment (it had happened to her in France aged 17) Clíodhna, now 20, was refused admission, the age limit in Monte Carlo being 21. To her credit, she insisted that Don and I proceed while she rejoined Nick and Fiona. The Casino was not quite up to the standard that I expected and many areas therein were discreetly private. When I did find an active Black Jack table I found that the minimum bet allowed me to buy only 4 chips in order to stay within the reasonably

generous limit that I had set myself. In the event, those chips lasted about three hours and it is futile to recall how much I was in profit for a lot of the time.

Saturday, the day Nick and Fiona were leaving, was intended to be a rest day but, as they packed, Don and my breakfast ashore was interrupted by the news that an onshore swell caused by a strong SE wind had caused our stern anchor to slip. We rushed back and decided to bid quick farewells and head for Nice. When we got out it was blowing 5 and we had an exhilarating sail for some 10 miles to Nice in an hour and three-quarters. Nice has a wonderful harbour and the authorities directed us to a convenient berth (lazy lines, thank goodness) amongst a number of charter yachts and close to showers and all. I was able to tour the entire city centre by bike in about an hour finding relevant shops and restaurants. We had an excellent dinner in "L'Ane Rouge" and, on Sunday we had a rest day the highlights of which were, John Peart's arrival, a tour up-hill by trolley "train" and a last visit from Nick and Fiona.

On Monday the 21st May we shopped and had breakfast ashore and, after returning our "swipe" card (with a bottle of



Capri.

Photo: Brian Hutchinson



Bikes ashore in Corsica.

Photo: Paul Butler

Wine) to the Capitania, we set off at 11.45. We sailed all the 11 miles to Vauban Antibes where, having stopped for a swim, we arrived at 13.30. This is a huge marina with as many motor ships as yachts. Clearly, most of the visitors have all facilities on board because there were only two showers nearby. The marina was, sadly, filthy. In contrast, the old town beside us was great with no high rise buildings and a wonderful covered market close to the Picasso museum (a visit not to be missed). Don found a great restaurant.

On Tuesday June 1st all got up at 08.00. We had breakfast ashore beside the market, filled with diesel and left at 11.45. In no wind we motored the 10 miles to Î. de Marguierite, an island just 3 miles off Cannes. Here the electric windlass proved its worth as we re-anchored under the small citadel. Following swims, lunch and more swims we set off under the cruising chute only in a SE 2 and arrived at Fréjus by 18.00. This proved to be a great marina with all facilities.

On Wednesday we had a late breakfast aboard and set out for St. Tropez. As we arrived at lunchtime, we dropped the hook just off the beach and were entertained during our after lunch drinks by the sight of two water scooping planes practising landing, scooping water and then dropping it for about an hour. St. Tropez, I found to be entirely unspoiled with no high rise buildings, a wonderful, inexpensive, marina and a town where the beautiful in their small chi-chi shops and restaurants blended perfectly with the lads playing boules in the town square.

I would have spent longer in St. Tropez but we had flights booked on Sunday from Nice and had to get to Toulon first. We set out for Î. de Gros on Thursday. We had some good sailing in a brisk W wind and, just off Cap Camaret, we dipped the ensign to a French Naval vessel which replied, followed by loud hooting of its horn. As we approached the anchorage on the E. of the island, John was delighted to find plenty of bird life including Levantine Shearwaters and Sooty Shearwaters and lesser great black-backed gulls. On the island itself, he noted a pair of Ravens, a night Heron and yellow-legged (herring) Gulls (a sub-species, he explained). After swims and lunch, we motored around to the port where we were fortunate to find space on the only pontoon available to yachts of our size. The entire island is a nature reserve where, to my horror, even smoking is forbidden; the exception being the restaurant where we were well fed (has anyone found a bad meal in France?!).

On Friday the 4th June, the Navtext gave us a warning of NW 7 to 8 (on the nose). It did not look as if things were going to improve and our mooring was becoming untenable in these conditions. So, we headed out only to find that we had a steady 37 knots with frequent gusts up to 47. *Red Velvet*, is, however, a great sea boat and with a fully reefed main and a pocket genoa, we made relatively comfortable but agonisingly slow progress towards Toulon taking 7.5 hours to cover some 20 miles until we were able to bear away slightly and enter St. Mandier, just S of Toulon in the dark at 21.30. As we entered, John spotted an Owl, Collared Doves and Turtle Doves while I cooked up a risotto in preparation for tying up.

St. Mandier, which I had pre-booked, is a good marina with all

facilities and a regular water-bus service across to the centre of Toulon. I had to arrange gardenage here as I was told that we might have to move *Red Velvet* from time to time.

Saturday was spent putting *Red Velvet* to bed (afloat) and the four of us took a taxi early on Sunday morning directly from our pontoon to Nice airport.

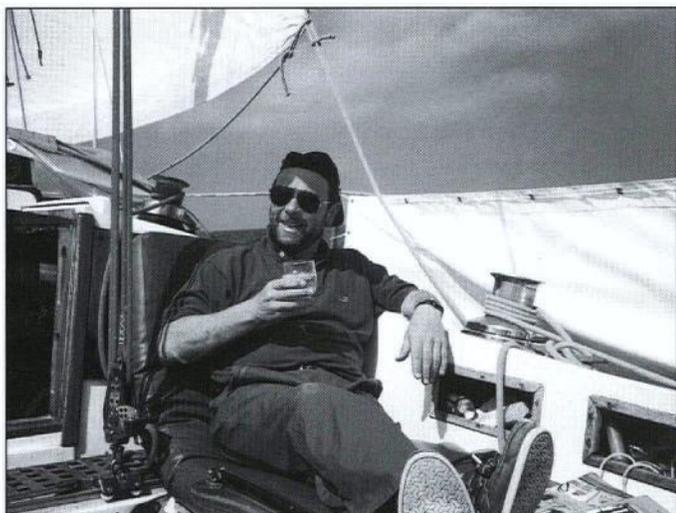
SUMMER

On Sunday 1st August, Nóirín and I flew to Toulon via Paris. I found *Red Velvet* to be in great order (the engine started at once), but Nóirín found a scratch (chain damage from the stern moorings that are lethal on a transverse transom) which had appeared since her last inspection the previous September; not bad, I thought, considering that we had since sailed from Greece and left her unattended in the water twice since Easter! On Monday, I did some jobs on board and Nóirín spent the day scrubbing and cleaning. Such was her enthusiasm that she insisted on another day and postponed our departure to Wednesday.

On August 4th we left St. Mandier at 11.30. The wind was blowing just 3 from the SE and we sailed some 14 miles to Bandol under genoa only. This town, famous for its wine, had excellent facilities and we ate very well ashore in the old town. Nóirín cycled for the first time in more than 30 years and took to it like a duck to water.

After breakfast ashore on August 5th we left at 11.00 to find that the wind had shifted to the NE 4 – we sailed towards Cassis under cruising chute only. On approaching port, we learned on the radio that there was no room in the small marina, so we anchored in a long and sheltered cove some 2 miles W of the town. Nóirín, the old model, had her first experience of the electric windlass and vowed never again to drop or lift an anchor without one. This was a wonderful anchorage which, though crowded during the day, was very clean; an ideal place to swim. That evening we took the punt ashore and walked to Cassis which we found to be a gem. We settled for one of the very many good restaurants here we had *Kir Royales* to start. We took a taxi back to the punt. On August 5th we sailed to Port Carro, a nice but unremarkable small town. Shortly after our arrival, as forecast, the *Mistral* began to blow and it kept us in port for four days during which we did little but eat, swim and cycle.

On Tuesday 10th August, during a short easing of the force



At Rest!

Photo: Seamus Roche

of the *Mistral*, we sailed to Port St. Louis du Rhône. This was a great “find”, a port (at least while we were there) visited only by craft leaving or entering the French canal system. It is also a port that does not attract many land based tourists as there is much heavy industry around it. The marina has all facilities, including proper fingers (a rarity in the Mediterranean) on the pontoons. The town is well laid out and flat enabling us to cycle to all shops and restaurants. We spent another four days here as the *mistral* continued to blow reaching, sometimes, 50 knots. Here we met John and Liz Whittaker of the British yacht *Lady N*, a Leisure 27 which they had brought down from Calais through the canals and which they planned to live on for at least a year. A friendship developed that continued in a number of ports and persuaded us to winter in the same port.

On the 14th August, the wind having abated somewhat and shifted to the NW, we set out on a glorious 58 mile passage to Sète. Thereafter, we sailed to Narbonne, followed by Vendres, our last French port. This was another wonderful port where we noticed that many of the yachts flew Catalan rather than French or Spanish flags.

Our first Spanish/Catalan port was Roses, some 28 miles from Vandres; this was serious tourist territory with little in the way of facilities for yachts.

On August 19th we sailed on to Palamós, a wonderful old town which had everything to offer, particularly in the way of food, so much so that, in spite of having spend so many days in port, we took an extra day here. *La Menta* restaurant is worthy of particular mention.

We next sailed to Blanes, a town famous for its botanical gardens, Roman in origin, wherein there is a collection of over 3,000 plant species. On the 22nd August, we sailed to Barcelona. Here, we entered Port Vell, a marina situate in the N of the main harbour and right in the middle of this wonderful city. It was my first visit and the three days that we spent here allowed us to visit only a few places of interest. Without exaggeration, I say that one could spend a month here taking in the sights without once being bored. The marina was one of the cheapest that we visited with self-service washing and drying machines, good showers and excellent security (my “swipe” card would only permit me access to our pontoon).

From Barcelona we sailed 26 miles to Vilanova where we arrived on the 25th August. The following day we sailed to Tarragona, founded by the Romans in the third century BC. The town, which has a busy fishing and commercial port, houses countless Roman remains. We dined exceeding well first in the port and, on our second night, in the heart of the old Roman town. Here too we were delighted to welcome Eamonn

back on board after an absence of two years. He took a return flight to Valencia and a train up to us.

On the 28th August we had a gentle sail to Puerto de Calafat a relatively small port with a recently developed marina. Here the owner admitted to slight extravagance in offering showers with multi spray heads massaging the whole body. As we were having kirs in the cockpit a motor yacht came alongside with two enormous tuna fish on its stern. As the fish were unshipped and photographed, the skipper was busy on his mobile phone. There followed the arrival of men with serious looking weapons who proceeded to butcher the fish. No sooner that they had begun their work, a number of ladies arrived and set up portable barbecues. Bread and wine were added and all in the port were invited to participate in the feast that followed. It was a great evening and there was so much food that people were given plastic bags full of fresh fish to bring home or on board. I had eaten so much that I could not dream of eating tuna for a week.

Over the next few days we sailed to Valencia via Las Fuentes, Burriana and Farnals, all good ports, but space prevents me from describing all of this year’s 50 ports. In this time the Catalan courtesy flag came down, but we found that a Valencian replacement was expected. We spent two days in Valencia. It is a great city but, unfortunately the marina is about 6 miles S and it is necessary to arrange taxis for visits. Here, on my birthday, Eamonn’s last night, we were joined by Laura (with whom I have sailed since childhood) and her daughter, Rebecca, who live in Javea and had joined us to Ibiza and Mallorca two years ago. We had one of our best meals of the cruise in *Restaurante Civera*.

On Sunday September 5th, having seen Eamonn off, we had



Sliding along under genoa only.

Photo: Noirin Butler



C. de Gata.

Photo: Paul Butler

a gentle sail 28 miles down the coast to Gandia. On Monday, we set off for Denia, at first we were reaching in a gentle 4, but after about half an hour, we were in the thick of an electric storm with hail stones the size of marbles and almost no visibility. It passed over about an hour before we entered Denia in brilliant sunshine. Laura's car was waiting here and we spent the next two days at her home in Javea. On Wednesday we were joined by Laura, Rebecca, Kevin Morrison and one James Mathews, another Irishman living in Javea, for a dead run down to Morayra, interrupted by a stop off the nearby beach for swims and lunch. (Today we had our third crossing of the Greenwich Meridian since leaving Las Funtas). Our friends having left for home, Nóirín and I had a superb dinner in a Japanese restaurant.

On Thursday September 9th the wind was, yet again, aft of the beam enabling us to sail most of the 38 miles to Alicante under main and cruising chute. Alicante is an old favourite of mine. As with many large marinas in cities, charges were very reasonable. It was right in the heart of this old city with all facilities, including self service washing and drying machines and that greatest of luxuries, air-conditioned showers! Here, on the recommendation of a guide book we found a restaurant, *Delfín*, that would surely hold its own among the best in the world. I, not having worn a tie or even socks since July, felt under dressed for the first time.

On Friday, with the usual favourable wind, we moved on to Torrevieja. On the way, Laura phoned and arranged to re-join us there.

Kevin drove Laura and Rebecca down to Torrevieja. They spent the night aboard and, while we had a great passage on to Cartagena, Kevin drove there and they all spent another night on board before driving back to Javea (about 3.5 hours) the following day.

There was little wind on Sunday and we had to motor-sail for most of the 47 miles to Garrucha. The following day, September 13th., the pattern for the 53 mile passage to Almería was similar. In this wonderful city, Moorish in origin with the fabulous *Alcazaba* dominating the landscape, we decided to

have a rest day on the 14th our wedding anniversary, our third in a row in the Mediterranean.

On Wednesday the 15th we motored the five miles across to Aguadule. I had hoped to winter in this very picturesque and convenient town and had been in touch on the internet. They would not, however, accept bookings for the hard (as with everywhere, there was no problem afloat) and when we arrived we found that they could not accommodate us for the winter. The lady in the *Capitania*, however, was most helpful and phoned nearby (17 miles) Almerimar. They, too, would not accept bookings and had just a few spaces left on their extensive hard but agreed to take us if we arrived the following day. After phoning the Whittakers, who decided to stay there, we set off the following morning and presented ourselves at Almerimar.

Prices here are very reasonable, my winter storage is costing less than half of that quoted by the marina in Sotogrande. Facilities are excellent with power and water available to all yachts on the hard standing. Apart from the marina staff, John and Liz Whittaker are keeping an eye on *Red Velvet* for me and arranging extensive winter works. I look forward to a visit after Christmas.

Cruising in the Mediterranean

Many people have asked me about extra equipment that may be necessary or useful sailing in warm waters. Having spent the last three summers in the Mediterranean, I have learned a lot from experience (much of which I probably should have known already). In case any others are interested, I set out hereunder (in no particular order) a rough list of equipment that I did not have before setting off and which I have found to be invaluable:

1. An electric windlass with plenty (80 metres) of chain.
2. An awning and a bimini (the latter can be used under full sail).
3. Shore power.
4. Domestic 230v. oscillating fans & 12v. fan.
5. A small inverter capable of running a 230v. fan while at anchor.
6. A fridge or, as we have, an insulated locker for holding ice which is readily available.
7. A stern anchor roller.
8. A cruising chute.
9. A wind scoop for the fore hatch.
10. Navtext.
11. Peeked caps with covering for the neck (*Rohan* supply them).
12. Cotton sleeping bag liners (for use without the bags).
13. Fitted insect nets for all vents and openings.
14. Insect repellent and "after bite" sticks.
15. Two solar showers.
16. Gloves for picking up lines (to avoid scratches and stings).

A bit further around

Nick Massey

During the winter months of 1998/1999, I decided, encouraged by the success of trip from Carrickfergus in 1998, to plan a more ambitious trip South with the hope of completing the circumnavigation of Ireland in a Howth seventeen footer. Once agreed, plans were made to prepare the boats for the trip. Brian Taggart of Howth Yacht Club agreed to accompany us in *Josephine* as mother boat, as far as possible.

The Seventeens were modified with the addition of an easily removable outboard bracket, a canvas spray hood, navigation lights and VHF antenna.

We departed 08.00 on July 10th catching the ebb tide south towards Arklow, which was our first projected port of call. The weather although flat calm in the early morning was in our favour. *Deilginis* was crewed by Nick Massey, Ian Massey and Brian Nixon, *Gladys* by Paddy Cronin, Damian Cronin and Rachel Cronin and *Josephine* by Brian Taggart and Emma Macdonald. The wind was forecast to be north easterly 2 to 3 with sunny spells – perfect for a southerly passage. We were escorted to the Baily Lighthouse by family and friends onboard *Witchcraft of Howth* with WM Nixon on the helm to give us a send-off into the morning gloom of Dublin Bay. The first few hours were used to test our engine, to see how much fuel was consumed per hour and of course to have a beer to congratulate ourselves on getting this far. The wind slowly piped up to a force 3 north easterly and we had a lovely sail with spinnaker up staying with *Gladys* all the way to Arklow. The sun was hot and nobody could complain about our first day's sail. We arrived into Arklow, after a sail of 39NM, at 17.00.

The next day we departed from Arklow for Kilmore Quay at about 08.00 on the 11 July. The wind was force 4 north easterly. We had decided to set sail from the pontoon and headed for the harbour mouth but it turned out to be a beat with only 75 metres between the two walls it needed maximum concentration (which was hard after the night before) due to the swell and brisk headwind but after five tacks we finally got out and headed south. The day did not have a very good feel to it. The wind was already at a reasonable strength at 09.00 and it was a gloomy. As we continued, *Gladys* had gone about 1 mile ahead of us so we followed her track she had decided to go outside the sandbanks off Wexford to avoid any problems inside. The wind was now force four to five off Rosslare and had created a reasonable swell coming from the north east. I was down getting some sleep while Ian was on the helm and enjoying the sail with Brian attempting to navigate with the GPS. We were also in constant contact with our land-based friends checking out the Grand Prix that day via the mobile telephone. With a 3 knot tide under us we were making great ground and according to Paddy's log, *Gladys* recorded 12.4 knots surfing down a wave. Brian helmed *Deilginis* from the Wexford banks to a few miles South off Carnsore point and one can safely say that this was the most exhilarating sail we have ever had. Due to the freeboard of a 17 footer being only about two feet over the water, the waves looked larger than reality but we had an experience of a wave coming into the cockpit over the stern

which was one thing we had not expected. After passing Carnsore point we stayed close inshore in a wind of about 30 knots and ran down to Patrick's bridge. The tide had now turned and was flooding and had caused overfalls which made the "bridge" look spectacular. With the strength of the wind we were able to sail into Kilmore under jib alone. We tied up to a trawler to tidy up a bit before going into the marina. Kilmore was full of festivities with a sea festival in full swing. David Nixon had arranged with some friends to meet us all in Kilmore for dinner and was very impressed with our timing, arriving in Kilmore at about 16.00. Only 8 hours sailing with 46 NM covered, a good days work.

Day 3 had started promisingly enough as it looked like the wind might stay in the north but after departing Kilmore for Crosshaven the wind dropped to nothing and we motored most of the way to Cork. It was an extremely hot day but it wasn't to last. There was a change in the forecast and a front was to cross Ireland in the night. By the time we made it to Cork harbour entrance at about 01 00 the wind was picking up and then our engine stopped working and would not restart. So *Deilginis* and *Gladys* had to sneak into Crosshaven under tow from *Josephine*. Luckily no one saw us apart from the person who had bought our engine! Yes, Liam (ICC and RCC) and Barbara McGonagle were waiting for us on *Ounavarra*. We were all cold and damp by the time we went on board *Ounavarra* at 04.00. We were welcomed aboard by God and Mrs. God (as Paddy called Liam and Barbara) and given hospitality only royalty could dream off. The feeling of those soft and dry bunks was unbelievable and we all slept well. The next day the wind was strong from the SouthWest and there was little hope of going anywhere and we also had to fix our engine. Unfortunately there was no luck with the engine as Crosshaven is not the best place in the world to get supplies or anything fixed. Liam and Barbara headed off and kindly let us stay on *Ounavarra* another night. The next day Ian became number one mechanic, had taken apart the engine and we eventually found the cause of our problems. A piece of fluff had entered the engine and was blocking the fuel flow. After a good dinner in the Royal Cork Yacht Club we could now look forward again to moving on further down the coast but the forecast was not very favourable but it looked like we might get a brisk sail in.

We departed Crosshaven on the 14 July at 07.30 with the aim of getting to Kinsale, Courtmacsherry or Glandore. In the end the failure of the engine onboard *Gladys* dictated that it would be Kinsale. As we departed Cork harbour her engine stopped but with a reasonable wind it was decided to sail on. After a few hours Paddy and I had a chat on the radio and we decided to go into Kinsale, as the forecast was poor. *Deilginis* had to take *Gladys* under tow into Kinsale harbour. While entering into the river, one felt that history was being made motoring in under the old fort. We had covered only 17 NM on that day and when we saw the chart and forecast it became less clear when we would actually depart Kinsale again. The 24 and 48 hour weather forecasts were looking more like the type of weather we would get in November rather than July. Paddy's engine problem was

duly fixed but the weather was dictating our departure time.

For three days the forecasts were not allowing any of us to move down the coast were and by the third day in Kinsale, which was another day with continuous rain and wind, Paddy and Rachel Cronin decided to spend a few days down the coast in a friends cottage to get away from the damp and cold. Meanwhile, the remaining crew of *Deilginis* was getting more and more at home in Kinsale Yacht Club and a pub called the White Lady until it got to the stage that we were part of the furniture. We had a day of photograph shooting and posing in Kinsale harbour with full sail up, which was enjoyable, and we got some good snaps. Kinsale is a nice picturesque town but after 5 days it started getting to us all. The weather charts continued to look like dartboards with the wind forecast in the South West which was totally unsuitable for Howth 17's which would make painfully and slow progress to windward. The time was used to take a trip by car to Courtmacsherry, which would as it turned out have been quite unsuitable as a stopover.

Deilginis and *Gladys* departed Kinsale for Glandore on the 22 July – after a full seven days weather-bound. The wind was abeam with NW force 4 to 5 and good progress Galley head where the wind dropped and then it was engine on to Glandore where we tied up along the pier arrived at 20.00 after a respectable passage of 32NM. for an excellent dinner in La Escala followed by a few pints.

The following day we departed, stopping at Union Hall for supplies. The fish dock was in an absolutely appalling state with extensive oil pollution. A pleasant sail with light winds followed, arriving at Loch Hine in glorious sunshine for a dangerous lunch while rafted up. The hop to Baltimore took 3 hours arriving at 17.00. My wife Liz Massey and David Nixon were there to meet us on the barge at Baltimore pier. We all stayed in a B+B in the town and left the next day for Sherkin Island and tied up to the new pier. On Sherkin we hired bikes and did the circuit, booking ourselves in for dinner in Murphy's. A glorious day and night was had by all.

On Sunday we departed Sherkin bound for Schull via the Fastnet Rock.

This was surely the furthest south a Seventeen had ever sailed. The Rock was impressive and one could not but admire the workmanship and skill needed to construct a lighthouse in such an exposed place. Arrived Schull 17.00 and tied up alongside the pier.

We departed Schull at 10.00, sailing down Long Island Sound with a following northerly F3/4. It was generally felt that rounding Mizen would be difficult however on the day in question the weather was kind. Nevertheless within about 2 minutes the wind increased to 20 knots as if to give a hint of how fickle this particular headland can be. A brisk sail followed across Bantry Bay to Lawrence Cove on Bere Island.

An absolutely excellent dinner was had in Lawrence's Cove House which is to be recommended to all. Never before had a Howth 17 being as far from Howth (by sailing alone). It had been noted in a 1908 edition of *Yachting Monthly* that a Howth



The Rock.

17 had been sailed from Howth to Bantry Bay and back again prior to 1908 but no boat name or persons were recorded for posterity. The more famous honeymoon cruise on board *Aura* in 1945, in which two Dublin newly weds, the Cresswells' sailed to Crosshaven.

On 27 July 1999 it was westward bound in a F3/5 SE to Valencia and Portmagee. Sunshine and a fresh wind on the beam made for fabulous sailing. Dursey sound was a delight, flat water and a following tide. We left the sound at 14.00 with the wind astern making Puffin island at 17.00. We were temporarily becalmed in its lee which although an error provided an opportunity to enjoy its spectacular rock formations and of course the puffins of which there were many. Portmagee is not a place one would normally consider as a port of call however it turned out to be most welcoming. We tied along the pier and then inside along the angling boats. There are visitor's moorings on the opposite side of the channel. A dinghy would be preferable as it is a longish walk across the bridge, which, by the way is temperamental, it tending to get stuck when operated. The Fisherman's bar has an excellent restaurant attached. The "Moorings" B+B was also excellent.

The next day *Deilginis* and *Gladys* sailed in a SE F3/4 to the island of Inisvickillaun. The intention being to pick up the owners mooring for an hour or so during which time lunch was to be consumed. However the said mooring could not be spotted. Eventually in its place a small red buoy was discovered with the inscription "This is not a mooring". Poor form we thought! It obviously was. Lunch was of the highest standard again in sunshine and made all the more pleasant by the ring of the mobile and the news that at least one member of the party was better off than before the lunch commenced. More wine was needed to recover from the shock of such good news.

The remaining few miles to Dingle took four hours or more. It was hard to cope with windward work after weeks of sailing free. We even got splashed! Arrival at Dingle was to a flotilla of motorboats using us as a lure to attract Fungi. The shape of the hull or perhaps the din of the outboards being the attraction to this wonderful animal. On to the Marina, a welcome by Johnny Murphy and Dinner in town.

The next morning we removed the masts, tidied the boats and prepared them for the road to Howth.

Almost Greenland

Brian Black

After spending the two previous summers in Arctic regions, I should have known better than to plan a return. But there is something about those high latitudes that has a powerful draw so the winter of 1998 had me trying to find ways to raise a crew and to make ready my current boat *Caelan*, a 40' ketch designed by the American yard Luders and built in Hong Kong in 1973.

Finding like minded souls prepared for the rigours of a six week cruise proved difficult. The main problem in this day and age is not so much the willingness – I am fortunate in having a number of friends who share similar views about wild and empty places to have little difficulty in getting agreements in principle. The real problem comes when you produce a timetable and try to fit people around it. In today's world people are busy. There are very few individuals who can commit for anything more than two or three weeks.

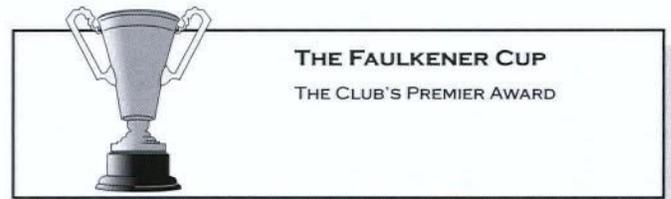
It would be futile to deny that a certain amount of scheming and subterfuge is needed in the early stages of any voyage, especially into what for most of us would be the unknown. The starting point has to be one of supreme confidence and a faith not just in one's own abilities but in the boat as well not to mention the choice of destination, the route and the ability to get people home again. I had the benefit of two sailing seasons in Arctic waters to draw on – one was to the Svalbard area in 1997 in my previous boat *Cuillin* a UFO 34, the other was aboard *Madcap* last year when we reached the west coast of Greenland. Additionally I had spent a summer in Greenland in the late seventies making radio documentaries so I was going into this with my eyes wide open as far as the difficulties and dangers of those waters were concerned.

As the year drew to a close, our deliberations started to find a focus. Some of us had done the Svalbard trip together so we were disinclined to go that way again so soon. Jan Mayen was considered as a possibility for a while then discarded on the grounds that it had little to offer apart from just being there. Greenland's west coast on the other hand is not just beautiful but accessible as well. The major drawback is the time needed to get there so it was ruled out on that basis. Other options were considered but the one that we kept returning to was the east coast of Greenland, Scoresby Sound in particular.

So that was where the first difficulty lay, finding six or more potential crew members with enough strength of character to confront the cries of "you're going where?" when they dropped the bomb in front of their nearest and dearest.

Not without some justification. There is a less than encouraging line in the pilot book which says of Scoresby that the exploration of this stunningly spectacular sound would doubtless be satisfying for the brave but where the yachtsman stands a good chance of being trapped in the ice – forever. Add to this that even in a 'good' year polar ice will be a problem made worse by numerous ice-bergs breaking off the glaciers and a formidable picture starts to emerge.

Perhaps being conditioned to hopeless causes as a result of living close to the politics of Northern Ireland, we found this concept irresistible. So Scoresby it was going to be, whether



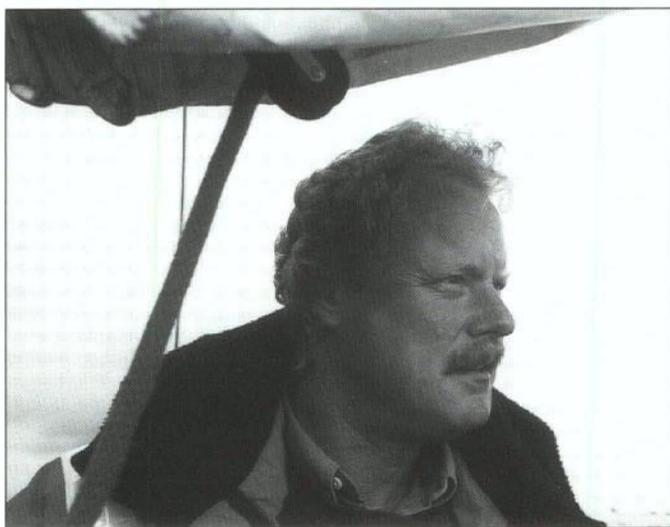
we would get there was less important than trying to do so. The next thing to decide was the route and that was to be determined by the composition of the crew. On board, at various times, would be an archaeologist, an ornithologist, a botanist, a global warming specialist and a town planner as well as myself as skipper who had the ulterior motive of intending to make a tv documentary on the adventure.

The other consideration was that no-one really wanted long periods at sea in the north Atlantic, after all who needs endless days of grey headwinds, grey seas and grey skies? So we decided on the stepping stone route – Strangford to St Kilda, on to the Faeroes and from there to the east coast of Iceland. Then on round to the north coast and when the time was right make the jump across the Denmark Strait with Scoresby in our sights. The big attraction was that this meant little more than three or four days at sea for each leg with the prospect of plenty of variety and shoretime. Getting home would not be a problem because it would be downhill all the way – the prevailing wind in those waters, as we all know, is from the south west. That would mean easy sailing for a light crew. The sweet innocence of that view still smarts as I think back to what really happened – of that, more later.

So that was how it happened. The first leg would take us to St Kilda, a particular draw for Fred Moore who had been there with me before and has always had a fascination for its austere beauty and the history of its sad and doomed community. The island also appealed to Brian Williams for its archaeology. He was keen to look for evidence to suggest that Brendan and Colmcille and perhaps other early Irish monks had passed that way twelve hundred years ago. Further on, in the Faeroes and Iceland, David Thompson would be seeking out the flora of those areas. Eric Bann, as a scientist examining the effects of global warming would have much to think about and Bob Brown was keen to get a handle on how bird populations were faring in changing climatic conditions.



Brian Black.



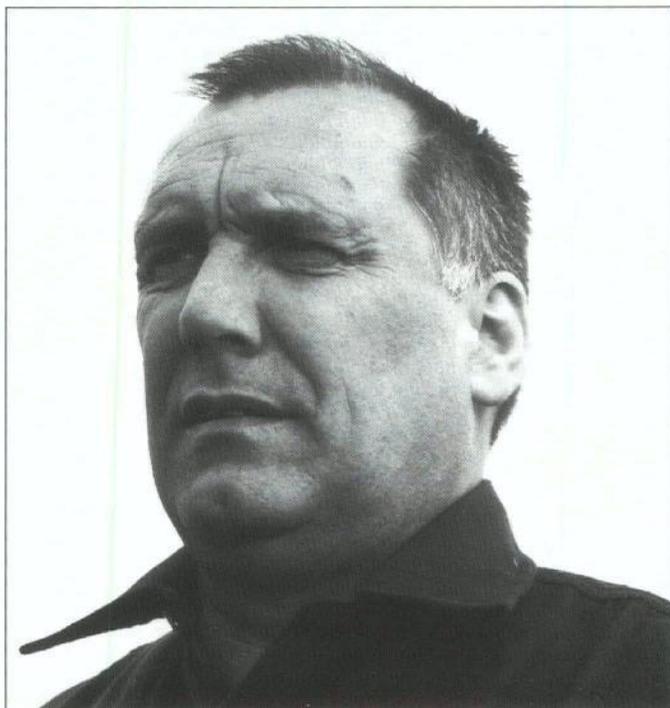
Bob Brown.

Add those personal interests to a collective sense of adventure and a desire to sail the high Arctic and the end result was a powerful mix of personalities and motivation.

Early January was decision time and with it a schedule that embraced everything from who would be on what leg of the trip to a stores list and a timetable of work that had to be done to the boat.

Caelan was to all intents and purposes an untested boat. She had been laid up in a marina on the south coast of England for ten years when I took her over. She has since been re-rigged, re-wired with new instruments, new sails, an engine overhaul, additional fuel tanks and some structural work carried out below to make her more able for long distance passage making. I concentrated on the essentials rather than the cosmetics so she was looking capable rather than pretty by the time sea trials had been completed and departure approached.

We planned to leave Quoile Yacht Club at the end of June, earlier than I would have liked as the best time to arrive off east Greenland is mid-August. Unfortunately domestic commitments affecting some of the crew meant that there was little choice in the matter.



Fred Morre.



Eric Bann (left) and Brian Williams.

Stores had been bought on the basis that we would be self sufficient for the duration and would only have to top up with fresh supplies when the opportunity came our way. We based our food order around a series of menus prepared by Marion Sadlier for the *Madcap* trip in 1998. Being a good judge of character Marion had devised a dozen or so dishes that were varied and nutritious and above all capable of being made at sea by a bunch of culinary illiterates. Organising the purchase of the vast range of stores needed for the trip fell to Claire Buckley, a veteran of the *Madcap* voyage although sadly unable to join us this year due to pressures of work.

And so it was that on Saturday, June 26th we left to a gentle breeze on the beam that would carry us well up the North Channel just ahead of the torrential rain that swept the country that weekend. By Monday a reasonable wind kept us close to our rhumb line as we slipped past the Hebrides just below the horizon to starboard. Barra Head appeared just where it was supposed to be around 0800 and we anchored in Village Bay at 2300 with only two other yachts and the sailing vessel *Claire de Lune* along with a commercial fishing boat and some intrepid mariner in a Wayfarer dinghy for company.

By next evening there was a feeling of imminent change in the air. The mist had become more persistent and wet, the barometer was falling and all the indicators suggested bad weather on the way. Village Bay gives you little in the way of shelter even though it seems protected from the prevailing winds. A strong scend can develop rapidly and any wind hitting the weather side of the island can become a fierce blow by the time it accelerates over the mountain making the anchorage untenable. Those were the thoughts I took to my bunk as I settled in prior to an early start around dawn. Departure was a little earlier than planned due to a dragging anchor around 0400 in rapidly deteriorating conditions. By first light we were down to headsails and a mizzen and tearing along in a westerly 6-7 with breaking seas. From time to time the cockpit was filled reminding me that a priority job for the coming winter was a better draining system. In these conditions, the crew found the going much tougher than *Caelan* who stood up well to the test.

This was the first serious object lesson of the cruise. We had been pressed to sea without making preparations for heavy weather. Flying dishes had smashed on the floor, gear littered the saloon and some of the crew had not managed to get into their oilies. Alright, you can blame the skipper for being ill prepared but we've all been there and there are times when cruising can produce a fast learning curve.

Conditions had moderated by nightfall and we were all sufficiently adjusted to settle in to a watch keeping routine working two man tricks of four hours a time. Each watch could

work it out between themselves as to whether one person or two needed to be on deck. In easy conditions that could give each crewman up to six hours sleep at a stretch.

After a fitful breeze which had us motor-sailing, the wind filled in again which had us tramping along towards Akraborg Head which is the southernmost point of Suderoy and on the face it, a good landfall for the Faeroes with over 240 miles run from St Kilda. Although the night sky became increasingly bright as we progressed northwards, the cold damp and fog that are the predominant features around the Faeroes dominated everything.

I had read and re-read the sailing directions for the islands and was well and truly intimidated by the dire warnings and sometimes incomprehensible advice on tides and currents. A direct quote from the tidal atlas will demonstrate the point. "The general weatherman, know, that the vind will come from that or that direction, so the current there and there will go quite mad."

Another line adds colour to practical advice. "If you put a finger in your mouth, and so up in the air, and the finger being cooled on one side, then the weather is not quite calm."

Quaint thought these quotes may be, the tidal current atlas produced by Fischer Heinesen: Streymkort fyr Foroyar is a must. The illustrations are excellent and leave you in no doubt about the streams around the islands. The address is Fischer Heinesen, FR 700 Klalsvik, Foroyar, Europa 3.

Our first port of call was Tvoroyri on the east coast of Suderoy which we approached direct from seaward with an offing of five miles. This was to gauge the tidal stream and make the necessary allowances as we closed with land (I did not have the tidal atlas at this point). As a stratagem to get acquainted with the islands and their tides it was a good enough plan and it also allowed us to progress northwards with the benefit of local knowledge and to enjoy the scenery. But in retrospect I think it would have been better to head direct for Torshavn. You can berth there in the middle of the town along with any other voyagers that may be around and get right into the feel of the Faeroes.

When the mist allows, there's a lot to see in these islands and it is well worthwhile to hire a car to get around. The landscape is very elemental and dramatically weathered giving plenty of opportunities for good photography and sightseeing although devoid of pubs or travellers cafes – your best bet for a quick snack is likely to be in a petrol station. Torshavn itself is grand – attractive architecture, a quaint old town quarter with grass roofed houses and plenty of watering holes. Incidentally, one of the major revenue earners for the island economy apart from fish is postage stamps. The printing and sale of these accounts for a significant volume of hard currency income.

To make passage for Iceland we carried the tide through the channel between Sandoy and the main island Streymoy. This took us close to the island of Mykines which is famed in that beautiful composition by Shaun Davey, the Brendan Voyage. The music does these waters and the islands proud, set off



Almost Greenland – Cap Dalton and the barrier of ice.

handsomely on the day we sailed with a fine breeze and clear skies.

With five miles still to run before we reached the open sea, the tide turned and speed dropped to around 3kts. We managed this for several hours before breaking free of its grip but I remember remarking that it would have been a different matter had the springs been running instead of neaps. Eventually Mykines fell astern and we laid course for Iceland, intending the landfall to be the Dalatang Light on the headland just before Seydjisfjordur some 360 n.miles off.

Fitfull winds meant plenty of motor sailing. I never feel at ease with the engine running, possibly due to the fact that, like religion and outer space, I cannot get my brain around things mechanical or electrical and am always waiting for the engine note to change as a harbinger of breakdown. For that reason I insist on tried and tested professionals to do the work – but only if I can observe. I do this, not that I expect to learn anything about engines, but at least I can watch their eyes and if there's



David Thompson preparing to resume his duties ashore.



Looking for a lead.

the slightest hint of a doubt over a job that may be dodgy I can call in a second opinion. In the past I have spent too much time in port with sick engines or other gear failures to short-cut on the vital systems on a boat. It may be the expensive way to address potential problems but in the end I reckon its an economy – and it helps reduce the whinge factor when things do go wrong and people look at the skipper in a manner which suggests he is personally responsible for the leak above their bunk.

Anyway, back at sea we spent three days in fair conditions that fetched up the Dalatang Light around 2000 hrs. On previous trips, David had always produced fresh fish with hook and line so we found a promising spot for him to try his luck. Sure enough, down went the bait, up came a ten pound cod and we dined right well against the fishboat quay in Seydisfjordur around midnight.

This was our first glimpse of Iceland and in some ways it revealed a pattern. The country's economy is based on fishing with little consideration given to pleasure craft, especially visiting yachts. So the voyager must learn to find his way around docksides that are covered in nets and the detritus of an industry that is hard, competitive and not interested in finesse. That said, without exception we received only courtesy, consideration and help when it was needed from this hardy people. And because of the difficulty in getting around a mountainous and frequently snow-covered country, each port is largely self-reliant. So any yacht with a problem is likely to have it sorted in the local machine shop although at a price. For instance I had an engine service – oil, filters, general check-over. It took the mechanic about an hour and a half and I was £90stg the poorer. Prices in the Nordic countries will take the light from your eyes. Beer for instance can be a fiver a pint and you would need a mortgage to buy a bottle of whiskey. Fortunately HM Customs & Excise take a kindly attitude to foreign going yachts and frequently approve a generous allowance of bonded spirits.

From the very start, it was a delight to explore Iceland. From Seydisfjordur we walked for miles in every direction, delighting in the scenery, the wild flowers, the thundering rivers and their waterfalls. Food we found at reasonable prices

in the local supermarket and for those with a cleanliness fetish, the best way to shower is to use the facilities at the local swimming pool – every port has one.

We had chosen Seydisfjordur because it was the obvious landfall port to make for from the Faeroes but also because it had good sea, road and air communications. The plan was to change crews here with Eric and Bob incoming – Fred, David and Brian leaving. The new arrivals flew from Glasgow to Reykjavic then hired a car for the twelve hour journey to rendezvous with the boat, handing the vehicle over to the homebound team who would return it to the airport at Keflavic. A good plan and it worked like a dream giving an exciting overland trip to add to the adventures at sea.

Once topped up with diesel, water and fresh provisions, we began working north and then west. On occasions there would be

an outstanding village set in spectacular surroundings such as Borgarfjordur. Here the neat and purposeful homes were set against a stunning backdrop of hills that looked as though they should have been in an African desert. Mostly however, the villages and towns were unexciting places dominated with fish processing plants with a half-finished frontier feel. Without exception however, where there was a fish quay there was also a good mole harbour where a small boat could find a space that was sheltered if a bit smelly.

Time was on our side as we rounded the NE corner and Langanes Point. This was only mid-July and definitely too early to rush for Greenland where the ice was still solid.

So we nibbled along doing 50 or so miles a day until we fetched up in Husavik, well across the north coast, which made sense as a departure point for Scoresby. The weather had taken a turn for the worse, exchanging the cold, wet mist that had been the predominant feature for cold, wet rain along with strong winds and big seas. This removed any urge to get going again and with the pressure off we set about getting to know the town and its people. Before long we fell in with the crews from two whale watching vessels. These had once been fishing boats but had been decommissioned and converted for the eco-tourist market by an enterprising Iclander called Hordur Sigurbjarnarson. Here again we experienced the hospitality and helpful friendliness of the local population. Granted a bottle or two of Black Bush had changed hands but that only served as a social lubricant – there was no doubting the genuine warmth we received as strangers in their midst.

After three days the weather improved although the ice-charts we received courtesy of our newly found friends were not encouraging. These came from Greenland Ice Central in Narsarsuaq and were updated on a weekly basis. Wherever you are in the world, second guessing meteorological information is part of the cruising code. So we agonised over information that showed quite categorically that there was a lot of ice between us and our goal. Would it be in place when we reached that point on the chart or would the current have pushed it south? Was the break-up greater than in previous years due to global warming? The debate went on for much of the Arctic night and prompted by the sobering awareness that this we were about to

make a major commitment that could have very painful consequences.

In the end we decided to make for the island of Grimsey, update our information there by fax and if the prospects were better than fifty fifty we would go for it. And so it was that we set off to cross the Denmark Strait bound for Scoresby. The weather quickly closed in again giving us a fine sailing breeze of F5 but in poor visibility and increasing cold.

There are some stretches of sea that have a bad feel to them – and the Denmark Strait is one. We all felt it although no-one voiced the sense of apprehension that each experienced. Scoresby was only 360nmls away but the big seas, the southing wind and poor visibility enhanced the feeling of exposure and of danger. In a sailing career that goes back many years I have coped with most things the oceans have to offer. But I have to confess that the gnawing, corrosive effects of being cold, wet and frightened took their toll. It was the sense of menace that got at you. The conditions were not really bad, unpleasant certainly but we'd all been through that sort of thing before. What I think got right to the core of our subconscious was the feeling of menace, an awareness that huge elemental forces were all around us. The ice cap to the north, the pack up ahead, the fact the this was the breeding ground for the depressions that track eastwards and influence our weather systems a thousand miles to the south. But this was why we had come, to push the boundaries of experience a bit further, to leave behind the security of the nanny state and the tired and well trod paths of modern society. Out here you are on your own and that knowledge exposes you to the truth of your very soul. Perhaps that was really what was so frightening.

Anyway, we took the sea temperature every few hours so as to detect the east Greenland current when we entered it. This is a south flowing stream of around 1knot which in itself is not all that serious but we knew that once into the colder water there would be the imminent risk of bergs. Fog banks became a regular occurrence, some lasting for several hours, others lifting again quite quickly.

I had installed a radar specifically for this part of the journey and right on cue, just when it was most needed, the set became temperamental. I learned later that this was largely due to operator error. That's polite techno-speak to excuse the incompetence of the idiot who couldn't tune it in – me. Fortunately it did respond well to the bergs so to give it its due, the instrument was invaluable. But there was an element of hit or miss depending on how lucky I was with the dials so no-one was particularly reassured with what they saw on the screen.

Sixty miles off there was still no sign of the pack-ice the charts had suggested we would meet. We were being set well to the south of our objective but were still holding a sailing wind and I decided to let that be the determining influence until we reached the ice-edge with the intention of working it out from there, after all, the going was hard enough without having to slam into the hard, cold waves of the Denmark Strait.

The first hint of Greenland came as a surprise. I had been watching cloud formations change

shape as the light faded around midnight before gaining strength again in the Arctic sunrise. Strange bands of cloud seemed to pile layer upon layer, high into the sky. This was about thirty miles off the shore according to the GPS. Then the light strengthened and suddenly it was obvious – the cloud strata I had been looking at was in fact light reflected off ice which in turn was hitting great bands of mist rising and falling off the mountains that formed the rock wall that is the coast of Greenland. For confirmation I called the crew. "There is a god!" exclaimed Eric who had been rapidly losing faith in us ever reaching our objective. Bob too was exultant. "After all the misery and bad sea of the Denmark Strait, this is wonderful, we've made it."

Until now there had been no sign of the pack-ice that we had expected. I too began to think that we might very well pull it off. On we went. Twenty miles off, fifteen, ten and still no pack. Several big bergs had slipped by, generating their own weather systems and throwing a huge bank of fog over their area of sea as they approached. But the radar did its bit and we were able to dodge these floating islands of ice with just enough sea room to spare.

The wind had gone completely, we were under engine at low revs as bergy bits started to appear. A few growlers showed up clearly to the naked eye. Scoresby was forgotten about, the Arctic pilot gave us a new objective. Cap Dalton – 69o25'N 24o06'W- uncharted, last visited in 1932, a sulphur spring, a large and spectacular glacial moraine. All there for the asking and we were only a few miles off.

Out came the two way radios, the flare packs and all the sundry bits and pieces we would take ashore – then the awful truth dawned. The shimmer of light along the shoreline was in fact ice blink, obscuring a band of pack two or three miles wide. Not two or three tenths concentration which would allow us through but ten tenths, solid and impenetrable. It took a little while to absorb this and come to terms with the fact that unless we found a shore lead, there was no way of getting through. We motored several miles in each direction – nothing, not even a hint of a break. Thinking about it later, I reckoned the pack that had shown up on the ice charts from the met people at Greenland Ice Central suggesting concentrations of three to five tenths, had moved south on the current and become compressed against the shore creating the barrier that floated between us and Cap Dalton.



Caelan in the ice.



Caelan alongside the town quay in Thorshavn, Faeroes.

So there it was, journey's end. At first there was a sense of anti-climax and disappointment but when we thought about it – a small boat from Strangford up here in these uncharted waters and within a long stone's throw of this breathtakingly beautiful and awesome land – well we didn't feel so bad after all.

We sat there on the ice-edge for the better part of a day, watching the sea freeze around us listening to the eternal growl of the pack with the bergs drifting by before making the decision to head back to Iceland. This too had its moments, especially when several big but barely visible bergs closed around us, the backwash from their faces actually slapping against *Caelan*.

Although time was tight, especially for Bob we still had a few days in hand so we laid a course for the Horn of Iceland. This really is a must for anyone thinking of these waters. The Horn is the top northwest corner, heavily indented with fjords and although these are not as dramatic as their Greenlandic or Norwegian cousins, the area is fantastic. Its one big national park, conservation laws prevent building and protect the landscape making it ideal for those who like nature in the raw – empty and beautiful. The main town in the area is Isafjordur which is set in the midst of wonderful mountain scenery. The berth was alongside the main dock with the town a short walk away. Once again the thing that struck us most was the casual friendliness of the people, more than willing to be of help but in a quiet and unintrusive way.

A couple of days in Reykjavic then Bob had to jump ship leaving Eric and I to get *Caelan* home. This brings me back to the comment earlier about the prevailing winds. They should blow from the southwest making for an easy downhill run to Ireland. This year they came from the east giving us seven days on the port tack without even a hint of being able to ease the sheets. The high point of all this was a spell of heavy weather about a hundred miles short of Malin Head. Big seas tore the bow platform away from the bowsprit, jamming it against the headsail roller. We were both too tired to even think about repairs at sea, even if we did heave to and as Lough Swilly was less than a day's sail away, that was where we went.

One small cry of complaint though. Who was the genius who decided to moor several dozen mussel floats in the middle of the fairway close to Rathmullan? Rare brilliance this, and for

good measure they were made of black plastic so that you wouldn't see them at night. And just to complete the picture, a similar exercise closer to the shore had warning lights in operation – those in mid-channel were unmarked. As a demonstration of irresponsible maritime insanity, this one would be hard to beat.

Despite a good force six blowing its heart out at sea, Inishtrahull Sound let us through with little difficulty. We skelped on, becoming increasingly relaxed now that we were in home waters. First the Foyle appeared, then the Antrim coast, there was Rathlin and Fair Head and the coastguard telling us that we'd be getting a 4/5 from the northwest. This became a full blooded six from the southeast, blowing hard against the flooding spring tide and giving us the biggest thrashing I've ever had in my sailing career. At Fair

Head I was standing on the steering pedestal as we went down, leaning against the pushpit on the way up as big breaking seas dumped large quantities of the North Channel into *Caelan's* cockpit.

Next came Torr Head and a repeat performance with mad, raging and irregular seas and then as if determined to make it a hat trick, Garron Point had a go at us as well. It says a lot for the horrors of that short but awful passage that Larne actually felt like a nice place to be when we finally picked up a mooring around midnight.

Four hours of exhausted sleep later, we set off for home only to be trashed in the entrance to Larne Lough. An hour and a half it took to cover the distance one would normally do in about twenty minutes. "Welcome home lads," said the elements.

We tied alongside Strangford Quay with about five minutes of favourable tide left and two zombies staggered into the Cuan Bar for a pint with no intention whatsoever of sailing anywhere ever again – until the next time that is.

Afterthoughts

I tried to get accurate met reports prior to departure. Generally available from harbour offices and reliable. Wind strength given in metres per second. Easy to convert using the almanac. Once at sea, it was a matter of watching the barometer and the sky.

Despite strong winds, cloud and frequent damp periods, barometer stayed around 1010 suggesting that whatever was happening to the weather was below us and we were probably sailing along the interface between high and low pressure systems.

I chose the island hopping route to east Greenland to give a good balance between sea and shore time. Also communications were good and by using the Lonely Planet guide to Iceland, Greenland and the Faroe Islands we could co-ordinate arrivals and departures at the most convenient places.

Our arrival off east Greenland was clearly too early, the optimum point is mid-August but there is a balance between daylight, seasonal deterioration in the weather and the chance of getting through the ice. Other boats I heard about arrived later and had to turn back, some went further south to Angmagssalik and got through – you must weigh the odds for yourself.

Symphonie Around Ireland

Steve Malone

The cruise began on the 2nd June, when we left Crosshaven bound for Glandore, the crew consisting of Anne, John Malone, Paddy Walsh and the Skipper. It was a fine morning, and a moderate NW wind gave us an easy run to the Old Head, and a light reach to Glandore, where we arrived in the afternoon, and picked up a vacant mooring close to the pier. This being the June holiday weekend, there had been a cruiser race from Cork to Glandore. We joined the convivial group of yachtsmen enjoying the sunshine along the wall in front of Kieran O'Donohue's pub. We dined later at the Marine Hotel and later still cajoled a lift back to the boat from a friendly dinghy. We sailed from Glandore to Schull, again in excellent conditions, and picked up Norma Mansfield's mooring in the harbour, which she had kindly said we could do. We inflated our brand new rubber dinghy and went ashore, where we met Peg Walsh, who had driven to Schull. She had injured her knee in a fall, and was unable to come aboard with us. She and Paddy stayed in the East End Hotel that night, and we all dined there. Anne, John and the Skipper returned aboard fairly early around 9.30, for an early night.

On Monday 4th June, Paddy joined us around 10.30, and we set off for Crookhaven, a very enjoyable reach in light airs up Long Island Sound. Peg joined us by car and we had lunch in O'Sullivan's pub, followed by a broad reach in the late afternoon back to Schull. The next morning, we arranged to have the mooring checked, as we proposed to leave the boat in Schull for about a week, to allow Anne and the Skipper to attend to some business in Cork. John had invited a few of his Dublin and Cork friends to join him, and they frolicked around Schull and the Islands of Roaring Water Bay for that week. Peg drove the rest of us back to Cork that afternoon. John tells us he had a most enjoyable week, with a night on Cape Clear and swimming off Coney Island. He also climbed Mount Gabriel. On Sunday 10th June, Anne and Steve returned to Schull accompanied by our Cairn terrier "Charlie". We had intended to travel by bus, but learned to our dismay that CIE will not allow dogs on buses, so we travelled by taxi at a cost of £60. This was to be Charlie's first cruise, as in previous years he had to be left at home while we sailed in France, Spain etc.

Four of John's friends had left us by mid-day on Monday, leaving only Aoife McNally, joining us for a week before leaving to take up a holiday job in Spain. We left Schull that afternoon intending to sail to Laurence Cove but a fog descended in the west as we sailed up Long Island Sound, and we decided to go to Cape Clear, as the conditions made it inadvisable to carry on. Our attempts to enter North Harbour in Cape Clear were also foiled as we were at the bottom of a low spring tide, and were unable to go alongside or even to anchor off. A return to Schull was therefore the only feasible course to follow.

The fog persisted on Tuesday, and we were unable to see Schull pier from our mooring. Conditions improved in the afternoon, however, and we left for Crookhaven, where we picked up a visitor's mooring. We ate ashore, having a very good meal in the local restaurant.

John had been appointed sailing master/navigator for this cruise, and at this point began to take his duties seriously, as we were now entering what were for him unfamiliar waters. Visibility was very poor on Wednesday morning, but it cleared later and we set off for Laurence Cove in a moderate south-westerly under main and engine. The tide being adverse, we stayed well off the Mizzen arriving at Laurence Cove in the early afternoon, having averaged 5½ knots for the 17½ mile passage. This was our first visit to John Harrington's marina, and we were given a hearty welcome. Although there are two very good restaurants on the Island, we ate aboard as we had stocked up with supplies in Schull. This is an excellent marina and it is not surprising that a number of British yachts have arranged to lay up here for the winter. We took on stocks of diesel and water before leaving for Dingle next day. Conditions were not ideal, as there was still some fog and drizzle. These persisted for the forty-seven mile passage to Dingle, but we were delighted to be welcomed into Dingle harbour by Fungi, the resident dolphin, who played around us at the entrance.

The boat remained at Dingle marina from Friday 18th June to the following Tuesday. Aoife's mother, Frances, arrived by car on Friday, and stayed in a guest-house. Our old friend, Fred Pocock, also arrived by motor-bike from London to join the crew. We all ate ashore that night at the El Toro restaurant, which was quite reasonable.

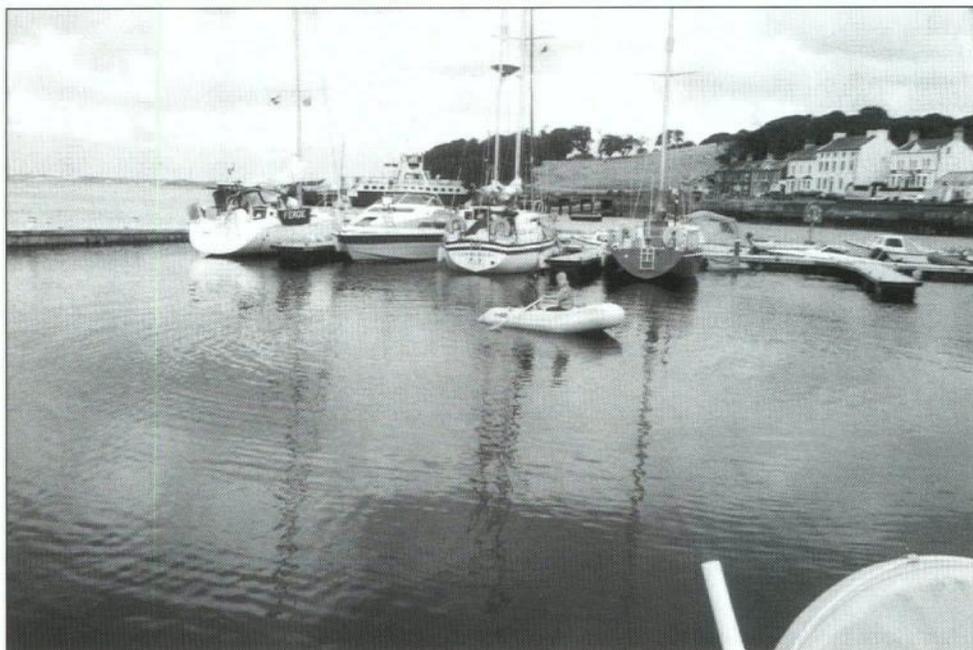
On Saturday morning, Aoife, Anne and Steve were driven to Cork by Frances. Anne and Steve took the train to Dublin, to attend a family wedding. John and Fred remained in Dingle, where they entertained John's brother Stephen Nagle, Stephen's wife Maria, and their three children, who had driven from Cavan. They all stayed on board on the Saturday night, and next day made a very successful trip out to see Fungi. The entire party then went to Newcastle West to visit the children's grandmother and great grandmother. Fred and John travelled by motor-bike.

On Monday, 21st June, Fred and John cleaned up the boat, so that it was unusually clean and tidy when Anne and Steve returned by train from Dublin to Tralee, and by bus to Dingle. Tuesday, the 22nd June, was another foggy day so we played monopoly on board. The weather having cleared, we left Dingle in the afternoon, in time to catch the north-going stream through Blasket Sound at 18.00.

We motor-sailed in a light south-westerly wind in bright sunshine and made the entrance to Blasket Sound in good time. This timing meant a nighttime arrival in Fenit, but navigator John was happy about this as the entrance to Fenit is well lit. We made a successful entry at 01.00, after a passage of 52 miles.

We were impressed by Fenit marina, which has excellent facilities. Anne was particularly pleased with the washing machines and dryer facilities, as we had a considerable backlog of laundry since we left Schull.

We were visited next day by old friends from Tralee, Taigh and Marian McGillicuddy, who invited us to dine at the Oyster



David and Caitlin at Portaferry Marina.

Bar in Spa. This was a really excellent meal, the main dish being fish.

The main snag about Fenit is lack of transport facilities. There is only one bus to Tralee in a week, this being on a Friday. Fred had the problem of having left his motor-bike in Dingle, but got over this by taking the school bus to Tralee and the regular bus to Dingle, in order to collect the motor bike, on which he returned to Fenit.

We awoke on Thursday, 24th June, to the first sunny morning of our cruise, and we decided to press on to the Aran islands, by-passing Carrigaholt, where we had intended to make a stop. We left Fenit marina at 08.00, and as there was no wind, we motored across Tralee bay, escorted by a group of four dolphins. By 09.30 we were abeam of Kerry Head, where we met some seals. At 11.50 Loop head was abeam, and we motored-sailed along the coast of Clare in very pleasant conditions in the afternoon. We reached Inishmore, and dropped anchor in Kilronan Harbour at 18.45. We were disappointed to find no visitors' moorings, as our information indicated that these would be available. There were six other yachts at anchor, five of these being French, and one British. We inflated our rubber dinghy, which had been deflated at Laurence Cove, and went ashore. There was plenty of activity, with many visitors, mostly teenage campers. There are several pubs, and coffee bars, and a couple of restaurants. There is also a very adequate supermarket.

We were ashore early next morning for coffee and shopping, and also visited a pub. John and Fred hired bicycles and toured the Island. Anne and Steve wrote post-cards, and went back to the boat for lunch. We ate ashore that evening at the Aran Fisherman, quite a reasonable meal.

Saturday was wet and miserable. Fred was up early as he had a fairly formidable journey ahead of him. He caught the ferry to Rossaveal, and then intended to travel by bus to Galway, Tralee and Dingle, to collect his motorbike. He then proposed to drive it to Dublin, to see his mother on her eightieth birthday. He then intended to take the ferry to England, and to travel, again by motor-bike, to Cornwall to join a friend who was cruising to Kinsale.

Meanwhile the crew of *Symphonie* weighed anchor and made passage from Inishmore to Cashla Bay, a mere 7 miles, where they picked up a vacant mooring. Anne's brother John

has a holiday home in Carraroe which was then occupied by another brother, Brian, and three friends. He had invited us to dinner, and later provided beds for the three of *Symphonie's* crew. Later that evening, we were joined by the McGonigals, another family of friends from Dublin, so that we had rather a large party.

Next day being Sunday, Brian, who is a Jesuit priest, held a service for a mixed congregation which included two Americans (a Presbyterian and his Jewish wife), nine McGonigals, and three Malones. Afterwards we had drinks in the pub, followed by lunch at the house. Brian and his friends left in the afternoon to return to Northern Ireland. The crew lay about recuperating before being driven back to the harbour by Peter and Kate McGonigal.

Monday 20th June, brought a showery morning. After a leisurely breakfast, John the skipper and Charlie went ashore and bought some diesel at a local garage. We then rang the harbour master in Galway to confirm that it would be in order for us to enter the docks at high water, the dock being open between 16.00 and 18.00. We left Cashla Bay at 12.00 under sail and engine until we passed the green buoy at the exit from the bay, and then had a broad reach eastwards into Galway Bay. This subsequently became a dead run and we rolled up our jib and proceeded under main only at 6.3 knots. We had some difficulty identifying the marker at the dock entrance, where we entered at 16.45, tying up outside a trawler and two other yachts in that quarter of the docks identified to us by the harbour master. Galway docks are, of course, very convenient to Quay Street and the adjacent shopping area, where a great deal of work was in progress on paving the streets, converting these to pedestrian area. This will greatly improve Galway's attraction as a centre for tourists, who were there already in large numbers and of all nationalities. We had quite a good meal in the Quays Restaurant. We noted the large numbers of swans, and the fish jumping in the mouth of the Corrib.

Next day, Tuesday 29th June, we sat down on board to work out a new schedule, the main objective being to allow John to escape from the boat and his parents, and to attend a gig in Dublin on July 14th. We also discussed the selection of suitable venues at which we could be joined by Anne's son David and his daughter Caitlin who were to join us from Leeds on the 24th July, flying to Dublin. We decided that there were too many imponderables to allow us to make a decision on this matter at this stage. We arranged for a delivery of diesel, and this arrived very promptly by tanker, and we took on board 65 litres at a cost of £20. After lunch, we went into town and did some shopping and telephoning. John made a call at the laundrette, Anne bought a new jacket to replace the one that had gone missing in Carraroe. We dined on board, and decided to go to Galway Bay sailing club next day, which was Wednesday, the only day on which the club is open. This would also enable us to fill up our water tank, there being no facilities to do so in Galway docks.

On Wednesday morning we went ashore and visited the chandlers, where we bought a smart new canine life jacket for Charlie, and a proper navigational plotter for John, who had

had to navigate from Crookhaven with an ordinary ruler. As mentioned before, the centre of Galway is being repaved and pedestrianised and Shop Street, High Street and Quay Street are all assuming a continental atmosphere with sidewalk cafés.

The lock gates were open at 17.30 and we emerged and motored across the bay to Galway Bay Sailing Club, where we were made very welcome. The tide being in, we went alongside the quay wall and filled up our water tank. We were then shown a suitable mooring which was reported as being free, the owner being absent with his yacht *Juggernaut* in Kinsale. We went to the mooring and tied up. A yacht club committee member came alongside and confirmed that this was the correct mooring. Later, in the club, an irate yachtsman who had finished racing came into the bar, complaining that somebody had taken his mooring. It emerged that we had, in fact, been put on his mooring by mistake, and that *Juggernaut's* mooring had in fact sunk. John had to go and remove the yacht from the mooring and lay our anchor himself.

Later that evening, we met an old friend from Cork, Danno Pierce, who has taken up residence in a mobile home adjacent to the Galway Bay Sailing Club, where he has become the resident shipwright. We adjourned to his mobile home, which was indeed palatial, and where he entertained us to drinks.

Next morning (July 1st.) after Charlie had been taken ashore for his morning runabout, we weighed anchor at 09.30. The breeze was a very light northerly, so we were under main and engine, with autohelm on. (We had fitted a new compass kindly donated by John Lennon before we left Crosshaven, but had not had time to adjust this. It differs, slightly or seriously, from the GPS compass, so navigator John used the GPS to set courses.) It had grown very warm, with little or no wind and a thick mist on the hills. John, Steve and Charlie all retired to the cabin for a sleep. Our speed as we moved west in Galway Bay was 6 knots. As the drizzle strengthened to heavier rain, oilskins were donned. Visibility was poor, as we made our way into Roundstone Bay, and dropped anchor south of the pier at 17.30. There were no visitors' moorings visible, and no other suitable vacant moorings. (In his report on a visit to Roundstone a few years ago, Paddy Barry remarked that the visitors' moorings were so remote from the pier that they might as well as well have been on the moon). It was still raining so we stayed on board, and had dinner of bacon, cabbage and new potatoes. John took Charlie for run ashore, and when he returned we played rummy before going to bed.

Friday 2nd July, saw a bright sunny morning with a fresh W wind. After breakfast, the skipper noted that the anchor was dragging, so engine was started and several attempts were made to lay the anchor again but without success. Eventually we tied up to a small fishing boat, which was anchored by its stern trawl, using our large inflatable "Defender" to hold us off. When we went ashore we discovered that the boat owner lived in Clifden and was very unlikely to appear over the weekend. We had excellent coffee and buns in O'Dowds pub, which is also a very good restaurant and where we dined later. We enquired about showers at the Eldon Hotel, and they kindly gave us the use of one of their bedrooms and bathroom at a charge of £5. We

had their pub lunch and then wandered around the town, which was holding a festival week. We visited the factory which specialises in making bodhráns. We dined at O'Dowds, and then went aboard to play rummy, which Anne lost by an astronomical score.

Saturday's forecast was very discouraging, with wet weather and force 5 to 7 winds, so we decided to stay another day. We had pub lunch ashore, and then watched the Wimbledon tennis when Pete Sampras beat Tim Henman. More monopoly and rummy after dinner on board.

On Sunday morning, the forecast was more favourable – S 4 to 5 with showers or longer periods of rain. There was a depression of 992 20 miles W moving slowly SE. John brought Charlie ashore for his morning run, and then we set off at 08.40, making for Slyne Head, in a lumpy sea with the wind S force 3 to 4. The sun appeared and the visibility was quite good, but the skies clouded over around noon, seas became bigger and the headsail was rolled as we ran before the wind at 6 to 8 knots. We cleared through High Island Sound around 13.30, and anchored near the pier at Inisboffin at 14.50. It was a lovely sunny day, on this delightful Island. We went ashore, and Steve went to the pub to see Cork beating Clare in the Munster hurling final on TV, while John, Anne and Charlie did a walkabout, visiting a small museum run by Marie Coyne. Bedding had been hung out to air, and we went back aboard to rescue this in case of showers. After drinks in the cockpit, we returned ashore for steaks in Days' restaurant. There being no music on offer in the pub we returned aboard for cards before turning in.

Monday, 5th July, produced another fine sunny morning. We were up at 08.00 and weighed anchor, which was full of weed, and then set off for Broadhaven. There was little or no wind as we made our way between Davilaun and Inishboffin, and then outside the Iniskanes. We had 54 miles ahead of us on our voyage to Broadhaven, in flat seas and still little or no wind. We had Inishturk abeam at 10.00 and Clare Island abeam at 11.10 in fair visibility. We were abeam of Achill Head at midday, in bright sunshine. Our speed dropped to 3 knots without the engine in a light S wind, so engine was turned on and headsail was rolled. A thick bank of fog appeared ahead. The fog cleared somewhat at 15.20 but dropped down again at 15.45 and persisted for the rest of the afternoon. We were now entirely relying on the GPS. We passed Eagle Island and Erris



Skipper and Charlie relax.



David, Caitlin, Orla, Greg and John.

Head without any sight of either. Our first sight of land in Broadhaven was the headland as we entered Ballyglass harbour, and dropped anchor at 18.45. John was complimented on his navigation in these difficult circumstances. Ballyglass is a most undistinguished little harbour with little or no facilities apart from a small pier, and a lifeboat station. John and the skipper brought Charlie ashore, for a run, and called at the only bungalow, to elicit the information that the nearest shop was at Belmullet, 7 miles away. There was, of course, no pub. We dined on board on pork and tagliatella, beans and peas. There was a magnificent display of diving by birds fishing, and we also saw two seals. This was a very quiet calm evening and we rested well.

The next day the resident seal poked his head up to say good morning. We had the anchor up at 07.00 and set off for Teelin, 54 miles away across Donegal Bay. The weather forecast gave us a weak ridge approximately 40 miles W, with NW to W wind force 2 or 3 backing SW 3 to 4, and later SW to S up to force 6, with mist and drizzle in places and more persistent rain tonight, with fog patches. We had the Stags abeam to port at 09.00, as we heard on the morning news of the death of three elderly ladies in a fire on Inishbofin, which occurred on the night after we left.

With a very light wind astern we sailed under main and engine on a course of 077°. Twice we were approached by driftnet fishermen to stay S of their nets, involving us in lengthy detours. As the sun came out, we stripped off our jumpers although it was still raining ashore. Another salmon driftnet almost closed the entrance to Teelin Harbour, where we picked up a visitors' mooring at 16.45. This is an attractive harbour, at the mouth of a river which is famous for salmon fishing. The nearest town is Carrick, which is a couple of miles from the pier. As we walked up the road we picked up a taxi, which brought us to the town, where we visited a pub, and the supermarket. Another taxi brought us back to the pier. These taxis are an important feature of life in Donegal, where CIE provides no services N of Letterkenny. The standard fare appears to be £1 a mile irrespective of the number of passengers, which is reasonable. Our taxi driver told us that the numerous small boats moored in the river midstream were used by fishermen who sometimes caught up to 130 fish a day.

We dined aboard, on chicken and bacon with new potatoes, carrots and peas, and a bottle of wine from the ships cellar. Another round of rummy and so to bed.

Wednesday, July 7th, was wet and miserable, with a most

uncomfortable roll at the moorings. We were forced to go ashore and took a taxi to Killybegs, about 12 miles away. We were very impressed by the enormous fishing vessels, and by the sparkling condition in which they were maintained. We lunched in the Harbour Bar, where Charlie barked a lot, and tried to bite the waitress. We went to the bank for cash, and did some shopping for stores. Our taxi driver on the way back to Teelin was an ex-trawlerman. He questioned us closely on our compliance with the safety regulations for yachts at sea, appearing satisfied with our answers.

Next morning, we left at 07.15, bound for Downings in north Donegal, 62 miles away. The forecast was for SW 4 to 5 with mist drizzle and fog. Carrying full main and jib we had to tack several times to avoid salmon driftnets. We made quite slow progress along the coast of Slieve League, the cliffs of which were half covered in cloud. It was otherwise a lovely sunny morning. We rolled our jib as we left Rathlin O'Beirne to port. At 09.30 the freshening breeze enabled us to turn off the engine and we broad reached at 5 to 7 knots around Malin Mór. By 10.30 the wind had dropped again, and our speed was reduced to 3 knots, and we motored. The beautiful hills of Donegal were most impressive in the evening sunshine. We had no large scale chart of Aran Island, and had decided to by-pass it. We sailed through the Keelasmore Sound between Inishbofin (Donegal) and Inishdooney and approached Bloody Foreland in the late afternoon sunshine. We rounded Horn Head and entered Sheephaven, and made our way into Downings Bay, where we picked up a visitors' mooring at 20.20. There was much activity in the bay, with water skiers, jetskiers, and a banana boat being towed at speed with screaming children on board. These visitors' moorings were well located within a reasonable distance of the pier. There were four other visiting yachts. John took Charlie ashore for a run, and went to buy a paper. While he was away some youths on the pier "borrowed" the rubber dinghy and went for a spin. When they brought it back the engine was running badly, and we subsequently discovered that water had got into the carburettor. We dined on board and played cards as usual.

Next day, Friday, was a lovely sunny morning and Anne spent some time tidying up generally. The laundry was sorted and John brought it to the laundrette. We took a taxi to the pub for lunch, and enquired about showers at one of the hotels. We were told these would be no problem. We all had showers later, when we enquired about payment we were told there were none as it was "only a little water". This being a sunny afternoon there was much activity in the bay, jet skiers particularly creating waves. Steve and John took a taxi to Carrigart to buy diesel and were pleasantly surprised at the cost. After our showers, we had quite a good meal in the Hotel, which appears to cater for the many mobile homes and campers. Downings is a low-key type of resort, with an excellent beach, two or three moderately priced hotels, guesthouses and a very adequate supermarket. There are, of course, also several pubs. There are three or four small taxi firms, which provide a service at very short notice and at reasonable cost. Next day, we discussed again the problem of getting John to his gig in Dublin on the 14th July. Next Monday would be the 12th July, a day on which we would prefer not to enter Northern Ireland. It was decided, therefore, that we would hire a car on that day, and all drive to Cork. John would then drive our own car to Dublin, returning on the following Sunday to drive with his parents back to Donegal. We accordingly contacted a car-hire firm in Letterkenny and John and Anne went by bus on the Monday morning and collected the car, returning to Downings to pick up Steve and Charlie. Since Steve, being over 65, and John being under 25, were both forbidden to drive this hired car, Anne had to drive the 320 odd miles to Cork. This being July 12th, the holiday traffic in Donegal was horrendous. We

stopped in Claremorris for a very poor chinese meal, before continuing on to Cork, where we arrived around 1am. Anne and Steve spent a useful week at home while John enjoyed his gig in Dublin.

The return journey to Downings on a wet and miserable Monday was even worse than the journey down. We stopped in Claremorris again for a much better pub meal. When we arrived in Downings it was so wet and windy that we decided to stay ashore in a guesthouse. We eventually spent three nights in this guesthouse as it blew a gale from the west, and it was impossible to go aboard the yacht. We extended our car-hire for a couple of days, and did a little touring around Donegal. On Thursday, the 19th, the weather had cleared. We had to contact the organiser of the marine activities on the pier, Kevin McHugh, who had kindly allowed us to store our dinghy in his shed. We recovered the dinghy, inflated it, and went on board. The engine was still malfunctioning, and we had so much gear to take on board that John had to make 4 trips with the oars. We finally got away from the mooring at 12.00, this being now too late to allow us to round Malin Head in a fair tide. We therefore decided to make for Port Salon, in Lough Swilly, 19 miles away. We met, once again, some salmon driftnets outside Sheephaven Bay, but had a very pleasant sail in sunny conditions, but with very little wind. Charlie, who had now become a fairly hardened little sea dog, was oddly enough, sick on this passage.

Port Salon is a very attractive little bay with two very good beaches side by side, and an excellent golf club. The pub close to the pier is rather grotty. We walked up to the golf club and had a very excellent meal for three at £22, including 2 small bottles of wine. We returned to the boat, relaxed, read, and played cards.

Next morning Friday 23rd, July, the forecast was for NW 4 to 6 with occasional drizzle and a risk of fog. It was a bright sunny morning as we left the anchorage at 10.00, with a reefed main and headsail. On course for Malin Head we were making 6½ knots. We had a favourable tide, and stayed well off the head, being aware of the inshore back eddies (another yacht which had left Port Salon half an hour earlier than us, unaccountably stood inshore at the head and eventually arrived in Portrush half an hour after us). The passage around Malin Head was quite exciting with quite steep following seas. We reefed the jib to about 25% and this made matters more comfortable and we still touched 8½ knots at times. After we had cleared the head we were on a broad reach to Portrush, and averaged 6½ to 7 knots. We had phoned the Harbour Master to tell him that we were coming in around 18.00, but actually arrived in the harbour at least an hour before that. He had agreed that we could lie up at the pontoon and was, in fact, on hand to take our lines on arrival.

Portrush is a fairly tight little harbour with few moorings, all of which appear to be occupied. A berth at the pontoon is, however, very convenient, and the Harbour Master allowed us to lie alongside over night, along with two other yachts. The town itself is very tourist orientated and not very attractive, with its many amusement arcades. There are plenty of shops and supermarkets. The yacht club is very hospitable, right at the pier, and we were able to have showers. The barman told us his mother hails from Mallow.

Next morning (Saturday 24th July) was dull wet and cold. The Harbour Master filled up our water tank, and sold us 15 litres of diesel for £2 (very good value). He also gave us a small chart of the new marina at Ballycastle. We delayed our departure from Portrush until 14.30, in order to catch a favourable tide in the Rathlin Island strait. We motor-sailed in light wind and favourable tide, arriving at Ballycastle at 17.00 (16 miles in 2½ hours). Ballycastle is quite a new marina, nicely situated and very attractive. Unfortunately the electricity



Orla, Greg and Steve in conference.

had not yet been connected, so we had no shore power. We had lacked this since we left Fenit. Ballycastle is also a very pleasant town, with nice pubs, and a friendly atmosphere. We dined on board on chicken and gammon, and the usual bottle of wine.

As we were due in Bangor on the Sunday afternoon, and had 44 miles to travel, we had to make an early start, particularly to catch a favourable tide for the remainder of the passage through Rathlin Sound. We were up at 04.00 and left the marina at 04.35. It was a coldish morning, and cloudy, with little or no wind, so we motor-sailed all the way to Bangor. We made excellent time, making 7 to 8 knots at the start in the strong east-going tide. This slackened off as the tide changed, but we averaged 5 knots for the trip to Bangor where we arrived at 12.15.

Bangor marina is extremely efficient, with first class showers and other facilities, although it lacks a bar and restaurant. There are however many of these close-by along the seafront. Our latest batch of guests arrived at 13.15, consisting of David Nagle, his daughter Caitlin, David's friend Greg Owens and his wife Orla. We made for the pub immediately for drinks and sandwiches. In the afternoon, Steve crashed down for a kip, while the others went walkabout. They enjoyed the Pentecostal service which was in full voice in the park. That evening we ate an excellent meal at one of the hotels ashore, after which we retired back to the boat for more drinks and bed.

Next morning, all seven of the crew were up at 7.30, had breakfast and we were away by 09.05, enroute for Ardglass. It was a lovely sunny morning, and the forecast was favourable, with fair weather and NE 2 to 3, with sea breezes. Once again we motor-sailed, enjoying the sunshine. We arrived at Ardglass marina at 17.30, having averaged 5 knots from Bangor. This was our first visit to Ardglass since the new marina was installed, and we admired this very much. All hands enjoyed the excellent showers, after which we repaired to a very friendly pub, although the proprietress (a Kerry woman) took issue with Steve on the matter of the previous day's Munster football final when Cork had defeated Kerry. We dined on board, Anne having cooked an excellent meal, fish for Caitlin and Orla and pork chops in wine with new potatoes, beans, carrots and cabbage for the others. This was followed by apple pie and cream. After a round of cards (rummy again), we retired to bed.

We had decided to pay a visit to Strangford Lough, and left Ardglass marina at 10.45 next morning, timing our departure to catch a favourable flood tide at the entrance to the Lough. It was a beautiful sunny day as we motored to the entrance. With the flood tide under us we reached 10 knots in the Narrows, as we approached Portaferry marina. This was our first visit to this

new marina, and the superintendent informed us that that we were, in fact, the first Cork yacht to make a visit. Although this is a fine marina, it is at present lacking somewhat in facilities. There are no showers ashore, although we were told that these could be had at the Sailing Club, which, unfortunately, is open only in the evenings. Portaferry is, however, a very attractive town with some fine pubs, restaurants and shops. John, Greg, Orla and Caitlin all visited the excellent aquarium. We dined well aboard and drank two bottles of wine donated by Greg. While Anne babysat with Caitlin, the others went to the pub.

Next day (Wednesday 28th July) Greg and Orla had to return to Dublin to look after their restaurant in Temple Bar. They took the ferry to Strangford to catch the bus to Downpatrick and subsequently Drogheda, where they had left their car. *Symphonie* and the remainder of the crew sailed up the Lough as far as Down Cruising Club lightship clubhouse, where they tied up at the pontoon and went ashore. The club was not open, but we met three very helpful officials, one of whom offered to drive us to the nearest town, Comber, if we wanted to do some shopping. We walked to Daft Eddies and had a drink before returning to start our journey back down the lough in time to make the ebb tide at the entrance. The wind had gone easterly, which was a portent of some excitement on our emerging from the Lough. We touched 12½ knots in the Narrows, and had indeed a disturbing and very wet 15 to 20 minutes in the breakers as we emerged from the mouth of the Lough. We arrived back at Ardglass around 18.00. Anne and Caitlin cooked dinner while the three men went to the pub.

We left the marina at 08.00 bound for Carlingford. Sailing in light airs we made a rather slow passage arriving at the marina at 16.15. We were not impressed by the somewhat ramshackle marina at Carlingford. The showers and lavatories were fairly poor, and there was a standing charge of £5 for shore electricity connection. Although we notified them at the office that evening that we would be leaving around noon the following day, and wanted to take on a supply of diesel, there was no one around in the morning to let us have this.

Anne walked from the marina to Carlingford, which took about half an hour. We had been told there were no taxis available until after 19.30. Anne shopped at the supermarket and the very kind owner drove her and her purchases back to the marina.

Anne's second son Stephen Nagle and his daughter Hannah

arrived by car from Cavan to join us for an overnight visit. Hannah and Caitlin are, of course, first cousins and greatly enjoyed meeting each other again. Caitlin was very pleased to demonstrate to Hannah her newly acquired expertise at rowing the rubber dinghy inside the marina.

Next morning Friday 30th July, was bright and sunny, and as we had planned to get away around noon, to take the favourable ebb tide down the Lough, we had a leisurely morning, with brunch for all around 11.30. Having delayed our start, we got away around 13.00. Caitlin went with Stephen and Hannah to visit her other cousins in Cavan, thus avoiding the longish trip down the Irish sea to Howth. The wind was light SE and once again we motor-sailed, and maintained a good 6 to 7 knots, in hazy sunshine, with only fair visibility. We entered Howth marina at 20.05, where we were met by Paddy Walsh, who had travelled up from Cork to join us for the remainder of our cruise. We dined and wine well at the Club.

Saturday brought another lovely sunny day. Paddy and Steve took the Dart to town, to swap a couple of unused charts at Windmill Marine. Anne's brother John arrived to take her supermarket shopping in Sutton, after which she cleaned the boat. A dinner party was held on board that evening, to celebrate three birthdays – Steve, Stephen and Michael Lennon.

Michael and Aida Lennon entertained all hands to a lavish lunch and garden party at their home in Kilmacud on Sunday. We paid a visit for drinks at the Dun laoghaire Motor Yacht Club, after which the now somewhat comatose crew returned by Dart to Howth. David and Caitlin had, unfortunately, had to leave for Leeds before the lunch party.

Michael Lennon had decided to join the cruise for the leg from Howth to Wicklow. We departed from the marina at 14.00, in fairly miserable conditions with drizzle interspersed with showers and wind on the nose. Although we intended to spend the night in Arklow, we had to go in to Wicklow to drop Michael at the sea wall. We berthed in the basin at Arklow at 21.00, outside three trawlers and two other yachts. For this, a fee of £7 was very smartly collected. As no one wanted to go ashore, we dined on board and retired to bed. HW Dover was 03.18, after which we could expect about 6 hours of south going tide in the Irish Sea. We were up at 04.00, and left about 04.30. The weather was fair but what little wind there was, was on the nose. Progress was fair for the first few hours but then dropped to 3 knots as the tide turned. We motor-sailed with

little or no wind through a foul tide at Carnsore point, and finally arrived at Kilmore Quay at 16.00, having felt our way over St. Patrick's Bridge with little or nothing under the keel. We greatly liked the marina at Kilmore Quay, although it was fairly crowded. We were given a berth as the middle boat of three between two fingers. Showers were available uptown in a youth hostel at £1.50. We went ashore for a drink and retired early, as we were tired after our early start that morning.

We were away next morning at 08.45, intending to make an overnight stop at Youghal. The wind had been light astern at first, but gradually increased, while it started to rain fairly heavily. We had been on autohelm, but had to revert to manual steering when the seas worsened as we crossed Dungarvan Bay. As we entered



John and Caitlin send an email by laptop.



Symphonie – a 32' Jeanneau sloop.

Youghal Harbour at 17.00, the rain stopped. We went along the quay looking for a vacant mooring without success. There was no suitable spot for anchoring with the wind blowing up river. The prospect of going ashore in the rubber dinghy for a meal was quite unpleasant. We therefore decided to about turn and go back to sea, and to carry on to Crosshaven. The port hand mark at the exit from the river appeared to be missing. There resulted an argument between the skipper and the navigator about the correct course to follow. The navigator won and proved to be right. By now the rain had stopped fully, and we had quite a pleasant run under main along the coast. We tied up at our own home berth at the RCYC marina 21.00 on Wednesday 4th August.

General Comments

The cruise occupied a full two months, two weeks of which were spent attending to domestic duties ashore. The time actively spent on cruising was therefore six weeks. This appears to be quite a long period, but we still would like to have spent more time, particularly on the west and north coasts where there were many harbours we would like to visit. These include Carrigaholt, Clifden, Clare Island, Arran Mór, Sligo, Tory island and Lough Foyle.

A pamphlet was issued by Board Failte, in the early part of this year, giving very useful information on the marinas and visitors' moorings available around the Irish coast. With regard to visitors moorings, we found the situation, at the ports we visited, to be as follows:

Schull: The moorings are located quite a distance from the pier on the eastern side of the harbour.

Crookhaven: The moorings are well located at a reasonable distance from the pier.

Kilronan, Inishmór: We found no visitors' moorings here.

Roundstone: The moorings are so remote from the pier that they are of little value.

Ballyglass: We found no moorings here.

Teelin: The moorings are in mid-river and are subject to roll when the wind is from the south or south-west.

Downings: The moorings here are well located, at a short distance from the pier.

Portsalon: Moorings well located near the pier.

The policy on charges appears to vary. They were collected at Downings, they could be paid at O'Sullivan's pub in Crookhaven and there were no charges at Teelin, or Portsalon.

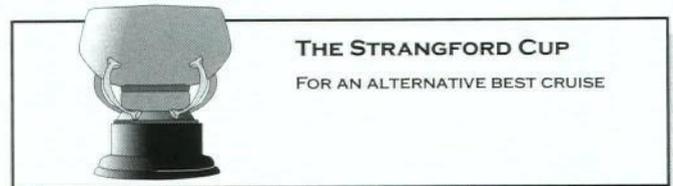
Cuilaun visits Labrador and circumnavigates Newfoundland

Peter Mullins

The 1999 CCA cruise of the east coast of Newfoundland provided an excellent opportunity to visit Nova Scotia, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and The Labrador. Cuilaun, a 55 ft. McGruer ketch launched in 1970, has been based in Camden Maine for the past 10 years. She underwent a fairly major refit over the past few years in preparation for the 1998 double handed Newport Bermuda Race and is now well set up for comfortable short handed cruising. The only thing we lacked on the Bermuda Race was ice so a decision was made to install an ice maker in the bow. It was then decided to cruise The Labrador and Newfoundland! Perhaps an ice breaker would have been more appropriate. A successful cruise requires lots of planning and the gathering of as much information available and in this regard, we were lucky that Camden is also the home port of Belvedere a 60 ft. steel motor sailer owned by John Bockstoce CCA who for the past ten years had made cruising to the high latitudes his passion. His long time captain, Nick Smith lives locally and is a fund of knowledge. We asked Nick to mark our charts and generally give us whatever advice he could. On the question of ice encounters he assured us we would see plenty of bergs and warned us that the bergy bits which he compared in size to a large household fridge/freezer or a VW Microbus would be our greatest danger since they do not show up on radar in the fog, of which he said we would also get plenty. He recommended avoiding night passages in iceberg



Cuilaun



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country and in fog to reduce speed to 3 knots and post lookouts for the dreaded bergy bits. Nick also highly recommended cruising the northern coast of the Straits of Belle Isle and to certainly get as far north into Labrador as time would allow. We would not be disappointed and indeed his recommendations and suggestion all proved correct. Armed therefore with extra warm clothing and gallons of Deep Woods Off to combat the mosquitoes and black flies Cuilaun left her adopted home port of Camden Maine on June 21. On board were Brian Smullen and Peter Mullins who were join by friends Richard and Carol Archer for the first leg of the cruise to Halifax Nova Scotia. We had a fine sail across the Gulf of Maine caught the tide just right at Cape Sable and arrived in Halifax on the morning of June 23 after a passage of some 250 miles in 40 hours.

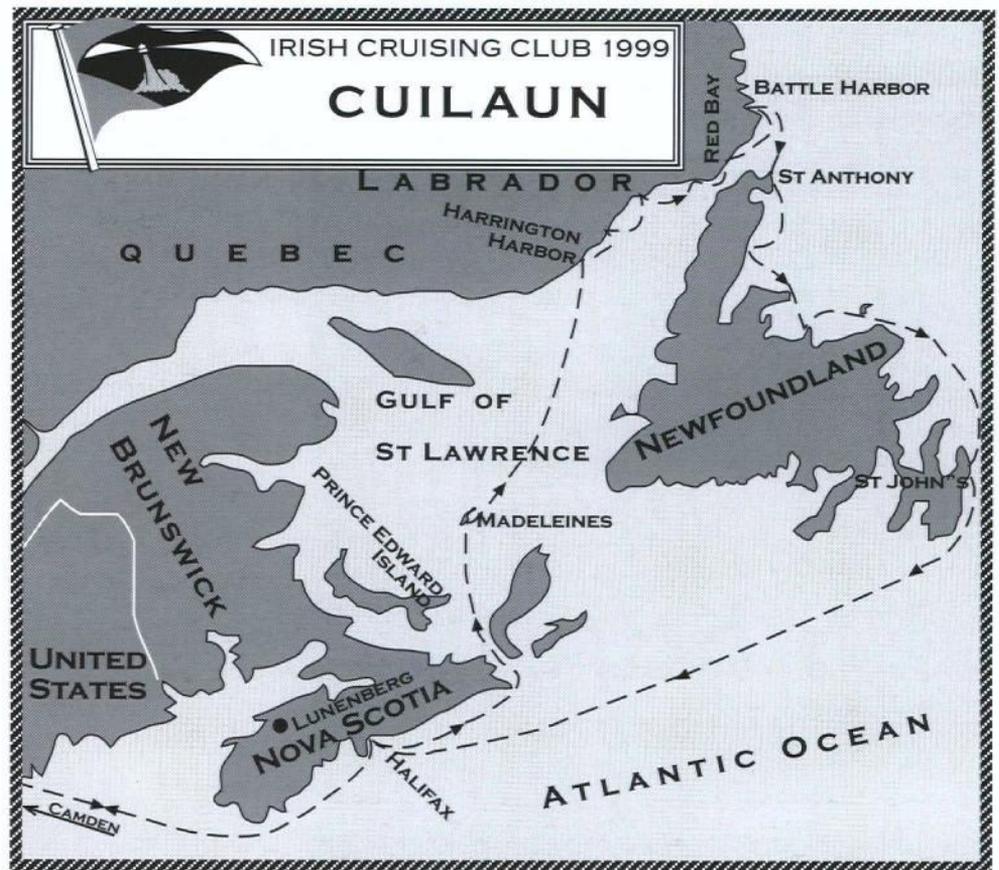
From Halifax Richard and Carol returned to Camden and Cuilaun was joined by Mike O'Flaherty and Rupert de Verteuil who had taken a Jeep on the HSS from Bar Harbour to Yarmouth and then to the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron where we were very well received. With the car we were able to stock up as we had been warned that once we left Halifax supermarkets and more importantly liquor stores may be a bit thin until we get to St. Anthony in three weeks time. Canadian customs are very strict on the amount of alcohol a yacht can import so we took no more than our rather meager allowance considering we were planning to be away for over six weeks. All wines and spirits in Nova Scotia are sold by the government liquor stores and the choice and price proved quite reasonable as the exchange rate against the US dollar was favourable. The actual customs clearance was a painless exercise all done over the cell phone.

On Friday 25th June we fueled up and departed the Squadron marina and proceeded in fairly dense fog using all our excellent navigational toys namely the Nobletec chart plotter interfaced to the autopilot through the laptop and radar. We found an excellent anchorage about 46 miles northeast in Sheet Harbour and the fog cleared somewhat on entering. The next day greeted us with a rather murky morning with rain and fog. It could well remind one of Scotland or Ireland! We made a fast passage further up the east coast of Nova Scotia in quite unpleasant conditions with a following sea all the way to Isaac's Harbour. This was a sad spot. In the past mining and fishing provided jobs for a thriving community, but like all of Canada the cod fishing has all but disappeared and the mining in the area is virtually non existent. Natural gas has been discovered off Sable Island and is piped ashore here but with the facility finished provides few jobs. Most of the houses, some quite pretty, are for sale. We went ashore for a walk and were met by a gentleman on the dock who on seeing our red ensign inquired if we had come to view his house which was also for sale. Apparently he had advertised it on the Internet and in some English newspapers and was dispatched by his wife on the off chance! Dinner that evening was excellent salmon caught by Brian.

The following day we left for the Canso Passage which divides Nova Scotia from Cape Breton Island and gives

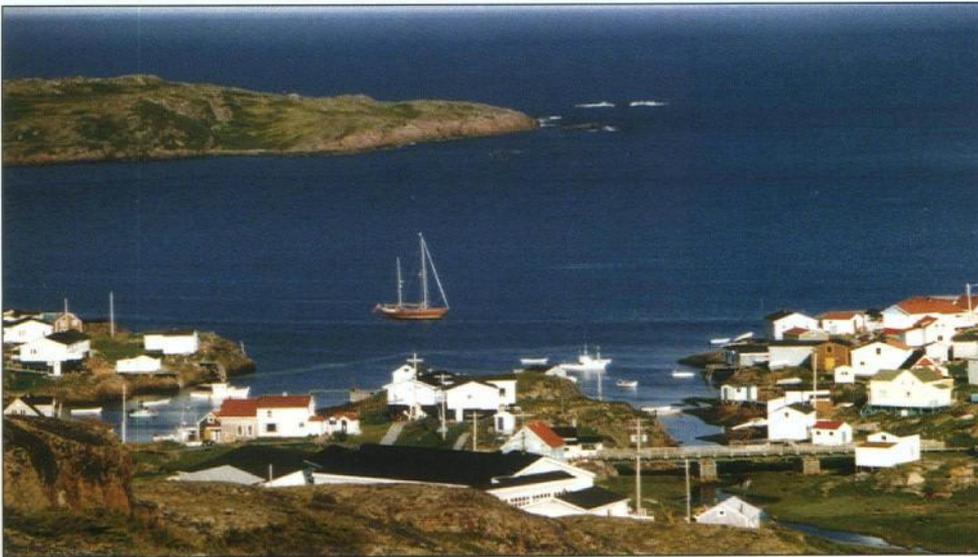
passage to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Rather than enter the Bras d'Or Lakes which were last visited by Cuilaun in 1986 we opted to visit the Madeleine Islands. We spent the night in Port Hawkesbury and after refueling, tied up to a yacht club float. The local folk were most helpful and the showers, although cold, were very welcome. Good shopping was available a short walk away as was laundry. Port Hawkesbury known as the gateway to Cape Breton was formally called Ship Harbour presumably because it has the best harbour on the Strait of Canso. The next day we motored up to the Canso lock which actually only acts as a barrier against the tide. We gave notice of our arrival on the VHF and the swing bridge opened thereby closing the Trans Canadian Highway all for us. Happily we noticed that a dreaded Winabago, the scourge of Maine roads, was amongst the many vehicles delayed. After a pleasant start the weather deteriorated. As the seas built we found it prudent to hoist the Avon on deck which we managed to do 'on the hoof' so to speak, after which it further deteriorated with fog and up to 30 knots from dead astern. A very roilly night for all but we made good progress averaging over 7 knots and made a copy book down landfall. The opening paragraph of the Cruising Guide for the area states 'The attraction of cruising the Gulf of St. Lawrence are steady SW winds, lack of fog and water warm enough to swim in.' We must have chosen an off day! There are twelve islands in the Magdalen Archipelago, most of them uninhabited. The five main islands are linked by sandbars which form shallow lagoons. A road runs over the sandbars connecting the islands for vehicular traffic. There are three sheltered harbours in this area namely Havre Aubert to the south, Cap aux Meules in the middle and Ile de la Grande Entree to the north. The islands are part of the Province of Quebec and French is the principle language. They depend on tourism and fishing and although they are wild and desolate they have a subtle beauty of their own.

The following evening the weather moderated and with a good forecast from Herb of *Southbound II* we departed for the South Quebec shore about 200 miles due north. We made excellent progress under engine and reefed main, there being very little wind, and made landfall at Harrington Island again at dawn 30 hours later on July 2nd. Isle Harrington is truly a remarkable spot. Despite the fact it is in the Province of Quebec the population of about 300 exceptionally friendly people are totally English speaking, which came as a surprise. The island is only 1.5 miles long and the highest point is some 275 feet. The anchorage is small but well sheltered in about 50 feet over a mud bottom. Fuel and water is available at the Government wharf and there are two small well stocked shops, a bar and a Grenfell Hospital now used as a old folks home. There are no roads but board walks have been built over the rocks and the locals get about on ATV's during the summer and in winter on Snowmobiles when the island is totally iced up and connected to the mainland. During the summer there is a



regular steamer service. The principle industry is fishing mostly crabs and scallops though other catches include halibut, turbot and cod which is coming back. There are however very strict quotas. A fish factory on the wharf was working round the clock and we were told they had exported 1.5 million pounds last year. As one can imagine there is no unemployment but we did manage to find someone to do our laundry but they would not accept any payment.

On Sunday July 4th we departed Harrington Harbour bound for The Rigolets, which is the name given to the numerous narrow passages between the many islands lying close to the mainland along this stretch of the coast. Some of these channels are of considerable length and complexity and open into inland bays of good size and depth. They are aptly named La Grande et Le Petite Rigolets and stretch for about 40 miles and provide excellent smooth water cruising with a spectacular backdrop, totally isolated with many interconnecting passages. The Sailing Directions for the Gulf of St. Lawrence recommend local knowledge is essential to safely navigate the Rigolets but we found with our navigation system it would be difficult to get lost. All of Nova Scotia, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and most of The Labrador is covered by differential GPS ground stations and we also found we remained in continuous cell phone range since leaving Camden. The whole area is now very well covered by VHF relay stations and local marine weather forecast put out by Environment Canada is very detailed and accurate and somewhat superior we thought to that issued by the US Coast Guard. We anchored the first evening in Baie du Portage du Canot and a walk ashore confirmed its name as an overland short cut to the next bay. The following morning we were joined in the anchorage by Ned and Betsy Cabot CCA on Caracole who were also planning to join the annual cruise later in the month. This was the first yacht we had met since leaving Halifax. We enjoyed our cruise through the Rigolets and passed through places with equally interesting names such as Baie des Ha! Ha! We spent the evening anchored in Port St. Servan. The



Cuilaun at anchor in Harrington Harbour, Labrador.

Sailing Directions stated that this 'Port' once supported a community of some 300 people. Today there are just two fisherman's cottages remaining. To increase the salmon stock the government began offering commercial salmon fishermen \$50,000 to turn in their licenses and by 1992 60% had done so. This in turn of course has hastened the decline of the coastal villages and settlements and the outlook for anything like a self supporting economy is not good. The two cottages remaining were being rented out to sport fishermen.

As we approached the Straits of Belle Isle we noticed the temperature was dropping and the Espar heater getting more use. Indeed our shorts had been retired since The Magdalenes. The Straits of Belle Isle which separate The Labrador from Newfoundland are about 78 miles long and about 10 miles at the narrowest point. The Labrador current set into the Gulf of

St. Lawrence and can cause quite nasty conditions. Dense fog prevails in the strait and sometimes lasts for several days. It also occurs without warning with either east or west winds. Nick Smith told us that he has passed 13 times through the Strait and has never seen either shore. We were lucky experiencing only patchy fog at times and not thick enough to slow our progress because icebergs from west Greenland and Baffin Island glaciers are common and, although among the more spectacular sights, they can be dangerous to a curious boat. Huge chunks break off periodically falling into the sea, setting up substantial waves, or a whole berg will become top heavy as the warmer water melts the base and

turn over. This did not however deter Peter from paying one a visit in the Avon and collecting some 5000 year old cocktail ice for the martinis. He did not hang around for long as he reported the creeks and groans were quite terrifying. As mentioned earlier icebergs usually show up on radar but they are also accompanied by those refrigerator sized growlers or bergy bits which are not good radar targets, can be hard to see in the swells with the naked eye and are substantial enough to do serious damage or even sink a yacht. We made up our own lyrics to the song 'Baby Face' which went something like this:

*Bergy Bits... oh how I hate those little Bergy Bits
in the fog they give me the s**ts... Bergy Bits
oh how I hate those little those itsy bitsy little
Bergy Bits etc. etc...*



Typical Labrador scene. *Cuilaun* in the Strait of Belle Isle.

The Labrador is therefore justly famous for its bergs, whales and of course its dogs. We were not disappointed, indeed the first iceberg we sighted was justly mistaken at a distance for the bow wave of an HSS until it never seemed to get much closer. We discovered it was aground and a rather pathetic melted example it was but we still managed to photograph it about 50 times each from a great distance just in case we might never see another! The presence of these icebergs gave us ample opportunity to practice our Leo DiCaprio bit on the bow for the up coming sequel Try Panic. Whales, both Humpback and Minkie, we saw aplenty and on arrival in Red Bay we met at anchor Ron and Kathy Trossbach CCA aboard Moonshine along with Crystal their yellow Labrador to complete the trio.

Red Bay is well worth a visit. The holding is excellent, there is a government dock with water available, a small diner ashore provides reasonable fare to which you may bring your own booze, and there is also a store, a post office and a museum with artifacts from the Basque whaling days. In the 1560's and 1570's as many as 2000 Spaniards and 20 galleons came to Red Bay in the course of the summer to hunt Right and Bowhead whales and return with as much as 20,000 barrels of oil thus making Red Bay (Buttes) the largest whaling port in the world at that time. The mind boggles at the hardy men who made the voyage with limited navigational equipment, inadequate charts if any and the fear of icebergs and fog. So great was the demand for whale oil that it fetched the equivalent of about \$7000 a barrel in today's terms and apparently after the disastrous winter of 1574-75 the price of a barrel was double. The main centre of the whaling industry in those days was on Saddle Island which guards the entrance and in 1565 the Basque ship San Juan sank but due to the cold water it has been preserved and is believed to be the best example of a post medieval ship anywhere in the world. The raising and rebuilding of the ship is well documented on film shown at the museum and along with a walk around Saddle Island where the sites have been excavated provides a memorable visit.

From Red Bay we proceeded on through the straits 45 miles to Battle Harbour our most northerly goal of the cruise. It was a wet and cold but fast passage with the wind gusting occasionally to gale force but luckily from the southwest. We were told that if at all possible a visit to Battle Harbour was a must and we were not disappointed. On average only a handful of yachts reach Labrador in any given summer and even fewer venture further north than Battle Harbour yet for the well prepared boat and crew that does get there, it is an experience of a life time. Battle Harbour is situated between Great Caribou Island and Battle Island and is best approached from the north though in calm weather there is a 'tickle' (local word for a small passage) to the south which was blocked by a huge iceberg. The town is an ancient British port founded in 1700 and was the chief fishing station and capital of The Labrador with a governor sent from England. In later years it supported a hospital and wireless station and became a take off point for many Arctic expeditions. Indeed it was used by Captain Perry to make his first public announcement when he returned, in his ship Roosevelt, of his discovery of the North Pole in September 1909. During its heyday Battle Harbour must have been a



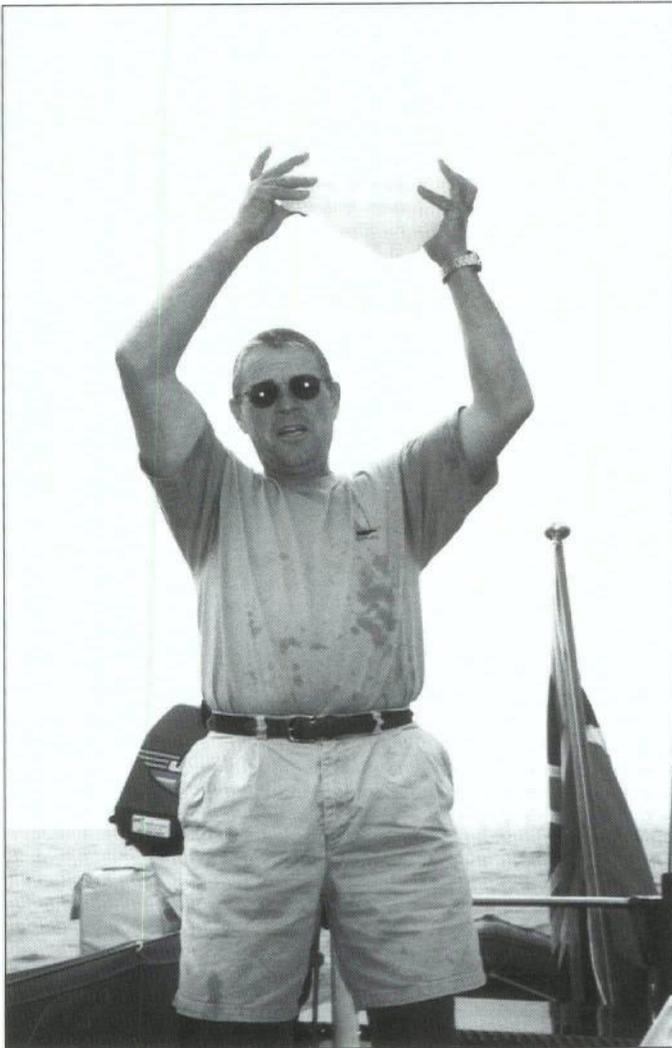
Alongside Battle Harbour, Labrador.

thriving place and today almost all the buildings, which are over 100 years old, have been painstakingly restored and contain many artifacts depicting the life and times of the cod fishing industry during the last and early part of this century where the fishermen lived in appalling conditions and who operated under the 'truck system' where one had to sell ones catch to the store owner and buy supplies from the same firm. The ledger books are all available to peruse and it was sickening to note that seldom did any family get out of debt and how they were gouged over the price of salt, the only preservative for their catch available at that time. It was of interest to note that Dr. Grenfell of the Mission fame tried unsuccessfully to set up a fisherman's co-operative on Battle Harbour in the early part of this century but was run out of town. The dock as in excellent condition with water and electricity available, as well as a laundry and very welcome showers. The 87 ft. sail training schooner Bowdoin with 16 cadets on board were also along side and we were later joined by the Cabots on Caracole. We were told the restoration was funded by the Canadian government and private donations and was run by trustees in St. Anthony. They are actively encouraging yachts to visit but only five called last year but so far this year the caretakers had welcomed six visiting boats and were expecting more.

On Saturday July 10 we bade farewell to The Labrador and headed south to St. Anthony the second largest town on Newfoundland where Mike and Rupert left Cuilaun and flew to



Mike and Rupert all wrapped on *Cuilaun*.



"How many cubes?"

Halifax to collect the Jeep and thence back to Camden. Newfoundland has its own time zone, unique in North America, which is 2½ hours behind GMT in the summer which always seems to cause confusion. The island is the tenth largest in the world, with a coastline 6000 miles in length and a population of about 570,000, the majority of whom live along the coast. Cuilaun was joined here by Bill Riordan ICC and Tom Power for the CCA summer cruise in company with the Royal Newfoundland Yacht Club. Ashore we found well supplied stores but as St. Anthony is a major fishing and commercial harbour the docks were totally unsuitable for lying along side so fuel and water had to be lugged aboard in Jerry jugs. St. Anthony is also home to The Grenfell Historical Society, who promote and encourage interest in the history of Newfoundland and Labrador as it relates to medical missionary Dr. Wilfred Grenfell. It has established a museum in the former Grenfell house and in a new interpretation centre located on the waterfront with its own dingy dock. It is well worth a visit to learn, first hand, the inspiring story of Sir Wilfred and his hospital mission. We rented a car and visited L'Ance aux Meadows, the site of the only documented Viking settlement in North America. The cruise in company was well supported considering the distance most had to come. There were 30 yachts in all ranging in size from the 120 ft. motor yacht Rainbow to a 28 ft. sloop. The cruise kicked off with a welcoming dinner and music with a definite Irish flavour in the local Legion Hall. The Newfies are very proud of their Irish and Scottish heritage and they speak with distinct burr quite unlike

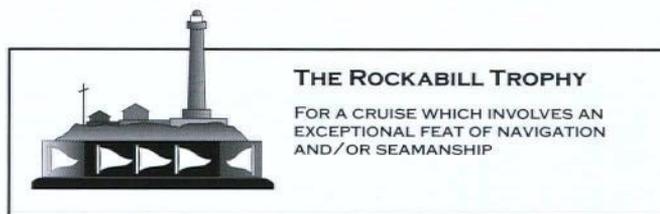


"You got how much?" Brian Smullen calls his broker.

any other part of Canada or indeed the US. The following day we sailed into Salmon Bay in Hare Bay where a well organised raft up took place with copious amounts of rum punch served in a rather novel way out of watering cans! Some livers are still wincing. The cruise then took us south down the east side of the northern peninsular and into Notra Dame Bay. We enjoyed some of the best sailing of the entire cruise with lots of whales and bergs, flat seas, and a mass of islands with innumerable anchorage possibilities. Large areas of Notra Dame Bay have not been accurately surveyed and therefore have not been put on CD's for use in our computer so it was back to the old fashioned method of eye ball navigation which taxed the cumulative brains somewhat. We visited Canada Bay, Round Harbour and Cutwell Harbour where we witnessed a bald eagle fishing for salmon and later understood there are three nesting pairs in the locality. Then it was on to Little Bay Island where the local folk laid on another terrific traditional Newfie dinner of smoked smelts and crabs. Sadly it rained heavily all evening, the only rain on the cruise. Cuilaun opted to leave the cruise at this point and start making her way back to Camden. We had to visit Fogo Island as a port on its southern end has the enchanting name of Seldom-Come-By-Tickle! Again we were extremely well received. There is a dock solely reserved for yachts again with electricity, water, showers and laundry facilities. After Seldom-Come-By we made an overnight passage to St. John the capital of Newfoundland and fueled up and dined ashore at the RNYC. On Tuesday 27 July we departed St. Johns and with a fair forecast advertising some westerly and even northwesterly winds we set off on the 550 mile hike across the Cabot Straits to Nova Scotia. The 27th July was Cuilaun and Bill's birthdays and what a party they threw, or threw up as the case may be. We had an uncomfortable first 36 hours but eventually the wind freed us somewhat and decreased and we arrived at the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron just after midday on the 30th July. After dinner ashore and a comfortable night on a mooring we headed across Mahone Bay some 50 miles to Lunenburg known as the port of wooden ships and iron men. It is also home of the famous Bluenose Schooner and is a town steeped in maritime history having been founded in 1753 by German, Swiss and Montbeliardas. Lunenburg is unique in terms of architecture and is rightly a World Heritage Site. So interesting it was we spent two nights but time was on the wing and on Monday August 2nd we left for Cape Sable and an uneventful passage back across the Gulf of Maine to Camden where we arrived the following day. It was a wonderful cruise enjoyed by all who took part and we broke nothing. We had been away for six weeks and a day, had covered a total distance of 2235 nautical miles and visited 20 anchorages.

Arctic Circle and Spitzbergen in the *Laroha*

Donal Lynch



It was a voyage out of the commonplace and into the extraordinary. There is something about starting in one place and finishing in another that has a greater appeal than our usual circular routes.

For this cruise the start is at Inverness and the finish at Bodo, inside the Arctic Circle. The boat is *Laroha*, a 48ft. Apache Catamaran, with skipper Hugh Stephenson and crew Luke Fitzherbert, Maeve Murphy, Michael Stephenson and myself. We are the delivery crew, to bring the boat across the Norwegian Sea, to its summer cruising ground.

Hugh, a long term west Cork devotee, started his sailing in tilty keel-boats but when it came to choosing a craft to do a serious voyage in 1992, settled on *Laroha*, balancing her comfort and space against the theoretical safety of a keelboat. His cruise on that occasion took in the Straits of Magellan and a long beat up the Patagonian Canal against wind and current. He never regretted his choice of *Laroha* and he cruises her every Summer with crews made up of relays of friends and acquaintances. Luke, born & reared in Wicklow, first sailed in Dublin Bay in the early '50s; a fathomless source of knowledge on everything to do with sailing, always adjusting and improving to make the boat go better. Maeve, sailing since she was four, immensely competent, brought laughter to our reserved crew. Michael, the youngest, laconic, funny. We had cruised on *Laroha* before but not all together.

22/6/98: We start with a day of circuitous air travel through strange airports and a car journey through the Grampian hills. Here we have our first intimation of the surreal; we are being followed up a winding valley by eleven Ferraris. The hired Opel Astra is wound up to stay ahead but their patience is short and before we can find a camera a torrent of red surges past.

23/6/98: While the others provision the boat, I go to Forres, to look at the Peter F. Anson archive at the Falconer Museum. Anson, who died in 1975 was an unusual character, devoted to the sea and religion, a talented artist who produced a number of books on boats and fisherfolk, beautifully illustrated with his own drawings. In 1946 the Irish Sea Fisheries Board commissioned him to produce such a book for Ireland and he travelled every creek between Dundalk and the Mizen photographing and sketching. The project came to nothing. He concluded that Ireland did not have a maritime tradition, understandable maybe in that depressed time. However his photographs and sketches, if they still existed, promised to be a rare find in an area where very little pictorial exists. And so it proves! Hundreds of blurred Box Brownie prints and dozens of exquisite pen and ink drawings. I had tracked the archive down only a month before and being in Inverness gave the perfect opportunity to inspect it.

This afternoon we go to sea through the Caledonian Canal sea lock, with minutes to spare – it has restricted opening times because of flotation of the caisson lock gates – and sail under Kessock bridge into the Moray Firth, with a south westerly breeze coming out of the Great Glen behind.

And so northwards. The following afternoon the wind goes

east and fog fills in as we approach Fair Isle. There are glimpses of heavy seas breaking on its rocky eastern shore so we press on to Lerwick, arriving in failing light and fog.

Lerwick is wet but welcoming; showers and laundry in the Boat Club and pints there at night, from the friendly customs officer who serves behind the bar. An old friend, the Contessa 26, *Ceol an Phuca*, is spotted across the harbour. Her new owner Justin McDonagh from Limerick and crew Trish are waiting for a weather window for Norway. Maeve is chatted up on deck by the customs officer/barman, all in the line of duty, while we wait for an expensive sail repair from the local loft.

Next day to Balta Sound on Unst and Britain's Most Northerly Hotel, where the signs are in Norwegian. But what is this in Ultima Thule? Britain's most northerly bus shelter, in the middle of the moor, complete with net curtains, TV, snacks, bottle of wine, vase of flowers and sofa! We were now without doubt in the realm of the surreal.

Moods began to shift. The strange and ridiculous is seen everywhere. Even four days of wet slog to windward in the Norwegian Sea do little to damp it.

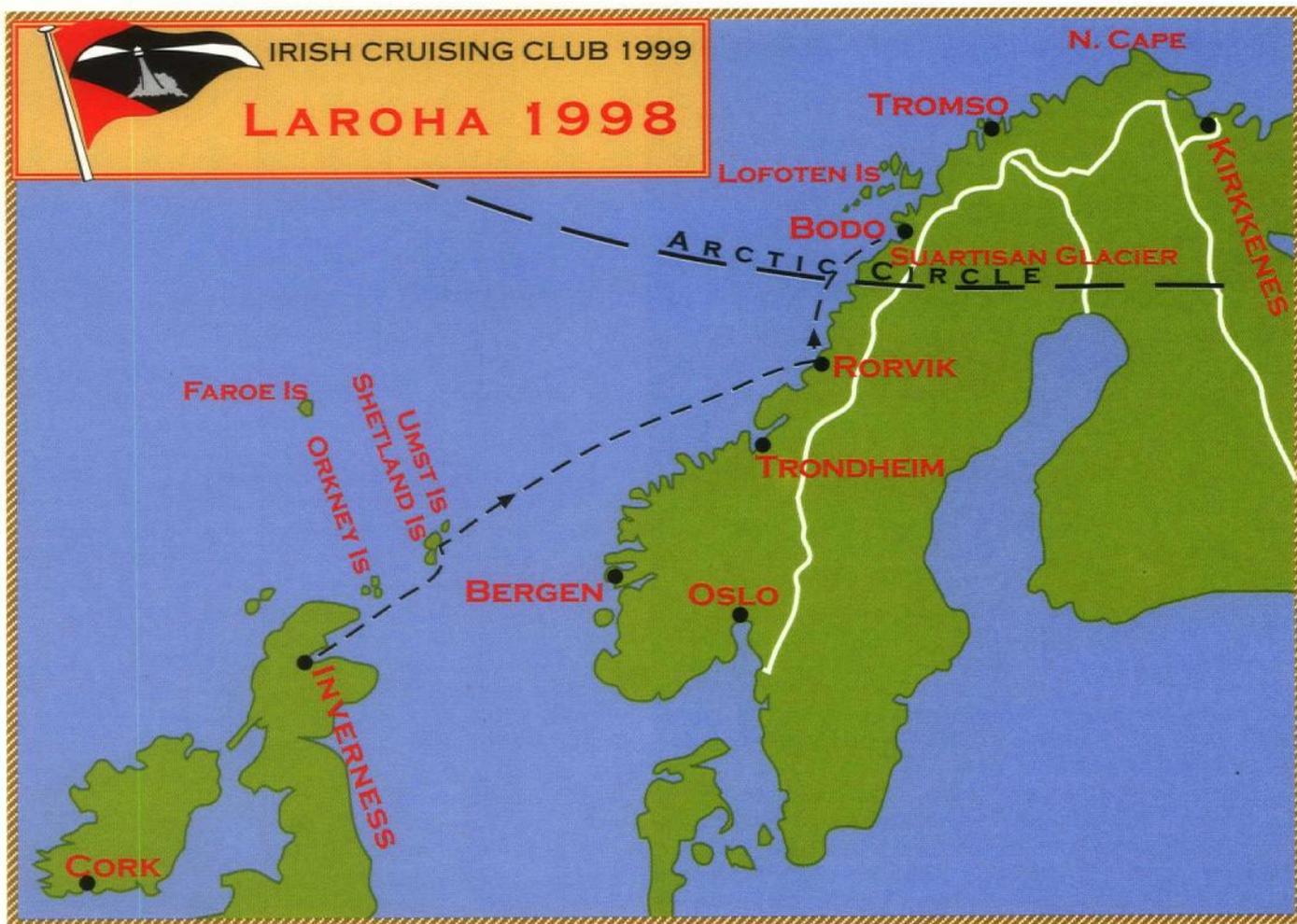
For the four days of the passage our daily runs are: 131, 78, 92 & 130 NM. Big, heavy catamarans are not that fast to windward!

1/7/98: Michael, on the morning watch, sights the Kya lighthouse and we berth at the marina in Rorvik around midday.

Rorvik is a small, prosperous town situated on the maritime 'great north road' of Norway. This is the deep-water passage, the leads inside the *Skjaergard*, that extraordinary chain of islands and rocks that lies off the coast, up to 30 miles wide in places, from Stavanger to beyond North Cape. The *Skjaergard* and the leads inside, the *Indreleia*, are probably more significant than the fjords, for they give protection from the sea and a safe, secure passage up and down that mighty coast. Increasingly, as we go north, we become aware that the waters in the leads are benign and the land the untamed element, in contrast with our own west coast, where the opposite is the case.

Rorvik caters for cruising folk with visitors berths and showers and laundry. Everything is low-key and relaxed, even their festival, *Hurtigrutastag*, which happened the day after we arrived. It is built around the *Hurtigrutas* ships, which sail through the leads from Bergen to Kirkenes and back, on an eleven-day schedule. It is now mainly a tourist route but in the past it was the essential north-south carrier of people and goods. Rorvik's *Hurtigrutastag* is the day that the north-going Kong Harald and the south-going Carl Smidt arrive at the quay at the same time. We are told that there will be 'dynamiting of the harbour and lots of frightened children and dogs' as part of the entertainment. This is far too good to miss so we stay on and go out to meet the ships, dressed all over with our flags spelling out H-U-R-T-I-G-R-U-T-A-S-T-A-G (nobody noticed!).

We missed the dynamite and the frightened children – was this some convoluted Norwegian joke? Even without that



Rorvik certainly merits a detour, if only to visit the Kystmuseet and its irrepressible curator. Personal guided tours around the museum seem to be the norm. On *Hurtigrutastag* the curator and staff are dressed in period costume, hers with a bustle. She is quite willing to pose.

The Kystmuseet is the creation of a man who collected old boats and lots of other things. A large boatshed houses a collection of the traditional boats of the coast, with high ends and low freeboard amidships, and a most awkward tiller mechanism to circumvent the tall sternpost.

The Norwegians' celebration of *Hurtigrutastag* seemed fairly subdued, when compared, say, to a west Cork Regatta. Maybe we should have stayed the night! Our informative curator told us, for instance, about the romantic Norwegian midsummer custom of long, lingering meals of fish with red wine at midnight.

The original plan was to sail direct to the island of Traena, on the Arctic Circle but our landfall, Rorvik, is 100 miles south of that. So we steam north for 24 hours in the flat calm of the *Indreleia*. It is relatively simple to navigate (or pilot) so long as you keep to the marked channels. But the mosaic of superb charts, at a scale of 1:50,000, produced by the Norwegian Marine Cartography Service, require a magnifying glass to read their fine detail and the *Baakes* and *Vardes* – daymarks numbering 23,000 in all – are no help among the smaller rocks and islands. Now also we were sailing into the midnight sun so the hundreds of navigational lights shown on the chart became redundant, except that the sectored lights, with their small white towers and red caps, also make good day-marks.

Armitage & Brackenbury's *Cruising Guide to Norway* is our guide from here on. Luke scours the hundreds of thumbnail sketch entries to find a new and enchanting anchorage every

night; islands, mountains, glaciers, fjords, all of which we enjoyed in idyllic weather – but no wind! We had scarcely a puff from this point on.

3/7/98: We moor in a shallow bay at Svino Island (66 N). In the morning Mike goes for the first Arctic swim – unphotographed ('everything you do in life shouldn't be for your CV')

On the 4th of July the Arctic Circle monument on Vikingen Island – actually a little bit south of the Circle – and photographs to prove it are definitely CV fodder. Then a slow drift up our first real fjord, Melfjorden, then Nordenfjord, which reveals first an anchorage behind two islands and then, slithering down the valley at the head, a sinister paw of ice, the Svartisen glacier. The Svartisen is the largest glacier in Norway, a relic of the last ice age, which shaped our own landscape as far south as Killarney and the drowned river mouths of the south coast.

The shallow draft of *Laroha* comes into its own here. We are able to moor by running her close in, with the bow almost touching, and taking a line ashore. An anchor is shot from the stern into 50ft. of water.

Our row ashore in the punt encounters floating ice and torrents of melt-water from the streams pouring into the fjord. Once ashore all seems benign and the foot of the glacier an easy walk away. Soon, however, the sense of being on untrodden ground takes hold. A ptarmigan rises from our feet and her dozen chicks first scatter, then freeze, melting into the background, then scamper off into holes in the rocks while the parent droops her white wing in a decoy manoeuvre. An hour later, as we return, exactly the same scene is played out on the same patch of ground. A wedge of snow under a cliff prompts romping and snowballing until it shows itself as a thin skin of



Laroha at Vikingen Island. Sectored Light Tower in Background

frozen snow over a torrent 10ft. below. Next the valley of the stream is obstructed by a rockfall, covered in scrubby birch, at least 50 years old but giving a sense of having happened only yesterday in the awesome timescale of that valley. We make our way slowly over it becoming more aware of the hazards of a place untrod by human foot, cavities underfoot covered in moss, rotten branches that yield at a touch. We turn back and on our way down past the snow wedge remark on the curious scraping of the earth outwards from its foot, as if a dozen bulldozers have toiled for the previous days to push all before them towards the centre of the valley; young saplings and trees are flattened; the surface soil and boulders in the floor of the valley scraped away to a few feet depth. It all looks as fresh as if it happened yesterday. As we puzzle over this and conclude that that was caused by a springtime avalanche there is a roar from a hanging valley opposite and a visible flurry of descending snow. It peters out up high and nothing reaches the valley floor. We glance nervously at the sheer rock-face towering above on our side which had unleashed its own destructive avalanche onto the ground where we stand only a few months before and think of our unheeding shouts to Mike who had wandered off earlier.

The Svartisen is growling and showing its teeth. We escape back to the security of the sea but some demon of unease had taken hold; sleep is impossible, even in the idyllic anchorage of the Nordenfjord.

Nordenfjord is followed by Holandsfjord, probing another corner of the Svartisen, more developed and touristy, still majestic, but certainly less menacing. We walk up to the glacier and capture some virgin ice for our gin and tonics.

We motor down the fjord and on to Ornes, a mainland town

where the hotel provides a room at reasonable cost and we can shower in luxury. Be warned though that Norway goes on holiday at midsummer and you may find that hotels in towns like Ornes are closed – because everybody is on holiday! We miss the *Vinmonopolet* again. These are the state liquor outlets – one in each large town. They close early and often. We go on to spend the night at another one of Luke's finds, the anchorage between Gassvaaer and Kvalo Islands. Gassvaaer is a small, uninhabited island of rock and bogland, without a square foot of mineral soil, but littered with the remains of complicated agricultural machinery from some mad farming experiment fifty or more years ago. At midnight, as we explore, the Sun dips briefly behind a low island to the north and rises again in a spectacular

dawning.

Days merge into one another in the continuous light of the Arctic Summer. We berth at another small marina on Fugloy – literally 'Bird Island'. Most of the houses, on the 'street' behind the sandy beach, have grassed roofs and are now unoccupied except for the Summer, when families return to the old homesteads. The hanging valley above has to be climbed. We are courteously given directions but soon take a wrong turn; we are under observation and two young guides, Simon and Rupert, arrive to lead us up. The cliffs on either side are home to thousands of puffins – a much underestimated bird, which can catch a fifth slippery fish in its beak while already holding the first four in a neat row. These are not fishing, of course, at a thousand feet, but using the cliffs to give flying lessons to their young which rocket past us at eye level as we climb.

Another swim for all except Maeve – who dips her foot and declares that it is cold – and we press on for the last lap to



Svino Island anchorage

IRISH CRUISING CLUB 1999
LAROHA 1999



Bodo. The town is a busy port and ferry terminal for the Lofotens. There is a large marina, mainly filled with motorboats and a sprinkling of yachts. The outer berths behind the mole are reserved for traditional boats, beautifully varnished and painted, with sailing rigs and stone ballast.

Bodo looks after its cruising sailors, 1,500 every year, mainly Norwegian motor boats. Charlotte, the *Havnevertinna*, is employed to look after visiting boats. Her salary is paid by the Harbour master, her car sponsored by Avis, her gear by Helly Hansen and her mobile phone and VHF by others. She calls to every visiting boat at least once a day and is immensely helpful and obliging, driving us where we want to go and delivering us to the airport. Other ports please copy!

8/7/98: Our cruise is over. The abiding memories are of eternal daylight and breathtaking scenery of island and fjord and mountain, but also of country which is truly maritime. To our eyes the little farms that we pass, surrounded by rock and forest, on the edges of the fjords, seem impossibly isolated until we remember that the sea is their highway. These houses in fact were 'built on the main road'; their boats on the water put them in touch with everything, neighbours, shops, towns etc. by the most efficient means of transport at the time. Even now the seaborne transport is huge and omnipresent.

Sturdy reinforced concrete piers, swathed in black tyre fenders, with simple loading ramps, are everywhere. The large Hurtigrutas ships and cargo vessels ply north and south in the leads but much more numerous are the small black and white ferries that bustle back and forth from mainland to island and fjord, carrying passengers, cars, tourists on bicycles and whatever needs to be transported. Norway has used its North Sea wealth to extend its road transport system but has not neglected its great traditional waterborne transport system.

We fly back from Bodo to the Irish Summer and the Glandore Classic Boat Regatta in the course of a long day.

The following year we left Glandore on a misty Sunday with no particular sense of excitement; the place I am going to is too far away and still unreal. On the car radio Cork are being hammered by Kerry in the Munster final. When I return a month later it takes a week to adjust to the reality that they won that match and are in the All-Ireland semi-final.

This is year three of *Laroha's* Arctic voyage. I join the ship in Tromso on the 19th of July. We sail north for six days to Ny Alesund in Spitzbergen (79°N). We are back in Tromso after two and a half weeks for a crew change and then a week outside the Vesteralen and Lofoten islands before finishing in Bodo on the 18th of August. In all that time it is only on the last night, with Autumn closing in, that we have a few hours of darkness.

The day we set out Tromso is at its best; brightly-dressed people throng the streets; we sit in the in the sunshine in shirt-sleeves, drinking our last beers on dry land.

Like many Norwegian towns a large part of Tromso burnt down and was rebuilt in a dreary post-war style. The harbour-side board-walk where we sit is one of the surviving picturesque bits, with weather-boarded warehouses showing their painted gables to the water. One of these is the Arctic Museum, with exhibits on the great Norwegian explorers Fridtjof Nansen and Roland Amundsen. It shows Nansen's 3-year voyage in the ice, when he sailed east and – deliberately it seems – locked in the ice and drifted north and west in a zig-zag path, in the course of two Arctic winters and summers, working ever so slowly closer to the Pole. Then, incredibly, with one companion, he made a dash for it over the ice, on foot, when he judged he would get no nearer. The attempt failed and he made it back to Svalbard. There he was found by the British explorer, Jackson, who said 'I am awfully pleased to meet you' when they met on those icy wastes. Amundsen, discoverer of the



Vikingen Island, Arctic Circle Monument. Michael, Hugh, Maeve, Luke, Donal.

South Pole, has another great section of the Museum devoted to him. We will encounter other memoirs of Amundsen on Spitzbergen.

Tromso is the last we see of really good weather. In contrast to last year Norway is having its worst summer in 40 years. We head north, motoring through the fjords to jump off from the remote port of Torsvåg, where we see our first cod-drying frames.

We leave Torsvåg in bright sunshine and a brisk easterly wind, which will stay in that quarter for four days. It builds to gale force by evening and the port front saloon window shatters, shipping a wave before we can bear away and heave to. Although only a bucket or two of water it was literally enough to give us pause on this first day of our journey into the unknown. Thankful for the bright Arctic night we bolt on the protective outer perspex sheet – over an hour's work for the four of us, and turn in for a night's sleep. Rested and fed we agree that the ship is sound and that we should go on to do what we came to do.

The wind moderates a little and after four days we get a glimpse of Sorkapp fifty miles off. We head in for Hornsund, the southernmost fjord in Spitzbergen, famous for its williwaws. The wind drops to zero and we motor in flat calm. A fog bank looms ahead and suddenly we are on the edge of a bank of sea-ice, sparse at the outer edge but making a clear line. Further back the ice is much denser and even at the edge some of the bits are big enough to do damage. Strangely the ice edge is befouled with plastic rubbish, nets, plastic tape etc., the first we have seen in Norway. We decide that the pack ice has been blown around Sorkapp by the persistent easterlies that brought us here and is working its way northwards along the coast. So we skirt north-west along the ice edge hoping our analysis is correct. We remember the report of ice in Isfjord last summer and wonder what it really meant. How long should we go on like this before turning back and looking for another way around the ice?

After six hours it comes to an end. During that time another crisis has developed. Maeve, dozing in her cabin, is overcome by exhaust gases from the diesel heaters, sucked back through the ducts when the heater is turned off and the flue capped. Her convulsive coughing alerts us. She is dragged out on deck for a fresh air cure and slowly revives. Carbon monoxide poisoning is diagnosed.

We haven't seen another craft for a week. Now two ships come briefly into view as we pass the mouth of Isfjord.



Luke, Donal Maeve and candy floss bergy bit, Crossfjord

Seabirds, Puffins, Little Auks and Guillemots become more numerous as we approach the land. Schools of White Beaked Dolphins escorted us on watch after watch on the sea passage. One sighting is made of a group of Harp Seals, crossing our bow, surfing and jumping out of the water, handsome slim animals, like playful dolphins, making the sea boil as they pass. The only seals we are to see after that are some solitary Bearded Seals, quite dull by comparison.

Hugh's plan is to head north past the mouth of Isfjord inside Prins Karls Forland through the Forlandsundet. In the sound over a dozen glaciers are in view, some terminating in great ice cliffs lapped by the sea. Behind this the landscape of bare rock, snow and brown moraine is to be our visual fare until we leave Spitzbergen.

Now we are in the high Arctic. The thermometer stands between 2 & 8 Celsius, except in the brief periods of sunshine. The weather predictions for west Spitzbergen say zero rainfall in July but we get drizzle every day. The brief spells of sunshine light up the elemental landscape and make it appear briefly beautiful. Rock, sea, ice and moraine however provide a limited palette, especially in the misty and overcast conditions that are our norm.

Some friendly construction workers meet us on the pier at Ny Alesund (pop. 50 in Winter, 150 in Summer) and tell us that the pub opens on Wednesday evening (this is Sunday afternoon, 25th July) The Sysselman's representative (local Garda sergeant) is helpful and relaxed but mentions 'a question of insurances'. He doesn't mean the ship's insurance – we don't really think he does – it is the dreaded bond! This is a special compulsory insurance to cover the cost of rescue. He produces a leaflet which sets out its application but not the all-important calculation, which he explains. The cost of rescue is estimated at Kr.150,000. The premium is 6%, Kr.9,000 or IR£900. Our policeman puts a very reasonable construction on the regulations – we are in a permitted area, not going any further north and going back through another permitted area, Isfjord – so there is no need for the bond. Moreover our notification of entry in Ny Alesund will suffice; no need to check in again with the Sysselman in Longyearbyen.

We stay three days in Ny Alesund, lying against the pier for

Kr.100 (IR£10.00) a day. It is an outpost town but clean and ordered in the Norwegian way. Originally a coal-mining town, it was wiped out by a disastrous explosion. It is the second permanent settlement on Svalbard and the most northerly. The Kongscool Company, probably nationalised, runs the shop and pub which open for tour ships.

Impressions are what remain: Svalbard Reindeer grazing on the lichens and mosses growing on the moraine just outside the town; piles being driven into the permafrost for a new building and dry concrete mix being shipped in in plastic bags; people passing in the dirt-track streets without making eye-contact; thawed-out milk and freshly-baked bread from the canteen kitchen and the young cook who was looking forward to his first Winter in Ny Alesund; the abandoned coal workings and toy rail engine; the Arctic Terns which dive-bomb if

you stray off the beaten track; the mini cruise-liner passengers being greeted on the pier by crew members disguised as Polar Bears as they come ashore to buy post-cards – 'You must realise that these are true adventurers' one of the ship's officers tells Hugh.

Our own adventure seems ordinary enough at times; no entrapment in the ice – not to be contemplated in a catamaran, in any case; no swims among the ice floes; no climbs of any sort of peaks; no Arctic Fox, no Walruses and worst of all, no Polar Bears. A few people are killed each year by them and Hugh has hired a serious rifle in Tromso (IR£120 and no questions asked) so that we can comply with the law. We hump it along conscientiously on all our trips ashore but no sign of the dreaded Isbjorn. They are reported to be foraging in dustbins and even invading kitchens on the outskirts of Longyearbyen.

We motor up Kongsfjord to within a mile of the Kongsbreen glacier, the water getting progressively muddier and the density of sea-ice increasing. We see it calving into the sea with a flurry of snow and a roar like thunder. The wave, clearly visible a mile off, never reaches us, damped out, we presume, by the surface ice. One of the hazards of navigation is that the charts have not kept up with the retreating glacier. Uncharted spits of moraine can be a hazard even for a cat. In the dead still water the only indication of shallows are grounded bergy bits.

The ice, floating down the fjord, is vast in its variety; bits that we mistook for rocks; slabs like floating glass; eroded mushrooms of ice on a floating base; best of all the large candy-floss blue bits that calve from certain glaciers only.

The anchorages we visit after this are New London, across the fjord from Ny Alesund, site of an abortive marble-mining enterprise; 14thJulibukta, in Crossfjorden, where we walk up on to the edge of the glacier; Bullbukta, in St. Johns fjord, an unsurveyed anchorage behind a moraine spit, the entrance only suitable for shallow-draught boats; Barentsburg, the Russian coal-mining town, so forbidding that nobody wants to go ashore; Vanmydenbukta with its wide coastal plain and beach littered with Russian logs and massive whale-bones.

Armitage & Brackenbury's Norwegian Cruising Guide is more harbour guide and gazetteer than pilot book. It is really

two books; Brackenbury did the bit south of Sognefjord thirty years ago and John Armitage's section on the northern half, plus Spitzbergen, was added in 1991. It is good for picking out anchorages and the short section on Svalbard is very useful. The relevant English language versions of the seven-volume *Den Norske Los* (The Norwegian Pilot) should also be carried. They are essential for tidal currents in the fjords, for instance.

Hugh met John Armitage last year and it was his assurance that conditions in Svalbard should hold no fears for somebody who had cruised the west of Ireland and Patagonia that finally decided him to take *Laroha* north. He met him again in the fjords this year and he predicted that we would have a reach up and back and that we wouldn't have any extreme conditions. This proved impressively accurate for an area where we are told forecasts can't be relied on.

Navigation, or rather pilotage, is one of the joys of cruising in Norwegian waters. This is largely due to the much praised Norwegian charts – Armitage says 'it would be hard to speak too highly of (their) clarity and excellence'. The 100 Series charts cover the coastline with an overlapping mosaic of some hundreds at a scale of 1:50,000. They are artefacts of great beauty, reflecting the spectacular coastline that they map: the Skjaergard (skerries) lying outside the Indreleia (leads) where deep water is peppered with islands, reefs and rocks, so that the chart, in places, looks as if sand has been scattered on it and it has to be read with the aid of a magnifying glass: yet everything is there, down to the last Varde and Bake and the tens of thousands of perches, with top-marks pointing to the deep channels. We get the impression that all the perches not being replaced or maybe we failed to pick up a few! The sector lights are another much-loved feature of navigation in the leads. We develop a great affection for them as day-marks but it isn't until our last night, on the approach to Bodo, that we have a chance to appreciate them as directional lights.

We miss out on visiting Bear Island on the way back – Hugh's one major regret – having been set west in very light conditions at the start. We see it in the offing to the east but decide against taking the extra day that the beat back and a short visit would entail. We are well on the way to Norway now, on a gentle beam reach in westerly winds with the temperature rising on every watch. The passage takes 4 days.

Our landfall is Kvaloy, a quiet anchorage by a waterfall at Rodgammer. We sail south through the fjords to Trondfjord. Here we wake in the morning to a full gale blowing down the fjord, Kvalsundet, and run under staysail only most of the way to Tromso.

Luke leaves at Tromso and John Kenny joins for the last part of the cruise. We visit the Polaria Museum, a fine example of modern architecture, based on overlapping slabs or collapsing dominoes, containing an entertaining seal aquarium – very P un C – but the seals look as if they are enjoying us as much as we them. We admire a spanking new 90-foot sloop – Fyftien – lying against the quay. A hand tells us that the hull is by Frers and that they have gone north about Spitzbergen and through the Hinlopen Straits with only a single ice-chart from the



Typical Vesteralen scenery.

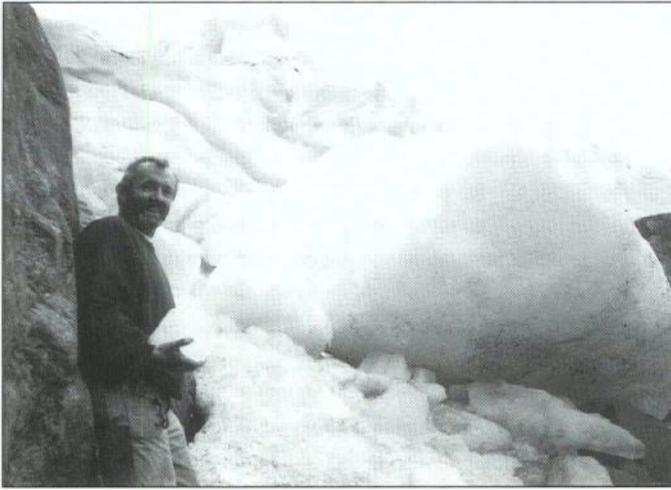
Sysselman. He takes himself off before we can get any more details, and leaves us with a slight sense of deflation. Anyway! we are off now outside the islands.

This part of the cruise has as much variety of landscape, humanity and habitation as the first part lacked.

We cruise for a week on the outside of the Vesteralen and



Anchorage at Nordfjordhline on the Nordenfjord.



Donal contemplating edge of sea ice.

Lofoten Islands. Every day brings not one but sometimes two or three surprises; sea mountain, ports and people.

Cruising logs for these parts skirt politely around the Norwegian character and this will be no exception. What can one say but agree that they have reached a practical accommodation with their remote environment and long Arctic night by damping down social contact and living within their own four walls. All their houses are private; they have no need for a public house, so essential for the functioning of Irish society. They are unfailingly polite and genuinely helpful – when asked. We get offered litres of milk and payment is refused; we get a present of waffles and coffee from breakfast from a young waiter, in thanks for talking to him – very briefly – about Svalbard, where his grandfather had gone whaling and fishing. In the working fishing villages only Norwegian is spoken but in the touristy places it is different.

*Hugh: Where did you learn to speak such excellent English?
Barman: I was not aware that I spoke excellent English.*

Old Norway hands will know that this is delivered without the slightest hint of irony.

The Lofoten and Vesteralen islands were at the hub of the cod fishery and the trade that followed from the Middle Ages on. We keep coming on reminders of it everywhere. Langenes, a shallow, rock-girt lagoon was a major trading port with Russia for centuries until the Nordland Boats were superseded by deep-draught powered craft. The town then shifted to the modern port at Sto. Old photographs show a busy community, with substantial wooden houses and stores overlooking the anchorage. Nothing remains, in this land without ruins, but the remnants of a few stone piers and causeways and the church – the second oldest wooden church in Norway, as it proudly claims. The verger appears from the wings looking like a character in an Ibsen play and explains some of the fascinating details, including the fire bucket and hook and the long galleried approach to the pulpit. Some of the box pews are unsighted from the altar but all have a perfect view of the pulpit. He tells us of the decline in population in his time as a teacher, a familiar story.

Nyksund, just around the corner, is something else again. A totally protected cove hidden in the rocks, with buildings on wooden pilings lining its steep sides. It is like an abandoned Hollywood film set, many of the houses derelict, pilings slipping off the huge boulders and canting the buildings crazily towards the water. Abandoned by government policy in 1959, in a drive to save infrastructure costs, it is fighting for life again, thanks mainly to the Dutch and Germans who have moved in and are starting to restore some of the buildings. The are a safety officer's nightmare.

There is a pub and restaurant where Maeve finds Ringo from Dresden, the cook, who is an enthusiast for Ireland, having had a four-month holiday here in 1995 – with his girlfriend – for IR£600! He enquires wistfully for the Jolly Roger in Sherkin and recommends the whale-meat steak to John, who pronounces it good. The rest of us have more conventional fare. Norway is allowed to kill a number of whales each year and this is from one of them – a Minke Whale he tells us.

We tried do-it-yourself whalewatching two days ago, coming from Hamn to Sto. This is the Summer haunt of young Sperm Whales which have failed to find a mate. The attraction here is the cold upwelling water in the trough north of Andenes. It sounds like cold comfort but apparently is enough to bring 150 or so of them here each year, where they are a tourist attraction like Fungi. The whale-watch boats go out for four or five hours and offer a free trip the following day if no whale is sighted. We sail over the ground all day, following likely boats, one of which turns out to be heading for Jan Mayen. We hear in Sto that sightings are sparse this year.

We are told we musn't miss Tinde, three hours from Nyksund. It is a traditional fishing station, preserved by government order and looked after by its only inhabitant. Helsinn Seejalg Hatmoz, came to Tinden in 1937, married a local woman and became postmaster. At 84 he still runs the station, now looking after tourists and tending his shop. We are shown over the station including the timber sheeted cold store which contains a small bearded seal (whole and with eyes wide open) and a white-tailed eagle in full plumage, the prize exhibits among the several varieties of dried fish kept for his table. We were warned of this in Nyksund but assumed we had misunderstood and put it down to translation problems.

Our ports of call become a little boring after this but the scenery is still breath-taking. the mountains of Vesteralen are not extremely high but they rise sheer from the sea, with variety of colour and texture and light compared to the monochrome scenery of Svalbard. There are no glaciers and just a few small patches of snow. We skirt along southwards, close to the coast, dodging in and out among rocks and islets. Judging distance continues to be a problem; the scale is smaller than Svalbard but even so distances are grossly underestimated. A mile off turns out to be two or two and a half; in Spitzbergen a guessed three miles could turn out to be twelve!

Winds are fair, generally enough to avoid motoring and the

TRAVEL RESTRICTIONS

“Regulations Relating to Tourism & Other Travel in Svalbard” is published in English by the Ministry of Justice in Oslo (e-mail: jd-arkiv-polaravd@jd.dep.telemax.no) or can be obtained from the Governor of Svalbard, N-9170, Longyearbyen (fax: 00 47 79 02 43 00).

art.7 states ‘Notification of travel plans should be submitted to the Governor or person authorised by the Governor... Individual travellers... shall give notice of any plans involving travel beyond permanent settlements. the mandatory notification shall not however apply to:

- Land around the southern and eastern coasts of Isfjord including between Isfjord and Bellsund & Van Myen Fjorden.
- Motorboat and sailboat trips in Isfjord, Kongsfjord and Van Myenfjord and brief visits ashore.
- Journeys on land within a 20 mile radius of Ny Alesund.’ art.6 states ‘Individual travellers must have insurance or guarantees in respect of journeys which are subject to mandatory notification in pursuance of art.7. The Governor may grant exemption in certain cases...’



Streetscape, Ny Alesund.



Author on whalebone, with reindeer antlers and gun, Van Mydenbukta.

sea is flat. We run with boomed-out yankee and genoa a few times – the essence of carefree cruising in this large cat.

Two days to go. All that is left is the passage to the inside of the Lofotens and then across the Vestfjorden to Bodo. As we approach the mouth of the sound, Nap Strommer, and make a sail change a sheet goes in the water and promptly fouls the port propeller. This morning, a fouled frapping line prevents us hoisting the mizzen. Somebody jokes that it is Friday 13th. and we are due another mishap. Hugh spikes his finger on rigging wire but this is dismissed as attention-seeking rather than mishap number three.

Our penultimate port of call is Nusfjord, a picture postcard haven invisible from the sea. It is a typical Lofoten cod-fishing village, now almost totally given over to tourism. The *rorbua* (red-painted hute rented to the spring cod fishermen) are converted to holiday chalets with all mod cons; there is a folksy general store selling loose nails and screws and fish-hooks of different types and sizes, but also postcards and tee-shirts and souvenirs; wire they don't stock, but more of that later! We tie up beside the high wooden pier, have a big feed of pasta and the works, finishing off most of our stores, and start into a leisurely game of cards in the gloaming – the lantern in the main cabin has been lit for the last few nights. Hugh goes to his cabin to fetch something and steps into an inch of water. Frantic lifting of floor-boards reveals about a foot of water in the starboard hull. Where are the sea-cocks? One under the forward berth comes away in the hand and the sea gushes in. The big Whale pumps are deployed. For a few moments the water flows in uncontrolled and is gaining on us until Hugh succeeds in jamming the fitting back against its plate. The water subsides

and allows us to see what is going on. All the while John pumps. A bung is found but is too small. Maeve keeps pressure on the fitting while the diameter of the bung is increased with self-amalgamating tape. It fits and is hammered home, but how to secure it for the crossing of Vestfjorden tomorrow? We do a temporary lash-up and retire for the night. In the morning a more permanent fix is devised; wooden struts and wedges hold the bung in place, but we need wire. The general store doesn't stock any but they go to immense trouble rummaging in old bins and drawers, finally finding a small coil. We wire it up, making Spanish windlasses with large nails, to prevent it loosening under way, *Laroha's* heterogeneous collection of tools, spares and bits nobody could bear to throw away has triumphed again! The offending item was an obsolete B & G log, the brass threads of which have disintegrated from electrolytic action.

It is mid afternoon before we leave Nusfjord, a sparkling day with the mountains of Norway, sixty miles away, looking very near. The wind freshens from the north-east bringing a much lumpier sea than the wind speed (25 knots) would warrant. The Norway Pilot warns that this is an area of dangerous seas.

Going through the islands on the approach to Bodo we are in darkness for the first time in a month. We know that we are sailing back 'out of the extraordinary as we had known it'.

CLOTHING

An ISA Safety course where the 3-layer system was lucidly explained by David Matthews provided all the answers for cruising in the cold; thermal vest next to the skin, heavy duty wicking fleece and good quality breathable waterproof outer layer. This was as much as I needed at any time to keep warm. Light thermal gloves under lined climbers' gauntlets were a godsend (thanks for the tip to Gary MacMahon) Thermal and woollen socks inside Dubarry sea-boots were fine except that the soles of the feet got cold while standing on watch. With these systems cold was less of a problem than on many cruises in home waters.

Maeve augmented the basic system with extra layers of heavy-duty fleece and a Musto inner-layer suit, building up – she claimed – to a seven layer system overall!

PROVISIONS

Food and drink in Norway are expensive, 30% to 50% more than Irish prices. Moreover, certain staples, like fresh meat, are not readily available. many of the small fishing villages do not have shops – beware of directions telling you something is a mile away; a Norwegian mile is 10 Km. – so you have to stock up in the large towns. On the mainland beer is now available in big supermarkets but wine and spirits have to be purchased at the Vinmonopolet, well appointed and stocked, but rather clinical. Here you can get a bottle of Gordon's gin for IR£29 and even the occasional bargain like a bottle of drinkable red for IR£9!

Svalbard is a duty-free area so diesel, cigarettes and drink are reasonably cheap, by Norwegian standards. Beer is still £2.20 a can but a litre of gin is only IR£11. Cockburn's port IR£12 and a bottle of Crozes Hermitage only IR£7.50.

Duty-free shops at UK airports will sell you as much alcohol and cigarettes as you wish to take out of the EU. What you are allowed to bring into Norway is another matter entirely.

A month in Corsica and Sardinia with *Rafiki*

Bill and Hilary Keatinge

Rafiki spent the winter of '98 in Almerimar, near Almeria on the SE corner of Spain and we launched her early in April. However, it took nearly three weeks to get going – much of that time spent waiting for well publicised couriers to “Express” parts out to us – do not believe a word the advertisements say, very frustrating! Socially though, it was no hardship as we were among the live-aboard fraternity and had a great time, more and more convinced that taking to the sea permanently would be the life for us – or were the late-into-the-night discussions influencing us just a little! We cruised an unsettled May in the Balearics: just a transit stop in Ibiza, three weeks in Mallorca and a week in Menorca. We did spend three days in *Porto Colom*, on the eastern coast of Mallorca, visiting “Neon Tetra’s” crew. Both may be getting on in years – the 40ft. Hillyard, *Neon Tetra* is well over 40 years old and her owner, my father Terence Roche, double that, but both were in extremely good shape and form.

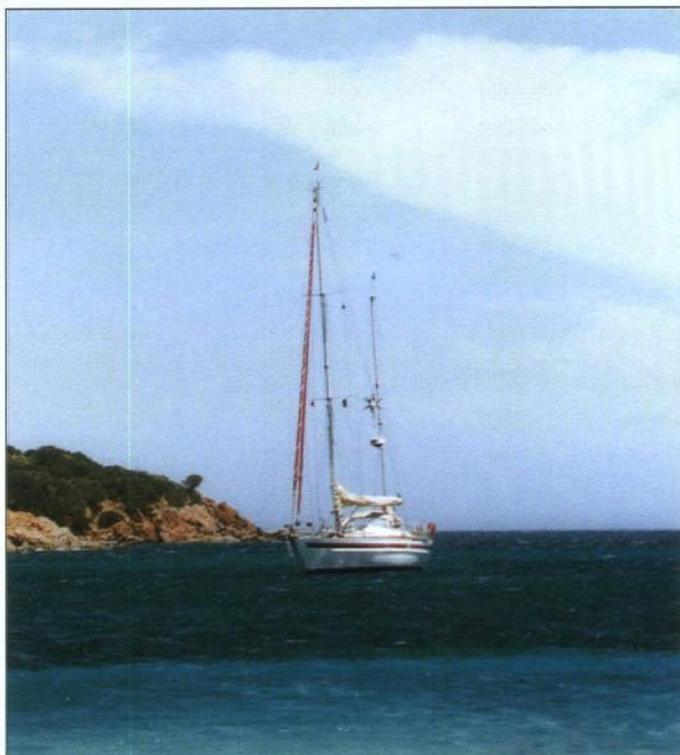
We left from the Menorcan capitol, Mahon for the 189 mile passage to Capo Falcone NW Sardinia on 31st May; we had been joined by Jill Day, expert Enterprise crew from our Zimbabwe dinghy days. Having one other member of crew made for a comfortable nightwatch system – working 11 hour on, with 3 off. It was a very easy crossing on everything except the engine which had to chug away for the entire 27 hours; the wind, which only made it to force 3 for a couple of hours, varied from south through east to north to settle finally in the

north east. Two ships were logged, three sightings of dolphins and the excitement of the trip – 60 miles from land, a school of homing turtles heading for Menorca on a reciprocal course.

We had charted three landfalls but given that we were motoring in a flat calm we headed straight for Capo Falcone and the Fornelli Passage. This fairweather-daylight passage cuts 20 miles off the approach to northern Sardinia. Somewhat anxious moments as we just could not make out the gap until we were very close; it is a narrow channel south of the dramatic penal island of Asinara and has a minimum depth of 3m (our depth sounder never went below 4m). It is an interesting dog leg course round Piana Island, you pass from one set of transits to the other (one of the marks of this second pair was covered in what looked like scaffolding); and there was no doubt where the shallows lay as it was a tantalising emerald green. The island looked much too attractive for prisoners and we noticed later that there were guided tripper boats making passage to and fro. And so into Stintino where it was lunchtime, no one around! We took what appeared to be about the last slot on the pontoon and hoped for the best. Our guide book recommended the restaurant at the family run Silvostrina Hotel for dinner; it was a good choice and indeed having climbed up to the town it seemed the only one. Neither Newsagent nor bakery could be found but then the 1st June is a month short of “the season”.

There was a long tunny net out from the shore, lots of tiny floats but no big end marker buoy – this is the only net we came across. We had hoped for a sail, even a fish at the end of our line, but no luck with either and we motored east most of the 22 miles to Castelsardo. There is evidence of a grand marina in the making here but there seems to have been some snag in the finishing. Only a few of the pontoons were available. There is a long row of empty boutiques/offices and while there was electricity for the fishing boats, there was none on the other pontoons – the installations are there but they have been waiting for connection for over a year... or maybe two... The amenities were in no state of repair to be used. Castelsardo itself is a 30-minute walk, and a serious climb up to the 12th century citadel and the old town, but there is a bus which passes the marina on a regular basis and which drove us right to the top. It was very picturesque though we were too late to view the castle and we passed on the chance to stock up on their renowned baskets and handmade rugs. We walked down shopping en route. I seem to remember weighing us all down with produce from a great fruit and veg store and in the absence of anything that looked like bread we experimented with a crisp variety and serrated unleavened rounds which are a bit like pitta and excellent with lunch time fillings. Bill eventually found a ‘hole-in-the-wall’ by the only bank in town.

Further exploration of Sardinia was postponed as we headed for the east coast of Corsica and a rendezvous at Rondinara with friends in their Southerly 115. We had to cross the famous straits of Bonifacio. Les Bouches de Bonifacio are synonymous with wind and ships in distress we had always believed, though the Italian pilot makes little of it, it seems that the Corsican’s are responsible for all that passes in that area; one Italian tourist



Rafiki in Rondinara, Corsica.



Bill Keatinge, Corry de Ridder and Terry Roche on board *Neon Tetra* in Port Colomb, Majorca.

map of the area has obliterated Corsica entirely! No need for our trepidation, on 3rd June it was a flat calm all of the 32 miles to Cap Petrusato on the south-eastern corner of Corsica and we rounded another Piana Island to make "safe passage in settled conditions" through the Passage de la Piantarella. This is where the chart plotter really came into its own as the *white walls* listed as transits were nowhere in sight.

Then suddenly the wind flipped a total change and we had a brisk westerly reach up the coast. We were roaring along so happily that we almost overshot the entrance to Port de Rondinara – no port in fact but a very pretty bay with just one beachside restaurant and a rock lurking west of the northern headland. The Southerly, *Island Trader*, was already at anchor,

and we had a very sociable evening until their dinghy driver urged caution in ever increasing gusts. It blew hard all night and on through the next morning and we needed little excuse to join them for lunch ashore – Irish pancakes were a speciality on this remote Corsican beach! The swimming was brave in a water temperature of 15° but the water was gloriously clear.

Island Trader set off early next morning and a little later we weighed anchor and set off in a strong sou'westerly reaching northwards. One mile on, off Porto Nuovo, someone turned off the switch – the wind absolutely gone, and so it was for the next 9 miles. We rounded very close into Pta de la Chiappa at the entrance to Porto Vecchio Bay and another 8 miles up the bay to the harbour of itself. The southern shore is steep-to with discrete developments nestled into the greenery, a far cry from the brash high rise of the Spanish mainland and Mallorca. There did not seem to be a place for us in the marina, but with the help of another visitor we lay alongside the inside of the visitors pontoon (bow or stern to and there would have been no space for other boats to get in or out). This did not seem to be a problem with anyone and so we were set to explore. We did the sea level things first, found a supermarket, inland from the south side of the harbour, a travel agent for Jill and enormous ice creams for coolth... it was hot. Most of these Corsican ports require fitness and stamina as the towns proper all seem to be perched on top of arduous inclines and this one takes the first prize. It is not that it is that far but boy oh boy did the photographer need to stop and check the view every 30 meters or so! Twenty minutes later and our efforts were rewarded, it is a charming old town. As the sun went down we found an excellent restaurant, Le Roi Theodore, overlooking the harbour and the salt flats – once home to swarms of malarial mosquitoes but now cleared.

We spent the next night in the Baie de Stagnolo (Saint Agnolo) just 2.5 miles from Porto Vecchio. It is a pretty bay



Leaving Tavalora Island, Sardinia.



2000m) and then turned south to the old town of Sartene perched high on a hillside above the valley of Loreto. Steep narrow lanes abound, colourful geraniums and washing lines, and the 'inside' loos and rickety pipes are tacked precariously onto the outside walls of the ancient houses. The market place is called Place de la Liberation and judging by the history of the place there were many such liberations to be celebrated in the long and bitter history of the lovely Sartene. We avoided the main roads and wound our way back to Porto Vecchio via cork tree groves and meadows and endless beautiful views. Jill drove off to catch her plane in Ajaccio on the west coast next day.

Back on board there were some very mundane problems to be coped with. A friendly mechanic helped us to do nothing with the new starter switch that sometimes did not start, "best left well alone" was the gist of his message as he showed us how to start the engine by circumventing said switch. Then having carried the outboard all round town in the heat looking for an expert, we managed to clear the gunge from the carburettor and put all the pieces back together ourselves, and it started first time – hurrah! What joy these little triumphs give. We even felt strong enough for another climb up to the town.

We returned to Rondinara, this time the water temperature was up to 18° and there was no hesitation in swimming out to check the anchor. The weather though was unsettled, there was a heavy squall during the night and what rain fell left untidy grey splotches on everything. It was still overcast in the morning as we reached south again and round the corner westwards to Bonifacio. What a dramatic approach that is – the old town buildings overhanging the 60ft cliff face, the steep sided heads, the strange rock formations – it is like going into a mysterious gorge. Once inside though all is 20th century touristy bustle, the souvenir boutiques and restaurants jostle each other on the water's edge, but in early June anyway, there was plenty of space for visiting yachts to lie bow or stern to. Our new awning was tensioned into place, what a blessing it is, a very straightforward rectangle, no need for battens, taut between mast and mizen with side flaps to adjust to the time of day and easy to fold away shorthanded. Up the precipitous paved way to the old town there was another gem to appreciate, once you had your breath back that is! And it was with wonder that we walked through the elaborate flower decked streets of family tomb houses – more care and money spent on those than on the homes for the living. It blew strongly from the west all of that Friday as we explored some of the sights of Bonifacio and there was such an alarming rise and fall of water that we needed to winch ourselves out on our stern mooring line.

The wind had moderated on Saturday as we cleared the rather bumpy entrance – ominously most yachts were going east with the sou'westerly, Rafiki alone headed west! We motor sailed as far as the cardinal off the rocky reef of Les Moines then had a good close-hauled sail to Pta Latoniccia and were able to ease off up to Porto Tizzano where we anchored at the edge of the silted estuary. What a lovely place for a holiday home, but there is no shelter afloat in any wind from the southerly quadrant. A stiff westerly all afternoon as we motorsailed westwards towards Propriano. As we came into the bay we noticed yachts at anchor, some moored, in Campomoro Bay, it seemed a prettier option to the commercial, fishing harbour of Propriano. We had to seek out the shallower water though and we finally anchored in 8.5m. There is a buoyed fish farm area, a beach and the minimum of development – perfect we thought in a lovely calm sunset. However there was a Saturday night disco... is nowhere safe!

Gentle headwind until we could turn north-west towards Ajaccio; the seagulls went fishing but we were not so lucky and as we reached up the bay we were finally going too fast to even try. We came into the old port and tried going alongside the fuel

with a minimum of beach houses and camping sites and we shared the anchorage with a beautiful 70-foot yacht. Apart from half an hour of ferocious gusts during the night we had a peaceful time. Back into Porto Vecchio again and this time there was a space to squeeze into, attach bow lines to the pontoon and then drop back in the dinghy to attach our stern line to the submerged buoy.

We took a hire car into the hills on the Monday (7th June), fabulous, dramatic scenery. Our route took us through the pine and chestnut forests to Zonza, we had a brief stop in the cloud with glimpses of the famous Aiguilles de Bavella, (nearly

jetty for berthing directions, (as per the pilot instructions) not allowed; called up on channel 9 and were confused by the language as Panne C (pontoon C) sounded like the name of a nonexistent Panache. Though there were not many boats, there were those particularly nasty springy French finger pontoons and not having the benefit of another boat in the slot it all got quite exciting and Bill seriously hurt his wrist trying to pull us alongside.

Couple of hours later with the decks washed down, the awning up and 'deep heat' balm administered we were ready for a walk ashore. We found a restaurant called Le Scampi which had been recommended by Jill and which we were just despairing of ever finding when lo and behold, just off the Rue Bonaparte. Everything in Ajaccio is called Bonaparte-something. We duly toured the house where the great man was born in 1769 – but in which he did not leave much mark. Bill enjoyed a visit to the art collection of Napoleon III's uncle, Cardinal Fesch. The collection is said to be second to the Louvre in its collection of Italian masterpieces (but allow for the Corsican hyperbole!)

We woke that next morning to find we had been joined in the harbour by three whoppers – *Club Med 2*, the *Legend of the Sea* cruise ship and the historic *Amerigo Vespucci* – it was a busy day for the tourist shops. We had lunch in town, watched the girls tottering along on an endless variety of platform shoes, could not find an FT but did have a roll of film one-houred – so another hectic cruising day.

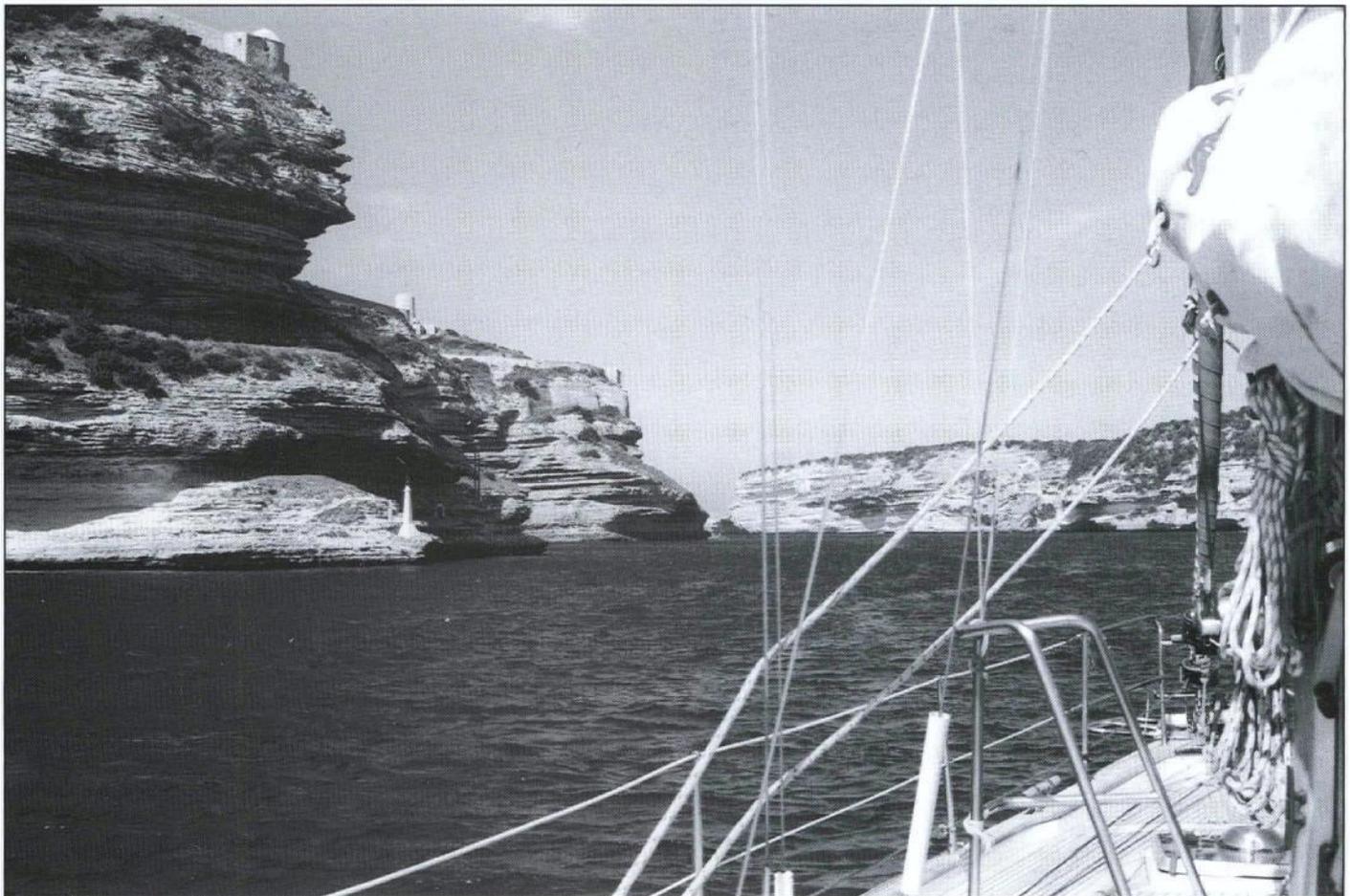
Our forecast for Tuesday 15th June was for a High over the Balears – not much good to us, and a low pressure over Corse – unkind that we thought. We had given up on the navtex once we had left the western Med and concentrated instead on the Italian robotic forecast which runs continuously on channel 68 in Italian and English. It is given by a computer voice with no

punctuation, no inflexion and only one accented word “meel-i-bar”. We did hear more than our fair share of: cloudiness, changeable, “thunderstorms in course over Corse” but generally *he* got the wind direction right if the strength was often a few pips more than *he* was expecting. The local VHF forecasts in French for Corsican waters are also good – announced on channel 16.

We prepared for a blow, one reef just in when the mobile went off – how is that people always call when one is in the middle of something important, it was *Island Trader* to say they were safely in Malta! Chugged off into a head wind – two hours later, SW force 1 and a lumpy sea! We made into Campomoro for a second and much more peaceful night. It rained but was clearing in time for our pre breakfast swim. This is a delightful anchorage, lots of shoreside birdsong – somehow the song of little brown garden birds is even more appealing from the water, and there was a good variety of fish for the snorklers. We were away before a newly arrived mega motor yacht had the first jet skis launched. We had a great reach then a run as we left Corsica behind, though the dramatic peaks of Ovace (1371m) and L'Homme de Cagna were with us all day. It is a fabulous coastline.

Thursday 17th June: anchored for the night in Reparato Bay. We were back in Sardinia, tucked into the eastern side of the rugged Capo Testa promontory. There was only one other visitor at anchor, though plenty of activity around the dive club in the morning and on the beaches from early. We wandered ashore, bought the last *panini* in the one and only general store and enjoyed watching it all from our cockpit until midday when we left for the Maddalenas.

These islands lie to the south of the Straits – low, bare, red granite rock covered in nothing more than hardy *maquis*. All the guide books mention the romantic smell of the *maquis* but I



Rafiki heading out of Bonifacio Harbour, Cordica.



Porto Cervo – is this the world's most expensive wall? Hilary Keatinge and *Rafiki* (with washing...!).

must have an insensitive nose as I have yet to be excited by this aspect of the vegetation. In spite of the frequent strong winds, and the above and below water hazards, the islands are set in an enticing turquoise and aquamarine sea and are not to be missed. We visited two – Budelli in the northern group and the biggest island, La Maddalena.

Cala Gavetta is the port for La Maddalena town, it is on the south coast of the island of the same name and the approach, though a bit daunting – more mention of “numerous above and below water rocks fringing the shore” – is well buoyed. The visitor's pontoon was fairly basic; water, no electricity, but that said it is charming. There are Italian, NATO and American naval bases close by, and their personnel colour the accents in town somewhat. Undoubtedly because of this presence here there is an excellent bar in the centre of town, The Irish Pub, (or is it The Penny Drop?) where they have draught beers and cool Guinness (and particularly appreciated by my captain – they are served by some extremely attractive girls!). On the ferry side of town there are numerous restaurants and we picked a good one for dinner; shopping was easy, an excellent fish shop on the harbour; in fact everything was great except the post office. We spent the most frustrating 40 minutes waiting in a non-moving line among a mass of non-moving lines in what was one of the most unproductive offices ever experienced, and all for a stamp for Africa (until we got to another Italian PO that is, in Porto Cervo!)

East of Cala Gavetta there is a causeway across to Caprera Island so to visit the northern anchorages and harbours you have to retrace your approach course; as it was still blowing strongly from the west (Force 7 forecast in the *Bouche*) we were headed for Cala Spalmatore on the eastern side. With just the jib rolled out we roared along the north coast and were glad we were not going the other way. Spalmatore is lovely – dramatic boulders, several sandy beaches and a rather derelict pier; there is some development underway and the beaches were busy when the sun shone. The holding was good, surprisingly there was a bit of a scend and we could imagine a lot more if the wind switched to the east or nor-east. The forecast was not good – a low in Genoa and a low in France are the classic ingredients for a good gale in the area. The French predicted a NW5-7 increasing 8-9 occasionally 10, (though the Italians only made it a 7), so we motored the one mile into what we hoped would be discretionary shelter in Porto Massimo.

This is an expensive private complex with visitors mooring on the west side of the harbour wall. Bill persuaded the mariners to let us lie on the other side where we shared the end of a small jetty with a large motor boat. Once settled this proved to be an excellent spot and our neighbour, a friendly Milanese, gave us some tips on other anchorages in the area. Everything was still very deserted – the bar did not even have a glass of red wine! But we gather that by mid July it would be heaving with activity. The gale blew strongly, debris, “this way” signs, shutters all on the move and the large catamaran on the harbour wall spent an anxious twelve hours.

It relented next day and we anchored off Budelli Island, just north of the famous Pink Beach, in sight of Dead Man's Passage; it

is a spectacular spot, the islets set in surreal crystal clear, greeny-blue. Boat wise the holding was difficult and we finally settled on our third try; there were not a few tripper boats but they were mostly gone by mid afternoon. It is not an overnight spot, there is just not enough shelter when the weather is unsettled so it was to sea once more. We had a great reach the 11 miles back to anchor again in a gusty Cala Spalmatore.

We potted across to the island of Caprera and had a look at Porto Garibaldi but found it too busy with Club Med; there was only room for one boat in the pretty Cala Napoletaria and a large power boat was already parked there, so we went round to the east coast of the island to Cala Coticcio – here we found just enough room off the easterly bay to anchor for a swim and lunch. This is more commonly called Tahiti Bay, and is said to be popular with the ‘Riva’ set from the Costa Smeralda – it was just lovely. So reluctant farewells to the Maddalenas and on to the Sardinian mainland again.

First port of call was the famous Porto Cervo; the approach and entrance are not that easy to pick out and the entrance was much narrower than we were expecting. Our plan had been to take a look round and then decide whether to find a berth or anchor. Before we knew where we were, a large grey rib driven by a speed merchant with flowing Romeo locks had us dropping our anchor outside the line of mooring buoys and falling back on to the quay. We had rehearsed this manoeuvre in our heads but this was an exciting *first* for *Rafiki*. Only problem, which thankfully we did not have to admit, was that we only carry 60 meters of chain in the bow, and as these berths are designed for 100-footers we were down to the last links as we came close enough to the quay to get lines ashore. Thankfully a charter crew came to our rescue here as the rings are awkwardly placed and difficult to access from a mere 42 footer. Bill's aluminium ladder passerelle was assembled and it worked a treat; next task was to plug into the power – the only plug that looked small enough for us turned out to be for a telephone line but the office was able to lease us a power connectors – for a £50 deposit. The bill was horrendous as expected and I made a particular point of using as much of the £7 worth of water as I could. The boat was washed to within an inch of its life, drying clothes festooned the foredeck, tanks topped up and I even filled the kettle!

The Porto Cervo development, begun in the early 60's, is very attractive; new ‘old’ buildings blended into the contours,

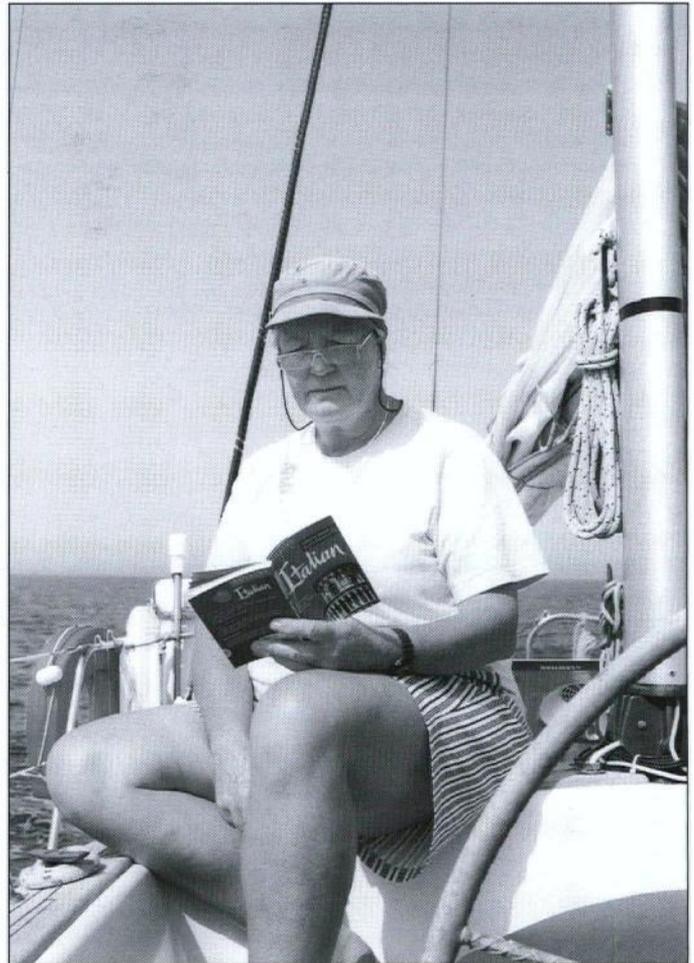
beautiful boutiques and bijoux centres to cater for the beautifully slim and rich. Nothing too shiny new except the mega yachts with their fit crews of uniformed young men and women – and our washing out to dry in the middle of it all. The quayside facilities were still closed for the winter, chandlery, supermarket etc. and the ice machine really did not have to look that old. We enjoyed the atmosphere of it all and tried to ignore the fact that we had paid 224,000 lire (almost £80) for the privilege. And every last visitor there was clutching a mobile phone. We watched one table of six relax into their chairs, before the first round of drinks appeared three, four, and then the fifth made “urgent” calls – maybe it was just for show and there was no one at the other end – maybe they were actually talking to each other!

On the north side of the harbour, marked by yellow buoys, is a conspic rock, a shadowy shoal and a free anchorage area. Our efforts there next afternoon were not straightforward, we dragged twice, then held but found we were too close to the shoal and we finally settled in 4.5m. Those rocks catch out at least one yacht a day, we were told. We saw one spectacular crunch as an Italian boat hit twice and then having moved away in bad temper, facing down wind they just threw the anchor and chain over the side and leaped into the dinghy to get ashore!

This north-east coast of Sardinia is fantastic, there are cliffs and dramatic rocks, unexpected manicured lawns set in beautiful gardens round the homes of the super-rich. We had heard great things of Cala di Volpe on the other side of the Porto Cervo peninsula. It is a long bay, relatively shallow with a most attractive hotel at the head. But that Friday towards the end of June it was intrusively busy, and we needed time to get used to it. There was an endless stream of fast moving tenders from the seven huge motor yachts in the bay – including one of the world’s largest, *The Lady Maura* which had the added noise of her helicopter coming and going. There were fast ribs on charter for the day, jet skis by the hour, hotel runabouts and a family of boisterous children up wind. We had to keep a serious lookout for traffic as we swam ashore. Happily it did quieten, though there was one jetski on a midnight caper which seemed to delight in turning sharply just by our stern porthole. Next day it was much quieter, hard to imagine why. One of the great joys of this anchorage, unspoilt by the bustle, is that it offers superb views of the long rock face of Tavolara Island 15 miles to the south-east.

Sunday 27th June and we anchored in Porto di Cugnana, south of Volpe, a much gentler world altogether though the swimming was not so good. It started gusting hard about 0400 and it was up to 7/8 by breakfast time – we learned that the new awning can cope up to force 6; we got it down just in time. We found more shelter off one of the little Cala di Volpe beaches for our morning swim and watched the world go by for a couple of hours. The beach people coming and going, the African salesmen ‘doing’ the beaches with their wares, and out in the bay the sleek dark blue of the Greek millionaire’s yacht *Alexander* with her helicopter landing on deck in the big wind.

We moved south round the spectacular 340m high Capo Figari to turn in to Olbia Bay. There is a quiet anchorage about 5 miles short of Olbia, Isla del Porri, and we thought we had it to ourselves. However a day trip boat, full of passengers came and anchored alongside, dragged, anchored further in, dragged back to be beside us again, splashed and noised and finally, much to our relief, headed for home. We wanted to fuel up before our big crossing to the Pontine Islands (off mainland Italy) and this we did in Olbia. The waterfront was reforming



Quick language course on passage to Sardinia...

before our very eyes in the 24 hours we spent there, building work everywhere. It was not at all clear where to lie but we were eventually waved into a berth on the yacht club pontoon – when finished it should offer more facilities, there were none in late June '99. There is little room to manoeuvre; you only have to look at the fishermen wading with their nets to realise that it is extremely shallow off the fairway. The town is bustling but decrepit, perhaps when the roadways and footpaths are back in place it will be more attractive.

We spent our last two night in Sardinian waters anchored in another Spalmatore Bay, off Tavolara. This distinctive island is high, narrow, about 3 miles long, and most of it is off limits as it is a military zone. There are a few houses, a couple of restaurants and a pretty waterfront where the boatloads of day-trippers land from morning on. We thoroughly enjoyed this spot; the rock changed its colours with every new angle of the sun and moon, the water was crystal clear and warm, and finally, the wind died down. We motored away on the start of our 150-mile trip towards mainland Italy in a very flat calm.

A month is definitely not enough; we only just got a flavour of the islands and look forward to going back.

Rafiki was booked into a marina in Pozzuoli, just north of Naples, for the six weeks we suspected would be the most crowded, most expensive and hottest of the Mediterranean summer. Last two months of our summer to begin 22nd August with Preveza in Greece as our destination.

“Come dance with me round Ireland”

Máire Breathnach

As I headed west from my home port of Dungarvan on July 8th in my recently acquired *Moody 27 SeaDance*, the fresh south-westerly was not a deterrent. In company with *Bounty*, which was being sailed by my friend Clare Morrissey, I motor sailed to Ballycotton. In the evening calm I picked up one of the visitors' moorings which are located close to the breakwater, and had no problem getting a rope through the mooring eye single-handedly. Later in the evening Ballycotton lifeboat mechanic Michael Lane-Walsh came on board for a chat.

I was away early next morning motoring in flat calm conditions. At 1315 the Old Head was abeam and by the time I cleared the Galley I had set the genoa and was making good progress thanks to the W-going stream. Ashore in Baltimore I joined *Bounty's* crew for dinner and afterwards met several more Dungarvan sailors who were competing in the Wayfarer Championships.



Máire Breathnach.

Photo: Margaret Leahy



THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY

FOR THE BEST CRUISE IN IRISH WATERS

Next morning when I reached *Lot's Wife* the visibility was poor, and I decided to make for Crookhaven via the northern exit to be better placed for the Mizen when the weather improved. I am very familiar with this area and had a wonderful sail in a moderate south easterly. Exiting Goose Channel I passed Alex Ballot in his *Wayfarer*. Roaring Water Bay must indeed be one of the most wonderful areas for dinghy sailing. I passed the East Skeam, which was one of my father's favourite anchorages, and from there made my way between Horse Island and Castle Island. There is a small pier on the northern shore of the latter and it is possible to go alongside for a short period at high water in order to explore the island. I passed the entrance to Schull Harbour and sailed through Long Island Channel. As *SeaDance* was exiting through Barrel Sound what should be coming over the air waves from Casla on Radio na Gaeltachta but the well known dance tune “Kiss the Maid behind the Barrel”. Nice one, Seán Bán!

The visibility was very poor as I entered Crookhaven and as I picked up one of the visitors' moorings I wondered about techniques for this procedure when sailing single-handedly. I had a swim, went ashore for a walk and turned in soon after dinner. Next morning *SeaDance* rounded Mizen Head well before 0900 and in the haze I set a course for Dursey Island. As I turned into the sound a big French yacht passed me going in the opposite direction and, of course, this alarmed me as I thought “Oh no, I must have got the tides wrong” (as one occasionally does!) However on this occasion all was well and I carried the stream through the narrows.

I sailed in style from Scarriff to Derrynane. In the fresh north easterly I had difficulty making fast to a mooring, as my boathook broke when I tried to get a line through the eye. A powerboat came to my rescue and told me that earlier in the week he had seen a single-handed yachtsman anchor first and then launch the dinghy in order to get a line through the eye. It sounded like a lot of hard work to me! There are only three visitors' moorings in Derrynane and, according to one of the locals, these are usually occupied by 1700 during the summer. I was very glad to be one of those occupants when I saw another visitor make over five attempts at anchoring later in the evening and recalled having to do likewise in Derrynane some years ago.

Margaret, a friend new to sailing, arrived to join *SeaDance* for a few days, during which we visited Knightstown and Caherciveen and had some good music sessions on board.

I was pleasantly surprised by the appearance of Knightstown. The tired look has disappeared and many of the buildings have been newly painted since my last visit. There is a very nice tea house on the main street and it is possible to have a shower in the local hostel, which is located right beside the pier.

There are at least a dozen visitors' moorings, some located close to the Valentia lifeboat mooring and the remainder (too far) south of the ferry pier. The local harbour master Des Lavelle, a noted authority on Sceilig Mhichíl, collected £5 mooring fee per night. This was the first occasion since leaving



Early morning, Ballycotton.

Photo: Máire Breathnach

Dungarvan that a payment had been sought. I have no objection to this, since the moorings certainly made life much easier for me, sailing as I was for the most part single-handedly. Apart from the occasional acrobatic gymnastics that Adrian Coles talks of which occur as one attempts to pick up the mooring there are many advantages in doing so. I was able to enjoy a trip ashore and not worry about tidal heights, anchors or chain and departure was easily made under sail. Besides I still wasn't sure if I could weigh the anchor unaided!

Stores are limited in Knightstown, but there is a car ferry to Reenard on the eastern side, where one can still see some of the old GWSR buildings. The railway line from Farranfore was in use up until the early sixties, and Valentia Harbour had the distinction of being the most westerly railway station in Europe. From Reenard it is only two miles to Caherciveen, but it is much more interesting, if at times challenging, to cross the Caher Bar and motor up river to Caherciveen. I didn't see any concrete evidence of the proposed marina west of the pier in Cahersiveen, but I understand that it will be up and running by next season.

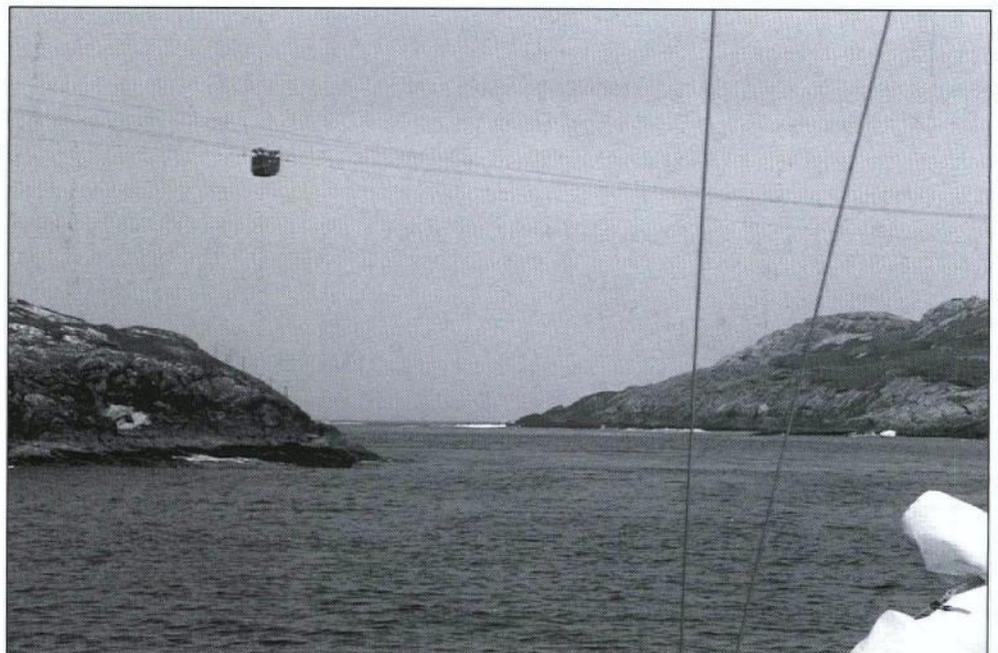
The following day Johnny Murphy, marina manager in Dingle, was his usual welcoming and extremely helpful self. Johnny's passion in life is restoring cars although on appearances alone one is easily forgiven for thinking that he served before the mast for several years!

The next week or so I spent weather bound in Dingle, where I met Paddy Barry, Seán, Ruaidhrí and Raphael, the crew of the *Saint Patrick*. One evening Seán cooked and we had dinner aboard the *Saint Patrick* followed by a session in O'Flaherty's, where Paddy's rendition of the song "Dún an Óir" went down well

which was rounded off by a really spectacular Corca Dhuibhne sunset!

An Blascaod Mór (the Great Blasket) is just $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile off Dunmore Head, but it is three miles from Dún Chaoin to Caladh an Oileáin, the island landing place. Even in fair weather the swell is always apparent here, and it is not hard to imagine what the area must be like in bad weather. As I approached the island the skipper of one of the ferry boats hailed to offer the use of his mooring for a few hours. "And we'll put you ashore whenever you are ready" You can't beat West Kerry hospitality

Ashore on the island I had a walk, a swim off the Trá Bhán and on the way back to Caladh an Oileáin who should I meet but Eileen, a past student of mine. Eileen is married to Séan, who has a truly illustrious pedigree – his mother is a native of Oileán Cléire and his father is from An Blascaod Mór. They are presently restoring the old family home on the island. It was



Dursey Sound.

Photo: Máire Breathnach

encouraging to see this type of redevelopment, especially by people with island connections.

Off Clogher Head the visibility deteriorated and I was unable to see Ceann Sibéal, which is only one and a half miles to the north. Eventually I made my way cautiously into Smerwick around 1800 on Saturday evening and made fast to one of the visitors' moorings south of Baile na nGall (Ballydavid). The list of moorings which Paddy Barry had given to me was very helpful.

Aware that Féile Bhraonainn with its associated naomhóg races was to take place on Sunday afternoon, I was very careful to haul the dinghy right out of the water leaving it upside down and well above the water line out of the way of all activity before I set off to meet some friends in Dingle. However, on my return in the afternoon I was shocked to find the dinghy occupied by five small children, what looked like a ton of sand, and gallons of salt water in the fresh water drum! It took me ages to sort out the mess, but it was soon forgotten about when I returned to *SeaDance* and sat in the cockpit watching the naomhóg races and listening to the bilingual commentary over the PA from Baile na nGall.

Jeffrey and Sally O'Riordan and their friends Jonathan and Sue were also moored in Smerwick in their Rival 36 *Adrigole*. Over a drink I learned that Sally's father was the late Bob Berridge, who helped compile the Sailing Directions for the west coast. *Adrigole* left the following morning for Fenit, while I awaited the much-talked about southeasterlies. On Tuesday 26th July, with a forecast for NE/E at first and soon veering moderate to fresh S/E, I sailed from Smerwick at 0630, watching the dawn over Brandon as I made very slow progress through the heavy swell associated with this area. My course was 034 for Gregory Sound and soon I had to drop the genoa for some time until the wind veered to the east, allowing me to set the foresail once again. I was very pleased with *SeaDance's* performance in the conditions, especially the fact that I did not find her too hard on the helm. This was important as, without an autohelm, I had to handsteer all the time.

I had wanted to visit Inis Oirr (Inisheer) in the Aran Islands, but in easterly winds I didn't think it would be wise and, much as I wanted to visit Inis Mór, did not fancy the prospect of anchoring inside Straw Island. At 1930 I exited Gregory Sound pressing on for Sruthán, and sailed in great style across Galway Bay, arriving at the entrance to Casla at 2100 and anchoring off



An Blascaod Mór.

Photo: Máire Breathnach

Sruthán quay. Just as I had finished tidying up, Florence, the German skipper of a 45' steel boat which I had already seen in Derrynane, Knightstown and Ventry, hailed me and invited me to dinner. "I will collect you in thirty minutes" he said. A very pleasant evening ensued aboard *Heol* with Florence, his French wife Beatrice and their two children Antoine and Magdalene.

Next morning ashore in An Cheathrú Rua I did all the usual jobs, shopping, diesel and laundry, but this time all through Gaeilge. I was very encouraged to hear so much Gaeilge spoken though not surprised, because it has been apparent for some time now that this area from Bearna to Carna and north to The Twelve Bens, together with the Aran Islands, carries most of the language's hopes for the future. Indeed many new songs have been composed in recent years about the traditional craft of the area—the *bád mór* (hooker), the *gleoiteog* (small hooker) and the *púcán*—(open boat, dipping lug, small jib) and the local craftsmen who built (and still build) them. Well known examples include "*Amhrán na mBád Mhóra*", "*An American Mór*," and "*Gleoiteog John Dáirbé*".

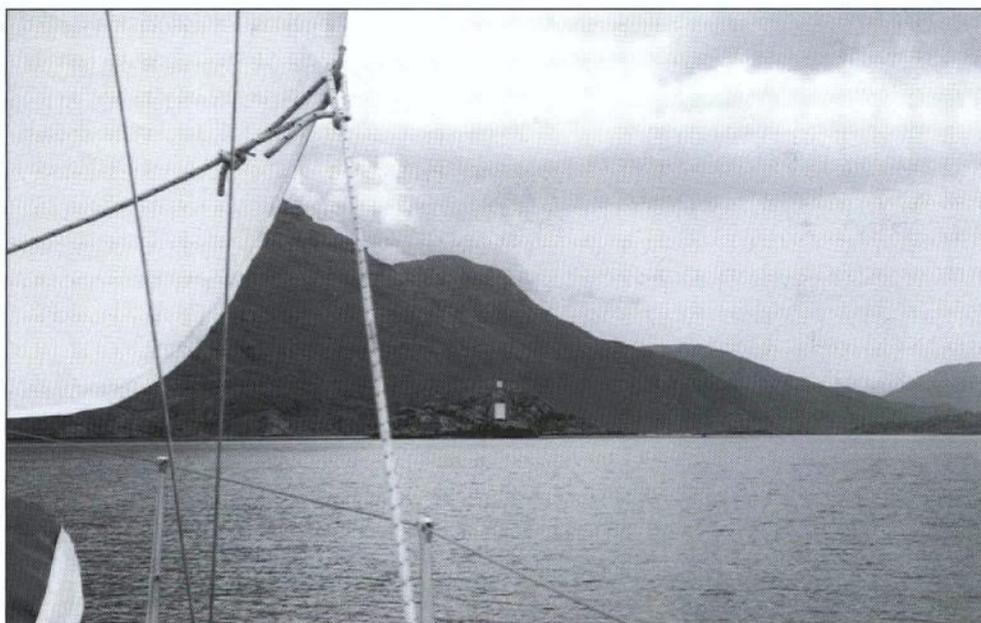
Not surprisingly, I discovered that the locals use the Irish names for the local landmarks and topographical features. Here there is no point in asking about English Rock (as it is named on the chart) -this is known locally as Carraig na nGall. Later I walked to the beautiful coral beach at Trá an Doilín for a swim, and that evening my friend Margaret, who had been painting on Inis Oirr, joined me for the next day's run. Margaret wasn't the only crew member to arrive in Sruthán that evening. Johann, extra crew for *Heol*, walked down Sruthán Quay with his kit-bag, having left Hamburg early the same morning!

I really enjoyed the pilotage as we motored in calm conditions from Casla to Cill Chiaráin Cove. Having rounded Golam Head we gave a wide berth to Dinish Shoals and, taking care to avoid Fork Rocks, arrived to pick up one of twelve visitors' moorings well located close to the pier (Cill Chiaráin, Knightstown and Ventry were the only places where I was charged for mooring). Dinner was *mála ordóga* (crab claws), kindly supplied by local fisherman Pádraig Ó Ceannabháin, who of



Slyne Head.

Photo: Máire Breathnach



Entrance to Killary.

Photo: Máire Breathnach

course wouldn't hear of accepting any payment, the Cois Farraige hospitality being on a par with that of Corca Dhuibhne! It was late when we rowed ashore, and as we walked to Seán Keane's pub we passed a local factory. Smoked fish we thought at first, but when we saw what we took to be a mixer we decided it was some kind of concrete plant. This caused much amusement in Keane's, especially with Ciarán, who eventually told us that it was a seaweed processing factory.

When the hilarity had subsided we had an enjoyable session of music and song. The next day we rowed the five miles to the causeway that carries the road from Eanach Mheáin (Annaghvann) to Leitir Móir (Lettermore Island), from where Margaret hitched to an Cheathrú Rua to pick up her car. Later she collected me and the deflated dinghy and we returned to Cill Chiaráin by road, where we had arranged to meet our work colleague Máire Ní Ghriallais from Ros Muc. Next day we explored the old turf road west of Cill Chiaráin, the views from which are truly superb.

Next morning, Sunday August 1st, I motorsailed towards Roundstone, taking the inner passage. The pilotage was not difficult, but unfortunately I picked up a rope on the propeller and had a gentle sail the rest of the way, picking up a mooring under genoa alone. A quick dip over the side sorted out the fouled prop and afterwards I sat in the cockpit and watched the *Mac Duach* ghost along in the light evening air. *Adrigole* arrived later so I wasn't alone on these isolated moorings. Roundstone was a bit of a culture shock after Cill Chiaráin. Here one has a very definite sense of returning to the anglophone world. However it is a pretty town, set against the backdrop of the Twelve Bens and the pier is very convenient for stores (which is more than can be said for the visitors' moorings, which seemed to have the same proximity to the village as Tokyo airport has to Tokyo!)

A moderate south easterly on Tuesday made for a terrific sail around Slyne Head, and from there I sailed closehauled to the stone beacon on Carraig a'Róin (Seal Rock). I last visited Clifden in *Shackler*, a Seamaster 23', and with her shallow draught it was possible to berth alongside the town quay, which was most convenient. On this visit I had to pick up a mooring (even further from the pier than Roundstone) and, according to Damian in the local sailing club, was the first visitor to do so. It was easy to see why but as I had planned a walking trip ashore I thought it safer.

Later in the week Margaret returned to join me for a trip to one of the islands. It was calm when we motored out of Clifden, but the visibility was very poor in the showers. However it turned out a beautiful evening and, even though the forecast was for easterlies the next day, we decided to visit Inishturk, passing the fishing ground near Inishdalla. The local fishermen have placed heavy mooring lines and buoys on all the visitors' moorings at Inishturk. A swim first followed by dinner and, in the knowledge that *SeaDance* was secure, we had a very pleasant evening ashore with the islanders in the pub. Margaret sang a few songs and I played a few tunes on the concertina. Afterwards Paddy Joe O Héanaí, an islander with a wealth of songs, invited us to his home for tea, and we didn't get

back aboard *SeaDance* until the early hours. It was just as well, because by now the wind had freshened from the east and our berth was not very comfortable. It was time to leave, and at 0600 I deflated the dinghy, cast off and had an exciting sail under jib to Ballinakill. Margaret awoke just in time to pick up the mooring, one of eight adjacent to Fahy Bay and miles from anywhere!

After a few hours sleep we rowed ashore and hitched to Clifden. A shower and then lunch and Margaret dropped me back to our landing place near Fahy Bay before saying goodbye.

Killary is indeed a remarkable place and is well worth visiting, despite the williwaws and downdraughts that funnel down from the peak of Mweelrea. I cleared Rinvyle Point and its associated dangers, passing south of Crump Island and north of Tom's Anchor, and continued to pass Shanvalleybeg before I lined up the conspicuous beacons at the entrance. On my last visit I stayed on one of Jamie Young's moorings at Derrynasluggan. These are no longer available but there are plenty of visitors' moorings in Leenaun. A pity the locals don't take as much pride in their little quay as they do in "The Field", which was filmed in Leenaun. It is appalling. The water tap nearby no longer functions, but there is a tap behind the hotel down the road towards the village.

Leaving Killary at 1100 under jib in a north easterly 5/6 and bound for Achill Head, I passed south of Carraigaddy and hoisted the main in the sound between Caher Island and Ballybeg. As I rounded the formidable Achill Head with its spectacular cliffs I watched Croagh Patrick disappear, soon followed by Clare Island, and I was sad to see Na Beanna Beola (Twelve Bens) go, as these had been the backdrop to everything I had seen in the last few weeks. Blacksod Bay seemed to be the best option, as it was getting late and I knew it to be accessible by night. I closed Duvillaun and rounded the southern tip of the Mullet Peninsula towards Blacksod Quay. Had I checked the list of moorings I needn't have gone any further! It was dark as I entered Elly Bay and, as I couldn't find the moorings (they are not where they are supposed to be), I anchored in the north of the bay in the lee of Barranagh Island. Next morning I spotted the buoyed moorings on the southern side of the bay (well at least Mayo Co. Council had buoyed them!). I took the inshore passage inside the Inishkea Islands, having passed halfway between Duvillaunbeg and Gaghty



The dolphins of Broadhaven.

Photo: Máire Breathnach

Island, which was very easy once I picked up the leading marks.

Broadhaven not only has stags but dolphins too and they gave me a grand welcome. It was a wonderful sight to see them diving under the bow, and all within the confines of the harbour. Eat your heart out Fungi fans! The moorings are on the Inver side, and through lack of use the small buoys have become attached to the main yellow buoys. Inver village is at the top of a hill, and the walls of the wedge shaped fields radiate from this point. I turned in early and by 0800 next day I was underway again. It was 11th August, the morning of the eclipse, and knowing that I wouldn't see anything from the middle of Donegal Bay I brought the radio up to the cockpit to hear all about it. Sometime later I realised that the wind hadn't veered and that my radio was playing tricks with the compass! When the GPS showed 54 64... I firmly believed that the eclipse had something to do with it! All was well again after I changed the GPS set up and I pressed on, changing down from genoa to working jib and finally reefing the main. I hove to for a few hours when I reached a point west of Rathlin O Beirne, to cook and get a break from the tiller. At 0200 I sailed north along this exposed coastline, and was glad when I passed the Ballagh beacon at the northern entrance to Arranmore, where I made fast to a mooring close to Calf Island at 0800 on Thursday morning. I had forgotten how nice the local accent is and enjoyed hearing it again over the next few days when I visited some of the locals on Arranmore and ashore who had helped me when my boat was broken into in Burtonport in 1995. *Adrigole* turned up again in Arranmore and

The crew of two were wearing survival suits and seemed to be holding on for dear life. "They must be mad "I thought, and felt much safer aboard *SeaDance*! I subsequently learned that shortly after *Éalú* passed *SeaDance* her GPS, mounted near the wheel, and a tool box which weighed over a stone were washed over the side by a rogue wave.

Adrigole was making her way from the quayside to a mooring just as I arrived in Downings. I picked up a mooring which had a heavy rope attached and, luckily, had just made fast when I heard the (spare!) boat hook roll over the side. I ran aft, and changed quickly from heavy weather gear to swim-suit, while trying to keep my eye on the boat hook as it drifted away. I dived into the cold water and was very glad to climb back on board minutes later, boat-hook in hand. Supper was hot that evening!



Ballagh beacon, Arranmore Island.

Photo: Máire Breathnach

invited me to join them for dinner, during which we caught up on events since leaving Roundstone.

There was great excitement ashore the next day – a local wedding, the couple both islanders now living in London. I joined in a session for a few hours later in the evening, returning to *SeaDance* later than I expected!

The forecast was for W/NW winds 4-6 decreasing 4-5. *Adrigole* as usual was away early. It was 1445 by the time I had cleared Owey. I was bound for Downings and I remembered Patrick Gallagher's advice: "Go as near as you dare to the Stags. Then if you can see Tory keep it on your starboard bow. Otherwise steer N/NE and that will bring you outside the Blowers." There was a big north westerly swell but I was very happy with progress, making 6 knots under jib alone. *Éalú*, an open fibreglass speedboat, passed me at high speed off the Blowers.

My next port of call was Rathmullan on Lough Swilly. This for me was one of the highlights of my cruise, as my grandfather Daniel Mac Monagle was a native of this charming little town. I spent a few days on the privately owned pontoon, my first time to use ropes and fenders since leaving Dingle!

I was a bit apprehensive about rounding Malin Head, as on my previous passage through Inishtrahull Sound the forestay had parted from the deck, and so opted for Portsalon, where I spent a very enjoyable day walking ashore. Later I had a quiet fireside chat with Rita Smith, now in her 97th year, before I rowed the *short* (for a change) distance back to *SeaDance*!

It is important to keep a good watch for lobster pots in Inishtrahull Sound, as most of the buoys are submerged by the strength of the stream. The passage through was mainly uneventful and, much as I would have liked to visit James and Trish at Kealy's seafood restaurant in Greencastle, I continued to Portrush and received a great welcome from Harbour Master Richard McKee at the extended pontoon at 2000.

Over the next few days I visited my friends the Crossies and explored the Giant's Causeway. For those with time to spare and a desire to appreciate the variety of scenery and the geological structures of the Causeway it is well worth while to take the cliff path from Blackrock to Dunseverick Castle.

Dawn off the Skerries was a beautiful sight on Monday morning 23rd August, but Rathlin Sound with the wind from the south east is not very pleasant and I had to contend with wind against tide. I passed a whale, in fact I almost collided with him as I entered the sound, and if I thought my progress was slow I could safely say that the poor whale was only making less than half a knot! It was several hours before I passed Torr Head and Fair Head, and from there followed a long haul down the impressive Antrim coast to Carnlough, where I rafted alongside a Moody 346 from Cumbria. There is a nice atmosphere here and it is quite picturesque- the appellation "sweet Carnlough Bay" in the well-known song is well merited. In the old days there was a mineral railway line from a quarry in the hills to the harbour and evidence of this is still to be seen. My neighbours Sandra and Steve helped me to spring off next morning. South of Larne I marvelled at the cliffs and caves known as the Gobbins, and when I spotted a few intrepid climbers thought to myself "Rather you than me!" I had to keep a good look out as I crossed Belfast Lough to Bangor Marina as there was a lot of traffic and the wind had freshened considerably since leaving Carnlough. I was kept busy all next day (in the rain) with the usual cleaning jobs which are best left until one is alongside. (any excuse!) I think Tony and Julie were so impressed that they invited me to dinner that evening aboard *Alice*. They were homeward bound for Beaumaris and we left in company at 0700 on Thursday morning, promising to keep in touch. The wind was from the south west and as soon as I



Fanad Head at entrance to Lough Swilly.

Photo: Máire Breathnach

passed North Rock was fresh on the bow. I dropped the jib and motor sailed on past the Nellie Pladdy and Hellyhunter buoys ("Wouldn't these be great names for a boat" I thought), arriving at the entrance to Carlingford Lough at 2000. It was dark and there was a heavy shower as I approached the marina entrance. The narrow gap is not at all adequately lit and the marina manager guided me in with the help of a flashlamp!

I needed a rest the next morning and didn't get away until noon. I toyed with the idea of spending the night in Skerries, but eventually opted for Howth and without help found it difficult to find my assigned berth in the darkness. On 29th August I crossed a quiet Dublin Bay and had a beat in a moderate southerly to Arklow, where I berthed at the club pontoon and was visited by an old friend, Maria Whelan and her daughters Kate and Ellen.

Away at 0700 next morning I had to stem the tide until I reached Cahore Point. Once I had a fair tide I made great progress, but the wind abated as the day went on and, by the time I had cleared another corner of Ireland, the tide was once again impeding my progress. It was a long slow haul from the Black Rocks to St Patrick's Bridge. I would not have attempted this passage had I not known about the seasonal lights that mark the crossing point. However I was not aware of the new leading lights and stood off until I was certain as to what approach I should make. By the time I entered Kilmore Harbour it was 2330 hours and a welcome from Francis Whelan and Jack from Arklow was a perfect ending to what had been an enjoyable and challenging day. I had breakfast ashore next day in Stella Maris, and when I had finished cleaning *SeaDance* decided to spend another night in Kilmore. It is a well run marina and Johnny and his assistant Peter do a good job.

On Monday 31 August as I passed Ballinacourty at 1900 the RTE forecast presenter talked of rain, *mizzle* and *drog* (sic). "I think I know what you mean" I said to myself, glad that *SeaDance* would be safe and sound on her mooring that night back again in her home port in the Decies.

White Magic's first summer

Sweden to Howth

Peter Killen

Cruising started early this year with a trip up to Stenungsund, on the west coast of Sweden, approximately 60km north of Gothenberg, to collect our new boat, a Sweden 370. With me were my sons David and Andrew and a very good friend Joe Phelan.

Having spent two days sailing and snagging her, and having found the personnel at the yard highly professional and helpful we finally, on the 28th May at 15:30 departed bound for Inverness via Norway in a light westerly breeze and fine sunshine.

That evening we had a very bad electrical storm with lightning striking the water around us. Not pleasant! I switched off all the electrics and thanked our lucky stars that the boat was wired for lightning.

By early Saturday morning we were plugging into a nasty sea in a 30knot wind which was rising quickly. "This wasn't mentioned in the Brochure" muttered David. With 3 reefs in the main sail and finally 40knots of wind on the nose, we had a truly nasty passage to Farsund on the southwest tip of Norway, where we arrived at 02:30 on Sunday morning.

Farsund, is one of the prettiest small fjords I have ever visited. We originally tied up in a very small marina which after a sleep and later that morning, we discovered was private. We were told, however we were welcome to stay there as long as we wanted.

Following a quick walk around a headland and we discovered the main town and pontoons, all empty. We moved there that afternoon and had a really wonderful day pottering around the district. The people are extremely friendly and hospitable. I thoroughly recommend the place.

Early next morning (12:30) we departed Farsund bound for Inverness, in 25knots from the northwest. A bouncy sea, but at least we were freed off the wind for a change. The wind gradually veered, and we ultimately had a fine fast sail, in lovely clear weather, passing through the Forties oilfields during the night. They really looked surreal, bathed in the light from the burning gas flares.

The trip into the Moray Firth seemed to go on and on. In freezing winds we eventually motored under the Forth bridge with dolphins jumping around us and tied up at the Longman yacht haven (at the entrance to the Caledonian) at 04:30 on Thursday 3rd June in pouring rain and howling winds.

What can I say about our trip through the Caledonian Canal?

We entered the first lock at 11:30 on Thursday, and emerged through the final lock on Saturday 5th at 12:00. It rained the entire time, lock keepers appeared to start and finish work when they felt like it and most of the places we stopped at to eat had a variation on the fish and chips theme.

En - route through the canal, we passed Jenny Guinness and her crew. They were heading at that stage for the Baltic. Unfortunately, as we had been warned that the next lock keeper was due to vanish shortly, we couldn't stop for a chat, but could only call and wave as we motored past.

The exit from the final lock was interesting. We had tied up in the lock, one of the crew having assured the keeper we needed no help, we having made it unaided for the entire transit to date. The keeper shrugged his shoulders and headed for his controls, while David and Joe held the bow and stern lines on the wall. Once the water levels had dropped and the gates to the sea had commenced opening the guys threw down the lines and began climbing down the ladder in the wall. Suddenly the stern of the boat swung rapidly away from the wall. The water levels were not equal inside and outside the sea gates. I went astern quickly to try and counteract what was happening, leaving the two crew on the wall. It was bloody difficult to hold her away from the opening gates, for I did not have enough room to gain sufficient speed to turn her properly and could only hope for the best! We headed for the opening gates more or less broadside on. The width through the opened lock gates is 39ft! We are 37ft! We made it through with no marks, more by luck than skill.

As we drifted past, the lock keeper smiling broadly said to the crew on the banks, "there is a pontoon in the seaward side of the lock which ye can use!" We crept off as fast as possible



Frasund at midnight (the pub is closed).

Photo: David Killen



Finally the rain stopped! Scotland '99

Photo: David Killen



The Ditch (Loch Ness) in the rain. David Killen. Photo: Andy Killen

into the mist (thank God there were no tourists with video cameras) and arrived in Howth after a fast sail and no further mishaps on a Sunday evening at 22:30.

A Cruise to Brittany

The cruise to Brittany was a different ball game altogether. The crew consisted of Joe and Trish Phelan and Beverly, my wife.

We departed Howth on Saturday the 10th July at 10:20 hrs in thick fog and no wind. However in general terms, had a lovely passage to the Scillys where having stopped initially at Huger Town, the next morning we sailed to Tresco, picking up a mooring in New Grimsby Harbour. What wonderful weather we had, and what a beautiful island. Lots of walking, a swim and then a departure for France the following morning the 13th July.

A fast and uneventful sail had us in Concarneau at 14:45. Very little fuss for Bastille Day. A nice meal in an Italian restaurant, followed by a few drinks in a local waterfront hotel evolved into something special, for a really good rock band "the Cags," whom we had not heard of before, charmed the whole bar for half the night.

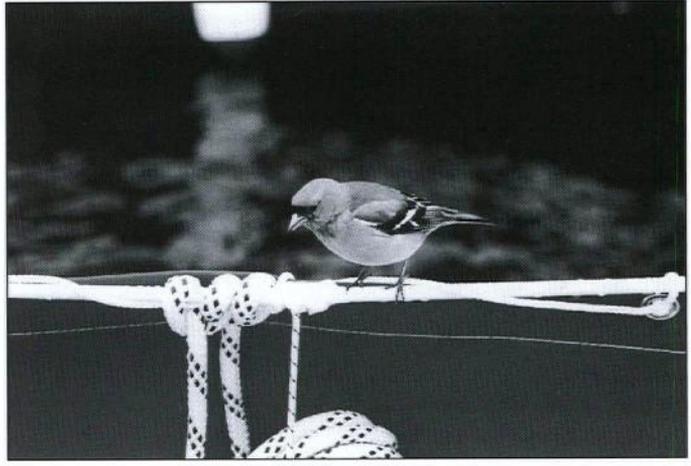
Joe did a bit of his special break dancing routine. The locals first looked very puzzled as he bounced around the bar (causing the drums to sound out of beat) but finally everybody including a very pretty barmaid were totally won over.

Next day we shopped in the market – food for the boat, wine etc., etc.

Plenty of swimming and then in the evening a wander around the old walled town, which is very touristy but still enchanting. We stumbled upon an absolutely marvellous restaurant called "Le Galion" named in a good food guide called the *Maitres Cuisiniers De France* and has a wonderful meal for £30 per head (which included very good French wine).

Late next day we headed off to Isle de Glenan arriving at 17.00 hours. Navigation is a little tricky and we were glad we had bought a small-scale chart of the islands in Concarneau. However, once we had anchored and rowed ashore, we felt as if we were on a south sea island. The weather had really settled, and the blue sea, golden benches and solitary landscape were breathtaking. We were so charmed, we stayed two nights.

Departed next day (the 18th) for Isle de Groux and on arrival, anchored in Loc Maria well away from the perches marking the shallows. It was a lovely afternoon, and we headed ashore in the dinghy and took a taxi to Port Tudy to get 2-stroke engine oil for the outboard. We stayed in Tudy and had a marvellous meal in a restaurant called "Les Cousseaux". We hadn't intended to stay and eat so we had not showered or changed. We all felt a bit high, but what the hell!



A visitor dropped in for a drink! Caledonian Canal.

Photo: David Killen

When we arrived back at Loc Maria the wind had swung and shifted from the west. The boat was hopping around in fine style, for the tide was in and the shelter was therefore reduced. Once the tide dropped, peace was restored.

Next morning we upped anchor and headed around to Port Tudy and the marina in the inner harbour. That afternoon, we hired bikes and went for a really enjoyable cycle around part of the island. It was great fun – really good mountain bikes, and hot and dusty that evening another lovely meal full of shellfish in the Hotel de Ville in the old town in Loc Tudy.

The next day on the 20th, we departed Port Tudy bound for Belle Isle and tied up to a mooring buoy in Le Palaise 3 hours later. We had had a fast sail in 25 knots of wind, passing the motor vessel *Avanti* from HYC en route. We received a loud toot from her when she saw our Irish flag as we passed. That evening, we got into the tiny harbour and settled in for the next day or so.

We were getting fairly fit at this stage and opted for another session on bikes which we once more rented. I must say, it is a great way to see large areas of countryside and the nice thing is that once you are on side roads and tracks there is little or no traffic. The hamlets, which dotted the island, were lovely to pass through, and if you throw in the odd swim en route, the whole thing is really enervating! During our cycle, we had stopped at a beautiful little village perched in a drying out inlet, called Sauzon. We discovered that there are municipal moorings in the bay, and given the prevailing wind direction, we decided we would sail the few miles north from Port Tudy the next day and stay overnight. This we did and it could not have worked out better. Lovely clear water, half price for the mooring (FF35) because we were Irish, and a lovely and cheap



Yet another lock!

Photo: David Killen



Andy and Joe in the Caledonian. "How much longer?"
Photo: David Killen



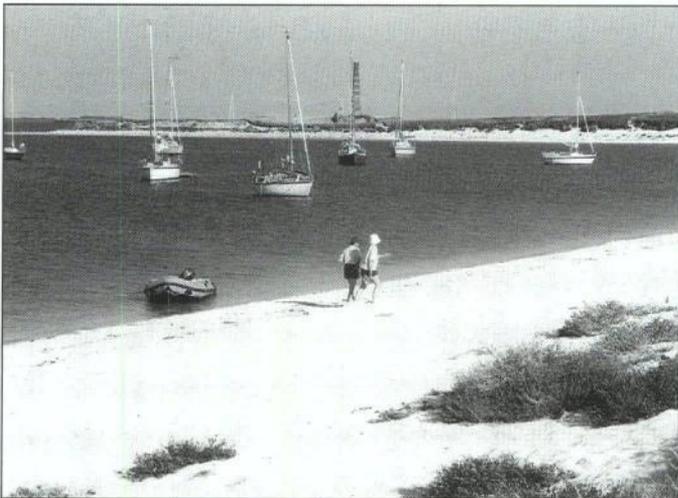
Another murderous day in the library in France. *Photo: Bev Killen*

meal (FF100) at a little waterside restaurant called Le Saint Louis sitting out on the quay. What more would you want?

Next day we headed for a favourite spot of ours called Etel, which is protected by a sandbar. One has to arrive close to high water – 2 hours either side I would estimate and maybe less depending on your draught. It would not be a good landfall in strong onshore winds. Once over the bar you are into an estuary, which gradually widens. There is a small marina in the town of Etel, which is at the southern bank, and given the restricted entrance (which is really like the entrance to Malahide) both times that we have been there it has been very quiet. The town is very pretty with some of the buildings quite old. It is not a very touristy place, but has some really nice pastry shops.

We hired bikes for the afternoon and found a quiet beach where we hopped into the water as fast as possible – temperature 30°C. As we splashed around we noticed everyone else around us was nude! It certainly made for a very pleasant afternoon. Bev wrote in the log that evening "Joe and Pete were pleased!" What an understatement!

Up river from the town the estuary broadens into a mini Morbihan called Le Mer d'Etel with islands dotting the water. The only way one can go explore this huge inlet is by dinghy



Bev and Trish on a hot sandy beach, Isle de Glenan.
Photo: Joe Phelan

since a bridge spans the river and besides, it is not very deep. We spent a wonderful day motoring for approximately 2 hours up river, stopping en route for a smashing lunch of Moules and Frites in a rather utilitarian café on an island called St. Cado, where there is a very ancient and lovely church, part of a monastic settlement founded by the monk of St Cado. Then it was off to another shady beach – the temperature was 29°C and we lazed for the afternoon reading and swimming in the evening we caught the outgoing tide back to Etel and shot back down river to the boat.

Next day it was time to start retracing our steps, so reluctantly we departed Etel heading north to Concarneau once more, arriving at 20.30 hours. Given the time of year 27th July (high season) the marina was stuffed, so we anchored in the bay in the company of some other boats, and had a great meal of whatever leftovers Bev and Trish magiced from the depths of the fridge. A really beautiful night, with full tummies and a glass of wine in the cockpit, we were on top of the world!

Two days later having stocked up with wine and food for the trip home and having had another wonderful meal in the Galion Restaurant to celebrate Joe and Trish's wedding anniversary we departed for Audierne finally arriving up river at the marina on the flooding tide. This is another magical spot. The town along the riverbank is quite plain but once you walk further away from the town pier you enter the old town, which is filled with beautiful old stone houses and other buildings dating back to the 17th century. The town must have been a very prosperous and important tuna port in by-gone times. We would have loved to have stayed another day to explore more thoroughly, but it was time to leave for home via the Raz and the Scilly Islands.

The trip home was made in perfect weather; we spotted a leather backed turtle en-route, having first thought he was an old barrel!

We finally tied up in Howth at 10.50 on Sunday the 12th August, tanned, rested and with and abiding thirst for French wine and cider!

- The total distance sailed from Sweden to Howth: 813 miles.
- Number of engine hours: 75
- The total distance sailed from Howth – France – Howth: 857 miles.
- Number of engine hours: 104

Waxwing in Tahiti

Peter & Susan Grey

Our plan for this year was to sail to Hawaii via the French Polynesian islands of Iles Gambier (800 miles south east of Tahiti) and the Marquesas. We thought we would hole up for the winter (and hurricane season) in Hawaii and then cruise next year to Alaska and British Columbia.

Alas, it is not to be. We must have upset the gods for we got persistently poor weather on the 3,000 mile first leg, peaking with a 70mph storm during which an extra vicious wave decided to knock us down and come down below. We lost a lot of gear and equipment including our ship to shore radio transmitter so for the five days more it took us to get to Iles Gambier no one knew what had become of us. This caused a bit of concern especially back in New Zealand where we had a daily radio contact and who knew we had been in the middle of the storm. There was just no way to avoid it.

Some other yachts in Mangareva, Iles Gambier knew of us and our problem and the Gendarmerie throughout southern Polynesia had been asked to keep an eye out for us as had shipping in the area so, such is the comraderie of the ocean cruising lot, that we got a great welcome when we sailed in on a beautiful sunny morning with *Waxwing* looking a bit the worse for wear.

Aided by numerous offers of help and loans of gear, we set about preparing *Waxing* for a continuing voyage but it soon became apparent that we needed a lot more than the goods and services on offer on those idyllic but basic islands.

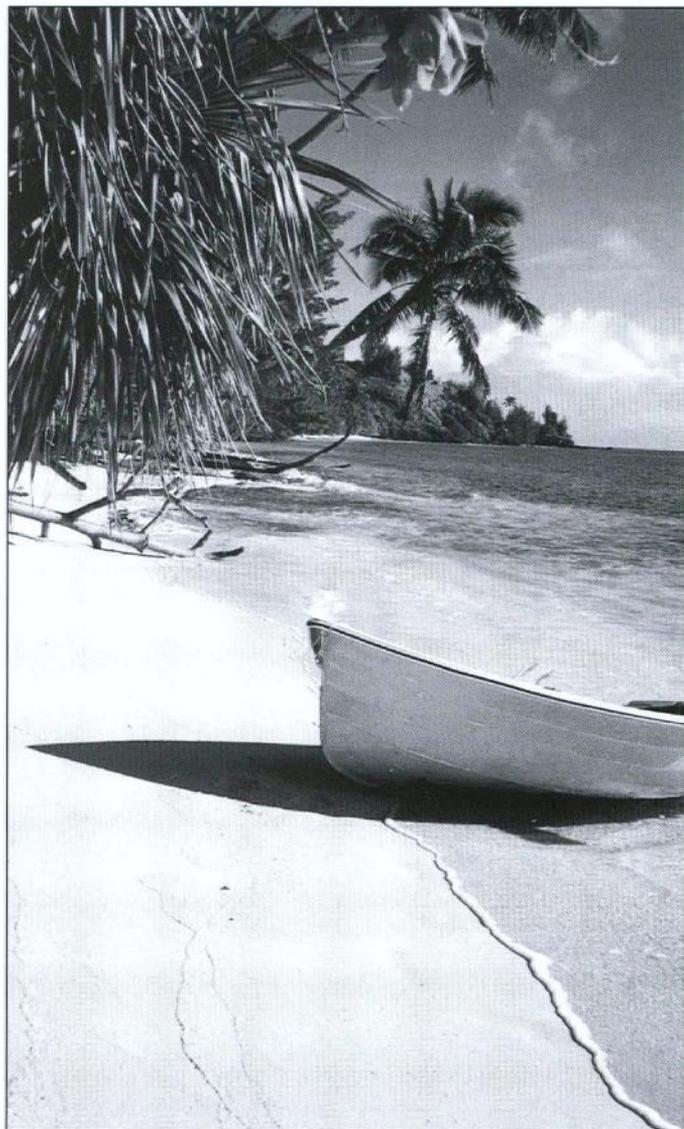
So we returned to Papeete, in Tahiti taking the easy route via the Tuamotu atolls of Hoa and Fakarava with only a couple of days between each. We were blest with no wind (any other time we would complain) and motored all but the last bit of the 900 mile round trip. We needed a fill of diesel on the way and not only did the French Foreign Legion on Hoa provide this (on tick – to be paid for when we got to Tahiti as we had no money at this stage – not possible to get on the atolls), but entertained

us royally in the officers mess for two lovely days. Unfortunately we had to move on but not before we had been presented with a bottle of the red wine which is produced exclusively for The Legion in the south of France by retired Legionnaires. We sampled a bottle at dinner with the officers and its good stuff ok. The days of dusty forts in the desert and hard times for the soldiers are long gone and we were told that The Legion is now the premier army unit for overseas work.

Regrettably for the economy of the area, the military are winding down their presence, as the bomb testing is now finished. Indeed, while the supply base at Hoa will still operate for another year, the testing facility on the infamous atoll of Mururoa has been dismantled already.



Maupiti – room for 50 – we have it all to ourselves.



"Little Yellow", our borrowed dinghy on beach in Iles Gambier.

So this finds us about 100 miles west of Tahiti on our way to New Zealand hopefully via one or two of the Cook islands (which we missed last time around) and Tonga. We got some essential equipment and repairs in Tahiti but have deferred the major part of the refitting program until we reach Auckland – hopefully by mid November if the weather, which is a bit peculiar in this part of the Pacific this year, does not become too difficult.

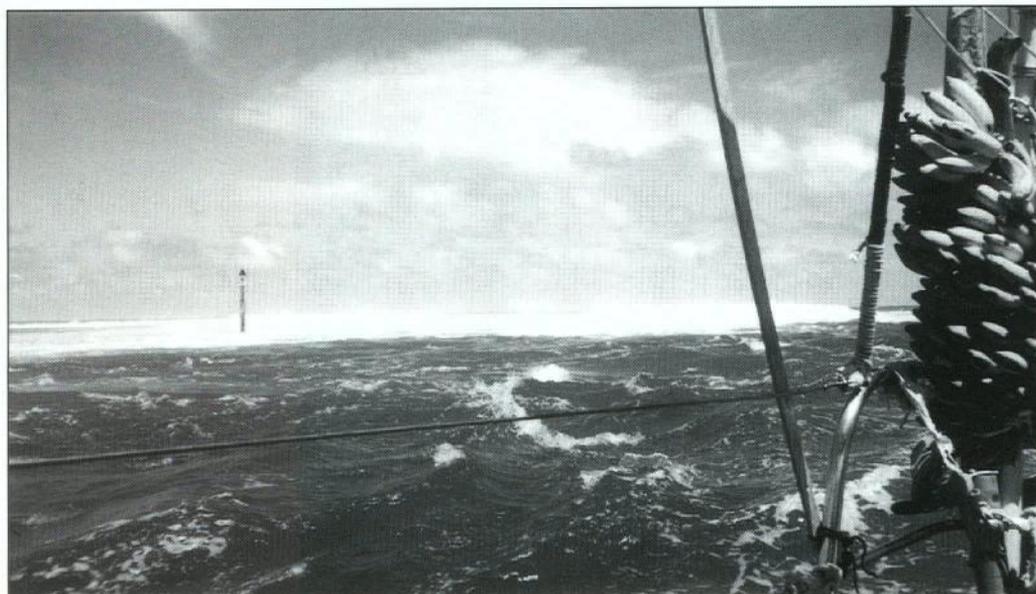
Meanwhile, we are having a really good time here. We have re-visited some of the places we saw two years ago but we have also stayed in several new anchorages and islands so our return, unscheduled as it may be, has had an real upside. We have done lots more – like renting bikes on Huahaine and a car on Moorea, and trying out a few restaurants (pricy and not so great except for the *poisson cru*).

We have also made several new friends from this seasons crop of ocean wanderers which is a pleasure in itself. We even met old friends from a UK boat whom we had last seen in the West Indies and they have lent us their spare Avon dinghy – to be returned in New Zealand. Our own dinghy was washed overboard in the storm and it proved impossible to get a replacement in Tahiti. A cruising yacht without a dinghy... well, let's just say its a non starter.

Forgot to say that, while we were both a bit shaken by our experience, seems years ago, we have done so much since. We suffered only a few bruises and abrasions.



Sand bar on Maupiti.



Pass at Maupiti. White in background is surf on the reef.



Taking our ease at Moorea.

Round Ireland – via Brittany!

John Clementson and Ann Bunting

The ICC E & N Rally at Portaferry seemed like a good event from which to start our 1999 cruise – north about Ireland. After meeting so many friends at the Rally, Ann and I went back north to Bangor in *Faustina II*, our Bowman 40, to stock up. Also, because the wind was resolutely from the north, we saw the film *'Notting Hill'*! Then on 8th Jun, with our friend Morris, we were away. The wind was still from the north!

Ballycastle marina was not yet open, so Rathlin I. was our first night's stop. We anchored in Church bay with a couple of other yachts and had a run ashore and a pint or two with the friendly natives. I wanted to see the 'upside-down' lighthouse at the west end of Rathlin so next day we stayed close to the island's south shore. The LH was disappointing! We sailed along the coast of Northern Ireland in drizzle, but with a reasonable wind, past the distant attractions of Portrush and the R. Foyle, to an overnight stop at Culdaff Bay on a Visitors' Mooring (VM). The village itself is a good Irish mile from the harbour. The fish and chips at the Village Café can be recommended but the pubs there didn't look up to much.

The NW wind forced us to motor the 20 odd miles to Malin Head next day but then we had a great sail across to Mulroy Bay. We entered the bay with some circumspection as the ICC Directions vary a lot from the Admiralty Chart 2699. We passed safely through the first Narrows and anchored in Fanny's Bay. Up to this point, and indeed later, the ICC Directions appeared correct in all respects. On the following day, we set off inland on the last hour or so of the flood, and passed through the Second and then the Third Narrows with only an occasional raising of the heart beat level. The Admiralty chart deals very adequately with the inlet from the First Narrows inwards but the ICC Directions add useful confirmatory notes. At Broad Water we looked around only briefly – and then made for the sea again with the first of the ebb. Piloting this inlet was one of the minor aims of the cruise and we felt the trip in and back was worth the effort – if only for the small sense of achievement! In truth it's not as tricky as it looks, but it does need diligent pilotage.

We left Fanny's Bay late next morning at LW (and never had less than 2.5m under our 1.5m keel on our way to the open sea – leaving Low Bar Rock 100m to port), motored to Melmore Head and then set sail for Tory I. We had another great sail and we made the most of the fine weather to go north about the island. The scenery on Tory's north coast is amazing and our cameras worked overtime. To add to our delight the sea had become a turquoise colour that looked lovely, though a fisherman later told us that the sea was 'dirty'. We thought the cause must have been a plankton 'bloom'. Whatever its cause, it was with us for several days as we went south. The basking shark we saw just south of Tory was certainly making the most of the plankton.

Tory I. was a surprise. We had read about how bare the island was and how few facilities it has. Not now. Much money has been poured into the island. Not only is the pier at West Town being extended to make a decent harbour but the new hotel and leisure centre are excellent. (When approaching the

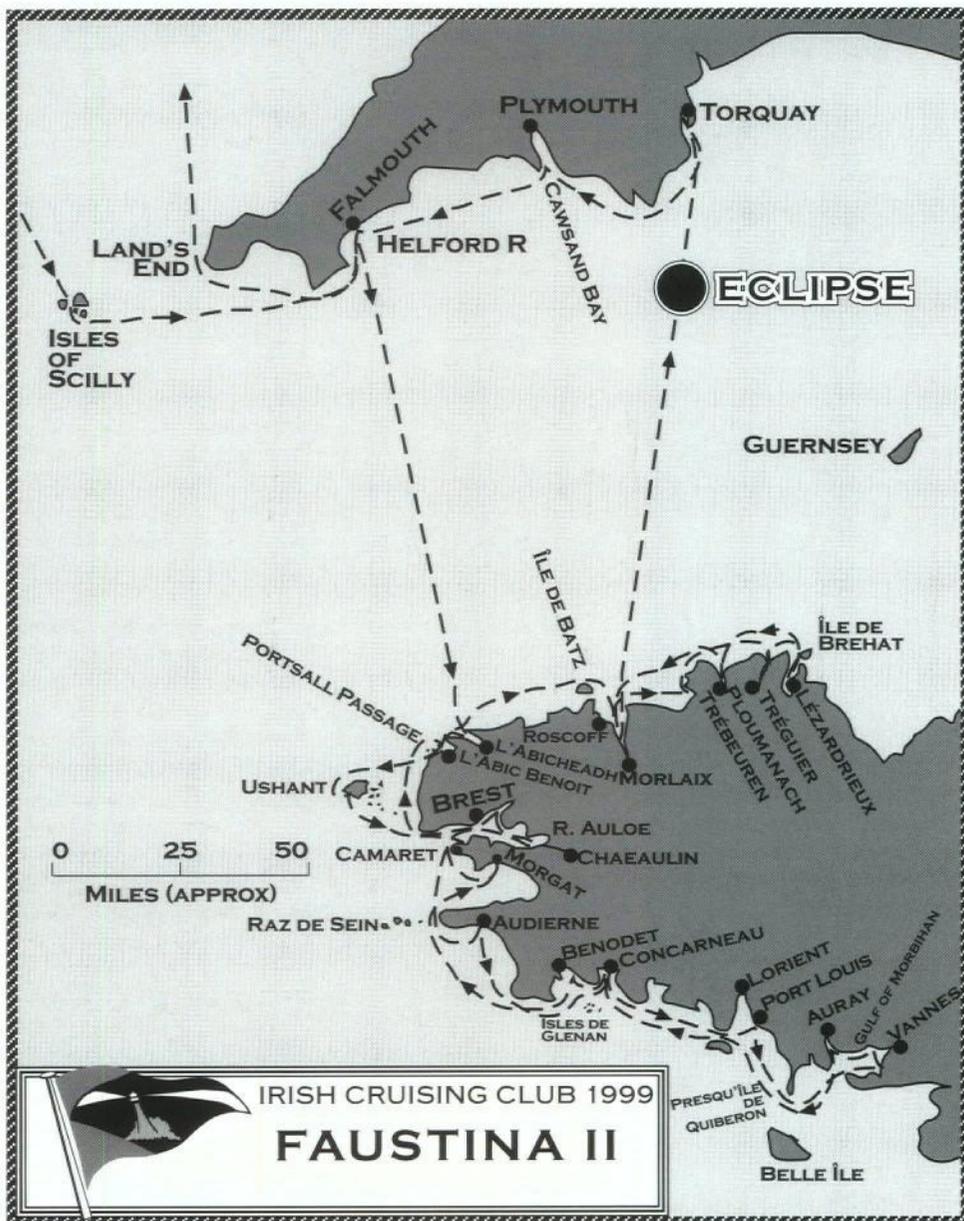
pier, leave the large round rusty buoy to port – this has been dredged for the new pier. The direct approach gets very shallow at LW.) A walk we can recommend is to turn right at the hotel (by the pier) and then to bear left after the pier contractor's compound (½ mile) and across the scree to the cliff top. A stunning seascape awaits you. If you walk to the left from the quay you may, as we did, hear a corncrake utter its distinctive call. We had a great meal at the hotel – not cheap, but worth it! Home-made Carraigeen Moss (made from seaweed) is on the menu and is an unusual and marvellously refreshing sweet.

After an uncomfortable night alongside the pier (due to gentle swell) we left early on 12 Jun and passed by Bloody Foreland with a dying northerly wind. We left Inishirrer to port and then, after exploring the two bays shown as anchorages on the south side of Gola I., we went south and then west through the Carnboy Channel (shown as Carnaby Channel on the



Faustina II under spinnaker between The Scillies and Land's End.

Photo: John Clementson



decided that we really should get on to Killybegs.

It was about here that I fully realised for the first time that going round Ireland is a quite long haul. A look at the large scale roadmap(!) showed that, while Killybegs was just around the corner, there were several more big 'corners' yet to come – not to mention the bays between them. All a bit daunting. It's not just Tory I. that is protected to the SW by Bermuda – it's the whole of this coastline! It's rugged, mostly unprotected – and long.

Killybegs is not a yachtsman's harbour. The anchorages recommended in the ICC Directions merely made our anchor and chain (and foredeck) filthy with oily non-holding mud. The HM suggested a berth alongside a trawler, the deck of which we could not reach to moor to until he finally sent help. 'Nuf said. The sooner they have a marina or at least some VMs in Killybegs, the better.

Morris left us at Killybegs to make his way home to England, and Ann and I set off to Broadhaven about 60 miles away to the WSW across Donegal Bay. The wind went from light SW'ly to a brisk S'ly and, despite some heavy rain squalls, we had a great sail. That afternoon we were called on the VHF by a salmon net boat. He prefaced his call by whistling over the radio – an excellent way of getting our attention. We exchanged positions and he agreed that we would clear

Direction's chartlet). This brought to the delightful anchorage in the Sound to the west of Cruit I. There we had lunch in the sun, with not another yacht in sight. On south through the narrow Owey Sound, and then the Aran Sound, which looks much trickier on the chart than it is in reality. It was mid-tide as we went through and we had a minimum of 1.5m under the keel at the southern end.

We took up one of the 6 well-positioned VMs in Church Pool at the southern side of Gweebarra Bay that evening. Later we tried to land on the mainland but the surf was too big for our dinghy. Instead we explored Inishfreer, the island which provides the shelter for the anchorage. We still don't know whether we found the wells and the penitential stone shown on the chart but it was a nice walk through the wild flowers, even if the terns did dive on us when we got too close to their nesting sites. In the late evening Morris and I walked to the mainland and back over the sand spit that had appeared at LW – just to say that we had done it!

We awoke next day to a fresh westerly wind and heavy rain and we decided that leaving in that weather would provide no pleasure at all. We erected our wonderful all-embracing cockpit cover (the Wendy House) and put on the heater! Almost sadly (for we were quite happy there) the sun came out in the afternoon and the wind moderated to Force 4 or 5 – and we

to the west of his net without a change of course. (We met only one other net boat, with similar results. Both were obviously legal nets. We met not a single illegal net and were advised several times that this problem is largely resolved. We can only advise what we saw.) The vis. deteriorated badly as we approached The Stags but our radar helped us clear the passage between the rocks and the mainland. Soon we were able to turn into Broadhaven and motor south to drop the anchor just past Gubaknockan Point. The anchorage was remarkably sheltered despite the still strong SW'ly wind but we let out 35m of chain to make sure that we would stay put!

We took a walk ashore next day as the wind was still blowing too hard for comfortable sailing. We met Pat Walker, the RNLI cox's'n, who kindly advised us where we might obtain fuel that the other boat in the anchorage, *Curlew*, had asked us to look out for. *Curlew's* crew came over for drinks and supper later on. They had to row as the wind had flipped over their dinghy and outboard motor – about which they were very phlegmatic.

Next day, 17 Jun, the weather and forecast was much improved, though worse was promised for later. We left Broadhaven, went through inside Eagle Island (where one would not wish one's engine to fail!) and then Inishglora and on into the lovely anchorage off sand to the east of Inishkea South.

(The chart has a very useful 'Achill Ears' transit to help one avoid the reef nearby.) After an interesting walk around the deserted settlement ashore we took lunch *en route* towards the massive cliffs of Achill Head. Round the corner we dipped into Keem Bay – as we had visited there by road after an ICC dinner in Westport not so long ago. The wind began to die off but we persevered with sail as we crossed Clew Bay to Clare I. The delight of the gorgeous green of the shore against the blue sky and the pleasantness of the evening was rudely spoilt when we snagged a lobster pot rope in the prop. It took some time to cut ourselves clear and the saga of my dive under the boat in a wet suit once we were on a VM off Clare castle is a story on its own. It was very cold in the water.

We had read all about the remarkable Grace O'Malley (Granuaile) and her exploits based on Clew Bay and the castle on Clare I. some 4 centuries ago. A run ashore was therefore deemed essential. The castle can't have been too comfortable, but then by all reports, she was a doughty lady who at one point had an audience 'Queen to Queen' with Queen Elizabeth I. It is said that she gave birth to one of her sons at sea in one of the open boats that she used to convey mercenary troops from Scotland, or to attack passing ships. After inspecting the castle we walked around the bay to the hotel. It should be noted that the wooden barrels shown in the old photographs in the hotel bar were for herrings, not for fresh water from the mainland as one or two wags would have had us believe!

The next day was not the sort that is extolled by the Irish Tourist Board. It was drizzly and the vis. was awful. But we were behind our self-imposed schedule, and we had to go. (In retrospect, we realised that we should have allowed more time, a total of 4 or even 5 weeks, for the trip from Bangor to Kinsale. There is so much to see and so many places to visit – and one has to allow time for some adverse weather.) We

motored south through the gloom, passing a mile to the east of Inishturk and then round into Bofin harbour. We had heard so much about Inishbofin that we would have loved to have stopped in what is clearly a wonderfully safe harbour, but we hadn't the time for more than a circle and out again.

The vis. improved as we rounded Slyne Head and we bore away to the SE towards the Aran Is. some 30nm away in grand style. As we reached the bar off Kilronan harbour at the east end of Inishmore the drizzle started again and we groped our way over to the anchorage.

There were no VMs here as the books had promised. We would have been very pleased to see them as we now heard a gale warning for our area. In preparation for that we dropped not only the big CQR but also, a little later, our big Danforth. The latter, on a short chain and long nylon warp, held in the sand much quicker than the former.

The next day, two days before Mid Summer, was another that *Bord Failte* would not have been too proud of. The rain lashed down, whipped along by a SW'ly 6. We were full of admiration for the Twin Pioneer pilot that brought his plane into land nearby with great panache every hour or so. We longed to get off to see Dun Aengus, the famous fortification on the island, but felt unable to leave the boat on her own. The forecast that afternoon spoke of the wind increasing and going to the NW. We stayed on board – comfortable and warm, and frustrated.

I didn't need to hear the forecast next morning. The howling wind told its own tale. We had to stay. We were happier about leaving the boat with the wind from the NW as there is more protection from that sector, so we donned our oilies and went (wetly) ashore in the dinghy. We beat the mid-morning ferry tourists to Dun Aengus and were able to marvel in comparative peace at the ingenuity of its builders. It is a semi-circular fort



Fautina II at the Fastnet Rock, July '99.

Photo: John Clementson



Peter Ronaldson at the N&E Rally at Portaferry, July '99

Photo: John Clementson

made some 3000 years ago and is right on the edge of a truly vertical cliff. Its defensive arrangements would give a modern tank a very hard approach march. (As an aside, I received a mobile phone call from my daughter whilst at the castle. The old and the new! The mobile phone coverage is surprisingly good down the coast.) We returned to Kilonan via the coast road and then made use of the outstandingly good supermarket that is there. That was a complete and not unpleasant surprise. After a meal, we took a walk along the beach and coast road to Killeany where we partook of welcome liquid refreshment, surrounded by the sound of many young voices speaking Irish.

Next day we weighed both anchors and were away by 0600. The wind was now being friendly (NW3-4) and we had a grand day's sail under clear blue skies until mid-afternoon. We reached Blasket Sound, a run of some 65nm, by 1715. The engine helped us safely through there and then, once around Sleah Head, we headed east to Dingle, another 10nm, where our next (and regular) crew, Stuart, awaited us.

Next day poor weather again kept us in harbour until cleared away at lunchtime. Outside Dingle we were honoured by a visit from *Fungi*, the well-known dolphin that helps keep several Dingle-based tourist boat owners in business. In fact he had ignored one tourist boat which was on its way back to harbour, disappointed, when the skipper saw *Fungi* come to us. The boat turned and made after us at speed, and we left *Fungi* to them! We set off towards Sneem, 40 miles away in Kenmare Bay, making first towards Valentia, which we couldn't quite fetch as the wind kept backing. The motor helped us round the rocky coast – and then the wind died anyway and we motored on across St. Finan's Bay and West Cove to enter Sneem Bay an hour before dark. There was a VM free but we chose to anchor in a nicer spot. There were 5 other yachts in – getting crowded now! However it's a lovely bay and can easily absorb a good few yachts.

We had a great dinghy trip up-river to Sneem next morning and we stayed there for lunch. It's an attractive (inevitably touristy) town with a 'Kerry' footbridge over the salmon leaps – if you haven't seen it, then you will enjoy it if you visit.

We got back to *Faustina II* on the first of the ebb and set off across the bay to look at Kilmakilloge harbour. It is full of fish farms and not a nice place for a yacht. So we went a mile or so

to the west and entered Ardroom harbour. This too is full of ugly rows of blue mussel barrels. However, in this case, the passage into the harbour along the recognised transits is clear (though some of them are hard to identify, as concrete has turned to the colour of the rock and the transits have not recently been painted!) The main problem arises when you are well into the harbour. It is impossible without local knowledge (or at least knowledge that I don't have) to know whether it is safe to go along the serried ranks of mussel barrels. The harbour is therefore a no-go area for the uninitiated visitor, which is sad because, even with the ghastly blue barrels, it is a pretty place and well protected. We left, deciding to go around to Bantry Bay – a run of about 25 miles to Bearhaven. The wind had disappeared and it was a lovely evening as we followed a lifeboat

through Dursey Sound, wondering whether our mast really would fit under the cable car wires! In Bearhaven we tucked into Dunboy Harbour and anchored in that tranquil little bay. Delightful!

We explored the ruins of Dunboy House next morning and disturbed a pair of swans and their three cygnets as we dinghied up the river to the gatehouse. This seemed like a major event in the calm of that spot! We called into Castletown to refuel and bought crabs claws and ate them as we motored to the east inside Bear I. At the east end we found the northern passage nearly blocked by fish farms which are surrounded by masses of buoys. We entered Adrigole Bay (just for the pleasure of being there) and whilst on a VM for an hour or so we watched seals playing (or squabbling) on the nearby rocks. Then we went on up to the end of Bantry Bay and into Glengarriff. A young couple on a yacht waved for us to come over and we were presented with three fine fresh mackerel that we barbecued within the hour. In the last of the evening we did a grand tour of the harbour in the dinghy. Seals everywhere, and herons doing their evening shopping!

Ann had to leave the boat early next morning. She got the 0800 bus to Cork after which Stuart and I set off in an increasingly warm day – I even took my sweat shirt off!! We rounded Sheep's Head at 1300 and began sailing. At 1400 thick fog came down – no doubt it was my fault for daring to start stripping off!

We completed the Irish west coast and started along the south coast when we rounded Mizen Head. We didn't of course see the headland in the fog and later the radar helped us avoid a head-on bump with a yacht coming the other way. I doubt that he even saw us in the gloom and I doubt that we would have seen him either. The radar has its uses! However the fog cleared as we approached Crookhaven where we took up one of the Marine Board yellow VMs – as opposed to the pub's orange VMs which are charged at a suggested £5 per night. A good walk long the shore road and a visit to the pub ended a fine day.

Stuart wanted to go around the Fastnet Rock and so, like many before us, we motored out there. Conditions enabled Stuart to be cast adrift in the dinghy to photograph the event. (Shades of the ICC SW Ireland Rally in July 1996 – but without fog!) Then back northwards to Cape Clear. I had intended to

enter Baltimore from the north through The Sound but decided that I wasn't certain enough of our mast height to be sure that we would clear under the overhead cable. So we entered Baltimore past 'Lot's Wife' and had a look around. We anchored for while inside the entrance waiting for a fair tide and then at 1600 we set off eastwards in a wet and gentle W'ly breeze to the delightful anchorage at Castletownsend. A good dinner was taken in *Ann Marie's* before exercising it off for a while exploring around the village.

We had a favourable wind next morning as we sailed east, close past Galley Head and then around Old Head of Kinsale. The last 5 miles or so into the harbour entrance of Kinsale was a terrific sail and we were very reluctant to take the sails down as we approached the town before mooring in the Castle Park marina. They have a wonderful laundry service there and two loads of washing was done and dried by nightfall. Fewer merit points for the restaurant though. We took on board our next crew and friend, Rod, over from London.

We left Kinsale on 28 June, and we got back to Bangor, our next port of call in Ireland, 7 weeks later, on 15 August to complete our circumnavigation.

In those weeks away from Ireland we went south to Brittany. We had a boisterous crossing to the Isles of Scilly where we arrived next morning. Poor Rod was ill most of the way. Off Hugh Town on St Mary's the 30 VMs are great (they are rated for 50t boats!) but the barnacles on the buoys can destroy a warp overnight – use a chain or wire strop to attach yourself to the buoy. Next morning we set off to the east had a wonderful 4-hour spinnaker run *en route* to the Helford River. Next day we went to Falmouth, right up the River Fal to Malpas, after which Rod, probably wisely, decided to leave us, as he didn't want to be sick again *en route* to France.

Stuart and I crossed the 120nm of the western Channel to



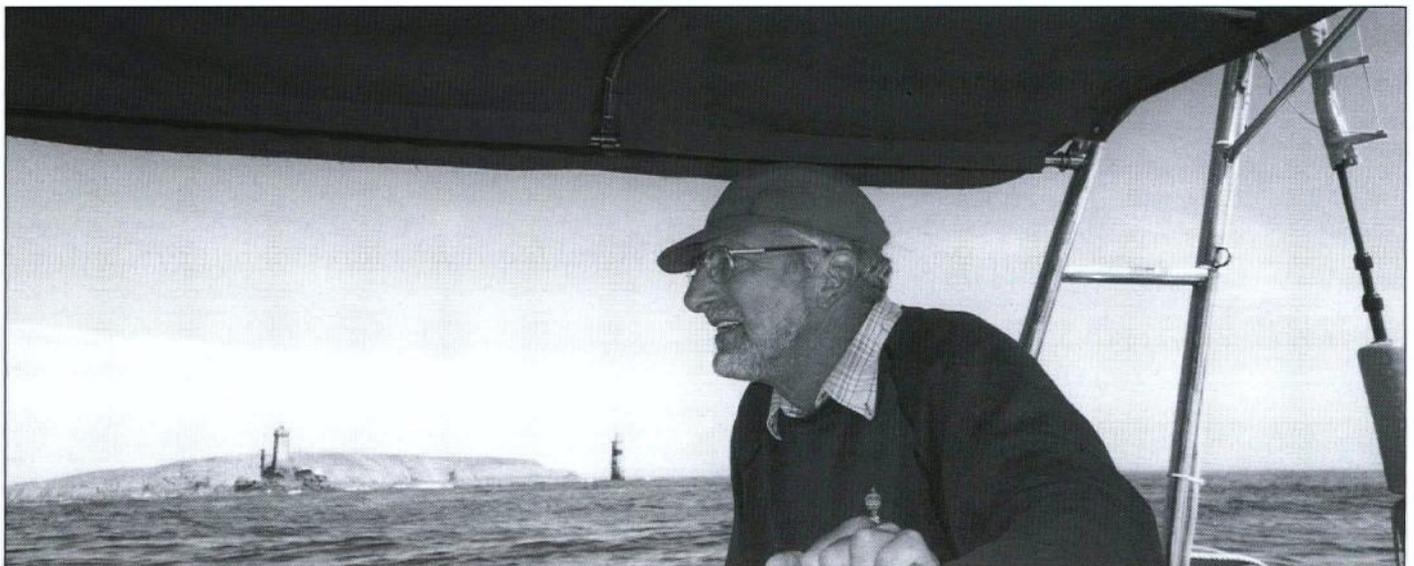
The N&E Rally at Portaferry, July'99.

Photo: John Clementson

L'Aber Wrac'h, which we reached in thick fog. That gave me an interesting couple of hours of navigation and pilotage! God bless the radar! From there we went firstly to the east to Morlaix (up a drying river and through a lock at HW-2), where Ann rejoined. This is a very useful port for changing crews as it's near to the ferries at Roscoff, and the TGV trains from Paris stop here several times a day. It is also a safe and very cheap place to leave a yacht for a week or for months. It's a bit of a shock to look over the lock gates at LW as there is virtually no water in the river at all – only a small stream.

From Morlaix we went on eastwards to Trébeurden, Ploumanac'h, Tréguier and Lézardrieux. Lots of anchorages and delightful walks and interesting scenery. Also wonderful markets and seafood. From Lézardrieux we had gone 4 miles up-river in the dinghy to visit the imposing Chateau-Jagu. We walked to explore the fascinating pink granite formations at Ploumanac'h.

We returned to Morlaix for Bastille Day on 14 July and marvelled at how miserable the locals looked as thousands of



John Clementson takes *Faustina II* through the Raz de Sein.



Ann and Irene Ashton in full song at the N&E Rally at Portaferry, July'99. Photo: John Clementson

Francs worth of fireworks were let off near the fine railway viaduct in the town centre! Stuart had to leave us here to get the ferry home from nearby Roscoff – and I had a day of food poisoning from restaurant (not boat!) food. After a day's rest for my stomach we set off again, this time to the west, to L'Aber Wrac'h again, via the inside passage of Ile de Batz.

From there we went out to Lampaul on Ile d'Ouessant – but that voyage was made somewhat unnecessarily exciting by my unwise decision to take the inside passage of Portsall. There are 4 essential transits to be found but with the tide rushing us along there was little time to find them. The final transit is the hardest and it covers the narrowest gap. We never really found the transit but, fortunately, we made it through – but we also saw a rock with a bow wave pass close by on our starboard side! We can't really recommend this shortcut except perhaps when there is little or no tide running. However, on to Ushant, going right round its northern coast as the weather was fine and there was very little swell, and we took a VM for the night in the bay off Lampaul. We walked ashore and had lunch there next day. It's an interesting place and well worth a visit.

From Ushant we went to Camaret and then into the Rade de Brest and up the River Aulne (anchoring for a night en route) to Chateaulin. Probably most members know Camaret, a very useful stopover before crossing Biscay, but Chateaulin may be less well known and is recommended if a few days are available for the purpose. It is necessary to play the tides and lock into the head of the river – but it's all easy. The river is attractive and quite interesting, whilst the pleasant town makes a good stop as it is yacht-friendly. A huge supermarket is close by the floating jetty.

Back in the *Rade*, after a thrilling sail in a fine wind down the Aulne estuary (with Tina Turner giving her all on the cockpit speakers!), we went to the *Marina de Moulin Blanc* in Brest. Not a bad marina but the reception arrangements were poor. Go into the furthest section and take any vacant slot. The nearby *Oceanopolis*, a sort of aquarium with science, was a bit disappointing. It is being enlarged and so may get better. This is another good crew changing place and there are frequent buses from the marina to the station.

John and his daughter Alison, friends from Australia, joined us (they came to us directly from Oz via Heathrow, Orly and the TGV!) and the following day we took them to Camaret. Then down through the Raz de Sein to Audierne, and on southwards to Concarneau with its ancient fortified island, the Ville Close, in the centre of the harbour. We went then to Port Louis (in Lorient) and then on round Presqu'île de Quiberon and into the delightful Gulf of Morbihan.

The tides near the entrance of the Gulf are ferocious but its delights are many. Everyone's favourite anchorage has to be at Le Bono just south of Auray in the NW of the Gulf, and we spent a night in that beautiful spot. Then we locked into Vannes where the marina is right in the city centre. The marina staff is brilliant at telling each boat exactly which berth to go to as it enters the

approach canal through the lock. Couldn't be easier. This is a beautiful city with massive old walls, lovely and interesting old streets and beautifully arranged public gardens. It's well worth a visit for a day or two.

There our Oz friends had to leave us. Ann and I made our way northwards again, anchoring in some lovely and quiet places en route and enjoying the wonderful fresh seafood available in the markets everywhere. We added Benodet and Morgat to the list of harbours visited. In the former we took our dinghy several miles up the beautiful river towards Quimper on the last of the flood and then returned with the ebb. We enjoy these sorties inland in the dinghy (even though it only has a 2HP engine and doesn't go very fast!)

Back in Morlaix yet again, after eating out one evening, we joined in Breton dancing lessons held in the main square. The music and steps were great and the hundreds there seemed to enjoy this so much more than the fireworks on Bastille Day. We certainly did.

Ann left the boat again to return home, and with my son Simon and my son-in-law, Richard, I left for Devon, getting to a spot 10 miles south of Start Point, by design, exactly as the total eclipse of the sun got there. Sadly we couldn't see the sun but the sudden darkness, which lasted 2 minutes, and the re-lighting of the world was an eerie and unforgettable experience.

Finally with a new crew, Peter, collected in Torquay, I went west to Cawsand Bay outside Plymouth for a night and to Falmouth for another. Then, in a 52-hour run round Land's End and north along the east coast of Ireland, we got home to Bangor – where it was raining as hard as it had at anytime during our whole 2½ months away! What a wonderful Irish welcome home!

We are grateful to Jennifer Guinness for the loan of her Irish waters charts. If we presume to pass on just one thing that we learnt about going round Ireland it must be that it needs more time than you think if you are to do the wonderful coastline and the friendly places justice.

Cruise data:

Time away: Nearly 10 weeks
Miles logged: 2030nm.

Kinsale and back

Jim Slevin

Nothing very exciting about that you might say but I tell you that every voyage gets the adrenaline flowing at some stage and this one was no different. Derek Byrne, Iain Foster and myself had planned to go on board *Testa Rossa* on the evening of June 11th, and set sail on the following morning.

I went on board early and when the crew joined me we had a short conference. We decided to take advantage of the 14 knot wind blowing from the N.W. and leave Mullaghmore, Co. Sligo at 19.50. We had a brisk sail out past the Eagle and down to the Black Rock off the Mayo coast. By this time the wind had dropped to 6 knots and it was on the beam, our progress had slowed considerably so we started the engine and stowed our sails. We motored on to approach the Kerry coast in darkness. On the way down, the only boat we saw was a freighter going north but as luck would have it, a number of vessels were passing in both directions as we neared the coast. We decided that Blasket Sound was not a good idea in total darkness and opted for Smerwick Harbour instead. When I visited Dublin Boat Show earlier in the year I had purchased a Phenom Colour Chart Plotter. This was the time to put it to the test and using it together with the radar we made our way into harbour successfully. We could not find the new buoys in the dark and would suggest that they be fitted with reflective strips. We anchored and got a few hours sleep before going round the corner into Dingle. We relaxed in the glorious sunshine and I met up with another Donegal man, Andy McArthur of the Fruit of the Loom family on board his Starlight 35, *Gwilli*. In the evening we availed of the special offer dinner from 6 to 7 at



"I can taste that pint". Skipper Jim Slevin.

Photo: Derek Byrne



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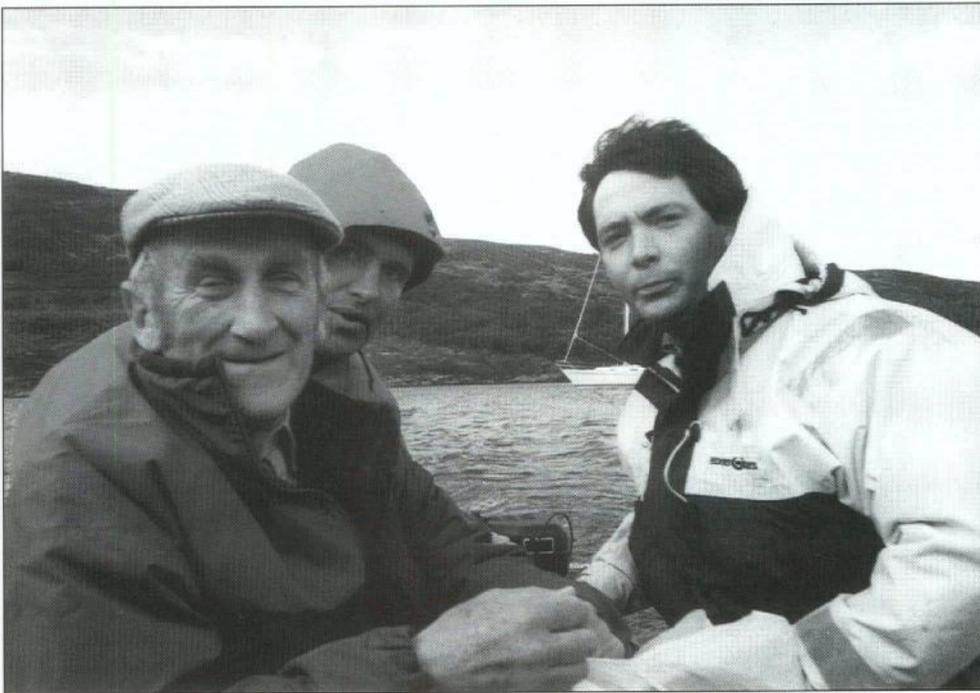
Fenton's Restaurant. The fare was good and reasonable by Dingle standards.

Next morning we left Dingle in light rain and drizzle with a 20 knot wind from the S.W. and motor sailed slowly across the bay. When we cleared Bray Head the sun broke through and the rain cleared away. On our way we met four British yachts sailing toward Dingle. We had the tide with us through Dursey Sound. We had intended going to Glengariff but as we approached the entrance to Castletownbere hunger dictated a change of destination and we rounded up to tie outside a trawler there. The downside to this exercise was that the trawler was scheduled to leave at 05.00 hours next morning. We dined at Niki's Restaurant that evening and the food was commendable. Afterwards the crew made friends with the two ladies who owned it and The pub just two doors away. They told them that their father, a Dr. McCarthy, had been a POW in Japan in W.W.II and had accepted the Japanese surrender at Hiroshima. They showed them the Samurai sword used in the surrender. He had later been honoured by the Queen of England for his services with an OBE & George Medal.

Since our tri-light had failed to function on our first night at sea we visited the local well stocked chandlery to purchase replacement bulbs. We also stocked up on provisions before leaving the harbour for Schull. On our way out we kept a sharp look-out for the DOM buoys but failed to spot them. We sailed into Schull early in the afternoon and picked up one of the buoys there. We showered at the watersports centre close to the pier, having first tried the yacht club premises which was not operational. Being such a fine afternoon we had drinks outside and later dined at the Galley Inn.

On Wednesday we set sail for Glandore and once clear of Clear Island we poled out the genoa and proceeded happily along the coast in sunshine. I was on watch and saw a buoy with a black flag which I took to be a lobster pot. The forward movement slowed and then we stopped. On looking over the side I discovered that we were stuck in a salmon net. With the wind still behind us getting the sails off was not easy. When we looked behind we saw a red half decker coming towards us. The first greeting was 'Are you f...ing blind' in a lovely Cork accent. We fastened a line to our bow and they towed us away from the net. From then on a sharp look-out for nets was maintained. Again we picked up a buoy in Glandore. As it was Derek's birthday we did some celebrating, dined at the Marine Hotel and continued the celebrations at the Marine Inn, which appears to be the centre for sailing in Glandore.

On approach to Kinsale the following day we had to avoid a few nets. On arrival at the pontoons we hauled up our mast ladder and I fitted a new bulb in the tri-light. We proceeded to the yacht club and bought shower tokens. Unfortunately the water never heated so we had our first cold showers in many a year. We complained and secured a refund. On previous visits to this historic town I never took time to explore the side streets and on doing so, it was easy to see how it attracts so many visitors. The layout of the streets, the well maintained old houses and numerous displays of art on offer create a lovely



"We're goin' ashore". Jim Slevin, Brian and Andrew.

Photo: Derek Byrne

atmosphere. Iain had arranged with his wife Stella to collect him in Kinsale so that he could be back in Donegal for work on Monday morning.

On Friday morning with our number now reduced to two, we sailed westward. Off the Old Head of Kinsale we saw bottle nosed dolphins with the baby one leaping several feet out of water. With the wind from S.W. we made a fast passage to Baltimore where we tied outside a French yacht on the north side of the pontoon. I was a little concerned at the close proximity of the ferry terminal but my concern proved unfounded. We dined at the restaurant over McCarthy's Bar which provided a superb vantage point overlooking the harbour.

Next day we motored out to Clear Island, hoisted sail and tacked out well past the Mizzen before freeing the sheets for a broad reach to Piper Sound and round into Lawrence's Cove. There we received a friendly reception. We showered in a spotless shower block. This is the first time we visited this delightful place. We strolled up to Kitty's Cafe where we had an excellent dinner at a very reasonable charge. We washed it down in the pub next door. We managed to engage the owner in conversation and he proved to be an interesting character. He informed us he was 70 years of age, didn't smoke, drink or go with girls.

We left Lawrence's Cove on Sunday morning in a strong N.W. wind to beat out to sea past the Cow and the Bull off Dursey. We encountered steep seas at this point and the packing round the mast became dislodged. To complicate matters the stitching on the leech and foot of the genoa started to give way so plenty of adrenaline for this passage. When we cleared Bray Head we were able to free the sheets again for the run across Dingle bay. We decided to spend the following day in Dingle. Fortunately the sun shone and it was an ideal day for carrying out repairs. In preparation we had put the rubber sections that are used for packing round the mast in the fridge the night before to shrink them. This worked remarkably well as we were able to do the job that had taken me a full day to complete before in twenty minutes. We took off the genoa and spread it out on the concrete in front of the new administration building at the marina. The two of us spent 7 man-hours stitching. With

the sail back on its roller we relaxed for the remainder of the day. In the evening we helped John Clemenston & Ann Bunting to tie up *Faustina* on their arrival from Kiltonan. I asked John about the mooring buoys at Kiltonan and he told me it was a joke as there were none there.

On Tuesday we left Dingle at 05.15 hours with a S.W. Force 4-5, put two reefs in the main and a well reefed genoa. We listened to the weather reports from coastal stations around noon and they reported that Valentia at 06.00 hours had a 5 knot wind from S.W. at that time, hardly completely accurate in my view. On our way N. we were getting constant speeds of 7 to 9 knots through the water and even touched 11 knots at one stage. Though we had originally planned to go to Kiltonan, our progress was so good we opted for Inishboffin instead. We had the company of a shoal of dolphins

criss-crossing our path through the water off the Galway coast. We dropped anchor in Inishboffin harbour at 21.00 hours having averaged 7.5 knots for the 119 mile leg feeling tired but very satisfied. We had eaten lightly en-route so we made a hasty trip ashore to Day's Hotel. Though they were tidying up in the dining room the manager kindly rolled up his sleeves, went to the kitchen to cook us two fine steaks. Though I have been to Inishboffin many times before I never cease to marvel at the tranquillity of this beautiful anchorage. It was no hardship to rest up and spend another day there.

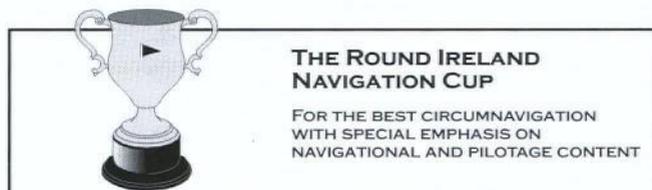
On Wednesday we went exploring the shoreline, lunched at Murray's Hotel and took our evening meal at Day's Bistro. The food was good. There were 5 other yachts anchored there that evening. One was a South African, crewed by two friendly French men on passage from Scotland to South Africa. For the skipper it was a sentimental journey as he had been to Boffin 40 years previously and he really was in his element, renewing old acquaintances. Another 24 foot bilge keeler crewed by a couple in their seventies, was sailing round Ireland having already completed thirty one thousand miles in twenty one years in the same craft. It was great integrating with and exchanging yarns with different crews. Most times, pressure of time tends to diminish this delightful dimension of cruising.

Thursday we reluctantly left Boffin and motored all the way in little or no wind to Ballyglass. We found the moorings on the E. side of the bay, just off a stony beach, convenient to the Lighthouse Tavern. It is a pity there is no landing place as we would have liked to sample the fare in the pub. Visitors will remember that the pub is miles away from the pier at Ballyglass on the W. side. Mayo County Council have thoughtfully fixed small buoys and strops to the main buoys, making the pick-up much easier. We had the company of one other yacht from Dublin, circumventing Ireland on her maiden voyage. Next morning, as forecast, we had a fresh S.W. for a fast reach to our home port of Mullaghmore.

To summarise, we visited 11 ports, enjoyed 11 days of sunshine, made plenty of new friends and sailed most of the time. We noted that though we visited different ports going to and from Kinsale, we travelled exactly 400 miles on both parts of the cruise, making a total of 800 miles.

Unwinding – *Witchcraft* round Ireland

Ed Wheeler



Owing to a variety of circumstances, *Witchcraft* had not left her berth for the previous two seasons. During that time, she had had a major refit, including a new engine and fancy folding propeller, plus many invisible but necessary improvements. We hoped for a complete absence of deck leaks and we now had the ability to go astern at will (no more cries of “No reverse” when coming alongside). New instruments meant we could take out the old B&G enclosure box below the main hatch. Six inches off there seemed to save acres around the galley.

The plan was for a round Ireland cruise in July/August but, as usual, fate dropped a cartload of uncertainty into the plot, so that we had no idea until two days before we left as to whether it was on or off. In the event, of the three owners, Harry was unavailable because of a family wedding and Winkie couldn't leave until early August, so on Friday, 23rd July at 14.10, I left Howth with my son James, (14) and his cousin, Keith Gadd, (13). We had left the clockwise/anti-clockwise decision to Met Eireann. Glasnevin decided anti-, which suited, as *Witchcraft* had been round three times in our ownership, all clockwise, so we needed to unwind. Also, for boats from Dublin Bay, the anti-clockwise route gives one a good chance of fair winds for the last stretch along the south and east coasts, at a time when people are usually in a hurry to get home.

The boys had very little sailing experience but they learned the quick way as we set full main and genoa and carried a splendid soldier's wind, WSW 4, heading north for Ardglass. By 20.00, we were storming past Newcastle in a WSW 6. Blasts down from Slieve Donard forced me to hand the main and the boys steered and sheeted manfully as I capered about on deck. It was dark when we made Ardglass, so we anchored between the red beacon and the pierhead in about 5m. There is limited swinging room here and we were rather nearer the beacon than I would have liked, to leave plenty of room for the fishing fleet to leave in the morning. As it happened, they stayed in port, so we could have made ourselves more comfortable. The best anchorage would be SW of the beacon but there is a local yacht moored there.

Another great sail next day with SSW 4-5 took us to Donaghadee by lunchtime.

On 25th July, we left Donaghadee at 07.30. James said, rather plaintively, “Dad, that's the earliest I've ever got up ...” “Nonsense, boy, you're up every morning at this time at school”; “... ah, on my birthday, I mean”.

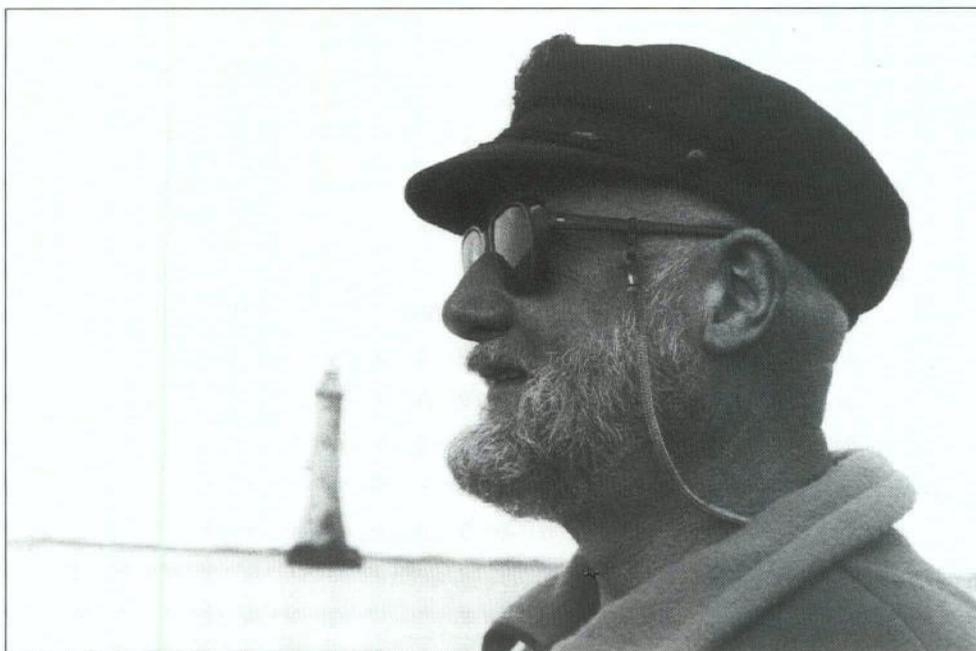
Grovelling amends were made and James was excused chores for the day. Russell O'Neill had joined us for this leg. Approaching the new marina at Ballycastle, the cylindrical concrete caisson forming the ferry berth on the inside of the N. breakwater makes a good landmark. The fingers on most of the marina berths are rather short. The scarlet velvet smoking cap embellished with mirrors and baubles and worn by Russell in the Harbour Bar impressed the locals no end.

My wife Jan joined in Ballycastle and Russell drove her car back. On Monday, trying to enter the inner basin in Church Bay an hour after LW, we noted that the 2m MLWS mentioned in the ICC sailing directions is inaccurate. We estimated no more than 1.7m MLWS in the entrance and in the basin. It was a hot, windless day for my first visit to Rathlin. We walked over the hills above Bruce's cave and Jan's legs looked like a roadmap after she'd waded through all the whins and brambles. We were surprised at the uncared-for appearance of most of the houses. There is very little evidence of gardens or of any significant agriculture, other than a few sheep and cattle. Perhaps this stems from a welfare culture? However, the fire brigade was there to prove our impressions mistaken. Rathlin has the last all-volunteer fire brigade in Northern Ireland and they were undergoing an exercise and inspection while we were there. Rathlin is said to be the only fire station where the engine has to reverse out of the building. Later, we had drams and craic with Jimmy & Gillian Dinsmore (CCC) on their 38 Westerly, *Lintie*.

Tuesday gave us another fine day but largely windless and we motored most of the way to Inishtrahull. I had sighted this small island twice from seaward during Round-Ireland races, both times in atrocious conditions. This time I wanted to



Portmore, Inishtrahull, looking east to old lighthouse.



HonPiler at work. Ed Wheeler, recently appointed Honorary Compiler of the East & North Sailing Direction, susses out the Carlingford entrance with escort provided by Haulbowline lighthouse.

Photo: W.M. Nixon

explore it. We made our way cautiously into Portmore on the north side. Inishtrahull was abandoned in the early forties, except for the light keepers. Since the lighthouse became automatic, the island is the domain of rabbits, seals and seabirds. An attempt was made to establish a herd of red deer some years ago but the only evidence of them is a broken-down chain link enclosure in the middle of the island. Some of the houses were quite substantial and one was wired for electricity. This must have come from a generator and had battery back-up. All the roofs are now gone. We stayed overnight at Portmore. Holding is not very good and a moderate northerly breeze blew straight into the anchorage. Curious seals and a sense of utter remoteness compensated for a somewhat sleepless night.

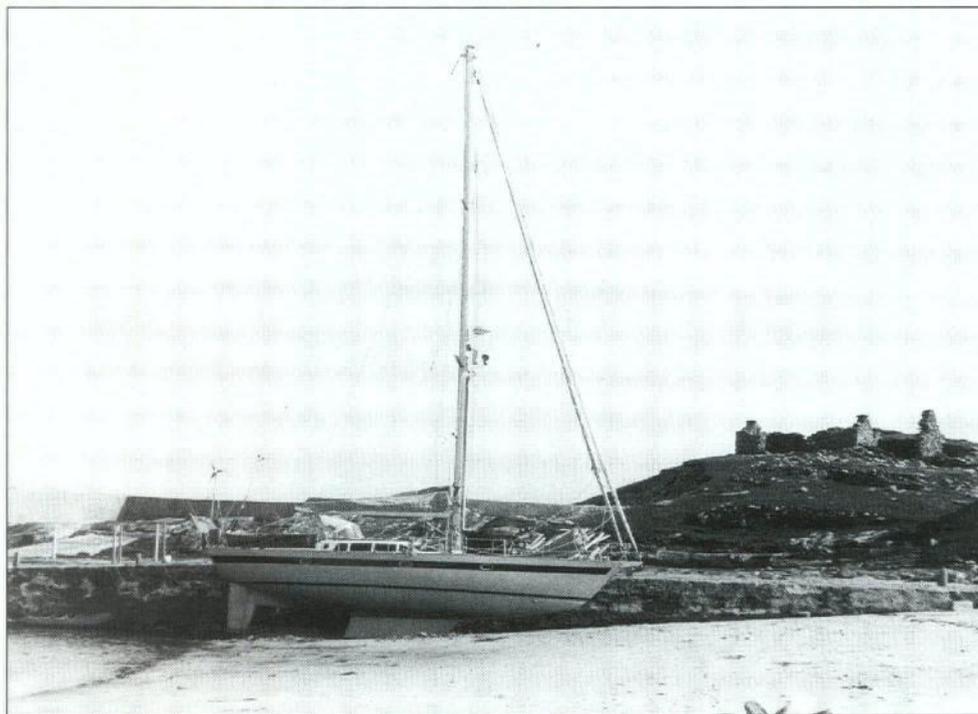
Timing of tides allowed a leisurely 11.30 start, in a F3 easterly and hot sunshine. We used Torr Sound and had a grand sail round Malin Head and across to the entrance to Mulroy Bay, where we picked up elder son Sam and a friend. We entered the 1st Narrows at half flood and carried the flood all the way through the 2nd and 3rd Narrows. Mulroy is interesting from a pilotage point of view but the whole lough is jammed with salmon cages and mussel farms. There were large slicks coming from the salmon cages in the Broadwater. We anchored off the abandoned bakery at Milford harbour. There is no berthing alongside and the bottom is smelly black mud. Milford town is a lot farther than the 1km shown on the road sign and isn't really worth the walk. The shores of the Broadwater are lined with haciendas, liberally embellished with vertical crazy

paving and all the other essential accoutrements of affluent rural Irish living.

Anchoring off Marble Hill Strand in Sheep Haven next day for lunch, the more intrepid swam, Jan bravely circumnavigating the yacht. A snap of the skipper diving off the pulpit has been suppressed, as he forgot to suck in the belly at the critical moment. Seeking a sheltered haven for the night, we followed the directions into Ards Bay. The two inner perches are missing and the banks have moved. We anchored midway between Friar's jetty and an orange buoy. The best water seems to be just under 1/2 cable S of the buoy; we went a little too far to the south and the lee-cloths came into use later in the night.

Jan, James and Keith left us at Downings and we passed through Keelasmore Sound between Inis Bofin and Inis Dooley, rounded Bloody Foreland in calm

conditions and anchored in Cruit (pronounced "Critch") Bay. There Sam and Eoin left, after introducing me to Iggy's Atlantic Bar, an excellent establishment in Kincasla, with great pints and the best crab sandwiches on the west coast. The Rosses area has a large population, with little visible means of support. However, Kincasla Pier has a fish processing plant which provides quite a few jobs and was started by a local man who owns a couple of super-trawlers. He didn't have to put his factory there but chose to, and a very tidy and unobtrusive operation it is. Daniel O'Donnell lives in Kincasla and his house has become a place of pilgrimage for Ladies of a Certain Age, who hang around for hours in the hope of a glimpse, if not



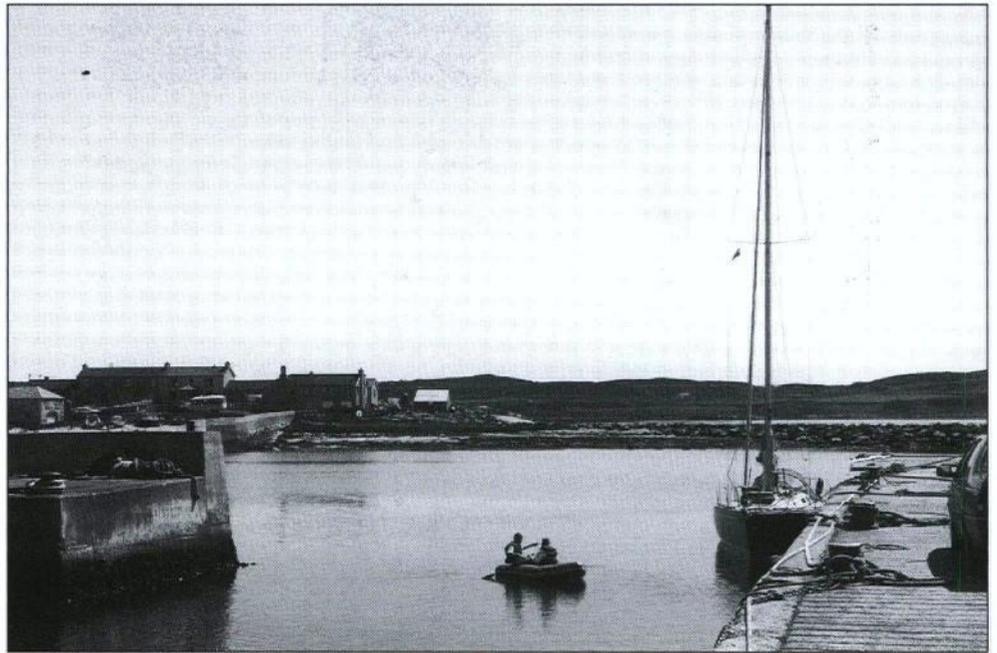
At least two feet of the French Cutter *Inish Kea's* had dug into the sand alongside the quay at Iniskea, and it looked as if she was going to stay at the island for which she was named until the next spring tide. But the extra surge of the night tide got her off with minutes to spare. *Photo: W.M. Nixon*

of Danny Boy himself, at least of his smalls on the line.

Winkie Nixon joined me at Cruit on Monday, 2nd August. The SSE breeze gradually veered as we crossed Donegal Bay and we couldn't fetch Broadhaven Bay. Having made a late start, it was getting dark as we closed the north Mayo coast on starboard tack, so we decided to make for Belderg, a bay W of Killala. It was pitch dark as we felt our way with GPS and echo sounder into the west side of this bay, with just a faint loom of land visible. In the morning, we noted with quiet satisfaction that we were placed exactly where the anchor is shown on the sketch plan. Nevertheless, the pros and cons of radar were discussed over breakfast.

Next day, we motored close along the north Mayo cliffs. We popped into Porturlin, just to the east of Pig Island, which has a spectacular void through the middle. Porturlin has a resident fishing fleet and surprisingly good shelter, although a vigorous northwesterly might change this opinion. There isn't really room to anchor but a yacht could perhaps find a spare mooring. Another two or three miles along the coast is Portacloy. There are no moorings here and it has a sandy beach at the head of the inlet. We took advantage of the settled conditions to have a really close look at the Stags of Broadhaven. With just two aboard, we couldn't land. As we departed across Broadhaven bay, the mist dropped onto the Stags.

We celebrated the rounding of Erris Head in traditional fashion and potted along, inside Eagle Island and into Scotchport, then Frenchport, two inlets on the NW Mullet shore. These are both fair weather anchorages, but we didn't linger and pressed on for the Inishkeas, pausing to fish near some shoals and bring aboard some fine pollack. We anchored at the N end of Inishkea South. Ashore, we saw a lot of activity at the old pier and found a French yacht, appropriately named Inishkea, dried out alongside. She appeared to be well neaped and had taken the ground at HW on a falling spring tide. The owner told us that he had arranged for a trawler to come out at

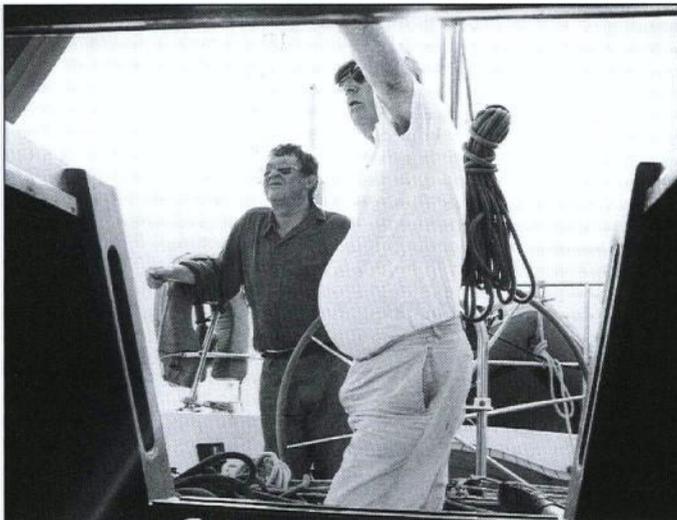


Sounding basin entrance at Church Bay, Rathlin Island.

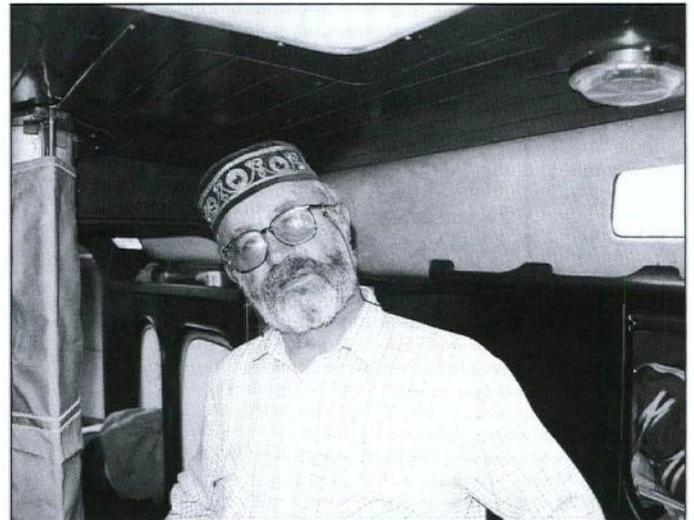
HW, around 23.00 hrs, to pluck him free. We proffered assistance but rather felt that he might become part of the Inishkea fixtures and fittings. It would have been unkind to suggest removing the fine timber name-board from the side and nailing it to the pier. As it happened, he came off without the trawler, proving Winkie's assertion that tides are higher at night, notwithstanding the predicted tide of 0.3m less than the previous one. Even better, we were only just boarding the dinghy preparatory to helping him when he floated – had we been present at lift-off, the owner could have had the annoying feeling that we might think that our presence had been the key factor, and everyone hates that. The pollack ate very well.

An Easterly on 4th August provided good sailing with a single reef past Achill Head and down to Inishbofin. We arrived at the narrow harbour entrance simultaneously with a ferry, a piercing whistle from which revealed the presence of Davy McBride in the steerage. Heavy rain forced us to spend a lot of time in Day's public house.

Three left Inishbofin on 5th August, rounded Slyne Head and went outside the offshore rocks and islands, mainly in order to fish near Skerd rocks. Drifting around Doonguddle rock, we



Golden Gut Award finalist.



Russel models smoking cap.



4 Stags, 3 misty, 1 happy.

couldn't get our line to the bottom through the shoals of mackerel and pollack and had to stop after ten minutes for stock conservation reasons. Davy demonstrated his filleting skills. For an anchorage, Golam harbour had taken our fancy. The harbour is well strewn with rocks and we didn't have Chart 2096, so we felt our way in cautiously. Golam is a large sheltered lagoon among seven islands. In the quiet evening, with ourselves the only human presence, it was quite magical.

In the morning, a lone pot fisherman came over and we asked him to sell us a couple of crabs. He'd only got claws and wouldn't take anything for them until we agreed that it wasn't really money but actually a couple of pints. He had a natural courtesy and kindness that is sadly becoming rare. It's a pity that the market demands only the claws. The practice of pulling them off and discarding the (still live) crab is wasteful and, to us, distasteful.

Leaving Golam, we had to put in a couple of short tacks to weather Straw Island and pay off through Gregory Sound. We were not sorry to bypass Inishmore at the height of the tourist season and conditions weren't right for Inis Meáin. The Clare coast was benign apart from a squall and we were royally entertained by a large pod of dolphins. They seemed to be fascinated by our new folding propeller. They were so close that we could see all their scars and markings. These are so distinctive that some individuals are easily recognised.

It was dark by the time we anchored in Scraggy Bay, inside the Magharee Islands. It was a kelpy bottom and an uneasy anchorage.

We had a rendezvous on Saturday, 8th August, to meet Aidan Tyrrell in Fenit. We spent the day there, meeting Kim Roberts and her gang on her fine Tyrrell ketch *Deelish* and replenishing stores. Helen Hassett helped us to eat a splendid dinner of wobbly lamb.

Sunday provided yet another fair wind, NE this time and we surged across Tralee Bay, Brandon Bay and past Sybil point, outside Great Blasket Island and took the sound between Inishnabro and Inisvickillane. A rollicking broad reach took us across Dingle Bay and round Bray Head into the south end of Portmagee Sound. We lay at the village pier for pints in the pub before crossing the sound to take a visitor's mooring on the Valentia Island side.

Through Puffin Sound in the morning, the narrow passage between the rocks had cameras clicking and Derrynane was busy in the sunshine. We took a handy mooring and stayed for pints and lunch in the pub. A minor crisis: had anyone seen a black and gold lady's watch? As one, we answered that we hadn't even seen a black and gold lady at all, at all. Ah, the wit, the bons mots. This kept our small minds amused all afternoon as we ghosted up the Kenmare river cleaning the day's catch and across Killmakilloge Harbour to Bunaw. This was another magic place, on the unfrequented south side of the Kenmare river. We were the only visitors and they made us welcome in Teddy O'Sullivan's pub. Then back aboard for fresh fish and all the trimmings, followed by a display of pyrotechnics from Mr. McBride.

Even more infantile amusement.

Having passed Horse Island, Hog's Head and Lamb Head the day before, we were prepared for further livestock as we sighted the Bull, Cow, Calf and Heifer next morning and pushed tide through Dursey Sound. As we approached Piper Sound, we met Mike Balmforth and his family on their new Dawn 39 *Greenheart*. We found a friendly fishing boat in Castletownbere to lie alongside while stores were bought and pints consumed in Miss McCarthy's Bar. Castletownbere is a lively place, with much commercial activity and no marina. Marinas often involve a sort of apartheid, with yachts separated from a port both by distance and by chain link fencing. In the evening, we went up to Lawrence Cove Marina and dined well in Lawrence Cove House. Winkie and Aidan were in serious party mode that night.

As a result, on Wed 11th August, Davy and I set off alone on deck in heavy rain at 11.00 to put Mizen Head behind us. At least, we would have, except that we were aground. I had resigned myself to waiting for the next tide, but Winkie emerged very briefly from his bed of pain and, with his inimitable blend of invective and brute force, managed to persuade our keel to gouge through the mud sufficiently to get us clear. We considered entering him in the National Ploughing Championships. The eclipse passed unseen and unnoticed as we slogged to windward under double-reefed main and scrap of genoa to round the Mizen in the only really nasty weather of the whole cruise. Arriving at Crookhaven, we found moorings scarce and the main anchorage uncomfortable in the strong easterly so, after pints ashore, we moved up to anchor in the gut W. of Rock Island. This was well-sheltered, with excellent holding.

Next day, we lunched in Baltimore at Bushe's with the Balmforths and sailed eastward in company in the afternoon. *Greenheart* peeled off to go into Barloge, while we sailed on to Union Hall, finding a fishing boat having an overhaul, so that we could lie alongside all night after pints and a meal in Dinty Collins's. By now we were on a stopwatch, so next day we went on to Crosshaven, where Aidan left us.

Witchcraft's long legs now came to the fore, as we were able to make it home in two days with no overnight passage, staying in Kilmore Quay on Saturday night and arriving at Howth by 19.45 on Sunday, 15th August.

Rionnag makes an Atlantic Circuit

Bernard Corbally

For over a decade the skipper has had a lingering ambition to sail across the Atlantic and to discover what it really is like to be at sea for three weeks with the same crew. So, when he decided to retire in June 1998, *Rionnag* was entered for ARC '98. The time parameters of the cruise were set by the ICC Bayona Rally in June 1998 and daughter Ruth's graduation in June 1999. The enormous task of arranging a crewing schedule for a year away with the important limitations of availability, sailing capability, compatibility and reliability was undertaken with considerable apprehension. In the end, ninety potential crew accepted out of about one hundred and thirty invitations but nineteen of these had to cancel! We had committed ourselves to twenty-two crew change rendezvous!

After the Bayona Rally, we spent a few weeks pottering along the coast of Spain and Portugal. Lisbon was our most memorable stop, as it coincided with the Tall Ships Rally and Expo 1998. Daniel Gouviera, a Portuguese sailing friend dating back from our Azores 1993 cruise, helped us to obtain a berth in the Doca de Alcantara Marina, which is the most convenient marina to the city centre and was also where the Tall Ships were berthed.

After a few days in the superb marina at Lagos, we set sail for one of our favourite islands, Porto Santo (478M), on Friday 7th August. We then spent ten delightful days in Madeira before heading south to the Canary Islands. Our visit to the Selvagem Islands en route was a really exciting and rewarding experience. We had procured the required three-day permit to land on this nature reserve in Funchal. The anchorage is not much more than an indent in the cliff face and must be carefully approached between submerged rocks to port and starboard. We anchored about half a cable off the cliff, close to the entrance to the rock pool opposite the warden's house, the only building on the island. There was quite a lot of swell and we were very exposed to the south. The only inhabitants were two wardens, a couple of lighthouse maintenance men and the head warden's fiancée. We were made very welcome at the dinghy slip and given a fascinating tour of this beguiling island. We were particularly astonished and mystified to see a sizeable field of brilliant white sand high up on the plateau at the north end of the Island. It had been created my centuries of snail migration, where it was apparently the last place to contain moisture during periods of drought. The bleached snail shell sand was over several inches deep and must be one of the wonders of the world!

Having based ourselves in the excellent marina at Puerto Calero

in Lanzarote and explored Isla de Lobos and Fuerteventura, we flew home for a month. In the meantime, both Colin Corbally and Robert Fowler (ICC) used *Rionnag* for a holiday cruise with friends.

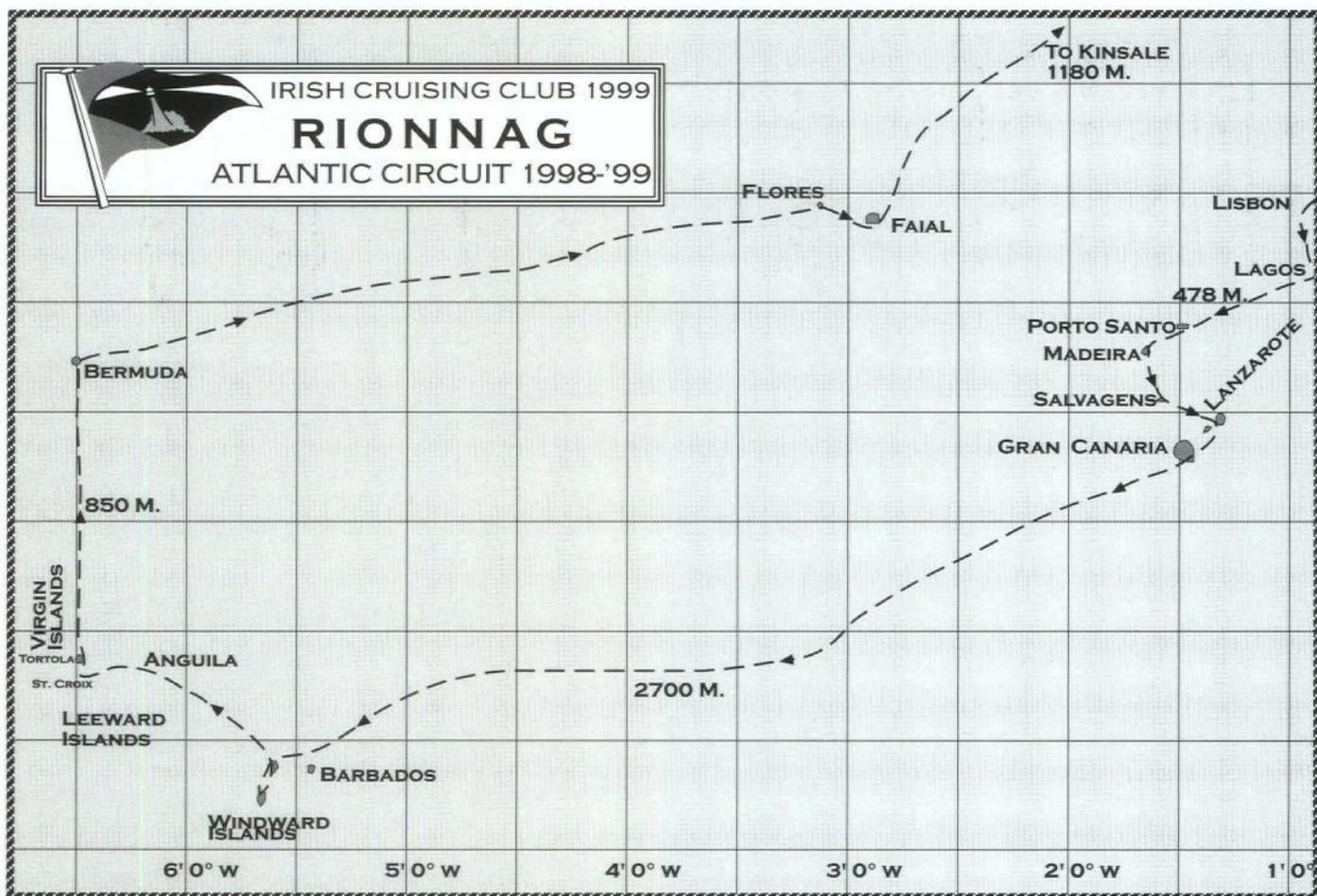
Ann Woulfe Flanagan and the skipper rejoined *Rionnag* on Monday 19th October. John Blythe and Reggie Lee (ICC) made up the crew for a leisurely cruise of Canary Islands, visiting Lanzarotti, Gran Canaria, Tenerife and the really delightful Gomera. As we motored up the east coast of Gran Canaria, heading for Las Palmas on Friday 30th October, we noted in the Canary Islands Cruising Guide that Bahia de Gando is about the best anchorage on the east coast. It seemed like a good place for the night. However, we had only just got our anchor firmly dug in and were pouring the G & Ts when a high powered army launch appeared from nowhere and the young officer in charge, having informed us that we were in a restricted security area, instructed us to leave immediately. His companion was toting a business like sub-machine gun and was not smiling. We considered it prudent to belay any argument about staying put and motored about 7M. to the anchorage just north of Las Palmas Marina. We moved into the marina early on Saturday morning, which allowed us three weeks to prepare for the Atlantic Crossing. We stored provisions for 28 days.

Terence Moran, Jean Mitton and Seighin O'Loughlin joined us as crew for the crossing (2700M.). There was a tremendous sense of excitement in the air as approximately 170 yachts made their way out into the harbour entrance for the start of the race at 13.00 on Sunday 22nd November. We got away well and managed to get upwind of the main fleet. The view of colourful spinnakers, as the fleet ran down the east coast of Gran Canaria, was a fantastic sight in the sunshine and a most exhilarating experience to be part of. By 18.00, the fleet was pretty well dispersed and we streamed our Tow Generator, which



"R.St.G Ensign". Bernard Corbally on passage Azores - Kinsale.

Photo: David Radmore



contributed about five amps to our batteries. The wind picked up to about 16k. during the night but it was warm under the stars and, with only two-hour single watches, life was wonderful.

Monday was another fabulous sunny day and we were able to fly the spinnaker on a course of 250°M. However, by 20.00 there was quite a lot of dark ominous cloud about and we took the precaution of reefing down for the night. At this stage, there were only five other yachts in sight. It was dark and a bit squally overnight, but nothing over 25k. By 09.20 on Tuesday, the sun was shining again and we were sailing, goose winged at over 6k. in an E. F.7. Our euphoria was slightly mollified by a forecast at 11.11, which mentioned a Low 675M. west of the Canaries that was moving SW and could develop Tropical Cyclone conditions. We reefed for the night despite a clear starry sky.

On Wednesday, we heard about thundery storms NW of the Cape Verdes, but we had a lovely day sailing in a 20k. Easterly. At about 13.00, we heard a Pan Pan from *Harlequin*, which had a loose skeg (They eventually had to abandon the yacht and take a lift on a freighter going to South Africa). Thursday started off well and we had great fun bowling along at 7½k. with our Cruising Chute goose winged with our Genoa. We were a lot happier with this rig than with our Spinnaker as the Chute had a Snuffer and also, it could not wrap itself round the forestay! By 16.30, we sighted nasty rainsqualls to east of us and storm clouds ahead. At 20.40, we got hit by our first serious rainsquall with wind gusting up to 35k. and torrential rain. It blew over after about an hour and we had to motor in light winds. The sun shone again on Friday and we were able to sail at over 8k. under Spinnaker. At 13.00, we were warned to get south of 20° north in order to stay clear of Hurricane Nicole! Lots of high herring bone cirrus was indicating wind in the offing. It blew at about 25k. overnight and we were subjected to

quite a lot of roll and some pretty confused seas. Except for some rain at 19.30, we experienced a beautiful moonlit night and a lovely dawn. We averaged over 6k. during Saturday and almost caught a fish at this speed! We gathered, from the ARC Net. that it might be advisable to head more south in order to keep our good wind. So, we changed course to 130°M. Despite moonlight, we experienced a near miss with another yacht on Saturday night, which was our first sighting for four days!. There were lots of flying fish about which the cat on *Patronne* must have thought were manna from heaven when they landed on deck!

At 11.30 on Sunday 29th November, we gybed onto a course of 280°M. to be on starboard tack for the first time on the passage. We were at 19°N. and 30°50'W. and logged 970M. in 7 days and we were enjoying super weather. On Tuesday, the bananas started to over ripen and green mould was noted on the packaged bread rolls. We experienced our first spinnaker wrap of the trip, unfortunately the helmsman bore away and added a few more turns. On Wednesday evening, we opened a bottle of Champagne to celebrate the passing of the half waypoint in our passage to St. Lucia. Our sealed box of special treats was produced and we had a party. A bit later, there was great excitement when we caught a 2ft. Dorado fish and lost it in the gaffing. We did quite a bit of motoring in light winds on Thursday and caught a 4ft. 2in. King-Fish. This time we made no mistake about the gaffing and were able to feast ourselves on a delicious fresh fish dinner. Sufficient for three more meals was put in the fridge freezer. There was a build up of dark cloud at 21.40, which encouraged us to douse the chute. At 23.00, the wind suddenly backed 30°. We were deluged with rain; the wind picked up to 20k. taking us flying along at 6½k. We were subjected to a series of rain squalls overnight and woke up to a dull overcast dawn. More squalls hit us throughout Friday and the seas were big and breaking. During the early part of

Saturday night, The sky was filled with murky grey clouds that occasionally allowed the moon to peep through. A menacing dark cloud began to build up ominously behind us after mid-night, and then it lifted from the horizon and slowly advanced upon us. We waited with apprehension for the wind to suddenly veer about 60° and simultaneously blow at about 30k, which combined with torrential rain made for pretty unpleasant conditions. The wind vane took care of the steering as the wind changed and we found ourselves on a course of 330° making about 8k for a short while before being brought back on course. We experienced several of these squalls before conditions began to lighten up at about 05.00. The sky cleared and we were delighted to see the sun again. Having tried unsuccessfully on several previous occasions, we finally managed to make contact with Portishead Radio and establish a link call with our families back at home. We experienced a few light rainsqualls during Saturday, which were welcomed because they brought a bit more wind. Our new water maker was commissioned and produced the expected 5Lts. per hour. We made a couple of tacks on Sunday, which interrupted the crews' sunbathing! We were subjected to a very severe spate of rolling early on Monday morning for no apparent reason, but it did cause one hell of a din with cups rattling, glasses clinking and saucepans banging etc. It was another sunny day with only one modest rainsquall. Just before mid-night, awesome black clouds began to quickly obliterate the sky and, in the pitch-black darkness, the wind began to scream through the rigging gusting up to 42k. Torrential rain lashed us mercilessly as *Rionnag* heeled right over and began to speed up dramatically. Terence was on watch and took over from the wind vane to bear away and run before the storm, surfing along in big seas. Everyone had a rough watch that night as we got hit by a series of these vicious rainsqualls, with brief respites of just ordinary rain. The squalls were always preceded by a dramatic wind change, which provided a helpful warning. It was so dark that we were unable to avoid them. Dawn was a very long time in coming. We continued to be blasted and battered until after mid-day, with the crew taking only one-hour spells on the helm. Breakfast consisted of just coffee and an apple and was poorly attended!

At 13.30 on Tuesday, the sky cleared and we were once again enjoying some delightful sunshine sailing in an ESE. F5. We had reached that magic point in the passage where we knew that we had sufficient diesel to motor to our destination. We were about 550M. from Rodney Bay in St. Lucia after 16 days at sea. It was a fabulous starry night with lot of shooting stars, that made the night watch a real pleasure. Some heavy dark cloud did threaten briefly at about 03.00 but resulted in nothing more than 30k. blow for a short while and was followed by a moon rainbow. At 01.00 on Thursday, we sighted another yacht ahead of us, the first vessel we had seen for twelve days. We were into more squally weather but not so much rain. By mid-day Thursday, we were back to blue skies and getting great value out of our cruising chute. At 15.45, we caught a swordfish, but gaffing it was difficult and hazardous and it got away. Terence, who was

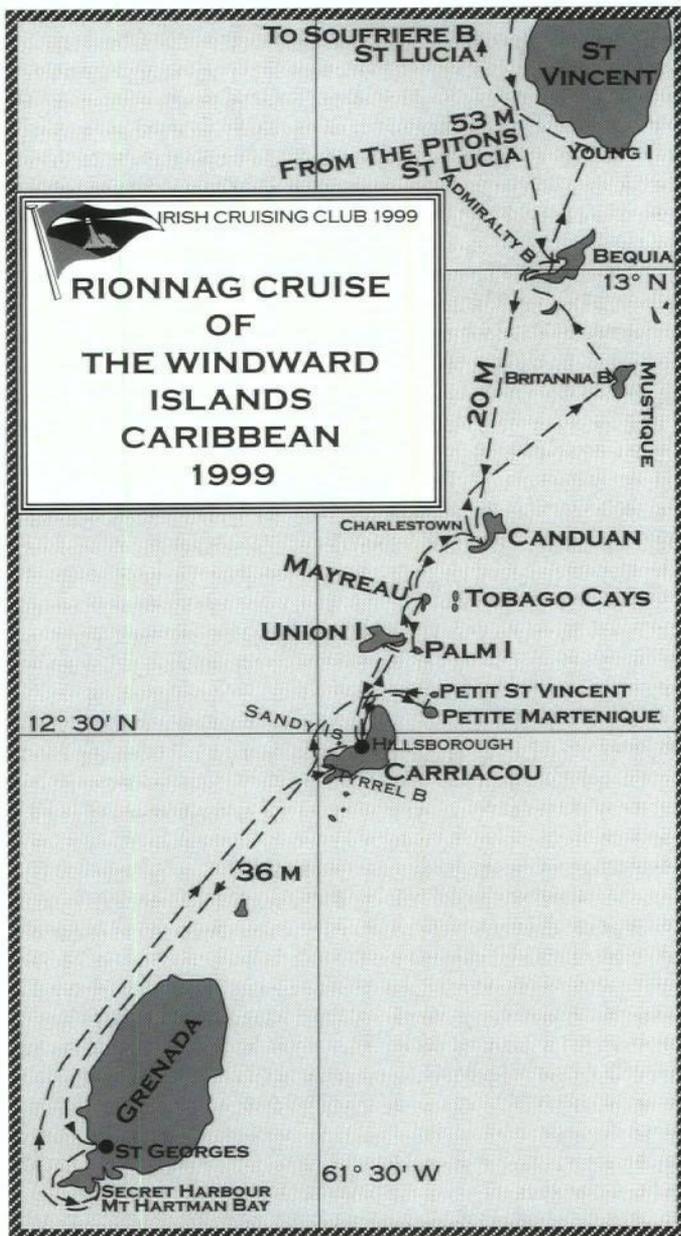
wielding the gaff, looked very relieved! We continued to make about 6k. throughout Friday, with just one unpleasant rainsquall at 06.00 and sunshine for the rest of the day. We sighted the Pitons (2600Ft.) at 21.10 and confirmed that our course would take us just north of St. Lucia. The skipper set the waypoint for an alteration of course and requested that the crew on watch should call him at this point. However, the GPS cut out, due to the ship's batteries getting too low. We were already past the island, when Jean came on watch and, seeing the Vigie Point Lighthouse off Castries flashing, called the skipper to enquire if he really did want to continue on to Mexico! We passed the finishing line at 03.10 (local time) on Saturday with our cheers resounding across the bay as we celebrated our first Atlantic Crossing. The very narrow entrance to Rodney Bay Marina, was quite difficult to locate in the dark, despite Port and Starboard lights. It was also pretty awesome passing between the reefs, which looked very very close by torchlight. As we glided into our allocated berth, Debbie and Chris, from the ARC Office, welcomed us with a bottle of Rum and a tray of Rum Punches. We were also presented with a basket of local fruits and a poem was read in our honour. We had just finished our bottle of Rum, when another Irish yacht *Melangan* (Pierre Doyle) arrived to a similar welcome. We were there on the pontoon to swell the party, which may have finished before daylight.

After a week of social activity in Rodney Bay, during which Ruth and Linda Corbally joined the crew and we bid farewell to Jean, Terence and Seighin, we headed south to Bequia on Saturday 19th December. We spent the night in the delightful Pitons anchorage. On Sunday, Erica Corbally joined us soon after we had picked up one of Bob Law's white visitors mooring opposite Schooner's Restaurant in Admiralty Bay. Simon and Colin Corbally and Susannah Reed also joined us for a wonderful family Christmas in the Caribbean. Erica had rented a house, which allowed Colin to take the younger members of the crew on a mini cruise of the neighbouring islands.

Brian Taylor and Diana Allen joined us in Bequia on 2nd January. When we went swimming off Princess Margaret's beach, Diana hung her bathing costume to dry on a bush. Unfortunately it happened to be a Manchineel Tree. On the way



Cruising the Canary Islands. Anne holds a course. Photo: Denis Aylmer



home, she rubbed an eye with the hand that had picked up the damp togs and, within minutes, was in agony. The eye was a lot worse the next day, Tuesday 5th January, and Erica brought her, by ferry, to see an eye specialist on St. Vincent Island. It was a frightening and painful experience, but all was well in the end. The skipper, Ann and Brian sailed down to Charleston Bay on Canouan Island. After spending the night in St. Vincents, Erica and Diana flew down to join us on Wednesday morning. The next day, we sailed to Saltwhistle Bay on Mayreau Island and dined well at The Club.

We moved *Rionnag* round to Saline Bay for the next night and had great difficulty in getting our anchor to hold in the weedy bottom. We heard later that it is better to anchor in the north end of the bay. The J & C Bar Restaurant, provided us with a superb Lobster Dinner served by delightful staff.

We spent Saturday night in the magical Palm Island anchorage, where we made a most entertaining and well-worth visit to the resident doctor to see his paintings of tropical fish and colourful coral reefs. On Sunday, we sailed across to Clifton Harbour on Union Island and moored stern-to to the Bougainville Restaurant Jetty, having dropped our anchor about 40m off. The alternative Anchorage Yacht Club Jetty did not have power points and was mainly used by much larger yachts. On Monday, we sailed to Hillsborough Bay on Carriacou Island

and anchored opposite the Silver Beach Resort Hotel for dinner. We sailed the 35M. down to St. George's Harbour, on Granada Island, on Tuesday and fortunately got a berth in The Granada Yacht Club Marina. The balcony of the yacht club was the perfect place to enjoy Rum Punch Sundowners! We found Granada a great place to spend a few days. Brian and Diana left us on Friday and Erica departed on Sunday.

On Monday 18th, with Mary & Clive Martin (ICC) and Brian Keane as crew, we cast off in St. George's marina and sailed south round the corner to Mt. Hartman Bay. We tied up in the modern Secret Harbour Marina, which is run by the Moorings Company. We enjoyed a delicious dinner in their hotel, which was very impressive, with brick arches, heavy wooden ceilings, Italian tile floors and in a superb elevated location overlooking the bay.

On Tuesday, we headed back up north, anchoring for the night in Tyrrrel Bay in Carriacou, where boat boys sold us some excellent value French wines and the "Poivre et Sol Restaurant" fed us well. We anchored off the fabulous Sandy Island for a swim and breakfast on Wednesday morning and then continued on to Petite Martinique to pick up a few stores. Being rather unimpressed by the island, we moved over (2.5M.) to the much more attractive Petit St. Vincent Resort Island, where we enjoyed a delicious, but very expensive, dinner in the impressive hotel dining room. Several yachts in the anchorage took advantage of a private ferry service to eat in the Palm Beach Restaurant across on Petite Martinique.

On Thursday, we headed north, spending nights in Union Island, Mayreau and Canouan and a delightful lunchtime stop at the famous Tobago Cays, arriving in Mustique on Sunday 24th January. We were lucky to get a dinner booking in Basil's Bar. Monday was spent luxuriating on this well manicured island, a highlight being lunch at The Firefly Restaurant overlooking the beautiful bay. We continued our trip north on Tuesday, anchoring for a swim and the night off Princess Margaret's Beach on Bequia before pressing on to the Young Island Cut Anchorage on the south of St. Vincents. Sam's Taxi Tours not only provided us with a mooring, they also provided a most useful Customs & Immigration Service. Kieran Jameson (ICC) was there on a chartered yacht but, unfortunately we failed to get together. We were delighted to find that the French Restaurant deserved its reputation for gourmet food!

We were just north of St. Vincents on Thursday when the engine alarm sounded due to over heating. We discovered that water had been squirting out through a tiny hole in a pipe bend. As we drifted with negligible wind, we had to yell at a motor sailing French yacht that appeared to have nobody on watch and very nearly ran us down from behind. Shortly afterwards, the same yacht cut across us within about a foot of our bow. The skipper was heard to yell some unkind comments, which were not well received! The leak was sealed with some sticky tape and we motored towards the Piton moorings. The boat boy Malcolm intercepted us about two miles out and, having informed us that the Piton moorings were all occupied, led us to a Malgre Tout Mooring in Soufriere Bay and secured our stern line to a tree on shore. We thoroughly enjoyed our cockpit dinner in this remote location within a few yards of palm trees and thick luxurious green foliage. The next day, we stopped off at the beautiful Marigo Bay Marina to top up with cheap duty free fuel and to clear Customs & Immigration (just one office visitation with no queue!), before heading on to Rodney bay.

Tom & Stephanie Cook (ICC) and Leo & Phil Conway (ICC) took over *Rionnag* in Rodney Bay Marina and spent two weeks bringing her back down to Granada. Trevor & Angela Wood (ICC) together with Michael & Rona Knatsbull (ICC) and Fred and Valerie Hanna then took her over for a couple of weeks of local cruising before handing over to David & Valerie

Freeman (ICC), with their friends Philip & Elenor Heron, Des Thorpe and Jean Cullen, to bring her back to Rodney Bay. In the meantime, The skipper and Ann availed themselves of a six weeks break in Ireland.

Ann and the skipper rejoined *Rionnag* in Rodney Bay on Monday 15th March and found Stuart Allen and David Kingston already aboard. On Tuesday, despite reports of 25 to 30k. winds in the ST. Lucia Channel, we headed out into a pretty bouncy sea and, with well-reefed sails, headed for Martinique (27M.). We nearly had to practice our "Man Overboard" drill, when David took a dramatic tumble off the cockpit combing and fell against a stantion. At 14.30, Stuart urgently

drew the skipper's attention to waves breaking over a rock ahead. He immediately shot up from below to view this extraordinary situation, knowing that we were way out in the channel and that there should no rocks anywhere near us. There certainly were waves breaking over something. Could it be a drifting Container or a floating log? As we gazed at this phenomenon in puzzled astonishment, a jet of water shot up into the air and we realised that we were looking at a whale! It swam past us about twenty feet away on our starboard side and looked enormous. We estimated its length at about 40ft. We tied up in the delightful Pte du Bout Marina (pick stern line up from the pontoon) at 17.00, very thankful that David was able to handle the French communications. There is a superb beach about 100m. from the marina.

After a most pleasant swim off the beach on Monday morning, we sailed up to Roseau on Dominica Island (40M.). It was a pleasant mile walk into town to clear Customs and obtain the necessary 72hr. Coastal Cruising Permit. Our taxi tour of the island was a wonderful experience as we drove through dense rainforest in torrential rain and swam in rock pools under waterfalls and wandered about in the Botanical Garden. Dominica deserves its title "Nature Island of the Caribbean" it is beautiful, unspoiled and interesting and the people are delightful and friendly.

We very much enjoyed the cool relaxing ambience of the Fort Young Hotel as we sampled their Rum Punches before moving *Rionnag* up the coast to Portsmouth for Friday night. We selected The Coconut Beach Hotel for dinner, where the proprietor, Chris, proved to be a valuable source of information about the island. On Saturday, we stopped briefly off the Cabrits to allow the crew to explore the 18th, Century British Fort. The holding was poor and the skipper remained on board.

Our next destination was Bourg des Saintes on Tierra de Haut Island, which is the only town in the Iles des Saintes. We were delighted to find *Gitana* already anchored in the bay. Our Dutch friends from Las Palmas, Willem and Ludy de Vries, joined us later for a swim and a great re-union dinner at the highly recommended Auberge Les Petits Saintes Restaurant. We found the little town to be sophisticated and quite charming, despite crowds of tourists from Guadeloupe.

We anchored for Monday lunch off the lovely beach on Ilet a Cabrit and climbed the hill to explore the ruins of Fort Josephine, from which the view of the other islands is magnificent. We then motored all the way, with the wind on the nose, to St. Louis on Marie Galant Island (15.5M). After a walk about and coffee in the tiny sleepy village, Stuart found the



Gomera, Canary Islands. *Rionnag* in marina. Photo: Bernard Corbally

Aka-Pat Restaurant a little way up along the beach. It was not much more than a shack but it had lots of character and a most welcoming ambience. The Rum Punches (¼ part cane sugar syrup and ¾ part Rum De Perelabot) must have been pretty lethal because after a couple of them, the crew went swimming in the dark and climbing palm trees.

On leaving St. Louis on Tuesday morning, we were lured to the beautiful sandy beach "Anse Carnot" for a swim before heading off to Guadeloupe (19M.). On arrival at Pointe a Pitre Marina, we rushed off to book a table for dinner at the prestigious Cote Jardin Restaurant, where both the food and its presentation were superb.

Our 04.00 departure from Pointe a Pitre Marina on Thursday morning was traumatic and challenging as we found it almost impossible to identify the lights and to find the navigation buoys leading to the Riviere Salee Passage which separates Basse Terre from Grand Terre. Within minutes, disaster struck as we misidentified a buoy and came slowly to an unplanned halt. A large Norwegian Yacht *Animara*, that was also heading for the passage, offered us assistance. Within seconds, Stuart and Ann were in our dinghy ferrying a line across and we were pulled free. As we followed the Norwegian yacht through the twisting channel, it also went aground, but managed to free itself before we could help. The Pont de Gabarra Bridge opens only once a day at 05.00 and we were now cutting it very fine! We would have felt very responsible, had the other yacht not made it. So, despite the hazards, we speeded ahead when we heard the siren blowing and then passed very slowly under the bridge while it was catching up. The second bridge, a little bit up the channel, is very close to the airport. As we hovered, waiting for it to open, the skipper was distracted by a pair of very bright lights high up on the cliff top to port. He was struggling for a feasible explanation when, to his horror, he suddenly realised that they were diving down straight at him. It was an airplane coming in to land, with its undercarriage already lowered. We really hoped that he could see that our mast was sticking up right in his flight path as there was absolutely nothing that we could do to get out of the way. As we held our breath, our field of vision was filled by the huge underbelly of the plane as it passed very very close above us. It was a pretty shaken crew that turned its attention back to navigating through the bridge opening. There was a small bay to starboard soon after the bridge, where we anchored for breakfast and awaited daylight. We regretted not having a detailed chart, as we followed the somewhat confusing channel through the mango swamps, with our depth sounder frequently



We sailed across to English Harbour in Antigua (34M.) on Friday and anchored in Freeman's Bay for the night. We found the renovated buildings in Nelson's Dockyard fascinating to explore and particularly enjoyable in the sunshine. We were also pleased to see *Animara* at anchor and dropped by for a chat. Despite our superb location, the crew were keen to move to a nice beach. So, we headed west to Ffynes Bay (8.2M.), where we found about the most idyllic, deserted, palm tree lined beach that we had yet seen in the Caribbean. It was a fabulous place for a lunchtime stop and only a short hop from the new ultra modern Jolly Harbour Marina. We felt that the marina and attached condominium development were a little too civilised for our taste. However, we did enjoy an excellent dinner in Coco's Restaurant in the Antigua Yacht Club. We were also pleased to meet up with two other ARC yachts; *Saltwhistle* and *Blue Magic*.

As we approached Barbuda (35M.) on Sunday 28th March, we were mesmerized by the long, empty, palm tree backed beach that stretched up from Spanish Point. The island is low lying and completely surrounded by reefs and rocks and should certainly not be approached without a detailed chart. One is warned to watch out for uncharted coral heads and to be prepared to use eye-ball navigation close to shore. There is no proper harbour to provide shelter in bad weather. We anchored in a fabulous location between some reefs just north of Cocoa Point. Hidden behind the beach were two very expensive hotel developments, The K-Club and The Cocoa Point Lodge, both had security guards that denied us access. Our VHF calls remained unanswered, which frustrated our attempts to make contact with the island. Eventually, we managed to get a lift on a Minibus Taxi bringing hotel staff home into Coddington Village (There are no towns on the island). Fabian, the driver, helped us to clear Customs and Immigration and to book a lobster dinner in the village restaurant. He also brought us to watch a cricket match on the Village Green and a Horse Race, where we witnessed a nasty fight between a rider and the father of a young girl who had been knocked off her bike. There are only about 1600 inhabitants on the island, the roads are dirt tracks and life is pretty basic. For nature loving diehards this would be a heavenly place!

The skipper had a close encounter with a sting ray, when he was enjoying his early morning swim, and astonished the crew by his turn of speed as he fled back to the boat. We set off for Nevis (55M.) at 07.00 on Monday and experienced wind that increased to 31k. for a while. Nevis Peak is 1049m. and was sighted at about 40M. distance. The bleak mountain scenery was a bit reminiscent of the west coast of Ireland as we approached the south of the island and made our way round to Charlestown. We anchored as close as we dared to the main dock pier and rushed ashore only to find the town almost empty and the restaurants closed. Apparently, everybody was at a funeral. Unellas Restaurant, on the waterfront, was open and provided us with an excellent dinner. We moved to the renowned Pinney's Beach (Cruising Permit required) after lunch. With its backdrop of palm trees and the cloud capped Nevis Peak rearing up behind, it was really impressive. Our attempt to book dinner in The Four Seasons Hotel was frustrated when we were refused access by the three security guards on their private jetty.

We stopped for a swim and some really good snorkeling at Shitten Bay on St. Kitts, before sailing 24M. further to the tiny, marine park, duty free, Dutch Island of St. Eustatius (Statia) for the night. Although Statia used to be the trade capital of the Indies way back in the 1700s, it now has a population of only 1600. As we picked up a yellow guest mooring in Orange Baai, we were surprised to find seven other yachts in this remote anchorage. Customs and Immigration offices are located in Oranjestad, which is up a steep hill behind the stone breakwater

registering zero meters under our keel. We used the chart picture in Chris Doyle's "Cruising Guide to the Leeward Islands" to navigate ourselves out through the shallows at the north estuary. The buoys were small, widely spaced and very difficult to sight. We lived in hope until we managed to identify the Ilet a Fajou and take some bearings. Our destination was Montserrat (48M.) and we did not want to arrive in the dark. With a favourable SE F.4 and the sun shining, it was an enjoyable and relaxing passage. We were about 15M. from the island when Stuart noticed that there was a huge mushroom cloud billowing out of the volcano. We wondered if there would be a warning on the VHF if the volcano erupted.

We anchored in Little bay and went ashore at about 18.00 to be met by a severe looking policeman, who insisted that the skipper should go back to the yacht to get our Passports and ship's papers and clear Customs & Immigration before anybody would be allowed to leave the pier. The locals told us of many harrowing experiences, as we socialised that evening in Hilda's, the tiny village's only café-bar. It was a great pleasure to be made so welcome by such a lovely friendly people. We spent the next morning on the island and arranged a taxi tour on which we were shown some of the areas devastated by recent volcano eruptions

and pier. We booked for dinner in the charming, beautifully restored, Old Gin House Restaurant, which was understandably packed with happy diners. Statia is a divers paradise with lots of exceptional reefs, canyons and hundreds of fish of all types. There were even some submerged ruins just north of the jetty that we could see with goggles.

We sailed up to investigate Saba on Thursday morning and were impressed by the dramatic mountain scenery, which soared up to over 1000m. Small villages were perched high up on the mountain shoulders with some of the houses overhanging precipices.

We decided to move on to St. Barts (48M.) A series of rainsqualls blasted us as we arrived at Gustavia and practically destroyed our visibility as we dodged between the off lying islands. We were allocated a stern-to berth on the quayside opposite the Museum Building and recommended to drop our anchor about 60m out before backing in. The town was very up-market, with lots of quality shops and hoards of tourists. We found the highly recommended Eddy's Restaurant hidden behind Roots Boutique and were rewarded with a delicious meal. After replenishing our stores, we moved round to Columbiar Beach for some good snorkling and a relaxed sunbathing lunch. Rather reluctantly, we headed off to the Dutch part of St. Martins Island (12M.) at 15.30. There was just sufficient space for us to squeeze in between the two other yachts in Bobby's tiny shallow marina at Philipsburg. David and Stuart departed on Saturday and were replaced by Philip Wall-Morris.

After a lift-out to renew our anti-fouling, on Wednesday 7th April, we moved along the coast to Simpson's Bay, stopping off en route for a swim at the beautiful Mullet Bay Beach. Having heard horror stories about some yachts having had their cooling water systems clogged up with leeches in Simpson Lagoon, we anchored outside the entrance and explored by dinghy to find the place very congested with yachts. The next day we headed for Marigot Bay on the preferred French side of the island, stopping for a swim, in heavy rain, off the beautiful Long Beach. That night, the Bar-B-Q lamb chops in Le Bar de la Mer were fantastic.

At 07.20 on Saturday, we sailed to Baie de Friars for breakfast. Except for a young couple, there was nobody else on this really lovely beach. Our next stop was for lunch and another swim off the fabulous sandy beach on the west of Ile Tintamarre. We then visited the picturesque anchorage tucked in behind Ilet Pinel for yet another swim, before returning to the north coast to spend the night in the very attractive port Longvilliers marina. The next day, we anchored off the Roche Crole Rock for a rewarding snorkel before breakfast. We dropped into Marigot to clear Immigration before setting sail for Road Bay, on Anguilla Island.

Anguilla is a low island surrounded by white sand beaches and banks of coral. There are several delightful off-lying islands, also with super beaches. This unspoiled island is under British administration and has a population of about 7000, mostly located in two or three sprawling villages. After obtaining a cruising permit on Monday morning, the day was spent exploring the beautiful deserted beaches on Dog

Island and Prickly Pear East, before anchoring in Crocus Bay for the night. We enjoyed a memorable evening in Roy's Place, where the food and the craic were great.

On Tuesday, we anchored off the sandy beach on the west side of Scrub Island for breakfast. The snorkelling was a bit like swimming in an aquarium! It was with considerable reluctance, that we cleared Immigration and set sail for the American Virgin Island of St. Croix (93M.) at 16.30.

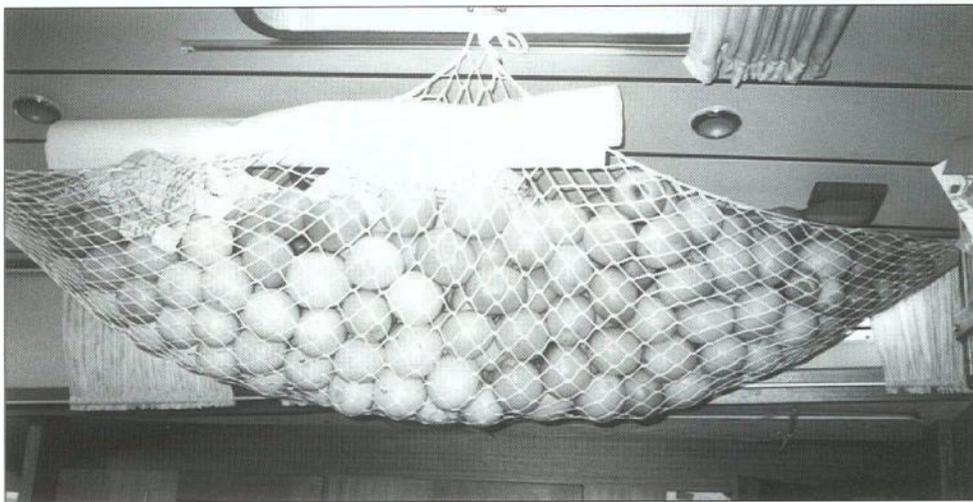
We arrived in Christiansted Harbour, St. Croix, at 09.10 on Wednesday 14th April, and obtained a berth in The St. Croix Marina, where we paid for two nights. It was no bother to clear Customs, but Immigration got very sticky about Visas, when we telephoned them at the airport. We would have to pay \$170 each for temporary visas and leaving immediately did not appear to be an option! Apparently, Irish people still need a visa to enter the USA by yacht. As a concession to us being Irish, the official agreed to waive the \$170 if we departed immediately after he came across to interview us, which would be in about an hour. When the official eventually arrived, we had to fill in forms and the skipper did produce an old passport with an obsolete "Valid Indefinitely for Multiple Visits" visa stamp. He then ascertained that we had intended to spend a couple of days on the island; to make an island tour; to fill our empty tanks with fuel; to replenish our stores and to eat in the town restaurants. Where upon, he began to smile and, without mentioning the \$170, wished us an enjoyable stay! We did enjoy our two days on the island, particularly a most interesting tour on Sweeney's Bus. Diesel was remarkably cheap at less than a dollar per US gallon.

We had a great sunshine sail up to the British Virgin Islands (33M.) on Friday, where we stopped for a swim, and encountered turtles, in Privateer Bay, Norman Island before continuing on to Road Harbour in Tortola. We anchored opposite the Customs building to clear the entry paperwork. (Yachts are required to do this before entering any of the marinas). We spent an uncomfortable night anchored in the channel leading to the two main marinas and moved into the excellent Village Cay Marina the next day. The BVI Yacht Club made us welcome and we enjoyed lunch on their balcony overlooking the harbour entrance. Bobby's Supermarket was well stocked and convenient for replenishing our stores.

On Saturday 17th April, Philip left us and we celebrated the arrival of Margerie & Wallace Beatty and Andrea & Paget



Stuart holding barracuda. Caught off Montserrat I. Photo: Bernard Corbally



Rionnag fruit net on Atlantic crossing '98.

Photo: Bernard Corbally

McCormac (ICC) with a swim followed by Rum Punches and a delicious Bar-B-Q dinner in "de loose Mongoose" Restaurant on Beef Island in Trellis Bay. The proprietor, Ken Gill provided lively entertainment with his guitar and repertoire of songs.

On Monday, having obtained a Pass to visit National Park areas and to use visitor's moorings in The Virgin Islands anchorages, we called in to revisit the turtles in Privateer Bay on Norman Island before moving round the point into The Bight for the night. The bay was crowded with yachts and we were glad to get away early the next day to The Indians Rocks off Pelican Island, where we picked up a white mooring to enjoy a swim and peaceful breakfast. Our lunch-stop was off the fabulous palm tree lined Dead Man's Bay beach on Peter's Island. We spent the night in the very popular Manchioneel bay anchorage on Cooper Island, where we had fortunately pre-booked our table for dinner at the highly recommended Cooper Island Beach Club. One can expect a 360° swing in this anchorage. We moved off early the next day to explore Norwell Durant's one-man primitive salt production system on Salt Island. The holding in weed is poor and the bottom is pretty foul close to the shore.

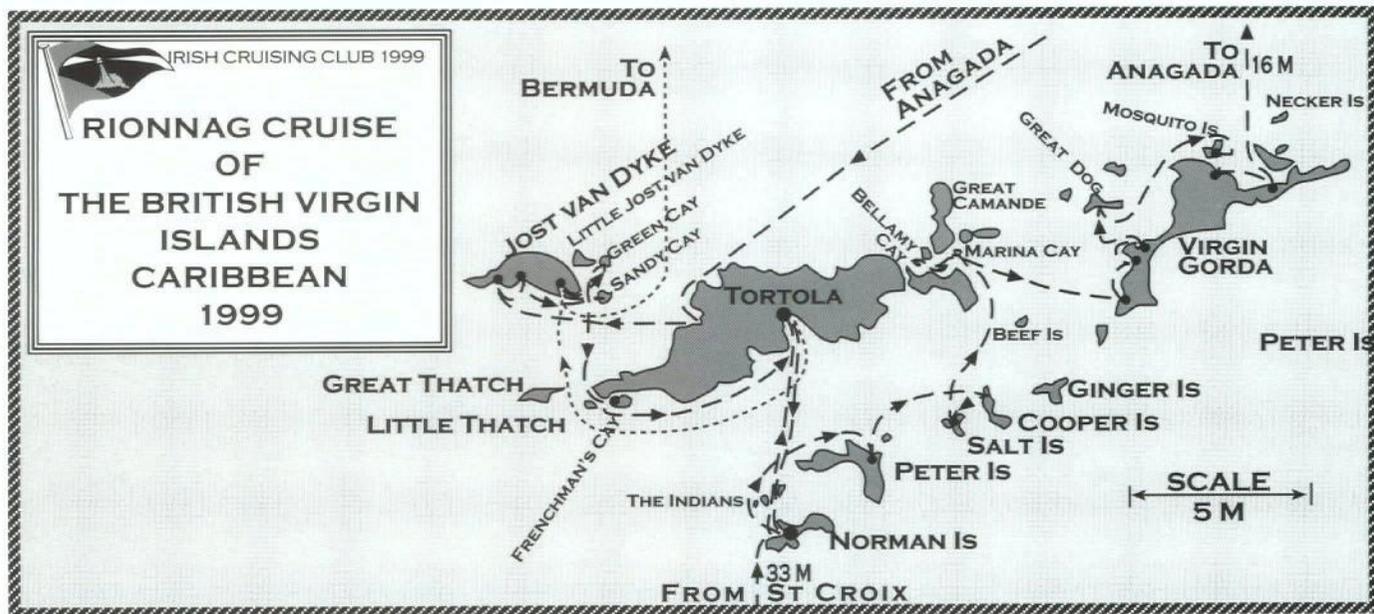
We reached Marina Cay, SE of Great Camanoe Island, for lunch and picked up a mooring inside the reef off this magical tiny sandy-beached island. We moved to a mooring off Bellamy Island for the night in order to dine in the famed Last Resort

Restaurant where the owner, Tony Snell (77 years old & ex spitfire pilot), provided the entertainment. We returned to the beguiling Marina Cay on Thursday to enjoy another blissfully happy day just lazing about. After a wet and squally night, we motored across to The Baths on Virgin Gorda, where we picked up a red mooring at 06.30 before the crowds arrived. We almost had the place to ourselves as we explored amongst these huge boulders and came upon hidden little sandy beaches. It was a super place, but it did get very crowded later and we were pleased to move on to Great Dog Island for lunch. The Virgin Gorda Yacht Harbour Marina was our selected venue for

the night, where we booked dinner in the impressive beachside Fisher's Cove Restaurant.

On Saturday morning, we visited Dix Bay, where we found one of the most beautiful, palm tree lined, almost deserted, sandy beaches that we had yet seen. We had to eyeball navigate into the bay through a narrow passage between coral reefs, with some assistance from an aerial photo in the brochure for the luxurious modern hotel almost hidden behind the trees. We drank delicious Peach Daquiris in the hotel bar before lunching on board. Our destination for the night was Drake's Anchorage, east of Mosquito Island in Gorda Sound. We picked up a mooring in this peaceful unspoiled place and enjoyed a superb dinner in Drake's Anchorage Resort.

After brief visits to Leverick Bay and Bitter End, which were quite crowded, we headed off for Anagada (16M.) at 14.30 on Sunday. The approach to Reef Bay anchorage, between numerous coral heads, was challenging until we managed to sight the channel buoys and follow them in to a vacant Cliff Hotel mooring (13 other yachts). It would be unwise and frightening to approach this low-lying island in poor visibility or strong winds. Policemen, on a fast launch, woke us up at 05.45 on Monday and asked to see our passports and we were quite miffed about our slow response. Anagada is small (7M. by 3M.) and quite a distance from all the other BVIs, has a tiny population (not even a village), its roads are merely



dirt tracks and its taxis are pick-up trucks. It is sometimes referred to as the Beach Island, because it is surrounded by beaches of coral sand, the most magnificent of which is Loblolly Beach on the north side. All the beaches have lots of off-lying reefs of fascinating coral shapes, which are teeming with fish. The few tourists that we encountered were mostly locals from other islands or off a yacht. Our lobster dinner in the Anagada Reef Hotel opposite the anchorage was memorable.

We returned to Tortola on Tuesday and picked up a mooring close to the shore in Cane Gardens Bay. Although the palm tree lined beach was nice we found the place to be quite trippery and the restaurants noisy. As Wallace was swimming to the shore, Paget dived down under him and pinched his tummy. Where-upon Wallace, certain that he had been attacked by a Barracuda, shot vertically out of the water with an earth shattering yell that resonated well above the loud music from the shore!

Jost Van Dyke in another small population island (200) with plenty of gorgeous sandy beaches and some excellent restaurants. We anchored in White Bay on Wednesday morning and swam ashore to sample the "Pain Killer" rum punches in the famous Soggy Dollar Bar. Unfortunately, the place got crowded when a couple of large catamarans, packed with tourists, arrived on the scene. We moved round to Great Harbour Bay and enjoyed an excellent Bar-B-Q dinner in Foxy's Restaurant. The following day, we anchored off the fabulous beach on Sandy Cay for breakfast and then enjoyed a delightful walk right round the tiny island. We went back to Jost Van Dyke island for the night and found a vacant "Harris" mooring in Little Harbour Bay, where The Stoney Place Restaurant provided us with an excellent Bar-B-Q chicken dinner.

Sandy Spit was the beach selected for our Friday breakfast anchorage. It would difficult to imagine a more superb setting at 07.00 before other yachts arrived, and with the crystal water all



Rionnag anchored off Selvageur Grande.

around us glittering in the early morning sunshine. It was really fantastic! We sailed to Frenchman's Cay for lunch and found a mooring in crowded Soper's Hole. When a marina berth became available later on in the afternoon, we decided to move in for the night and to book for the popular Bar-B-Q in Pusser's Restaurant, where we could also satisfy our addiction to Pain Killer rum punches. After Margerie and Wallace's departure on Saturday morning, we moved back to the Village Cay Marina in Road Harbour for lunch. Andrea and Paget departed and Gillian Fletcher arrived on board as replacement crew.

After bringing Gillian to see Deadman's Bay and The Spit, off Green Island, we cleared Immigration on Jost Van Dyke on Wednesday 5th May. When we brought the dinghy on board, we found the bottom to be covered with weed and a liberal sprinkling of barnacles. At 10.30, in brilliant sunshine, we headed off for Bermuda (850M.) and were soon making 5½k. in a SE F.4. The ocean was oily smooth on Tuesday when we stopped for a deep-sea swim (4500m.)

We sailed slowly at about 3k. through Tuesday night in a W F2 in order to approach the extensive reefs surrounding Bermuda in daylight. The recommended compass course for



A glorious Atlantic sunrise.

Photo: Bernard Corbally



Ruth and Ann working on *Rionnag* wall picture at Horta-Faial in the Azores (*Rionnag* '99 – *L'Exocet* '93).

Photo: David Radmore

the narrow entrance into St. Georges Harbour appeared to be leading us into the wrong place and was abandoned in favour of eyeball navigation for our approach. We discovered later that the metal support pole of our cockpit sun umbrella was affecting our compass! *Persia* had arrived ahead of us and invited us to moor alongside at the wharf immediately opposite The Wharf Tavern. Unlike the marina, this was an ideal site right next to the town centre and was free! The passage had taken us seven days, most of it motor-sailing in negligible or unfavourable wind.

After a most enjoyable week holiday in Bermuda, during which Gillian left us and we were joined by Ruth Corbally and Enda Cullinan, we set forth for The Azores (1850M.) on Wednesday 9th May. Ruth had arrived in dreadful condition, suffering from a weakening fever and a high temperature, and retired to her bunk immediately. Fortunately, the Doctor told her that she was well enough to travel, but that she was to take it very easy and get lots of sleep. This effectively reduced our crew to three. We had joined up with a couple of other yachts to arrange for a truck to deliver diesel to an adjacent wharf, which worked out a lot cheaper than the local pump.

As we were clearing Customs and collecting our duty-free booze, we had to shelter from torrential rain. As it eased off, the sky still looked dark and ominous and we began to have some misgivings about the forecast that had indicated nothing serious to worry about. Half an hour later, as we were clearing the island reefs, the sea began to get very lumpy and we experienced the worst thunder and lightning storm that I have ever seen. The whole sky was criss-crossed by fork lightning accompanied by instantaneous claps of deafening thunder that seemed to rattle the rigging. As night approached, the lightning was so intense and frequent that one could read by it. Although the wind was not that strong, as it hit us with a continuous series of rainsqualls at about force six, it felt like a gale. This was most unpleasant passage making. As the storm moved away from us, the rain became more normal and the lightning became more like sheet lightning and a lot less threatening. It was mid-night before conditions started to improve and we were able to relax into a 2½ hr. watch routine with only a few minor squalls to contend with.

When the engine cut out on Thursday morning, the skipper had to change an oil filter. Somewhat apprehensively, we wondered if there might have been some truth in the rather malicious rumours that we had heard about the tanker diesel being dirty. We tuned into Herb's Net (12359Hz.) at 14.00 UTC and listened in on the weather chat. We also made almost daily contact with Trevor Postlethwaite on *Blue Magic* to discover how she was faring in the Trans-ARC Rally, which had started a few hours ahead of us. We experienced some more sheet lightning on Saturday and Sunday, and dark menacing clouds threatened us at some time on most days. The weather was a lot cooler than we had become accustomed to, but we enjoyed some sunshine every day, including some fabulous sunrises. Our wind gradually veered from SSW

to E and varied considerably only once reaching F.7.

We anchored for a night behind the newly extended pier in Porta des Lagens Harbour on Flores at 05.00 on Tuesday 1st June, before continuing our passage to arrive in Faial, Horta (142M) at 15.00 on Thursday. Catriona was unable to join us due to a broken leg. So, after a visit to Pico, Enda cut short his holiday and went home. Ruth remained with us for twelve days and undertook our wall-painting. She joined us on a visit to San Jorge Island (24M.), where we discovered that not all the guest moorings could be trusted!

With Ann, David Radmore, Brian Keane and Larry Martin as crew we left Horta at 14.20 on Wednesday 16th June and headed for Kinsale (1180M.). The passage started with some very unpleasant lumpy seas, rainsqualls and frequent changes in the wind direction. The weather had settled down by that evening and we enjoyed a brief exhilarating sail at over 8k. in an ESE. F.6. During the rest of the passage, the wind strength never exceeded F.4. We received excellent weather faxes from Offenbach on 13,880.6 Hz. We were 90M from our destination at 22.00 on Wednesday 23rd June, and happily motoring at about 6½k., when we were brought to an abrupt halt. We had been caught up in a very heavy mesh net of indeterminate length. We found it almost impossible to cut with a sharp diving knife. So when Ann volunteered to don her diving bottle and attempt to free our propeller, we were pessimistic about her chances of success. With Brian and David holding the net down with a boat-hook, Larry managed to turn the propshaft in the reverse direction and the net floated free behind us. We motored into Kinsale the following day at 16.00. Enda Cullinan met us on the marina pontoons and drove the skipper up to Dublin in plenty of time to get a good nights sleep before watching his daughter Ruth become a doctor.

The skipper rejoined *Rionnag* at the pier at Wicklow on Saturday 26th June for the final leg up to Dun Laoghaire. When we arrived at the Royal St. George pontoon at 17.45, the welcoming party included many of the crew that had participated in our Atlantic Circuit Cruise. *Rionnag* had been away just over a year, visited seventy islands and had logged 13,500M. without a single serious problem. It had been a fantastic cruise, thoroughly enjoyed by all participants.

A traumatic experience, or changing boats

Roy Waters

The first cruise in our newly acquired Oyster 39 has been around Ireland but this particular feat has been performed and written about so many times that an account of how we came by her and got her home to Bangor may be of more interest!

While our faithful Nicholson 32 had served us well for some 20 years there had recently been a hankering for something a little bit larger and Susie, my wife, had always admired boats with teak laid decks, such as Hallberg Rassy's and similar. Our two boys, Geoffrey, 15, and Robert, 14, had grown up on *Melandy* since they were tiny babies. They loved the boat and while growing fast still showed no sign of not wanting to go sailing with their parents!

Towards the end of the 1998 season Susie discovered that she had an insurance policy which would mature in a very few years and I still had my retirement gratuity from the Marine Safety Agency intact. We were not getting any younger and decided that if we were going to make a change we should move now. We did our sums and started looking, studying the ads. in every yachting magazine and sending for innumerable brochures from brokers and manufacturers. The ideal specification was simple – about 38 to 41 feet L.O.A., two masts, a longish keel, teak laid decks and roomy accommodation with two loos. This narrowed the search area very considerably! Two owners of local boats, a H.R.38 and a Nicholson 39 were kind enough to let us make an inspection and give their views. Thanks to Harold Boyle and Ronnie Slater.

In the end I only went to look at two boats, the first being a Hallberg Rassy 41 at Kinsale. She was rather neglected, German owned, and there was no documentation available. She also had a considerable "walk on" bowsprit and a dinghy in davits off the stern. My tape measure showed her to be 49 feet between extremities and this is the length on which one pays marina fees, etc.! Manoeuvring in a close quarters situation in adverse conditions might also be interesting without a bow thrust.

Early November found me flying to Exeter and thence to Dartmouth by hire car to view a 20 year old Oyster 39, *Sundowner of Beaulieu*. Regional flights are not cheap and one could fly the Atlantic for what it cost to get to Dartmouth! The boat had been laid up ashore for about 18 months at Glampton Creek well up the River Dart. Here there is an old quarry which has been redeveloped as a boat storage area and it was certainly full of boats. Before I even got to *Sundowner* I noticed another Oyster 39 which had obviously just been hauled out and this was John Clapham's *Tresillian IV*. I had just missed him but later contact produced lots of information on these boats and we later inspected his for comparison. I was quite impressed with "Sundowner" in the limited time I had to inspect her and she certainly met our basic requirements. She had been fitted out to a high standard by Clark & Carter at Ipswich and the ensuite after cabin with its panoramic windows was a particular feature. Underneath she has a long keel by modern standards and she was sitting quite happily on the ground

supported only by a few props. Having been laid up so long there were signs of neglect but nothing serious. I shot off a few rolls of film and flew back home to report to Susie.

The result was that we made an offer which was accepted, and after independent survey and the usual procedures I was back in Dartmouth two weeks later to complete the deal. *Sundowner* was a fully registered British ship and the register was "clean". In early December we became the proud owners of an Oyster 39 and in fact we were now "fleet" owners since we still had *Melandy*, now laid up ashore at Bangor. This can be an unhappy and worrying situation! We had placed her with local brokers without any result but on my last visit to Dartmouth I had placed her with the brokers there. Within two weeks there was interest and in early December a doctor from Ballycastle came to have a look. In January 1999 he became the proud owner of a 34 year old Nicholson 32 and we were delighted that *Melandy* was going to a good home in the new marina at Ballycastle. She was in fact put on the Internet and that is how she was found by the new owner.

Christmas presents between Susie and me were obviously items for the boat such as a new liferaft, echo sounder, G.P.S. receiver, new sidelights and numerous other items. After the Christmas holiday the dining room at home was cleared and became the collecting point for everything destined for *Sundowner*. 15 February found us loading all this gear, plus dinghy and outboard, sleeping bags and blankets plus tinned and dry food, and even oilskins and boots for the delivery trip, into a hired Transit van. Robert had a week of half term holiday from boarding school in Dublin but Geoffrey was not so lucky and had to be farmed out to friends. That night three of us crossed over on the Belfast Liverpool ferry and the next day drove down to the Dart and "Sundowner", with a call on a cousin at Shrewsbury on the way. Susie saw the boat for the first time and any fears I might have had were soon dispelled. We spent one night in a B. & B. in Brixham and then moved on board in the yard.

The weather was kind for the next two days and while Susie cleaned out down below Robert and I emptied the van and got everything lifted on board with the help of the main boom and sheet tackle. There was a large sail wardrobe on board taking up a lot of room, many of which appeared unused. All but the essentials for the delivery trip were loaded into the van to go home, likewise a number of berth extensions and cushions. Basically the boat will sleep 7 without any doubling up but with all the available extensions in place she would sleep at least 10. Where all the personal gear would stow is another matter!

On Friday 19 Feb it was all action by 0815 which was high water. At low water Glampton Creek is just a sea of mud. We were already in the travelift and were afloat by 0830 but departure was delayed due to engine starting problems. However we were shortly under way for the short trip down the Dart to Noss on Dart Marina where I had booked a berth until Easter. This is the cheapest of the three Dart marinas being well away from civilisation but it is part of the famous Philip & Son shipyard and has all necessary facilities. The weather had now

turned wet and windy but this was fine for a major wash down and clean up on deck. We had the engine running on and off all day and it seemed to be running very sweetly. We later returned to Glampton by taxi to pick up the van.

The following morning we packed up and headed North with another call at Shrewsbury before embarking on the Liverpool Belfast ferry that evening, and that was all the action until Easter.

At Easter as soon as the boys finished school we headed for *Sundowner*, flying from Belfast to Exeter on Sunday 28 March and thence by taxi to Noss on Dart, again a very expensive business. It was our intention to spend three days preparing for sea, including trial trips, and then sail for Bangor on 1 April, with about 10 days in hand for this passage. It was nearly midnight by the time we got on board the boat and long after that by the time we were sorted out. I started the engine to charge batteries, having checked oil, water etc. but after running for a while it started making serious noises and I stopped it. I thought perhaps there was a broken valve spring, of which I have some experience. A further attempt to start it the next morning resulted in an explosion and a wrecked engine with holes on both sides of the crank casing – great! In hindsight I may have missed checking something, I just don't know, but certainly there was a fault in the instrument panel since there was no warning of impending disaster, like low oil pressure, overheating, etc. The engine was the original Perkins of about 75 B.H.P. and according to the meter had only done about 1,600 hours. However there was no record of maintenance, and I believe Able Marine who had done the engine survey for me were honest in their assessment that the engine was sound.

The mobile hand held telephone is a wonderful thing and we had one on board, bought especially for use on the boat. I contacted Able Marine and they appeared the following morning to conform my worst fears. A replacement engine was the only solution. Various options were considered but the quickest and easiest was to fit a replacement Perkins and one could be delivered to Dartmouth by 14 April. So much for our planned leisurely delivery trip to Bangor with the whole family on board!

Easter on board the boat was not unpleasant however. We bent on the sails, cleaned all the bilges and other areas, fitted

new sidelights, G.P.S., and echo sounder and did numerous other jobs. There were daily trips to Dartmouth in the dinghy for the papers and stores. We had friends to visit on board and visited friends ashore, although we spent most evenings on board and played Scrabble after supper. Robert and sometimes Geoffrey went off for trips in the dinghy on their own and one day Robert got "done" for speeding! He was brought back to the boat in the Harbourmaster's launch in some disgrace and I was duly lectured on speed limits, powerboat certificates and general responsibility. I omitted to advise the Harbourmaster of my own background with the M.S.A.!

On 7 April Susie and the boys returned home by train and ferry since they were all due back at school a few days later and I was left on my own to await the new engine.

I spent the time scraping and rubbing down the gunwales and other brightwork of which fortunately there is not much on this boat, compared to *Melandy*. Able Marine showed up in good time to disconnect the old engine and prepare for lift out but on 14 April the bad news was that the new one would not arrive before 23rd.

I returned home myself on 18 April and spent the next two weeks gardening and doing other neglected jobs around the house. I flew back to the boat on 2 May knowing that the new engine was with Able Marine and the following week it was all action. Two trips under tow to Philip's repair berth saw the old engine out and the new one in but it took two days to couple everything up, line up and get it going.

There was also the problem of a delivery crew for the passage home and at least one potential crew member was unable to come at the last minute. The saviour was good friend Terry Anderson of Down Yachts and of course the other *Sundowner* (of Down) who had a week free from his business activities. He flew in on Monday 10 May and the two of us sailed the following day. It would have been an easy trip with an auto pilot but the Neco auto pilot which had been working was not working after the new engine was fitted. During the contortions to fit the new engine some wire or other must have become disconnected but despite the efforts of Able Marine and even an electrical expert nothing could be found and there just wasn't time for a complete overhaul. It just meant that one of us had to be on the wheel all the time at sea and with the weather we got this was hard work.



The splendid marina at Lawrence's Cove.

We sailed or rather motored out of the River Dart at 1200 on Tuesday 11 May into S.W. 5 to 6 and quite a heavy sea dead on the nose. The satisfying thing was that the boat drove straight into it and through it at 7.5 knots! The new engine while the same dimensions as the old one is in fact more powerful and produces some 85 b.h.p. This particular model is known as the Perkins Sabre M90. While I was in no great hurry to get home, Terry was, since he had a booking for his *Sundowner* the following Monday. Since he operates commercially he is 'in to keeping to schedules whatever the weather and has therefore become a "hard driver"! The idea of going into the River Yealm to visit friends was definitely out due to the strong onshore wind but so was the idea of going into Plymouth for the night. We plugged on down the Channel and

past the Eddystone Rock to reach Falmouth by 2300 and eventually found the visitors pontoon in the dark. Down below there was quite a lot of water where it should not have been and so there was some attention to the stern gland. It was also coming in via the chain locker although I did not realise that at the time. With *Melandy* very deep bilge this would not have been a problem but with the shallow bilges of this boat it was a different story.

The following morning we were under way again by 0730 into similar conditions only this time we set the mainsail with two reefs in to steady the boat somewhat. We were off the Lizard at a comfortable distance by 1030 and 1330 saw us off the Longships and bearing away to the north, heading for Tuskar Rock, with a night at sea ahead of us. We now had wind and sea on the port

quarter and while the speed even increased, keeping the boat on course was hard work and demanded constant attention. A two hour stint on the wheel was more than enough and during the night we were lucky to get an hour's lie down between spells of steering. I am partial to sardines on toast during a night watch but now the best I could do was put a tin of sardines in my oilskin pocket and eat with my fingers while trying to keep the boat on course. Having a smoke while on the wheel was an impossibility.

At about 0230 when the Smalls light was abeam to starboard the engine suddenly stopped and the only thing I could think of was a fuel blockage somewhere in the system. With darkness and the motion of the boat I was not inclined to start investigating so we rolled out the headsail and continued on course at a still reasonable speed. Once past the Tuskar and with daylight the seas eased and I started disconnecting the fuel supply. There seemed to be a blockage somewhere between the fuel tank and the first filter but I could not blow it clear and nor could I get the connection adrift on top of the tank. Meanwhile we sailed on, mainly with Terry at the wheel, but by the time the Arklow buoy was abeam to starboard at 1015 the wind was easing and the forecast indicated light Northerlies later. This



At the pontoon at Arklow. This river becomes prettier each time we visit.

decided us to head for Arklow and we eventually anchored off the pier at 1315. My morale was not the best and I even envisaged having to send Terry home on the train!

Telephone calls to various available numbers produced no result and I ended up calling any vessel in Arklow Harbour on the V.H.F. As a result of this we were under tow by m.f.v. *Ocean Wave* towards the harbour by 1400 and we were taken to a berth in the basin. A walk round to Arklow Slipway produced "Jimmy" who left what he was doing and came to look at our problem. He got the tank connection adrift and found what seemed to have been some kind of rubber non return valve down the pipe.

A trip to the workshop then produced a modified pipe to push down inside the original and we were back in business! No such trouble since! In the circumstances the people in Arklow were magnificent. The Arklow Slipway charge was minimal and the crew of the *Ocean Wave* would not accept any more than the price of a pint each.

By this time I felt exhausted and ready for a good sleep but Terry the driver would have none of it. He announced that he had got his second wind and so after topping up with diesel we headed back out to sea at 1745. It turned out to be a pleasant evening with only light airs and the occasional shower. I even cleaned and tidied up down below before we reached Howth Marina at 2215. Here Terry announced that we would have one pint each at the Yacht Club followed by fish and chips for supper. I dealt with the Marina while he went for the fish and chips. I suppose we were asleep by about midnight.

Next morning, Friday 14 May I was up at 0530 for the weather forecast and we departed on the last leg of the trip at 0625. The wind was N.3 to 4 all day and the sky cloudy with sunshine, but more important we hit the tides just right carrying the flood to off Carlingford and the ebb thereafter. Morale was now very high and there was time for more boat cleaning. We also did a pretty good job of cleaning ourselves and donning clean clothes for arrival. While passing through Donaghadee Sound we telephoned the reception committee who were there to meet us on arrival at Bangor Marina at 1730. We had covered the 90 miles from Howth in 11 hours which wasn't bad even with the tide helping. Needless to say a couple of bottles of fizzy stuff were broken out. *Sundowner* was home at last!



The overdue arrival at Bangor – crew and reception committee – Terry, Geoffrey, Roy, Maureen and Susie.

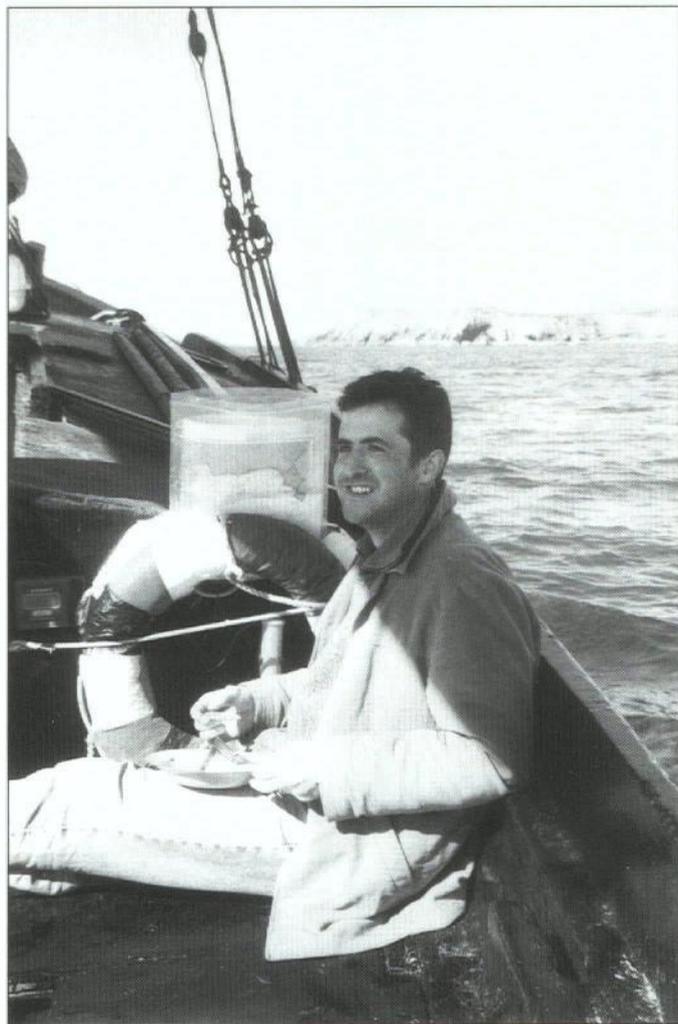
Early in Beara

Paddy Barry

The alarm went at six. In the grey dawn of Thursday April 15th we motored down the Liffey across Dublin Bay and raised reefed sail in the shelter of Dalkey Sound.

The wind blew cold from the northwest, force 5 or 6, snow covered the Wicklow Hills. We wore thermals, gloves, hats, the lot and covered ground fast even as the tide still flooded up the Irish Sea. By 10.30 we were off Wicklow Head, the tide now turned with us.

This was a delivery trip, to get the boat down to west Cork, to be waiting for us for our 'May Week'. Delivery trips are rarely enjoyable, concerned as they are with targets and all that. However this one was looking better and better. Northerly winds covered the country as High Pressure to the northwest brought down a cold wind. On board with me was Kevin Cronin *Saint Patrick* veteran, with Brian Sutton and Dermot Duggan, new to the boat – and indeed to boating, but not to



Dermot Duggan, with the golfers of Old Head behind.

Photo: Brian Sutton

fresh air. Brian's sports are caving and paragliding, below and above the levels at which sailors and other mortals operate.

It had to be explained to Dermot and Brian both that tramping along with wind and tide giving us about 8 knots over the ground was not normal.

I had intended going down the Rusk Channel but the sight of the breakers on the banks and our speed of approach was somewhat off-putting; so we turned sharply to sea and went outside the Blackwater Bank.

Off Rosslare at 16.00 the wind died, the tide had turned north and we were motoring towards Carnsore Point, making only 3 knots. Retribution. Nonetheless we rounded the Barrels by 18.00 and cogitated on when we last had cleared the Irish Sea from Dublin in 12 hours.

All night we motored in a flat sea and cold, clear skies. Venus was ablaze and Mars hung low in the east. The engine overheated. The intake filter was found to be clogged – good. But when re-started the exhaust alarm sounded again and no cooling water emerged from the exhaust. O Lord! Dismayed I stripped the Jabsco cover; all looked fine. On re-starting the exhaust flowed wet again. What relief. There must have been an airlock in the system after the blockage.

Dolphins, a dozen or more leapt around us off Mine Head. Bio luminescence trailed from our rudder.

Tightly we rounded the Old Head and with the spring tide low water starting to fill, crept into Courtmacsherry, bumping a few times on the bottom before dropping Kevin off at the quay beyond the lifeboat. Going out, we sat for three-quarters of an hour waiting for the lifting tide to cure my navigational blips.

How does the lifeboat get out in a southerly gale at low water, or any water?

The wind was up and with full sail we drove west, in occasional squalls, getting through Gascanane with the tide, close inside Bullig Reef and into North Harbour, Cape Clear by dusk, 20.30.

Later up the hill in O'Driscolls I was paying Ciarán for our pints. "No need for that" he said, "I missed you at Christmas". It's nice to get a 'Christmas drink' in April!

We couldn't leave next morning without walking the 'near' circle of road up by South Harbour and the old lighthouse (built too high) and back by the school. It is now a museum, inspired by Eamon Lankford who has written a lovely new book on the island. This is the third book on the island after Ó Siocháins insider's lore and Chuck Krugers newcomers view.

We close hauled in a light westerly for the Mizen, being pushed over towards An Carraig Aonar, otherwise the Fastnet, built to replace the useless light on the top of Cape. With engine we beat the tide at Mizen and Three Castles, killing it at Sheep Head and tearing into Bantry Bay in squalls and sun alternating.

The beauty of Glengarriff from seaward, even with the mussel lines, is hard to beat. We tied to a Council mooring and drank pints in Eccles Hotel.

Two weeks later our 'Scottish Week' team were aboard this



Leaving Dalkey Island and Dublin behind. April 15th. Kevin Cronin helming.

Photo: Brian Sutton

time swapping the Caha Mountains of the Beara Peninsula for the Cuillins of Skye and all 'that and those'. Pat Redmond, Paul Cooper, Pat Colleran and Peter Gargin were my shipmates for a (9-day) week of sailing and walking the hills.

The 'Hooker' had been well minded by Teddy McCarthy (027-63497) during the force 8-9 south-easterlies, the only wind, which bothers Glengarriff. He only had to get up once at seven, but "wouldn't let her sink anyhow", he told me.

After two days in the hills around, and Garnish Island of course, we sailed all the way to Adrigole. Not a long distance but close-hauled in light winds it took us until four in the afternoon. In at the Council Moorings it was warm in the sun, the water looked warm (it wasn't) and inspired, we walked the Hungry Hill Horse Shoe. Pub – town in Adrigole being a poor prospect, we engine'd out and across to Lawrence Cove on Bear Island. Great Marina!

Glennans are gone now, like the British Navy before them. The Fort at the east-end, with its moat and six-inch guns would make a great attraction if opened to the public.

Sailing next day for Berehaven we passed the sunken Russian Factory Ship and rounded in alongside beside the Ferry landing. The lifeboat crew on this new station were in MacCarthys, after exercises, a mixed and pleasant bunch. About a quarter of the crew panel are women. In conversation I learned that all RNLI lifeboat classes are named after English rivers. I had never before copped that obvious feature – Severn, Tyne and Trent.

We left next day at mid-day, out through Piper Sound and then squared away west for Blackball Head, one reef in. The houses on shore thinned out, two silhouettes of walkers on the hill might have wondered why we went inside Cat Rock? For the hell of it! Past Crow Head. We went about, as it was a bit

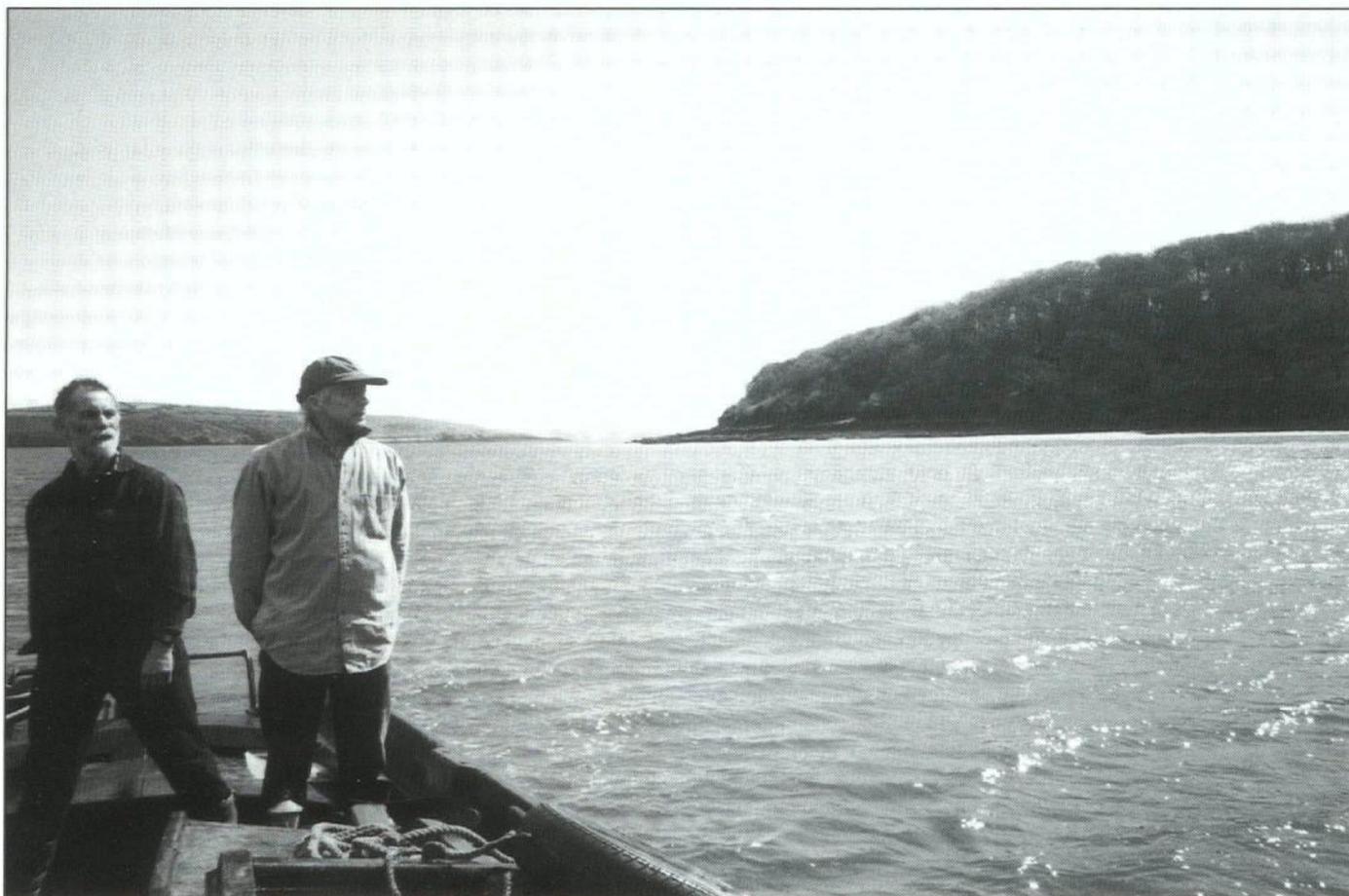
fresh for jibing, and steered to the east of Dursey Island. Only as we approached the overhead lines of the cable car did the carrying tide show its teeth, particularly in the shallows on the eastern side of the Channel. Rounding northeastwards close-hauled we could just lay Cod's Head. We had thought of a 'lunch' stop off Allihies, seeing as how it was an offshore wind. However cloud was low and visibility down to a mile or two, so we carried on being set to the north shore of Kenmare Bay all the while. It's not a 'river'. That was some codology promoted by Lord Kenmare so that he could claim riparian rights, which the publishers of charts have gone along with since.

In Parknasilla we tied to a County Council mooring and dingied up the mile and a half or so to Sneem, running out of depth and petrol at the same time just below the village. We



Visitors' mooring. The usual acrobatics were needed to loop our chain through the mooring eye.

Photo: Peter Gargin



Courtmacshaerry is a very 'bumpy' place – at low water. Paddy and Kevin Cronin.

Photo: Brian Sutton

weren't greatly taken with all the trappings of 'ring-of-kerryitis'. Then hanging baskets and coats-of-all-colours are lovely I suppose, but not for me.

We engined across the bay to Kilmacallogue, past Spanish Island, which was hard enough to see past the myriad of mussel lines and into Bunaw Pier. There was room enough to lay alongside well up, towards Sullivan's Pub and take the ground for the night. Nine o'clock tides are ideal for this poking into places as you have top of the tide for going in the evening and getting out again the next morning.

The Cummeengeera Horseshoe was our hill-walk next day, but first we took the Rabach's walk into the loneliest 'coub' imaginable. A stiff walk up through a narrow boulder pass, where no cart ever went. The last person in the 'coub' to die had their coffin shouldered all the way out, and it was here that Sean Rabach, in 1814 murdered a deserter from the Berehaven Naval Base for his money! To avoid detection the Rabach buried him beneath their hearthstone. But detected he was! The neighbouring woman of the house saw it all through the window. For years she kept silent, though the two families, the only houses, were on bad terms. The Rabach provoked her one day. She responded by letting him know, she knew. So he killed her by strangling and then buried her head in the stream outside, to make it look accidental. However high on the mountain above was a man from Allihies, an out of work injured miner, stealing ox-tails, and he saw the murder below. For years he said nothing, but on his deathbed he called for the

priest and he called for the peeler, and told all. The Rabach got to hear of this, and took flight. He now was married to a woman, not of the locality, for none would have him.

On Christmas Eve the son of the murdered woman found out that Rabach would be back next day. He told the peelers, who surrounded Cummeengeera Coumb and captured him. He was hanged in Tralee gaol.

As was the custom of the time, a member of the family went to recover the clothes of the dead man, his father, and wore them for three Sundays after.

The stone walls of the two houses are there, still to be seen. But I digress!

After a second night in Bunaw we sailed up the bay, there are some charted rocks to be avoided, and into Dunkerron to anchor in the shallows off Dromquinna Hotel – and ashore to take coffee in style. On the rising half-tide we took the channel up to Kenmare Pier and tied alongside to take the ground. There is deep water in the pool below the bridge where we could have lain to a couple of anchors according to Jerry Hanley. He kept an eye on *Saint Patrick* while we left her on Sunday May 9th, our 'week around Beara' sadly over.

Distance. Glengarriff to Kenmare 72 miles.

Days 9

Average Distance / Day 8 miles

That's the way to do it!

From three yachts – Clifden to Ille d'Yieu

Raymond Fielding

One of the few advantages of being boatless during my elusive search for the next *Spellbound* is that I have had a chance to sail and motor on a variety of members and friends yachts and motor boats. Apart from day-sailing, I had the good fortune, on several yachts last summer to cruise the western seaboard of Europe from Connemara to West France, on board *Golden Harvest* a Giles Bowman 40, *Laragh* a Najad 52 and *Tiger Moon* a Nauticat 33. I was also on board *Mandalay* another Nauticat 33 for the Schull to Baltimore passage north and east of most of the islands in Roaring Water Bay and under the wires to Sherkin, brought down without fatality by three yachts in 1998 – underwater cable needed.

Golden Harvest (Michael & Rosalind Snell) (ICC & RCC) had wintered in Kilrush and cruised north to Clew Bay. I joined them in Clifden early in June. We departed our secure anchorage in Ardbear, under the Rock Glen Hotel to get over the bar in time. We had dined well there the previous evening and got aboard at a very late dusk. The new cruisers moorings were noted off the Yacht Club as we motorsailed south of Slyne Head where we eventually turned to port and went into Roundstone. The new moorings there, where we lay for the night are quite far from the Town Quay. These moorings around the coast are a great boon but are somewhat difficult to secure to. A "Grabbit" type boathook is essential to my mind. Excellent dinner ashore at O'Dowds. A newish chartering *Bád Mór* was also in port for the night.

As it was morning tides south, we were off again at 06.00 the next day to motor-sail in light airs towards the mouth of the Shannon and over a calm sea towards Fenit. The faraway low-lying Clare Coast, when south of The Aran Islands looked like several separate islands. Mt. Brandon Peak above a cloud ahead made navigation easy. More excellent fare that night in Murphys just past the Yacht Club. Far away to the east, up Tralee Bay the *Jennie Johnson* building in Blennerville stood out magically on the skyline, now covered by the undulating roof under which *Matthew* was built in Bristol. Fenit now has an excellent well-serviced Marina, one of a chain around this coast.

Away again at 06.00 on Saturday morning. We had an unpleasant motorbeat before we rounded the sandy Maherees before we could sail off past Smerwick and through the Blasket Sound. We were poured through by a strong ebb and fresh N. winds. We had hoped to rest awhile on the private moorings off Innishvickalaune but conditions precluded same. Glad to be through the sound which I always find oppressive, we reached past Ventry to be greeted by *Fungi* off Dingle entrance. He seems to be getting older as he seldom now leaps out of the sea as he did when he was a younger dolphin. We secured to an outer berth where Johnny Murphy took our lines and proffered diesel. *Asgard II* was in also, so we went over and admire her as always. The French Restaurant, the first off the Marina, was again visited and was not found wanting. In season Dingle is now getting a little spoiled by many tourists. The weather had deteriorated and we were glad to be in such a safe haven. We had planned a lazy day but an improving forecast had us back

at sea at 09.00 Sunday. Outside it was foggy, fresh and lumpy as we pressed on towards Lemon Rock and Skellig Michael which looked its usual awe-inspiring self.

Inshore lay Valentia Island upstream of which there will hopefully be a new 90-berth marina in Cahirciveen by next year. In improving conditions, we crossed Kenmare River, past the Bull where the tides meet to round Dursey and square off up Bantry Bay, past Blackball Head and in through the entrance to Castletownbere. Lovely Dunboy beckoned and we spent a quiet night anchored under the ruins of Puxleys House, surely the nicest anchorage on the coast when the winds are from south through west to north. On Monday morning we left at a reasonable hour and sailed down through the Sound and into Bantry Bay past Roancarrigmore. A coaster loading stone, rolled and pitched at her berth on the northern shore. Passing the long floating hose to leeward of the large lit tanker buoy, used for trans-shipping oil to and from the shore in place of the fire-ravaged pier, as a result of the Betelgeuse disaster, we gybed for the northern entrance to Bantry Roads. Passing through the well-buoyed channel amongst the many mussel rafts, we picked a mooring off the yacht Club. Ashore later to make travel arrangements for Rosalind to return to the I.O.M on the morrow by bus, rail and train in 14 hours. We subsequently moved over to Glengarriff for the night. We felt as we left that Paddy O'Keeffe was casting a benevolent eye on us, as one of the founders of the ICC, from the overlying graveyard. Anchor down an hour later off the Blue Pool, dined aboard, and ashore later for a good sing-song in a pub. After Rosalind had left on an early bus, we motored back down the bay to Lawrence Cove Marina. The boat stayed there comfortably for the next few weeks as Michael continued his fitting out. This Marina, developed over the last few years by John & Phil Harrington, is a little gem. It offers secure "Hurricane Hole" berthing, short or long stay, with fuel, water, showers and toilets and a small shop.

A new slipway and travel lift will be lifting out masted yachts on to hard standing with power available from this winter. There is adequate draught with impending further dredging. There is also now a 4-car regular ferry from there to Pontoon, just east of the Golf Club. O'Sullivan's Restaurant, looking down on the Cove, is among the best on the coast. Don't miss the entire experience!!

I was delighted to be asked by Noel Smith (ICC) to sail with him and his wife Helen to South Brittany in mid-July. Also on board was Darren a local Merchant Navy Officer and consequently a navigation, radar and cardinal buoy expert. Humbly, I assumed navigator status for a visit to a coast that I love so well. We departed the berth at 16.00 with a forecast of impending bad weather from the west, but improving to the south. *Laragh*, a Najad 52, is in superb order and has all the gizmos, and because of good maintenance by Hugh Mockler and Castle Point everything works. We had a fast comfortable ride under a furled Genoa only overnight and had St. Martins in

the Scilly Isles by 0.900-130 miles in 17 hours, averaging 7.60 knots from the berth.

I once heard in St. Mary's that the toughest men in the islands come from St. Martins so we hastened on our way.

By noon, we were clear to the S.E. of these Fortunate Islands as wind lightened and went astern. I like to keep well to the west of Ushant going south as that area in summer is a breeding ground for fog. On a flat calm sunny afternoon, we steamed at 8 knots as we progressed towards the S.W. Ushant Traffic separation buoy. Life was good on board. The only thing, as far as I could think, that we missed was a swimming pool and/or a jacuzzi. Around midnight, we passed a few miles south of the buoy having safely traversed a quite large vessel lane and a busy southbound lane. Ushant Traffic monitors everything passing on Ch. 11 V.H.F., and if any vessel gets out of lane, they have been known to send out their spotter plane. With Noel in command at the wheel, we then crossed a busy northbound lane on a very clear night. We had Penmarch abeam inshore by 06.00 Sunday, 38 hours from the berth, the Glenans by 09.30 and we had the anchor down by 12.30 (local time) for Sunday lunch off the S.E. corner of the Ille De Groix, off Lorient, 45½ hours from Crosshaven. We were surrounded by hundreds of local yachts, but only three of us remained by nightfall. In the eighties on *Spellbound* I had a custom of having a swim on arrival in La Belle France but this time it was too cold to stay immersed for too long.

Anchoring off a Brittany island always makes for a rolly night and this our first one was no exception. I often wonder if Flopper Stoppers or Paravanes would lessen such motion but they probably depend on forward motion to work.

The next morning we sailed down towards the Belle Isle alongside the sandy coast past Etel, with its unique system of pilotage through its tortuous channel, of a lady operating fixed Go-Left & Go-Right battens on a flagstaff.

We then went to port into Quiberon Bay via the Teigneuse Passage, indirectly, having on professional insistence to correctly leave a cardinal buoy on the starboard hand. And so to a busy and beautiful La Trinite Sur Mer – home of the 'giant cats' and many other such animals. Ashore to find a toilet mechanic who unblocked same rapidly. The Chandlery there at the north end of the town behind the boatyard found him for us. He has kept a yacht in Scotland and is also the local Malt Scotch agent. Presumably he acquired an affinity when cruising

there. We later viewed a colleague's catamaran on delivery passage to Cork and marvelled at it all, complete with escape hatch on the bottom. Ashore later for an excellent meal in a typical French Restaurant – good food, well priced and a generous telephone to which we returned again.

La Trinite is a delightful yachting port with many facilities, including a poodle parlour. With quarantine rules being relaxed next year members will now know where to bring their pets!!

It makes an ideal change or respite port on a cruise. The town market is held in an open space almost across the road from the fish-quay. Dried flowers bought there still adorn *Laragh's* saloon 3 months later. I must admit that I thought that they were fresh when buying them. We also bought some eggs, also fresh.

A 10.00 departure on the Tuesday saw us going down inside Houat and Hoedic and across the Loire Estuary. Several large vessels were seen in build under the north end of the high road bridge. Then we reached fast as we had done all morning under full sail, outside Ille de Normutier towards Ille d'Yeu where we arrived at around 17.00 after a thrashing sail in great conditions. As it was L.W. and the wind semi-onshore, and as the marina inside is a small one, Noel rightly decided to anchor off there overnight which became another rolly one.

We dined aboard and entertained ourselves before turning in and hoping to go ashore in the morning. This was not to be however, as conditions if anything, had worsened. We motored around the south end of the island to find a slight improvement. A shore party spent some time ashore but the remainder of us stayed aboard for another similar evening. Conditions were not really suitable to leave the boat at anchor unmanned as some quite strong squalls were coming down off the land.

On Thursday morning time was running out for me as I was booked back to Cork on the weekly ferry from Roscoff at midnight Friday. We came back around the south side of the island but conditions had further too disimproved to anchor so we reluctantly headed north motor-sailing into a fresh headwind. Slowly we rounded low-lying Normutier – it look likes a little Holland. A bumpy crossing of the Loire entrance, a slight misinterpretation of heading and a call for a reciprocal had us entering La Baule Bay and into Pornichet through its narrow entrance and a good berth immediately to port. Some Marina – 1000 berths – cramped shore facilities for boats but with a few good shops and restaurants, at one of which we

dined that night. La Baule is a lovely old town in good nick but has seen busier days with the advent of the Costa Del Sun. I took the fifteen minutes walk up to the railway station to enquire about trains on Friday. There is a fast metro from Paris. Pornichet would be a good crew change port. Friday was a beautiful day with no wind. Loathe to leave the boat, I took passage up to La Trinite. We steamed rapidly up the bay where many pleasure boats were making the most of the day and arrive back in our former berth by 13.00. Sadly left the boat as planned as the crew prepared for additional arranged family crew to join them among the islands. Then by taxis, trains and boat, I was back home in under 24 hours getting ready for the next passage, but that is another story.



Laragh at Ile d'Houat, South Brittany.

Christine and I paid our now annual visit to Schull for Calves Week at the start of August. Staying ashore, we sailed daily on either *Golden Harvest* or *Mandalay* and visited many of our favourite haunts in Roaring Water Bay.

On the Saturday we went over to Cape Clear with Michael on the local ferry for the best I.C.C Summer meet and lunch. It was even better than last year on Sherkin if that is possible.

Golden Harvest had made plans to Winter in Castlepoint Boatyard in Crosshaven and have some work done. Michael and I sailed on the last Sunday of Calves Week after the start of the Cruiser Races in a fresh N.E. Wind. We passed the Carthy Islands where there is a superb largely landlocked anchorage, through the Calf and then Gascannane Sounds to find a rough -breaking sea south of Baltimore. We moved inshore to gain shelter and then to pass through the Inner Kedges Sound – this passage is stated on the charts to be suitable for small coasters in good weather. We then progressed

down to Toe Head in calmer waters. We then had a bumpy puck as far as inside High Island. Avoiding Adam and hugging Eve, we went up to pick a visitor's mooring off Glandore Pier. On the way in, outside, we took good care to avoid Belly Rock, which aptly named has torn out many a bottom over the years. It is possible to pass west and north of Belly Rock by going into Squince, if coming from the west, then through the passage north of Rabbit Island and then between Adam & Eve, avoiding Sheela Rock on the port hand on the way. The Marine Hotel in Glandore later gave us an excellent dinner. We then repaired up the hill to the Glandore Inn which is also the local Y.C. station. Mine Host Kieran O'Donoghue is ever helpful in many ways to visiting sailor. The Hayes Bar next door serves a very good snack lunch. Glandore has fast established itself as a yachting centre on this part of the coast. If the proposed Yacht Marina above the pier is allowed to develop itself, it will become even more so.

Apropos Glandore entrance, the markings on the fixed poles on the Dangers are a little confusing to strangers. The west channel with its red and white transverse markings, indicating a preferred channel seldom seen, on the first green fixed mark is no problem. The east channel markings are prone to confusion. The first red port hand mark is no problem but the next mark on the east channel is green leading a stranger in among the rocks which has happened this last season. Repainting all these east channel perches red should obviate the problem

We departed Glandore on Monday August 9th and had a pleasant motorsail around the Galley and Old Head and in to pick a mooring for the night in the creek in Oysterhaven. This is a very tranquil place. Next morning we were away with the lark inside the Little Sovereign towards Cork Harbour. We picked the Boatyard moorings by 09.30 on a delightful summer's morning. In the late afternoon on the last of the tide, *Golden Harvest* was lifted ashore by the new travel-lift for her winter



Good crew – good weather!

Photo: Raymond Fielding

appointment. The season for her was no more. There she awaits a Scilly Isles and beyond passage next May.

On the last Saturday in September, I helped Jim McCarthy (RCYC) bring his refurbished Nauticat 33 *Tiger Moon* from Lawrence Cove to her home moorings in Schull. We had planned to stay the night there for the last dinner of the season but as the good weather was holding, and likely to break up on Sunday, we decided to leave at noon. These boats, of which some 1,200 have been built, have big engines and steam at almost 8 knots. A quartering wind and a fair tide had us quickly around the Mizen and into a deserted Crookhaven by 15.00, where we lay alongside the plastic floating jetty ahead of a well-known local catamaran with dog. Lunch and then ashore to O'Sullivan's where a local trawler skipper enlightened us about the present Irish offshore fishing fleet. Away towards Schull at 17.00 we steered down for McCarthy's Castle and then through the west entrance of Long Island Sound. As it was, HWS we had a diversion into Croagh Bay and out north of Coney Island. Another diversion to Traá na mBád to put Jim ashore for the car, and then I took her back to her moorings off the new slip and housing development under the outer of the two main leading marks for Schull. Jim and his wife had gone to Lawrence Cove for a few weeks early in July, but liked it so much and fallen under it's spell, stayed a few months.

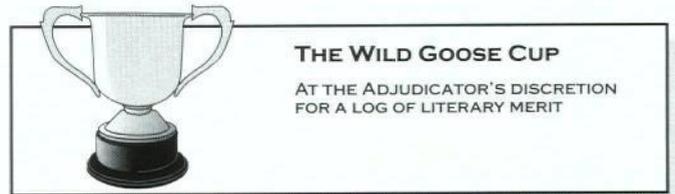
Summary:

- June – Clifden to Lawrence Cove
- July – Crosshaven to Ille d'Yeu
- August – Schull to Crosshaven
- September – Lawrence Cove to Schull

In the name of God, Amen.

The cruise of the *Lotophagi*

Ray O'Toole



PROLOGUE

The lure of the shakedown cruise

In these northern climes, as the sun passes the vernal equinox, we all convince ourselves in an atavistic throwback to our pagan past that summer is really here. The barely remembered rigours of the previous September are consigned to the mental archives and we entertain ideas of a shakedown cruise – in April.

The brain performs convolutions. April is only a month or so away from June, which is midsummer, as every landlubber is aware. We disregard the signs from the comfort of the Bar – the brittle blue of the sky and the northeasterly 4, gusting 5. We varnish and antifoul – we launch and proudly display the new bits of string and chain. It is only when the frigid extremities become totally anaesthetised, incipient frostbite is noted on the cheeks (mainly the facial ones) and a dollop of Arctic water sloshes down your neck (can water be that cold without being solid?), that reality kicks in again. You return to the comfort of the bar – start again in six weeks time – or look for warmer climes in which to carry out this annual rite of passage.

We decided to have our shakedown cruise this year in Turkey.

Personae Lotophagorum¹

	<i>Nom de guerre</i>	<i>Official duties</i>
Klaus Baer	Germanicus	Entertainment Officer
Eoin Bresnihan	Ahab	Purser and anchorman
Donal Curtis	Doc, Inertia	Medical Officer
Peter Fernie	Radar, Haemophilia	Navigation & general know all
Sean O'Loughlin	Harmonium	Corporate finance & musical entertainment
Ray O'Toole	ROT	Logistics, Administration & Counsellor
Marela	A Sunodyssey 44	Transport and accommodation

Extras

Nigel (aka Sir) an English Officer: Mark, Jeremy, Jamie, Hugh, Clive, Simon and Roger.

9 April (Captain James Cook arrived in Botany Bay this day 1770)

The Journey

Galway – Course set 090. Weather most untypical April with sun, blue skies and a balmy SW wind. Motored most of the way to Dublin Airport

¹ Personae Lotophagorum – the Lotus eaters – a fabled mythological bunch living on lotus fruit which induced trances and forgetfulness and made the eater lose any desire to return home.

The entire crew finally mustered in an undistinguished hotel in downtown Luton – architecture mainly Stalinist with late brutal developments – and held a celebratory meal to celebrate the success of the expedition thus far. We advised our taxi driver to find us an Indian restaurant. We were accordingly dropped at the epicentre of Indian cuisine in Luton, if not the whole of southern England. One might conjecture a monstrous networks of pipelines from Bangladesh to the very spot where we now stood, carrying curries and onion pickles, biryanis and lentils. This street had Indian restaurants in spades and we finally made our choice on the somewhat empirical basis that it smelt very Indian from outside, and there was a 50% discount in force that evening. The evening went splendidly and bode well for the future week.

The Doc hoping to curry favour with the proprietor remarked that his wife (aka The Lady Vice President) was currently in India “on business”. The startled expression on the proprietors’ face was subsequently explained by the different cultural understanding of the expression “on business”. We hastily explained that the LVP was in India merely soliciting on behalf of her College and most certainly nothing else and that moreover she was an extremely respectable lady – to the relief of the proprietor and the avoidance of what could have been a Serious Misunderstanding.

Despite an inordinate amount of food, wines and beer, the bill came to about 47 pence each. (Unfortunately no one remembered the name of the restaurant but we can take you there if you wish)

10 April The remainder of the journey to Marmaris where we were to meet the boat was quite unremarkable. Radar lost the charts somewhere in Luton – we assume that there will be others on board. We were fortunate to spend the flight in the company of an English expert on most things. In little more than 4 hours, he resolved the Irish question, global warming and the Mystery of the Marie Celeste as well as being full of entertaining reasons why the plane could fall out of the sky at any moment. Radar nearly choked on some Turkish sweetmeat served up by the airline – Ahab maintained that this was just a ploy to get into conversation with the serious looking lady sitting next to him.

Immigration in Turkey is quite routine and monetary based. Germanicus paid nothing; Radar, as a representative of the former Imperial Powers paid double the fee of the downtrodden Irish and was rendered temporarily speechless.

The bus journey from Dalaman to Marmaris is not for the fainthearted. Statisticians tell us that flying is safer than travelling on a bus. I believe that the bus driver had instructions to keep the statistics in the airlines favour. Vertiginous roads, kamikaze drivers, washed away bridges made driving even in Kerry seem sedate.

A flat bed truck overtakes us carrying several donkeys and initiates a general discussion on the subject of into what Turkish foods donkeys were converted. During the course of this discussion we passed what appeared to be an indigenous

version of a MacDonaldis burger restaurant and considered that this might be the final destination of the donkeys. Harmonium in a brilliant synthesis invented the "Neddy Burger" and "A big Neddy and fries", to take out.

Nightfall threw a welcome blanket over the Turkish road system, which by then we had all agreed was in serious need of EU Structural Funds. (But only after the Ballinasloe by-pass is completed).

Finally the Marina and Marmela a Sunodyssey 44. Perfunctory ablutions before heading for the old town and a meal.

What had been intended as our first crew meal in Turkey was less than successful as we all managed to lose one another in the warren of alleyways comprising the old town. Radar and Germanicus having found each other decided to eat at a pavement table in a restaurant by a cross roads on the basis that all roads seemed to end up here – the theory worked and eventually all the crew were present and a fine introductory evening meal ensued.

11 April (Napoleon abdicated this day 1814)

The Briefing

The day dawned grey, unsettled – almost like Ireland. We now had an opportunity to inspect our immediate neighbours in the marina. A Sunodyssey 50 on charter comprised a number of Sloaney young men and "Sir" who was clearly their sailing mentor. The crew was distinctive in sailing fleeces, which had the colours in the orientation of the International Signal Flag "L". Although we did not realise this at the time, these garments were obviously a reminder to the skipper that should he see a signal flag "L" bobbing about in his boats' wake he should "Stop the vessel immediately". Even at this stage of the proceeding the attitude of the crew ranged from studied indifference to active boredom.

"Sir", whom we all thought was probably called Nigel, was clearly determined to impress his charges at the briefing and proceeded to ask a series of questions to which there was either no answer or an obvious one, resulting in mute incredulity from the other crews and barely concealed embarrassment from his own.

The Briefing was succinct and informative, Nigel,

notwithstanding. Radar collected his bundle of Charts and was happy. The rain, that had been threatening all morning, then poured down. We were all assured that this was a highly unusual occurrence and that it would brighten up to be a grand day – just like home.

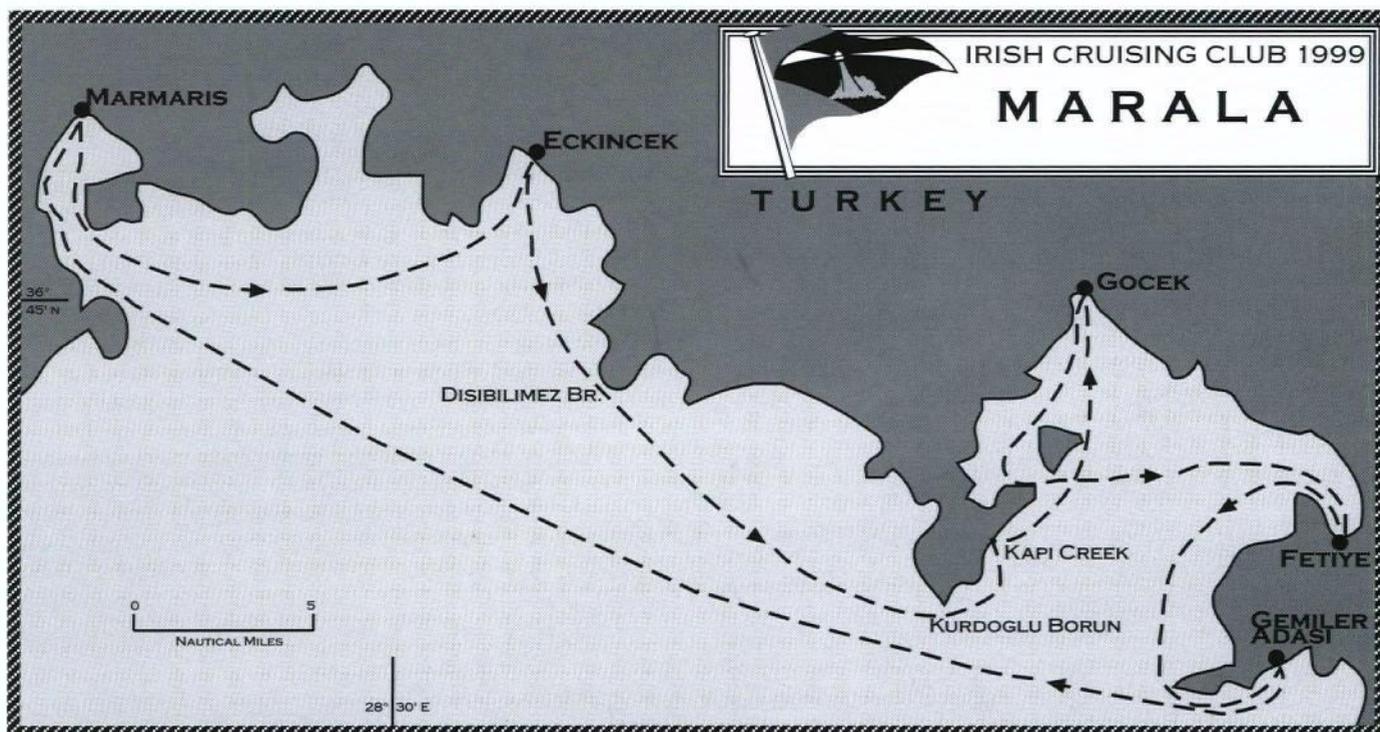
The Cruise

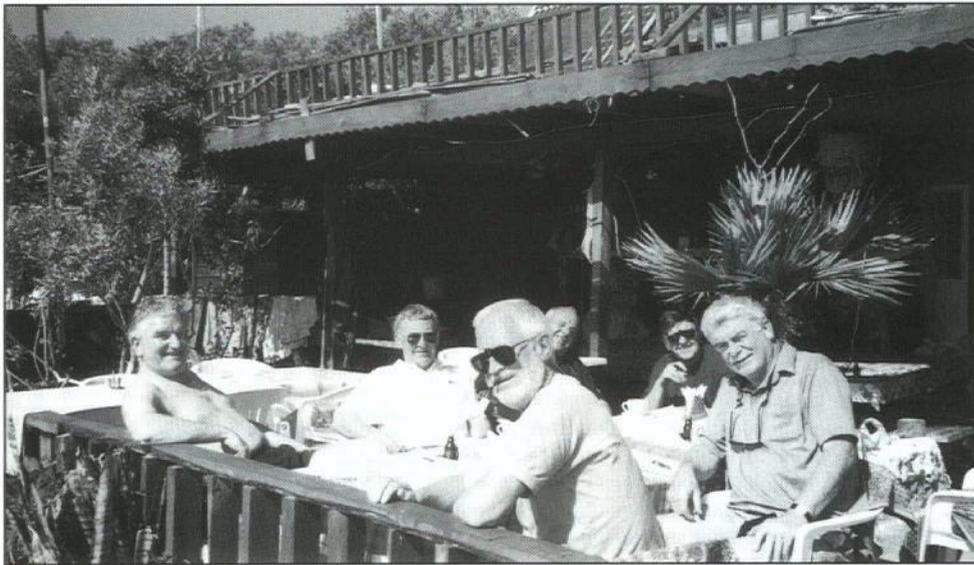
Departed at 1400, having victualled the boat and set course for Ekincik some 21 NM away to the east. Bade farewell to Nigel who had intimated that he expected to get as far as Syria but in the meantime was explaining with mounting frustration to his charges what an anchor was and the purpose of the big aluminium pole in the middle of the sun deck.

By 1600 we had Yilancik Adasi abeam and were just on the edge of the prohibited zone outside Karagac Limani (a putative NATO naval base). Heavy thunder cumulus rolled down the mountainsides from a steel grey sky. The rain was torrential. The wind a northerly – those that had Oilies sailed the boat – the wisecracks who had decided that Oilskins were an Unnecessary Encumbrance in Turkey lurked in the cabin, from time to time poking a head out of the companionway. It could have been Clew Bay but the rain was much warmer.

We arrived in Ekincik Limani about 1800 and berthed stern to in the SE corner of the Bay underneath the My Marina restaurant. The bay is about 1NM across at the entrance and had a lonely sort of 'out of season' feel to it. The berth however was well protected, although a NW'ly might be less than comfortable. Our attempt to explore was thwarted by the rain, which began again. We beat a retreat to the empty restaurant for coffee and gloomily observed the grey skies, grey water and monsoon like rain. This was now worse than Clew Bay as the nearest pint of drinkable Guinness was probably some 2000 miles away. Things could barely deteriorate further. Then Nigel appeared with his crew and proceeded to tangle all the anchor chains and mooring lines.

We assuaged the palpable depression by climbing the greasy vertiginous footpath to the restaurant yet again and having an exorbitantly costly meal (note for the future – check the prices of the fish *before* ordering – fish appears to be in the luxury bracket despite the proximity of the sea). The evening terminated bizarrely with us sitting in front of a roaring open





Donal, Ray, Eoin, Klaus, Peter and Sean in Karacaoran Buki.

fire watching a motor car race somewhere in Europe. Radar felt he was an extra in a 1960's Fellini movie. ROT considered dispensing from his stock of Prozac.

Miles today 16 – all motored – things will get better.

12 April 0830 Feast day of St Zeno of Verona, St Julius I, St Sabas the Goth and Others, and St Alferius.

The night had been peaceful despite Wagnerian thunder and lightning to the SW. During the night the wind had backed to the NW necessitating a shortening of the anchor scope. Breakfast was accompanied by further Wagnerian son et lumiere. Radar cut himself shaving and left a trail of blood around the boat (hence Haemophilia). Germanicus appeared from his cabin in a miasma of diesel fumes, which we failed to trace – we hoisted anchor at 0930 and after a cursory look at the rest of the bay shaped a course to the south for Kurdish Glue Point (Kurteglu borun).

This point forms the SW extremity of a large indented bay, Fetiye Korfezi where we planned to spend the rest of the week.

1030 Our first sighting of a patch of blue sky. The wind backed to the east and strengthened and we put up a full headsail and main, which cheered us up no end. Disability Point (Disibilmez borun) was abeam by 1130 and the first Ton tons was ably prepared to celebrate the Lifting of the Spirits. At this point the Lord High Admiral Murphy, observing from his celestial perch that things were beginning to look up promptly removed the wind.

The Art of Navigation in Turkish Waters (O'Tooles maxim)

Sail in the white bits, anchor in the blue bits and party in the yellow bits (one might add for Admiralty Charts, worry in the green bits).

By the time we rounded Kurdish Glue, it was bikini time with increasing sun intensity and temperature. Two miles from the point we identified the prominent red cliffs of Kitchen Crook Bay (Kizilkuyruk koyu), dropped the hook in 10M of crystal clear water for a swim and a light luncheon. Sunblock, shorts and snorkels appeared simultaneously – perhaps this cruise was a good idea after all.

The Pilot describes a 'short' walk to the Roman and Byzantine ruins of Lydae which had been a magnificently isolated site. An hours' hike through brush, scrub and mesquite to 1500 feet was only briefly considered before being put on hold for the next time. If the truth were told the ruins were never seriously in contention as the relative delights of Gocek

some 8NM to the NE now beckoned.

In the gentle late afternoon sun and S'y breeze we sailed past a succession of inviting anchorages, through the deep water channel separating Domuz and Tersane Adalari and so to Gocek, carrying sail by dint of careful tweaking almost to the quay. Gocek Town is clearly busy in the summer judging by the large number of possible berths but although its growth over the last few years has been extensive according to the Doc who had sailed these parts before, it retains a village feel. Revisited yet again and replenished the whiskey stock which already appears to have taken a severe beating. The Palian restaurant was just behind the town quay and within convenient

lurching distance of the boat. We were attracted by the workaday appearance of the restaurant, which was an attempt on our part to be more circumspect after the extravagance of the previous night. The food was good and the meal terminated in some incendiary Turkish coffees which threatened to set the table on fire. Thus emboldened we returned to the boat and again set the world to rights.

Miles run 33

Sali 13 Nisan Tuesday 13 April. Rumours of snow and ice in Galway.

A perfect morning with a SE'y 3/4, blue skies and 'nary a cloud to be seen. Harmonium and Inertia visited the local Mosque, presumably searching for some form of Islamic Absolution after finishing the remaining bottle of whiskey. The rest of us explored the town, and idled the time away with coffee and creme caramels. There was talk of telephoning Galway to enquire after the kinfolk – when we realised that the time in Galway was only 0830 on a reputedly snowy morning, wiser council prevailed. Inertia wanted to replace the water in the tanks – why we were never quite sure – but this became something of an obsession and was a *cause celebre* throughout the week. (Not that he used the stuff much in any case).

Turkish Cruise Syndrome had finally kicked in and was now overlain with serious WMS (Walter Mitty Syndrome). The log recalls a discussion about the logistics and merits of Inishmore declaring unilateral independence – if it worked for the Cayman Islands...

1115 Departed Gocek for Tersane Island and creek several miles to the south. The island is now largely uninhabited although it had been a sizeable Greek community at one stage but was now abandoned and derelict. Anchored in 10M on the west side of the creek. The formal log recalls that one crewmember who shall remain incognito volunteered to take a line all of 5 metres ashore and tie us up to a rock or suchlike. He made such a theatrical pigs' ear of the manoeuvre and reduced us all to hysterics so much so, that we asked him to do it again so we could take photographs this time.

Walked ashore to the ruins of a Greek Church which are now doubling as a sheep fold. Radar and Inertia examined an abandoned stone olive press and discussed the feasibility of shipping it back as the garden ornament to die for. Germanicus impressed us all with his long distance swimming. Over the excellent lunch prepared today by Inertia and Harmonium, we considered the possible entry of Turkey into the EU and the

limitless structural funds that might be poured into Tersane Adasi alone. With such aimless conjecture we passed a leisurely post prandial couple of hours before hoisting the hook and passing all of three miles to Kapi Creek just the other side of Domuz adasi.

Karpi Buku aka Kapi Creek and Four fathom cove is just one of the 18 inviting anchorages around Skopea Limani which is a much indented bay only 8 NM long. Kapi Creek is small and steep sided and lies SW of the narrow channel between Domuz adasi and the mainland with excellent all round shelter. Olive groves come down to the shore and the restaurant at the head of the creek is rudimentary but more than adequate – care should be taken when berthing on the restaurant pontoon which is a somewhat flimsy structure that Health and Safety Executives would have a field day with. We thought it would probably last all of three days in the west of Ireland.

Whilst Germanicus went mountain climbing, Inertia disappeared in to the hinterland and came back seemingly a convert to Islam on the strength of his having had tea and cakes with the local Imam. Dinner was swordfish casserole and several bottles of the local red for which we were developing a taste. Our party was much intrigued by a couple who had followed us in to the creek. They berthed skillfully, barely exchanging a word in the process then settled down in the cockpit reading their respective paperbacks, which they subsequently brought to dinner – in the course of 4 hours they probably exchanged a dozen words – yet they seemed on good terms. Our loquacious group was dumbfounded by their Trappist-like taciturnity.

Wednesday 14 April Radar arose at the crack of dawn to catch the early light in watercolours and collect the bread we had ordered the night before. The early light was a success – the bread less so as the beehive oven had barely been lit. Nevertheless the bread when it was finally delivered was hot and full of substance – one of the continual joys of Turkish cruising is the local bread, all made in basic but highly effective circumstances.

The rules in Turkish waters on garbage disposal are strict and rightly so. Disfiguring rubbish on land and water was absent. All locations had capacious rubbish containers marked with the same caption “Please put rubbish in buns projided”. One might have expected that the energetic civil servant who had equipped the remotest locations with rubbish bins might have got the sign correct.

The bread was on board – we had resisted the entreaties of the Doc to visit the Imam – at midday we set out for Karacaoran Buki to the SE. We motored through the narrow Domuz channel and raised a full main and headsail. Only when out of the lee of Kapu Dag Mountain did we establish that the wind was coming from the SE and gusting 4-5. As it was generally agreed that beating was not what we all signed up for, an executive decision was made to bear away and head for the town of Fetiye, which we had originally intended to visit later in the week. Back to the fleshpots once more. The Doc was particularly overjoyed as this represented yet another opportunity to empty and refill the water tanks. We enjoyed a fine reach for an hour to the lighthouse on Kizil

adasi, which guards the entrance to the inner bay of Fetiye. As we passed the lighthouse and into the lee of the land the wind dropped again and we motored the last 2NM of pilotage into Fetiye itself.

The harbour was busy with seemingly all the Gulets in Turkey frantically completing their refits before the start of the tourist season proper (generally agreed as May 1). Despite the serious shipwrighting, painting and varnishing, the quay was clean and tidy and in the evening returned to being a promenade. I was reminded of the anarchy and despoliation of Bunaw quay in Kerry several years ago and wondered how other countries manage to do it.

As we motored off the quay looking for a suitable berth, we espied with some surprise Nigel and the impressed hands; on the basis of their expansive and elaborate plans vouchsafed to all and sundry, we had anticipated that they would be somewhere close to Alexandria or Aleppo at this stage. Owing to the vocal nature of their manoeuvres, it was not immediately obvious whether they were leaving or in the process of berthing. We kept clear and observed. Their departure, for thus it was, served a purpose however insofar that their complicated exercises forewarned us of the cats cradle of lines dangling from the quay and we sought a more amenable berth to the west of the town, close to the immigration station. We located a snug berth between two large gulets – the noise of the shipwrighting was daunting for an hour or so but as the work shut down we were as peaceful as could be. One imagines that this location might be a tad noisy in the height of the season owing to the preponderance of discos and bars in the vicinity – at this time of the year it was as quiet as the grave after 2000.

As this looked like being our last brush with metropolitania before returning to Marmaris, all the crew embarked on shopping sprees. Captain Ahab invested in a meerschaum pipe of distinction, at a fraction of the cost in Ireland. Harmonium bought a meerschaum egg, having given up the weed in the recent past. Radar was sorely tempted having forsaken the briar only weeks ago and consoled himself with a carpet, spices and Turkish delight. The latter we left behind as her husband was returning the following week. As the crew returned from their various expeditions and displayed their new acquisitions, the saloon took on the appearance and aroma of downtown Marrakesh. Harmonium bought a gross of undoubtedly pirated designer socks. These immediately disintegrated as he tried to put them on. He generously donated them to the crew and anyone in the vicinity.

Fetiye (ancient Telmessus) is a pleasant old Roman town,



Fetiye... anchor fouled... Radar's fault...

Photo: S. O'Loughlin

which was levelled, in the last major earthquake in the 1950's. The only building of note is the ancient Roman theatre, which has a superb aspect out to sea from the top seats. Fetiye has no shortage of restaurants from the obvious tourist traps on the Promenade to the ones tucked away round the market. We managed to eat in the probably the worst one – seduced by a duck pond and a number of vociferous ducks – called not surprisingly the Duck restaurant. The food was spectacularly unmemorable – we returned two bottles of wine as being undrinkable – we probably should have returned the ones we eventually drank but feared an Awkward Situation. They all probably originated in the duck pond. Null point.

Prudence finally dictated that whiskey was off limits for our nightcaps – some of the crew were developing a serious taste for the stuff. Even Germanicus, imbued as ever mit Weltschmerz was not immune to its seductions. He of course maintained that his consumption was merely an antidote to the still pervading smell of diesel in his cabin.

Miles run 12

Thursday 15 April (1797 on this day. Sailors at Spithead, near Portsmouth, mutinied, demanding better conditions; the British



Marala at Gocek

Photo: K. Baer

government met their demands.)

Having reprovisioned the previous evening and resisted the attempts of Inertia to replace the water, we attempted an early departure. For some inexplicable reason Radar found himself engaged in operating the electric anchor winch, the personal bailiwick heretofore of Ahab. For the first time during the cruise, the anchor was fouled. The mud hereabouts was particularly malodorous and Radar, in his anxiety to avoid covering himself with this horrible unsanitary goo, managed to jam the anchor chain and trip all the circuit breakers causing a temporary hiatus in the hitherto even tenor of the morning. He managed to redeem himself somewhat by discovering the location of the circuit breakers but scuttled back to his navigation desk appropriately contrite. The crew made a thoroughly seamanlike job of freeing the fouled anchor and we departed Fetiye with our dignity intact.

The morning was fair with little wind and we motor sailed to the south past the 1500 foot peaks of Belen Dagi and Karadag still clouded in early mist. By 0900 we had Balaban adasi (Ballybane island) abeam and 20 minutes later had passed the lighthouse on Iblis borun. (In Bliss Point)

We were now at the most southern point of the cruise and bound for Karacaoran Buku (Corporation Bay) which we learnt was the *raison d'être* of the voyage. Since Galway the Doc had mysteriously transported a side of smoked salmon with imprecations that Serious Things would happen to anyone whom even considered turning it into pre-prandial canapés. We

were now let into the mystery. The salmon was a gift for Moussafer Osman, the restaurant owner in Karacaoran Buku who had rendered a valuable service to the Doc and the LVP some years previously when a family emergency intervened during a cruise in the area. The whole purpose of our peregrinations had been, in the Doc's view, merely a means to deliver this belated thank you. The lesser romantics in the crew suggested that DHL would have been far simpler...

As Karacaoran adasi opened we avoided the deceptive reef that serves to trap the unwary. According to the pilot local gulets had been known to run onto it. The island is held half a cable or so to starboard and opens into a magnificent sheltered bay which is totally inaccessible by vehicle. The hook was dropped in about 5 M at 1100 on the south side of the bay and we went ashore to the restaurant on the north side of the bay for coffee and to book our meal for the evening.

Our primary destination that day was the nearby island of Gemiler Adasi. Having booked the evening appointment, we sailed in the surrounding bay which, perhaps because of a serendipitous combination of geology and sunshine, was the most spectacular turquoise colour – with a richness that one immediately knew could never be captured on a photograph. The coast is known from antiquity as the turquoise coast – now we knew why.

Gemiler Adasi is barely 2 cables from the mainland and rises to 320 feet with ancient ruins down to the shoreline. We anchored in the anchorage a cable or so past the west end in 8M and took a line some 15M to the shore. The trip ashore was to be a Serious Cultural Event but first we had to eat. Inertia, ably assisted by Harmonium created a lunch, which we conjectured might have been the same sort of affair that the Romans, Greeks and Byzantines had all enjoyed in their day. (With perhaps the exception of the Ton Tons to start).

Suitably mellowed, we wandered to the top of the island to view the ruins and the remnants of the mosaics in the citadel. The view from the top across to the forbidden Bay of Olu Deniz and the surrounding coast is well worth the precipitous climb. The paths on the island are all thick with shards of terracotta, presumably the fragments over the ages, of broken amphorae delivered to the island full of wine, oil, spices and similar goodies.

The Byzantine monks were clearly a different breed from the frugal souls who inhabited the Skelligs.

Most of the crew, respectful of the ghosts of the monks wandered the island appropriately attired. Radar appeared as a semblance of Miss Marples in a Panama hat and took us on a botanical ramble... Inertia scandalised the Company by wearing little more than what could be described as a scarlet thong. Fortunately there were few other tourists and possible distress to those of a Delicate Constitution was thereby avoided.

Swimming, snoozing and discussion of little import punctured the afternoon in a desultory sort of way. We thought that the *Lotophagi* had the right idea – but hadn't been able to find lotus fruit. The log notes that Radar gave a lecture on Artemisa absinthium that he had found growing on the island – whether or not anyone listened to him is not recorded. Inertia attempted to understand the manual of his camera, which apparently used something, called fuzzy logic. Radar maintained he knew all about fuzzy logic – ROT sleepily intoned that he felt that there existed a need for something called fluffy logic, which would be a more evanescent thing than the fuzzy version and was more suited to our current situation. In fact the overwhelming languor of the anchorage prompted several alternative names for the island – Turgidia and Lethargos were the favourites.

At 1650 we regretfully departed Gemiler Adasi and returned to Karacaoran Buku for the final meal of the cruise. The log is

silent on the detail but memory recalls that it involved intemperate quantities of raki, wine and other assorted fiery brews, much photography and the formal handover of the Irish smoked salmon. The location was spectacular – Moussafer Osman, our host was generous and solicitous of our well being, whilst cooking, serving, making bread, toasting our health and about five other jobs as well. Finally, at whatever time he safely delivered us back to the boat. An excellent convivial evening

Miles run 31

Friday 16 April (Feast day of St Bernadette, St Magnus, St Paternus of Avranches, St Encratis, St Fructuosus Braga, St Turibius of Astorga, St Drogo, St Joseph Benedict Labre, and St Optatus and the Martyrs of Saragossa.

Dropped the mooring with a destination set for Marmaris. We were alarmed into full wakefulness about 45 minutes later when the fuel gauge showed empty. Hurried calculations suggested that was undoubtedly wrong unless someone had been drinking the stuff (could this have explained the all-pervading smell of diesel in Germanicus 'cabin?')

Once past Ilbis Buku the course set 280 for Marmaris and a broad reach with full headsail and main, arriving in the small bay of Turunc Buku some 5 NM south of Marmaris at lunchtime. We anchored under the admittedly impressive building of the local yacht club, which spoilt the general effect by having painted on the facade of the Clubhouse in red letters 2 foot high "Membership was not necessary". We decided not to check out the Club.

Inertia and Haemophilia prepared a lunch of gargantuan proportions, utilising the not insignificant remnants of the ships' stores, which could in truth have seen us, all the way back to Gibraltar.

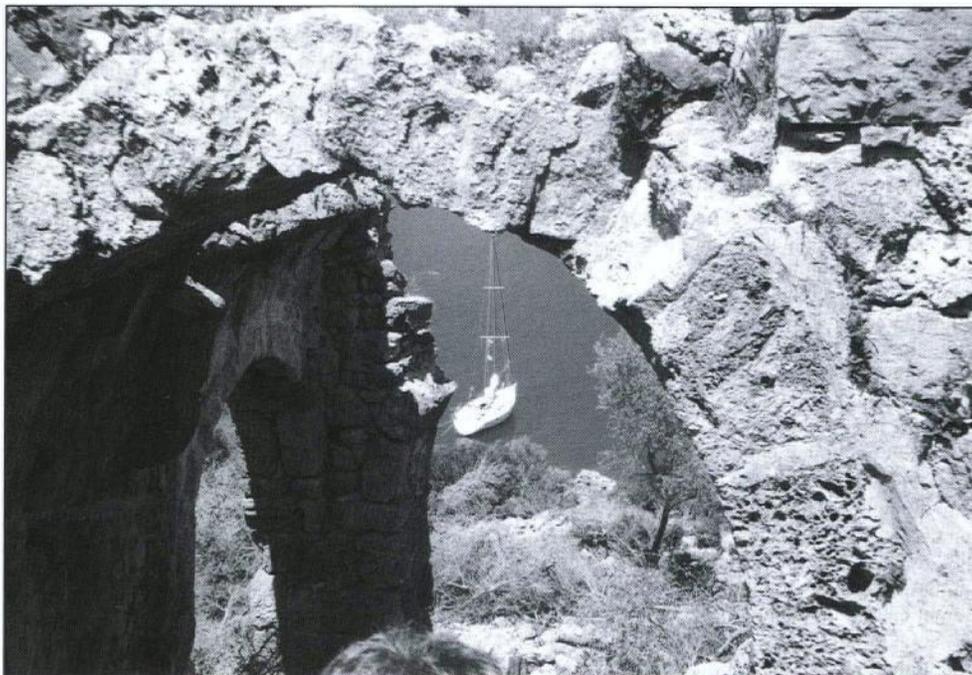
Our postprandial naps were interrupted by Nigel and crew yet again. This was becoming something of a bore. In a windless, enclosed bay they were practising sailing off an anchorage. A weeks sailing had done very little to ameliorate their volubility which echoed around the bay. We gave them A+ for effort and returned to our serious dozing.

A political rally in the village woke us all up and the anchor was hoisted at 1430 for a cracking sail around the west end of Keci adasi, one of the two islands guarding the entrance to Marmaris Harbour. Within the harbour we probably saw more sail than we had seen in a week with flotillas of dinghies and small keelboats taking full advantage of the brisk breeze. Great temptation to turn around and damn the consequences.

Duty prevailed and we returned to the fuel bunker with dignity, composure, panache and not a little sadness. At our berth in the Marina Nigel was already alongside and invigilating the examination of his increasingly mutinous charges who seemed dispirited and glad to be going home. Mutterings above and below decks intimated that "if this was sailing they can stuff it". Nigel meanwhile was patiently teaching a clove hitch.

Nigel: "Mark, do a clove hitch as I showed you".

Mark: "But Sir, I haven't got an end"



Marala viewed from Byzantine ruins on Gemiler Adasi.

Nigel: (with mounting exasperation) "You don't need an end, Boy".

Cleaned the boat and then ourselves for a final meal in Marmaris – yet again we managed to lose the Doc trying to find a restaurant that existed in his imagination. An appropriate end to the cruise.

Miles run 48

THE END

Epilogue

The journey back to Ireland should have been routine and an anticlimax to the cruise. Pegasus air ensured that it wasn't. Despite leaving the Marina at 0400, by 1400 we were less than 20 miles away. To fight the boredom the crew invested their remaining lira in a number of velvetene Fez in various hues and styles and entertained their fellow passengers who were all becoming increasingly weary at the delay. By ballot we decided that the Doc had the most outré Fez east of Constantinople, bedecked as it was with mirrors, pearls, all manner of precious and semi-precious stones and accordingly elected him the Grand Mufti for the Day.

Luton Airport wasn't really ready for 6 middle-aged juveniles in funny eastern hats. We nearly became stars in a TV docu-soap about the airport but reason prevailed. We all had serious lives to recommence in several days time.

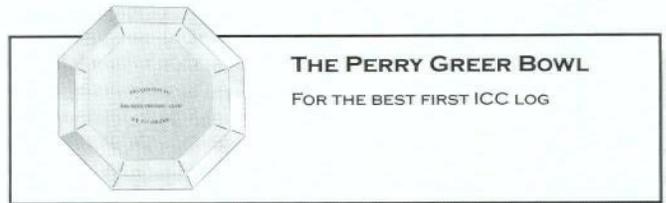
Flights to Ireland and Germany had long departed from Luton and we arranged a minibus to Heathrow, whose driver was from Dublin and whose mother was from Galway. He took our extravagant headgear in his stride as we raced to Heathrow. As Harmonium sagely observed "Its great he's Irish – at least we didn't have to explain". Our greatest fear at this stage was that we might be mistaken for a cabal of Islamic Fundamentalists and arrested for fomenting religious unrest. Aer Lingus took us for a group of harmless eccentrics being escorted by their medical practitioner. When 3 of the eccentrics were identified as medical practitioners, there appeared to be a threat that real men in white coats would be called out.

And finally back to Dublin at 1200 where we were welcomed into the Airport Bar as exotic potentates from some long defunct seraglio.

A seemly end to the Cruise of the *Lotophagi*.

The lady is not for turning

Jack McCann



Those of you with happy memories of the ICC cruise on the coast of Galicia in 1998, might recall Michael McKee's speech after the welcoming dinner in the Club Nautico in Bayona. After expressing his delight at such a gratifying turnout, he stressed that present in the fleet, were no less than three yachts from the west coast. 'Rather a good turnout,' he said. 'Considering the relatively small number of ICC members based on those remote shores.' He went on to add that there was obviously a certain amount of promiscuity already afoot because although it was true that three west coast yachts had made the passage down, four were making the return journey! My Canadian built cutter, *Mary Lee*, was the fourth.

Mary Lee had called in Bayona en-route from the Mediterranean to England to be put up for sale, and although looking very much a lady, her make-up was sadly neglected. She was a Reliance 45 built in Montreal in 1984 and she bewitched me. It was there in Bayona, that I bought her in a moment of weakness, and much against the advice of a number of ICC members present at the time. She subsequently arrived safely in Galway late in August of that year after an adventurous roundabout voyage during which she came close to losing her rig in a gale off the SW coast of Ireland. Later, the crew reported ominously that she had fought them every mile of the way, showing a marked reluctance to sail north. It was, they said, something that became more obvious to them with every mile sailed. They even made passing but disquieting references to there being a presence on board in the form of a lady who voiced her displeasure at the prospects of spending a winter on the west coast of Ireland! To add to my feelings of disquiet, my sailing companion, Tom Foote, who, it should be noted, is a writer, and as such is prone to flights of fantasy, was quite enthralled by all this, and immediately sat down to write a novel about this mysterious female! He is still working at it and the story promises to be a lurid tale on it's completion. It doesn't help when he says that he has had conversations with the same lady when he has spent time alone on board. It only makes me wonder what he smokes!

Suffice to say, *Mary Lee* did not take kindly to a wet and windy winter spent on the edge of a field in Askeaton. Overlooking the river Deel, a tidal tributary to the Shannon, her temporary home was less than joyous, and by March of this year I began to wonder what I had taken on. For one thing, her bright work was now far worse than I remembered it, her decks were a pity, and overall she had a woebegone air about her that was tangible to say the least. I could see that fitting her out for the season at a considerable distance from Galway was going to be difficult, but Tom put his hands where his mouth is, rowing in enthusiastically to help me to bring her back to something close to her former glory. Tom had spent part of the winter on Michael Craughwell's *Busketeer* in Almerimar on the Costa del Sol and he convinced me that he had the contacts there to tackle the difficult job of sorting some leaking tanks at a reasonable cost. So we agreed during that difficult time, that a winter in more pleasant climes would secure her transformation, thus, the decision was taken, to return her to Southern Spain.

On May 31 *Mary Lee* splashed into the muddy waters of the river Deel just as the high tide relinquished its grip of a small stone pier and started to recede. It was a fine summer evening but our plans to leave immediately on the ebb and motor as far as Foynes were defeated by water in the fuel tank. Tom and I spent the rest of the daylight hours tinkering with the engine as the boat settled comfortably into the mud.

June 1 brought another fine summer's day, and with the evening high tide we were able to make our getaway. Swept downstream by the ebb, we motored contentedly as far as Foynes where we tied up for the night at a pontoon just above the Foynes yacht club.

June 2 dawned with a flush of pink in the sky as we motored away with the ebb at 0900 with the promise of a fine day ahead. In spite of recurring fuel problems, it was a super day, and sighting our first dolphin of the season as we swept past Tarbert, enhanced our feeling of well being. By 1200 we had locked into the Kilrush Creek marina feeling well pleased with our twenty miles or so without undue incident.

During our stay in Kilrush we obtained the services of a good mechanic, Michael Mulqueen, who is available through the marina office. We had also successfully timed our visit so that we could attend the ICC Western area dinner in the Kilrush Creek Lodge on 5 June. There we renewed our friendship with such old friends as Paddy O'Sullivan, Louis Smith and Dave FitzGerald and of course many others. Although this was an enjoyable get together, it was tinged with sadness too, for *Jilliana*, the late Paddy Walsh's yacht had also arrived in Kilrush, now under new ownership and bound for the east coast. Paddy is sadly missed by all of us west coasters.

11 June: After a brief stay in Galway, Tom and I returned to Kilrush and locked out at 0700 at half tide on a fine morning with little wind in evidence. It turned out to be a day of motoring in calm sunny conditions with no sign of wind until we cleared the Blasket Sound and rounded Sleah Head. Then an off shore breeze set in, enabling us to set sail for the last few miles to Dingle. *Mary Lee* took the bit like a thoroughbred, charging along on a broad reach and showing us over seven knots on the clock. Well satisfied, we tied up at 1900 in Dingle having covered 69 miles in superb style.

12 June: Left Dingle at 0800 with a favourable NW force four. What a day! We tromped south for 80 miles under full sail in excellent visibility until we picked up a mooring in Crookhaven at 2000 just as twilight started to edge the high ground.

There we were joined for the leg to Crosshaven by Tom's cousin, James O'Sullivan, a ship-wright from Crosshaven, together with his amiable sailing companion Luke Kelleher, who hails from Carrigaline.

13 June: A grey morning with little promise in the air. Motored away from Crookhaven at 0600 without a breeze worth mentioning. It was not until much later in the day, off the Stags, that a light SW'ly cleared away the mist and allowed us to set sail. Somewhere astern of us, still shrouded in mist, came the *Asgard*.



Mary Lee and crew in Crosshaven. From left: James O'Sullivan, Olaf Tyransen, Luke Kelleher, Tom Foote and Jack McCann.

Off Galley Head the wind freshened and sunshine broke through. Then *Mary Lee*, as if sensing she was still heading south, picked up her skirts and flew, allowing us to pick up Luke's mooring in Crosshaven at 1900 with an additional 77 miles on the log. It was then that I realised I had fallen in with the perfect crew. 'What if?' I thought. A few days later I was forced to return to Galway. Some of us have to earn a living! Tom, however, is not like that, the lucky so and so is retired, or so he says! He travelled up and down from Galway to Crosshaven ceaselessly tweaking at this and tweaking at that until he could tweak no more. Then he came to me and said, 'Jack, how do you feel about taking James & Luke with us?'

'Pull that one off,' I replied, 'And you earn yourself a gin!'

I have learnt from sailing with Tom that a gin and tonic is a mighty incentive to the man!

24 July: We were off! A blissful day arrived with warm summer sunshine, *Mary Lee* fully stored and looking resplendent alongside the Crosshaven quay, Tom grinning, surrounded by family and friends. The perfect ship, the perfect crew, now augmented by Olaf Tyransen from Galway, a moment not to be forgotten. I should mention here that Olaf, who is a ship chandler, is an adventurous cook. I'm okay with the pots and pans, Luke is okay too, but James is definitely no-go. As for Tom, all I can say is that he has the ability to serve up the most atrocious looking dishes during bad weather imaginable. The trouble is, nobody complains!

At 1620 we cast off, bound for Bayona in NW Spain with an ETA of 31 July. By midnight we were 45 miles offshore under full sail in a perfect W'ly force 3 and with a full moon to light our way.

25 July: A small cloud appeared on our mental horizon

which affected our feeling of well being. At 1410, having logged a satisfactory 142 miles, a freshening NE wind and a building sea indicated the need for a reef or two. During this manoeuvre we suffered an accidental gybe and our steering failed. For the next three hours or so the perfect crew came into their own. The emergency tiller was shipped immediately, reefs were put in, compass binnacle stripped off the pedestal, damaged steering chain links cut out, and steering cables adjusted and reattached to the quadrant. All this was done without a deviation in our course or speed, so that by 2000 we were sailing fast in a NE'y 6 or 7 but comfortably snugged down and *Mary Lee* was happily forging her way further south.

A cold night followed, during which the best the galley could muster was a fried egg sandwich and a mug of tea. We finished up with a day's run of 152 miles under sail.

26 July: Made good speed all day at 7 knots under yankee genoa in a rough following sea. By nightfall the wind had eased and we were able to set a reefed mainsail. I should mention that thanks to the ladies left at home we were eating rather well. Home cooked meals in quantity.

27 July: Sighted our first ship at 0800. An overcast day with a slight to moderate sea running. We were overflown by a long range search aircraft several times around midday. It was thought to be French. Later we gathered from broken VHF transmissions that there was some kind of emergency far away off Ouessant.

With a day's run of 140 miles, by midnight we had encountered 6 converging ships in the last two hours confirming that we were coming close to the shipping lanes.

28 July: Ran into dense fog at 0700 as we closed with Cape Finisterre. This lasted until midday. Sighted a pod of large

whales soon after the fog lifted. Although they were some distance off, they looked quite magnificent as they rolled and spouted in the swell.

The day became warm and sunny, a lazy day during which we surreptitiously captured an x-rated video of Tom taking his daily shower on the fore deck. None of us were quite sure why he did this, he didn't, to my mind, smell that bad. I suspect he was revelling in the approach of warmer weather. Whatever the reason, it brought a great deal of hilarity to the rest of the perfect crew!

With 134 miles logged for the day, we motored into Bayona in gathering darkness and were directed to a mooring at 2210.

We were a pleasing 4 days and 6 hours out of Crosshaven with the log showing 568 miles.

During our stay in Bayona, Olaf treated the entire ship's company to a very fine lunch at a rather expensive restaurant. A further highlight was that James bought his very first pair of pyjamas. Pale blue in colour, they became the topic of conversation for the next few days.

July 30: Left Bayona for Lagos in Portugal at 1430. By 2000 we had picked up the Portuguese trades and were under full sail making over 7 knots in a NNW force 5. An uncomfortable following sea was building, but brilliant sunshine made up for the discomfort and we were within sight of the coast surrounded by dolphins to amuse us. Midnight found us over 50 miles further south with *Mary Lee* stretching the miles and revelling in the conditions.

July 31: Masthead tri-light failed during the night and we suffered a genoa wrap at around 0700. Otherwise it was an uneventful day of down wind sailing passing close to Irla Berlinga at 1900 in glorious evening sunshine. By midnight the sea had started to ease and we found ourselves 6 miles ENE of Cabo da Roca. The day's run was a respectable 145 miles, and as nightfall came, Tom, swooping like a hungry gannet, caught James in his jammies on camera plus, Luke minus teeth, retiring to his bunk. 'Checkmate, ' he declared. 'Release the video at your own peril!'

August 1: Came abeam of Cabo Raso at 0110.

The afternoon was lazy and uncomplicated. The log records that the skipper baked bread and there is mention of passing a large deep freeze floating half submerged but unfortunately empty.

By 1630 the wind had increased to a force 5 or 6 but was

still out of the NNW and giving us a steady 6 or 7 knots under full sail.

We rounded Cape St Vincent in a freshening breeze at 2100 just as darkness overtook us. Minutes later we were forced to reef both the main and genoa off Pointe Sagres as the wind increased rapidly to a force 8. The increase in wind was unexpected and soon the sea state was approaching rough. Apparently a common occurrence in this area after nightfall.

The days run was 138.5 miles.

August 2: It was only after rounding Pointe de Piedade at 0030 in overly fresh conditions that things went awry when a navigational blunder had us mistaking the leading lights of Alvor for those of Lagos. What followed was a textbook description of what not to do! The old adage, "when in doubt, stay out," will be well remembered in future!

Rounding the mole, we found ourselves following a corkscrew-like unmarked channel under engine in eerie stillness with fish leaping out of the water in moonlit shallows on either side. Passing a seemingly deserted yacht fully dried out on a sand bank close on our port side did nothing to relieve a distinct feeling that we had got this very wrong indeed! Losing our nerve we found a deep pool and dropped anchor. There followed a heated discussion on how we had got here in the first place and how we could extricate ourselves from a place that seemed God forsaken and was certainly not where we were supposed to be. The lack of a small scale chart of the area obviously did nothing to help. We raised anchor and beat a retreat back the way we had come much chastened by our experience, later finding a safe anchorage for the rest of night just inside the outer harbour mole. The last I heard before I fell asleep was Tom muttering something about the course being north when we entered this strange place.

August 3: Found Lagos without further incident!

Although this was a very well run marina it proved to be the most expensive on the entire coast.

August 4: Left Lagos at 0915 for Faro where Olaf was due to leave us to return home.

This was a superb day of reaching along the coast in a cracking breeze in brilliant sunshine, rounding the mole at the entrance to Faro at 1730. What followed was yet another embarrassing incident. Eager to get Olaf as close as possible to Faro airport for next morning's early flight, we believed in our Almanac which convinced us of the existence of a 250 berth marina! We followed a well-marked deep water channel for some miles until we ran out of navigation buoys near the commercial docks. Continuing further along a winding unmarked channel through the sand banks, we grounded softly a few times, albeit with a rising tide, and eventually came to rest in a pool quite close to the airport where we deemed it safe to anchor as there were a few other yachts lying to moorings. The owner of a nearby British yacht informed us dryly that the 240 berth marina was for jet skis and small runabouts only! The lesson learnt on this occasion was not to believe everything we read!

August 4: After depositing Olaf safely ashore we left our Faro anchorage at 0730 and gingerly made our way back to the main channel on a rising tide, clearing



Mary Lee at rest in Gibraltar.

the outer mole at 0900 in sunshine and motoring in a flat calm for Mazagon near Huelva.

At 1130 a light SE'ly set in but was not strong enough to allow us to switch off the engine until 1400. It was hot on deck, the hottest day we had experienced so far, with a water temperature of 72 degrees. By early afternoon our log showed that we had passed the 1000 mile point since leaving Crosshaven.

With a day's run of 47 miles, we tied up at Mazagon near the entrance to the Rio Tinto at 1800. It felt good to be back in Spanish waters and our experiences on the Portuguese coast seemed best forgotten.

August 6: A large fleet of Spanish yachts had gathered in Mazagon overnight and our intention to sail to Chipiona was thwarted because they were all racing there and we were told that there would be no room at the inn.

We sailed at 1230 after the race started, and for the first time since leaving Ireland found ourselves hard on the wind making 6.5 knots under full sail in a SW force 3. This was another memorable day of wonderful sailing, docking at Rota in the Bay of Cadiz at 1900 with 64 miles logged.

August 7: Like it or not we were kicked out of Rota early in the morning because the Spanish racing fleet that had upset our plan to call at Chipiona was due, and with no berths available in Puerto Sherry either, we considered ourselves lucky to find a vacancy across the bay in Puerto America closer to Cadiz. Although closer to the city, this marina was the least attractive of any we had called at, but it proved to be convenient for our planned day of sightseeing in Cadiz.

August 8: Left Cadiz at 0900 for Barbate in overcast but warm conditions. Later the sun broke through, and after dodging the tunny nets laid near the approaches, we tied up in Barbate in mid afternoon with a day's run of 29 miles.

August 9: Left Barbate for Gibraltar at 1015, motor sailing to clear the tunny nets. By 1300 we were abeam of Tarifa Island, reputed to be the windiest point in Europe, and altered course into the Straits.

The enormous scale of the wind farms spread high on the hills inland was obvious, and a lone wind surfer passed close by, even though we were far out from shore. Soon there was signs of tidal activity, the GPS confirming that we were making all of 10 knots in a favourable force 3 or 4.

Rounded Point Carnero at 1500 to thread our way into Gibraltar Bay past numerous anchored ships. Cleared Customs at the North Mole and by 1600 we were secured, bows on, in Marina Bay marina.

The day's run of 38 miles brought our total miles sailed from Crosshaven to 1, 102 and from the Shannon 1, 487. Most of this distance was sailed in favourable winds without having to resort to the engine for long periods.

Now with only 130 miles left to our destination of Almerimar, I was forced to return home. Regretfully, work



Mary Lee in southern Spain.

beckoned yet again. James and Luke flew back with me, leaving Tom alone on board to take care of *Mary Lee*. We four had become firmly attached to one another and I think there was a shared sadness in our departure.

Three weeks later I returned with my wife, Moya, happy to have two weeks in hand for what was to be a leisurely cruise eastwards along the Spanish coast. Tom had already been joined by his wife, Hilary, and had the boat looking splendid as usual.

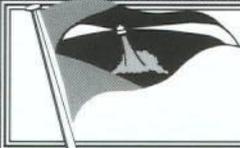
After a few days of sightseeing around the Rock, we motored out, only to have disaster strike just as we cleared the harbour mole at the end of the runway for Gibraltar airport. The engine suddenly developed an ominous death rattle and not long afterwards we were towed ignominiously back into Shepherd's tightly packed marina by their yard boat.

Shepherd's had serviced the engine two weeks before, but had fitted a wrong oil filter resulting in a serious loss of oil. Now a second filter had failed, and the damage was catastrophic.

In fairness to the yard, Shepherds immediately accepted full responsibility, and it was agreed that the engine would be removed and rebuilt at their expense. Unfortunately, there would be at least a month's delay and our planned two week gentle cruise came to an abrupt and untimely end.

At the time of writing, Tom is still aboard *Mary Lee* waiting for the work to be done, but hopefully, by the time this comes to print, he will have moved the yacht to her winter berth in Almerimar.

I am reluctant to believe Tom's theory that *Mary Lee* will contentedly sail south, but that pointing her bow into the north will meet with resistance! I have to admit however, that some strange things have occurred. I am afraid to check, but I suspect that if I did, I would have to conclude that anytime we have encountered a problem the course has been north! There is therefore no turning her. We will just have to keep going south, or perhaps, if we speak kindly to her, we can coax her eastwards next season!



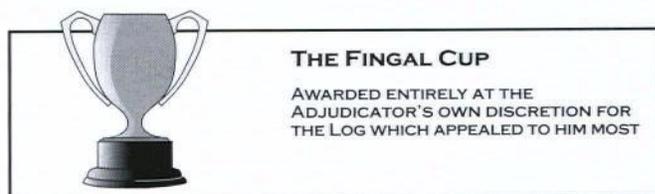
IRISH CRUISING CLUB 1999

A L Y S



Alys to the Eclipse via Norfolk

David Park



My daughter, Julia, is married and living in Norfolk so we thought it would be fun to visit her by sea and see something of the east coast of England.

Aidan Tyrrell (ICC) and Helen Hassett came up from Cork. Hilary and I had the boat stowed and the four of us left Ringhaddy on 1 July 1999. We stopped overnight in Donaghadee and then with an easterly breeze and poor visibility sailed north past the Mull of Kintyre. Our original plan was to go to Gigha but with a now strong easterly it would have been untenable so we anchored for the night in Machrihanish Bay north of the Mull. It was windy and wet all night but we had good shelter from the east and holding was in sand. We broad reached through the sound of Gigha, Fladda to Puilladobhrain. We called at Kerrera marina, opposite Oban, for water showers and fuel and then on to Tobermory and the delights of the Mishnish.

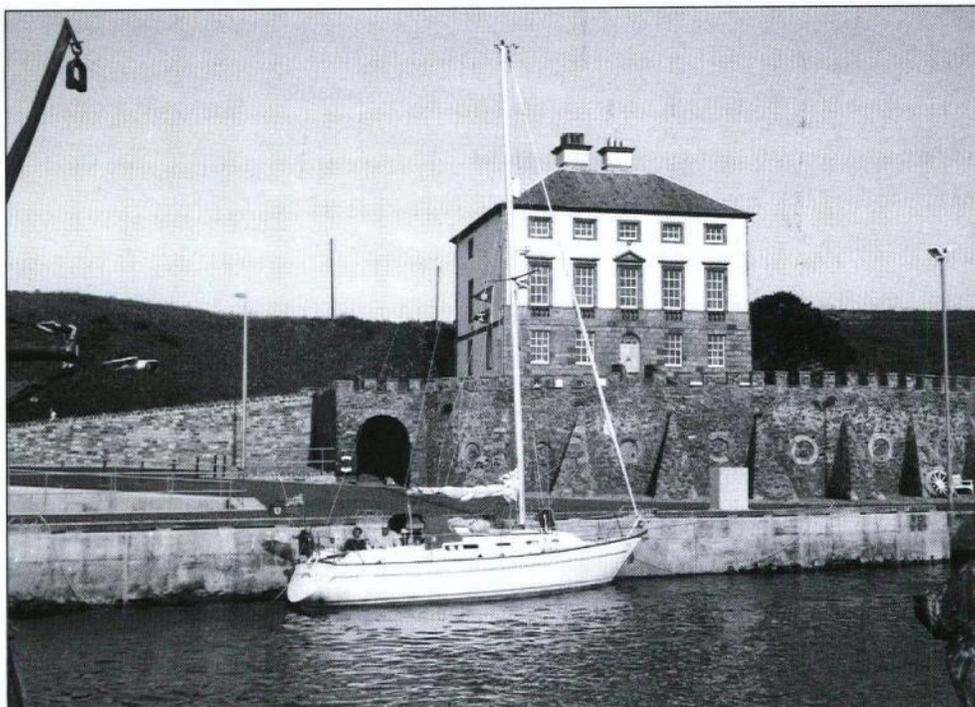
I had been having continuous problems battery charging and had even fitted a new alternator last year in Spain but still the problem persisted. In calm we rounded Ardnamurchan and in Mallaig I tracked down a boat "spark". He quickly diagnosed a fault in the battery switch, sorted it but, charged twenty quid and we had no more trouble. We sailed across to Isleornsay on Skye for the night and then north through the Kyle of Lochalsh to that beautiful anchorage Acarseid Mhor on Rona. With jib boomed out and making 6-9 knots we had a marvellous sail to Crow Harbour, Loch Laxford. We were the only boat there on a calm sunny evening. The following day we motor sailed around Cape Wrath hoping to make Scrabster that evening. Mid morning and a whale, all of 25ft, started playing around the boat. It dived under us, alongside us and when it blew there was a strong fishy smell. It stayed with us for 20 minutes but we were uncertain as to species; it was a marvellous experience. At noon a strong S.E. wind sprang up and we could only lay the Orkneys anchoring in Stromness having made good 72 N.M. from Laxford. We stayed a day here and took a taxi out to Scara Brae, the prehistoric settlement, now carbon dated as 5000 years old. A fascinating place with a good heritage centre attached.

We motor sailed across Scapa Flow, through Hoxa Sound, and with the tide at times carrying us at 10-12 knots, to Wick on the mainland. A notice at the harbour stated that dues were to be paid but at the office the harbour master announced "I wish you yachters would just sail in and out

and stay away from this office. All you do is fill me ass with paper waste"!

We made an overnight passage across the Moray Firth to Peterhead where there is a small friendly marina. Peterhead has good shops but is not a particularly attractive town. We were now out 14 days and Helen left us here for home. So Aidan, Hilary and I bashed down past Aberdeen with the wind on the nose and tiring of this anchored for the night in a pretty bay Catterline, just north of Tod Head. From here we crossed the Firth of Forth with a mixture of sailing and motoring to Eyemouth where we anchored for the night in the bay. Next morning we entered this well sheltered fishing harbour. We sailed south to Lindisfarne (or Holy Island) anchoring in the bay to the south and visited the monastery which was founded by St Aidan – on reading his C.V. I could see no similarity with our crew member! The castle, a Lutyens creation, was also most interesting.

We sailed south past Bamburgh Castle and inside the Farne Islands to the marina at Blyth, home of the Royal Northumberland Yacht Club. In the bar members made us very welcome that evening. We were away the next day, past the Tyne on a beam reach to Whitby. We anchored off for several hours to await the tide on the bar and then motored up to the small marina. Whitby is a fine old town with a most interesting Captain Cook museum. We were forced to stay an extra day here as there was a gale from the north and the bar was untenable. Aidan left us here on 23 July 1999. As usual he had been a grand crew and cook and the ongoing competition in the



Alys at Eyemouth.

galley between Aidan and Hilary made for a very high standard of cuisine. Aidan's lobster followed by poached sea bass and raspberries was one epic!

With a N.E. wind Hilary and I made a night passage past Flamborough Head and the mouth of the Humber to Blakeney on the N. Norfolk coast – 105 miles made good. We had to anchor off and await the tide on Blakeney Bar. It is a difficult place to enter with a series of starboard hand buoys which are difficult to see. Also most of it dries out but Rupert, my son in law, who helps an old lifeboat here, had picked a deep pool for us to lie in and anchor. He and Julia came aboard that evening with a bottle of champagne and we spent the next day ashore with them. We left Blakeney at 0600 and recrossed the bar which was extremely rough having blown from the north all night. We had a grand sail to Lowestoft and tied up in the marina managed by the Royal Norfolk and Suffolk Yacht Club. We dined here and it was very good. This whole stretch of the Norfolk coast has only 3 harbours – Blakeney, Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft. So choice is limited. From Lowestoft we sailed 40 N.M. to Harwich and Shotley Point marina where you lock in and out at any state of the tide. This is the area of the Orwell, the Blackwater and the Crouch, all of which we would love to have explored but time was pressing.

We had a good sail across the Thames Estuary; much shipping seen and sand bars breaking, to Ramsgate Marina 46 N.M. from Harwich. From here we motored in flat calm to Dover marina where Peter Minnis (ICC) and his wife Carolyn joined us on 31 July 1999. Dover was noisy with hovercraft and ships so we were away the next day past Dungeness to Eastbourne and another locking in marina – a rather uninteresting place. We locked out at 0600, rounded Beachy Head and through the Solent to Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. Cowes week was in full swing and unknowingly we crossed the Royal



Baked sea bass à la Tyrell.

Yacht Squadron line where a gun was fired. Peter wondered "was it for us or at us"! Yarmouth was a very pretty town with an efficient launch service. From here we took the tide through the Needles Channel to anchor in Studland Bay, for the night. A peaceful very pleasant anchorage but we weighed at 0400, took the tide around Portland Bill and with a S.E. wind had a grand sail to Dartmouth. Pretty but most expensive – one night in a marina cost £34.40 but did include a river tax.

From the Dart we motored round Start Point to Salcombe – a beautiful place with some magnificent houses on both shores. We then explored the Yealm River and went ashore by dinghy to Noss Mayo and Netown Ferrers, the former being particularly attractive. We visited the Fowey River and then had a grand reach to Falmouth and anchored off St Mawes. The following day (11 August 1999) was eclipse day and there was total darkness for about 2 minutes at 1100. It was cloudy and we did get one glimpse of the sun when it was three-quarters covered. The shore and every vantage point was lined with people and we all thought it was rather eerie. We celebrated this event with champagne and orange crepes for breakfast. That evening we took the tide up the River Fal to Truro – a fine town and cathedral. We anchored down river that night – a nostalgic place for Peter as he had joined his first ship here as a cadet. Next day we motored across to the Helford River and again in the afternoon took the tide up river past Frenchmans Creek to Gweek – a lovely place. We beat around the Lizard and locked into the river harbour at Penzance but Newlyn, where we were last year, had more atmosphere.

We left Penzance on 15 August 1999 and motor sailed outside the Longships in a very confused sea and then some grand sailing in bright sunshine to the Tuskar and outside all the banks to Ardglass on 17 August 1999 – 48 hours for 253 N.M. The wind was now howling and Peter and Carolyn left us here as we thought we would stay the night. In the afternoon the wind died and Hilary and I motored in a big swell to Portaferry Marina and dinner in the Narrows Restaurant.

We were alongside Ringhaddy Pontoon at 1200 on 18 August 1999. Thus the end of a most interesting cruise of 1485 N.M. in grand company and all mixtures of weather. We were away exactly 7 weeks and visited 33 anchorages and harbours.



Two chefs – Hilary Parke and Aidan Tyrell.

West Highlands holiday cruise

Brendan Travers

At the close of the 1998 season I concluded my log of *Sea Maiden's* circumnavigation of Anglesey expressing the hope of doing something similar in 1999 – perhaps getting as far as the west coast of Scotland – God (and Evelyn) willing. Luckily for me both were, and so on the 23 May *Sea Maiden* fought her way out of the Shannon Estuary in a strong westerly with the intention of going south, then east and up the Irish Sea, and if the weather was anyway settled across to Scotland. I had three months to do the trip and at that stage was already considering wintering in Scotland to do more cruising there in the following year. So I had nearly 100 days to cruise what turned out to be a 1000 mile voyage. Hardly pressure sailing!

At times *Sea Maiden* is a working girl earning her upkeep and generating her skipper's "cruising kitty". The leg from Kilrush to Troon, arriving there on the 16 July having crossed over from Bangor to Stranraer, was thus a mixture of practical navigation courses, cruising with friends Nick and Kevin as well as a few weeks solo. We had twenty-five ports of call between Kilrush and Bangor, the following being entered for the first time: Ballycotton, Wexford, Dun Laoghaire, Carlingford and Warrenpoint. Highlights of that leg were meeting up with son Ian (on a short break from peace-keeping duties in the Lebanon) aboard *Moonduster* in Glandore and walking in the Cooley Mountains above Carlingford Lough.

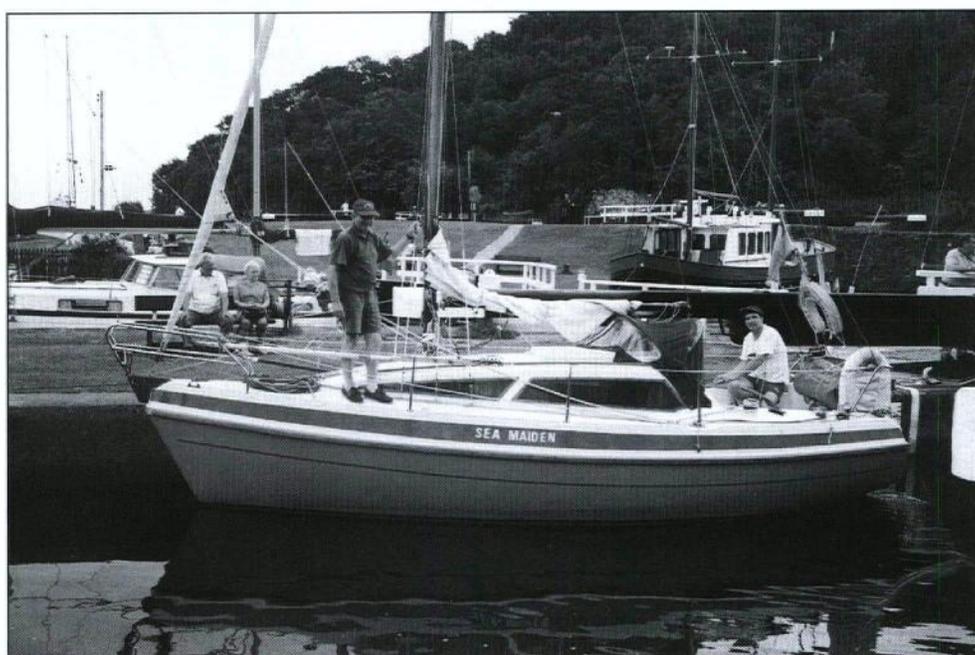
When on the 16 July my last two students, Deirdre and Liam from Galway, caught the *Seacat* ferry from Troon back to Belfast, I replaced the RYA Yachtmaster Offshore burgee with that of the Irish Cruising Club and commenced a two-week exploratory cruise of the Clyde Estuary and Lower Loch Fyne before meeting friends Paul and Derek at Ardrishaig at the entrance to the Crinan Canal. Our plan was to cruise up to Tobermory on the Isle of Mull

Weatherwise the first week in the Clyde Estuary was pretty bad with strong winds and heavy mist and rain leading at times to challenging navigation and pilotage. But the excellent facilities and friendly people at Troon, Largs and Kip Marinas more than compensated. Then on the 22nd July, a bright sunny day with a fresh NW Force 4, I enjoyed a lively sail from Kip Marina to Rothesay on the Isle of Butte. Fine weather for walking that lovely island and an international folk festival kept me there for three days before moving on to Millport on Great Cumbrae Island.

In continuing fine weather *Sea Maiden* drifted out of Millport in a light south-easterly heading south-

west around Garroch Head and then as the wind increased to a Force 3, the little boat lifted her skirts and slipped along nicely, goose-winged at four knots on a north-westerly course to Tarbert in Lower Loch Fyne. On arrival we tied alongside a bigger sister (*Leisure 27*) from Ardglass on the visitors pontoon. As some of the fleet bound for the West Highlands Week Regatta were gathering there it was a busy and colourful location. By this time I had realised that in Scotland a small boat sailed solo and flying an Irish Tricolour always seemed to be made especially welcome by harbour and berthing masters – and other skippers. As I was due in Ardrishaig on the 31st July I departed Tarbert on the 30th in a SW Force 2 and about four hours later was through the sea lock and into the Crinan Canal.

Leaving Ennis at 06.30 hours on Saturday 31st, Paul collected Derek in Limerick and drove to Dublin Airport where they boarded a flight to Glasgow. A three and a half hour bus ride had them in Ardrishaig at 16.30 hours, just in time for us to go through the first lock before retiring to the local hostelry for refreshments and sustenance. The fine weather was well settled as we headed off next day in sweltering heat to transit the Canal. Skipper on tiller and stern line, Paul on bow and Derek on land operating the locks, we transited in company with a 36 ft cruiser racer, *Bateleur 97*, whose first mate shared the locking duties with Derek. We were very impressed with the efficiency and friendliness of the British Waterways staff who operated the bridges and assisted with some of the locks. *Sea Maiden* exited the sea lock at Crinan just after three in the afternoon and got underway immediately motor-sailing west and then north in a SW Force 1 to Croabh Haven. We experienced, even in those very settled conditions, the



Paul (on bow) and Derek at Crinan.



At anchor – above Aedfern Yacht Centre in Loch Craignish.

potentially treacherous overfalls and pull of tide through the Gulf of Corryvreckan in the waters just east of Jura and Scarba.

Before leaving Croabh Haven next day we walked over the mountain pass back to Ardfern at the head of Loch Craignish to check out Ardfern Yacht Centre where I was intending to winter *Sea Maiden*. By that time I realised that another season at least was needed to more fully explore the West Highlands coastline. With about 100 berths, the same number of swinging moorings, and a small but very professional boatyard, all in a magnificent setting, Ardfern Y.C. fitted the bill nicely. A deal was struck for lifting out on 30th August with about eight months hardstanding.

The 20 mile leg to Oban was another motorsail in light airs through the Sound of Luing, leaving Fladda Lighthouse to port, then between Easdale and Insh Islands and up through Kerrera Sound. Oban was packed with the West Highlands Week fleet lying about six abreast on every available jetty and with two and sometimes three boats per visitors mooring, one of which we shared with a local Macwester Wight ketch. The fleet departed early next morning while we explored Oban and later in the afternoon enjoyed a day sail around Kerrera Island. We were off again the following day ghosting up the Sound of Mull under spinnaker, passing Maeve and Adrian Bell in *Realta* on their way back to Strangford Lough. Tobermory was chockablock with the West Highlands Week boats, plus a few tall ships which had been in Greenock for the big event the previous week. We again shared a visitors mooring and had a lively night ashore with the racing fraternity. When the fleet left for Oban next morning we went walking and swimming before motoring in a flat calm to Loch Aline on the Movern Peninsula. On the following day, again windless, when

motoring to Dunstaffnage Marina about four miles north of Oban *Sea Maiden's* 20 year old exhaust box succumbed to corrosion and became a sieve, flooding the engine compartment and necessitating constant bailing until we reached the marina.

It was time for Paul and Derek to head home while I waited in Dunstaffnage for a suitable wind to sail off the pontoon and back to Ardfern for a new exhaust box and hose. On the 8th August I managed to get as far as Oban, but next day I had the sail of a lifetime, broadreaching under reefed main only in a squally NE Force 5, slipping through the dreaded Dorus Mór at slack water as the wind dropped to about 4 knots, and ending with nearly three hours of tacking up Lough Craignish to anchor just above the Ardfern Yacht Centre moorings at sunset. The boatyard immediately ordered a new exhaust system and when it arrived a few days later fitted it in a few hours. The break gave me an opportunity to become acquainted with the lovely village of Ardfern and some of its inhabitants.

A family illness resulted in my flying home from Glasgow on the 18th August, about two weeks earlier than planned. But true to their word the boatyard lifted *Sea Maiden* out on the 30th and on the weekend of the 25/26 September I returned to Ardfern by car with my friend Nick to drop the mast, winterize the engine and throw on and carefully secure the winter cover.

As *Sea Maiden* normally stays in the water until nearly mid-November it felt odd to be grounded so early. But she and her skipper will be well rested and hopefully ready to continue cruising in Scottish waters early next Summer, a visit to the Small Isles and Skye being one objective. Perhaps in association with the Clyde Cruising Club's Classic Malts Millennium Cruise.

Moving Target

Here and there with *Witchcraft of Howth*

W. M. Nixon

Witchcraft of Howth, Contessa 35 of 1976 vintage, was a moving target in 1999, with a dozen or so people joining her at various stages, the main show being a round Ireland cruise. Ed Wheeler was aboard throughout, and thus he produces the Hansard Statement. But having written for every ICC *Annual* since 1963, I can't get out of the pernicious habit, and so provide an alternative report.

We'd missed cruising the old girl during '97 and '98 due to the various problems of the human condition. 1999 looked like being no better, but the boat was in great shape. Wendy Moore in Carrickfergus transformed the upholstery in the accommodation with a rather daring fabric of blue, cream and Breton red check. Non-plussed at first as to which particular plaid this might be, we decided it was the Corleone tartan. We also fitted a new Yanmar engine and a Brunton self-feathering prop. This fascinating device, which even at rest looks like a demented three-clawed lobster on heat, has so transformed performance in astern that we find the best way to approach Visitors' Moorings is backwards – connection is made much more easily from the cockpit.

First jaunt was an elliptical progress by the three owners to the East Coast Rally at Portaferry on the June weekend, with a grand little supper at the Citrus on the Howth waterfront on the Thursday night, the trio (the resident group, not us) making great work of Hoagy Carmichael. Away shortly after 0500 hours Friday. Early departure no problem, for after a modicum of pints, all are on deck for the dawn pee in any case. Mighty cold westerly, but we roar along, and after coming through a couple of fierce squalls in Strangford Lough, find our way to Ringhaddy Sound, where we pass the time of day with Davy Park, who is coming off *Alys*. Then on north, and by 1630 hrs we are handily berthed at the Down Cruising Club, and sipping a glass of wine in the cockpit in sunshine of sorts. The wind is sou'westerly after the heavy rain, and in that part, the aroma of the local pig farm is quite something. It must be a great help in finding the place in a fog.

We are well in tune with the Friday evening drinkies in DCC HQ, than which there is no more hospitable establishment on the entire coast, when Russy O'Neill and Bill Price join the throng, having just got in from Donaghadee and berthed *Miss Molly* outside *Witchcraft*. Party goes into overdrive. Splendid dinner aboard *Witchcraft* prepared by Harry, with Bill making excellent job of being Jeeves. As usual, halfway through meal O'Neill and Price go into dormouse mode, and retire to *Miss Molly* to zizz. Mrs P turns up in pursuit of Bill, and is advised we don't know where he is. Well, we didn't. Certainly not to the nearest millimetre, anyway. Morning brings pleasant sunshine, and Russy is now single-handed on *Miss M*. We stroll along to Daft Eddy's to put the world to rights, which mainly seems to involve a discussion about the future of the Royal Ulster YC clubhouse. It seemed to be a case of Royal Ulster says Royal No.

On what had become the best day of the summer so far, we rafted together out at the Don O'Neill islands for lunch, this time prepared by Mr O'Neill, who was determined to match

Harry in the curry stakes. It was a dead heat, heat being the operative word. Then on down to Portaferry, where Harry and I adjourned to the Exploris Aquarium to escape further immediate mainbrace splicing. The star of Exploris is a tame skate called Rosie, enjoying attention even unto stroking and a kiss. It has recently been discovered that Rosie is a bloke.

At the rally dinner, we are joined among others by Davy Park, another of the dormouse persuasion. Price has rejoined the party after somehow achieving an extra Day Release Cert, so soon we have at least four sleepers at our table, an absurd situation considering the pressure on space in the restaurant. It is of course scurrilous to suggest that, subsequently, one of the party falls into the marina. Unable to pull himself out, he cleverly hauls himself along the side of the yacht to the precise spot where he knows his skipper is long since in the bunk. Ever so diffidently, he taps on the side, seeking assistance. "I say, would you awfully mind helping me out?" From within, he is roundly abused by the skipper, who refuses to leave his warm bunk, and tells him he is a silly upper class twit who deserves to drown if he is so stupid as to fall into the sea, or words to that effect. Two passers-by fail to retrieve him. Fortunately, a Howth sailor of strong sporting stock comes along, and like a mighty crane, lifts him out. Peace descends. This entire episode is of course a complete fabrication.

Fair wind on the Sunday morning, now well north of nor'west, and the Mourne looking great as we go home in easy stages, with an overnight in Carlingford. Ed having recently been appointed Honorary Compiler (HonPiler for short) of the East & North Directions, it behoves him to suss out the place with the same diligence as Strangford. At Bank Holiday weekends, the secret is not to try to book ahead at the little marina, as it will be booked solid. Just go in and find a place somehow or other without using the VHF either. A zizz, then showers, then my daughter Patricia happens by with young



A job for the yard brush – Aidan Tyrrell well pleased after helming *Witchcraft* through Puffin Sound against the tide Photo: W.M. Nixon

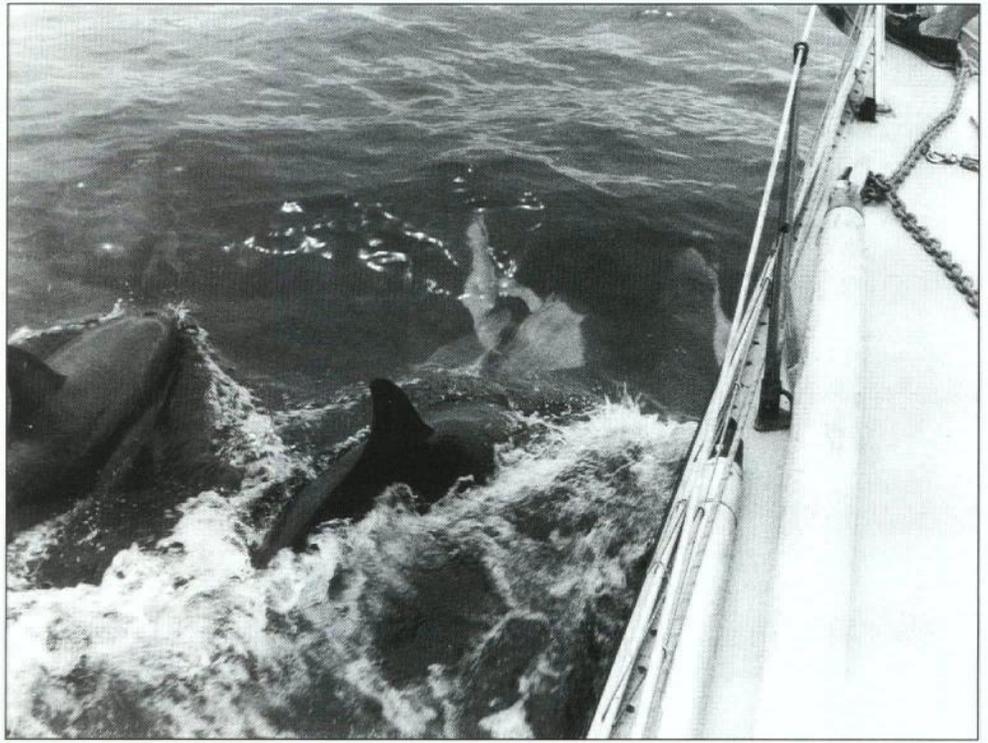
Captain Jones in the Beemer, so they take us to the village for the *craic* in PJ's and a really super meal in MaGee's.

We get back from this vintage weekend to find the woes of the world are closing in, with Harry's summer cruising prospects knocked sideways by family health problems. But the boat is raring to go, and go she must. So it is all of a piece that Ed should sail north from Howth on Friday July 23rd barely fifty hours after he had been under a general anaesthetic having unspeakable things done to him. This had been to confirm that, in a triumph of medical science, they had indeed three months earlier succeeded in removing the only provenly benign bit of him. It seems they had. So with various bods aboard at different stages, including *Miss Molly's* skipper, he had a good ten days' cruising round to Donegal. As it was that week of the fantastic weather of Galway Races, he'd had a fine old time when I caught up with him, now on his own, in Cruit Bay off Kincasslagh in Donegal on Monday August 3rd.

If there is anything better to be doing on a sunny August Bank Holiday Monday morning than joining an able vessel in The Rosses of Donegal with twelve days of cruising round southwest Ireland in prospect after two non-cruising summers, then I don't know of it. There was a grand sou'easter, visibility was excellent to reveal Donegal in all its glory, and we were soon away, weaving through island channels, then into a fine reach towards far Mayo. By evening the weather began to change, but we were ahead of the more severe part of the change, which included thunderstorms. So though the wind went to the sou'west, *Witchcraft* revelled in the windward work, and by nightfall she'd got us to Belderg Harbour, or Belderrig as the locals prefer. There, we anchored in the darkness under the Mayo cliffs using GPS and echosounder to keep clear of a rock indicated in the new *South & West* book, where it is shown as being shallower than in earlier more detailed plans. We found little sign of it. So maybe it's not there at all, or if it is, then there's upwards of 3 metres over it.

A calm morning (Tuesday August 3rd) with mist lifting from the dramatic Mayo coastline. An ideal morning to motor gently westward savouring some of Ireland's most spectacular coastal scenery, and moseying our way into all sorts of little places – we reckoned Porturlin a much better overnight prospect than Portacloy. We were truffling around the Stags of Broadhaven when fog crept over, but it was light stuff, and lifted again as we headed past Erris Head and inside Eagle Island to look into Scotchport (quite the spot) and Frenchport. Most unfairly, there didn't seem to be any Italianport or Martiniport, let alone a Bourbonport. Sun strong by now, and round Annagh Head in its flurry of foam, then gliding on under bare poles in the developing northerly sea breeze as Ed got down to a spot of serious fishing inside Inishglora, taking a couple of fine pollack.

As the forecast was for a sou'east breeze, we tucked ourselves close inside the little islet at Iniskea South for the night, and went ashore for a stroll and a look at the new 48ft



Approaching Loop Head, the dolphins from the Shannon Estuary were interested in the boat, and utterly fascinated by the new propeller

Photo: W.M. Nixon

French steel-built cutter *Inish Kea*, which was dried out alongside at the little quay. *Very* dried out, as it happens. It seemed the night before the owner had achieved the long-held dream of bringing his new ship to this island which had inspired the name of the boat. But things had got out of hand with celebratory consumption of the Devil's Buttermilk, and he'd brought her alongside at high water springs with such a flourish that she'd failed completely to float again at high water in the morning. Trenches had now been dug and everyone was becoming very concentrated for fear that *Inish Kea* and *Inishkea* had become inseparable for a dozen days, for the tides were taking off. But it was such a lovely summer evening it was difficult to take their predicament too seriously. *Witchcraft's* crew ambled round the island and enjoyed a swim in the clear ocean water and then had a superb dinner aboard, where Ed had done great things with the pollack. Then we returned ashore in the dusk to offer any help, and with that extra little surge which sometimes comes with the night tide, *Inish Kea* came free.

We were away early in the morning as we'd an appointment to keep at Inishbofin, where Davy McBride was to join us. He now lives an existence which is so free-form that it had been completely impossible, back in May, to organise a surprise party for his 60th birthday, for he's 60 going on 18. So we suggested that a meeting in Inishbofin around Wednesday August 4th was the best bet, rather than trying to connect at some mainland port where he might be easily distracted dozens of miles out of his way. For if we got to Bofin first, it would be a pleasant place to wait for him. And if he got there first, it was unlikely he'd wander off the island. But as it happened, as we headed in through the entrance to Bofin Harbour in early afternoon after a fantastic sail in a hefty easterly along a wonderful coastline, there was a piercing newsboy's whistle from the ferry coming in from nearby Ireland right on our stern. It was Davy.

The forecast was for rain later, so after we'd anchored well up the harbour to be comfortably clear of the ferry track, he and Ed went off to walk the island, which Davy had never visited before, while Ed had last been there when we sailed in with

Ainmara in 1964. The troops reassembled in Day's pub in the evening as the rain arrived. Day's was the first of many pubs which Davy announced he would gladly visit, but without the intention of having a pint. For he said that as we were sailing Ireland's challenging Atlantic seaboard, he had no wish to put to sea with a hangover.

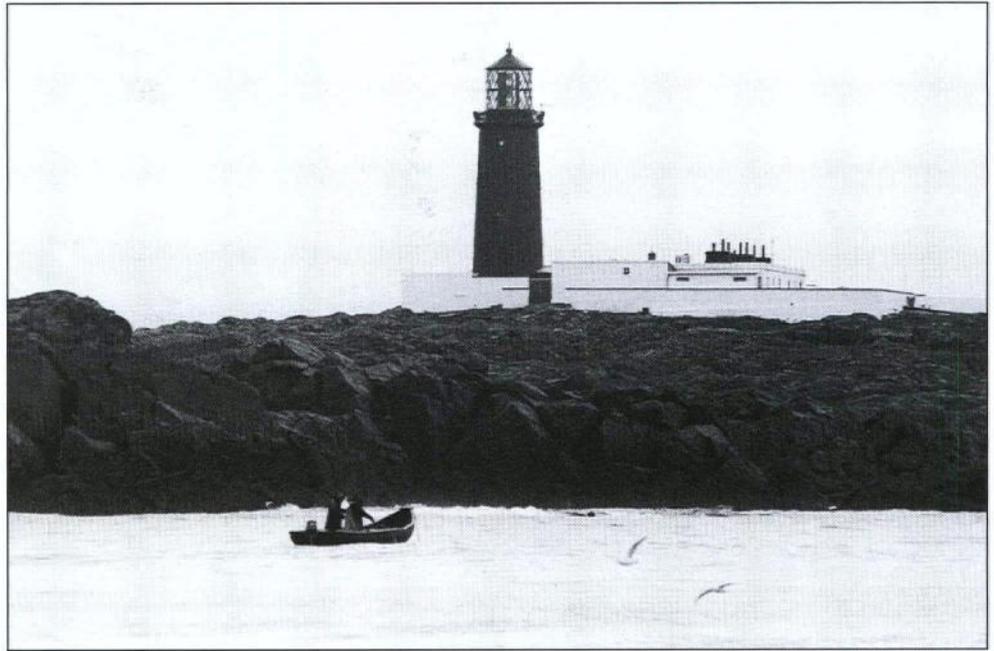
We were to build up quite a collection of these pubs in which Davy wasn't going to have a pint. In fact, we reached double figures. And strictly speaking, Davy didn't have "a pint" as such in any of them. He always had several. For conditions favoured fast sailing, and we'd a fast and able boat. So most nights he would head along with us for one of these pubs in which he wasn't going to have a pint at all at all, and he'd soon find that we'd travelled so far from the previous night's territory that his two new jokes for 1999 still had novelty value in the new place. In the circumstances, even a saint would have a pint or three.

As ever, the *craic* in Day's was mighty. Being August, Pat Lavelle's *Colla Voce* ICC was in port, snugly secured inside the inner quay, and there too was *Finavarra* ICC. They were all at the bar that evening with the clean-shaven look of men whose day when on holiday starts around 1500 hrs. As Pat shared our enthusiasm for fishing – his fish broth cures anything that ails you – the talk was of the best place to fish, and how best to prepare it all. Then in came Tommy McCarrick from Sligo, where he happens to be a psychiatrist. The fact that he cruises single-handed in a small catamaran may or may not be relevant to that fact. He joined us for supper in the pub, for like many single-handers, he likes to talk when he gets the chance. We were reminded of that noted ICC single-hander who once sailed alone to the Azores, and when he got there, he was hoarse.

However, with Tommy the conversation was wide-ranging, not least regarding his grandfather's business in Sligo. For his grandfather was Sligo's leading builder of ass carts. In order to supply the Mayo market, his ass carts were shipped westward on the 90ft steamship which was owned by the Pollexfens, the family of William Butler Yeats' mother. And one of the little steamship's first ports of call in this demanding Mayo ass cart trade was always Belderrig. Yet in all his years of sailing this coast, Tommy had never himself sailed into Belderrig. But we had done that very thing, just two days earlier. Score 10 to *Witchcraft*.

Then Tommy had to interview the island poet, then there was music, for Inishbofin is a great place for music and they'd a thirteen year old fiddler of whom we'll hear great things. And outside all the time it was raining, for there was a low pressure area rumbling about to the south of us over France. But maybe with any luck it might provide a nor'easter in the morning, yet another fair wind. Whatever it brought, we'd need to be moving on, for already there was a real danger we'd take up residence on Inishbofin ourselves, and maybe need the services of Dr McCarrick on a professional basis.

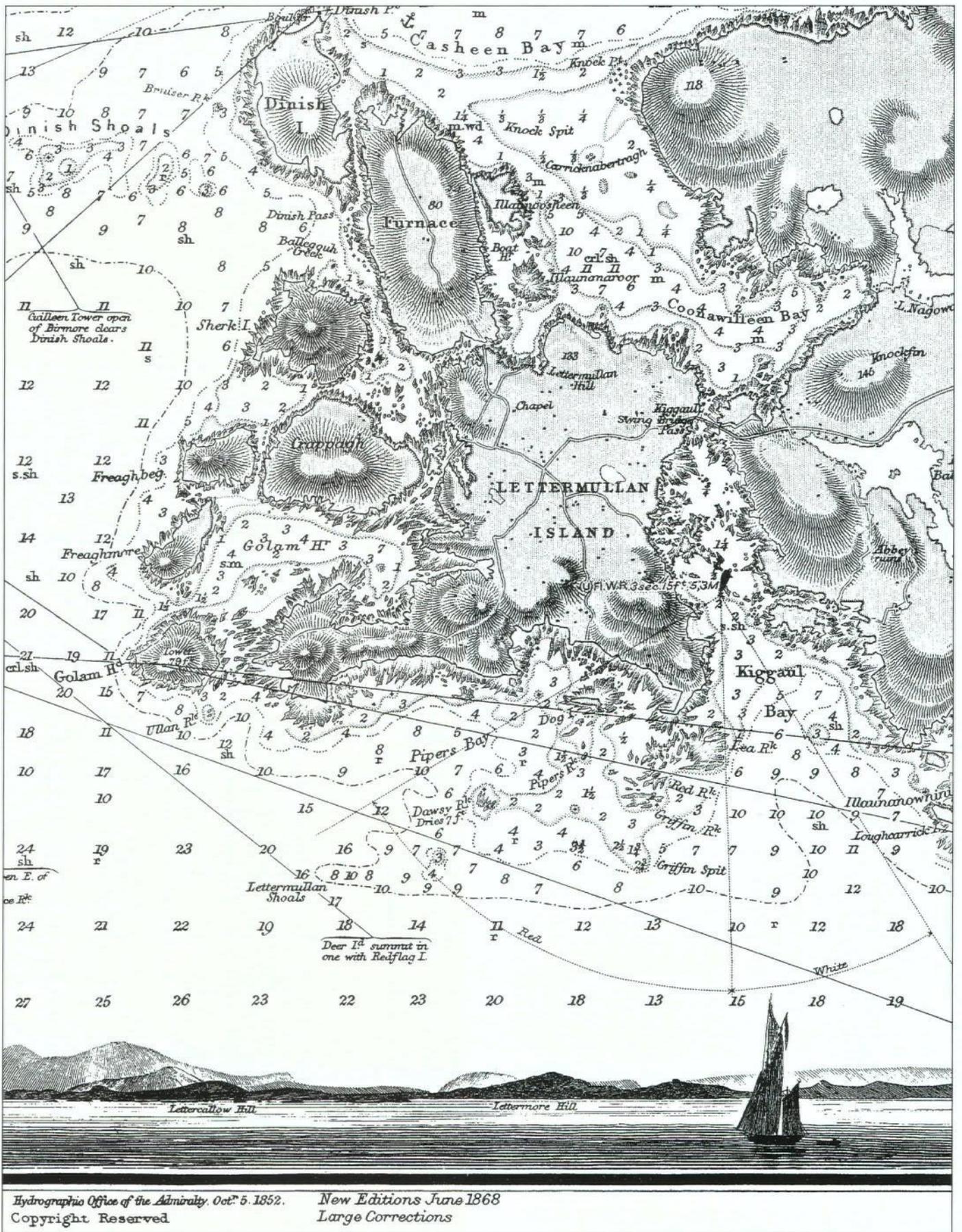
It was still raining in the morning (Thursday August 5th), and there was no wind, but as the tide suited we went alongside the inner quay to take on the sweetest water we've ever shipped, and then high-tailed it to the south under power, finally getting clear of the rain at Slyne Head. There, conditions



A currach hauls her net in exceptionally gentle conditions close in under the lighthouse on Slyne Head
Photo: W.M. Nixon

were so calm an outboard-powered currach was hauling a net right in under the lighthouse. All the talk was of fishing. I'd heard that Skerdmore, the 60ft high rock nine miles sou'sou'west of Roundstone, was just the place. It was still calm and damp, though not raining, when we got there. Perfect fishing weather. Ed and Davy preferred the look of Doonguddle, the 40ft rock three quarters of a mile to the sou'east. They were right. Within seven minutes at Doonguddle, we'd more pollack and mackerel than we knew what to do with. They were taking the lures so quickly it was impossible for our team to get the tackle down to the more desirable species which they were sure were underneath. With more than 13lbs of fish taken, we called a halt. Then Davy did the business of gutting and filleting with his huge Sabatier knife, which he'd brought with him across Ireland, for on previous fishing expeditions on *Witchcraft*, he'd found our knives a woeful collection. Some of the fish we ate on the bone, others were filleted. Davy has a standing bet with us that anyone finding a bone in one of his fillets wins a quid. The bet has never been called in.

Time was when cruising this south coast of Connemara, there used to be a lovely chart, No 2096: *Roundstone, Birterbuy, Kilkieran, Greatman and Cashla Bays*. These days, they seem to cover it with three different large scale charts, none of them as attractive as 2096. But thirty years ago, I bought old 2096 for sixteen shillings at Croxon & Dobbs, simply because it was a lovely bit of work. However, we've turned over a lot of charts since then, and I hadn't seen 2096 in years, and thought I'd lent it to somebody. Yet there was a dim memory that its detail was so good it clearly showed Golam Harbour, which none of the charts we had showed in detail at all – in fact, they showed it as a blank. But now, with the fish aboard and a quiet night needed, Golam Harbour was just the ticket. Fortunately, the S & W Directions, while not having a plan for Golam, do it very well with words. Taking it very slowly, and with Ed enunciating the directions in his best Alvar Liddell tones, we got into Golam Harbour by guess and by God. As the directions warn, the lobster pot markers are the very devil, for they lie on the tide with floating lines. But as most boats will be entering in the evening with the sunlight from astern, and leaving next morning ditto, the pot lines aren't all that difficult provided you take it slowly. And once you're



inside, it's the utter perfection of south Connemara, a highlight of any cruise. It made such an impression that when I got home I turned out the dusty old chart cupboard, and sure enough, there was No 2096 – packed away with charts of the cruise in Turkey in 1984. Very handy place for it to be, lost in 1984 when you need it in 1999...

The forecast easterly was at last gently rippling the water, and the clouds melted away to show Connemara in all its glory, with the Twelve Bens and the Maamturks clear to the north. While we'd been heading into Golam, a hooker had been gliding out of Kiggaul under sail on the first of the new breeze. She was bound into Kilkieran Bay, and as Golam is an anchorage enclosed in five islands, once the anchor was down we were able to watch this old black boat of the west on her stately progress beyond our sheltering islands, coming and going past the gaps. Lights were starting to twinkle ashore from the scattered cottages as the aroma of a seafood feast percolated up from below, and then the floodlights came on to illuminate the little old chapel up on the hill, an understated building totally in keeping with its surroundings. If you want the real flavour of Connemara, spend a night in Golam Harbour.

It's not the sort of place you leave in a hurry. Early next morning there was activity in the galley, but it was only Davy indulging his liking for a cup of tea around 0630hrs, following which he hops back into the bunk the better to enjoy the extra two hours of kip until the ship comes slowly to life around 0900. It was then that a little local fishing boat came by, and we acquired crab meat to add to the larder. We finally got under way around 1100 hrs with no clear plan for the day (Friday August 6th), knowing only that some time over the weekend, we'd meet up with Aidan Tyrrell in Fenit. But by now the wind was a robust easterly, with plenty more in prospect. This meant the only place we felt inclined to visit in the Aran Islands, Inishmaan, would have a decidedly uncomfortable anchorage. So after a fine turn to windward through North Sound, we simply freed away for a fast reach southward through Gregory Sound, and soon were making knots in style towards Loop Head with two slabs in the main and the genoa snug.



Men with a mission at O'Sullivan's of Bunaw. If there was such a thing as a *Witchcraft* cruise plan, it consisted of completing a substantial passage each day, thereby reaching a completely different area of coast each night, thus holding out the possibility that the locals in the pub would not yet have heard Davy's two new jokes for 1999. This is one of the dozen or so bars in which Davy wasn't going to have a pint at all at all...

Photo: W.M. Nixon



Davy McBride – sixty going on eighteen...

Photo: W.M. Nixon

Huge great purple rainsqualls were marching across clear ahead and astern of us until late afternoon, when one dumped on us big time. It briefly killed the wind until a bullet gust from nowhere flattened the boat, for all that we had rolled the genoa completely and were only setting a scrap of main. But that deluge cleared the weather, and a lovely evening was developing as we close-reached under full sail towards Loop Head on a smooth sea. Suddenly, the water boiled. But was only the Shannon Estuary's bottle nose dolphins making us welcome. Their play around the bow was spectacular. But it was down at the stern that they gathered by the dozen, a solid phalanx gently shouldering each other aside in order to get a better view of our astonishing propeller as it weaved its way hypnotically through the sea.

Smooth water on this piece of ocean is something to be celebrated, so Davy excelled himself with a seafood feast of crabmeat, pollack and mackerel with spuds and all the trimmings. Then with the evening sun turning Mount Brandon pink, we shaped our course into The Maharees, and shortly after sunset the anchor was down in Scraggan Bay.

We'd anchored clear of the local fleet of handsome fishing boats which lie to moorings in the bay. In the morning – and a fine morning it was too – they'd all gone to sea, leaving on their moorings each boat's tender, a perfect little *naomhog*, for The Maharees are a place of pilgrimage for the currach people. We meanwhile were also on a pilgrimage, to link up with Aidan Tyrrell, with whom we had not cruised for far too long. Thanks to mobile phones, even as we trundled across a sunlit Tralee Bay, Aidan was on his way to Fenit's excellent little marina from Cork with a lift from Helen Hassett, and great was the reunion when we all got there. On that sunny day, perhaps we should have gone sailing. But now *Witchcraft* had three star chefs aboard, so there was an expedition to Tralee to top up on extras for the galley. Then, as Kim Roberts the lady boatbuilder from Askeaton on the Shannon Estuary was in port with her fine Tyrrell ketch *Deelish*, and her crew included Brendan McMahon ICC, against whom Davy used to race *Enterprises* about a million years ago, the world had to be put to rights aboard *Deelish* and then aboard *Witchcraft* too. How we ever managed as planned to have a splendid on-board dinner of best Kerry mountain lamb heaven only knows, but we did, and that notwithstanding the fact that David Buttimer, the very helpful port manager at Fenit, had some exciting times in and around Trinity College when he and Aidan and my brother James were students in Dublin together around 35 years ago.

The grey easterly was a-building again in the morning (Sunday August 8th), and though there was the occasional flash

of watery sunlight, generally it was a glowery day. The wind's direction and increasing strength ruled out any of the anchorages in the Blaskets, so we decided to sail among the islands instead, and had a magnificent day. We'd never been around Inishtooskert and Inishtearacht before – they reminded us of the Faeroes, so much so that Great Blasket seemed benign by comparison, for all that we were off its rugged northwest coast. The wind was fairly roaring through between Inishnabro and Inisvickillane, and the tide was against us too, but *Witchcraft* rolled up her sleeves and went at it like a thoroughbred. On this dark evening in the buffeting easterly, the Inishvickillane anchorage was totally untenable, and nobody was at home. High above on the ragged peak, the little house seemed a wonderfully crazy idea, and we raised a glass to the man crazy enough to build it, before romping away southward across lumpy water and into Portmagee.

The folk there weren't in the best of humour, as the prevalence of strong easterlies at the height of the summer was making a mess of their Skelligs trade. We did what we could to cheer them up in The Fisherman's, yet another bar in which Davy wasn't going to have a pint. Then we headed across the Sound, for the fishing boat at the quay was going to sea at 0400 hrs, and linked up to one of the visitors' moorings in under Valentia Island just as the rain came sheeting down with a strong wind which was now as cold as charity. But it was snug down below, the heater on and a splendid beef stew by Aidan, with much banter including (or so I'm told, for I was into dormouse mode) methane experiments and the ignition thereof.

Once again the heavy rain did the trick of clearing the weather, and we awoke to a perfect summer morning, departing under sail in a light and sunny northerly. The coastline was utterly gorgeous, so we ambled along to Puffin Sound where the tide was downhill against us, but Aidan made a lovely job of sailing through – those days of Firefly racing in Trinity still stand him to the good. Taking a photo looking astern, I said it might have value for the sailing directions, upon which Aidan said we'd need to airbrush him out, upon which Davy said a yard brush would be more like it, upon which the entire ship's

company collapsed in mirth. Maturity and good taste were not in *Witchcraft's* crewlist down off West Kerry on Monday August 9th.

By noon we were entering Derrynane, where we did the handy hitch-up to a visitor's mooring from the cockpit, and then landed at the mass rock and strolled up to Bridie's. It was perfection, for at first we were the only ones there, as all the noisy holiday folk were at the beach. Then the postman came in and brought us up to date on local news, and then Brian Buckley – whom I hadn't seen in fifteen years – arrived in, so with one thing another the buzz was mighty over soup and sandwiches before we headed away into a Kenmare River so beautiful it took our breath away. But we found time to catch pollack, mackerel and even a whiting before sailing on in the sunshine and reaching Kilmakilloge in the first cool of the evening. There were some boats on moorings in Bunaw, but we were the only visitors. It was total perfection. Teddy O'Sullivan's became the definitive bar in which Davy didn't have a pint. It was some party, and then back on board it was Davy and Aidan in crazy choreography to create the ultimate seafood feast.

The short spell of good weather was going, but it was going slowly as we ambled along the south shore of the Kenmare River next morning, passing the time of day at a fish farm with some divers we'd met in Bridie's. South of Dursey Sound, there was still no wind, but the change in the weather was indicated by a line of black cloud out to sea which at one stage made a half-hearted effort to form a waterspout, but thought better of it. In Castletownbere the tide was high and a re-fitting fishing boat at the quay provided a handy pontoon. We topped up with stores and some diesel so conveniently that an adjournment to Adrienne MacCarthy's was part of a smooth progression. But as she was just back from climbing Kilimanjaro and was now thinking in terms of Everest, we were there for longer than expected, dispensing helpful mountaineering hints.

The evening found us arriving into John and Phil Harrington's charming little marina at Lawrence Cove. Dinner was with Mike and Mary Sullivan at Lawrence Cove House, where Bobby Barr and his sons were already well set up, and

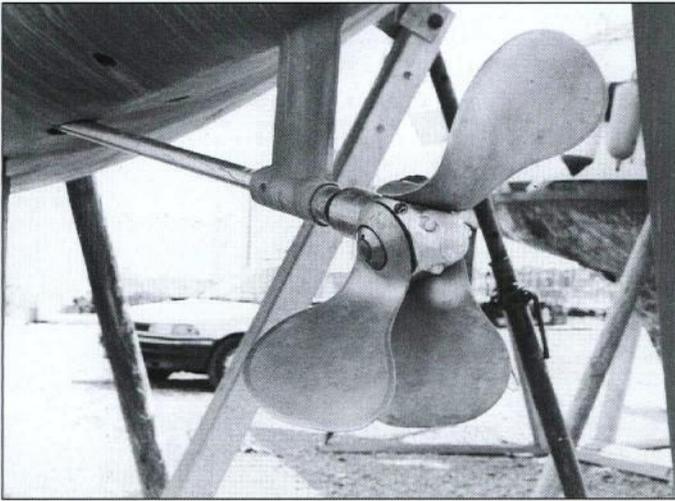
strongly recommending the speciality of velvet crab soup. They were utterly right – it was very perfection. However, perhaps because the solar eclipse was going to happen next day, certain elements of *Witchcraft's* crew seemed set on lunacy. To say that the wheels came off understates the case. Sufficient to say that at a very late hour, with the Sullivans and some cruising folk aboard, it seemed perfectly logical to bathe Davy's tin whistle and the visiting skipper's two harmonicas in the cooking whiskey before making some truly dreadful music.

There was, though, little enough to get up for next day, Wednesday August 11th. For although we were supposed to experience a 97% solar eclipse around 1100 hrs, it was so dark and rainy that we scarcely noticed the difference. We'd been thinking of sailing the 22 miles round Mizen Head to Crookhaven to get ourselves positioned on the south coast, and somehow ended up

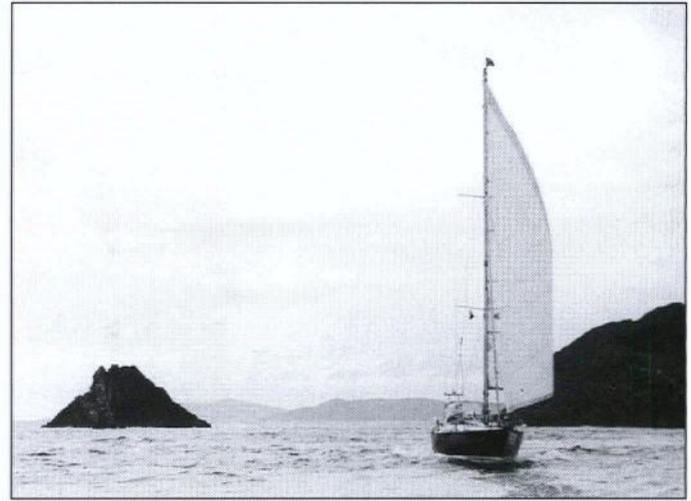


First destination of the season on the first real day of summer. *Witchcraft* and *Miss Molly* (right) berthed at the Down Cruising Club's hospitable headquarters at Ballydorn.

Photo: W.M. Nixon



Witchcraft's Brunton Autrop, a self-feathering device which may look like a demented three-clawed lobster on heat, but certainly did the business if engine is needed
Photo: W.M. Nixon



Greenheart emerging from the boat passage inside Kedge Island.
Photo: W.M. Nixon

doing so. In truth, though, it was Ed and Davy who did it – the Tyrrell-Nixon team were not really there at all for what was a right pasting off the Mizzen.

The clearance arrived as we got to Crookhaven, which was its usual chirpy self. There were some boats in that we knew, and ashore Billy O'Sullivan was most welcoming at both his establishments, with Declan and Margaret Tyrrell meeting up with us in Nottages. But the anchorage was crowded and bumpy, and a rising sou'easter as the evening wore on made it more so. However, a swift move across to the stream-free anchorage behind Rock Island provided perfect peace to enjoy a fine feast created by Ed, and the chance to catch up on much-needed sleep.

As it turned out, the slugging match round the Mizzen was one of the very few windward passages *Witchcraft* was to make all year. The morning brought a sunny southerly, though with a lumpy leftover sea, but a leisurely sail through Gascanane Sound and on to Baltimore was very easy going. Mike Balmforth ICC was on the coast with his new Dawn 39 *Greenheart*, which he completed from a bare hull over two patient years in his back garden by the Firth of Clyde. We'd arranged over the VHF to meet up with him for a pint in Bushe's, and this became a very pleasant *al fresco* lunch in deceptively gentle sunlight, following which the new *Greenheart* was inspected and much admired, and then both boats headed eastward through the passage inside Kedge Island. *Greenheart* peeled off into Barloge for the night, while we shaped our course for Union Hall, noting with interest that the new S&W book reckons that Belly Rock inside High Island is now 4 metres high. By the next edition, there'll be palm trees growing on it.

Union Hall provided a busy programme. The fishing boat *St Mac Dara* at the quay was re-fitting, so some cheerful words from Davy secured us an undisturbed berth alongside her for the night. Then the local rowing club out in their elegant four-oared gig, designed by Rob Jacob of Kinsale, merited an interview. Next on the agenda was an inspection of the corner house into which an out-of-control sulkie had gone with a mighty crash. Somehow, the horse had survived, and so too did the jockey. The lady of the house had also recovered, and now the new windows looked grand altogether. Finally, we got to Dinty's for good cheer and good food, and suddenly in the midst of a learned conversation about campanology, Davy asked why we didn't just go on ahead and sail the boat home, as

the three day forecast indicated fair winds all the way to Howth.

It was a good call. The vague original plan had been to leave *Witchcraft* at Kinsale or Crosshaven the following night (Friday August 13th), and bring her back to Howth in late August after further south coast cruising. But by now we'd accepted that Harry wouldn't be able to join at any stage. And as the cruise, like any good party, had its own ferocious rhythm, it would be wellnigh impossible to recapture its speed and impetus at a later date.

So home we came from Union Hall in three days flat. But if you think it was tedious delivery stuff – perish the thought. By this time we were determined to do a round Ireland cruise without a night at sea, so on Friday 13th we hopped up the coast with good sailing to Crosshaven, where Aidan was taking his leave of us. This necessitated visiting several establishments, particularly Buckley's where Davy was much impressed by the Crosshaven Ladies' Wrestling Team.

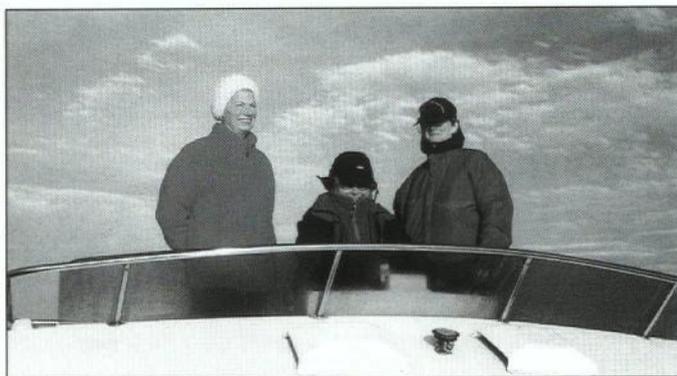
Notwithstanding that, we'd an 0600 departure next day, and a grand barrelling westerly to push us up to Kilmore Quay. It was full of Dubs on their way home from the annual cruise, so the repartee was bouncing around the little harbour, and in Kehoe's too. That said, there was little enough of the Dublin wit in evidence next morning as everyone went out with the dawn patrol for the last 85 miles home. Yet it became one super day, the coasts of Wexford and Wicklow in early harvest looking only glorious, and the miles reeling by with a smooth and sunny westerly.

Our moving target was into Howth by 1935 hrs (Sunday August 15th), just five minutes late on ETA, and Ed had completed his round Ireland cruise. We tidied ship, and then had a tarpaulin muster to take up to HYC's Snug Bar to sign off. In the Snug's comfortable darkness, they listened politely to some of our tales of the western seaboard, and the wonders thereof. But soon the talk turned back to matters of local import. It seemed that HYC's Fattest Member had fallen into the marina. The FM being seriously overweight, it was feared that if they tried to pull him out directly, they might pull his arms off, and even putting a sling under him would be dangerous. But a junior boatman had a flash of inspiration. He got one of the club launches, and towed the Fattest Member round to the club slip, where he was able to clamber ashore unaided. Set against this heroic episode, *Witchcraft's* doings on the Atlantic seaboard were only in the ha'penny place.

Dunn's Ditties

Ann Bunting and John Clementson write of the Shannon

Hazel and Ronnie and Liz Shanks joined us for the excellent Shannon Rally in October. En route to Carrick-on-Shannon to take over our cruiser we were driving with Liz through the narrow lanes near the border when a policeman, accompanied by an army patrol, stopped us. After the usual pleasantries (how are you?, what is your name?, where are you from and where are you going?) the policeman announced that he was going to kick the right hand front tyre. This he did – hard. We were astonished – was this a new way of detecting weapons or drugs or whatever? I asked him why he had done that. ‘Your hubcap was coming off sir’, he replied! We went on our way laughing. After an evening moored at Leitrim we met up with some Americans who had tried to get their cruiser into the Battlebridge lock – only the lock entrance was about 12 inches narrower than their boat. They were stuck fast and had run out of ideas. It took about 30 minutes of dedicated manoeuvring and tugging to get them off but we were well rewarded by their gratitude – and a bottle of wine. The whole cruise gave us a lot of laughs and the opportunity to catch up with many friends at the drinks and first class dinner at Roosky. Well done Brendan, it was all beautifully organised. It didn't even rain!



Hazel Barr, Ann Bunting (sitting, please note!) and Liz Shanks in control on the River Shannon, October '99. *Photo: John Clementson*

Brian Dalton writes about Labrador and Newfoundland

In July, Lise and I boarded *Harry Tabard* (10a 42 ft) in L'Anse au Loup, Labrador, and awoke the next morning chilled due to the overnight grounding of an iceberg on the other side of the wooden wharf. This body of water is called ‘Iceberg Alley’ by some due to the procession of icebergs flowing south in the current along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland. They are clearly visible in fair weather and on radar and thus were no threat to us. Before crossing the Stait on Belle Isle for the NFLD shore we visited

the settlement at Red Bay. It was descriptively named because of the 16th century Basque whaling station now commemorated by a museum. My neighbour in Maine, Prof. Wm. Marshall, a marine geologist and authority on ballast stones used by sailing ships, has since told me he identified stones and other artifacts found there as having originated in Ireland indicating the Basque whalers took on Irish provisions. The port of St Anthony, NFLD is famous for three things, the Coast Guard radio station, the HQ of the Dr Grenfell medical mission and the excavations nearby L'Anse aux Meadows proving Vikings reached America. The site can be visited by land but when we also sailed past and realised what the Vikings saw, an oasis on a savage rocky coast. The many quiet and beautiful harbours of Notre Dame Bay, Croque, Round, Quirpon, Exploits and Lewisport completed our cruise.



An authentically reconstructed Viking (Icelandic) sod house in St Anthony now serving authentically researched food of that period ... unsuitable for dentures. *Photo: Brian Dalton*

Sean Fergus writes of Estrellita

Having been without a boat for a number of years, I bought *Estrellita*, a very well equipped and cared for yacht, in Howth in July. *Estrellita* is a Noray 38 yacht built in Barcelona in 1979. My wife Karen and my two daughters helped sail her to Arklow, Kilmore Quay, Crosshaven, East Ferry and Kinsale and enjoyed her immensely. We were unable to leave on the cruise from Howth until August 18.

Leaving at 1400, we arrived after a pleasant easy sail in Arklow at 1900 in nice sunshine. Availing of local advice we sailed at 0500 next morning carrying the tide down the Wexford coast, around Carnsore Point into Kilmore Quay. Incidentally I worried a little about crossing St. Patrick's Bridge of Kilmore Quay because of *Estrellita's* deep draft (7.5 feet). In the event all went well in relatively calm conditions. The key point seems to be that you must not turn north for the harbour too soon after

crossing. The marina people here (ex fishermen) have as usual all the necessary local knowledge and I found it helpful to check things with them,

A late departure from Kilmore Quay due to a flat battery resulted in a very late arrival in Crosshaven, getting caught out in an easterly gale with a big sea running in the process. Although the seas were behind us, I was anxious not to put my young crew off sailing after their long absence. Our deep draft was the cause of us grounding for a few minutes coming into Crosshaven. We arrived at low water at 0430 on August 22nd in very squally wet conditions. We endured a few very wet days in Crosshaven and this caused my oldest daughter to jump ship. The rest of us persisted and were rewarded with pretty good sunshine in Fast Ferry and Kinsale for the rest of the cruise.

I have arranged to winter the boat in the Kinsale Boatyard. I have since discovered that we were the last to be accommodated, such is the demand from American, Continental and English boats.

Jennifer Guinness writes of the Baltic

Our 1999 cruise on *Alakush* took us to the Baltic.

We went through the Swedish canals and lakes, on to Helsinki, by train to St. Petersburg and home via Tallinn and Copenhagen. We went through the Caledonian canal again in time to join the R.C.C. party in Melfort and the C.C.C. muster in Spelve.

My main concern was the difficulty of having *Alakush* in the right place at the right time for crew changes as there wasn't much time flexibility in our schedule. It all went very smoothly and we were able to meet all our commitments with varying degrees of comfort and ease.

The North Sea crossing was typically lumpy wet and windy. Our memories of the canals and lakes through Sweden are of sunshine and unspoiled rural countryside. The banks covered with wild flowers, ospreys nesting in a derelict wooden marker on Lake Viken. We had a wonderful evening at Lacko Castle and an idyllic day moored under the castle walls at Vadstena.

We had warm sunshine, smooth water and fair winds up through the Swedish Archipelago and through the Åland Islands to Helsinki. I had temporary membership of N.J.K. the premier Finnish yacht club which entitled us to make use of their islands. On a fine Sunday evening we picked our way around rocks and between markers so close that it seemed impossible to go between them and tied up to rocks at Munckshamn. Our N.J.K. key opened the hut door, I lit the sauna which in a short time was so hot that the short run to plunge into the Baltic brought welcome relief. The evening was



Alakush in Helsinki alongside N.J.K. Clubhouse.

Photo: Jennifer Guinness



Sauna party.

Photo: Jennifer Guinness

a return to childhood, we felt like the original Swallows and Amazons.

With the help of our friend Max Ekholm, the Finnish travel agent in Helsinki had our Russian visas ready for us. The Russian train that took us to St. Petersburg fulfilled all our expectations with Russian vodka and champagne, amazing décor and very serious, not to be challenged, Russian border guards. We were very fortunate to have a Russian contact Vlademir to show us around St. Petersburg, with its palaces, Hermitage museum and the fabulous fountains at the summer palaces.

Tallinn in Estonia is a day sail from Helsinki and is now a major tourist centre. The Estonians are opening up their coast to yachts but as yet many of the harbours are not developed.

We had diesel leak from our injector pump which seriously curtailed the use of the engine. Thanks to my mobile phone and a helpful Perkins agent in Sweden we were able to get a new pump fitted in Vastervik.

The fine summer weather came to an abrupt end after Sandy left us at Karlskrona. We had a foul passage around the south of Sweden with strong head winds and very steep breaking seas for thirty six hours. Our V.M.G. was often a depressing one and a half knots. It was too rough for Jack Wolfe to move around on deck safely. We anchored off Rodvig and slept before having a lovely sail past Copenhagen to Skovshoved marina. Our Danish friends had recommended using Skovshoved marina instead of those in the city.

It was excellent advice, there is a frequent bus service into the city and a delightful old fashioned hotel. The slight desolation I felt at leaving *Alakush* for Ian and his friends to bring back to Scotland was tempered by some excellent Danish hospitality.

Ian had a very gentle passage back. Alex and I collected *Alakush* again in Oban in time to join the RCC/ICC festivities.

It was calm and windless as Alex and I motored down the Irish Sea and *Alakush* was back in Howth Marina just in time to see the eclipse. The twelve week almost 3,000 mile trip had gone so fast, we had seen so much and had such good sailing. I felt great affection for the boat that had been such a pleasure to sail and had looked after us so well.

I would like to thank Bernie Cahill who lent me a great many charts. He has made those available to Irish Cruising Club members. Combined with my charts they make an almost complete set of the Baltic. If any members are interested in borrowing these charts they should contact me.

Peter Mullins writes of getting his MCA Class 4 Ticket

Some years ago the MSA (the predecessors of the MCA. The Marine and Coastguard Agency) in conjunction with the RYA introduced a ticket tailored for crew of Red Ensign vessels

engaged in trade. You only have to look around the marinas of the Caribbean and the Mediterranean to see the number of mega yachts all wearing red ensigns to see why such legislation was introduced. Twenty years ago or so there were only a handful of such yachts, the captains of which were invariably ex Merchant Marine or ex Navy. In those days the crew were made up of "paid hands" and college kids doing something different for their gap year. As time progressed and more and more large, yachts both power and sail, were being built and to crew on them became a profession. There was nothing to stop a keen "deckie" to climb through the yacht ranks and end up as skipper with no qualifications at all except lots of experience. The insurance companies like to see some qualifications but not always. Some form of formal qualification was necessary. Accidents such as collision, groundings and fire aboard had already happened. After all, like it or not, with all the money in the world one still has to have a license to drive a car, truck or fly an airplane what's so different about a 300 tonne plus yacht?

The MCA Class 4 ticket gives the successful candidate command endorsement to skipper yachts up to 3000 tonnes. Before enrolling in a course the candidate must have an RYA Yachtmasters Ocean and Offshore ticket commercially endorsed, i.e. with basic fire fighting, sea survival and first aid. I have been the holder of an IYA (now ISA) Yachtmaster's Certificate of Competency since it was introduced in the 70's but it is was not acceptable and before I could start I had to take the RYA sanctioned ticket, which came as a surprise. The actual Class 4 course takes the form of 7 modules namely Business and Law, Ship construction, Ships Medical, Global Marine Distress and Safety System (GMDSS), Sea Survival, Fire Fighting and Navigation and Radar. The modules can be taken in any order and when time permits. Each Module is typically of one weeks duration and at the end of which there is a written exam. The successful candidate must also meet the eligibility requirements of so many years of command which has to be verified and documented either by signed log books or testimonials from owners or agents. At the completion of all modules the successful candidate may then apply to the MCA for an oral exam in front of a master mariner which can be a daunting experience taking anything up to two hours and he can question you on any topic covered in the course.

Last November I enrolled at the Warsash Maritime College which is attached to the Southampton Institute. I decided to bite the bullet and go right through the course and by January of this year I walked out of MCA Headquarters with my ticket. It was

not easy and indeed it is not intended to be. Nor was it cheap. Tuition fees, books, accommodations, transport and general living for three months came to about \$18,000 but it was well worth it. I learnt a lot and can recommend the course to anyone who plans to make the yachting industry his or her profession and even at "50 something", its never to late to learn.

Brendan O'Callaghan writes of his New Boat

Three boatless seasons later, I took myself out of pain and bought a Sadler 34 in Plymouth, in good time for the '99 sailing season. Ronnie Murphy, Stephen Connolly and Philip McAuliffe helped me

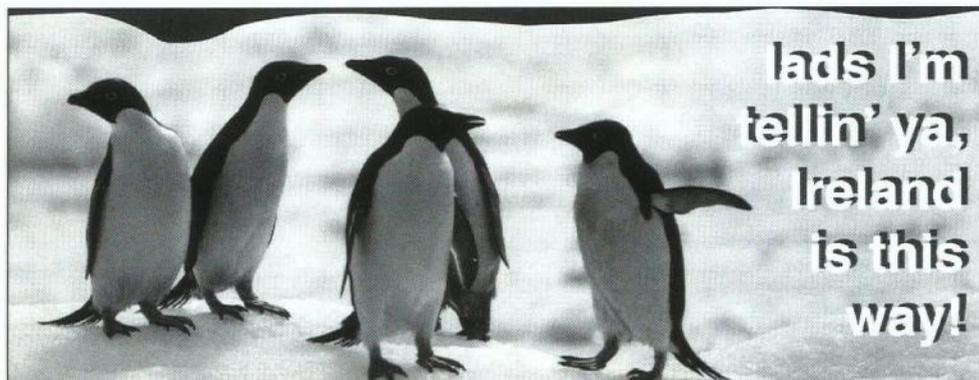
bring her home to Kinsale in mid-April, during a particularly cold spell cursed with unrelenting N to NW winds, frequently of gale force. During an interesting and challenging mini-cruise, we saw snow on Dartmoor and Cornish uplands, we saw and felt snow in our cockpit, experienced gale-force winds, tore our sprayhood, suffered engine-failure in flat calm as we drifted on course with favourable tide around Land's End, from the Runnelstone past The Longships, and eventually in fresh to strong winds which backed from NE to W, we beat from Seven Stones all the way home, arriving in Kinsale just in time to avoid the worst of a rising gale. In all we logged about 240 (nautical) miles in a passage time of 43 hours, with wind invariably on our cold, wet noses.

The year's cruise saw Stephen (again), my daughter Blaithean and me spend an unsettled week in early June going to Falmouth, where we had the public indignity of dragging our anchor after having been "solidly" hooked to the bottom for 15 hours. this was followed by a short trip up the Helford River for a pleasant meeting with the Barry family, fellow KYC members, before going up the beautiful Fal estuary to Malpas in calm and on to enigmatic Penzance after a rumbustious sail around the Lizard. Stephen left us here and Bla and I went to St. Mary's, Isles of Scilly, and were joined there by my wife Majella.

We spent two weeks on Scilly, and never saw a single drop of rain, winds never exceeded force 5, and the sun shone hot and bright each day without exception. We moved about from island to beautiful island at our ease. In these rare conditions the Scillies are simply idyllic, and we were most fortunate to enjoy them at their best, and in the company of our great friends, the Ball and Edwards families. Of the 8 anchorages we visited, the only one I'd be slow to return to is Tean Sound, near Lower Town on St. Martin's. At springs the peak tides are very strong and it would be a very questionable haven with wind over tide. Our passage home to Kinsale was the most gentle and pleasant I can recall, in contrast to our delivery trip 2 months earlier. Wind never exceeded force 3, the sea was swell-free without so much as a white horse, we had sun by day and a full

moon at night. We experienced the joy of a picture postcard sunset dead ahead and the sunrise was a golden ball emerging from the intermittent early-morning fog banks.

We had numerous day-sails, participated in the annual KYC Fastnet Race – too much joy on board to permit any joy on the scoresheet!, and several excursions around the Old Head into unique Courtmacsherry, including one ignominious low water grounding – the utter shame of it!



Has one of them a G.P.? Asks Reggie Lee.

On Eclipse Day, accompanied by Tom Kirby (ICC), Stephen (for the third time), my brother Tony and his 16-year-old son Anton, we set out on a very pleasant 5-day cruise to Dingle. A crew change there saw the return of Ronnie and Phil, delivery trip stalwarts, both fully recovered from any trace of April frostbite, and don Sinclair. Suffice it to say that during the 6-day return cruise to Kinsale, nobody suffered from thirst! The international cultural highlight of the trip for me was to participate in a veritable orchestra in O'Leary's pub in Castletownbere with a fellow-Irishman (box player nonpareil), an English family trio, a German banjoist and a bodhran basher from Paris. [Bodhran joke: "What's the difference between a bodhran and an onion? Nobody cries when you cut up a bodhran!"] Ól, ceól caint, 's craic in good company made for a merry night. Our weather was typical of August '99, ranging between sublime sunshine and a raw Atlantic gale. that's partly what makes our obsession so compelling

Overall, my first season with our "new" boat has given me almost 1,500 miles of pleasurable sailing, visiting 26 harbours/anchorages, including 6 for the first time, making a few new friends and renewing many existing friendships; including 6 for the first time, making a few new friends and renewing many existing friendships; it will have been, hopefully, the first of many such seasons.

Jonathan Virden writes of geriatric cruising

Twayblade is a 32ft classic Buchanan Sloop built in 1961. For 1999 we had planned to revisit the west of Ireland, but were prevented by other matters. So Joy and I took a bit more than a week to test the

waters of geriatric cruising.

We spent the first day on our mooring at Cargreen putting all in order and getting into the mode of light activity rather than the usual state of frenetic rush. For those who do not know, Cargreen is a delightful place up the Tamar river. The Yacht club is too small to be open most of the time, but the pub, the Crooked Spaniard, is much used by visitors for a meal or a beer on the terrace overlooking the estuary. The pub has three moorings for visitors in front of it.

On 20th July, after a drizzly night with showers and gusts, we motored down the river assisted, some of the time, by the genoa. From Plymouth Sound we sailed under genoa only, quite slowly to Salcombe. A pleasant broad reach on a nearly flat sea gave Joy the fun of steering all the way while the sky cleared to bright sunshine.

In Salcombe we picked up a mooring, and until the tide turned the sea was awkward because the wind gusted up the estuary. Later all was quiet and comfortable except for the continuous racket of boat engines until quite late. We stayed on board partly to avoid the trouble of inflation of the dinghy.

After a late breakfast we left Salcombe and set the genoa again, keeping the mainsail under its cover. The wind from SSW, variable 10 - 15 kts, took us easily round Start Point, across Start Bay and then dropped away. We drifted north to Torbay and, for the only time sailing close to the wind on this cruise, made a single tack to Torquay. It is remarkable how well *Twayblade* sails in any direction under genoa only.

Torquay Marina is extremely expensive. But the staff are very efficient and helpful, and the facilities excellent. Also the pontoons are very close to the centre of a major tourist town. This is either good or bad for cruising according to your needs of the moment. In fact we found it hard to get any decent beer.

In the evening we were descended upon by Nigel and Bindi Woollen, she fresh from racing triumph and both on the way to a celebratory barbeque. Much gossip, which was reinforced the following morning by the arrival of John Clapham, released

from his labours by Nigel for a while. Again much chatter; I had forgotten that he lived in the area.

Before we set sail from Torquay we went for a long walk round by Hopes Nose, the headland to NE of the town. The air was clear enough to see most of Lyme Bay, but not quite all the way to Portland.

In the afternoon we sailed gently across Torbay, past Berry Head on the tide and drifted round the corner into Dartmouth. Slightly to my surprise there was plenty of room to anchor to E of the line of naval buoys, between nos. 4 and 5. It was a still night after the water taxis and ferries had stopped. We did not go ashore.

On 23rd August we woke to a very fine day with a light N breeze so set sail after weighing a remarkably clean anchor. Outside the entrance we calibrated the Autohelm compass. Then the breeze had disappeared so we motored gently across Start Bay, rounded Start Point, and found enough wind to cause us to haul up the genoa. It was barely enough to fill the sail for a while and then died again.

During the afternoon the sea breeze allowed us to sail with all full sail at about 3kts in full sun and over a quite flat sea towards Newton Ferrers. While crossing Bigbury Bay Joy telephoned to Jonathan Trafford who kindly offered the use of his mooring in the Yealm river for the night. This was gladly accepted and we reached Yealm Pool in time for tea.

Yealm Pool is a most peaceful place with much to watch while people are being quiet. In particular we saw a pair of large birds of prey. At first I thought that they were buzzards which are quite common. But later it became clear that they were something else, and it was irritating that I had not brought the bird-book. Later they were confirmed as Ospreys, which the harbourmaster said were seen regularly in the estuary. On the following evening they returned, but only for a short time as there was much more activity on the river.

It was so pleasant there that we spent the whole of the next day on that mooring, with a couple of expeditions to walk in the woods and to the village for stores and refreshment. Joy was



The members of the Snug Bar Cruising Club in Howth feel that this cartoon comment on the new format RTE forecasts by our distinguished colleague Bob Fannin deserves to be circulated among folk who would appreciate its real significance and quality.

Anonymous

being careful following excess exposure to sun during the previous day.

The last day of this cruise in 1999 was spent in sailing, mostly, from the Yealm back with the tide up to Cargreen. There was so little wind at times that we lost control in the swirls of tide and found that the new radar scanner was a major impediment to tacking with the biggest foresail. I had expected this and a modified genoa is on the wish-list.

At Cargreen we had a few beers with David and Marcia Pirie. On the following day we packed up our things and went home by way of Taunton to stay with other friends.

This little adventure into geriatric cruising taught me a few things.

First that it is important to keep a watchful eye on natural forces, even at their mildest, because, as always, working with them makes the passage much more fun.

Then, sunshine is there to be enjoyed, in sensible measure, whenever possible.

Activity is questionable and should always be doubted before performance. It is necessary, of course, in large amounts from time to time for as long as necessary, but always with forethought for the moment when it will stop.

The simplicity of such a cruise is an unseen goal for many of us today. But when it happens as much restraint in accepting it is needed as is the discipline of the everyday "dash for life" which we impose upon ourselves.

So, geriatric cruising for ever... in moderation. With intervals of the real stuff.

Ann Woulfe-Flanagan writes of the Eclipse

The eclipse of the century was due to happen on the 11th August 1999 and Bernard Corbally and I decided it might be a fun idea to sail down the Irish sea on *Rionnag* into the Atlantic to watch the

spectacle. Bernard obtained charts from friends of the total darkness path which was to cross Cornwall and out into the Atlantic.

We planned to take a week and asked some friends to join us. Many were interested but in the end only Tom Condon and Enda Cullinan were able to accompany us.

Bernard and I organised the shopping on Saturday morning and put it on board, Erica and Tom were supplying cooked meals for the first few days.

Monday the 9th August dawned a beautiful day and as we went on board our spirits were up. Quickly stowing everything we were away from Dun Laoghaire at 11.10hrs with the tide under us and the wind behind us on a flat sea we sped down the Irish Sea in record time enjoying the scenery of Bray and Wicklow Head which we passed 14.00 hrs.

As night fell we had a good dinner prepared by Tom and fell into our watch system, 2 hrs. on, 6 hrs off. Three ships later and the loom of Tusker Rock saw us coming up to midnight. An uneventful night had us enjoying elevenses and watching dolphins when there was an almighty boom and we all 'jumped out of our skins'. The only explanation was that we were directly under the flight path of the Concord Sonic Boom – "never again thank you".

We had glorious sunshine weather as we lazed around in shorts looking forward to watching nature at her best. The

weather forecasts kept saying it might be cloudy for the event and one should head north east to near Cornwall to see the eclipse. With no other information to go on we set a course and by 17.51 hrs. we were half way across the Bristol Channel.

Tuesday evening brought a lovely sunset with unusual cloud formations – a good omen for 'D' day.

A few ships and some porpoises saw us through the night to Wednesday morning 11th August with Bernard reporting that he had witnessed a lovely sunrise – "full red ball of sun on horizon" and the barometer was 1016mb. We were now near Padstow and able to see the coast line.

Sadly as the morning neared zero hour our hearts were sinking, the clouds came tumbling in from the west and very soon we were under a totally overcast sky and it began to mizzle and was very calm.

As the magical hour of 11.11hrs. crept nearer the light slowly faded out of the day, the shore became a dark silhouette and then tiny pinpricks of light began to appear and twinkle. It took us a moment to register that these were the light sensitive street lighting reacting to the darkness. It was all very eerie for a short while, the drizzle stopped and we were surrounded by a sense of wonder and then night quickly became day again, the lights on shore went out and we were back in the real world. It was then action stations to produce the Pusser's rum from the BVI's (saved for such an occasion) and the skipper 'measured out a tot for each member of the crew' to celebrate. Afterwards we learnt that if we had stayed around the Scillies we have seen the eclipse, (but our experience was different).

With a sense of achievement it was decision time as to what to do next – Waterford was decided upon, the Iron horse was cranked up and we headed on a flat calm sea towards Ireland. After a good supper of Erica's delicious Lasagna we settled in for a calm watch with some fishing boats to keep an eye on. The course was changed during the night for Kilmore quay as the time of the tide was proving wrong for Waterford.

Daybreak saw us approaching Patrick's Bridge, wishing we had an up to date ICC book. We were glad it was calm as we found the transits and followed them in to the revamped harbour with its new marina.

We were made welcome as we tied up and the fee was £13.00 including electricity per night. There was a knock on the hull and this was Bill Rea from *Elysium* and then Brian Keane from *Alameda* (who sailed back with us from the Azores on *Rionnag*). We spent the day exploring the coast line, lunch and showers. We then entertained Bill, Eithna and Brendan Rea. Afterwards it was up to Foxes for an enjoyable dinner. It was decided to leave at 7.00hrs. with other yachts heading north one being the *East Coast Sailing School* and we passed safely through Patrick's Bridge by 07.30 hrs. in closing visibility.

We heard another yacht mentioning the times of the Rosslare ferries and one headed out just astern of us. Again we had the tide under us as we headed up towards Arklow passing the No.6 Sluice Buoy at 12.00 under sail as the wind came up a little and the visibility improved. We tied up in Arklow at 15.50 hrs. on the new pontoon near the Yacht Club.

Enda phoned his wife Catena and she came and collected us for an excellent steak BBQ in their delightful cottage nestling in the Wicklow hills.

Catena stayed on board for the night and joined us for an enjoyable sail home thus ending a satisfactory trip enjoyed by all.

List of Award Winners

THE FAULKNER CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1931	Keatinge & McFerran	<i>Marie</i>
1932	A.W. Mooney	<i>Nirvana</i>
1933	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1934	Mrs Crimmins	<i>Nirvana</i>
1935	H.D.E. Barton	<i>Dauntless</i>
1936	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1937	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1938	H.P. Donegan	<i>Gull</i>
1939	Miss D. French	<i>Embla</i>
1947	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1949	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1950	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1951	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Zamorin</i>
1952	P. O'Keeffe	<i>Mavis</i>
1953	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1954	B.C. Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1955	C. Love	<i>Galcador</i>
1956	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1957	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1958	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1961	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1962	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1963	R.H. Roche	<i>Neon Tetra</i>
1964	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1966	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1967	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1968	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1969	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1970	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1971	R. Sewell	<i>Thalassa</i>
1972	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1973	A. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1974	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1975	J. Eves	<i>Aeolus</i>
1976	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1977	B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1978	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1979	M.P. O'Flaherty	<i>Cuilain of Kinsale</i>
1980	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1981	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1982	E.P.E. Byrne	<i>Beaver</i>
1983	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1984	O. Glaser	<i>Verna</i>
1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	B. Bramwell	<i>Tor</i>
1987	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1988	Terence Kennedy	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
1989	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1990	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1991	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
1993	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1994	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
1995	Peter Killen	<i>Black Pepper</i>
1996	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1997	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1998	John Waddell	<i>Heather of Mourne</i>
1999	Brian Black	<i>Caelan</i>

THE STRANGFORD CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1970	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Clarion</i>
1971	M. Park	<i>Kitugani</i>
1972	R. Gomes	<i>Ainmara</i>
1973	J. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1974	J. Guinness	<i>Sule Skerry</i>
1975	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1976	W. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1977	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1978	J. Villiers Stuart	<i>Vinter</i>
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980	M. Villiers Stuart	<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>
1981	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1982	W.A. Smyth	<i>Velma</i>
1983	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1984	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1985	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1986	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1987	Brian Dalton	<i>Boru</i>
1988	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1989	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1990	Tommy O'Keeffe	<i>Tir na nOg</i>
1991	David Fitzgerald	<i>Peigin Eile</i>
1992	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1993	W. M. Nixon & E. Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1994	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1995	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>
1996	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1997	Brian Black	<i>Cuillin</i>
1998	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1999	Peter Mullins	<i>Cuilain</i>

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1978	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1979	A. Doherty	<i>Bali Hai</i>
1980	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1981	M.H. Snell	<i>Golden Harvest</i>
1982	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1983	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1984	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1985	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1986	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1987	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1988	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilain</i>
1989	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1990	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1991	Ronnie Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1992	David McBride	<i>Deerhound</i>
1993	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1994	Jonathan Virden	<i>Twayblade</i>
1995	Henry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
1996	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1997	Brendan Bradley	<i>Shalini</i>
1998	Adrian Spence	<i>Madcap</i>
1999	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>

THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1941	E.J. Odlum	
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>
1999	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft</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 Lanry	<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>
1999	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>
1999	No Award	

THE FINGAL CUP**Winner**

1981	Robert Barr
1982	W. Walsh
1983	J. Gore-Grimes
1984	R.M. Slater
1985	P. Barry
1986	B. Corbally
1987	Frank McCarthy
1988	Robert Barr
1989	Bernard Corbally
1990	Michael d'Alton
1991	W.M. Nixon
1992	David Park
1993	Stephen Malone
1994	Wallace Clark
1995	W.M. Nixon
1996	Richard Lovegrove
1997	Alan Rountree
1999	Peter Killen
1999	David Park

Yacht

<i>Condor</i>
<i>Carrigdown</i>
<i>Shardana</i>
<i>Tandara</i>
<i>Saint Patrick</i>
<i>L'Exocet</i>
<i>Scilly Goose</i>
<i>Joliba</i>
<i>L'Exocet</i>
<i>Siamsa</i>
<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
<i>Alys</i>
<i>Symphonie</i>
<i>Wild Goose of Moyle</i>
<i>Witchcraft</i>
<i>Shalini</i>
<i>Tallulah</i>
<i>Black Pepper</i>
<i>Alys</i>

JOHN B. KEARNEY CUP**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
1999	To be awarded

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
1999	-	Brian Black	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>
1999	Máire Breathnach	<i>SeaDance</i>

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 McMahon	<i>Ilen's</i> return from Falkland Islands	
1999	Vincent O'Farrell	<i>Fastnet Dancer</i>	

ROCKABILL TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1959	P.H. Green	<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	
1999	Donal Lynch	<i>Laroha</i>

DONEGAN MEMORIAL TROPHY 1940

Year	Yacht	Recipient	Race
1945	<i>Evora</i>	R.H. & D.M. O'Hanlon	
1946	<i>Mavis</i>	J.B. Kearney	Kingstown/Cork
1947	No Award		
1948	<i>Aideen</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1949	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1950	<i>Sonia</i>	D.J. & P.M. Purcell	Clyde Race
1951	<i>Minx of Malham</i>	B. Maguire	Clyde Race
1952	<i>Viking O</i>	Col Hollwey	Clyde Race
1953	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Beaumaris-Week
1954	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Clyde Race
1955	<i>Glance</i>	F.C. Hopkins	Puffin Sound Race
1957	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1958	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Dun Laoire/Cork
1959	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1960	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Dun Laoire-Cork
1961	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Irish Sea Race
1962	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Irish Sea Race
1963	<i>Fenestra</i>	S. O'Mara	Morecombe Bay
1964	<i>Susanna</i>	J.C. McConnell	Irish Sea Race
1965	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Morecombe Bay
1966	<i>Orana</i>	P.D. Pearson	Irish Sea Race
1967	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1968	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1969	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1970	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Cowes/Cork Race
1971	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1972	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>	O. Glaser	Irish Sea Race
1973	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1974	<i>Assidious</i>	C. Love	(1st ICC Boat)
1975	<i>Dictator</i>	D.M. Irwin	Morecombe Bay
1976	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler	Irish Sea Race
1977	<i>Red Rock III</i>	O. Glaser	Morecombe Bay
1978	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1979	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mollard	Morecombe Bay
1980	<i>Standfast</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1981	<i>Bandersnatch</i> <i>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</i> <i>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
1999	Susan & Peter Grey	Pacific cruising

TRANS OCEANIC PENNANT

Auchincloss, Les	King, Heather
Barry, Paddy	Leonard, Alan
Bradley, Brendan	McBride, Davy
Bramwell, Barry	McClement, Donal
Bunting, Peter	McHenry, Cormac
Cahill, Bernie	Mullins, Peter
Cahill, James	Nicholson, David
Chapman, Colin	O'Farrell, Kevin
Coffey, Jack	O'Flaherty, Michael
Coleman, Michael	Osmundsvaag, Harry
Corbally, Bernard	du Plessis, Hugo
Cudmore, Ronald	Smullen, Brian
Glaser, Otto	Smyth, William
Gore-Grimes, John	Snell, Michael
Gray, Peter	Virden, Jonathan
Gray, Susan	Whelan, Michael J.
Greer, Perry	Whelan, Pat
Hogan, Peter	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 Morrisey	<i>Joggernaut</i>
1998	No Award	
1999	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	
1999	Jack McCann	<i>Mary Lee</i>

THE WILD GOOSE CUP

Awarded at the adjudicators discretion for a log of literary merit

Year	Winner	Yacht
1995	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>
1996	James Nixon	<i>Ardnagee</i>
1997	David & Joan Nicholson	<i>White Shadow</i>
1998	No Award	
1999	Ray O'Toole	<i>Lotophagi</i>

THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

Awarded by the Western Committee

Year	Winner
1993	Dave Fitzgerald
1994	Brian Lynch
1995	Paddy O'Sullivan
1996	Jarlath Cunnane
1997	Pat Lavelle
1998	Brendan Travers
1999	John Cunningham

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 7th November 1999.

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 NUMBER	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. (028 9754 1625/Office: 028 904 51541)	<i>Sundowner of Down</i>
Andrews, Dianne M H, 1988 (Tom)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5NP. (028 9187 2233)	<i>High Jinks (PO)</i>
Andrews, Tom M, 1988 (Dianne)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5NP. (028 9187 2233)	<i>High Jinks (PO)</i>
Aplin, Roger, 1972 (Jane)	Romanesca, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (280 0434/Office: 475 6426)	
Aston, Alan, 1997 (Irene)	1 Marino Station Rd., Holywood, Co Down, BT18 OAH. (028 9042 6497)	<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., 1990 (Marjorie)	Shournagh Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co Cork. (021 870031)	<i>Irish Mist I</i>
Ballagh, John B, 1988 (Rosmary)	"Camelot", 19 Seafront Road, Cultra, Co Down BT18 0BB. (028 9042 8335)	<i>Jane Marie</i>
Balmforth, Michael B., 1966 (Alison)	Westgate, Toward, Dunoon, Argyll, PA23 7UA. (01369 870271/Office: 01369 870251)	<i>Greenheart</i>
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. (028 9181 3369)	
Barr, R.G.M., 1973 (Hazel)	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 4TB. (028 9181 3369/Office: 028 918 20880)	
Barr, Robert, 1969 (Mary)	Heather Lodge, Kerrymount 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)	59 Nutley Road, Dublin 4. (283 9039)	
* Barry, Mary, 1986 (Paddy)	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin.	
Barry, Paddy, Hon. Editor ICC Annual, 1984	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (280 0820/Office: 296 6054)	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
Beach, John S., 1992 (-)	Kynes, Shane's Castle, Antrim, BT41 4NE. (028 9446 3282/Office: 028 9442 8216)	<i>Virago of Strangford</i>
Beattie, David, 1999 (Mary)	Woodstock, Marlborough Road, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 2050/Office: 662 5222)	<i>Schollevaer & Aeolus (PO)</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 (Maeve)	1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast BT9 5EG. (028 9066 8435/Office: 028 9066 7914)	<i>Realta (PO)</i>
Bell, J. Alan, 1994 (Gillian)	The Coach House, 1A Carnathen Lane, Donaghadee, Co Down BT21 0EH. (028 9188 8949/Office 028 904 28136)	
Bell, Maeve, 1996 (Adrian)	1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast BT9 5EG. (01232 668435/Office: 01232 672488)	<i>Realta (PO)</i>
Black, Brian, 1981 (Lesley)	137 Shore Road, Strangford, Co Down BT30 7NP. (028 4488 1678/Office: 028 9026 2000)	<i>Caelan of Strangford</i>
Blaikie, James A., 1969 (Nancy)	3 Lyndhurst Crescent, Bangor, Co Down, BT19 1AU. (028 9147 2209)	
Bohane, Liam A., 1990 (Marilyn)	Brandon Lodge, Mount Ovel, Rochestown, Cork. (021 361860)	<i>Flica III (PO)</i>
# Bourke, J. Roger, 1940 (Norma)	Corbiere, Ashbourne Avenue, S. C. Road, Limerick. (061 300671)	<i>Iduna</i>
Bourke, John P., 1965 (Margaret)	Parkwood, Carrickbrennan Rd., Monkstown, Co Dublin. (280 1657)	<i>Hobo V (PO)</i>
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. (028 9042 4422)	<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, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (295 6273/Office: 896106)	
Branigan, Patrick M.C., 1982 (Brenda)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandycove, 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	Killard, John's Hill, Waterford. (051 875636/Office: 051 872039)	<i>Ruinette (PO), Kilpatrick (PO)</i>
Breathnach, Maire, 1997 (-)	68 Cardinal Court, Wilton, Cork. (021 343244/Office: 023 41814)	<i>SeaDance</i>
Brogan, Dr. Michael, 1997 (Laura)	Doctor's Road, Ballyhaunis, Co Mayo. (0907 30992/Office: 0907 30016)	<i>Mac Duach</i>
Bruen, J. Chris, Rear Commodore, 1990 (Maureen)	Calypso, Fairy Hill, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 863510)	<i>Sundream</i>
Bruen, Maureen, (1999) (Chris)	Calypso, Fairy Hill, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 863510)	

Bryce, Robert G., 1969 (-)	St Benedicts, Thormanby Road, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 2829)	
Bunting, Ann, 1969 (John)	Ballyreagh, Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 8SN. (028 9181 2310/Office: 028 906 56612)	<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. (01483 811985)	<i>Gauntlet (PO)</i>
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 (Noirín)	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>Moonshine</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 87585)	<i>Deerhound</i>
Clapham, John F., 1965 (Rosie)	Mertoun, Cliffs Road, Torquay, Devon TQ1 3LB. (01803 324726/Office: 01803 297337)	<i>Tresillian IV</i>
# Clark, Wallace, M.B.E., D.L., 1951 (June)	Gortecade Cottage, 115 Kilrea Road, Upperlands, Co Derry, BT46 5SB. (028 7964 2737)	
Clarke, Tony, 1985 (Eileen)	Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co Limerick. (061 229035/Office: 061 141852)	<i>Silver Breeze</i>
Clementson, John, 1997 (Ann)	Ballyreagh, 84 Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 8SN. (028 9181 2310)	<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 (Catherine)	Pine Cottage, Ballinakill, Dunmore Road, Waterford. (051 875651)	<i>Solo</i>
# Coe, R., 1957 (-)	Craigie, Monastereven, County Kildare. (045 25300)	
Coffey, John F., 1981 (-)	"The Bungalow", Spencer Villas, Glasthule, Co Dublin. (284 3727)	
Coleman, Michael C., 1988 (Eileen)	Mount Carmel, High Road, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co Cork. (021 811397)	<i>Stella Maris</i>
Colfer, Bill, 1999 (-)	Grangecon Demesne, Grangecon, Co Wicklow. (045 403212)	<i>Sirikit III (PO)</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 (Erica)	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>Zubenubi (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>La Lagune (PO)</i>
Crotty, Martin G, 1999 (-)	6 Trafalgar Lane, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (280 8075)	<i>Koala (PO)</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 Jnr, 1966 (-)	Ocean Approach, Myrtleville, Co Cork. (021 831541)	
Cudmore, Harold Jnr, 1959 (Lauren)	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 (Harry)	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)	
Cullen, Maurice, 1971 (Elizabeth)	"Grianblah", Palmerston Park, Dublin 6. (497 7002)	
Cullen, Peter C., 1999 (Kerri)	Tedburn, Claremont Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 2774/Office: 230 0711)	<i>Koala (PO)</i>
Culleton, Peter, 1990 (-)	9 La Vista Avenue, Sutton, Dublin 13. (497 7002/Office: 778932)	
Cunnane, Jarlath J, 1988 (Madeline)	"Terra Nova", Spencer Park, Castlebar, Co Mayo. (094 25231/Office: 086 256 5784)	<i>Lir</i>
Cunningham, Dr John, 1998 (Patricia)	Bridge House, Tuam, Co Galway. (093 24155)	<i>Daydream (PO)</i>
Currie, John D., 1985 (-)	11 Seafont Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0BB. (028 9042 6469)	<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>
Cuthbertson-Smith, Frances, 1987 (Donald)	122B Bluehouse Lane, Limpsfield, Surrey RH80AR. (01883 717383)	

# 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. (207 596 2959)	
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. (028 9076 1417/Office: 028 9754 1294)	<i>Jacana</i>
Davis, Samuel M., 1980 (Helen)	8 Glenmachan Drive, Belfast, BT4 2RE. (028 9076 1417/Office: 028 9754 1294)	<i>Jacana</i>
Deane, Douglas, 1965 (Liz)	Churchbay, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831002)	
* Deignan, Owen M., (1999) (Terry)	72 St. Lawrence Rd, Clontraf, Dublin 3. (833 9594)	
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. (028 9146 1410)	<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. (028 9146 8772)	<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)	Boothill, Durrus, Co Cork.	
Doonan, Paul S., 1986 (Francesca)	Boothill, Durrus, Co Cork.	
Doran, John, 1997 (Anna)	Drisoge, Baily, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 1709/Office: 830 9533)	<i>Moonstruck</i>
Dowey, James E., 1988 (Lyn)	Coastguards Row, 467 Shore Road, Whiteabbey, Co Antrim, BT37 0SP. (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. (028 9185 2688/Office: 028 904 58287)	<i>Water Spaniel</i>
Duggan, John P., 1986 (-)	Edificio "As Caravelas", Rua Dr. Eduardo Neves, 9-6., 1069-053 Lisboa, 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 (-)	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. (028 9146 1881)	<i>Wheeshit</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. (028 9146 9838)	<i>Zamfa</i>
Eves, F. Maitland, M.B.E., 1967 (Eva)	Loughside Farm, 57 Ringdufferin Road, Toye, Downpatrick, Co Down BT30 9PH. (028 448 28923)	<i>Cephas</i>
Eves, Jeremy R. F., 1975 (Heather)	30A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 3RD. (028 9127 0460/Office: 028 9145 4344)	
Eves, Roland E., 1982 (Elizabeth)	Carrig-Gorm, 27 Bridge Road, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co Down BT19 1TS. (028 9185 3680)	<i>Lutanda</i>
Fahy, Patrick J., 1982 (-)	8 Saint Mary's Road, Taylors Hill, Galway. (091 23997)	
Fannin, Robert J., 1981 (-)	c/o Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co Dublin.	
# Fannin, Robert N., 1959 (-)	Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co Dublin.	
Fasensfeld, 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. (028 9754 1114)	<i>Kariat</i>
Fergus, Sean G., 1985 (Karen)	"Abbingdon", 56 Grosvenor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6. (496 5653/Office: 685777)	<i>Estrellita</i>
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)	Rathurret, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RX. (028 4177 3667)	
# 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. (028 9146 5157)	<i>No Sense</i>
Foley, Clare, 1980 (Ciaran)	Monkstown Castle, Co Dublin. (280 8103)	<i>Flying Ferret</i>
Foot, 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>
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) & 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)	
Gibson, Richard Y., 1992 (Sue)	Kimberley, Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831408/Office: 021 831505)	<i>Rockwell Salamander</i>
Gillespie, Dr. Peter J., 1993 (-)	4 Demesne Gate, Saintfield, Co Down, BT24 7BE. (028 9751 0779)	<i>Cara of Quioile</i>
Gilmore, Dr. W. R., 1985 (-)	9 Coastguard Lane, Groomsport, Co Down, BT19 2LR. (028 9188 2410)	
Glaser, Dr. Otto E., 1972 (Patricia)	Thalassa, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 4797)	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>
Gleadhill, Diana, 1996 (-)	Lough Hill, 30 Ballymacashen Road, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 0SH. (028 9754 1815)	
Glentoran, Lord T. Robin V., C.B.E., D.L., 1997 (Maggie)	Drumadaragh House, Ballyclare, Co Antrim, BT39 0TA. (028 9334 0222/Office: 028 93340422)	
# Glover, Dr. W. E., 1963 (1998) (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. (028 4278 8365)	
Gomes, H. R., 1967 (Deirdre)	Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co Down. (028 4278 8365)	<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. (028 9145 4860)	<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. (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 (-)	Pf. 19 Strassganger Str 207, 8028 Graz, Austria.	
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. (028 9754 1774/Office: 028 90662281)	<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, Claremont Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 2258)	<i>Harklow</i>
Hegarty, Andrew M., 1990 (-)	Cairngorm, Baily, Old Carrickbrack Road, Dublin 13. (832 3421)	
Hegarty, Betty, 1986 (Brian)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13. (832 3421)	<i>Oleander of Howth (PO)</i>
# Hegarty, Brian, 1957 (Betty)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, 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>
Hemphill, Lord Peter P., 1981 (Anne)	Dunkellin, 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. (028 9751 1384)	<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. (028 2827 7284/Office: 028 90864331)	<i>Tieveara</i>
Hutchinson, Alan, 1991 (Maureen)	27 Glenbroome Park, Jordanstown, Newtownabbey, Co Antrim, BT37 ORL. (028 9086 3629)	<i>Suaeda</i>
Hutchinson, William R., 1969 (-)	Seaview House, Seacliff Road, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5HG. (028 9146 0588)	
Irwin, John, 1982 (Diane)	12 Spires Crescent, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 6LQ. (028 9146 7308)	<i>Dundrum</i>
Jameson, Kieran J., 1998 (-)	23 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin. (839 0649/Office: 832 6466)	<i>Changeling (PO)</i>
Johnson, Terence C., Vice Commodore ICC, 1960 (-)	Frazerbank, Strathmore Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 1439/Office: 452 3000)	<i>Nyabo</i>
Johnston, Denis B., 1979 (Margaret)	Kilnburn, 33 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0PD. (028 9188 3951)	<i>Trininga</i>
Johnston, Guy B., 1995 (Helen)	8 Leeson Park Avenue, Dublin 6. (/Office: 676 7666)	<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 (Geraldine)	PO Box 66, St George's, Delaware 19733, USA. (302 836 5825)	<i>Rapid Transit (PO)</i>
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 SO41 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>
Kellett, William P, 1999 (Pam)	8 Elizabeth Court, Mystic, CT 06355, USA. (860-572-7788)	<i>Islay</i>
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", Corrabinn, Co Cork. (378024/Office: 892813)	<i>Eko (PO)</i>
Kennedy, Bridget, 1973 (Terence)	Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 6RL. (028 9754 1470)	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
Kennedy, Hugh P., Q.C., 1963 (Aoife)	Edgebank, 16 Deramore Park South, Belfast, BT9 5JY. (028 9066 0500/Office: 028 906 69556)	<i>Tosca V</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.	<i>Merette</i>

Kidney, Noel J., 1986 (-)	Littlefield, Glencullen Road, Kilterman, 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)	
Killen, Peter R., 1994 (Beverly)	3 Killeen Terrace, Malahide, Co Dublin. (845 3019)	<i>White Magic (PO)</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)	
Knatchbull, Patrick W, 1999 (Mary)	16 Seafrost Road, Cultra, Co Down BT18 0BB. (028 9042 2240)	<i>Murlough</i>
Knott, H. B., 1964 (-)	Marlay, Saval Park Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 3312)	<i>Safari</i>
Lantry, Seamus, 1990 (Eileen)	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 (Madeleine)	31 Sutherland Avenue, Jacobs Well, Guildford, Surrey, GU4 7QX. (01483 539876/Office: 01483 594264)	
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. (028 9754 1386/Office: 028 926 67317)	<i>Kilclief</i>
Lawlor, Tom, 1993 (Fran)	34 Vernon Avenue, Dublin 3. (833 1073)	
Layng, Capt. Brian, 1988 (Joann)	"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. (028 9065 3162)	<i>Coda of Cuan</i>
Ley, Angela, 1986 (John)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JW. (028 9145 4937)	<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>
Ley, John E., 1986 (Angela)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JW. (028 9145 4937)	<i>Busy Bee (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 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 Avilon (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. (028 9077 4974)	<i>Kittiwake IV</i>
# Luke, Derek, 1959 (-)	Seaford, Ballure Road, Ramsey, Isle of Man IM8 1NL.	
Lynch, Brian R., 1988 (Onora)	Geevagh Lodge, 85 Devon Park, Salthill, Galway. (091 522214/Office: 091 563131)	<i>Ionion</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>Caprice</i>
MacAuley, Dr. Daniel J., 1979 (Maire)	4 Norton Drive, Malone Road, Belfast, BT9 6ST. (028 9066 1840)	<i>Capella of Kent</i>
# Macken, J. J., 1949 (-)	White House, Dalkey Avenue, Co Dublin. (285 9585)	
MacLaverty, K. J., 1961 (Nuala)	Ballynally Lane, Moville, Co Donegal. (077 82239)	<i>Eoin Rua</i>
MacMahon, Gary, 1992 (-)	Strandville House, Clancy Strand, Limerick. (061 325986/Office: 061 400620)	
MacManus, Brian, 1999 (Heather)	Shelmalier, Victoria Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (284 7724/Office: 603 5360)	
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>
Magennis, Conlra, 1975 (Geraldine)	Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RU. (028 4177 2237)	<i>Snowgoose of Moygannon</i>
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. (028 4488 1205)	<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, Edward D., 1970 (-)	14 Sutton Grove, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 5527)	
McCann, George, 1968 (Shelagh)	21 Riverside Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 4SA. (028 9146 2035)	<i>Deucalion</i>
McCann, Jack, 1999 (Moya)	Boroondara, Gortacleva, Bushy Park, Galway. (091 526691/Office: 091 568353)	<i>Mary Lee</i>
McCarthy, Francis, 1985 (-)	Kedges, Forthill, Summercove, Kinsale, Co Cork. (Office: 021 277338)	<i>Scilly Goose</i>
McCarthy, Tom, 1994 (-)	Suite Cottage, Ballinrea, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 372343)	
McCleave, Derek, 1998 (Gillian)	46 Ravenhill Park, Belfast BT6 0DG. (028 9069 2184/Office: 028 9442 2005)	<i>Kirmew</i>
McClement, Donal J., 1983 (-)	7 Sunset Court, Ballinrea Road, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 375638/Office: 021 831161)	
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>Ounavarra of Howth</i>
McGonagle, Barbara, 1981 (Liam)	The Tansey, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 2823)	
McGuire, Gary E., 1990 (Vivienne)	Spindrift, 802 Howth Road, Dublin 5. (832 3190/Office: 833 1154)	<i>P'cab-n</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. (028 9754 1434)	
McKean, William W., 1986 (-)	27 Fotheringay Road, Glasgow, G41 4NL. (0141 423 6370)	<i>Siolta</i>
* McKee, Anne, (1998) (Michael)	52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5HX. (028 9147 2692)	
McKee, Michael, Commodore ICC, 1962 (Anne)	52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (028 9147 2692)	<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)	
McKinley, John J., 1975 (-)	3 Balally Drive, Dundrum, Dublin 16. (295 6305/Office: 497 8490)	<i>Zubenubi (PO)</i>
McMahon, Brendan, 1988 (-)	Moyarta, North Circular Road, Limerick. (061 453934)	<i>Salar</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. (028 4488 1356)	<i>Anolis</i>
McMullan, F. Gerald, 1986 (-)	39 Victoria Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5ER. (028 9147 2826)	
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, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 6PY. (01238 541118/Office: 01238542300)	
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)	
Minnis, Peter, 1996 (Carolyn)	58, Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down. (028 9188 2577/Office: 028 9181 8853)	
Mollard, Robert E., 1969 (-)	27 Sion Road, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (285 4317)	
Monson, Roderick G., 1983 (-)	2 Castlehill Road, Stormont, Belfast, BT4 3GL. (028 9065 6051)	<i>Mazara</i>
Moore, John S., 1985 (-)	C/o Ulster Cruising School, The Marina, Carrickfergus, Co Antrim, BT38 8BE.	
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>
Morrison, Hugh F., 1997 (Sue)	"Ambleburn", Broom Rd., Newton Mearns, Glasgow, G77 5DN. (0141 639 3639/Office: 0141	<i>Quaila</i>
# Morrison, R. Ian, 1957 (Sue)	"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.B. (-)	Flat 6, Amhurst, 90 St Cross Road, Winchester, Hants SO23 9PX. (01962 56393)	<i>Lamorna III.</i>
Mulhern, James, 1958 (-)	Struan Hill, Delgany, Co Wicklow. (287 4785)	
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. (028 9066 6508)	<i>Arndagee</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 832422)	<i>An Giall</i>
O'Boyle, Elizabeth, 1993 (Donal)	Drake Lodge, Drake's Pool, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 831028/Office: 021 832422)	
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 (Hilda)	36 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6PT. (028 9754 1345)	<i>Freycinet</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)	12 Hawthorne Terrace, Cobh, Co Cork. (021 811442)	
O'Donoghue, Dr. R. F., 1971 (Brenda)	Halyards, Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831734)	
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. (028 4177 2620)	<i>Cuchulain</i>
O'Farrell, Phillip V.J., 1990 (Caitriona)	15 Drumreagh Road, Rostrevor, Co Down, BT34 3DS. (028 4173 9830)	
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>Cuilain (PO)</i>
O'Flynn, Dominick, 1990 (Mary)	2 Woodview, Wellington Bridge, Lee Road, Cork. (021 348038/Office: 021 543505)	<i>Cavatina</i>
O'Gallagher, Malachi, 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'Keeffe, Mary, 1994 (-)	Tawlaght, Fenit, Co Kerry. (066 36185)	<i>Tux</i>
O'Keeffe, 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", Ballyfoulo, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 842387/Office: 021 329330)	<i>Clarebelle</i>
O'Morchoe, The David N. C., 1981 (Madam Margaret)	Ardgarry, Gorey, Co Wexford. (055 21803)	
O'Neill, J. Russell, 1964 (-)	59 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0PQ. (028 9188 8609/Office: 028 9188 8088)	<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 712152)	<i>Askari</i>
O'Tierney, Dr. Donal, 1986 (Win)	41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Co Down, BT34 3NJ. (0228 4177 3630)	
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. (028 9076 3601)	<i>Maimoune (PO)</i>
Osborne, James R., 1974 (-)	Glenbrook, Enniskerry, Co Wicklow. (286 3509)	<i>Verve (PO)</i>
Osmundsvaag, Arve, 1992 (Ursula)	Rossdud, 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. (028 9268 2226)	<i>Bibi</i>
Park, Dr. David S., 1969 (Hilary)	Yew Cottage, 34a Carrowdore Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, BT22 2LX. (028 9178 8625)	<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. (028 9042 1938)	
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 (Felicity)	73 Clevedon, Lr Kilmoney Rd, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 375219/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. (028 9185 223)	<i>Lady Jane (PO)</i>
Pritchard, P. Marshall, 1966 (Maura)	The Coach House, 36 Craigdarragh Road, Helen's Bay, Co Down, BT19 1UA. (028 9185 223)	<i>Lady Jane (PO)</i>
Ralston, George L. D., 1986 (Lynne)	Whinstone, 39 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0PD. (028 9188 2330)	<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)	22 Dumyat Drive, Falkirk, FK1 5PD. (01324 624 430)	<i>Jomora</i>
* Roche, T. H., 1935 (1988) (-)	38 Lr Albert Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 4468)	<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. (028 9042 6459)	<i>Scotch Mist (PO)</i>
Ronaldson, Evie, 1997 (Peter)	72 Whinney Hill, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0HG. (028 9042 6459)	<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)	Ballylusk, Ashford, Co Wicklow. (0404 40156/Office: 0404 40156)	<i>Tallulah</i>
Russell, John F., 1965 (Joan)	34 Killinakin Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, BT23 6PS. (028 9754 1562)	
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. (028 3888 1418)	<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. (028 4488 1830)	<i>Nisha</i>
Sargent, Gerard M., 1996 (Barbara)	49 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. (832 5392)	<i>Targeteer</i>
Selig, Ivan I., 1965 (Daphne)	Bree Lodge, Craigavad, Co Down, BT18 ODE. (028 9042 4361)	
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 (Nell)	Cloonbane, Doneraile, Co Cork. (022 24148)	<i>Alchemist</i>
Sheil, Leonard, 1968 (Hazel)	Portlet, 24 Haddington Park, Glengageary, Co Dublin. (280 1878/Office: 280 7838)	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
Sheil, Leonard Jnr., 1988 (-)	24 Haddington Park, Glengageary, Co Dublin.	
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. (028 9147 3563)	<i>Moonstream</i>
Sisk, H. B., 1973 (Rosemarie)	Waterstown House, Sallins, Co Kildare. (045 876268/Office: 409 1600)	
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>Cuilain (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. (028 4278 8214)	<i>Phantom</i>
Smyth, N. Louis, 1983 (-)	Ardkeen, Castletroy, Co Limerick. (061 337756)	<i>Flight of Fantasy</i>
# Smyth, William A., 1960 (-)	18 Raleigh Court, S. Embankment, Dartmouth, Devon, TQ6 9BQ. (01803 834121)	<i>Globe Star</i>

Snell, Michael H., 1974 (-)	Ballagilly 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.	
Somerville, Sue 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. (028 4484 1697)	
Spence, S. Adrian, 1991 (-)	17 Kings Manor, Cherryvalley, Belfast, BT5 6PH. (028 9079 6920/Office: 028 9056 2159)	<i>Madcap</i>
Stevenson, Dr. I. J., 1991 (-)	55 Churchtown Road, Ballyculter, Downpatrick, Co Down, BT30 7AZ. (028 4488 1798)	<i>Ostra (PO)</i>
Stevenson, John C., 1984 (-)	Ardmore, 1 Seaforth Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HV. (028 9147 2779)	
Stevenson, John A., 1964 (Clodagh)	22 Baring Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks, HP9 2NE.	<i>Morene</i>
# Stewart, Alan C., 1959 (June)	Flat 7F, Towans Court, Prestwick, Scotland KA9 2AY. (01292 470 524)	
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 277622)	<i>Alpara</i>
Stott, Andrew R., 1992 (-)	9 Ferry View Cottages, World's End, Kinsale, 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)	
Taggart, John I., 1999 (Gail)	Cuan Farm, 13 Ballydrain Road, Comber, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 5SR. (01232 689537)	<i>Pascal</i>
Taplin, David M. R., 1986 (-)	Faculty of Engineering, Central Queensland Univ., Gladstone Marina, Gladstone Qld 4680 (0749 707322)	
Tierney, John, 1960 (Sally)	Aisling, Knapton Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 4391/Office: 676 7998)	
Tisdall, Patrick, 1992 (-)	Firlands, Glengarriff, Co Cork. (027 63106)	<i>Speedbird of Throne</i>
Titterington, Ian H., 1989 (-)	12 Marino Park, Cultra, Holywood, BT18 OAN. (028 9042 2280)	
Toher, Tony, 1992 (Ray)	"Eos", Upper Rosses, Rosses Point, Co Sligo. (071 77216)	<i>Kioni</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. (065 682 2440)	<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)	
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>
Viriden, 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. (028 9754 1264)	<i>Heather of Mourne</i>
Waldron, Dr. Oliver C., 1978 (-)	Luibeen, Colla Road, Schull, Co Cork.	
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 (William)	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831483)	
Walsh, Nicholas, 1998 (Maria)	Lackandara, Coxtown, Dunmore East, Co Waterford. (051 383412)	<i>Casares & White Hunter</i>
Walsh, Patrick J., 1982 (Peg)	Beaumont House, Woodvale Road, Beaumont, Cork. (021 292556/Office: 021 292195)	<i>Aloha</i>
# Walsh, Reginald T., 1950 (-)	Heafy Lodge, Cookstown, Enniskerry, Co Wicklow. (286 3136)	<i>Sapphire</i>
Walsh, William, 1968 (Enda)	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831483/Office: 021 502358)	<i>Carrigoun</i>
Waters, Capt. L. Roy, 1985 (Susanne)	15 Ballymullan Road, Crawfordsburn, Bangor, Co Down, BT19 1JG. (028 9185 3249)	<i>Sundowner of Beaulieu</i>
Watson, Barbara N., 1993 (Bill)	5901 Sun Blvd. #202, St. Petersburg, FL 33715, USA. (727 864 9802)	<i>Strathspay (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>Strathspay (PO)</i>
Webb, Michael J., 1986 (-)	c/o Suki Webb, 9 Nat Flatman St, Newmarket, Suffolk CB8 8HW.	<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, Clarendon 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, Derek F, 1999 (Vivienne)	The Mallard, 4 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Co Down BT30 7LP. (028 4488 1580/Office: 4438 1323)	<i>Ballyclaire</i>
White, John N., 1974 (Sarah)	3 Marlborough Road, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 8364)	
Whitehead, David, 1972 (Marie)	c/o Billington plc. 1/3 The Strand, London, WC2N 5HA. (0181 876 3140/Office: 0171 7473817)	<i>Joyster</i>
Williams, J. David, 1984 (Ena)	24 Middle Road, Saintfield, Co Down, BT24 7LP. (028 9751 9060/Office: 028 9070 5111)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
Williams, W. Peter, 1968 (Anne)	The Whins, 25 Ballykeigle Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5SD. (028 9752 8360)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
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)	<i>Moshulu III</i>
Woodward, Mary, 1999 (Joe)	Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 291215)	<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 Clanbrasil Terrace, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 OAP. (028 9042 1515)	

List of Yachts

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<i>Aeolus</i>	D Beattie	8	Sloop F. 1974	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Alakush</i>	M.J. Guinness	20	Sloop F. 1985	Rob Humphreys	Sovereign 400
<i>Alannah</i>	J. Crebbin	12	Ketch F. 1979	A. Buchanan	Neptunian 33
<i>Alchemist</i>	D & N Sheil	6	Sloop F. 1978	L Giles	Westerly Centaur
<i>Aloha</i>	P.J. Walsh	8	Sloop F. 1989	Bill Dixon	Moody 31
<i>Alpara</i>	M Stokes		Sloop F.	M Dufour	Dufour 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. 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	Sadler	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>Ballyclaire</i>	D F White		Sloop F. 1976	Finot	Fastnet 34
<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 Bee</i>	J. Ley / A. Ley	10	Sloop F. 1990	J. Berret	Beneteau First 32s5
<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	24	Bmu ketch F. 1978	Nicholson	Nicholson 48
<i>Caprice</i>	W B Lyster	16	Sloop F. 1995	German Frers	Hallberg-Rassy 39
<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>Centerea</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>	K.J. Jameson	15	Sloop F. 1989	D. Thomas	Sigma 38
<i>Clarebelle</i>	P J & C O'Mahony	17	Sloop F. 1999	Groupe Finot	Beneteau 40 C.C.
<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>Cuilaua</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>Daydream</i>	J & P Cunningham		Sloop F. 1989	Van de Stadt	Dehler 36 CWS
<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	Sloop F. 1980	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35
<i>Dulcibella</i>	N.J. Kidney	7	Sloop F. 1980	Ed Dubois	Westerly Griffon

<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>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>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>Freycinet</i>	G J O'Connor		Sloop F. 1995	Bill Dixon	Moody 44
<i>Gauntlet</i>	P Bunting		Sloop F. 1988	D Sadlier	Contessa 32
<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>Greenheart</i>	M B Balmforth		Cutter F.	David Alan-Williams	Dawn 39
<i>Greylag 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>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>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>Hobo V</i>	J P Bourke & anr.		Sloop F. 1988	D Thomas	Sigma 38
<i>Hylasia</i>	H & I. Barnwell	17	Sloop F. 1985	German Frers	Hylas 42
<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>	B. Kennedy	15	Sloop F. 1980	A. Primrose	Moody 36
<i>Iduna</i>	J.R. Bourke	4	Sloop W. 1939	L. Giles	Lymington L.
<i>Insouciance</i>	G. Ralston	27	Ketch A. 1983	Van Dam Nordia	Nordia 58
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<i>Jaded</i>	J.K. Martin	5	Sloop F. 1982	Johnson	J24
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<i>Jeremy Fisher of Hamble</i>	K.M. Boyd	9	Ketch F. 1973	Gordon Wyatt	Fisher 30
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<i>Joyster</i>	D. Whitehead	17.5	Ketch F. 1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 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>Kilclief</i>	B. Law		F. 1979	Laurent Giles	Moody 52
<i>Kilclief</i>	J B Law		Ketch F. 1979	Laurent Giles	Moody 52
<i>Kilpatrick</i>	D P Brazil	13	Sloop F. 1986	Holman & Pye	Oyster Heritage
<i>Kioni</i>	A A Toher		Sloop F.	L Giles	Westerly Konsort
<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>Koala</i>	P Cullen / M Crotty		Sloop F. 1983	David Thomas	Sigma 41
<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>La Lagune</i>	D & J Cross		Sloop F. 1989	Joubert Nivelt	Gib Sea 372
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<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
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<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
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<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 Hanker	Dragon
<i>Merette</i>	J Kidney		Sloop F. 1998	Johan Hanker	Dragon
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<i>Saki</i>	P.J. McCormack	11	Sloop F. 1979	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 31
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<i>Samantha</i>	P. Morck	5	G. Cutter 1978	Roger Dongray	
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<i>Sea Maiden</i>	B. Travers	4	Sloop F. 1980	F. Pryor	Leisure 23 SL
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<i>Sirikit III</i>	G. Johnston & W. Colfer	9.8	Sloop F. 1968	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
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Clyde	91.11, 95.21
England – East Coast	90.16, 99.20
England – South Coast	88.07, 88.08, 88.20, 89.15, 90.03, 90.22, 93.20, 94.12, 94.25, 94.17, 95.11, 96.28, 97.02, 97.05
Faroe Islands	93.06, 96.15
Greenland	92.01, 93.01, 95.02, 98.12
Hebrides	89.13, 91.16, 91.09, 91.13
Holland and Belgium	89.03, 90.16, 92.13, 94.12, 97.14, 97.23
Iceland	91.13, 93.18, 94.06, 97.01, 97.17, 99.03
Ireland – Circumnavigation	88.01, 88.09, 88.20, 89.01, 98.17, 90.01, 90.11, 91.01, 91.12, 92.12, 94.02, 94.14, 94.07, 94.10, 95.01, 95.05, 95.15, 95.24, 96.06, 96.08, 96.10, 96.04, 96.18, 99.04, 99.08, 99.14
Ireland – North Coast	91.09, 91.20, 92.26, 93.14, 93.17
Ireland – South West Coast	90.18, 91.10, 91.07, 92.02, 94.07, 94.09, 96.01, 96.13, 97.20
Irish Sea	88.03, 88.21, 92.09, 92.18, 93.14, 94.25, 94.16, 95.03, 98.01, 98.16
Mediterranean – East	90.14, 91.04, 91.24, 93.08, 93.09, 95.04, 95.16, 96.11, 97.03, 98.06
Mediterranean – West	88.08, 88.10, 89.08, 98.12, 91.04, 91.02, 92.16, 93.08, 93.09, 94.07, 94.15, 96.05, 97.06, 99.07
Normandy	90.16, 94.17
Norway	93.08, 94.08, 94.06
Orkney Islands	90.13, 91.14, 93.07
Pacific	93.21, 94.05, 98.04, 99.11
Portugal	89.06, 90.07, 94.04, 94.23, 99.20
Russia	93.08
Scandinavia	88.12, 89.02, 90.04, 90.08, 90.13, 92.20, 96.09, 96.12, 96.22, 96.26, 96.17
Scilly, Isles of	88.19, 89.15, 90.03, 90.17, 91.10, 96.27, 96.16
Scotland – East	90.15, 95.17
Scotland – West	89.04, 88.09, 89.13, 89.14, 89.16, 90.15, 90.21, 91.14, 91.16, 91.20, 91.09, 91.17, 92.19, 92.24, 93.11, 93.17, 93.20, 94.10, 94.22, 95.06, 96.03, 96.19, 97.09, 97.15, 97.16, 97.19, 97.24, 98.09, 98.14, 98.17
Shetland Islands	90.13, 90.15, 91.14, 92.08, 93.07
Spain – North Coast	90.07, 90.12, 92.14, 92.15, 92.21, 93.05, 93.13, 93.16, 93.19, 95.10, 95.22, 96.24, 97.07, 97.21, 98.03
Venezuela	88.14, 88.16, 90.19, 94.03, 96.02
World Cruising	91.03, 92.10, 94.24, 95.07, 95.12



Sunday morning in Roosky during the ICC Autumn Shannon Rally