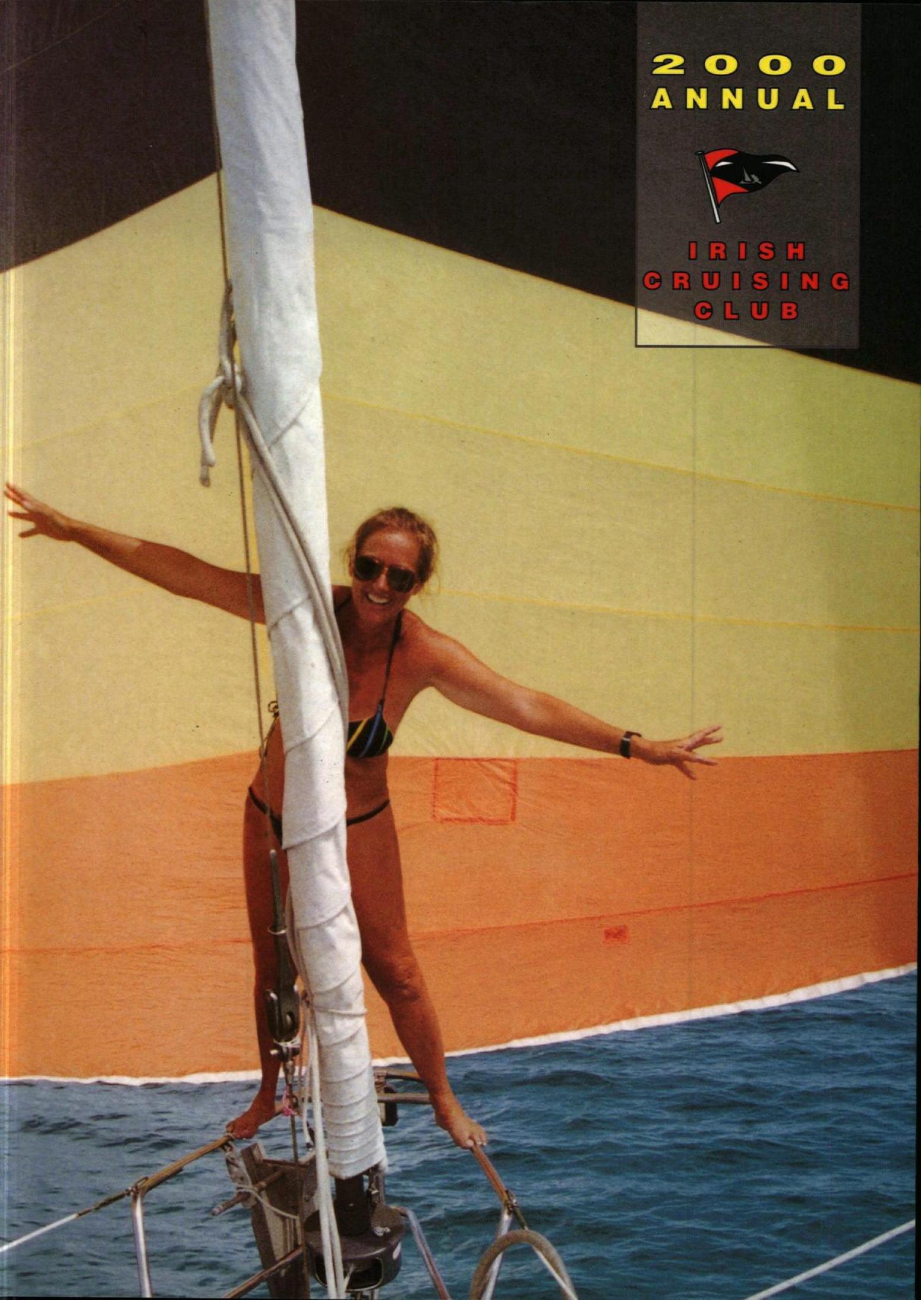


**2000
ANNUAL**



**IRISH
CRUISING
CLUB**



Notes for Contributors

Submissions should above all make enjoyable reading. To be desired are Logs conveying the spirit of the cruise, navigational information, where adding to that in the Sailing Directions, and shore information. To be avoided are reef-by-reef details, family-album minutiae and menus. Use a narrative rather than a 'diary' style.

Due Date

To achieve Pre-Christmas publication, we must have your Submissions by October 15th. Advise me of your intention to submit a log.

Logs

- Should be submitted on Disk, IBM compatible or Apple Mac, preferably in WordPerfect or Microsoft Word. Label your disk with: (a) Your name; (b) Software name and version. Where possible, text files should be saved in RTF format. (Rich Text Format) will carry over italics, bolding etc. The disk should be accompanied by two typed copies, in double spacing, single sided.
- Length should typically be 3,000 – 5,000 words, with the log for a major cruise extending to 7,000 – 10,000 words.
- Log Title should include the name of the area cruised.
- Track charts for Irish waters are not necessary, other than to illustrate particular features. For non-Irish waters, Track-Charts in draft form are desirable. A simple tracing in black pen is best.
- A summary is optional. This should include the dates and durations of the main passages. Times and distances should be rounded-off. Distances should be stated as rhumb-line or sailed. The length of the Summary should not exceed half an A4 page of typescript.
- Photographs. Send about one print per 800 words; to illustrate the boat, the people and shore features. Write or type the caption first on a self adhesive label, then fix to back of photo. Do not paste photos on to text. Do not write on back of photo.
- Do not send me:
 - Emails – or Photos on Disk
 - Albums
 - Computer generated or laser copied photographs.
 - Logs without a floppy disk.
- All logs will be entered for Awards, unless requested otherwise.

Dunns Ditties

Dunns Ditties should be anecdotal in natures, illustrative of a cruise highlight – or lowlight. The length should be 200-400 words. Include a photograph, if you can.

Favourite Harbours/Anchorage

We invite submissions for publication, about 100-200 words. Photographs and Sketch Plans are optional.

Sundry Items

We welcome illustrations, artwork or verse conveying the feel of cruising.

And remember ...

Use *Italics* for ships' names or underline typed copy.

Clock times should be on the 24-hour clock.

Place Names should be correctly spelled.

Compass Bearings should be in numbers.

Wind Speed expressed should be mean-speed.

e.g. We departed 06.30 hours, sailing 235° true, in a N.W. Force 4, bound for 54° 30' North 06° 13' West.

IRISH CRUISING CLUB

ANNUAL

2000



Titanic in reverse!

ICC member, Barbara Watson on the pulpit of *Strathspey* on her 2000 cruise of the Exumas

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Front Cover

The joys of blue water sailing. Bill and Barbara Watsom, Florida based, sailing the Bahamas

Back Cover

Asgard II, under the command of Captain Michael Coleman

Submissions for 2001 Annual

To reach the Honorary Editor, Paddy Barry, 21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin (telephone 280 0820) by 15th October 2001 at latest.

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Irish Cruising Club Annual 2000

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Honorary Secretary's Report

Quite some time has been spent throughout the year by your committee in considering the average age of our membership. This is showing, nobody will be surprised to hear, an ageing profile and in common with our sister Clubs the ageing minds of your committee have been exercised by what is perceived to be a problem. It was felt that there were only two ways of addressing this. By giving even greater emphasis than heretofore to the election of the younger applicants nominated for membership, and, possibly, by the creation of a new category of Cadet Member.

Cadet Membership was considered from the point of view of the Club and the likely needs of those who might fit into a Cadet category. Their age group could be between 18 and 28 and it would be expected that by the latter age they would have accumulated sufficient experience to go forward for election to full membership.

A survey was carried out by members of the committee to ascertain the views of their family members, members of their crew or other young persons known to them. The response was disappointingly small, the feedback was to the effect that their age group did not see a place for themselves among our ageing membership. It is clear that the pressures on their time are such that they have carefully to allocate their leisure and functions such as our Annual Dinner or our Christmas lunches are not the sort of activities that appeal to them. They enjoy the sailing and that is what attracts them most.

With this information the committee has decided that such a category of membership should not be proposed. But the discussions focused attention on the need to encourage younger applicants to apply for full membership. The rules already allow for this, rule 5. (xiv) sets out inter alia, "The committee shall attempt, in its absolute discretion, to provide for the encouragement of younger membership." The average age of applicants in recent years has been in excess of 50, it is hoped that members will encourage those younger than that, who are suitably qualified, to apply.

The election meeting in January saw the usual pressure on places. After considerable discussion the committee decided to raise the number of members to be admitted from 10 to 12, their names are on the panel beside this report. They are very welcome, we trust they will not alone derive great pleasure from their membership, but will also contribute in no small measure to the activities of the Club.

The AGM this year brought another change of Commodore. Michael McKee had advised the committee at the time of his first election that he would only stand for two years. In his final address, he said that his election two years previously had been his proudest moment. It had given him two wonderful years in office. The Galician Cruise was a superb experience for him and for all those who took part and was an example of our Club's activity at its best. He paid tribute to the services of the Flags and Officers of the Club, their help and guidance had made his task as Commodore easy.

He then handed the office to the incoming Commodore, David H B Fitzgerald. There is considerable significance in

this because our new Commodore is the first to represent the Western Region of our Club. This region has by far the smallest number of members and thus it may be quite a long time before another Commodore from that region is elected. Our new Commodore is more than qualified for his office, having cruised very extensively over the years, the coasts of Spain being particular favourites. In 1970 he sailed from Baltimore in Cork to the Channel Islands in a 26' boat, spending time in Jersey before returning along the coast of Brittany. He also raced, completing a number of Round Ireland Races in PARTISAN, and has been very active in the Galway Sailing Club over the years.

Marking the transfer, outgoing Commodore Michael McKee in a most generous gesture, presented an ICC tie pin in the form of a Commodore's Burgee to David, to be passed on by him to future Commodores.

The financial position was outlined by the Hon. Treasurer at the well attended meeting.

89 members were present and apologies received from a further 73. Peter Ronaldson as Hon. Treasurer, Subscriptions, had collected over £6,000 of arrears, contributing to an excess of income over expenditure of £16,900. Your committee had decided last year to start a fund to cover the celebrations in 2004, marking the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Club in Glengarriff in 1929. £5,000 per year is being added to it, all invested by the Hon. Treasurer in suitable instruments. For the Publishing Company there had been no printing costs incurred and sales of £50,000 left a surplus there of £12,000 which will go some way to meeting the costs of the next editions of the Sailing Directions.

Before calling the election of the Flags and committee, the outgoing Commodore paid a moving tribute to members who had died during the year. He found this duty particularly difficult, they were so well known to him, including not alone previous Commodore Liam McGonagle, a huge loss to the Club, and his own brother in law, Jim Blakie. Members stood in silence in tribute and remembrance.

He then thanked the three committee members standing down, Michael O'Farrell from the north, Paddy O'Sullivan from the west and Keith Hunt from the south. All had contributed substantially to committee work in general and in particular to the development of their regions. No other names having been proposed for office, he put forward the committee's names for Flags and committee, all elected unopposed. Hon. Treasurer then proposed that the Auditors continue in office for another year, passed.

Under any other business Guy Johnston suggested that email addresses for members be added to the Annual and Members Book. This was opposed from the floor by the Hon. Editor of the Annual, Paddy Barry, and by the Hon. Secretary, both objections being on the grounds of the additional volume of print required. The Hon. Secretary has since arranged with Guy Johnston to produce an email directory 'on line' for those members with email addresses. This will mean that the (currently 24) members whose addresses are known to him will

be added by Guy to the directory and members can communicate between themselves. It is expected that the current number on line will increase rapidly over the next year or two.

Hotel arrangements for the annual dinner did not work out as the committee had expected. It was the turn of the east to organise it, the Vice Commodore selected Waterford as the venue, using two hotels, Faithlegg House Hotel some miles outside the city and the Tower Hotel in the city itself. The committee had expected problems to arise with the capacity of Faithlegg House, the newer hotel built around an old country house in rolling parkland. But no, the preference of members was for the Tower Hotel in whose function room the dinner was to be held. Clearly the committee had not realised the importance to members of being able to stagger up to their rooms after the dinner!

The speaker, selected by the Commodore appropriately from his own region was Commander Bill King. Before the dinner he, with fifty or so others had been led on a splendid walk in the Comeragh mountains by Colin Chapman. It was a soft day, the ground was very wet, but Bill King was ahead of the group, jumping from rock to rock. An amazing performance from the only submarine commander to command and survive from 1939 to 1945. After that it could have been expected that he would have been as exhausted as many of the others were, but no, he spoke at length about his life and his sailing and kept members enthralled.

In all 323 members and guests attended while more than 250 had participated in the scrum at the New Members Cocktail Party on the Friday night. But it was a good weekend. However, we are unlikely to return to Waterford for a long time having been "warned off" by members who live there, on the basis that they have lost too many weekends away in recent years, because the east region found Waterford such a convenient location!

Your committee had decided not to organise a Millennium Event but instead to support our sister Clubs with theirs. The RCC Rolling Meet was well attended in Dun Laoghaire and in Bangor, and the Clyde Cruising Club rally in Scotland attracted a huge turnout. The weather was outstanding, Scotland at its best, and members are now able to speak with authority on the products of the various distilleries they had perforce to visit during the cruise.

In 2001 we will again have our own Rally. The southern region are organising a cruise during June to Dartmouth, to Jersey in the Channel Islands and to Brittany. In Dartmouth the event will centre around the splendour of the Royal Naval College in which the dinner will be held. Jersey look as if they intend to overwhelm us with their hospitality, the Commodore has arranged this at the highest level. As we go to press, some members of the committee are faced with the difficult task of deciding on the location of a dinner in Perros Guirec, but they can be relied upon to select an establishment where gastronomic delights, and wines, will fully satisfy the palates of members. A cruise not to be missed.

Finally, returning again to our ageing membership, the committee would like to publicise a facility available to members no longer active on the cruising scene, but who do not wish to lose contact with the Club, to resign, thus making a place for a more active, younger member. If they do so and wish to obtain the Annual each year it will be sent on payment of £10 to cover cost and postage.

The Club has started the new millennium in good shape and seems well set to progress into the future with confidence.

Cormac P McHenry
Honorary Secretary

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

Flag Officers and Committee 2000-2001

Commodore	David H B Fitzgerald	1st year
Vice Commodore	Terence Johnson	2nd year
Rear Commodore	Chris J Bruen	2nd year
Rear Commodore	Peter Ronaldson	1st year
Hon. Secretary	Cormac P McHenry	11th year
Hon. Treasurer	Donal P Brazil	8th year

North

Ronnie Barr
Hugh P Kennedy
David Park
James Nixon

Michael McKee (*ex officio*)

East

Brendan Bradley
Brendan Connor
Peter Killen
Bruce Lyster

South

Arthur Baker
Donal McClement
Gerry Sheridan
WA Curtain

West

Jarlath Cunnane
Brian Lynch

New Members

Stanton Adair	Bangor
Maurice Butler	Bangor
Maeve Cotter	Cork
Graham Crisp	Dublin
Ann Doherty	Westport
Martin Dooney	Cork
Patrick Gallagher	Bantry
Peter Haden	Ballyvaughan
Andy McCarter	Donegal
John Malone	Cork
Seamus Salmon	Knock, Co Mayo
David Tucker	Kinsale

Deceased Members

James Blakie
Pat Colleran
Perry Greer
Patrick Jameson
Arthur G (Gerry) Madden
John Olver
Michael Tomlinson
John Waddell

Pat Coleran

An Appreciation

Pat was one of those unique individuals who, in a quiet and unassuming way, touched the lives of everyone he met and for most of us it has probably taken the tragedy of his death for us to realise exactly just how much he had touched us. He died on July 24th after a seven month battle with cancer.

Throughout his illness Pat had little concern for himself. He accepted the challenge that it imposed on him with remarkable courage and calmness. It is indeed unfortunate that sheer willpower and guts were not enough to overcome his illness, because if it were he would certainly still be with us today. He was not afraid to die. His only concern and sadness was for his wife Valerie and the boys Gavin, Niall and Cathal and the fact that he would not be there for them.

If there was a word to describe Pat it would probably be Enthusiasm. No matter what he did, from his love of good food, from climbing, diving and sailing to his involvement in his family life he was enthusiastic about it and threw himself into it wholeheartedly. In his private life Pat tried his hand at many things and accomplished them with great success. However while having all these adventures he made his career in RTE. For 37 years, as the very essence of a public servant, he travelled the highways and byways of Ireland setting up outside radio broadcasts. But even in his work Pat was enthusiastic. I remember sailing up the west coast of Greenland with Pat on John Gore-Grimes yacht *Shardana* in 1982 and while the rest of us were marvelling at the icebergs and whales Pat was scanning the coast looking for radio links. When he spotted one we were given a lecture as to its band width, frequency, range etc. I know that many ICC members have also benefited from Pat's know-how as he was most generous in helping people with any technical difficulties they may have had with their onboard electronics. With his particular interest in Arctic sailing Pat maintained a base station in the shed at the end of his garden for both John Gore-Grimes and Paddy Barry on their various expeditions. Many a night was spent in that shed scanning the frequencies for an "Echo India" call sign from the far North. Such was his professionalism that each contact was carefully logged and recorded and no scheduled contact time, no matter how unsociable the hour, missed.

When Pat took up something he did so with commitment. He started hill walking and then climbing and became an accomplished mountaineer having scaled the Matterhorn in the Alps amongst other notable peaks. On the hills he was as sure footed and as quick as a mountain goat. From climbing he turned to diving when he joined the Curragh sub-aqua club. Again with his great enthusiasm he became a lead diving instructor and dived on many of the wrecks around our coast.



Pat Coleran

Such was his love for the sea that his ashes have been spread over the wreck of the *Tayleur*, off Lambay island. After diving Pat took up sailing and while most of us would be content to start by pottering around Dublin Bay, Pat started by sailing to Spitzbergen on a French yacht. He had no experience and did not speak French but by the time he was finished he was both an accomplished sailor and a fluent French speaker.

I first sailed with Pat in 1982 on a trip to Greenland with John Gore-Grimes on *Shardana* and I could not have wished for better company or a sounder watchmate. Over the next few years he returned to Greenland twice as well as to Iceland and the Faroes. In 1984 he scaled Rockall, one of the few people I'll bet ever to have done so. In latter years Pat confined his sailing to the less onerous trips and was a regular on the *Saint Patricks' May* cruise to Scotland and more lately to West Cork. Unfortunately, due to his illness he was unable to join us in Donegal this year.

Pat was a great sailor and friend and his untimely death has been a great loss to his family, friends and indeed the ICC. His enthusiasm, competence, cooking ability and sheer good company will be truly missed by those of us who had the privilege to know him and sail with him.

PC

Perry Greer

1911 - 2000

An Appreciation

When Perry Greer arrived in Howth with his 28-footer *Moonface* in August 1948, sailing at the port was at its lowest ebb. The racing fleet was reduced to seven boats, all in the Howth 17 class. But the new arrival brought the number of cruisers in the harbour to five, entitling them to handicap racing. So Perry Green was immediately good for Howth.

And Howth was to be good for him. Though born in Belfast, he'd spent most of his life in Scotland and England, qualifying as an electrical engineer and rising rapidly in the technical management of power supply companies. He'd had an exciting and dangerous war in London, working through the Blitz to restore bombed utilities. Then, with the post-war nationalisation of British electricity, his company in Aberdare found fresh fields to plough with the rural electrification of Ireland, and in Howth he found a new home port for *Moonface*. After the stresses of war, and with a very austere family in the Salvation Army, he found the place relaxing.

Not that he relaxed in his work. His company was soon developing to become the conglomerate Unidare, and his sailing developed too. By 1951, he'd become a member of the Irish Cruising Club. *Moonface* was sold to Christo Gore-Grimes, and Perry spread his wings with the handsome John Kearney designed 42ft yawl *Ann Gail*, built in Malahide in 1952. There was racing and cruising success and in 1959 a mainly Spanish cruise took in Tangiers and was awarded the Faulkner Cup.

Moving up the ranks in the ICC, he'd become Rear Commodore in 1958, and presented the Rockabill Trophy for seamanship. By 1960 he was Vice Commodore, and planning a new ship, the 55ft yawl *Helen of Howth*, designed by John Kearney and built in Arklow by Jack Tyrrell. She was undoubtedly Kearney in shape, but as John Kearney himself wrote at the time: "The owner planned all the accommodation, electrics, water supplies and engine fittings, and many other devices seldom if ever seen on yachts in this country – water pressure tank, feathering and reversing propeller controls, automatic pilot, centre plate lowering and hoisting mechanism, and items of lesser nature too numerous to list here".

Much of the equipment was designed and built by Perry and his own team, and the boat was laid up each winter in the covered dry dock at the bottom of his garden beside Sutton Creek. The dock served as a swimming pool in the summer, while in winter it provided such good facilities that *Helen* was usually ready for the next season before Christmas, and was always afloat and in full commission by St. Patrick's Day. She was overall winner of the 1962 Lambay Race on her second outing, but although she was successful in many races, her seakindly hull made cruising her true forte, and she ranged the coasts of Europe in style.

Perry served as Commodore ICC from 1963 to 1966, and in 1963 he led a significant Irish contingent in the Fastnet Race. He was an energetic and innovative Commodore, and handed over the reins of a club in good heart. By this time he was very

much a part of the local community in Howth, or at least as much a part of it as he wished to be. Bringing an outsider's cool appraisal to the situation, he realised the need for one strong club instead of the two small clubs on either side of the harbour, and his persuasive charm resulted in the "new" Howth YC in 1968, with himself as Commodore.

It is a measure of the man that during the late 1960s, when he had health problems, he was active in many areas. He was Chairman of Irish Shipping at its time of greatest prosperity, and likewise of the Insurance Corporation of Ireland. He also became a member of Coiste an Asgard, and served for many years as a Commissioner of Irish Lights, memorably spending a week living and working with the keepers on Black Rock in Mayo.

In 1969, *Helen of Howth* was the only Irish entrant for the Transatlantic Race to Cork. Perry organised a comfortable sail. He was a talented cook, and his special pride was the catering aboard *Helen*, which could accommodate dinner parties in the saloon in port, while at sea the food – cooked in a galley in which the entire working area gimballed as one unit – was provided on a servery adjusted to suit the angle of heel. During the winter, he tested every day's menu in advance and the ship was so well supplied that she could have sailed twice across the Atlantic. The ICC crew of Perry Greer, Dermot Luke, Ken Cooke, Ross Courtney, Jim Cox, Bertie Smyth, Sean Flood and Dennis Higginbotham celebrated the halfway stage with a dinner of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding with all the trimmings.

Perry's negotiating skills and sage advice were called on again in the late 1970s as Howth Harbour faced up to another phase of development. In private discussions, his business ability carried the day. In public meetings, he enjoyed the banter, but then had a way of cutting through the flannel with a few concise sentences to guide the gathering to his line of thinking.

By 1979, the challenge of running a boat as large and complex as *Helen* was becoming too much for a man approaching his 70th year, and the 1979 Cruise-In-Company in southwest Ireland was the last hurrah for the old firm before the ship was sold. But then, after the marina had been opened in Howth in 1982, he had his own craft once more, the Fisher 30 motorsailer *Tarquin*, a little ketch which gave him much pleasure.

In his latter days, he battled with determination against increasing frailty, skillfully organising his house with the mind of the engineer in order to maximise his independence to the very end. Always fond of a good discussion, and always prepared to be the Devil's advocate, he could be decidedly argumentative. Yet always there was the spark, and often the humour, of Perry in his prime. He died peacefully in February 2000 in his 89th year, a father, grandfather and great-grandfather, a remarkable man.

WMN

Challenge Cup Awards

Frank Larkin

FAULKNER CUP – One quite morning last August, I opened my Irish Times to discover that an attempt by an ICC member to kick start World War Three had been narrowly averted. He did however succeed in other aspects of his mission. For his magnificent cruise to the land of the midnight sun, I award the Faulkner Cup, the Club's premier award, to John Gore-Grimes. John's version of cruising is not for the faint-hearted. His cruises are wonderful adventures, sprinkled with unique events, strange places, colourful characters and strong drink. John's account of his voyage to Ostrov Viktoria Island and back is straight out of the adventure books we read in our youth. I hope he never grows up.

STRANGFORD CUP – Having had no hesitation in awarding the Club's premier trophy, I found it very difficult to decide on the alternative best cruise from among the many excellent logs submitted. I did enjoy reading two superb accounts of cruising in Scandinavia written by Roy Waters and Michael Balmforth, respectively. Scandinavia is a cruising ground unknown to me but both writers make me want to learn more about it and maybe even go there. The only downside seems to be the price of drink. After much agonising, I decided to award the Strangford Cup to Michael Balmforth for his account of an extensive cruise with family and friends to Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

THE WYBRANT CUP – for the best cruise in Scottish waters, goes to Adrian and Maeve Bell, for their delightful cruise which had as its primary goal a dinner at an upmarket restaurant on the west coast of the Isle of Lewis. Along the way they took in St Kilda and the CCC Millennium Classic Malts Cruise. They were accompanied by John and Joan Russell.

THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP – for the best circumnavigation, is awarded to Harry Byrne for his entertaining account of his cruise to Tory Island and onwards around Ireland. Harry's log of interesting sailing passages, punctuated with stops in all the usual haunts, again highlights the great cruising ground we have here on our doorstep. In view of the growing number of ICC members visiting Tory, the Club will have to consider opening diplomatic relations with the King of Tory, Patsy Dan Rogers.

THE FINGAL CUP – The transition from weekend or short holiday cruising in home or near waters to extended cruises to far away places is not an easy one. Yet, an increasing number of members are undertaking cruises of greater distance and longer duration. This clearly shows that in the everyday struggle to achieve a proper balance between work and play, play wins hands down with ICC Members. Its not only retired members who are taking long cruises but members still active in the workforce are making room in their busy lives for extended cruising.

To mark this growing trend and to encourage other members to similarly throw off the shackles, I award the Fingal Cup to Tony Clarke for his lively account of a first venture into the world of extended cruising. I have to declare an interest here in that I and my wife Caroline joined Tony and his wife Eileen for their African interlude. Notwithstanding my interest, I hope Tony's account of a successful first time three month cruise by a husband and wife team, visiting France, Spain, Portugal, Morocco, and Spain again, will encourage other members to re-evaluate that critical balance between work and play.

THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY – for the best cruise in Irish waters, is awarded to Paddy Barry for his enchanting account of cruising around Ireland, in particular, the north west corner. I have sailed the waters that Paddy writes about, and thought I knew them reasonably well, but his log has made me realise how much I overlooked. The lesson from Paddy is that to get the most enjoyment out of a cruise, you must not only research where the rocks are but also immerse yourself in the history and culture of the area you are visiting. Paddy's log also highlights a sometimes neglected but often most enjoyable aspect of cruising – cruise planning-sitting by a winter fire with charts, maps, guides, brochures, timetables, etc. spread everywhere.

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY – for best open seas passage of at least 1,000 miles, goes to Henry and Ivy Barnwell for their account of an extended cruise from the Mediterranean to the Caribbean via the Cape Verde Islands. Their log is packed full of practical advice and useful information for anyone contemplating an Atlantic crossing.

THE WILD GOOSE CUP is awarded at the discretion of the adjudicator for a log of literary merit. I'm no judge of literature but I like to think I know a good read when I see one, and I certainly enjoyed reading Bill and Hilary Keatinge's account of their cruise through Greek waters. It was not just an account of a well planned and executed cruise but a travelogue through classical surroundings that could sit comfortably in any book store travel section. I award the Wild Goose Cup to Bill and Hilary Keatinge.

THE ROCKABILL TROPHY – Peter and Susan Gray continue to enthral us with reports from their global circumnavigation. I look forward each year to reading of their travels to exotic places that most of us can only dream about. I award the Rockabill Trophy to Peter and Susan Gray, not for any one particular feat of navigation or seamanship, but for the continuing high standard in navigation and seamanship they are displaying in their voyage. I might add I would expect nothing less from two such highly competent sailors.

THE PERRY GREER BOWL – for the best first ICC log is awarded to David Beattie for a well documented account, told with good humour, of a cruise around Ireland in his Shipman 28. His going ashore in an overloaded Avon with one and a half oars brings back many embarrassing memories.

THE FORTNIGHT CUP – is not awarded this year.

I thank the Commodore and Committee for inviting me to adjudicate on the club's Challenge Awards. It was indeed a privilege and a pleasure.

THE EASTERN AREA COMMITTEE awards **THE DONEGAN MEMORIAL** to Arthur Orr, ICC Publications.

THE SOUTHERN AREA COMMITTEE awards **THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP** to Clayton Love Jnr.

THE NORTHERN AREA COMMITTEE awards **THE WRIGHT MEMORIAL SALVER** to Roy Waters.

THE WESTERN AREA COMMITTEE awards **THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY** to Jack McCann.

THE COMMODORE – THE JOHN B. KEARNEY CUP. David Burrows.

Shrinking figure of eight

Jonathan Virden

The year 2000 gave *Twayblade* a diminishing but hugely enjoyable cruise. When a Round Britain Rolling Meet was first suggested it seemed to solve three long-suppressed schemes. These were to sail round the UK, to visit Scotland and to spend much more time on board than since 1994. Common sense soon took over and the sequence of following the rolling meet to Shetland and return by way of the Caledonian canal and the west of Ireland became the "figure of eight" plan.

Twayblade is nearly a museum-piece, built in 1961 and much restored in 1982. Very old-fashioned simplicity is the rule for all functions, but creeping old-age of crew and modernity of navigation systems are forcing change upon us. Alan Buchanan's design, Harry King's building followed by Ian Nicholson's revision carried out by John Hill all combine in a wonderfully sea-kindly and safe yacht of her time and age. But the mechanical certainty of changing foresails on a wild-wet foredeck at midnight in too much wind may become more than an ageing crew can undertake in safety. *Twayblade* is never over-crewed; for this year two or three were all we had, quite enough for 32 ft. overall.

The real cruise started when Joy, Joseph (19) and I returned to Plymouth on 7th July with just sixteen hours remaining before the RCC lunch at Helford. We left Plymouth in calm at 2300, sailed for a couple of hours, motored for four hours and sailed into Helford to anchor at Polgwidden Cove at 0800, there being no free moorings.

Hugh Davies had organised a splendid buffet lunch at the Ferryboat Inn. There was much greeting and eating and drinking which drifted on into the afternoon. The wind rose during the night, enough to make us dress up fully for taking Joy ashore in morning. She went back to Kent for a week of work.

On 10th July Joseph and I sailed to Falmouth in a gusty F6 – 7. We were guided to a mooring by the very helpful Assistant Harbourmaster. His coxwain then took the outboard and cleaned out the cooling system. Also he had the injectors checked; both were back by 1100 next day. That was really good service.

The wind blew hard while we were in Falmouth, enough to make going ashore require some thought and effort (no outboard!) with strong rowing across the wind. We became tired of strong winds, especially from NW, as we wanted to go on to Dun Laoghaire.

We left Falmouth at 0630 on 12th July. There was almost no wind, but it came back from SW. This allowed us to motor for the favourable tide at the Lizard, hoist the big genoa at 1145, and, in poor but variable visibility, sail past Lands End and set course for the Tuskar Lt. Ho. With occasional help from the engine we sailed north until, at 0100 I had to take the genoa down because we were over-pressed by gusts at 35 kts. This left us with reefed main, engine at tick-over, going in approximately the right direction. During the sail changes I often swore that I would sprinkle sand over all new varnish on hatches, and began to wonder whether rolling headsails could ever be trusted.

At 0600 on 13 July the sea was wholly contrary, though not

aggressive, and the 25 kt wind headed us. I was cold and wet, almost seeing illusions, and about to make mistakes. Joseph was deeply hors-de-combat from seasickness. So we bore off to Milford Haven. Comfort instantly returned. Often during that day as the wind eased back but remained E of N (ie contrary for our route) I considered going on towards Ireland.

However cruising is not a time for heroics, even for lunch at Dun Laoghaire. During the night I had written in the log "Cruising is for going to curious and interesting places, often with curious and interesting people, and sometimes by curious and interesting means". So we retreated to Dale and found shelter. Shelter from extreme uncertainty too.

For the next two days the forecasters and the weather did not communicate. The highs and lows hopped about like goblins making the forecasters' task impossible. Few of the pressure gradients would have made a breeze. But each morning when we would have set off for Ireland we had NNW f6 and each evening it went quite calm. This was a partial disaster; I missed a Lunch at Dun Laoghaire (where I had started sailing in the 1960s), but we had the Griffin pub accessible which I had known since 1949 but not seen for about 48 years. We stayed put until sense returned to the weather. Milford Haven may become a normal stopping point between the east coast of Ireland and Lands End in the future. The shelter and facilities were all good.

Joy joined us on 15th July by train from Kent. At 1645 next day we set off on the great dash to Skye. We sailed quite gently away from Wales, taking the tide past the beaches and islands which I had known in the 1940s. The wind died at 2300 on a clear moonlit night. We motored to Howth, going alongside the marina at 1600.

We did a pit-stop at Howth. This two hours at my original home port passed all too quickly. We refuelled to the top, and took showers. I grabbed the chance to phone ahead to Bangor; having missed the lunch at Dun Laoghaire I hoped it would be possible to get some tickets for dinner in Bangor. The message did get through. Inevitably I ran into Rupert Jeffares, manager of Howth YC, and source of all necessities, then Davy McBride pottering about the marina putting things to rights, then Ian Guinness just checking something on his way home, and, as we were detaching the warps, John Gore-Grimes came by. This was a few days before he set off for the Arctic.

Then to sea again on a still evening. We motored steadily to the coast of Co. Down. Fine visibility and no useful wind until 0300 when the sails could just pull. With the dawn fog banks came and the sun rose over them. I saw a working racon on the radar screen for the first time. For 3 hours we could sail without engine. For the last four hours there was no wind so we motored to Bangor through Donaghadee Sound.

At Bangor we caught up with the RCC fleet, but only stayed there for 12 hours. This was enough for revictualling, refuelling and failing to find the right type of oil for the engine. The engine was running very well but using far more oil than usual, needing a check and often a top-up every 12 hours. That quantity was not in the bilge, and some dripped out of the air



Twayblade, Loch Sunnart, August 2000.

intake. So it must have been coming up the breather and going through one cylinder. That was later confirmed, and it stayed like that for the rest of the season.

Dinner at the Royal Ulster YC was a splendid affair. After all it is really a dining club, and they did us very well indeed. The Club Secretary took Joy and Joseph on a tour of the building. James Nixon, surgeon, welcomed us and Stuart Ingram, anaesthetist, replied with semi-medical humour. We did not stay late and we left the marina at 2315. Thus we over took the RCC fleet and motored on to Scotland, all new to us.

Joy and Joseph took all possible advantage of the favourable tide. There was no wind at all. They handed over to me at 0400 so far ahead of expected position that I was able, just, to reach the anchorage at Church Bay, Rathlin Island before the contrary tide started. We slept on a glassy sea.

From Rathlin our single objective was to reach Carbost, Loch Harport as soon as we could. There we intended to join the Clyde Cruising Club / Classic Malts Cruise. I knew that there was no time to spare if we were to get there in time for the principal festivities. We sailed a bit and motor-sailed a bit and motored over a flat sea. The visibility was almost all good but with drizzly patches. Just after dawn we motor-sailed through Gunna Sound between Coll and Tiree, and cleared the rougher water north of the sound. The sea became mirror smooth. The sun was warm. The engine hammered on while electric charlie (Autohelm) did the work. The distant islands and cliffs became clearer and by 1600 we could sail gently down Loch Harport on a quiet sunny afternoon.

Quite suddenly, although we had prepared to anchor in this beautiful calm place, we were dragged into the party. The sails

were dropped and we were in the sunflower raft all in about one minute. Cheerful bedlam. Great excitement and noise, which was drowned by the helicopter which later perched on a peak. Joseph spent some time up the mast with various cameras. He discovered that the top of the radar scanner is a good place to set a can of beer. Jennifer Guinness' *Alakush* brought our party goodies. Amid enormous noise the raft was completed with about 170 yachts; the piper in the middle probably could not hear himself playing. Liquid refreshment was taken to celebrate I am not quite sure what, except the beginning of a most remarkable party. We had just made it after four nights at sea mostly motoring.

After the raft broke up we anchored further up the loch, went to the splendid ceilidh, and finally retreated to bunks at 0100, shattered. The rest of our time at Carbost was "off this planet", or rather the best huge party I have ever met. The day ended with a totally civilised dinner aboard *Alakush*. Jennifer, with Alex and Jack, gave us the most delicious beef I have eaten for 44 years.

Our effort to get to Carbost, with expenditure of days and nights of noise and scores of gallons of diesel had paid a great dividend. But the let-down was gradual. Joy returned to Kent for another unavoidable week of work, leaving Joseph and me to follow events. From Carbost we sailed out of Loch Harport but then had to motor almost all the way to Loch Scavaig. I did the annual ritual of a wholly manual sun-sight to keep in practise. Joseph delighted in the routeing capacity of the little Magellan GPS. We were separated by several generations of navigators. We anchored 50 m north of En Reamhar; it was very still. Seals were all around. Ali and Moyra Ross came from *Sulya* to *Twayblade* to drink cider. Later they sent over glorious mussels ready to eat.

Sunday 23rd July was a beautiful sunny day. We went ashore to visit Loch Coruisk, meeting Elaine Bunting on the path, and later to the nearby stream to do the laundry. We left at midday and motored, with occasional attempts at sailing, to Loch Droma Buidhe. As we left Skye the deep cobalt blue sky outlined the mountains astern. After a very quiet still night we went to Tobermory and picked up a mooring after a short wait.

From Tobermory Joseph and I went in "Stevie's" bus to the Royal Highland YC "taste of Mull" picnic lunch at Tiroran House overlooking Loch Scridain. Stevie, of the silken voice, told us about the geology, flora and past inhabitants of Mull. Picnic on the lawn was heavenly with local delicacies all in a box and heaps of congenial people.

On 26th July we motored, with rare help from sails, down the Sound of Mull, through Cuan Sound with the ebb tide to Loch Melfort and the RCC raft. After three hours of gossip and chatter the fleet moved on to Kimmelford and a splendid buffet supper at the new village Hall. On the morning after I went for a long walk, just for some exercise, and found the sweetest wild raspberries by the roadside. Before midday we left Loch Melfort on a slack tide through Cuan Sound and went north to Kerrera for the third party in three days. The sea was flat and nearly windless; f2 in little gusts from all different directions. At the marina we squeezed in between other boats on the finger pontoons. It was warm and grey and everyone was busy, especially those short of water as there had been no rain for weeks. The sky cleared in time for the gathering outside the upper shed for a taste of Oban malt and speeches and parades before the final dinner of the CCC / Classic Malts cruise. 600 people sat down to a superb supper in the big shed.

On 28th July we took a ferry to Oban and back for all sorts of supplies, including oil for the engine. We refuelled, changed the oil in the engine, and left Kerrera for points north, going easily for a change. We sailed gently with the tide into the Sound of Mull. There were most peculiar patterns of little waves on the tide near Lady's Island Lt. Ho. Some wavelets

and wash had become trapped in a pocket of tide. In the early evening we anchored in Loch Aline.

It was mirror still in the morning and slightly misty; very photogenic. I changed our flags back from ICC, for CCC events, to RCC. As we left the loch the sun broke through the clouds. We motored up the sound of Mull, past Ardnamurchan, and could sail when the point of Sleat was abeam at 1615. Off Mallaig we were very undecided about where to go. We hove-to to wait for a weather forecast. The wind died so we went to the nearest anchorage at Inverie Bay, Loch Nevis.

We had recently installed Navtex. The only consistently useful transmitter was Malin Head which worked from Isle of Man to Skye to Slyne Head. Portpatrick was wholly useless; occasionally we got sub-facts of gun-facts, but never any weather information. Later on we found that the Irish Coastguard weather forecasts were regularly audible, on time, full of helpful detail and often with a wry chuckle. The UK system seems to have collapsed into nothing. This was made worse by the speed with which the 198khz forecasts are now read; so fast that they are almost unusable. This is especially true of the long range one at the weekend; it is quite impossible to write down enough to make sense of it later and my memory is no where good enough for all the detail. The DTI. The BBC, and Coastal authorities have clearly lost sight of maritime safety as one of their objectives.

From Loch Nevis we motored towards Loch Alsh, with a brief stop at Glen Elg to look for milk; none on Sunday. Then we had a swirly ride through Kyle Rhea. We sailed slowly past Kyles of Loch Alsh, but took to the engine before we reached the Skye bridge, in full sunshine. We left Pabay to port and anchored in the evening 3 ca. from the NE shore of Loch na Caridh.

31st July was a rare day. We sailed off the anchorage and all the way to a mooring at Portree in a light wind mostly from E. We had an easy day; there were plenty of supplies, and showers in the Youth Hostel. There was time to sort and restow *Twayblade* and make ready for Joy to rejoin ship, which happened on time that evening.

We were now behind the RCC Rolling Meet, who had gathered at Loch Leurbost while we were in Portree. To catch them up at Stornoway I got *Twayblade* under way at 0440 on 1st August. It was quite windless until noon. There was a submarine on the horizon in Inner Sound, sinister and silhouetted as the light came back. The sequence of colours was magical; I never tire of seeing them. The faint glow becomes pink and becomes pink light and then pink clouds gradually become orange and pink clouds. The sky is still grey below with pale blue, almost green above. The brighter orange in the middle begins to flame. There was a band of rain showers ahead with clear sky beyond, and grey mountains and green cliffs, all over a glassy sea. Then comes the spot of vermillion fire and the day begins. Soon the dazzle is too hot to look at.

On the open Minch the sea had some movement in it. Then came a breeze, a broad reach for the genoa, and we sailed from the Shiant Is. to Stornoway. By the time we came into the harbour it was blowing 25 kts and gusting more. We found the



Ardnamurchan Lighthouse, with Skye on the left. July 2000.

fleet, not difficult as they were dressed overall, and moored alongside *Harrier*, better late than never.

At this point we had to decide whether to go on to Shetland as originally planned. There was very little spare time for us to be held up anywhere if we were to get back to Inverness at the end of our "free time". For some time it had been growing upon me that we could only go further north if all the omens for the next 10 days were favourable. They were not promising, so we relaxed into family cruising mode and abandoned the top of the "figure of eight". Retrospectively this was a good decision because the weather further north was horrible, but it still made some disappointment. Perhaps we will reach Shetland earlier in another year.

We left the RCC trots in the morning of 2nd August and found a free pontoon in the marina beyond the fish-piers in a well sheltered corner within easy reach of the town. We shopped and mooched and explored the town. Bicycles were booked for the next day because Joy wished to see the standing stones at Calanish. On a grey but dry day we rode across the south of Lewis on unfamiliar but much more modern and efficient machines than we usually use. We saw the standing stones in the company of most irreverent tourists from northern Europe and took refreshment at the efficient visitor centre. We rode on to the broch, pre-christian communal fortified house, overlooking the west coast. And we returned to Stornoway on the road through the peat bogs in the middle of Lewis reaching Stornoway just before the bike-hire closed having covered 45 miles. We took heavenly showers at the local swimming pool.

It was a surprise that we were not too stiff next day, so we sailed to the head of Loch Leurbost, broad reaching to the entrance, and beating in a gusty 15 – 25 kt wind as far as we could go. We were all alone in a wild place. Next day, in a similar wind we ran down the loch and beat up Loch Erisort, again to the end of the loch. It was all simple sailing in sheltered water where pilotage and the landscape were most interesting and not cluttered with human activities; we saw no other yachts, just a few small local boats connected with fishing. After a fairly quiet night the wind had shifted to WNW and remained very unsteady. We left under sail and had a grand run down Loch Erisort. The wind gradually dropped while we saw tantalising signs of large marine life but no clear views of any of them. For 2 1/2 hours we had to motor, but then sailed

smoothly to Raasay. We crept gingerly into Eileann Fladday South bay to anchor for the night. It was conspicuously quiet; no noise at all.

After a night of drizzle we motored across the sound to Portree through a mixture of patchy fog and drizzle. This was a chance to use the radar more seriously than before. As we came to Portree Joy and Joseph kept look-out and occasionally told me what was really going on while I took control of steering from below and worked from radar alone. In fact the visibility was quite good at that time. I correctly identified and passed land and buoys, but failed to name correctly the flock of birds on the water half a mile away which made a very clear echo. Then I steered *Twayblade* to within a few feet of a mooring buoy. We chose to over-shoot it because it had a defective top ring, a matter of convenience really as I had not slowed quite enough at final approach. It was a very good demonstration of what a modern radar can show on its screen. In the afternoon it rained, but we did some tourist shopping had showers, visited a pub (rather unimpressive beer) and cleaned out the water tank and installed a new water filter.

On 8th August we left Portree and motored and sailed, in all combinations, through breeze, calm, drizzle, clear visibility and fog patches. We went down the Sound of Raasay, left Scalpay to starboard, and Longay to port, and slowly past Kyles of Lochalsh. We beat with a mild tide through Kyle Rhea. The wind died and we motored to Isleornsay where it was very still and sunny. Next day it rained on and off with light SW wind. We stayed on board at Isleornsay until evening when Joy and I went ashore for a walk. We found a craft market in an old church, a sculpture exhibition of lovely but extremely costly pieces, and a whisky tasting. The wind was so light and variable that I could take a single photo of other boats variously lying to each point of the compass at the same time.

We motored out of Loch Sunnart, stopping briefly at Salen Bay for water; we were also allowed not to pay dues for the 20 minute stop! It was just possible to sail down the Sound of Mull. It was very smooth and quiet and sunny. Although the wind was helpful most of the time it took much concentration by Joy and Joseph to make enough progress to reach Loch Aline by supper time. Again we anchored near the NE corner of the loch, and it rained very heavily during the night. The last day of this part of the cruise, 14th August, was spent beating against f3-4, in light rain and poor visibility to the bay on the

NW corner of Kerrera. We spent the afternoon there and finally sailed slowly round to the Oban Yachts marina on Kerrera.

As we were going to leave *Twayblade* at this marina for a few days we did much checking and cleaning and restowing and preparation for new crew. And the following morning Joy, Joseph and I went south by train.

Although it had been exceptionally sunny our first cruise so far north showed that there is everything one could want in Scotland for magnificent cruising, except about 10 degrees Celsius.

The last part of *Twayblade*'s cruise this year was to return to Plymouth. However I could not resist the chance to leave Ireland to port and sail down the west coast. On 20th August I returned to Oban. Next morning Alix Boyd, long standing friend of Joy and recently retired, arrived and after rapid shopping we caught the ferry back from Oban to Kerrera. We left the marina at 1400 and motored all the way to Oronsay over mirror-like sea, watching the higher bits of Scotland fade away in the dusk. There was a brief spell of northerly breeze but it fell away by the time we left in the morning just leaving enough to sail for the next six hours. As we left the anchorage we heard a most odd barking; it must have come from seals on the outer rocks of the anchorage. A little motoring and then a steady run or broad reach to Sheephaven, Co. Donegal, where we picked up a mooring at 0230 and it was almost still.

In the morning Alix went ashore to make contact with local culture and get some currency. I did a heap of little jobs on board. In the afternoon we motored round Bloody Foreland to Inishsirrer. The pool at the SE end of the island is, perhaps, my favourite of all in the world. It is sheltered from all swell except NW to NE and has no tide running through it, being enclosed by a reef on all other sides which just covers at high water. Sandy bottom with about 10ft at low water. The island was deserted forty years ago, though some of the cottages are still boarded up. We went ashore to find dozens of wrens in the scrub and a most curious small boulder on the beach; solid quartz with big brown crystalline inclusions.

The following morning we walked to the light at the NW end of the island which is not very high but right out in the ocean. That day the wind was f2 at most so we motored to Teelin. It was very disappointing that we did not really have time to stop at many more of the delightful places on this coast, especially as the weather was picture-postcard quality. We went through Inishsirrer Sound, Gola Sound South and Owey Sound and west of Aranmore. As we approached Teelin, under the 1900 ft cliffs of Slieve League I saw big fish jumping (later identified as Tuna). Alix went for a long walk and was just caught by a rainstorm as she returned to *Twayblade*. Next day we motored to Killybegs for victuals and communications with home. The helpful harbour master put us alongside a town pier for the hours we were there; he came for a chat, perhaps relief from his business among the huge fishing fleet which occupies the port. Replenished, we sailed slowly back to Teelin for the night.

If the wind had been more favourable on 25th August we might have been able to get to Inishkea in one day. But we had to make a break at Belderg. This is a



Isleornsay. All winds! Yachts facing all directions! August 2000.

rather unpromising notch in the north Mayo coast, but is served us very well in the murky westerly conditions of that evening and night. Next day offered spectacular cumulonimbus and almost no wind. We motored under a pure Paul Henry sky to the Stags and then motor-sailed to Erris Head with a clearing sky. Finally turned off the engine at Eagle island and sailed to Inishkea South with me steering in a light wind and lumpy sea which defeated the automatic steering systems. This is another favourite place. Also deserted a long time ago, although there was some one living there this time; we saw a light in the evening. We took a long walk on the island, seeing rabbits, sheep and donkeys. The whole coast and inland was clear in the evening sun; from north Mayo to Achill Head.

There was no wind at all on

28th August. After a silent night the morning was glassy and sky cloudless. We motored round Achill, close to Clare Island and on to Cleggan, Co. Galway.

At this point we had to decide to push on with more effort. So we set out from Cleggan to Co. Cork directly. We went past Slyne Head and west of the Blaskets without setting a sail in visibility of 40 miles or so. All the time we were in Irish waters it was most helpful to get the regular Coastguard weather and other information on the VHF. The transmitters are placed so that their range is excellent and we shifted from one to the next with no gaps except when we were far west of the Shannon. Dolphins became plentiful. We passed Inishtearacht Lt Ho. at 0530 as the dawn came. We passed between the Skelligs with the colonies of gannets. The wind came back from SE making a little stopping sea and progress became very slow. So we took to beating with engine quite seriously because the tide would change at Mizen Head and make life tiresome if we did not get there first. For four hours we went briefly against and then with a tide towards Mizen Head and got sufficiently to windward in time to be free round the critical point. As darkness fell the wind veered a little and we had an easy night approach to Crookhaven. Unexpectedly it was difficult to spot the visitor's buoys, but we found one, with some relief. It blew and rained hard that night.

31st August. We got going slowly. Bright sunny day with WNW 15 – 18 kts, so we sailed gently with genoa only to Baltimore through the north channel. That was nice little piece of new pilotage for me. That anchorage was exposed to the longest fetch in the harbour and was uncomfortable but secure. We enjoyed the delights of the town and had a wet and messy time filling with water and diesel. We ate garlic mussels of dubious quality and slept badly because the sea was becoming aggressive. At 0045 I put a second line on the dinghy because I distrusted the painter. The early forecast was for f7-8, "showers and good". We had the good, but neither the showers, nor yet the f7. So we tore the anchor out of the Baltimore mud (took some real pulling!) and motored (against 28 – 30 kts) to the



Twayblade, Loch Sunnart, August 2000. "Raw crew power"

shelter of Sherkin just in time to experience the final decrease of that bout of wind. However we had a happy day in a safe place. We explored the island and prepared for the last night passage at sea.

At 0800 on Saturday 2nd September we hove the anchor out from deep in the mud and motored away from Ireland. After an hour there was enough following wind for us to sail slowly over an easy sea. A large school of common dolphins came to see us. In the evening the stars were bright in a clear sky. The wind died at 0030, and until 0630, the engine was needed to maintain progress. Again we sailed close-hauled for six hours and the wind died again. From that point we motored steadily round the Longships Lt. Ho.(at 2140) and on to the Lizard where we were held up by the tide. By 0730 we were making slow progress under sail and so it remained for the rest of the day until we came to Plymouth. It was warm and very quiet as we goose-winged past the Eddystone Lt. Ho. It was a very pleasant last day of sailing for this season. I dropped Alix off onto the pontoon at the marina and headed back up river to Cargreen.

On the way up the river I solved the problem of picking up an uncertain mooring when single-handed. The trick is to tie the rubber boat alongside, fore and aft. Then lay a warp from bow to the dinghy so it can be grabbed easily. The approach to the buoy is done so that the bow of the dinghy is within easy reach of the buoy, which is dead easy because one can see both. Then one has ten or fifteen seconds to jump into the dinghy and make fast well enough for the purpose. It worked a treat in a 2 kt. tide. The method may be well known, but I wish I had thought of it decades ago! Then to shower in club and dinner in pub and the deepest sleep for a long time.

As the forecast was not good for the rest of the week, and I had run out of crew, *Twayblade* lifted out of the water next day. Thus I went to The Beaulieu Meet by car with the dinghy for company.

Statistics of the cruise; 1803 nm, in 463 hours at sea at average speed 3.9 kts, including 272 hours of motoring (59%). We visited 37 ports or anchorages, of which 26 were new to us.

Exumas excursion

Bill and Barbara Watson

Our eleven week Spring Cruise for 2000 took us from West Florida to the Bahamas. For four weeks we were joined by Scottish friends from the CCC to explore the Exumas. The Exumas are a necklace of tropic islands or Cays located 40 miles SE of Nassau and running for roughly 150 miles in a NW/SE direction. They are bounded to the east by the deep, azure blue waters of Exuma Sound and to the west by shallow sandy banks with isolated coral heads. They provide a truly delightful cruising area.

Frank and Katie Christie joined us in Nassau in mid-April having left *Boomerang* in her Dumbarton yard under steely, grey skies. They arrived in sunshine with both air and water temperatures in the 80's – a real tonic!

Nassau is a bustling city, ideal for crew changes and for final storing. On neighbouring Paradise Island, casinos are in abundance but now dwarfed by Atlantis, an exotic new casino on Las Vegas standards with fountains, huge sculptured sea horses and dolphin on the faux ancient walls. It is reputed to have the largest marine habitat in the world, second only to Mother Nature with 11 million gallons of water and 50,000 sea creatures.

On Thursday 20th April we set sail under high overcast (kind to new white bodies) and a moderate NE to cross the Yellow Bank towards Allan's Cay 40 miles away in the northern end of the Exumas. The entire sail was in waters less than four fathoms with depths dropping to 1.5 fathoms at the Bank itself. Occasional coral heads could be easily spotted and avoided with the sun high above us.

We anchored at SW Allan's Cay, a U-shaped one tree island

out of the tide – all the tidal flow on the Banks has to pass in and out of the narrow cuts between the Cays to Exuma Sound and many of the anchorages can carry quite a current. Dinghy launched and we went ashore to see the indigenous rock iguanas waiting in profusion on the beach for a free meal.

Friday dawned to a flat calm so we motored down to Norman's Cay, visited the sunken remains of a drug smuggler's plane and then Frank and Katie had their first go with snorkels and flippers. Motored on to anchor in our normally deserted anchorage to the west of Shroud Cay but it was Good Friday so there was a plethora of power boats visiting from Nassau.

Woke to find that the front had moved closer than expected and wind was now onshore and freshening. We needed to find a sheltered anchorage and chose Warderick Wells which is the HQ of the Exumas Land and Sea Park. No anchoring there and after a bumpy motor sail down we picked up their final mooring. The Park covers an area 22 miles by 8 miles with 15 major cays and numerous smaller ones where no fishing or shelling is permitted. The preservation efforts are a model for marine conservation and yield good diving and snorkelling amidst the corals and tropical fish.

Easter Sunday dawned bright and clear after the frontal passage. A traditional American breakfast of pancakes, crispy bacon and maple syrup was partaken then off to explore several good snorkeling sites. An Easter Pot Luck Barbecue was held ashore with Park Warden Ray Darville as Head Chef. All cruisers in the anchorage brought ashore steaks, chicken and salads and a wonderful lunch was had by all. Some light exercise was called for after our excesses. We walked to the top

of Boo Boo Hill to add Strathspey's name to the list of visitors and admire the view of aquamarine water and white sandy beaches around 360°.

Another front due on Thursday so set off on Monday on the Banks side in very little wind and motor-sailed to Big Majors Spot at Staniel Cay. Good soft sand and the CQR had completely disappeared by the time we snorkeled to check it. Round the corner and moored off Thunderball Club at Staniel on Tuesday morning. West wind and tidal slop not good for entering Thunderball Cave made famous by James Bond.

On Wednesday the front arrived early so we decided to take advantage of the westerly and slipped out of Staniel Cut into Exuma Sound and deep, azure blue water again. An offshore breeze interspersed with odd



Angie and Chris Coham (on *Fearless* from Lymington, they completed the ARC just themselves and are now heading for Maine) with Bill, Frank and Katie.

thunderstorms took us down to Rat Cay Cut in relatively smooth water and just as we were entering the Cut the reel whined. Frank took control and when we had turned into smooth water behind the island we discovered we had a 4' barracuda on the line. Launched the dinghy and got him alongside to release him. Not good eating in view of the danger of Ciguatera poisoning.

Anchored west of Pigeon Cay but awoken at midnight by a majestic thunder and lightning show with 30 knots of wind – skipper hatch popping most of the night.

Explorer Charts are privately published but are the best navigational aid in these waters so we used the waypoints contained therein plus good eyeballing to enter Conch Key Cut at Great Exuma on Thursday and anchored off Hamburger Beach at Stocking

Island. The harbour between Great Exuma and Stocking Island to the east is huge and easily holds the 300/400 yachts that visit during the winter months. Shelter can be obtained from winds of any direction by shuttling to the most favoured side.

Dinghied across to Georgetown and found Exuma Market which was well stocked. Bill and Frank returned with Pineapple and Coconut Rum and produced designer cocktails prior to barbecuing the steaks.

Took Strathspey across the harbour on Friday morning and anchored off. Mom's bread van was parked at its corner and with each purchase you get a hug and a blessing from Mom! A cooling glass at TwoTurtles Inn and met Chris and Angie Cohan from Lymington who had come over on the ARC. They recognised that they had three problems – 7' draft (tip toe through the Bahamas), 67' mast (no go for the Intra Coastal Waterway in the US) and dinghy too small (small Avon with 2hp motor).



Mature conch.

We were anchored close to the course for the Family Island Regatta – restricted to locally built traditionally designed wooden boats with representation from most of the island groups in the Bahamas. Class A lined up for the start at anchor on the line – starting gun and the anchors were weighed at great speed to gain momentum as the sails were hoisted. They have very long overhanging booms, cotton sails and the large crew sit them out upwind using two long 8" x 2" planks – an amazing sight.

Saturday dawned and we went ashore and watched the smaller classes race before returning to Stocking Island and anchoring off Volleyball Beach. Ashore for a swim in Exuma Sound and a quick visit to the Chat & Chill beach bar. Yellow Birds for the girls, "they'll be tweet, tweeting soon" said the local beside Bill! Potent stuff! Angie and Chris joined us on board for sundowners. More Yellow Birds!!!!!!

Decided to stay in Georgetown until crew changeover day

on Wednesday rather than battle to windward to Long Island. But Frank & Katie had to go the long way round to Nassau, via Stella Maris and Salt Pond with part of the journey on a nail-biting petrol pigeon which stalled as it taxied. Engine successfully restarted and they rattled their way to Stella Maris.

Arthur Houston and Flora Cameron from the CCC joined early on Wednesday morning and we moved to Monument Beach at Stocking Island to get out of the surge. The shape of the beach on the Exuma Sound side of the island had changed dramatically in the last few days of strong easterlies. It continued to blow strong from the east so on Friday evening we decided that we would leave the next morning and head NW up the Exuma chain rather



Stalagmites, stalactites and two old fossils!

than plug on out eastwards to Conception and Rum Cay.

With reef in main we left through Conch Cay Cut on Saturday morning turned to the NW and had a glorious sail up to Rat Cay catching a fine dorado – excellent dining for four for four nights. Rat Cay Cut runs north/south so gives an easier passage than some in the prevailing easterlies but we were glad we had been through earlier in the cruise.

Decided on Sunday to tip toe up the inside of Children's Bay Cay and Lee Stocking Island to anchor in Williams Bay, the course charted with 5' and 6' but we draw only 4'3"! A quiet, still night and wonderful stargazing. A further tip toe on Monday of only 2 miles took us to the Marine Research Center at the north end of Lee Stocking Island. This area is an excellent snorkeling and diving area so we dinghied to a number of the Cays, in particular Norman's Pond Cay, an active conch rearing area. On the western side a small inlet led into an inner mangrove area where numerous salt ponds were worked in years past.

At last the winds had eased to ESE 10 and we exited into the Sound through Adderley Cut with a distinctive tower and easy passage. Twelve miles up the island chain to Musha Cay, privately owned with signs of development as a smart, upmarket holiday spot. Cave Cay Cut at the entry was straightforward but with a very strong tide.

Back to tip toeing on Wednesday pausing for lunch at Little Farmer's Cay before sailing on in a gentle easterly breeze to Black Point at the north end of Great Guana Cay. A popular spot with 16 boats in the anchorage.

Thursday dawned to a flat calm and we engined round to Staniel Cay and anchored off the Yacht Club and small marina. Excellent dinner at the Club and in the morning we had perfect low slack water to snorkel into Thunderball Cave surrounded by a myriad of tropical fish. The sun shone through the hole in the roof illuminating the cave.

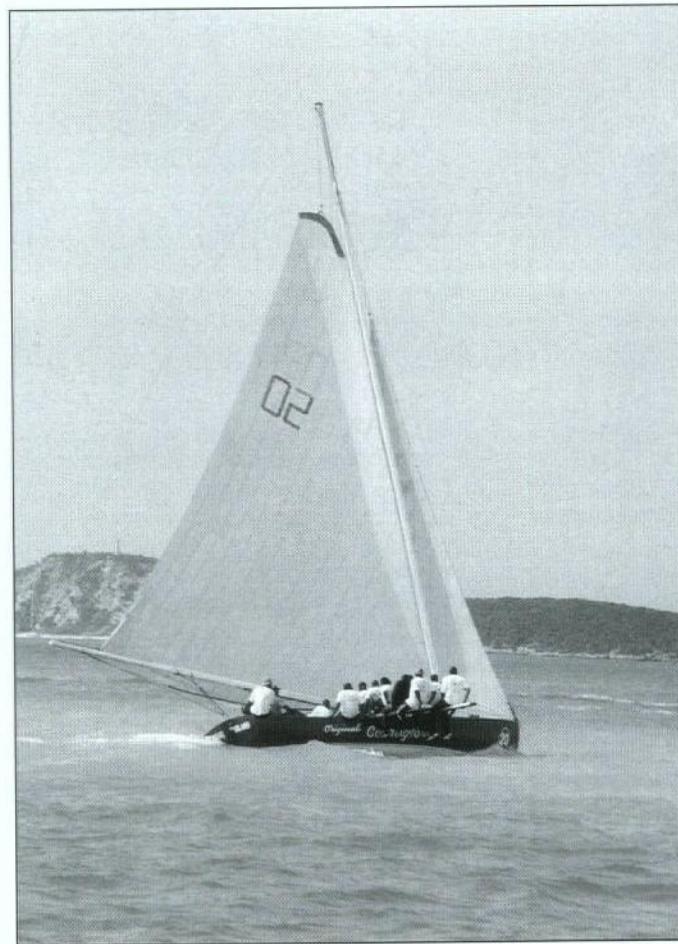
A short sail north to Little Bell Island – one of the most beautiful spots we visited. We were now back in the area of the Exuma Park and we enjoyed hiking the tracks on the island. Just south of the anchorage lie the Rocky Dundas, two rocky islands one with underwater caves. We dinghied over in the morning and were able to snorkel in to both caves to stand up and admire the stalagmites and stalactites. Fine staghorn corals just outside with bright shoals of fish.

Out of Bell Cut into Exuma Sound once more to pay a return visit to the Park Headquarters at Warderick Wells and a chat with the Park Warden Ray Darville. Both Cuts with good features for easy navigation.

Another traditional American Sunday breakfast then off to the next island up the chain skirting several shallow sand bores on the way. Uninhabited Hawksbill Cay has beautiful beaches on both sides with a trail through the tropical vegetation. On Monday morning we explored the signs of habitation at the original settlement of Loyalists from the Carolinas in the 1780's and then motored on in the afternoon to anchor at Shroud Cay close to high water. This allowed us to dinghy into the interior of the island through mangrove lined streams and lakes to emerge on the Sound side at a glorious sandy beach



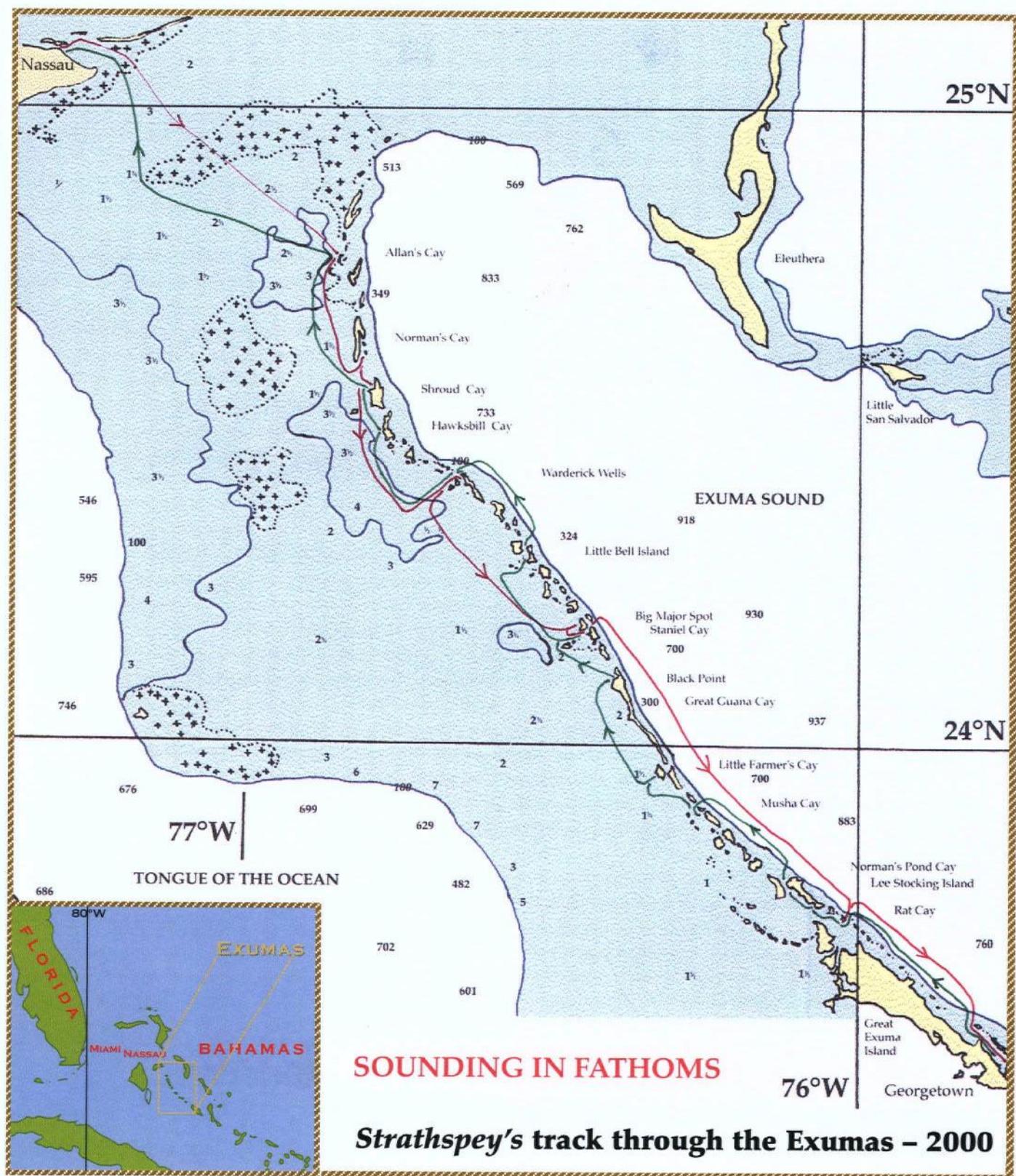
The National Family Island Regatta 2000.



The National Family Island Regatta 2000.

and a little hill named Camp Driftwood where cruisers add to the artistic collection of flotsam and jetsam each year.

Tuesday gave us a gentle spinnaker run to SW Allan's Cay where we anchored in the main anchorage Bahamian style with two anchors set to limit our swinging room as the tide changed. Off early on Wednesday morning under spinnaker for the



crossing of the Yellow Bank to Nassau in a fine breeze which backed later to the NE.

Flora and Arthur left us there and we continued our cruise for a further month through the Berry Islands, Great Bahama Bank and the Florida Keys to our home port of St Petersburg.

Commercialisation has not penetrated the Exumas to the extent it has in the Abacos and quiet, secluded anchorages can still be found with shallow draft an added bonus to enter some. The waters are idyllic for cruising and provide wonderful fishing, snorkelling and diving.

Agivey and The Blue Boat

Wallace Clark

Agivey is a 32 ft. Colvic 50/50 Ketch with centre cockpit and twin keels. She has a high flared bow and square stern. Built about 1980, her accommodation includes an Admiral's State Room aft, luxurious by *Wild Goose* standards. It's even en suite, but not initially en sweet; after along lay up the loo drains took a bit of sorting. OK now! She's called most appropriately after a tributary of the Bann, which flows past the Admiral's house.

I acquired twenty one and six fourths of *Agivey* in early 2000 from my cousin and neighbour Admiral Sir Arthur Hezlet.

He and his wife Patricia owned all sixty fourths of her for some 15 years and made extensive cruises in the Med. and in the French and German canals. Latterly they kept her at the Coleraine Marina and did some most enjoyable cruising in the Scottish and Irish Sea islands. I have been lucky enough to accompany them on several trips and so get to know what a good sea boat she is.

The remaining one third of *Agivey* is now owned by another cousin Stephen Clark, a most convivial *Wild Goose* hand on many notable occasions, and a dab hand on the finer points of electronics and mechanics.

My old *Wild Goose*, for the benefit of the curious, is undergoing an extensive refit in the safe hands of Robin Ruddock of the Causeway Coast Maritime Heritage Trust. This is being done in a big airy shed at Coleraine Harbour. (A good place for any one owner wanting to winter under cover).

She will sail again in 2001 as a mother ship for canoeists, wind surfers and for cruising with, I hope, the young and adventurous onboard.

Agivey having been laid up ashore for a couple of years needed a lot of paint and varnish so was not ready for launching early in the season. That gave a chance for some exploring in *The Blue Boat*, a trusty old 14 footer which has been in the family for some 12 years.

The Garvans

Any one bound round Malin Head passes the three Garvan Isles and their flotilla of rocks and reefs. And almost invariably just passes. From a yacht point of view they are unexplored.

The Garvans lie in a line extending like stepping stones north towards Inistrahull, some three miles east of Ireland's north point.

They have an evil reputation. Two WWI destroyers were lost there – the *Opel* and *Narborough* with all hands, as I recall, in thick visibility and a westerly gale – the wreck of one was found recently. Fishing boat disasters too have occurred in the last few years. There is often a big westerly swell and tidal streams at springs run four knots.

Locals advise landing to be impossible – the sort of remark that makes anyone who loves islands want to have a go. I decided to find out more. For launching there is an excellent new concrete slip at Malin Harbour, aka Port More, by Slievebane village (and a factory close by where crabs and lobsters can be bought reasonably). Green Island at 20 metres is the highest of the group and the nearest to the coast. It has some

grass showing and is surrounded at LW by sloping rocks covered with slippery weed. Looked unpleasant landing and no little coves, so we left it for another occasion.

East of it is a bank where a yacht could anchor in suitable conditions in 5 metres – handy if the crew wished to explore by dinghy. The sound close N. of Green is clean with 6 metres.

The centre one, called Middle Island funnily enough, is best approached from the east where one is normally protected from the swell and the east going ebb tide.

Middle Island has on its N. side a 20 ft. cliff with plenty of footholds and a metre or so depth at LW. It's as dinky a wee boat harbour as you could find, a good place to lie alongside in fine weather. It is protected a little from N. by a pair of isolated rocks close in, and by White Island further off. Six metres in the sound with one sunken rock at S. end to watch for.

In mid May when we landed in a fine spell of easterly weather the upper rocks were alive with birds nesting – cormorants, eider duck, oyster catchers and herring gulls. The birds didn't mind our presence much. They've learned, elsewhere if not just here, that humans around mean safety; humans keep away the egg and chick stealing Black Backs. There is a pleasant hollow, containing a brackish pool, between the two humps into which the island divides. A fisherman called Mackergan of the Portstewart family is remembered as camping there and drying his fish in summers long ago. Some bottles suggested that poteen makers had done the same. But the containers held nothing imbibable!

In a spell of brilliant sun and gentle breeze it was a good spot for our picnic lunch. Leaving we slipped N. through a boat passage between White Island and a low dry reef just west of it.

White Island is named for a sheer SW facing cliff bleached by guano. No time to land there. A squall looked like coming up from the west and we felt exposed. Getting ashore didn't look easy, but finding the best spot will provide a challenge for another day.

Ros and Tim, my crew of famous landscape artists with a studio nearby on the mainland, were as excited by the isles as me and wondered why they have English names when almost all neighbouring features are labelled in Irish.

If the weather had held up we could have gone west in an hour round Ireland's north point, visited Glashedy Island and hauled out at another recently made slip just west of the inner narrows in Strabreagy Bay. After a spell of east winds the Strabreagy Bar was quiet. The channel has recently shifted and is now, I am told, nearer the north cliffs than the south ones. It always needs care.

Now that our Club's Sailing Directions cover the coast so well and thoroughly from a keel boat's viewpoint, I would favour adding some details of off-beat spots like Middle Island for dinghy landings, and of others for use by capsule cruisers.

Another good day was exploring the Lough Foyle mouth. We launched over very soft sand at Magilligan Point. The Pub owner there is obliging and has a tractor available which is essential for getting back off the beach up a steep slope to the road. There are now plans to re-establish the ferry to



Cove on north side of Garvans Middle Island.

Greencastle from thereabouts, so that will mean a proper slip soon, I hope. We landed on the Tuns Bank and played French Cricket on sand that until a year or two ago was covered even at lowest springs.

Lunch that day in Port a Dorrish close east of Inishowen Head, a hundred yard along slot between low cliffs facing NE with about a metre LWS; it has a bouldery bottom so shorelines are needed if there is a breeze. There is usually an improvised wooden cross on the beach at its head to commemorate St Columba's Farewell to Ireland and a Holy Well where he filled his water skins for the voyage to Iona. It's a most atmospheric place.

Tea picnic at anchor in Mossy Glen Cove a tiny horseshoe baylet a mile or two west up the coast completed another nice day's exploring.

Later at the end May with Richard Butler and Russell Clark, (yet another cousin – from New Zealand this one) Agivey took us round Mull – a near perfect trip in sunny dry weather. We had a few ups and downs but what would a sailing holiday be

without them? Ours was a steering failure at Dunyveg which Russell repaired and later on the way south a broken crankshaft. That meant sailing *Agivey* home past Rathlin in a light east wind. We were lucky because the Amphidromic (ie tideless) Point which moves erratically in a 50 mile ellipse around Islay and Kintyre must have been close to Fair Head at the time. I've never seen the tides so slack, almost imperceptible at first of ebb. So we berthed under sail in the delightful wee marina at Ballycastle.

Stephen found a nearly-new BMC Diesel on the Internet exactly matching *Agivey*'s old one (which had served for 15 fault-free years itself after having come from a London Taxi!) He and I installed it single handed a few days later. And so we got off to The Hebrides for another happy fortnight of islanding.

Now finding myself lacking in stamina for offshore stuff, it is gentle dinghy days whether from a yacht, or a mainland slip, that yield most enjoyment.

Halifax to Amsterdam on Asgard II

Captain Michael Coleman

Over the last few years I have been sailing on board *Asgard II* as Relief Mate. I enjoyed serving on board and got to know the ship very well. I was delighted when asked by Sean McLoughlin, Secretary Coiste An Asgard, to relieve Captain Tom McCarthy in Halifax Nova Scotia and sail back across the Atlantic to Amsterdam as Master in the Tall Ships Race. Twelve trainees, Dr. Barra O'Mara, ships surgeon, and myself joined the ships in Halifax on 21st July. We received a great welcome from Captain McCarthy and his crew and were made feel instantly at home. Tall Ships Halifax was Canada's main millennium celebration. The Atlantic Provinces of Canada have a great tradition of both sailing and building great ocean going sailing ships. The event was well organised and a great success. People travelled from all over Canada to see the fleet of Tall Ships of which there was an impressive turn out, similar to Boston. The organisers of Sail Boston claimed that the fleet was second only to the Spanish Armada! The atmosphere around the harbour area was magical. *Asgard II* was opened to the public and visited by thousands of Canadians and we received many compliments regarding how well the ship looked.

Asgard II attracted wide coverage in the Halifax media as well as the Canadian media generally – both press and TV. Needless to say, it was all very positive and supportive. The seafaring tradition is strong there and people appreciated the big effort required to get a small brigantine such as *Asgard II* from Ireland to Halifax. The ship's picture was in the front page of local papers and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation TV breakfast show was broadcast 'live' from *Asgard II* and compared by Colleen Jones, the local celebrity.

The Halifax piers and waterfront make an especially fine

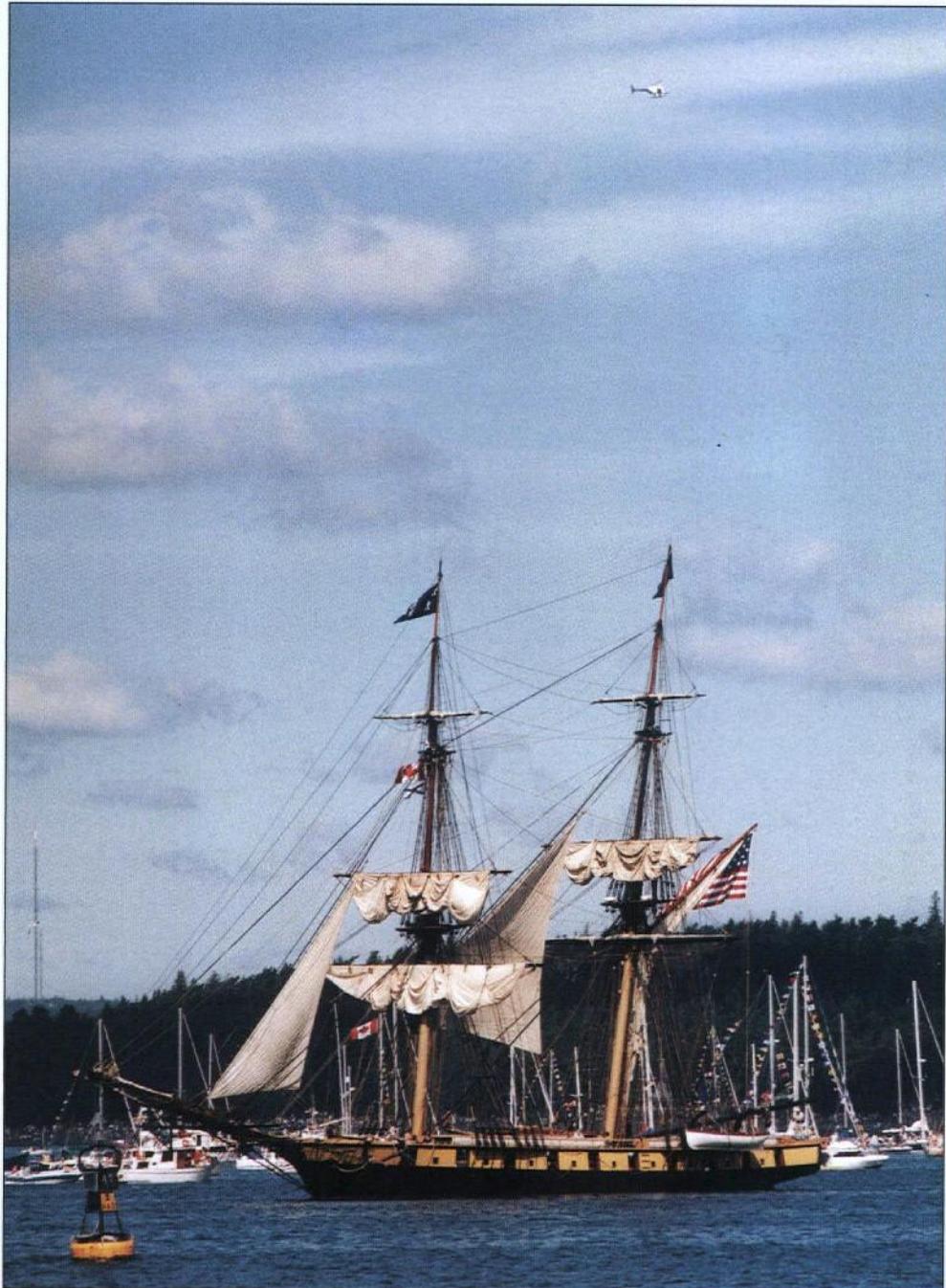
setting to show off these dowagers of the seas, wooden piles and timber decking on most piers close to the city centre make an authentic old world setting. The turn-out of Tall Ships was magnificent, every rig one could imagine was there, some really fine vessels, the world's finest. Some were little gems such as *Pride Of Baltimore* who, with her rakish masts, looks as if she is sailing along at ten knots even though she is fast alongside the quay. The little brig *Niagara* also made an impressive sight, one can actually smell the spunyarn and stockholm tar when standing on the quay admiring her. No royals are crossed, they can be sent up and down in six minutes flat. *Amerigo Vespucci* also creates a fine impression. The enormous foremasted barque *Krussenstern* ex flying 'P' line *Padua* probably took pride of place, she is a great and dignified old lady of the sea. It was a joy to see her so well maintained, unfortunately other Russian vessels are not faring as well. There were many other beautiful creations of the ship builders art – too many to mention here, the total fleet numbered 50 of which half were moderate to large in size. The crew parade through the streets of Halifax and the prize giving in the Citadel overlooking the harbour went off very smoothly. *Asgard II* was first in her class in the Boston to Halifax race. The parade of sail around Halifax harbour was a spectacular sight watched by many thousands from the shoreline. The lead ship was the legendary grand banks schooner *Bluenose 2* looking resplendent.

The one mile long start line was between the Canadian Frigate *H.M.C.S. Montreal* and the coastguard ice-breaker *William Cornwallis*. At the ten minute gun the fleet was very spread out, at the 5 minute gun the fleet began to close in on the line. With two minutes to go we were very close together and at

the gun we were bunched together like admirals cuppers, what a sight, what a spectacle, never to be forgotten! Orders were being shouted in Japanese, Indonesian, Russian, English to name but a few. The crews and ships were representing most of the worlds' great maritime nations. All oceans and all continents were present, and our own *Asgard II* in the midst of it all. It sure was exhilarating, the close quarter handling of these giants under sail was something else! This was my first Tall Ships event and boy was I in at the deep end. The dryness in the throat, the thumping heart, and sweating palms said it all. The closeness of the fleet was nerve wracking to say the least! We could have thrown a heaving line on board the mighty *Krussenstern* close under our lee. The many



Back row, l to r: Robin Kilroy, Michael Coleman, Eithne Kenny, Niamh O'Donoghue, Philip Decker, Rory O'Brien, Tadhg Clark, Stuart Armstrong.
Front row, l to r: Ronan MacGiollaphadraig, Jennifer Howe, Anna Lynch, Aidan Ryan, Hannah Linehan, Sinead Melhorn, Tom Harding, Finola Goggin, Liam Keating, Robert McFadden.



US Brig *Niagara*. A little gem.

Photo: Ronan MacGiollaphadraig

crews were running around the decks sheeting home halyard, tack and brace. We crossed the line only seconds after the gun in second place, a perfect start, not bad for a beginner! My thanks to the Mate Liam Keating who is an old salt an *Asgard II*, Tom Harding, Bosun and Fin Goggin, Boson's Mate and our crew of Navy Cadets and experienced trainees.

The total distance from Halifax to Amsterdam was 3,000 miles, the time allowed was 30 days which was tight bearing in mind that very light winds were forecast for August. At 100 miles per day it meant there was zero margin for error, no slippage at all really. As it was the iceberg season our route as organised by the International Sail Training Association took us south of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. The course was Way Point 1 south of Sable Island, a famous graveyard of ships, Way Point 2 was 42°N 50°W i.e. the tail off the Grand Banks and thence onto the Western Approaches and finish off St. Catherine's Point I. O. W. *Asgard II* is an excellent seaboat,

strong, safe, powerful and seakindly. She really excels in fresh to strong winds and is very safe in a blow, but light winds are not her forte at all. For the first five days we experienced very light conditions, our course south of Sable Island was SE, and where did the wind come from ... you guessed it ... dead ahead. We had a frustrating time with wind shifts, light SE winds and frequently, no wind at all. We were constantly tacking and wearing ship in an effort to attempt to progress. After four fruitless days we still had not rounded Way Point 1, only 180 miles from the start. Our goal was to be in Amsterdam on August 24th. This date was non-negotiable as a change means a lot of expense involved with crew airfare as well as logistical complications etc. And there we were, 5 days out, still not passed Way Point 1, only a miserable 160 miles made good.

On the afternoon of day 5 the barometer began to fall and after a few hours we were struggling into a SE gale. Oil skins were donned, everyone commenced working to snug *Asgard II* down to storm canvas. The genoa and gaff top'sl were the first to be handed, these are racing sails and usually handed at 20 knots of breeze. The T'gallant was then clewed and bunted and four hands sent aloft to secure a rough sea stow and pass the gaskets. An hour later it was clear that we were still over pressed, the fore course was clewed, bunted and hands again aloft to stow and secure the gaskets. Then it was the turn of the main'sl. The main gaff sail is the ship's main driving force, the boom is very substantial indeed weighing a quarter of a ton. The reefing is of the roller type and turning the handle makes for very hard work indeed, after a considerable effort, changing the hands on the handle a number of times, we turned in two reefs and the shape was good. By now the wind was a steady 35 knots with stronger gusts in squalls. There was nothing for it but to reef the Top'sl, another tough job, probably the toughest job on board in fresh weather. This was a job for our most experienced sailors. Liam, the Mate, and Tom, the Bosun, went aloft. After close to one hour strenuous work on a wildly rolling mast the job was complete and just as well too, as by now we were experiencing gusts of 50 knots. Altogether it took near on two hours to snug *Asgard II* down for the gale, we were finished just in time, which proves the old adage that the time to reef down is when it first enters the mind. For the next twelve hours it blew hard and a nasty sea and swell built up but *Asgard II* rode the seas beautifully. She really is a truly magnificent seaboat. We were constantly shipping heavy spray overall and the lee decks were

permanently awash, but we were snug and comfortable in so far as one can be in these conditions. Twelve hours later conditions moderated rapidly and very soon we were rolling and pitching about horribly in quite light winds. This continued throughout the night. I had now had to make a serious assessment of our progress or more to the point the lack of it, only 160 miles made good after 6 days. The weather fax picture was not encouraging either, light easterly winds for the next few days, we could not afford to lose anymore time. From here on to Amsterdam we would have to average 120 a day to keep our schedule. Our only realistic option was to retire from the race and motor sail eastward. So with great disappointment and heavy hearts we started the engine and headed eastward. As you can imagine we were all very downcast, but such is the sailors life, however, it must be remembered that at the end of the voyage the ups would far outweigh the downs and so it proved to be the case with us.

We motored a lot during the next few days but also sailing whenever possible, making good progress eastward. However, we were rapidly using up our limited fuel supplies and our reserves now became a concern. At 6 knots *Asgard II* uses 400 ltrs of fuel

daily and setting out we had on board 3,200 ltrs which were usable for the main engine, to put it simpler, we could cover just over 1,000 miles under power. Other ships in our class carry sufficient fuel to make the entire crossing under power alone. On day ten out Liam noticed a problem with the track on the main mast. One of the stainless steel support bands in the way of the gaff when fully hoisted had fractured. The radar also failed around this time. In light of the fuel situation and now this I considered it prudent to call to the Azores. Throughout the next week conditions continued generally light, we motored quite a bit but we got in some very fine sailing as well. We slipped into a deep sea routine and the days passed by pleasantly. The Navy Cadets under the guidance of their C.O. Brian Matthews, were using the voyage to get in as much practical work in astro navigation as possible. The pilot house was a hive of activity at dawn for star sights, noon for latitude fix and sunset for star sights again. It was nice to see a new generation of navigators learning the old skills. In the evenings the cadets took turns in giving talks to the ships company on various marine subjects such as square rig seamanship, navigation, ship handling etc.

The magic and wonder of landfall after weeks at sea has been reduced somewhat with the arrival of very modern and accurate navigation aids such as the GPS. In the old days the landfall was a major event in a voyage second only to passing a major headland such as one of the great capes or maybe crossing the line. In some ways it is a pity that this has happened, part of the price of progress. We made our landfall just before dawn on the 14th day out from Halifax and were



Captain Coleman. *Captain Miranda*, Uruguay, in background.

Photo: Ronan MacGiollaphadraig

alongside at Porto de Lajes, the main port of the island at 10.00. Flores measure only 7 miles by 5 miles. It is the westernmost island of the Azores groups and also of the Continent of Europe. We were visited by the usual officials – customs, immigration, police etc., many documents and forms were filled out and rubber-stamped etc., the officials were all friendly and good natured but the level of bureaucracy was a bit excessive, but we were made feel very welcome which was all that mattered really. The local harbour master was very helpful and with his assistance our needs were attended to throughout the day. We filled out tanks with diesel and carried out various minor repairs and adjustments to the sails and rigging. The afternoon was spent storing the ship. The crews' more artistic members, under the guidance of Tom Harding, painted the *Asgard II* logo on the quay wall, this is a custom which has built up over the years on these islands. We felt that it was good to have a mark of our passing on this remote isolated corner of the globe. This was the first visit of the green brigantine to these green and fertile Atlantic islands, let's hope that it will be the first of many.

Tom Harding, Robin Kilroy and myself went for a long walk inland in the cool of the evening. It was great to stretch our legs and stride out at a fast pace after our weeks on board in confined quarters. As we walked upward with the sea to our backs we savoured the magnificent vistas of mountain, sea and sky that greet the senses at every turn of the coast road. Tiny well cultivated fields blanket the lower slopes, wild flowers and shrubs abound – these are indeed paradise islands. The country side is reminiscent of some of the more remote parts of rural Ireland when I was growing up during the fifties – totally



Poop deck at sunset – golden moments.

Photo: Ronan MacGiollaphadraig.

peaceful and unspoiled – wonderful to appreciate and enjoy. The only clue to the time we live in was the fact that the cattle wore various ear tags. The long arm of Brussels seemingly stretches as far as Flores. Green escudos are as welcome here as the green pound is in the West of Ireland.

As we walked along further we came upon freshly mowed meadows, oh the scent brought me back to the days of my youth. It reminded me of that wonderful poem by Hilaire Belloc, 'The Mowing of a Field' in which he masterfully describes the art of the reaper using the old fashioned scythe.

'In Arcus when the grass is high
And all the swathes in order lie
And there's the bailiff standing by
A gathering of the tithe'

Hilaire Belloc of course was no stranger to the sea for in his youth he was a great cruising enthusiast long before it became as popular as it is today. He also put pen to paper describing his wonderings. His book 'The Cruise of the Nona' is still a classic after all these years although it is hard to come by it now.

On our return to the town we visited the local cafe to slake our thirst, we had a great evenings entertainment where both the Irish and the Islanders got along famously and entertained each other in song, verse and story into the small hours.

During a stroll around the harbour area the following morning I noticed the burgee of the Royal Cruising Club flying proudly from the head of a very small mast which was extending above the level of the pier, the boat being concealed below. Naturally I went to investigate.

The boat below was none other than the famous Junk Rigged folkboat *Jester*. The original *Jester* took part in the first O.S.T.A.R. race in 1960 and was sailed by *Blondie* Hasler who came in second to Francis Chichester sailing *Gipsy Moth III* who won the race in a time a 40 days. *Jester* or her replica as been sailed in every O.S.T.A.R. race since by that legend of the sea Michael Richie. Michael was sitting in the hatch enjoying the early morning sunshine. Having exchanged pleasantries I invited him aboard *Asgard II*. We had wonderful conversation over lunch mainly regarding matters maritime and he told us something of his extraordinary life full of achievement. He admitted to being 81 years young and still enjoying single handed sailing, he truly is the old man of the sea. After lunch Michael kindly signed our visitors book. We all wished

him fair winds on his single hand voyage back to Plymouth. It was both a wonderful and a humbling experience meeting such an eminent sailor, he is indeed an inspiration to sailors everywhere.

We departed Lajes at 14.00 bound for Falmouth. We experienced a pleasant and uneventful passage of ten days to Falmouth. We spent a few anxious days when hurricane 'Alberta' with winds of 120 knots was at one stage forecasting to pass right over us, however, thankfully, this did not come to pass. We arrived in Falmouth on 11.00 on August 17th, 24 days out from Halifax. Falmouth is a very attractive maritime town in a fine setting. At the close of the commercial sailing ship era the last two ports in these islands to require their pilots to have a knowledge of handling square rig vessels were Falmouth and Queenstown, my hometown of Cobh. The orders when departing Australia with grain for Europe were 'Falmouth for



Sailing in the western approaches.

Photo: Michael Coleman

orders' or alternatively 'Queenstown for orders'. Alan Villiers, that well known author, wrote many fine books describing life at sea during the dying years of that glorious era. His book 'Falmouth for Orders' is a wonderful read. We stayed one day in Falmouth and then sailed for Amsterdam via Poole and Flushing.

The Sail Amsterdam Festival had to be seen to be appreciated. The parade of sail along the canal to Amsterdam was watched by 4.5 million people – a quarter of the population of Holland. Ten thousand – yes 10,000 spectators' boats of all descriptions crowded the waterways. No-one on board had ever experienced anything so spectacular before.

The morale and spirits on board were high throughout. All trainees performed very well, the Navy Cadets made a full and valuable contribution to the sailing of the ship. The permanent crew were also first class – I could not ask for better. The ship performed well – the problems we experienced we were able to deal with. Needless to say I was disappointed that we were forced by adverse circumstances to retire from the race, however, good seamanship and sound judgment make take priority over everything else.

So to conclude, I think I can it was a very successful, worthwhile, memorable and rewarding trip for all involved. The Tall Ship events are high profile and prestigious occasions receiving massive media exposure. I believe we presented our ship and our country in a very favorable and positive light. My closing thoughts can best be summed up by John Masefield in his beautiful poem 'Sea Fever':

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer he by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide

It is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the way whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife,



Ancient mariners! Michael Richie and Michael Coleman.

Photo: Ronan MacGiollaphadraig.

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Crew List

Michael Coleman – Captain, Liam Keating – Mate, Robin Kilroy – Mate, Brian Matthews – Navigator, Stephen Gallagher – Engineer, Barra O'Marra – Ships Surgeon, Tom Harding – Bosun, Donagh Desmond – Cook, Fin Goggin – Bosun's Mate.

Watch Leaders – Stewart Armstrong, Phillip Dicker, Robert McFadden.

Trainees – Anna Lynch, Michael Sheil, Sinead Mehlhorn, Fiona Walsh, Ronan MacGiollapadraig, Jennifer Howe, Niamh O'Donoghue, Heather Norman, Tadhg Clark, Aedin Ryan, Tristan Donaghy, Rory O'Brien, Eithne Kenny, Hannah Linehan.

Three men in a boat to Tory

Harry Byrne



THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

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

I had always wanted to visit Tory Island in my own boat so when John Malcolm (ICC) and his younger brother Philip agreed to come with me for a fortnight I was delighted. We have cruised and raced together for many years and the fact that both are expert cooks only added to my pleasure.

Built in 1986, my boat *Alphida of Howth* is a Sunrise 34 sloop; 33' O. A. with 11'6" beam. I bought her 5 years ago as the best compromise I could find in a boat; able for cruising while offering comfort and yet with enough speed for club racing. She has proved a success.

SUNDAY 16 JULY 2000. Following some agreeable regatta results in Dublin Bay, the job of converting her from a racing boat to a cruiser was accomplished in two days. Stored, watered and with a full set of charts from Brian Hegarty (ICC), we left Howth at 16.30 hrs on Sunday 16 July 2000 to catch the early flood to St Johns Point and the ebb up the North Channel.

It was a lovely sunny day that only served to heighten our keen sense of expectation. With little wind, we started the Yanmar diesel, which with 27 horses pushes *Alphida* along easily at 6.5 knots in smooth water. The only disappointment was the refusal of the autohelm to work and after a number of mobile phone calls to Tony Browne of Yachtronics in Howth, it was arranged that my son Peter would forward a loan replacement to Portrush.

Through the night, we motored into light but cold headwinds and by 04.30 hrs had Mew Island abeam. We went inside the Maidens to dodge the new flood which gave us the opportunity to admire the beauty of the Antrim coast in the morning light. We picked up a mooring in Red Bay to wait for the flood to slacken off Fair Head and had a magnificent breakfast in the warm sunshine. Away again under power into a freshening wind around the heads, we punched our way over to Church Bay, Rathlin. No sooner had some men on a lighter alongside the pier assured us that there was plenty of water at the entrance to the inner harbour than we bumped to a halt.

As we now draw 1.9 m, we were forced to agree with Ed Wheeler (see ICC 99-13) that there can be only 1.7m at the entrance at low water. Luckily, we were going very slowly but my first thought was for the new lead shoe that Paddy Cronin had cast and which we had fitted in the spring to enhance *Alphida's* windward ability. What would he say if I had skewed it already?

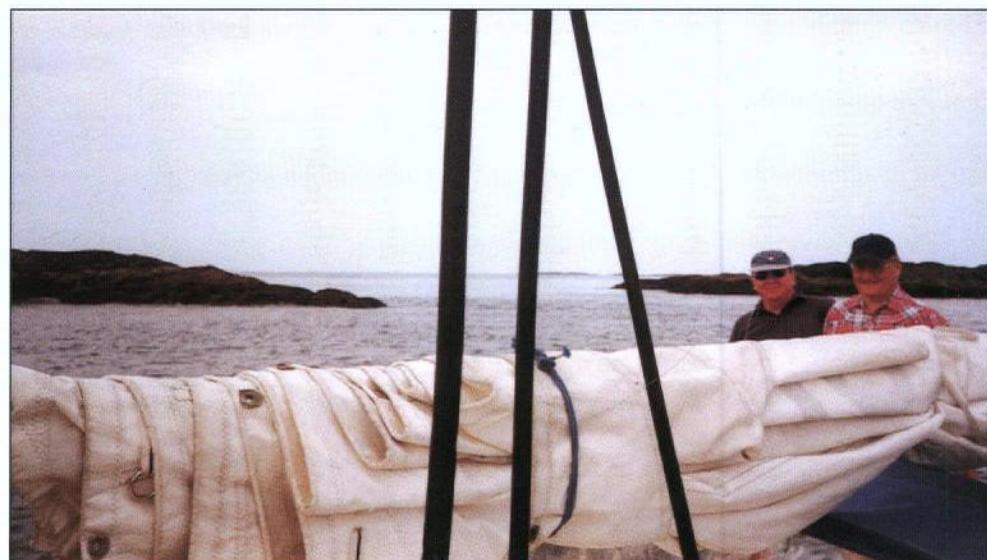
Unable to enter, we anchored instead inside the new breakwater and rowed ashore. We walked over the island hills and thought how incredible it was that this

island could have supported well over 1000 people in bygone days and yet the Great Famine had claimed no lives. To our disappointment, the little museum was closed. Later, we enjoyed some fine steaks in the rather uninspiring surroundings of McCuaigs. Back on board, we enjoyed a calm and comfortable night at anchor.

Since we had plenty of time to reach Portrush and collect the autohelm, we spent an hour overhauling the fresh water pressure pump and didn't leave until 11.30 hrs. We sailed lazily along the coast and agreed that the Giants Causeway from seaward didn't look very impressive. It seemed notable only for the number of tourists climbing over it.

Approaching Portrush Harbour, we called up the Harbour Master who told us to "enter in half an hours time when things had quietened down a bit!" Our curiosity was satisfied later when we learnt that the Secretary of State Peter Mandelson, MP had just left after a visit to the town. Harbour Master Richard McKay proved most helpful and directed us to a comfortable berth on the pontoon. He knew all about Peter's arrangements regarding the autohelm. A small Scottish yacht soon joined us alongside with three very large gentlemen aboard who seemed unable to cross our deck without stumbling heavily everytime.

We took on fuel and water and having had a shower in the nearby club, we set out to explore the town. Portrush seems to have changed little over the years and retains its old fashioned Victorian atmosphere. We strolled down to the railway station as the skipper wanted to compare it with other Northern Counties Railway stations built in that now defunct company's very distinctive style. Unfortunately, it was closed due to repairs on the branch line and had an air of desolation about it. John and Philip decided to go on the big dipper nearby but the skipper declined. When he saw the horror in their eyes as they



Joyce's Sound, looking north.



The skipper and Philip in West Town, Tory.

plummeted downwards, he knew he had made the right decision!

Despite its busy fast food image, we ate well in the Ramore restaurant after which we retired to the quiet of the Harbour Bar. Back on board at midnight, we found two quite attractive ladies who were very obviously enjoying a noisy party in the cockpit had joined our Scottish friends. Thankfully, after a couple of hours they stumbled ashore, inviting us to join them for a party in Coleraine but we politely declined and took to our bunks thinking how sensible we have become over the years.

We were still asleep next morning when the Harbour Master tapped on the deck with the autohelm unit. Delivered for only £10.20 by An Post's EMS service, it seemed great value, having come overnight from Dublin to this small town in Antrim.

Ashore to buy milk and the papers, we were impressed to see our two Scottish friends being delivered back to their boat in not one, but two, sports convertibles driven by the two ladies. What had we missed?

With the glass remaining high and the weather very settled, it was another fine day when we left Portrush under engine at 10.30 hrs. The NW wind gradually strengthened to force 3 to 4 during the day which when the ebb started, kicked up a choppy sea particularly inside the Garvans. As we threaded our way past Stackaruddan and Lackgolane on our way west, I recalled a similar passage many years ago in *Huzure* then owned by my brother Philip (ICC). Unlike *Huzure*, which is a strong but old style heavy cutter, which had scooped up a fair amount of water onto her deck, *Alphida* with her much lighter displacement stayed dry in similar conditions.

That cruise in *Huzure* was memorable not least for the

reception we received when we called in bad weather into Bowmore on Islay. We were adopted by the local sailing club secretary and his wife, as apparently few cruising yachts ever called there. We were taken to a round of parties and ceilidhs while we sheltered from the gale and altogether had a great time making many new friends. The day finally came to leave and armed with huge Islay cheeses, which had been presented to us on our departure, our new found friends all came down to see the brave mariners off, complete with guitar to serenade us on our way.

To the sound of music, song and much waving, *Huzure* drew majestically away from the tiny pier straight onto a bank about 30 feet away. Slowly the music, song and waving died away as our friends slipped home one by one to leave the brave mariners perched there until darkness hid our shame.

Back on *Alphida* the ebb was running strongly now and it got bumpy especially west of Malin Head which we passed at 16.00 hrs. Soon however, when the wind veered slightly, we were able to hoist sail to steady the boat on course for Sheephaven which we decided would be the most convenient for Tory on the following day. By 17.00 hrs, we had Fanad Head abeam and two hours later were entering Sheephaven Bay thrilled by the colour and beauty of the scenery. Under sail, we picked up one of the visitors moorings in Downings and had a celebratory drink in the cockpit as we watched the holiday sports activities around us.

John and Philip decided to go ashore after supper and apparently were invited to a disco with some new found friends – all in the cause of furthering international relations. Ask no questions and get told no lies!

THURSDAY 20 JULY. 09.08 hrs saw us away next morning bound for Tory. Motoring into a light NW wind, we entered the harbour at Camusmore Bay, Tory at 12.00 hrs. The construction of the enlarged pier was in progress and we were obliged to tie up away from the ferry on the edge of the dredged area, using the dinghy to reach the nearby steps. Safely moored, we strolled up to the hotel for a pleasant lunch of chowder and prawns. Having read so much about the island, we set out to explore it.

The isolation of Tory is famous, having remained the most archaic part of Ireland but unlike John who had been there before, we were unprepared for the barren nature of the landscape which was obvious even on this beautiful summer day. The fact that 150 people have survived over the generations on such a windswept rock amazed us. We marvelled at the savage beauty of the cliffs on the north side of the island. We walked westward to seek any evidence of the Rundale system of cultivation so long practised on the island. However, our untutored eyes could only see the low mounds marking the small plots. Back in West Town, we met Patsy Dan Rogers the King of Tory who told us some of the island folklore and how the king in the old times apportioned different plots to his subjects each year. A visit later to an exhibition of primitive paintings left us rather unimpressed – were we just philistines?

Much as we would have liked to have stayed longer we felt we must keep moving so we left reluctantly at 16.30 hrs bound for Aranmore. In continuous headwinds, SW this time, we passed the many anchorages we have read about so often in our Journals. The wind kindly veered enough at 18.00 hrs to enable sail to be hoisted and we came to anchor inside Calf Island, Aranmore at 20.20 hrs. Its appearance was so different to Tory. Instead of a treeless rocky landscape, we could admire the wooded and green slopes of this hilly island. The visitor's moorings seemed rather far out and subject to swell so we had crept inshore near the local boats. We were all pretty hungry and John claimed to know where the hotel was so we rushed ashore seeking a meal.

However, after puffing our way uphill at speed, we were too late. Disappointed and a little cross, we retired to the pub at the bottom of the hill to recover. After several enjoyable pints and some good humoured banter with the other customers, we cheered up and returned on board where Philip set about producing a most tasty meal from our tinned stores. We remembered that we had been keeping some rather excellent vintage wines for a Very Special Occasion. We decided that this was that Very Special Occasion, so some controlled but steady sampling commenced. As the night wore on the level of conviviality and chat increased.

At some stage, John and Philip fell to discussing their relative culinary skills with John telling his brother gravely that he was "inclined to use too much lemon in his souffles". All this was way above the skipper's head who just sat with glass in hand enjoying the banter in the cosy saloon. Feeling no pain and happy in the knowledge that the boat was in a secure anchorage, the skipper wondered could heaven be any better than this? Would singing be allowed in heaven?

Next morning, we rose a little later than usual and it was no little surprise to find our provisions had become rather low! So, we motored over to Burtonport enjoying the navigation through the narrow rocky channels that so resemble Scandinavia. Even though the Harbour Master Stephen McGonagle was busy with some large trawlers in the port, he could not have been more helpful and drove us inland in his car to obtain diesel and provisions. Indeed, everyone we met had proved so courteous and helpful that we fell in love with the Donegal people.

However, we had to be on our way, so we left at noon and finding a light but very welcome northerly out in Rosses Bay, we rounded the northern end of Aranmore and abeam of the lighthouse, set our spinnaker. Along the magnificent cliff scenery, we ran in a slowly strengthening wind in warm sunshine. This was our very first fair wind since leaving Howth. All that day *Alphida* ran southwards before a force 4 at 7 knots. At sunset, we handed the spinnaker to enable supper to be served and afterwards boomed out the genoa. We had crossed Donegal Bay and were abeam of Eagle Island at 01.00 hrs Saturday and inside the Black Rock off Blacksod Bay by 03.30 hrs.

By dawn, we were racing across Clew Bay at 8 knots reefed to an easterly 5. Later that morning, the wind eased and we rounded up into Inishbofin and were anchored near the pier by 08.30 hrs. It had been a fabulous sail from Aranmore and a tired but happy crew turned in for a couple of hours sleep. Ashore later, we had lunch in Days pub and dinner in the hotel which we thought expensive and indifferent even if the view from the dining room window was delightful.

A convivial evening was spent later back in the pub to the sound of a very enthusiastic ceilidh band. Some newly acquired friends said they wanted to see the boat which seemed a great idea until the would be partygoers peered down the wet and slippery iron ladder in the dark to the murky waters below. They quickly decided life was too sweet. Truth to tell, we were glad next morning which we spent cleaning and restowing the ship.

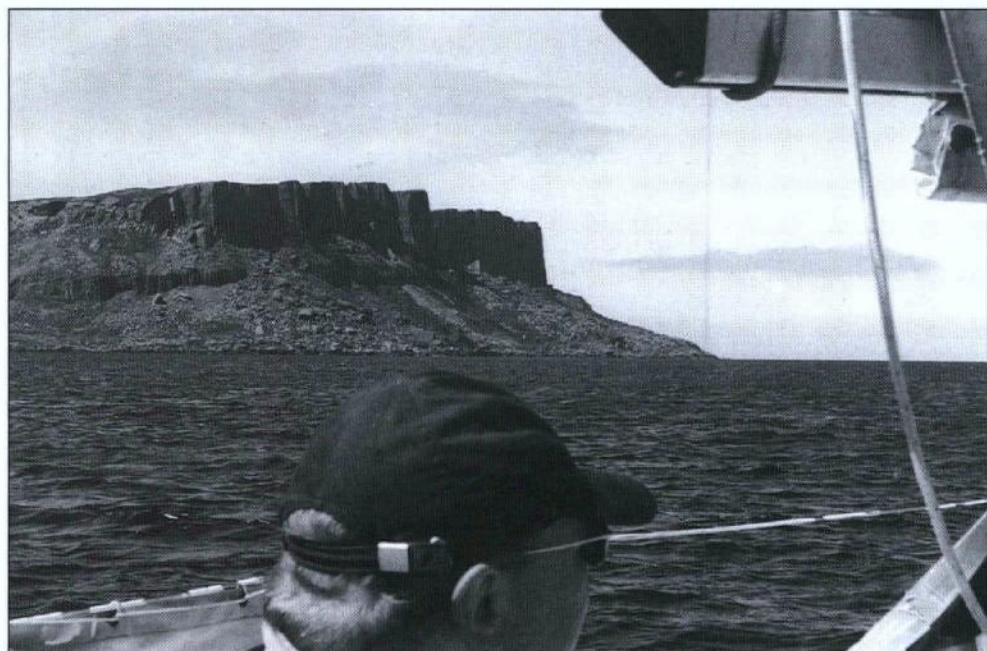
The fine easterly weather continued and we were away about midday bound for Clifden to meet Peter and his wife Mary who were staying in Mayo. They had offered to take our new outboard and exchange it for a smaller model in Dublin to where they had to return for a day. So leaving Inisbofin, we passed through High Island Sound past Cruagh close to starboard and into Clifden where we anchored near the new boat club much further in than the visitors moorings. That evening we had a delightful walk in the sun into Clifden through banks of fuschias and montbrescias on the roadside. Clifden was thronged with young tourists around the newly paved square enjoying the alfresco pub scene. When Peter and Mary arrived, they joined us for a surprisingly good meal of mussels and crab in one of the pubs on the square after which they left us back to the boat and collected the new outboard. They promised to meet us again in Roundstone in two days time.

Next morning, Monday, we spent ashore exploring the boat club which provided us with showers and a light lunch. With plenty of time in hand, we dawdled along towards Slyne Head. John had been through Joyce's Sound years before and was keen to navigate *Alphida* through. Paying strict attention to the sailing instructions, we did as we were told and kept to the west of all the outlying dangers. When we reached a waypoint past the Carrigarone Rocks, we altered course for the sound with the newly started south going stream under us.

We approached the line of rocks very slowly. The skipper was very grateful that conditions were so benign with no wind. Once the narrow entrance was identified, of course it wasn't so difficult. Once through, we motor sailed along leisurely skirting the outlying dangers until we could alter course SE for Macdara Island and the Inner Passage towards Golam Harbour. Winkie Nixon (ICC) had told us about this anchorage and since we had to wait until the following day to meet Peter, we decided to spend the night there.

We entered near low water at 18.40 hrs with the rock in the middle clearly visible. Anchored in 6 metres at the NW end some 5 cables from the mouth, we spent a peaceful night in this lonely place.

Next morning we motor sailed back on our previous day's track before altering for Roundstone where we were invited alongside "Connemara Rose", a Colvic 41 berthed at the head of the south pier.



John' fair head?



North coast of Great Blasket, looking towards Inish Téaracht.

Her owner Matthew Connolly, originally from Connemara offers her for charter on this coast during the summer and sails her back to Torquay each year for the winter where his family live. In his quiet way, Matthew told us of his childhood when his family would sail over to Roundstone in their Leathbhád once a week to sell scallops. Afterwards, his father would have his few pints and his mother would sail them home. Matthew seemed an expert on the Galway Bay Hooker designs and entertained us with his history of the various craft still in the bay after the previous week's regatta.

We liked Roundstone. It had a nice busy air about it without being crowded and everything was to hand, including O'Dowds pub at the top of the pier. In the evening, Mary and Peter arrived and joined us there for an excellent seafood meal, following which, Mary left for Mayo while Peter came aboard for a week.

Wednesday. To our amazement, it was raining in the morning so we made a leisurely start after everyone had posted their cards. Outside Roundstone, we found the wind to be southerly giving us a beat down to Eagle Rock where the fish farm there seemed so very open to the Atlantic. Once past Golam Head, the wind gave us a smashing fetch to Kilronan where we picked up a visitors mooring at 16.00 hrs among a number of northern boats returning home from Cork week.

Ashore, we toured the island in a minibus and visited the heritage centre. We had a fine meal in the Aran seafood restaurant. Disappointed to hear no Irish being spoken, the skipper thought it was safe to try his pidgin Irish on the pretty girl serving our table. He was taken aback when she replied with fluent Irish which cured him of any further desire to try his skills thus sparing the crew any further embarrassment. As we had to leave early in the morning, we were back on board and in our bunks before midnight after setting the alarm for 04.30 hrs.

When the alarm rang that morning, we awoke to a most miserable scene. It was pitch dark, pouring rain and blowing 4 to 5 from the south, dead in our teeth. We delayed leaving until 05.30 hrs but the only change was the dawn. So together with a French yacht, we caught the tide through Gregory Sound. Double reefed with 9 rolls in the jib, we cleared the south end, hard on the wind, steering 230T.

Conditions slowly improved as the day wore on and by noon the rain had eased with a little less wind. We stayed on the port tack awaiting a forecasted veer in the wind which arrived about 14.00 hrs enabling us to tack on to 140T. Later when the sun came out, sailing became a joy as *Alphida* sliced to windward with a school of dolphins playing at times under her bow. Slowly Mount Brandon came in sight and we made our landfall to the west and tacked in the smooth water under the magnificent cliffs along that coast. A salmon net tended by two rough looking chaps in an old speedboat 50 yards off the Dunapple Rocks stretching 2 miles NW forced us to pass inshore very close to the rocks. Safely through, we dropped anchor in Smerwick harbour under the western cliffs at 20.30 hrs. We thought 66 miles in 15 hrs to windward was fine going in the conditions. The French yacht

didn't come in for a further 4 hours!

Friday. To our delight the lovely weather continued, so we beat past the Three Sisters and into Blasket Sound. We spent the day on the Great Blasket Island having anchored off the beach. The view across the Sound was breathtaking and the little cafe on the hillside served delicious vegetable soup and smoked salmon which we ate on the green sward in the sun.

Reluctantly, we left for Dingle, sailing slowly under jib. Fungi was being chased by a swarm of boats when we arrived and we were delighted when he surfaced near us. The next moment however he jumped out of the water, level with our deck and banged on the hull with his mouth open literally not more than a foot from the skipper who got a heck of a start much to the amusement of the other crew members. Fungi then did something similar to two young girls in a Mirror dinghy who looked equally startled at the sight of nearly 14 feet of dolphin so close.

In a crowded Dingle marina, Johnny Murphy directed us to a berth. It was John and Philip's last night of their holiday so we had a celebratory dinner ashore with a late visit to a crowded O'Flahertys to enjoy the music and craic.

My daughter Roslyn and her husband Aidan who both race aboard *Alphida* arrived during the early hours. After the six of us had breakfast together, John and Philip set off to Dublin in the car having thoroughly enjoyed their cruise. Indeed, Philip drove home while Johnny slept.

Saturday was declared a rest day. Peter and the skipper checked over the boat while Roslyn and Aidan did the shopping. Rather than having to carry all the heavy bags down to the marina, the local supermarket happily delivered it. A service we have enjoyed before and which other shops could copy. We intended to leave next morning early for West Cork as the new crew could only stay for 2 days sailing before returning to Dublin. However, to our dismay, the late forecast was for southerly winds force 6 strengthening to gale force later.

By next morning it was pouring rain from a gloomy sky with poor visibility and a rising wind. After a council of war, we decided if the weather was going to be unpleasant, the best place to be was in Dingle marina and so we stayed in port. As it blew harder, yachts came in for shelter during the day. Considerable excitement was caused by a mayday from a 40'

angling boat which had broken down in Tralee Bay and was in danger of ending up on the rocks. We could hear the radio traffic quite clearly between Shannon coastguard, the lifeboat and the helicopter as they raced to her aid. We were very impressed with the urgency and speed displayed by all concerned. Happily the lifeboat reached her before she ran ashore near Kerry Head.

It was still blowing hard on Monday with heavy gusts. Nothing moved in the marina except in the short gaps between the rain squalls when heads would pop up from hatches to take gulps of fresh air. One couple in a small Cork yacht had a TV set linked up to shore power and declared themselves "quite contented – thank you". Dressed in our oilskins, we splashed about a very wet town as we have done many times before in the past.

With no improvement likely in the weather for a few days, the crew decided to return to Dublin on Tuesday, a day earlier than planned. The boat was left in the care of Johnny Murphy who seems to spend all day around the marina.

On the Friday of the Bank Holiday, the skipper and son Philip arrived on board off the bus at 18.30 hrs. Philip did not know Dingle so we set out to obtain provisions and to explore the town especially the more attractive parts away from the harbour. Calling in to a number of pubs on our way back, we soon found out where the tourists spent their nights. The pubs were packed with Irish music bands in full song. It was hard not to be caught up in the exuberance of the music.

Robin and Vaari Hegarty arrived next morning to bring the crew number back to four. We had breakfast of bacon and eggs in the admirable little cafe in the new marina centre. We voted this recent development to be first class offering all the necessary amenities close to hand.

By 10.30 hrs we were away, bound for Castletownbere. When we reached Bray Head on Valentia Island, we were enveloped in thick fog in a light westerly wind. Anxious to keep moving, we pressed on under sail and motor using our GPS. What a blessing the GPS is on these occasions when one can see nothing. We took fixes repeatedly as we passed Puffin Island, Bolus Head and Scarriff.

The skipper was very pleased when Dursey Island Sound was sighted right on the bow at 16.30 hrs. Racing through with the tide under us, we found no fog in Bantry Bay as we turned to run for Castletownbere. When we arrived there, we went alongside some other yachts on the north edge of the quay. The town looks so much more prosperous nowadays with a fine new supermarket and the buildings painted in so many bright colours. Sitting outside a cafe in the sun having coffee, it was all so different and the town so much brighter than of yore.

After a couple of pleasant hours, we motored down Berehaven Sound, avoiding the sunken steamer, to Laurence Cove which *Alphida* had last visited in 1996. John Harrington has since built an impressive new marina there. It was no surprise to find it full but we found a berth alongside *Moshula* whose skipper Joe Woodward welcomed us to West Cork.

We had tried earlier in the day to book a meal in the well recommended local restaurant but

were not surprised, given that it was August Bank Holiday that it was booked out. Instead, Vaari demonstrated her culinary skills and prepared a delicious vegetarian meal for the four of us. Afterwards, we made our way in the dark to the crowded pub in the village but the heat in the pub was so great that after a couple of drinks we left and returned on board.

Next morning, Sunday, was one of those sparkling mornings and we thought the beauty of the setting was quite breathtaking. Ashore, the skipper met many old friends from his Dragon class days in Cork Harbour; John Godkin, Courtney Good, Michael and Ronnie Aherne. Michael very kindly organised a loan of Paul Hassett's moorings for us in Baltimore. We had to say goodbye to John Harrington and his excellent marina and dragged ourselves away at 11.30 hrs to sail down the Sound in a force 3 westerly leaving by the eastern entrance for Sheep's Head. In ideal conditions, we rounded the Mizen, looked into Barley Cove and then motored in to Crookhaven intending to have lunch there.

However, all the moorings were taken so we decided to visit Goleen and Schull instead. Philip was keen to see Goleen again as he hadn't seen it since the Byrne family last spent their holidays there many years ago. We sailed into the narrow entrance and while the skipper was busy recounting tales of family stories, we clunked a rock – the new lead shoe definitely felt that!

A rather embarrassed skipper reminded himself to pay attention even if he did know the area well. We then slowly sailed down Long Island Sound into Schull. We knew Calves Week was in progress but were unprepared for the number of boats in the harbour and the many moorings occupied by dinghies belonging to yachts racing in Baltimore. We spotted the only vacant visitors mooring at exactly the same time as an English yacht and we both raced to get there first. It was a dead heat but we gave way to the visitor as we knew we had been promised a mooring in Baltimore. Vaari had never sailed in these waters before, so out towards Cape Clear Island we sailed in the sunshine, pointing out the many features of Carbery's Hundred Isles to her.

We passed through the Gascanane Sound and into a busy Baltimore Harbour which contained yachts flying the colours of many nations. Our mooring was past the RNLI slip in Church Strand Bay. It wasn't as convenient as those nearer the pontoon on the pier but a lot quieter. After supper that evening,



Alphida of Howth in Inisbofin, with Cromwell's Castle in background.

we went ashore to find the little village literally packed with the crews from the many yachts in the regatta. We found a quieter pub however and had a couple of drinks before returning to *Alphida*.

The three crew members were now due to return to Dublin today, Bank Holiday Monday, and it was arranged that Vaari's parents would collect them after lunch from Schull. We travelled there by taxi and met many friends from Howth on the main street, so the time passed very agreeably.

After the crew had left on their journey, the skipper went off to meet some friends and spent a happy evening catching up on the local gossip before returning on board. He would now be on his own until lunchtime Wednesday when Paddy Cronin would arrive to crew home to Howth. Apart from his sailing ability, Paddy is a great friend. Many of the improvements made to the boat over the years have been due to his many skills. The time spent waiting for him passed happily enough cleaning and overhauling gear.

Bang on time Paddy arrived at 14.15 hrs when we had lunch. Without further delay, we took on water at a very crowded pontoon, then left in a lovely force 3 westerly for Castletownsend, a favourite port of old. After we had anchored there, a Beneteau 51 arrived and dropped her hook near us. Up in Mary Ann's later, it transpired that it was chartered by Kevin Mansfield the brother of Staff Mansfield who had been my best friend until his untimely death 10 years ago. So back on board Kevin's boat we had to go, to have a nightcap.

We were away at 09.15 hrs next morning and had another of those magical sails that the West Cork coast so often provides when going east. It evoked memories of many previous occasions over the years when sailing back to Cork Harbour. The west wind always seemed to oblige and no matter what type of boat was involved, from Dragons up to large cruisers, the enjoyment was the same. Under spinnaker we ran with the tide under us past the Galley Head, Seven Heads and the Old Head in waters alive with passing yachts.

Into the familiar entrance of Cork Harbour we ran and were alongside the RCYC pontoon in Crosshaven at 17.00 hrs and greeted Dickie Gibson the Club's general manager. After a welcome shower, we rushed down before closing time to Kidneys, probably the most appropriately named butchers in Ireland, for two fine steaks. They had been the suppliers to the yacht club for many years. Paddy had never seen East Ferry before so off we went under power to berth in the marina there at 19.45 hrs. We had a pleasant meal in the restaurant where we met some more sailing friends.

We cleared East Ferry next morning at 08.45 hrs, after a great night's sleep and hoisted sail off Roches Point at 09.30 hrs to a light southerly. We couldn't believe our luck that the wonderful weather seemed set to continue. Sailing and motoring we made fine progress and were in Kilmore Quay marina by 19.30 hrs barely in time to rush up to Kehoes for a delicious ocean pie. We were in bed early as we planned to visit the Great Saltee Island the following morning. For years the



John contemplates the view southeast from Tory.

skipper had been intrigued by Bagnal Harvey's escape and capture on the Great Saltee Island in 1798. I could never understand that two searches were necessary on such a small island and I wanted to see this for myself but every time it had been proposed the weather or time did not permit this trip.

Bagnal Harvey a liberal minded member of the gentry had been appointed commander-in-chief of the rebels in Wexford. After the fall of that town to the government forces of the day, he escaped together with his young wife and a fellow landowner John Colclough, to the island from where they hoped to find a ship to take them abroad. The local customs official was determined to find them and led a party of soldiers in the search. It was only after a second search that some stones were seen to be disturbed outside a cave and the party together with a feather bed and the family silver were captured. The two men were subsequently hanged while Harvey's wife lived to the middle of the 19th century.

Alas, a miserable morning dawned with heavy rain and very poor visibility in a southerly wind. Reluctantly, the trip to the island had to be abandoned. At 14.15 hrs, we left Kilmore before the last of the ebb to catch the flood at Carnsore Point from where we sailed inside the banks to reach Arklow at 21.45 hrs, just in time to have a meal ashore.

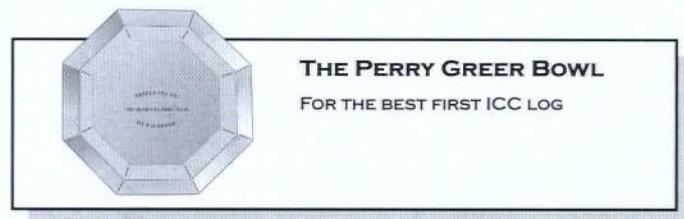
On our way back to the boat, we heard the sound of a trad jazz band playing down a laneway. When we investigated, we found a concert of sorts taking place in a dusty yard with the band playing beside an old oil tank with dozens of people enjoying the music. Drinks were being served from a side table and it was all great fun especially when one of the bench tables overturned sending drinks and people flying.

SUNDAY 13 AUGUST. We caught the flood by leaving at 07.00 hrs next morning and with no wind motored to Howth in time to watch some of the east coast Cruiser II championship boats chasing zephyrs. In spite of the fact that we didn't want the cruise to end, we were back in our berth at 14.00 hrs.

It had been a memorable cruise. The weather had been nearly perfect even if we lacked wind at times. *Alphida* had performed faultlessly and taken her crew safely to Tory and back.

Aeolus – Shipmen and women around Ireland

David Beattie



THE PERRY GREER BOWL

FOR THE BEST FIRST ICC LOG

Dermot Clarke and I bought *Aeolus*, a 1974 vintage Limerick built Shipman 28 in 1998, primarily to race in Dublin Bay but also, in my case, with an eye to a little cruising from time to time. We spent the first two years of ownership straightening out the typical problems that develop in a craft “of a certain age”, including fitting a new engine. We chose a 20 h.p. Beta Marine conversion of the 3 cylinder Kobuta diesel. By September 1999 I had it firmly in my mind that a round Ireland cruise within my three week holiday allowance was not only appropriate for a year with so many zeros in it; it was also feasible.

Paul Butler kindly volunteered his entire portfolio of Irish waters charts, an Autohelm 2000+ was purchased (the only piece of additional gear acquired) and Christmas was spent with charts, GPS rigged up to a car battery in the conservatory and a passage plan to go north-about from Dun Laoghaire departing on 9th June in time to catch the young flood at the Nose of Howth at 0015 was hatched.

The boat was laid up at the RIYC and January saw a bedraggled owner engaged in a complete re-wiring of the electrics and the installation of the Autohelm. *Schollevaer* (my Dutch sailing barge) was raided for items of gear and invitations were issued to the regular racing crew and some other friends. I operated on the premise of crew changes occurring on Saturdays, decided upon June on the basis of the short nights – it always has been my favourite time to cruise, and on an anti-clockwise routeing in order to leave the “fleshpots of Kerry and Cork” to the final period. It meant that if we ran out of time we would be able to leave the boat somewhere with a more developed cruising infrastructure than parts of the northwest. We also decided to make islands and royal yacht clubs a theme of the cruise. The former for reasons of interest and expediency, the latter just for fun.

All the crew with their partners and Paul and Noirin Butler met for supper in the R.St.George Y.C. on June 9th. We motored over from the Irish and ticked off our second RYC. Laurence Thompson and Leo Sheehan joined me for the first leg to Bangor and we had a rousing send-off, not least from Paul who admitted that he had never actually seen anyone off on a cruise before!

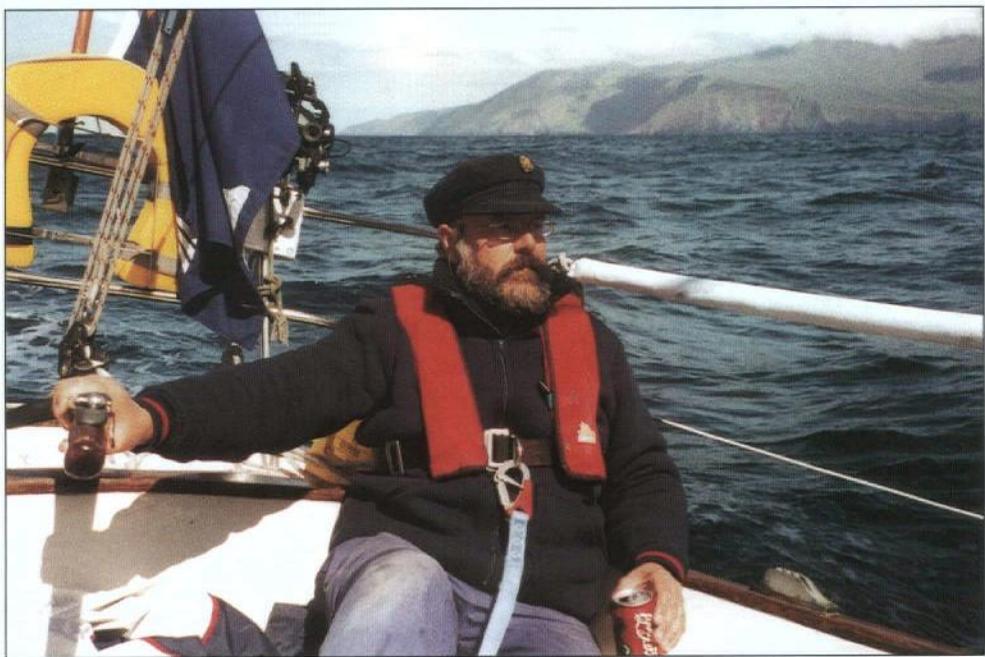
Dublin Coastguard Radio was giving us a southerly 3 increasing to 5 later, so not having a roller headsail we set full main and no. 3 genoa, motored to the Baily and settled into a three hour watch rota. In fact we experienced a SW

4 which increased to 5 soon after dawn, requiring the first reef at 0720. We ticked off the miles and the wind backed southerly increasing gradually. By now Belfast Coastguard were predicting S 6 and by noon we had the South Rock Light Float (they still look like ships to me) abeam. Our speed had been increasing all the time and soon the GPS was recording 7+ knots over the ground. The Shipman is a small and somewhat tender craft, and not having cruised her before, this prompted me to call for the second reef, which was accomplished at 1345 by the simple expedient of heaving to by rounding up and tacking.

The wind continued to increase, and soon the GPS was showing a groundspeed of 10 knots. Belfast was sticking to F 6 but this was rather more, so down with the main and get the spitfire jib to the top of the sail locker, just in case. Our speed dropped for a few minutes, but soon we were back to 10 knots under no. 3 alone. I had planned to pass through the sound inside the Copeland Islands, but given the conditions and not having done so before, I decided to face the slog in from Mew Island. We gave Mew a berth of at least 1.5 miles, but probably we should have given it more as we met very big seas there. I wondered how the boat would cope with the conditions when we came on the wind for the 7 or 8 miles into Bangor. In the event she rounded up perfectly to about 50 degrees off the wind, put her shoulder into it and got on with the job. It was a little wet, but that was all. By 1500 we were in Bangor marina and by 1520 in the showers having had a gin. I think I rather shocked Leo by insisting on taking my second gin with me into the shower. Dinner ashore in the very pleasant ‘Stonehouse’, pints in the Royal Ulster and all well with the world.



Outside a traditional double ended fishing boat in Rathlin.



David enjoys the coast of the Dingle Peninsula.

The next day, Sunday, saw a gale warning and we made and mended. Leo returned to Dublin by train, impressed that the service from Bangor operated on an honesty basis – he was asked to buy a composite ticket when he reached Belfast Central. Monday brought no change in the weather so I brought Laurence, who had never been to Northern Ireland before, to the transport museum at Cultra, where we climbed over steam locomotives like schoolboys and then walked down to the R.N. of I.Y.C. for a drink. What a mistake! You see they were hosting the Edinburgh Cup and were selling pints for a pound a piece. We saved an absolute fortune! We met Arthur Orr and subsequently Alan Aston, who as well as being an ICC member is also a head honcho in the Old Gaffers Association. Alan has a very good singing voice, unlike me and the marquee soon cleared! He also introduced Laurence to the delights of the Ulster recitation with talk of Carlow made razor blades and diagonal steam traps.

Tuesday dawned rather slowly on board *Aeolus*, but brought promises of improvements in the weather. We left Bangor at 1905, intending to reach Rathlin Sound at slack water and had a delightful passage up the North Channel, watching gannets fishing off the entrance to Larne and the sun doing its northern dip instead of a full setting. The wind which had been a pleasant westerly force three dropped with the sun and left us motoring northward. We reached Rathlin at 0300 and squeezed past the *Caledonian MacBrayne* ferry which had tied up for the night in the entrance to the dock, to lie outside a beautifully maintained traditional wooden double ended fishing boat ... with our lines ashore.

The next morning we wandered up to the pub for coffees to hear that *Portrush Lifeboat* was out to investigate a suspected red flare spotted off Magilligan Strand from the Donegal side. According to the local fisherman, this happens regularly when the army is training with tracer bullets! No sooner were we at sea than *L.E. Orla* offered to help with the distress call. We had hoped to meet *Orla* in Lough Swilly, her captain being a good friend, but having been delayed this gave us the opportunity to speak to them once the false alarm had been resolved. "Yacht *Aeolus*, this is *Orla*, please approach us we have a parcel for you". So having dipped to the Flag, we received a heaving line bearing a fresh salmon and a bottle of Muscadet sur Lie. I managed to return the heaving line on the second attempt and

a recitation or two from the 'Ulster Reciter' that Alan Aston had kindly given to us in Bangor and a peaceful night was had secure on the mooring.

No wind and blistering sun greeted us in the morning. A full fry up under way and Tory for lunch seemed in order. The new pier works at Tory mean shelter in all but a southeasterly, and that should be covered once the pier is completed. More motoring I'm afraid, but after lunch (pints and toasted sandwiches outside the hotel) we did manage to set the main and no. 1 cruising genoa for a gentle potter past Gola and onward to Aranmore Roads.

It was a pity to pass Gola, but we had lost three days and unfortunately were subject to a self-imposed schedule. We motored the last mile and a half into Aranmore looking for a visitor's mooring. The first one we picked up had 30 yards of floating 6 inch (circumference) warp tied to it. We should have stayed there as it was the best placed mooring. However the warp obviously belonged to a fishing boat, was likely to prove a danger to our stern gear if left in the water and was much too smelly to contemplate lifting on deck. I'm afraid I 'copped out' and we moved to a more remote mooring. After finishing the salmon and after the privations of the last few days, it was time for a shore run. *Aeolus* carries an old, but well maintained *Avon*, of the smallest size. Laurence is more than 19 stone, I'm over 15 stone and there was a small wave generated by a force three northerly that had got up during dinner. We reckoned that the Seagull, bought by my uncle the year I was born, and still running sweetly, would add to the weight so didn't bring it. We had a damp trip ashore. While ashore the only things that weren't damp were our glasses! Rowing back against the breeze was wet, and became more so when one of the original *Avon* sectional oars came apart and the joint sank! Whoever first decided the dinghy was the most dangerous piece of cruising equipment was correct. We resorted to pink gin (the Black Bush was finished) when we regained the safety of the yacht.

In fact we could have visited Gola, because after the privations of our shore run, we had a rest day the next day, recited poetry, made and mended, dined aboard, chicken casserole with cauliflower cheese, apple pie (shop) with creme anglaise (freshly made) and departed for Broadhaven for our first crew change at 0430. It was a boring passage, motor-

we set off westward again motoring into a W 2.

I had hoped to stop off at Inishtrahull and indeed we did pause there, but the swell made it un-inviting, so we took on the challenge of the Garvan Sound instead. Even in these benign conditions it's an awe inspiring place. We trickled around the corner under full main and cruising No 1 and in to Lough Swilly to pick up one of the new visitor's mooring buoys at Portsalon, just as night was coming on. We then finished the last of Mary, my wife's, beef caserole that had travelled from Dun Laoghaire. Pressure cookers are essential on a boat, especially on one with only two burners and no oven or grill. Their sterilising powers are most useful. It was too late and we were too tired to go ashore but we finished off the bottle of Black Bush instead, read

sailing close hauled for the most part in poor visibility until we closed the Stags. The monotony was only enlightened by Glen Head Coastguard requesting assistance for an Air Corps helicopter seeking a vessel with which to practice in outer Donegal Bay. I learned my RT procedure from Eric Healy and I think that the winchman was expecting a yacht of a size deserving such formality for his exercise. After several passes and a polite suggestion that we were "rather small"; *Golf Hotel* 244 went to practice elsewhere.

Dermot Clarke and Roger Hatfield joined in Ballyglass while Laurence returned to Dublin declaring that his life had been changed by this cruise! We went on to Clare Island and another visitor's mooring. We had a very pleasant sail past Achill Head in a N 2 and found a number of the visitor's moorings adorned with lifting buoys 'mit; writing on them'. I suspected that they had been hijacked by fishing boats and not wishing a confrontation, picked up the only un-touched one, which was also the furthest from the beach.

Roger had brought new (un-segmented) oars from Dublin. There was a small surf running. Dermot hadn't cruised outside the Med. before, so we told him to remove his trousers (he didn't) and put him in the bow, with instructions to jump ashore when we first touched (he did) and to pull us up the beach with the painter (he didn't) or we would be swamped by the next wave (we were)! It was a good shore run and we met a Michael O'Malley, doubtless a direct descendant from Granuaile, although he didn't claim to be, who regaled us with local lore.

The plan said Inishmore for the next stop. We sailed off the mooring a 0755 on Tuesday 19th and proceeded goose-winged along the south coast of Clare Island setting the spinaker mid-morning. Roger performed an acrobatic gybe just before lunch, never spilling an ounce of wind and the sun shone. A school of dolphin played around us for a good hour and all was well with the world. I even had Dermot considering a song. However a mist rolled out of Connemara, Slyne Head barely made itself apparent, the glass fell sharply and I got the distinct feeling that change was on its way and was happening ahead of the forecast. Not without controversy on board, I altered for



Aeolus, *Tory Ferry* and harbour works at Tory.

Roundstone and having rock hopped we lay outside Dr Mike Brogan's Bad Mor, *MacDuach* on the end of the south pier. It was just as well; Kilronan would not have been pleasant in the strong easterlies that blew for three days while Roundstone was its usual sybaritic self, providing pints and seafood in abundance – as well as bracing walks and culture of course.

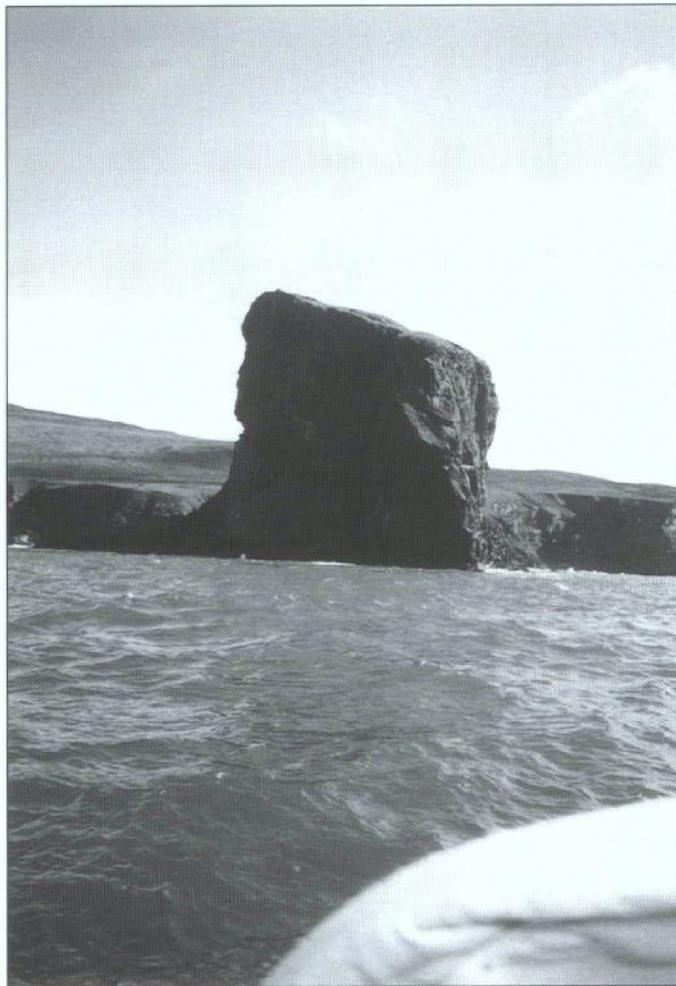
By the 12.53 forecast on Friday the gale warnings had receded to north of Glen Head and it seemed appropriate to be off. We motor-sailed the whole way under no. 3 genoa in a northwesterly force 5 that decreased to a brisk force 4 across a swell made un-pleasant by the remains of the cross sea from the recent wind. It only took 12 hours to Fenit and it really is two degrees warmer south of Loop Head! After a splendid meal ashore we inspected the *Jeannie Johnston* the next morning, deciding that she was still a long way from completion. Dermot left and Roger and I enjoyed the best sail of the cruise along the coast of the Dingle Peninsula to Dingle itself. It was delightful. Mount Brandon raised its skirt of cloud and revealed itself from time to time. The Three Sisters stood out in stark relief. An ocean going tug fussed its way past Sybil Head. The breeze held all the way through the Blasket Sound right around to the entrance to Dingle. Fungi met us in the entrance, the new crew (Laurence, his wife Kirin and Eileen Browne, a Shannon One Design sailing friend) met us in the marina and we had a splendid meal in the Beginish Restaurant ... the best of the cruise and highly recommended.

The next morning Fungi escorted us out too. We pottered over to Portmagee Sound under main and no. 1 and anchored off the beach just inside Reencaheragh Point for lunch. The wind dropped, the sun shone and at 1600 we weighed for Sneem. I had learned to potter about in small boats in the bay at Parknasilla as a child and had never been back. Laurence's sister's ashes had been scattered at sea off Westcove the previous year, so it was an emotional return for both of us. The sun was just setting behind the Reeks as we settled down to dinner in the cockpit, lying to a visitor's mooring in the pool off Oysterbed Pier and admiring a traditional English cutter that had just set a (paraffin of course) anchor light burning on his forestay.

The sun was just turning the tops of the Reeks a smoky pink when we slipped at 0530 to catch slack water in Dursey Sound 4 hours later. Soon it illuminated the whole of Iveragh like a



Dawn off Eagle Island.



Rossnabartan, Garvan Sound.

Hollywood filmset. The wind was light and variable with low cloud, but breakfast once through Dursey Sound included Eggs Holstein and a magnum of Cava! By Mizen Head the sun was breaking through so a visit to the Fastnet Rock seemed a good idea to watch the Round Ireland Race. "Wouldn't it be good to see *Moonduster*" said someone and we looked around the horizon and there she was reaching westwards in the fluky conditions! The sun brought up a sea breeze so we reached in towards North Harbour, Cape Clear Island arriving just before low water at 1730. The place was empty so we took up the position on the knuckle just inside the end of the outer pier, fendering carefully and set off for an energetic walk to the summit of the island to be followed by a pint. Just as we were settling into our pints sitting at the wall outside the new pub half way up the hill, we couldn't believe what happened. A yacht from a well known French sailing school motored in, came alongside us and moved us forward until we were aground and our fenders were no longer between us and the pier! The (French) skipper was soon made aware of our feelings, but the magic had been lost, and as soon as there was water to do so we motored through the Gascanane Sound and across to Baltimore where we stayed for two days and two of the crew contracted food poisoning ... it was the pork! We also met a Dutchman who had to be rescued by the *Baltimore Lifeboat* after his very fine 38 footer was caught in a net and the fisherman had tried to pull him off it using horsepower alone.



Ship of Fools – Dutch travelling theatre in Baltimore.

We left Baltimore for Crosshaven at 0435 into an ESE 4, making good about 1.8 knots. Being under some time constraints this forced us to motor (VMG 4.3 kts), into a nasty lop and made Kinsale more and more attractive as we neared the Old Head. It was clear that it was proximity rather than gourmet restaurants that were on the agenda and we dined ashore simply but more than adequately in Paddy Garibaldi's emporium. The next day brought no wind and a little mist. We left at 0540, passed the Sovereigns but saw no more coastline until Helwick and reached Dunmore East at 1950. Every mile that passed brought an increasing density of nets. Dinner ashore was in the Ship Inn and very fine, enlivened by the company of Gerry McCarry, an old friend of mine; he is married to a former Commodore of Waterford Harbour S.C. and is a great raconteur.

At 0450 we were away with the first of the flood, around the Hook, with no wind and suddenly, about 50 yards visibility. I called a conference explaining what we should do if following the book and what I proposed which were not quite the same! We agreed to post two look-outs. The Autohelm had failed outside Roundstone so Kirin took on that job (steering with unbelievable accuracy for the entire passage) and with the assistance of the GPS and an occasional running fix on a buoy, we crossed St. Patrick's Bridge (unable to see one of the channel buoys from the other one) and passed inside Tercheen, Black Rock, the Barrels and the Tuskar. we radioed the Rosslare Harbourmaster from the Spaight Rock Buoy. There was a high speed ferry movement imminent. We tried to hold station on the buoy. However a moment's loss of concentration in the now adverse spring tide and it was gone! GPS now that selective availability is turned off is fantastic so we quickly located it again. All clear and in to Rosslare Harbour, being warned by radio by the Harbourmaster (obviously keeping an eye with radar) that we were getting un-comfortably close to another yacht.

Leo re-joined and we got away under engine at 0345 for Arklow, still no wind, but a half mile or so of visibility. It was an un-eventful passage inside the banks and up the Rusk Channel, into Arklow in time for brunch in the Bridge House and a "ziz". Then on that afternoon in increasingly thick fog, arriving in to the RIYC at 2145. In all four royal yacht clubs, six islands, 890 nautical miles, many splendid meals much companionship, yes and Dermot did sing before he left us!

Go-pedding around Ireland

Alan Rountree

Tallulah began the season with a quick solo passage to Wales spending the night in the noisy company of the Bardsey Island seals. The island is a beautiful spot and well worth a stop-over. Portmadoc Yacht Club is a most welcoming hostelry and over the years I have come to know many of their members so a visit is never dull.

As things have worked out *Tallulah* has ventured to foreign shores in alternate years and this year it was Ireland's turn. Kevin Desmond, who was a founder member of Wicklow Sailing Club, had recently retired giving me a ready made crew.

Before departing I did a quick trawl of possible useful sources of information that might sow the seed of some mighty adventure. Wallace Clarke's piece in the '96 Annual under Favourite Places conjured up the true sense of cruising, where the detail of the coast could be surveyed and savoured. The idea of crawling through an entrance the size of a foxhole flat on my belly, just above high-water mark and, when inside the cave, confronting an otter as it tisses at me was just the job. So off I went and purchase £250 worth of out-of-the-way charts (they are now very expensive).

We spent the first night at anchor under Sorrento Terrace from where we paid a visit by dinghy to two long time friends who live in Dalkey Sound, but neither of whom have had visitors arriving at the back-door before. I always like to make my first day at sea short as sea legs seem to sprout while being rocked to sleep on a mooring.

The following day, with sea legs fully grown, we headed off for Rathlin Island. We made great use of the tide all the way up but at Larne things went against us and there was nothing for it but to have a quick look at Carnloch. A pretty little spot but it seems to have been asleep for the whole of the twentieth century. Kevin asked the lady in the sweet shop for a "slinger" which is an ice-cream between wafers and without a blink of the eye she produced one. I made the same request all round Ireland but no-one else produced the goods. Anyway after a few hours we set off for Rathlin making 10 knots over the ground.

We went ashore bringing my new toy – the Go-ped. We fired it up and toured the island with both visitors and locals waving and cheering us on. The machine is so tiny and with a rider on board the combination looks, to say the least, comical. I had often been on Rathlin before but had never previously seen all of the island. The Go-ped will happily go along at 15-20 mph but the rider must be extremely vigilant as, if the front

wheel should hit a pebble, the rider may well need medical attention.

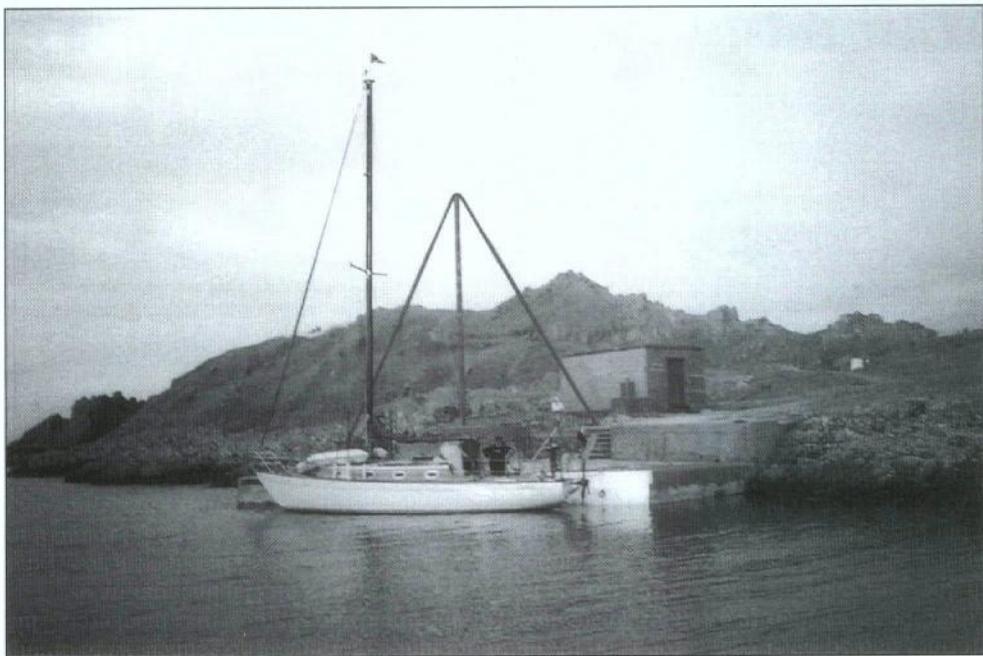
The following morning we set off for Inishtrahull. We carried the tide the whole way averaging close on 8 knots. We tied up at the small pier and turned the boat so that a quick exit would be possible if there was a change in weather. Mackerel were plentiful and we soon had a fine meal on the plate washed down with a little Spanish wine. We were truly in a magical spot. We walked the island noting that we were on private property but while I was wearing a 'Commissioners of Irish Lights' cap, Kevin thought we were safe enough. The island is a mirror image of Inish Vickillaune at the southern tip of the country, with rocky humps and short grass as one could imagine a fairy rath. We took soundings and estimated the rise and fall of the tide but unfortunately, got it wrong. A rock protrudes outwards from the inner end of the pier and while the skeg touched it we were lucky no damage was done.

We thought Lough Swilly might be a nice spot and so took the tide up to Rathmullan. We had a very ordinary meal in a local hotel but retired to Rathmullan House for a very pleasant evening. A local sailor told us how there are three large marinas planned for the Lough and so things are about to change. I wonder how they pulled that stroke!!!

Next morning it was off to Mulroy Bay. This does look like heading into a cliff face but with GPS one can nowadays be fairly confident. Chart 2699 is quite inaccurate and the entrance into the first narrows is to the east of high and low rocks. The chart shows much more water to the west but this was clearly wrong as, when we exited the bay in bad weather, the bar to the west was clearly visible. We made our way into Fannys Bay



Go-pedding around Inisbofin.



Lying alongside at Inishtrahull.

where we anchored. A Go-ped ride soon had us in a good pub in Downings. There we met Anton Swanston who was running a local boat regatta and was most keen that we would join in. As we had arranged to meet Robin Powderly in Milford at the head of Mulroy Bay that day, we had to decline his invitation, but Kevin donated his 'Round Ireland 2000' cap for a prize.

We made several enquiries as to whether anyone had been further into the bay, but could find no-one with first hand experience and so in the morning, with Kevin steering and me navigating, we set off for Milford. It was indeed quite tricky work but with judicious use of the echo sounder we made our way through the second narrows and on to the third. Here our sailing directions advised that "when within 1.5 cables of the stone beacon on the rocks in the middle of the channel, keep 15m off the east shore" From this I took it that there must be some unseen obstacle out further and it was necessary to keep 15m off the shore as we had done most of the way to this point. My interpretation was wrong and as the tide caught *Tallulah* we slammed straight into a rock. The shudder was frightening, but luckily as I quickly threw her into reverse she lay over on her beam and the current took us away. A quick stiff whiskey would not have been enough to calm the nerves. This is the sort of thing that would put you straight on to heroin. We gingerly made our way up to Milford. Some of the marks en route have been changed since the directions were written. Here Robin arrived by taxi having taken the bus from Dublin to Letterkenny. Kevin had to leave the following morning and I was very sorry to lose his company as he was always so cheerful. Robin is a keen sportsman and is fit well beyond his years and still competes in Motor Cross and hockey and so I had a good replacement. In the morning we eased ourselves along to the third narrows. I had arranged that the tide would be against us so I would motor hard and still be barely moving. I found that there was no obstacle in the obvious main channel and really the third narrows is a piece of cake with perhaps thirty yards of deep water and the only place to keep clear of was the very place I felt I should be close to. And so back to Fannys Bay and the pub in Downings as the wind was blowing a full gale.

By morning the wind had eased to N. Force 6 and after the gale the previous day we knew it would be a tricky exit. Things worked out okay but by the time we reached Melmore Head,

Robin, who had not had a chance to grow his sea legs felt like a bus trip back to Dublin. The sea remained very choppy all the way to Tory where we anchored in Camusmore Bay. Robin soon recovered and we set out to walk the island. The king was there to greet us. We had a good meal in the hotel and set off for an overnight sail to Inishkea Islands. The weather had deteriorated and the wind was on the nose Force 3 or 4. It was raining heavily and we motor-sailed until morning when the wind veered and we had a fast sail down the Mayo coast. The rain was by now torrential with nil visibility, and it was evening by the time we dropped anchor north of Rusheen Island. Shelter was excellent and the place looked wonderful even in rain. We dined in style and accompanied our diet with plentiful red wine. We deserved it.

A beautiful morning followed and we went ashore to walk this magical place. It is a rich and fertile island on which there lived a large community until relatively recently. I understand the island was all vacated at more or less the same time. It must have been a tortuous experience to leave such a romantically beautiful place and end up on the Kilburn Road.

Having established that my friend Pat Ewen was not at home on Clare Island we decided to head for Inishboffin. Progress was slow and with little wind we had to motor-sail most of the way trying every now and again to sail. We again dined on board and headed straight for Murrays Pub where Andrew Murray, now lead singer with De Danaan is a good friend of Robin's. The following day we toured the island by Go-ped and we raised many an eyebrow going along in the rain trying to balance on the machine while holding an umbrella to shield ourselves from the constant drizzle. That evening we went to a play in the community hall performed by the Red Kettle Theatre Company and called "The Kings of the Kilburn High Road". While the acoustics were terrible the performance was great and our experience on Inishkea Island was made real.

Next stop Roundstone where we dropped anchor beside *Saint Patrick*. The weather was now great and the scenery in these parts is very rewarding. We slaughtered pollock at Slyne Head and made a great pie.

It was now 17th July and we set off for Aran Island leaving MacDara Island to port. There was a traditional mass taking place on that island mainly supported by hookers and traditional boats. Aran is very touristy but I had not previously been to Dun Aengus and now the Go-ped made this possible. The weather was great and we toured the island. We were amazed to see how much fertile land there was and how little of it was put to any use. Again our plan was to leave in the evening and sail overnight to Dingle. With a calm sea and a W. Force 4, we made great progress till midnight and from there on we motored overnight sleeping most of the way and relying on the guard zone on our radar to keep a look out for us. I set a six mile circle and so at 0500 hours the buzzer woke us to see Kerry Head and the Blasket Islands in all their glory. We anchored off the Great Blasket and went ashore. The sky was blue and there was little to choose between Inishkea and the Blaskets. I decided I would celebrate this miracle of nature with a swim which certainly woke me up. And so on to Dingle

where we had a good meal in Fenton's Restaurant followed by a bit of a pub crawl.

The weather had picked up and looked settled and we left Dingle for Derrynane in brilliant sunshine. Robin had left his mobile phone charger in Inishbofin and it appeared the whole Auto Electrical business in Ireland was about to fold as a result. It was to be sent to Freddy's Pub in Derrynane and I had no objections to refreshments in that establishment. Derrynane now has visitors' moorings and as long as there is any breeze they are a great convenience. In a total calm they persist in gently nudging the boat and of course the noise inside is tormenting. The Go-ped ride or walk to Derrynane is spectacular and I would say unequalled for colour and variety anywhere in Ireland.

With only one Go-ped and two people the problem of who walks and who rides is overcome by one person riding ahead and parking the machine on its stand with the engine still running and walking on. The other pedestrian then catches up on the machine and rides on past the former and so on. I can envisage a brawl breaking out should there be more than two people. As usual when we arrived in the pub carrying the machine, it aroused great interest and so it was in Freddys. All restaurants in the area were booked out but the local taxi driver offered to take us to Staiguefort Hotel. As with all such places the chefs come and go but the chef in this place had just taken up his position and the fare was mighty and the price very reasonable. Our taxi driver, Gerry O'Sullivan, telephone 066 9475167 arrived back to pick us up and after a few pints in his company he returned us to *Tallulah*. He wouldn't hear of payment but after I broke two of his fingers, a few bob changed hands.

My friend Graeme McHugh has built a lovely holiday house along the southern shore of Dunmanus Bay and so we made our way to Dooneen Coos Bay with landing slip. This is not really a harbour at all but we managed to form a web of ropes around the harbour with *Tallulah* in the middle. A German family living close by hadn't seen the likes before and was certain that we were too big for the harbour. That made us even more determined to succeed which we did, and the following day we entertained our guests to a tour of the bay and then on to Crookhaven.

In recent years I have found this bay, which was one of my favourites, to have gone downhill. Others seem to have found the place and come by car. Likewise my impression of Schull is

not as favourable as it was with a number of good hostries either closed or changing hands.

Bernie joined me here for one night with Robin's wife Sandra and we sailed to Baltimore where I bumped into my friends Bruce and Barbara Fennell sailing their Saddler 34 *Straivegar* and fellow Wicklow Sailing Club members, Eamon Balfe and Liz McCoy sailing *Ballerina of Skellig*. I think *Ballerina* knew her own way around these parts. We all dined well in Baltimore and the following day I returned to Schull to say goodbye to my crew. Robin had been with me for two weeks and I thoroughly enjoyed his company. Feeling a bit low I set off for Rossbrin Harbour where my friend Steven Tierney has bought a lovely holiday home with a view all along Long Island Bay to Crookhaven. I entered at low water and luckily so, as there was not sufficient for me to lie in company with other yachts. I was thus a bit exposed at the edge of the bay but the forecast seemed okay. I had a lovely evening with Steven and his wife Daphne and arranged that Steven would join me for a sail to Baltimore in the morning. The gannets were diving and so we hove to and took our share of the mackerel. This provided the fare for that evening with Daphne joining us.

I was alone again and set off for Sherkin Island where I did the by now customary tour of the island by Go-ped. I found it to be quite an enchanting spot and in the evening I made my way to the pub. As usual I had been spotted on my steed and a very enjoyable evening followed in the company of Matt the Hat. Matt had had a successful career in the fashion industry in London and Paris manufacturing hats, but has opted for this spot. He introduced me to another blow-in islander who had spent most of his life flying balloons and was part of the successful team who recently flew around the world.

The weather was still settled and with a pleasant Force 3 or 4 onshore I set off for Glandore. I was hailed by a fisherman over the VHF to warn me of fishing nets ahead and while talking to him my friend Bruce recognised my voice and told me that another friend, Frank Ranallow, was in Glandore. And so it was that I again had company that evening. He was sailing west and so back I went to Castletownsend in the company of *Shady Maid*. I was in no hurry and so was easily persuaded to further retrace my steps to Baltimore.

My intention when sailing anti-clockwise round Ireland was to take advantage of the strong tides on the north coast and the prevailing westerly winds on the south coast. The plan had worked out perfectly but I had not anticipated being sucked westwards on the south coast by a social force which was impossible to overcome.

It was now 31st July and the urge to go east again had taken hold and so I set off in a SW Force 7 for Kinsale. All was going well and *Tallulah* was bouncing along at about 7 knots with the Aries steering when suddenly she rounded up and it became apparent that a knot on one of the ropes had given way. This was a stop knot down near the water and with the sort of seas that were running I decided it would be too dangerous to try to effect a repair and I should steer by hand. I hove to for a bit while I got together some food to sustain me for the next six hours and then set off. It was great sailing and I averaged six knots for the trip. It never



Robin – Go-ped – *Tallulah* – at Milford.

ceases to amaze me how fast one has to be going to average six knots.

Bruce Fennell was in Castle Park Marina to take my ropes and just as well as at half tide there is a fair rip of tide through that marina. *Shady Maid* arrived the following day and after a fine farewell party I was cast off to head east.

It was an easy trip to Crosshaven where I tied up on the club pontoon but feeling tired after the festivities of the previous night, I retired to bed early.

In the past I have given Ballycotton a wide berth and the welcome by the fishermen had not always been very obvious. This year I had heard through the grapevine that there were now visitors' moorings and so I decided to give it a go. Getting off the pontoon at Crosshaven with an onshore wind and a strong tide wasn't easy but I managed – just. The fresh northerly wind gave me a perfect sail along the coast and having read the ICC directions I decided to go inside Ballycotton Island. Half of that sound is foul so some care is required. The Aries was working well and so we tacked out into the Bay and tacked again a couple of times and I quite proudly picked up the mooring under sail. I walked the rocks where some French people were picking cockles. They told me how to cook them but I'm afraid my potful returned from whence they came. Having toured the town I made my way to the pub on the hill. In typical fashion a number of fishermen were seated around the bar and saying nothing.

I read a paper that was on the bar and after a while one of the fishermen came over to me saying "I saw you sail in – picked up that mooring quite well". I was amazed but, as in my own port of Wicklow the fishermen miss nothing, especially a mistake. I had a great night in that pub and for some reason or other became one of the locals. In the morning one of the fishermen came out in his boat to say goodbye and over the VHF offered to guide me to a spot where whiting are plentiful. This was great as I was tired of the pollock and mackerel diet. Sure enough when over the spot I dropped the hooks and following his instruction up came a beautiful whiting. It is a powerful fish and in no way resembles the fillets available in the fish mongers.

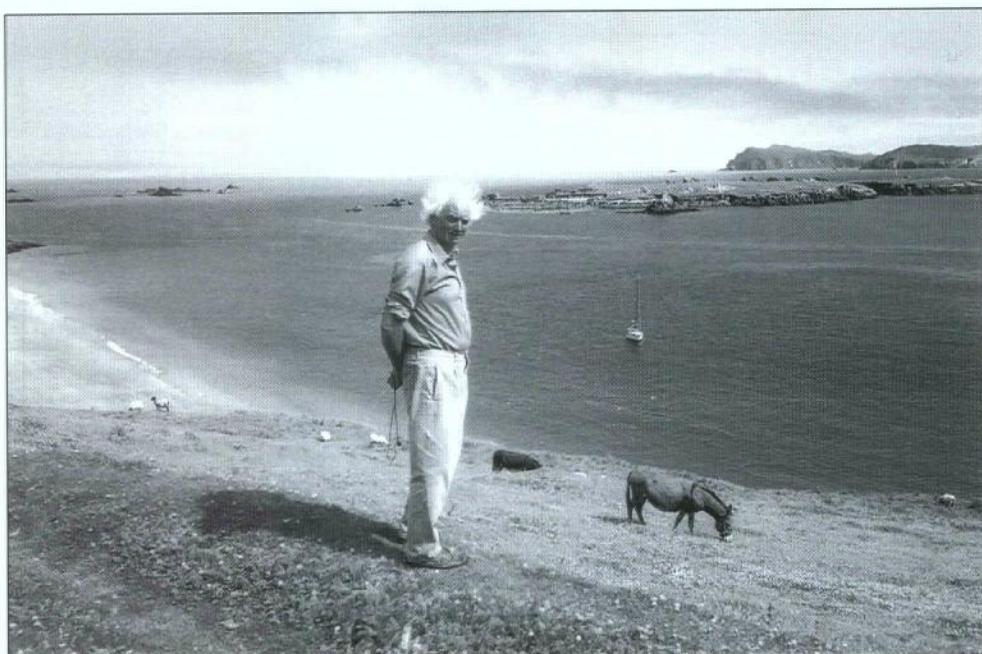
The tide was now ebbing and it took a bit of diesel to get into Youghal where I anchored behind the spit opposite the town. I did a bit of shopping and returned to *Tallulah* to prepare my whiting. Although dining alone I laid out the table as if guests were invited and uncorked a nice bottle of white wine. Next thing the boat was thrown onto its beam and the wine crashed onto the floor. I looked out and a jet skier was entertaining himself among the visiting yachts. I gesticulated that he should perform where there would be less spectators but this was the wrong approach. He proceeded to play chicken with me approaching the beam of *Tallulah* at full speed turning sharply when about 10 feet from impact. The cockpit was literally filled on several occasions. I must confess to have been really scared and I made a VHF call to the coastguard to seek assistance. I suppose the jet skier knew that I would have sought help and so his antics soon ceased, and I again contacted the coast guard to confirm same. There are now quite a number of moorings

in this spot and I found myself quite exposed at the end of the spit. The tide rip on the ebb is very strong and the noise of the water rushing by the hull made for a poor night's sleep.

The 6th August was another lovely day and I drifted along the coast at around 3 knots with a light offshore breeze. There were other yachts on the visitors moorings in Helvic and plenty of spectators so I tried no heroics. There was a card tied to the mooring buoy inviting me to attend at the local pub where £5 was due. This I did and was amazed at how there was only one other customer in the place while there were so many cars and visitors around. Anyway a pint or two later things all changed and I met the most interesting of folk. A real holiday atmosphere prevailed and I found it hard to tear myself away from such good company. The £5 charge levied by the County Council is donated in full to the Lifeboat.

Now my friend Arnie Poole who runs Valley Boats in Graiguenamanach on the Barrow is normally an astute judge of character and on the birth of his son Robert asked me if I would look after his religious upbringing. I am still working on that project and as Robert's birthday was on 9th August I felt it imperative to be present. The tide was ebbing in Waterford Estuary but with the bit between my teeth I opened the throttle and spent the day doing little more than one knot so that the birthday party could be had on *Tallulah*. Robert and his friend Rachel were great company when we sailed the following day to Kilmore Quay. The weather had deteriorated and the marina was full to capacity with boats taking shelter. Next day, with the help of *Slua Muire* crew, I cast off in blustery conditions and, not being able to identify the marks over St. Patrick's Bridge, I continued out through the Saltee Sound where I met a group of three pilot whales heading west. The wind was strong and so I made a fast passage to Carnsore Point where it veered from south to west and so progress was great as I headed north with the tide still playing its part. I anchored for the night in Pollduff and continued on to Wicklow in the morning.

I had spent six weeks pottering around Ireland and to my amazement the pressure each day to get to the next place was such that I had not opened one of the charts that I had bought prior to departure. They are now ready for another Round Ireland and the dreaming continues. As the late Tristan Jones once said "Those who dream while awake are dangerous people as they are likely to fulfil their dreams". I hope so.



Skipper at the Great Blasket with *Tallulah* in the background.

To North Spain and back to Southampton

Bernard Corbally

It was an almost windless murkey grey day as we cast off our mooring in Dun Laoghaire at 11.00 on Saturday 9th July. Ann Woulfe Flanagan, Ruth Corbally, Aidan Maguire, Elizabeth Seigne and Eve Barrett made up the crew as far as Wicklow.

The crew was down to Aidan and Ann when we motored away from Wicklow at 06.00. Our plan was to reach Pwellheli (about 77M.) in daylight and close to high tide. So, as we sailed along at over 6k. In a SW F.4, under a blotchy grey sky, we were pretty confidant of arriving ahead of the strong, possibly gale force winds which were forecast. The wind dropped almost completely at about 13.00 and visibility was very poor as we motored towards the south of Bardsey Island. About one and a half hours later, as we were crossing the Sound, the engine began to sound rough and the oil pressure dropped to zero. We switched the engine off immediately and attempted to sail the rest of the way across the Sound into calmer water before investigating our engine problem. However a strengthening tide began to slowly drag us back through the Sound, which would have had a disastrous effect on our timing for the bar at the entrance to Pwellheli. The forecasted gales were getting closer and alternative safe havens were a long way away. The pressure was on the skipper to sort out the engine and quickly! The engine and all about it was covered in engine oil and the sump was empty. Further investigation, after a bit of a clean up, revealed no sign of a burst or loose pipe. The fan belt was in tatters and the oil filter looked suspicious. After changing the belt and the filter, a short burst on the starter motor revealed a bolt hole in the top of the camshaft casing that was spurting oil. Fortunately, there was a bolt in the Boson's Locker that fitted. The engine started and we were mightily relieved to be on our way with still enough time to make it over the sand bar. An hour later, we were in sight of Pwellheli when the engine cut out. The skipper, vividly aware of a falling tide, very speedily changed the fuel filter, which fortunately was the problem. The Marina Manager assured us that it was still safe for us to cross the bar and then directed us into a north facing berth.

We spent a couple of days in Pwellheli during which we enjoyed the friendly hospitality of the marina clubhouse. We also made an excursion on the Rheilffordd Ffestiniog Railway from Portmadoc up to the most impressive and interesting slate Llechwedd Slate Caverns at Blaenau.

On Wednesday, we enjoyed a leisurely sunshine sail round St. Patrick's Causeway, and through

the main channel between the shallow Cynfelyn Patches, to arrive at Aberystwyth just before high water. The marina manager guided us onto a convenient transit between a perch and a black and yellow pole behind it, which brought us sufficiently far into the harbour entrance to be able to see the marina fuel berth pontoon towards which we then steered. (A Right Angle Turn!). We kept well clear of the south end of the north pier. Patrick Fitzgerald-Lombard, a cousin of Ann's, joined us for an gourmet dinner in Gannet's Restaurant. (01970 617460). We explored the town and castle on Thursday and dined well in The Serendipity Restaurant.

Our departure from Aberystwyth at 07.45 on Friday was an exciting and somewhat traumatic experience as we crashed our way through the sizeable breaking waves that met us as we turned the corner in the harbour exit. Fortunately it was high tide and there was sufficient depth for us in the troughs and also our engine was powerful enough to break through the tumbling surf! A NW F.5 gave us a great sail at over 7k for most of the 40M passage down to Fishguard. We anchored in 5m, close to two other yachts, at the inner end of the mole. Apparently, the harbour authorities only take an interest in yachts if they moor alongside the wharf, for which there is a £10 berthing charge. The swell against the quayside was considerable which made berthing impractical. The sun was shining as we enjoyed lunch in this pleasant harbour environment. It was then only a short walk up to Goodwick Village, where we were made welcome in the Rose & Crown Pub.

We weighed a very muddy anchor at 09.00 on Saturday and enjoyed a fabulous sunshine sail almost all the way to the Dale Flats in Milford Haven, where we picked up a buoy at 14.10 to



Marina in Aberystwyth.

Photo: Bernard Corbally

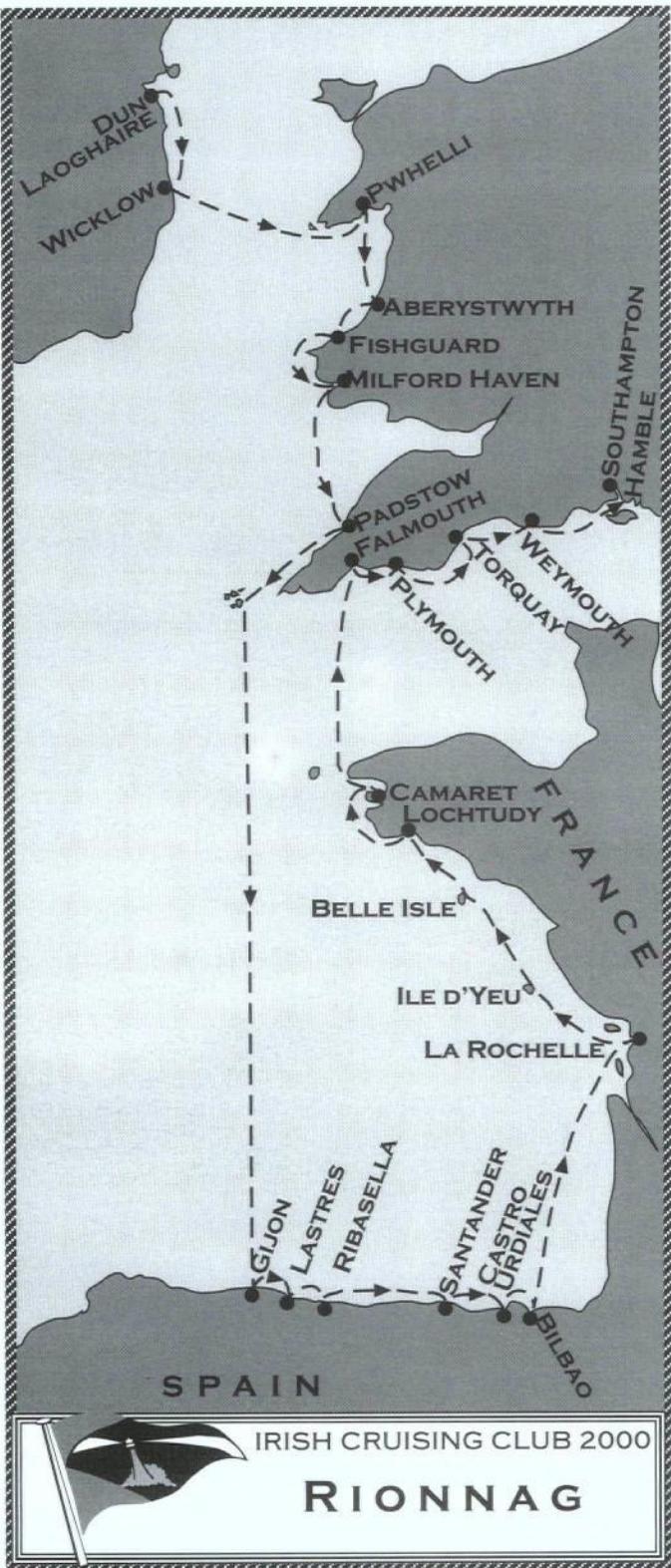
like a long row ashore, not even for a visit to The Three Kings Pub! Ann cooked a delicious steak stew for dinner and we settled for an early night.

We were rewarded with a magnificent red sky sunrise at 05.00 as we motored out of Milford Haven on the ebb tide and headed for Padstow. (Approx. 75M.). The lock gates open at HW ±2 hrs. and since there is no convenient alternative haven, we motor-sailed almost all the way to complete the passage in just over 12 hrs. It was wonderful to moor in this little secure harbour in the middle of a delightfully picturesque village. Rather reminiscent of Kinsale, the place is packed with enticing restaurants and there are some fabulous walks and bus excursions to neighbouring beaches to be enjoyed. It was easy to decide to spend three nights in this beguiling place and to book three excellent restaurants for dinner: No. 6 Middle St.: Brocks; Pescadou (Pre-booking advised)

When we left Padstow at 07.56 on Wednesday, we were conscious that it was another over 70M. passage to reach Hugh Town in the Isles of Scilly. The day was a dull with negligible wind and our progress was pretty slow until the tide turned in our favour and we started to continuously register over 7k. The skipper applied himself to sorting out the Plotter, which had ceased to function properly, while the crew did a lot of reading. Except for fog banks as we rounded Pendine Point and some yacht dodging in the Sound, it was an uneventful trip, which we were pleased to complete in just over ten hours. We anchored for the night close to the Lifeboat and a red can buoy. Early on Thursday morning, we moved to a vacated visitor's mooring, which Ann grabbed for us in the dinghy while we weighed anchor!

After five wonderful days in the Scillies, during which Terence Moran and Enda Cullinan replaced Aidan as crew, we finally set sail for North Spain at 11.15 on Tuesday 25th July. Maintaining an average speed of over 6k, we kept outside the Separation Zones off Ushant and then headed for Gijon. Wednesday was a beautiful day with a clear blue sky but little wind. Nevertheless, we enjoyed over six hours of delightfully relaxed sailing during which we were entertained for a while by a school of porpoises. At 21.00, we were quietly motoring through a gentle swell while Terence cooked lamb chops to a Bach music accompaniment. It did rain a bit over night, but the temperature was a lot warmer. Thursday was a duller day and we were considerably slowed down by both the wind and tide being against us until about 09.30. The wind then slackened and we began to make about 6.5k. At 04.45 on Friday, we could see some lights on the Spanish coast, but the conspicuous large spherical butane storage tanks on Cabo de Torres were not visible until about 09.30. We made for the outer end of the high exterior breakwater Dique Principe de Asturias and then headed across towards the outer end of Dique de Liquerica of the Puerto de Gijon Muelles Locales. We made sure that we stayed safely north of the Serrapio de Tierra rocks just before the entrance to the marina. At 10.45, we were tied up at one of the Arrivals Pontoons, which are directly in front of the marina entrance. The marina manager very sensibly suggested that we top up our tanks at the adjacent fuel berth while he dealt with our registration. We were then directed to the visitors' pontoons inside the north breakwater, where there were lots of empty berths.

Gijon is one of the largest cities in North Spain. The old town is right next to the marina and is full of popular restaurants. There are also two large sandy beaches within easy walking distance. Enda and Terence hired a car and kindly collected our new crew, Gillian Fletcher and Jim Howe, from the local airport. On Saturday, they brought us on a sight seeing tour of the local countryside including a visit to Lastres, which was to be our next port of call. On both Friday and Saturday



enjoy a leisurely lunch and siesta. A pontoon, anchored outside the moorings, was already fully occupied by yachts. Later on, we motored up to the Pembroke Yacht Club, where we had enjoyed a memorable steak dinner on a previous visit. The pontoon, anchored off the club, is owned by the municipality and available to visitors. We had no sooner moored up to the pontoon when we became very conscious of a strong smell of diesel oil. A small split in a spare can of diesel oil had flooded the whole bottom of our huge cockpit locker. The oil had soaked up into warps and other gear and it took us over two hours to clean up the horrible mess. By this time, nobody felt

nights, we dined well in The Zagel Restaurant (Casa Mini) in Trinidad Street (985-351-398).

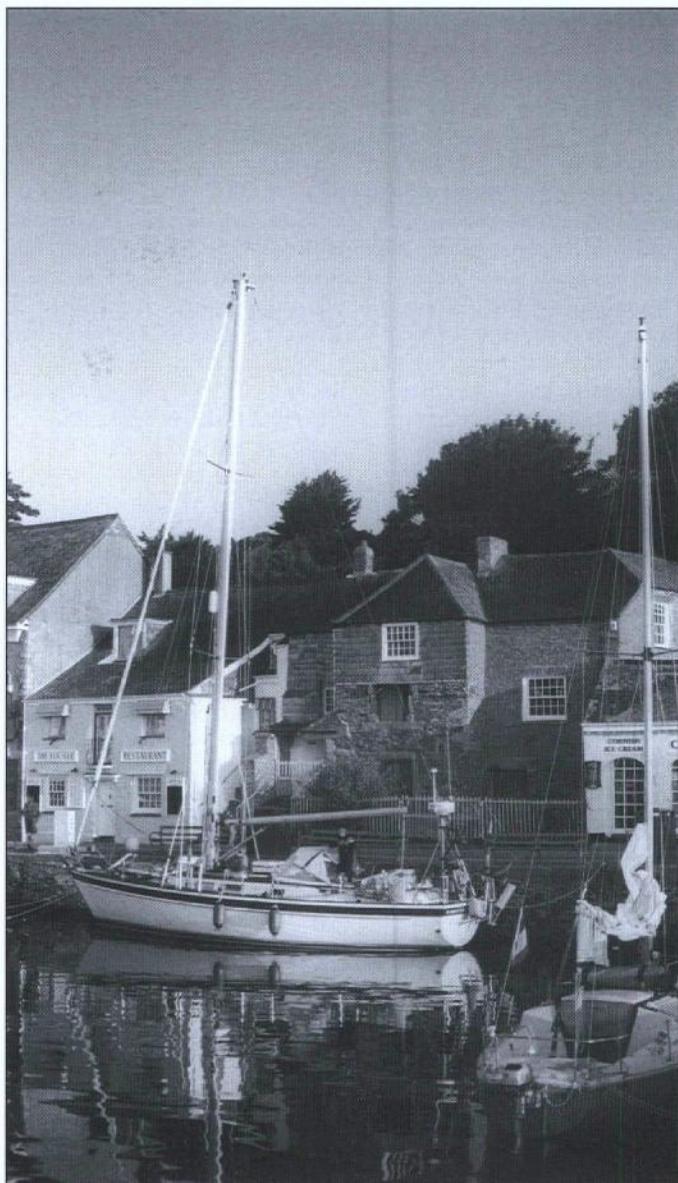
Sunday was warm and sunny, which were ideal conditions for a delightfully relaxed cockpit lunch. It was with considerable reluctance that we then set forth to motor almost directly into a F5 for four hours to arrive in Lastres at 19.30. The harbour is not much more than a breakwater which protects the wharfs. The small village is on the hillside a steep walk up from the harbour and looks very attractive. We rafted up alongside a French Sun Kiss yacht, near the outer end of the breakwater, and hurried up to the village to the Eutimid Restaurant.

The airline had located Gillian's missing sleeping bag and agreed to deliver it on board at Lastres. However, having tried to deliver it to the wrong yacht, they decided to leave it with the shore based organiser of a Yacht Rally of Dutch and Plymouth based boats. (We had seen them gathered in Gijon Marina) We found the organiser in the harbour bar and were delighted to be invited to a reception party given by the village for the rally sailors. At the party, we received a further invitation to join them on Tuesday for a full day bus tour of the locality, which included a visit to the impressive Santuario de Covadonga. We did not hesitate about postponing our departure for another day!

On Wednesday morning, we were invited to join the rally yachts in an informal race to Ribadesella. Having been reassured that this was much more a sail in company than a race, we started at 14.15. Unfortunately, the wind died completely and the whole fleet had to resort to motoring. When we arrived at Ribadesella we found that a section of the quayside, normally occupied by local fishing boats, had been cleared for the rally yachts by prior arrangement with Sr. Toro, president of the Fishermans' Co-operative. We were delighted to be invited to join them and to be made very welcome into their social scene. We also attended the Lord Mayor's (Sr. Jose Miranda Reigada) extremely generous reception party, at which we were delightfully surprised to be presented with an impressive cup trophy! The skipper, having a modicum of Spanish, engaged the mayor in a lengthy conversation, during which he divulged the names of his favourite local restaurants. The nearest, La Parrilla Restaurant was full of locals and had a great atmosphere. They found us a table after a short wait and gave us a superb fresh fish dinner.

The approach to the lovely Ribadesella fishing village is round a light house and through a narrow channel leading into the river estuary. There is a huge sandy beach to the west of the entrance, which curves right into the village. The whole effect is both beautiful and dramatic and we were really delighted to be there for a couple of days. Showers are available in The Recreation Centre, which is reached by crossing the bridge and turning left. This brings you past some famous caves, which are difficult to visit due to a restriction on numbers and the need to pre-book tickets. We booked a taxi at the tourist centre to bring us to the second recommended restaurant, which looked very unpretentious at first sight. Again, it was obviously well known by the locals and we were glad to have pre-booked our table.

It was raining lightly as a convoy of us left Ribadesella at 08.00 on Friday and bounced out through breaking waves to round the lighthouse. We motored east through a pretty lumpy sea for about three hours, dodging lobster pots and enduring a few nasty rain-squalls. The cliff lined coast with its mountain backdrop was quite spectacular when we could see it. At 11.00, we were able to start sailing on a close fetch for about five hours before the wind died and the sun finally broke through to make life a lot more pleasant. We contemplated stopping at San Vincente de la Barquera, which is an attractive town with a historic church and castle, but the entrance is tricky and tidal and we would have had to wait for several hours under



Rionnag in Padstow Harbour.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

uncomfortable conditions. One of the rally yachts aborted their entry attempt after grounding and called us to suggest that it was impossible at the current state of the tide. We decided to continue on to Santander, where there was a marina that could be entered at any state of tide. The palace on the headland Peninsula de la Magdalena is a very conspicuous guide to the entrance to the very extensive harbour area. It was about five miles from the entrance to the large modern Marina del Cantabrico, which is approached through a channel between sandbanks on a transit from a small black & yellow buoy. We were met by a launch and escorted to a vacant berth, where we moored at 19.45.

We took the special marina bus into town on Saturday and were made very welcome at the prestigious Club Real yacht club, which is built on stilts out from the town promenade. Although the marina had excellent facilities and the staff were friendly and helpful and there is a convenient restaurant, Bajamer, that served us excellent steaks, it is very isolated. So, we moved to anchor off the yacht club, where we were allowed to leave our dinghy. The Club also provided us with an excellent dinner.

Jim hired an air-conditioned car on Monday to explore the hinterland. We particularly enjoyed our visit to the

outstandingly beautiful old town "Santillana Del Mar", which was full of large old houses with coats of arms on their facades that had been the stately homes of noblesmen. We also visited San Vicente, where we were delighted to meet up with Peter and Cathy Noakes, and family from *Shara of York*, who were participants in the rally.

We weighed anchor under a clear blue sky at 13.30 on Wednesday and set sail for Castro Urdiales. (33M.). We passed lots of fabulous beaches interspersed with headlands and quite a few lighthouses on the passage. Urdiales used to be a stronghold of the Templars in the middle ages and claims to have been inhabited since 1200 BC. Most of the town was burnt down by the French in 1813. The small harbour is dominated by a Templar Castle, which now incorporates a lighthouse, and a magnificent Gothic Church with massive buttresses and pinnacles. The Club Nautico de Castro Urdiales is prominently built out into the harbour on stilts. They invited us to use the bar, sun-bathing deck and dining room. They even provided us with a launch service back across the harbour to our berth, which was on the huge harbour breakwater. We were very favourably impressed by the town with its backdrop of low hills, but there were extensive developments of flat and hotel complexes in progress all around the town, which were already threatening the whole character and charm of the area. .

We moved on to the large commercial port of Bilbao on Thursday, where we encountered a new inner breakwater that was not shown in our Pilot nor on our brand new chart. There are two marinas in the southeast of the inner harbour. We chose the older Las Arenas Marina, which was beside a beach near the river and nearer to town. It was also the base for the very prestigious Real Club Maritimo del Abra y Real Sporting Club, which had a superb swimming pool and restaurant overlooking the marina. We spent four nights here during which Gillian and Jim departed and we were joined by Brian Taylor and Kinross Burke. There was an underground railway station close to the marina, where we took the train in to the city centre to visit the truly fantastic modern Guggenheim Museum.

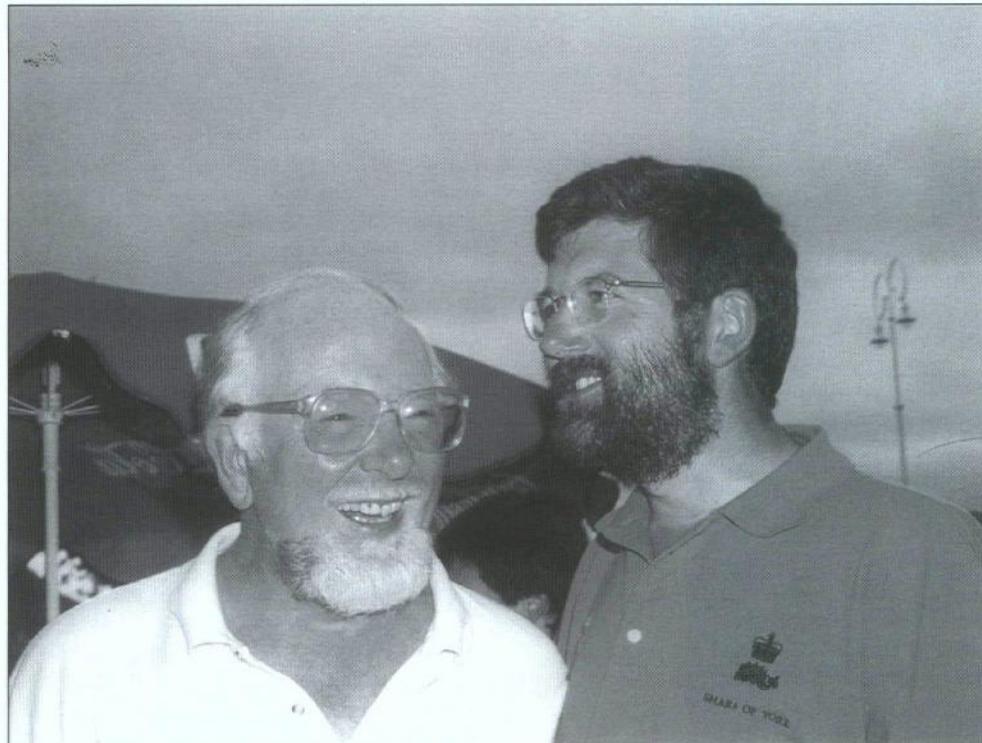
On Monday 14th August, we were treated to a red ball sunrise as we motored out of Bilbao at 07.30 and began our passage to La Rochelle. It was a fabulous sunny day with no

wind and a calm sea, which provided ideal conditions for Kinross and the skipper to get out their sextants and practice sun-sights. A light breeze built up in the evening, which allowed us to sail for a while. Unfortunately, we were unable to see stars at sunset, but we did have the benefit of a lovely new moon. Tuesday was another nice day, but with a F.3 on the nose, we motored to ensure our arrival close to high water on a rising tide.

When we rounded Ile Doleron to make our approach to La Rochelle, we found ourselves in the midst of yachts, many of them racing. We found the Chaveau Buoy and set a course of 60 degrees for the Les Minimes Marina. We could not identify the leading marks to take us safely up the channel. We found the Arrivals Pontoon right in front of us as we entered the vast marina. After registering, an attendant in a launch met us to guide us to a vacant berth. The marina is a long way out of town and there were no taxis in the map marked sites. We were lucky to find a bus stop with an imminent bus to take us into the town, which is particularly beautiful with lots of impressive old buildings and plenty of enticing restaurants. On our next visit, we will bring our boat right up into the town centre and lock into the inner basin. We were extremely fortunate to be able to get a table in the highly recommended Andre's Bistro.

The water was still as a mill pond, as we eased our way out of our tight marina berth at 08.00 on Wednesday and followed another yacht out through the channel. The sun rose behind a scattering of black clouds providing a most impressive panorama of colour. Breakfast in the cockpit, as we gently motored by the beautiful beaches of Ile de Re in warm sunshine, was a delightful experience. We finally managed to get in a bit of sailing at 14.00. Our approach to the harbour on Ile d'Yeu was challenging as six yachts headed up the narrow entrance at the same time. To our horror, a huge catamaran suddenly emerged round the corner ahead of us forcing us over into shallow water. We had no sooner recovered from that experience then a sizeable ferry followed it out. We then had to hover outside the Port Joinville Marina while the yachts ahead manoeuvred slowly through the entrance. An attendant in a dinghy was organising the rafting of yachts up to seven deep on the pontoon opposite the marina office. We enjoyed dinner in La Burette Restaurant.

It was quite a problem getting out from the stacked boats on Thursday morning before being trapped in by the tide. We found the exit controlled by traffic lights, which seemed to be red for a long time before a freighter passed and we were given the green light. It was another lovely sunny day with the wind again on the nose. Conscious of a 50 M passage ahead and the desirability of reaching Le Palais (Belle Isle) before high tide, we motored uncomfortably through a lumpy sea. At 10.20, our electronic compass started to fluctuate wildly until a GSM phone, in the fore-cabin, was switched off. It had been receiving unsolicited "Welcome" messages from a French server! We were met at the harbour entrance and given the choice of either rafting up with other yachts in a bank of fore & aft moorings to starboard just inside the entrance or rafting up



Skipper and Peter Noakes, (*Shara of York*) one of the rally organisers.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

alongside in the inner basin when the lock gates opened in about fifteen minutes. (there are also four white mooring buoys outside the breakwater). We chose the inner basin on being informed that the gates would open at 07.00 the next morning. We enjoyed our meal in La Chaloupe Creperie.

Although we were sorely tempted to remain in this beautiful place for a few days, we joined in the mass exodus from the basin at 07.00. Kinross managed to buy us some croissants and almost got left behind in the process. As we headed for Lochtudy (Approx. 50 M.), on a close fetch, we passed a lot of yachts going in the opposite direction flying spinnakers. The weather looked quite bleak ahead and we were hit by the occasional shower between spells of sunshine. We were glad to have a copy of "Votre Livre de Bord" on board as we approached the sand bar in the approach to the new marina in Lochtudy. The channel was well buoyed but the very strong current needed serious attention. We tied up at the fuel berth and enjoyed quite a pantomime as we attempted to organise a top-up from the card operated pump! Eventually, we were allocated a very convenient berth on the inside of the fuel pontoon. The marina is in a most delightful location with absolutely fabulous views of brightly coloured boats neatly moored in the adjacent harbour. It was only a short walk into the attractive village where we gorged ourselves on crepes in one of the many street cafés. The crew from another visiting yacht *Mercat* lent us an umbrella to get back to the marina in a deluge.

With Kinross safely back on board clutching fresh croissants, we cast off at 07.45 on Saturday and carefully navigated from buoy to buoy round Pointe de Penmarc'h before heading for the Raz de Sein. We were glad to be past the rolly bit and were just settling into a relaxed sunshine passage across the Baie D'Audierne when the autohelm went crazy. We were perplexed about the cause until it started to behave itself again and we realised that we had just passed over several underwater cables! The tide turned in our favour as we passed through the Raz and carried us to Camaret. We took the last vacant berth on the visitors' pontoon just inside the North Mole at 6.45.

Our departure from Camaret, at 15.20 on Sunday 20th August, was timed to get us through the Chenal du Four on a favourable tide. After registering over 10k. over ground in the Chenal, we logged the Les Patresses Tower abeam at 17.30. Ten miles further north into the English Channel, we started to encounter a lot of commercial traffic, which built up to twelve vessels being monitored on our radar at 23.30. It was at this point that the skipper observed a extraordinary sight to the east of us. It looked like a ship burning fiercely from bow to stern with flames and clouds of black smoke billowing out of it. He was completely mesmerised and horrified by his thoughts before he realised that it was the moon clearing the horizon! The Lizard light was sighted at 04.30 and from there on in to Falmouth, we were constantly dodging traffic. At 06.00, we were subjected to a series of heavy rain squalls, accompanied by huge wind shifts. Fortunately, the weather had cleared up into quite a pleasant day by the time that we were making our way round Falmouth Docks into Pendennis Marina,

where we met by the manager on the outer pontoon and directed into one of the many vacant berths at 12.00. On Tuesday, we joined the skipper's son, Colin, and his wife, Susanna, for an excellent dinner in the "The Royal Dutchy Hotel".

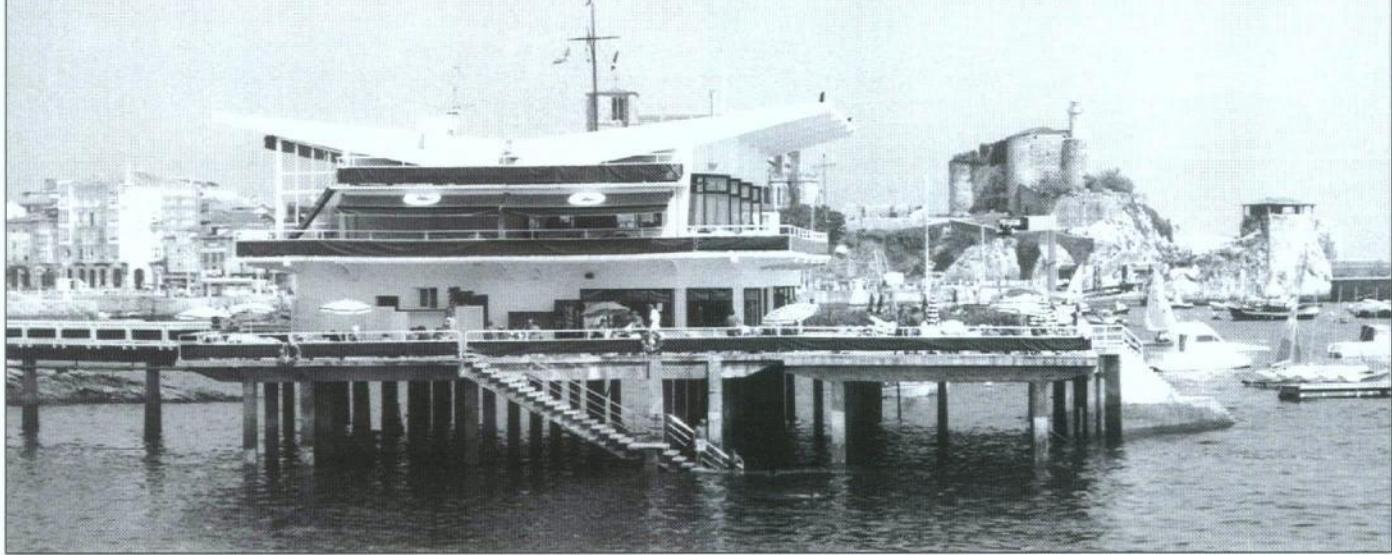
We headed off, in sunshine, for Plymouth ((50M.) on Wednesday and berthed for the night in The Queen Anne's Battery Marina. The Bistro/bar under the marina office cooked us delicious steaks for dinner. We left for Torquay (48 M.) on Thursday, leaving Brian ashore to catch a train to London. We had just passed the Plymouth breakwater when the engine cut out and the skipper had to change both the primary and secondary fuel filters to get it going again. We had to hurry to carry the tide round Start Point before enjoying some more relaxed sailing to make Torquay, where we were allocated a visitors' berth in the marina at 18.05.

It was a miserable wet blustery Friday morning as we headed out of Torquay at 08.00 to motor directly into an easterly F 6-7. Sizeable waves forced us to rev up the engine to 3000 rpm to make even 3k. with big waves bringing us almost to a standstill. The prospect of over ten hours enduring this punishment before reaching the Bill of Portland was dreadful to contemplate. Kinross was anxious to reach the Hamble by Saturday and the further forecast was equally bad, so we grimly pressed on. We were treated to a few brief morale boosting sunny spells between heavy rain squalls but the passage continued to be extremely uncomfortable as we crashed through the waves against a strengthening wind. Ann nobly produced hot soup and sandwiches as we wryly celebrated passing the half-way point at 14.00. At 15.00, we unfurled a bit of mainsail to give us a slightly more comfortable passage at the expense of a small deviation from our course. At this stage, the wind was gusting up to 40k. We gave the Portland Tidal Race plenty of clearance and, on the advice of Portland Coastguard, passed outside The Shambles Shallows. (The Lifeboat had just been through the passage and advised strongly against it!). The waves were huge and the sea very disturbed as we rounded the Bill at 18.20. As we bore away for Weymouth and began surfing along at 8-9k., it quite suddenly became very dark and the sky turned a weird orange grey colour. Impressive fork lightning flashes were immediately followed by deafening crashes of thunder and this was followed by fierce rain-squalls, where the rain hit us so hard that it really



Crew dining well in Zagel Restaurant, Gijon. L - r: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan, Bernard Corbally, Gillian Fletcher, Enda Cullinane, Terence Morgan.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan



Club Nautico de Castro Urdiales.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

hurt any exposed skin! Fortunately, the weather eased off as we surged into the shelter of the south pier at Weymouth at 21.00 just as it was dusk. There was no room for us in the marina and we were asked not to raft up more than five deep on the quayside pontoons. We had to cope with a strong current as we finally rafted up to *Iris* on a pontoon marked "Ferry Berth, overnight berthing for fishing boats only". At 03.00, the skipper was wakened by the sounds of boarders, which could only be fishermen come to claim their berthing rights. He was clambering into his trousers before he registered, with tremendous relief, that there was another yacht moored alongside with numerous crew sorting warps.

Thanks again to Kinross, we had fresh croissants for breakfast, which he had located in a French market up town. Leaving Weymouth in poor visibility at 09.00, we logged 42 M. to arrive in the Hamble Point Marina at 18.00, having carefully passed very close to St. Alban's Head to avoid the disturbed water and overfalls on St. Alban's Ledge. We did enjoy some filtered sunshine and a few hours sailing on this last day of our cruise. Also, we were entertained by the lovely sight of many yachts sailing in every direction, as we made our way through the west Solent. We tremendously enjoyed our final cruise dinner in the Key Restaurant in the Hamble village (Tel.023-8045-4314) and were most kindly dropped back to the marina by the proprietor, Duygu Riley.

Despite a couple of days of inclement weather and the wind almost always on the nose, we greatly enjoyed our last cruise on *Rionnag* in which we visited twenty-five venues covering Ireland, Wales The Isles of Scilly, The Bay of Biscay coast of Spain, France & the south coast of England. We were delighted that so many of our friends and relatives were able to join us at different stages of the cruise. Although we were extremely sad to abandon a yacht to the brokers that has given us so much pleasure over the past seven years, we are greatly excited about the prospect of launching *Beowulf* in May 2001.

Summary of Cruise

Date	Destination	Nautical miles	Mooring
09.07.00	Wicklow	24	Pier
10.07.00	Pwhelli	77	Marina
12.07.00	Aberystwyth	33	Marina
14.07.00	Fishguard	41	Anchor
15.07.00	Dale Flats – Milford Haven	32	Mooring Buoy
15.07.00	Pembroke Y C	5	Moored Pontoon
16.07.00	Padstow	76	Harbour
19.07.00	Hugh Town – Isles of Scilly	72	Anchor / mooring Buoy
25.07.00	Gijon, North Spain	391	Marina
30.07.00	Lastres	24	Pier
02.08.00	Ribadella	12	Wharf
04.08.00	Santander	66	Marina del Cantabrico
06.08.00	Club Real de Santander	3	Anchor
09.08.00	Castro Urdiales	34	Pier
10.08.00	Bilboa	10	Marina – Las Arenas
14.08.00	La Rochelle	189	Marina – Les Minimes
16.08.00	Ile d'Yeu	60	Marina – Port Joinville
17.08.00	Le Palais – Belle Isle	52	Inner Harbour Basin
18.08.00	Lochardy	52	Marina
19.08.00	Camaret	55	Marina
20.08.00	Falmouth	116	Marina – Pendennis
23.08.00	Plymouth	51	Queen Anne's Battery
24.08.00	Torquay	47	Marina
25.08.00	Weymouth	60	Wharf
26.08.00	Hamble – Plymouth	43	Hamble Point Marina
Total:		1626	

West to east – *Rafiki* visits the classical sites of Greece

Bill and Hilary Keatinge

Luton airport, Sunday 16th April 2000 “... due to ... we apologise for any inconvenience ...” you can guess the rest of the scenario; this was the start of our Millennium cruising season. These travel hassles are unfortunately the downside of leaving your boat *in foreign* over the winter, but the plus side is that as these owners want to get going quickly they are happy to have some of the least exciting of the fitting out jobs done by the professionals. *Rafiki*, our Aphrodite 42, was looking extremely well when we eventually arrived; an excellent paint job had been done on the keel and the topsides were as polished as new. It was a bit of a scramble to have some of the other jobs finished but we were reasonably content as she was launched. Cleopatra Marine is one of three yards at Preveza, northwest Greece, a useful rather than a scenic location being just five minutes from the airport and with a good selection of shops across in the town which make the stocking up an easy job. We moved to the town quay to do our shopping in muggy drizzle, a bit like home really!

So, having checked all the moving parts, inspected valves and as many jubilee clips as we could find, we set off south for the Levkas Canal. There has been a canal through the flat salt marshes here since the 7th century BC and signs of this earliest canal are still visible. Levkas Island itself is not really an island as it is joined to the mainland by a bridge, which either opens a lifting section if there are just yachts passing through, or the whole bridge swings back for anything larger. The south-going entrance to the canal is narrow and marked by some frail looking withies, stray outside it and you are hard aground – though there was a dredge at work when we passed through and we understand an enlarged marina is in the making. We wove our way through the islands, rocks and shallows, really not as tricky as it sounds, to Meganissi Island and the northern harbour of Spartakori. Here the brothers Panos and Babis made us welcome on their pontoon and we felt we were really on our way. The spring flowers were a joy and we ate well ashore from the brothers' smartly refurbished taverna.

We were uneasy about the engine which was fluctuating by about a 100 revs. Fearful of damaging the alternator we tried for long distance help from Peter Gribble in Lymington, and as he confirmed our fears we reluctantly went back to Levkas where Cleopatra gave us the name of an expert (Theo on 0645 25036). Happily it was just an early season disconnected switch and thirty minutes after Theo's visit we were heading south again. We spent the night in Vliko, a large almost enclosed bay south of Nidri; it is very peaceful, just the distant farmyard noises, land birds passing overhead and on Sunday morning (our Easter) the peal of church bells and accompanying Orthodox pastoral chant. On board we had Salisbury Cathedral choir and a chocolate Easter egg but then, a bit of a panic; we were losing water from our tanks. In an effort to discover the reason we had half an hour of salt water through our freshwater tap – we had switched a valve the wrong way – wheew, solved that one at least, but the mystery remained.

We went on to Captain Corelli's lovely island of Cephalonia. In the northeastern harbour of Fiskardo, which we



THE WILD GOOSE CUP

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

had visited last October, they were gearing up for the new season; shops were dusting off the souvenirs and wheeling the plant tubs back out front. The new floating pontoon looked ever hopeful with points for power and water, but these have still to be connected. Here as elsewhere in Greece there were no harbour charges.

And back to our own water problem, under our bunk we found the culprit, the calorifier – each time the water pump was activated out from the joint in the casing gushed hot water; efforts with 'mend-all' putty were only partially successful. We could not face Levkas again, or worse still Preveza, so with the leak identified and under control, we headed round the southern tip of Ithica and east up the Gulf of Patras, for the town of that name, where, we read in the pilot, help could be on hand. As soon as we were in range we called up Nautilus Yachting, (061 622676/270019) and yes they could help us. Motorsailing, except for a slot when we could keep up our 6-knot average for the 60 mile passage, we got to Patras in time to meet Takis and his mechanic Stavros (a Damon Hill look-alike, who had just had a serious racing car accident and could hardly get up onto the boat!). But back injury or no, with some help from his friend, 48 hours later he had a new calorifier fitted. It was here that we learned more of the Greek way of life – at 21.20 we cautiously chose an apparently empty restaurant for dinner, with reluctance we were given a table ... very strange we thought, but ... At 21.40 the place was overflowing – shops and businesses close late and at 21.30 everyone comes out to drink (this is the region of the infamous 'demestica' red and white) and eat.

In the gulf of Corinth, en route to the island of Trizonia, we made a slight detour and had a look into Navpaktos – a charming medieval harbour but built for boats a great deal smaller than our 42 feet, we actually had to back out again. On to the northern corner of Trizonia and round passed the village harbour and into a spacious bay with its new and not quite finished marina. There are a couple of pontoons and a long harbour wall where we lay comfortably alongside. It is very pretty and so well protected that a number of liveabards have made it their 'winter place' though there are no facilities.

Later that evening as we waited for our order of grilled prawns there was a very definite earth tremor (later we heard it had been 4 on the Richter scale), talk about sending shivers down your spine. The church was full for a Holy Week service, the Orthodox Easter being a week after the Roman, but it was cut short and everyone hurried home. Happily there was no damage done though we were to feel the after shocks, even on the boat, for some days to come. Easter in Greece is accompanied by endless firecrackers, days of loud whizzes and bangs and after the vigil service on the Saturday night Trizonia was aglow with fireworks.

We made a dash back to Patras to collect our daughter who was joining us for a week and returned to Trizonia as we had not paid a visit to Lizzies Yacht Club. It perches high on the hill overlooking the harbour and is neither a yacht club nor 'Lizzies', but for the last eleven years has been run by Alison.



The terrace, with its many tubs of geraniums, is a very pleasant place for dinner(though you need the mosquito repellent!); the menu is not particularly Greek as it features stir fries and, what caught Bill's eye, liver and bacon.

Galixidhi is 20 miles further east and we planned to make this our base from which to visit Delphi. We found a space inside the quay which turned out to be a real stroke of luck; the northerly blew through the bay very strongly and the charter boats on the outside of the quay had a miserable time. There is a bus which goes to Delphi but we decided order a taxi – there are only three in town. The one we booked did not turn up, one did not want to go to Delphi and by chance we found the third. A much better bet would have been to go a) with the charter group if only we had asked, or b) to have gone into the new and rather soulless but safe harbour of Itea which is even closer to the site. However, it was just half an hour's drive and the deal was we could have an hour and a half to view plus there and back.

So we went to the site of the Apollonian Oracle, built on the southern slopes of Parnassus. Here the ancients came to seek advice from Apollo, his replies came back through the priestess, the Pythia, not just the careworn and lovesick, but no Emperor or General would set out on expeditions of war or discovery without consultation with the Oracle. Each one brought an offering and the treasures housed priceless gifts and the spoils of battles won. With the help of an interesting guidebook which superimposes a reconstruction of the monuments over the remaining columns and foundations it is

possible to imagine the sanctuary, as it was 3000 years ago. The museum houses some wonderful sculptures – one of our favourites being the Sphinx of the Naxians, still smiling enigmatically after 2560 years.

But back to earth again, and a hunt for fresh stuff; and as it was the Easter weekend no one seemed to have been to buy supplies, and Galixidhi is quite far off the beaten track. The butchers and greengrocers all seemed empty but that was not the full story, because of the climate, they keep what they have in large cold rooms and we finally discovered you have to ask – the phrase book is essential, nothing as easy as point and pay!

There were still white caps in the bay as we cast off and we were soon screaming along at over 7 knots with just the mizen and jib – time 11.30. At 11.34 the wind stopped. 31 minutes later it was blowing 35 knots. Two hours later from the northeast 6 knots and finally three miles out from Corinth Yacht Harbour back to 27 knots. We anchored stern to the quay with the spray whistling over the harbour wall – what a restless passage.

We were hovering round the entrance to the Corinth Canal shortly after 9 the following morning, looking for blue flags and lifting bridge (as per the pilot) – however, no flags were visible and the bridge now submerges and you pass over it! We had the canal to ourselves, the sky was blue and we were just in awe. Nero (1st century AD) started the digging, but did not get very far and it was not until the nineteenth century that the French made some progress and in 1893 the Greeks completed the project. At its highest the gorge is 76 metres which is pretty

awesome. We motored slowly not wanting the experience of this wonderful 3.2 nautical miles to pass too quickly. Tied up at Isthmia on the eastern side was the most painful bit of the lot – paying. It came to a staggering £75, though if one thinks about it the Lymington to Yarmouth car ferry is over £50.

During the five hour passage to Piraeus the wind swung through 360 degrees and went from 35 knot gusts to nil, and as inevitably happens picked up to strong gusts as we came into Zea Marina. On our second attempt we squeezed back on anchor into a narrow gap, we were told we could not stay, we were told we could stay, we decided to stay come what may ... and then the Port Policeman asked us to bring our papers to his office. Right from Preveza we had heard of a new permit required of cruising boats in Greek waters. Some said it was for 30 days, some for 3 months – all said that if you left the country and returned during the life of the permit then a heavy supplement would be imposed. So far we had not as much as seen a form, but we were a bit nervous of this one. As we queued behind a German skipper, an English-speaking yacht agent asked us if we were checking in or out. When he heard it was the former he told us not to check in and in a loud and not very complimentary exchange with the Port Police he had it agreed that we had “not been seen” and would leave next morning. He then explained to us that this particular official had found yet another new regulation which he had taken on himself, singlehandedly, to impose. All craft should have proof of environmental insurance cover, necessary perhaps for the tankers and maybe the mega yachts, but hardly for a yacht with a fuel capacity of 340 litres. So we escaped that one, and still no mention of the cruising permit. Bill walked round to Microlimani, a yacht club harbour just north of Zea and ‘conversed’ (by sign language) with the boatman, the result of which was that if we turned up at ten the following morning he would have a berth for us.

Then we had to get Suzanne to the airport by 06.30, but taxis could not be booked by persons without a telephone, (a mobile via UK would not do), so what to do ... We found a great restaurant for dinner, very elegant indeed set in décor which

had been transferred from a fashionable venue in Vienna. They were extremely helpful and not only fed us well but booked the taxi for us too. Only snag as we trundled rucksacks etc. round at dawn the following morning was that the restaurant had pulled down all-enveloping steel shutters hiding name and entrance completely! We did find it, and the taxi did come, so all was well.

Microlimani was a delightful place, racing fleets of all sizes at the two yacht clubs, a proper sailing atmosphere, not just a boat park. Our remaining electronic problem was solved, at a price, but at last the Navtex was linked to an aerial (a new one) – some ‘superfluous’ wires, knotted together at the top of the mizen had been removed over the winter, one of them functioning as aerial – hence the problem. There was cheerful bustle at the restaurants round the curve of the harbour and perhaps the bar on the outer wall was noisy, but after all we were in Piraeus the commercial center of Greece. We took taxis into the city, Bill made one journey on the tram and we were only twenty minutes from the airport, so great for our crew change.

And to Athens, the eye of Greece on Sunday 5th May. The sun shone, the smog cleared and the crowds were not too overpowering. The Acropolis (acro=high and polis=city) is built on a steep-sided outcrop a hundred metres above the bustle of today’s city. Having paid our entrance dues we were rather herded through the entrance which is the Propylaea, (430BC), but once we had climbed these steps there before us the Parthenon and space for the crowd to fan out and admire this wonderful marble monument. In its time it has been temple, Orthodox church, Roman Catholic church, mosque and today it is again celebrated for what it is – the finest monument of ancient Greek civilization. Opposite is the Erechtheion with its distinctive porch of the Maidens, the Caryatids, each one with a different hairdo sharing the weight of the roof. These are the only full size sculptures still *in situ*, though these lovely ladies we see today are just copies, one original being in the British Museum and the others in the Acropolis Museum. In this museum there are many treasures including the oldest



Rafiki off Palaio Trikeri.

Photo: Hilary Keatinge

statue from the Acropolis, the calf-bearer which dates back a mere 2565 years.

Bill's brother Richard joined us in Athens and we hoped he would be able to leave the world of finance behind for a few days – it was not to be and his mobile was much in use but at least he was working from attractive surroundings. We made for Epidavros with the wind doing the usual tease and drop, with a change of strength and direction coming in every half-hour or so. We anchored north of the port for a peaceful night and then came into the quay for a couple of hours and a trip (15kms) to see the best preserved of all the Greek theatres. There is seating for 14,000 at Epidavros, the acoustics are near perfect and it is still in use.

We turned our back on classical Greece for the next few days and revisited two of the Saronic islands, Poros and Idhra. The latter certainly has not changed in twenty years and the mules and donkeys are still the preferred form of transport; quaint and peaceful it may look, but watch out for these fellows trotting down the steep stepped alleyways. Idhra's harbour is tiny and we were happy to be settled into the quay by lunchtime. How the ferries manage to manoeuvre is a mystery and in the season you can almost walk across the harbour from boat to boat, not to mention the confusion underwater as anchors and chains fall and twist and tangle. We spent a night on the quay at Poros and then we looked into several anchorages nearby, finally settling for Russian Bay. We did swim, but the water was still a bracing 18 degrees! We headed back to Piraeus to drop off our businessman.

Watered and provisioned we said our goodbyes to Athens, and had our last sighting of the Acropolis as we reached south down the Saronikos Kolpos on 16th May; our next deadline mid June in Istanbul. The wind was 5-6 but at least from a northerly direction and we had a cracking sail until we came out from under the islet of Gaidhounoniso. We headed east towards Cape Sunion and the gusts became increasingly vicious as we anchored in the bay, opposite a little chapel/shrine with the fabulous temple to Posidion high on the headland. It was blowing too hard to go ashore and when a group of four charter boats moved off we came in closer to the hotel where we hoped the holding would be better and we might get a little more protection – yes to the former, doubtful about the shelter.



Force 7 at Galixidhi as Bill and Suzanne wait for transport to visit the oracle at Delphi.

Photo: Hilary Keatinge

Next morning, given the very strong northerly, and that we were going dead into it, we might have fared better if we had hoisted our main, as it was *Rafiki's* 65 horsepower had to do its stuff into increasingly unpleasant seas. Our last hour to Raftis was horrid but once passed the island with its strange sculpture on the peak (a tailor sitting there since Roman times, though hard to see from sea level!) all was dramatically calm though the gusts were still very strong. It is 3nm across to the port itself and we backed on to the quay in a nasty crosswind. We were just getting to the bill paying stage of our lunch ashore when a strong gust hit the boats sideways, we suspected our anchor was not holding. Our neighbour on the quay confirmed that the holding was doubtful and we moved out to anchor off the moorings where we felt much happier.

Next day we made all the preparations we should have made the day before – lazarette locked, vents turned round, main up ... but there was no wind as we continued north. We raised our hats to Marathon, 5nm inland on the mainland and headed across to Voufalos on the Evia side, it is a delightful little harbour tucked in behind an island. Very little seemed to be happening in Voufalos, one restaurant was open, the shops came by van, horns honking – locals knew the sound of the butcher or the fruit and vegetable man, we were lucky enough to be nearly run over by the baker. We enjoyed a day of pottering, just absorbing the wonderful location, the sweep of spring on the hills.

Cruising in Greece is sometimes confusing, the same place can have several different names for instance Voufalos is also Boufalo, well that is not too difficult, but watch out for Evia, it can be Evia, Euboea, Euripos and it was even called Negroport by the Venetians. Charts – paper and screen, and the pilot book may all differ; yes we have been to Raftis, or is it Raptis, Ormos Markopoulo or Mesoyaias, and who would guess that Microlimani was also called Turkolimani and even Mounikhais.

There was only one name for Khalkis (or was it 'trouble'!). This is the narrowest point between Evia and the mainland. They have built a high bridge which now takes the serious traffic, but the town of Khalkis lives on either side of a low roadbridge which is their lifeline. The water level is different on either side of the bridge and as the flow of water can run at up to 7 knots through the narrow gap, the bridge is only opened

at slack water – impossible to predict, but usually in the middle of the night. In hot windless conditions we tied up on a rough dusty wharf in company with a group of charter boats being delivered to Milina, they had been waiting since the previous evening. Bill went off to pay his dues and find out when (if) the bridge would open; 22.00 was a possibility, but then again it might be 04.00. The cost of passage through is calculated on a very complicated formula which includes tonnage, our Part 1 Registration has a British tonnage which is more than the actual manufacturers figure and it cost us £32 which included the 75% weekend surcharge. Oh well, we settled down to wait. Then about 5p. m. there was a change in the current and a strong gusty wind which occasionally blew us onto the wharf and then again blew the

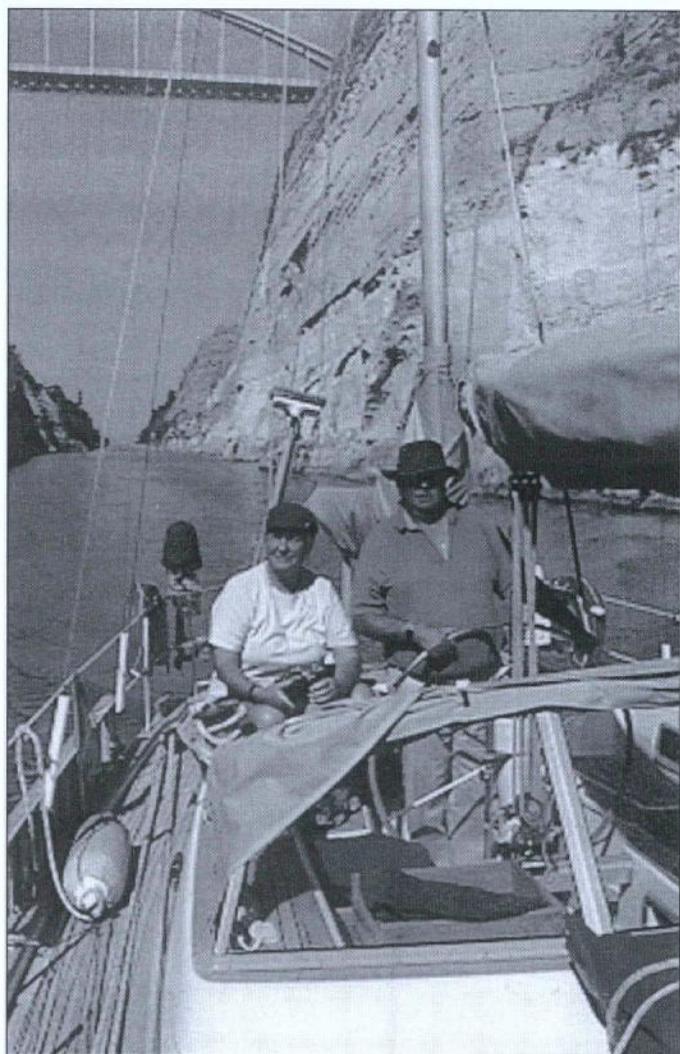
dust from the wharf onto us. We had what we reckoned to be about 4 knots of tide creating a maelstrom round the boat, we needed extra fenders on the quay and the noise and disturbance were quite enervating.

Ten to ten, as instructed, Bill called up on the VHF – “wait a quarter” then just as we were resigning ourselves to a 0400 start, the south going boats were told to get going at the double. We cast off only to be told to remain alongside as a ship was coming through. Too late we manoeuvred in the dark, the ship did indeed come through and then we were called to pass through immediately. The Port Policeman was resplendent in his immaculate white uniform with scrambled egg epaulets, VHF to hand, Saturday night crowds massed to enjoy his show. We roared through with the engine going flat out, but one of our group was left behind, was given two minutes to pass through, they just made it – we were all exhausted! We felt our way in the dark into Nea Artaki, 4 miles north of the bridge, where we anchored for a very peaceful night. There is now a new harbour wall here, no lights yet, and inside though very deep it is still under construction.

En route to Volos we spent a night in Valhikelon bay, set about with olive groves, also on the mainland. There was absolutely no wind and the shallowest patch we could easily find was 10meters but being the only yacht (one of the Glifa ferries was off the shore being repainted) we had plenty of room to swing without taking a line ashore. The water temperature was creeping up – 19.7 but the topsides need cleaning so the swimmers kept warm! Then it was north up the wide Gulf of Volos, passed an increasing stream of ferries and freighters to Volos itself. It was from here that Jason and his Argonauts set sail to capture the golden Fleece, while today it is one of the most commercial harbours in Greece handling all the produce from the fertile Thessalian plain. It is a large harbour and most of the yachts seemed concentrated in the NE corner. Laid moorings too, “great”; we took some time to choose one and backed in. However the local who helped us with our lines pointed to the sign – these were all private moorings owned by the local charter fleet, but he would check with the owner of our slot as to whether we could stay for a couple of days. George was most helpful, yes we could stay, and he would take our contribution towards power and water so we were official ... There is a roomy pontoon on the other side of the harbour, which was almost empty, but it would be a much more energetic walk back from the town with the shopping.

We hired a car for a day and drove across the plains to visit the amazing monasteries at Meteora. Perched on the top of smooth sided columns of rock which rise dramatically up to 400m, monks and hermits from the 11th century sought refuge from the distractions and dangers of the real world. In the early days they hoisted themselves up on rope ladders, progressed to nets slung on pulleys and thankfully today there are reasonably manageable steps and slopes. The views are stunning, the frescos and icons spellbinding. We visited two monasteries of the five which was enough for one visit – each monastery has different days of opening and all are closed for a midday period.

We spent a night in the Port Vathoudi anchorage, just south of a Sun Sail marina. There were a number of permanent moorings – we just missed a submerged one but had plenty of room to anchor. Then a flat calm to the island of Palaio Trikeri on the southwest side of the Gulf of Volos. It had been highly recommended by Betty Hegarty (*Oleander of Howth*) and what a gem it was with great banks of giant geraniums by every whitewashed house. But, the tiny harbour is “destination 1” for the holidaymakers from Milina and in they came; first the bareboat charterers – space and anchoring and catenary angles were a total mystery to the first one in! Then came the flotilla and the charming Australian group leader asked us – *for our*



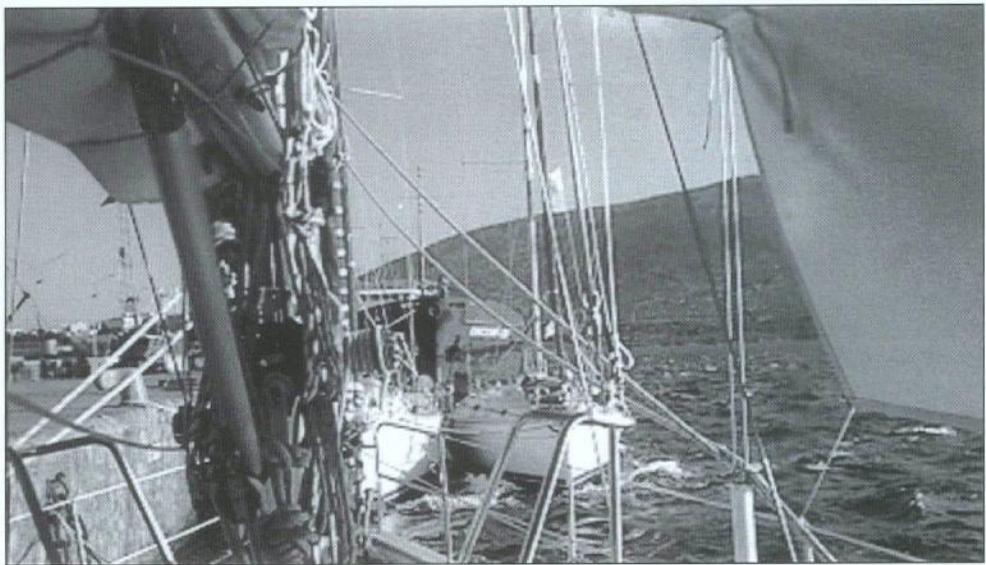
Going through the Corinth Canal.

Photo: Hilary Keatinge

own safety – to put a line ashore; what a job he had, it took several hours to get the ten boats snugged in for the night! We met some full-time sailors and had a fun meal ashore where the taverna owner was most hospitable, in fact it was quite hard to pay for anything!

There were gale warnings around next day but we did not have more than force 4 as we tacked up the Trikeri channel to the island of Skiathos. We anchored in 6 meters off the great expanse of beach in Kukanaries Bay and we swam and watched the resort life come and go under rows of colourful umbrellas. There is a harbour, but it seemed too tiny for us. We then spent a night in Skiathos harbour itself, backing onto the new pontoon. We thoroughly enjoyed this bustling town (and regretted not paying a visit to the Windmill Restaurant on the hill as we heard it was excellent). We headed southeast to Skopelos Island and into the very pretty Ormos Panormou. The place to be is in the inlet running south from the bay, we dropped the anchor in 13m and fell back on all our chain and then took a line ashore. There was an exodus of neighbouring yachts after lunch and we were just settling in to the quiet when the flotilla arrived, our Oz friend herded them all into the most southern corner and we had a grandstand view of the bucket race and other delights!

The log for the next passage makes familiar reading: engine off ‘nor-westerly 4’, broad reach, engine on (50 minutes later) ‘calm’, engine off (add 15 minutes) ‘southerly 3’ and on again fifteen minutes after that – and there were no fish on the lines either! We spent the night in a bay just south of SteniVala on



An uncomfortable berth – waiting for the bridge at Khalkis.

Photo: Hilary Keatinge

Alonnisos Island, there was good variety of fish for the snorklers in beautifully clear water and we were checked out by a pair of extraordinary 'dalmatian' hued ducks. The village itself was pretty enough and maybe we should have tried for a space on the quay, only one of the three restaurants was open – not our night. Next, we looked into the three anchorages on the west side of Peristera Island – the furthest away under Cape Zero was definitely the most remote, the middle one the biggest and safest and we guessed the venue for the flotilla's barbecue night, and the first one was just charming. One isolated olive tree on the shingle, one other boat and enough room for us to swing. But there was little shelter and with the north winds set to increase we moved back to Alonnisos and the crowded harbour of Patitiri. There is very little water off the quay, particularly on the northern side where we were and a couple of hours later we were bumping the bottom, so lines off, anchor up and in the last of the light we anchored in the cove between the two harbours. The holding was good but the disco was not, added to which there was a noisy slapping of water against our stern so a less than peaceful night.

We dinghied back to Patitiri for bread and fruit and had a wet return to *Rafiki*; the northerly was setting in and it was gusting hard when we left. We motorsailed into it with two reefs --these we needed when the vicious gusts of 30/32 knots hit and we were wondering if we should make an alternative plan as we cleared the island. However the wind steadied and we had a good sail across to Pelagos Island, which is a nature reserve. The rock face along the southern and eastern sides of the island can best be described as high and crumpled and fairly inhospitable. We passed the bay below the only monastery on the island; sadly this is now deserted as its caretaker monk has recently died. On round the corner to seek out the almost hidden and extremely narrow entrance to Limnos Planitis; however once through the narrows the bay is very wide and uninhabited. We anchored in the northeast corner and spent the

two days of gales very happily there in the company of some antipodian liveabords.

The island of Limnos, in the middle of the Aegean, was to be our last Greek island and as soon as we heard of a 'decrease of north wind' we headed east. The seas had flattened out, the wind blew a great fetch and all was well in the world for the 58-mile passage with full sail, netting an average speed of 6.3. Inside the harbour of Mirina we thought we would be going alongside the outer harbour wall, but we were waved off that so it was muttered undertones from the crew as the passerelle had to be readied and the lines and fenders changed around. We came in on the harbour wall and the bonus of all that was water and a power socket – the freezer

enjoyed a boost. We spent an extra day in this very pleasant town, and the camera was climbed up to the castle – just a good view, not a lot to see. Washing was hung out, we stocked up on fruit and vegs; we sampled the excellent local wine and ate lobster in one of the restaurants round the picturesque fishing boat harbour.

We moved east along the southern side of the island in very pleasant conditions as we ambled along with the full genoa and the awning keeping off the midday sun. It is just asking for it, having the full awning up and you would have thought we would have learned by now, for the wind came up and it was challenging to say the least. It was gusting 5-6 as we anchored off the seemingly deserted hamlet of Kondias. But it was not deserted at all, we observed paddlers, beachcombers, a side-saddle rider, fishermen and birds galore. And over drinks we swapped Greek for Turkish anchorages with an American couple who came in with their twin boys and nanny on a huge catamaran. Our final Limnos stop was in the Ormos Moudhrous. This is where the allied fleets assembled before setting out on their ill-fated Gallipoli offensive. It is a massive bay, not particularly pretty but sobering to remember how many spent their last peaceful nights in its shelter. We had wanted to visit the cemetery in the town of Moudhros but the official was asking for form filling and papers and for an hour or so it was not worth it so we repaired to Freshwater Bay and hoped he would not find us.

We left early on the morning of 8th June for the 60 mile crossing to Canakkale in the Dardanelles. In eight weeks we covered nearly 900 nautical miles in Greek waters, visited 36 harbours and anchorages on 14 Greek Islands and the mainland. Since then we have been across the Sea of Marmara to Istanbul and back down the Turkish coast to Kusadasi. Part 2 of our Cruise 2000 should end in Park Kemer Marina south of Antayla, southern Turkey.

Four countries and four canals

Roy Waters

Planning for this cruise began soon after the completion of our Round Ireland trip last year. Where to go next in our "new", 20 year old Oyster 39? Well we had been to Denmark four years ago in our previous boat, the Nicholson 32 *Melandy*, and we had friends there only too keen to sail with us in that area. This cruise however would be more ambitious and apart from brief calls in Denmark we would visit Northern Germany, Southern Sweden and hopefully Southern Norway on the way home. However, as in 1996 severe weather in the Skaggerak prevented our visit to Norway but since Scotland and/or England are a country then we still visited four countries! The canals were the Caledonian, which we transited twice, the Kiel Canal, the Gota Canal and the associated Trollhatte Canal. We were away from our base at Bangor Marina for eight weeks and covered almost 2,500 miles. There were no less than 18 people on board at various stages with a maximum of 10 for a period of three weeks! Only myself and teenage sons Geoffrey and Robert were on board for the whole duration. Because of having to be at certain places by certain dates for crew changes we had to work to some sort of timetable. Because of adverse winds or little wind there was little pure sailing and we just sailed, motor sailed or simply motored to maintain our timetable!

During the winter there was a great deal of work on the boat, including replacement of all navigational instruments, new prop shaft fitted, and "Granny rails" fitted on the foredeck. These resemble the rails found on a pilot boat and while Susie refers to this arrangement as a "cattle pen", they are extremely useful and give a great sense of security on the foredeck. They are far less unsightly than some "gantries" I have seen on other boats to support a cockpit awning and extensive electronic gadgetry at the after end. With a boat of this age there has to be much that is worn out and requires replacement. It has to be reflected in the price one pays and needless to say I spent a very happy winter putting nearly everything to rights.

After launching in early April we had an Easter cruise around the Firth of Clyde, at least one weekend trip to Portpatrick, and attended the Northern Meeting in Strangford Lough but the main event started on 23rd June. If the weather had been fine and settled, with a favourable wind I had planned to depart Bangor at first light to make it to Oban, but it was not so. Crew for this first stage were myself and the two boys plus Chris McFerran, another ex. Commodore of R. N. I. Y. C. and Stewart and Jean McCadden, who sailed with us between Bangor and Cork last year. We departed Bangor at 1300 with a favourable tide but the wind "on the nose" – NW 5 to 6 – and Carnlough was far enough for the first day!

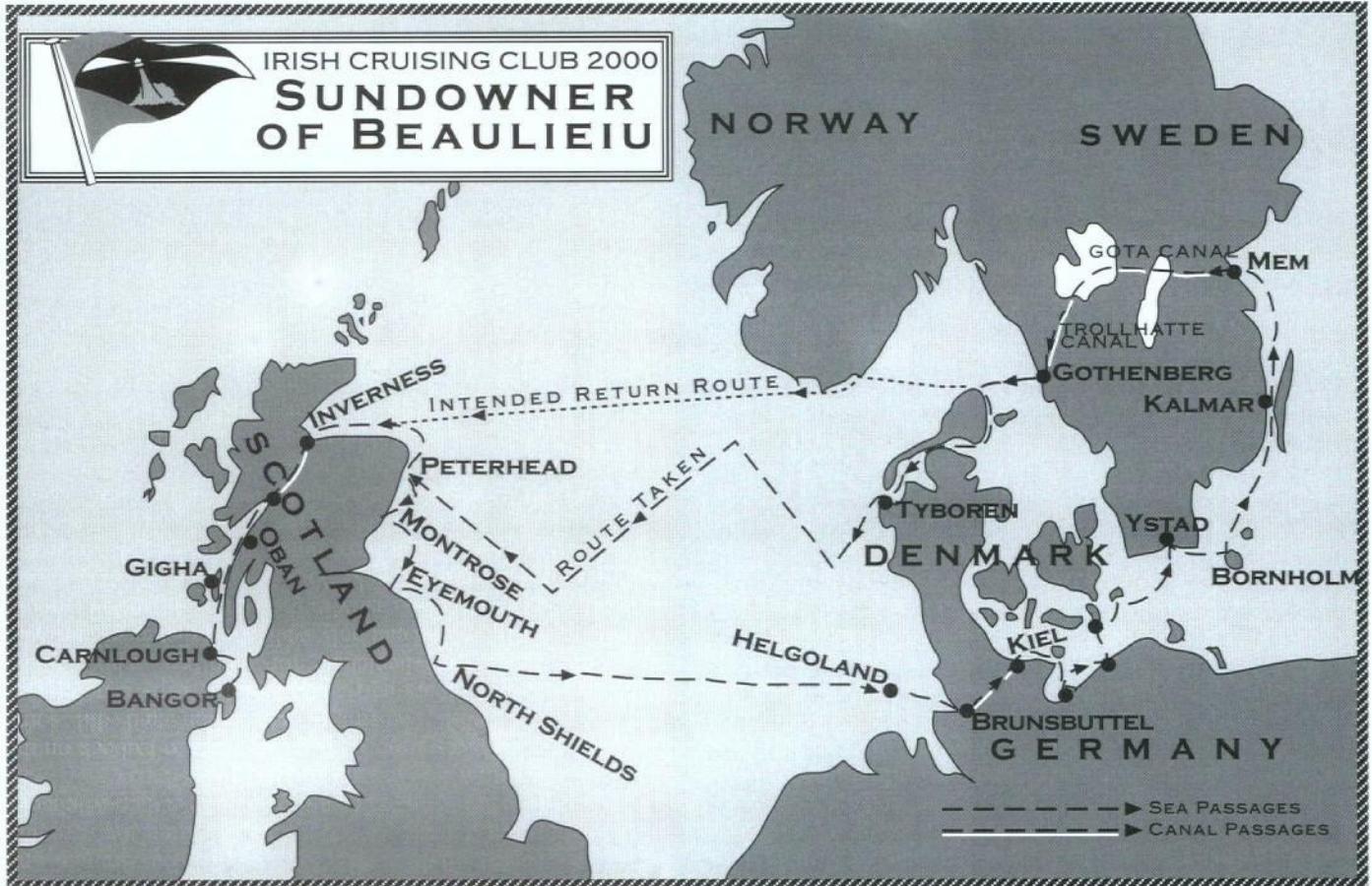
Underway the next morning at 0600, into similar conditions, we had the tide favourable in the North Channel and again in the Sound of Luing so that we reached Oban by 1830 and berthed for the night on the pontoon at Kerrera. Away again at 0600 on Sunday 25/06 we soon covered the 30 miles up Loch Linne to Corpach and were into the Caledonian Canal by 1010. We bought a return ticket and were quickly up "Neptune's Staircase" and along the canal to Gairlochy and Loch Lochy.

Today was Stewart's 78th birthday and as this demanded a celebration we stopped on the pontoon at the Letterfinlay Lodge Hotel at 1600, where following showers in the hotel we had a fairly expensive birthday dinner. The next day we made it through to Fort Augustus and on along Loch Ness to Doghgarroch where we were just too late to make it through the lock there before "closing time" on the canal. There are very good shower facilities here, interesting wildlife, and the log records that we had Fort Augustus haggis, turnips and potatoes for supper. With McCaddens on board after supper amusement consists of games of Scrabble or Rummikub, both very enjoyable and hotly contested.

Tuesday 27/06 saw us in Muirtown Basin by 1040 and here we tied up, for the rest of the day. McCaddens went on a sightseeing trip to Inverness, McFerran went somewhere, the boys were aboard/ashore and I tried to temporarily cure a leak in the sterntube which can only be properly cured next winter ashore. All ashore that evening for supper at the nearby Muirtown Motel. Down the basin and out of Clachnaharry Sea Lock by 0900 the next morning to head for Peterhead, 90 miles away and our longest passage on this section of the cruise. Reasonable sunny weather but a light wind from the east so we just motored on! Our lady crewmember was definitely a day sailor and was not happy down below while the boat was under way, fearing seasickness. She would come on deck, dressed for all weathers, before sailing, however early and take a position in a corner of the cockpit, there to remain until safely into the next port at the end of the day. This however was a long day and we did not get into Peterhead Marina until 2145. The "call of nature" just could not wait that long so there had to be one quick dash down below and up again. We had a "Porta Potti" on board for use in the Gota Canal and I offered to bring this up to the cockpit and even arrange a screen but this solution to the problem was not acceptable!

The following day saw us to Montrose in light conditions, a not very interesting commercial port, and on to Eyemouth on 30/06. This is a fishing harbour with an interesting entrance through rocks and a narrow gut but the town is very pretty. The last day of Stage 1 saw us out of Eyemouth at 0545 in ease we got tidebound and heading down past the Longstone Lighthouse of Grace Darling fame. Reaching the Tyne Piers by 1540 we were in the new North Shields Marina by 1600. This is in the old Albert Edward Dock and is run by Crest Nicholson. We were the first visiting yacht there from another Crest Nicholson marina so we got a very good welcome and a suitable discount! We spent an hour or so cleaning and tidying the boat before my wife Susie arrived by car having travelled over on the Stranraer ferry that morning. All ashore that evening for a meal on board the "Earl of Zetland" restaurant in the marina.

On Sunday morning McCaddens departed for home in Susie's car and we then had a number of visitors including Brimer Dale, an old shipmate of mine from Shell days, and his daughter Julie, who is my goddaughter. Having two cars on hand was very convenient for storing the boat since unlike



Bangor North Shields marina is not close to town. A drive around brought back happy memories of times spent in the dockyards on Tyneside on several Shell tankers but they are all now gone as are a few famous establishments such as the "Jungle" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Our day ended with a splendid Sunday dinner organised by Julie at her boyfriend's flat in Tynemouth. Monday was a varied day with trips ashore and repair jobs on board. The cabin heater was simple but the autopilot which had failed just before arrival was something else. The local electronics outfit knew little about it and were

reluctant to touch it. In fact the drive belt had parted – dead simple to replace when you know how but we didn't receive a new belt until some weeks later. Fortunately a full crew meant no shortage of helmsmen! In the afternoon Michael Jamison arrived, having travelled from Belfast by ferry and train. He is one of the professional mates on our local Ocean Youth Trust boat *Lord Rank* and was an ideal watchleader for son Robert on the North Sea passage.

On Monday 4/07 we cleared the Tyne Piers and simply headed for the River Elbe. For the next two or three days the wind in the North Sea was light from between NE and NW, which made for a quiet uneventful passage. Full sail plus modest engine revs. gave us about 6.5 knots and by 1100 on Thursday 6/04 we were in sight of Helgoland, where we have been advised to call for duty free stores. By 1400 we were berthed outside two other yachts in the crowded Sudenhaven. Not only was the harbour full of yachts but there were numerous fast ferries coming out from Cuxhaven and outside in the roads some cruise ships were anchored. We duly did some duty free shopping – airport prices I suppose – and since it was Susie's birthday we had a splendid meal ashore at a bistro overlooking the harbour. Apart from paying harbour dues there were no



Bangor to North Shields crew – Chris, Stewart, Jean, Geoffrey, Robert and Roy.

formalities and no officials and this was the case everywhere we called during this cruise.

Before leaving the next morning we managed to get out and round to the fuel berth for duty free diesel. We waited for perhaps 45 minutes while a large "gin palace" topped up and meanwhile a queue of several yachts built up behind us. This was our last duty free diesel for some time since in the countries we visited it is taxed and at least twice the price it is at home. A pleasant run in sunshine took us into the Elbe Estuary and up the well marked channel to Brunsbuttel for the Kiel Canal by 1700. Here we just hung about near the "small" lock for nearly an hour while numerous other boats appeared and also hung about. Eventually the lock opened and a fleet of boats came out, the signal turned green and the waiting fleet of boats went in. We moored for the night at the small marina just inside the locks and walked ashore to find a carryout for supper – a pleasant neat little town. There was noise and action all night in the "big" lock just beside us with commercial ships on the move. Basically the Kiel Canal is a sea level canal across 55 miles of flat country and the locks at either end are only necessary because of the varying sea levels outside. It is very busy round the clock and ships go through in about 8 hours. I was through 5 times in one year in a 18,000 ton Shell tanker but this was the first time in my own boat.

The next morning, Saturday 07/07 Chris McFerran left us to get home by some devious way in time for his wife's birthday. We then motored as far as Rendsburg, noting that apart from the commercial ships there was a procession of yachts proceeding in both directions! Rendsburg is on a creek off the canal and here are two or three marinas. Here we were joined by Albrecht and Thylo Von Bremen, Robert's friend at Kings Hospital School in Dublin, and his father. Mother delivered them from Hamburg and her car was useful for our re-storing activities. Later in the afternoon we had an invasion of Vikings/Northern Irish – Soren and Virginia Simonsen plus three children plus dog – a foretaste of what was to come! They had motored down from Odense in Denmark to put some gear on board in advance of their joining us a few days later at Gedser, the southernmost port in Denmark. The gear included numerous cases of Danish beer in tins plus cases of soft drinks for the children, bought in Germany. For those who do not know you can only buy drink in bottles in Denmark and there is a hefty deposit on the bottles. It is also much cheaper in Germany. The workshop ended up stacked from deck to deckhead with cases and almost no room to get into the main electrical switches, never mind anything else important, including Geoffrey's wheelchair! There was a splendid supper on board with various ingredients and offerings and quite a clean up before Simonsens departed for home at about 2100. Underway from Rendsburg by 0925 we reached Kiel by 1200 and again milled around with other yachts until we were let into the lock. Once all secured nothing happened until all fees were paid up on the top floor of the Control Building – the equivalent of K10.00 Sterling, no matter the size of yacht. After that the gates opened and out we went into Kieler Fiord, with another lot outside waiting to come in. Probably many good reasons to

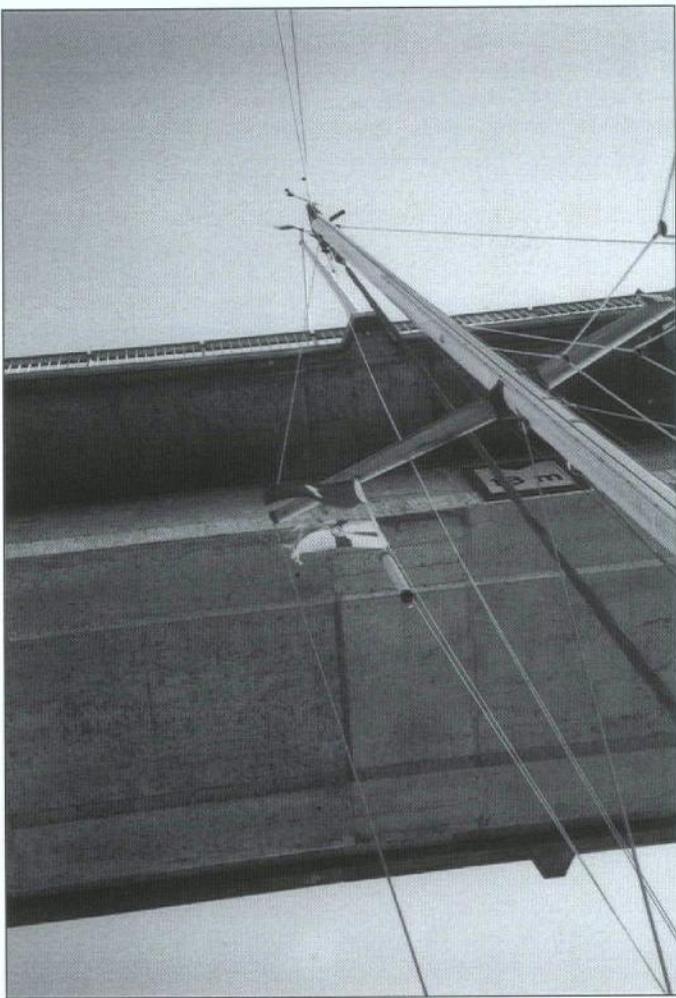
stop at Kiel but we pressed on through a great deal of local Sunday yachting activity and turned away to the east. The wind filled in from SW and freshened so that we set all plain sail and had a very enjoyable afternoon without the benefit of engine! Destination Heligenhafen, as recommended by Thylo, and we found a vacant berth in this huge marina by 1900 Thylo then escorted us all ashore into town for a splendid meal at a restaurant, which we would never have found by ourselves. Underway at 1125 the next morning we coasted under the Fehmarnsund Bridge and headed for Travemunde where we berthed in Marina Baltica at 1750. Thylo Von Bremen and Michael Jamison departed for Hamburg by train that evening each with a deadline to meet although we gather Michael's deadline was with a lady in Amsterdam!

Tuesday 11/07 was a tourist day. We went to Lubeck on the train, complete with Geoffrey's wheelchair and did some sightseeing. Some boats carry bicycles for trips ashore. Our boat now carries a wheelchair for Geoffrey who has an increasing disability and can only walk short distances and with difficulty. At sea it stows easily in the workshop and in smooth water it is just carried on deck. With so many interesting eating places here we still had to have lunch at McDonalds. Albrecht left us here to return to Hamburg for a school interview. After his experience at King's in Dublin he was fitting back into the German system and now has the advantage of speaking very good English, if not Irish. For the next bit of the trip we had only the family on board – the four of us! On the Wednesday we sailed round to Warnemunde in NW F.5 with only genoa and mizzen set to arrive in the outer yacht harbour at 1730. We took what seemed the last available berth on a "hammerhead" and it turned out to be one of the few tenable berths as the wind freshened and created quite a swell. Other boats departed for more shelter up river. On Thursday we headed across to Gedser, the most southerly port in Denmark, an easy 25 mile passage and were berthed in the marina, round the corner from the ferry harbour by 1540, here to await the Viking invasion the next day.

Gedser is "the pits", it really is. Once a busy ferry port it is now less busy, even with several ferries a day to Germany, a one train a day station, no bank, a single small store which does not accept credit cards and a post office open two hours a day which cannot cash travellers' cheques. The marina fortunately had normal adequate facilities and accepted German cash. The



In the Trollhatte Canal – Virginia, Susie and Geoffrey.



The notice says 19m clearance and we need 17m, so close enough!

Viking invasion happened the following evening when Soren k Virginia Simonsen joined us, plus Jamie, 11, and Nickoli, 8, together with Sarah, 17, and her friend Tanya, also 17. We now had 10 people on board for the next three weeks! Susie, Geoffrey and I occupied the after cabin and the rest bedded down elsewhere. The sleeping arrangements seemed to vary from night to night but it all seemed to work, and there were no complaints! On Saturday 15/07 we had a gentle motor sail to Klintholm on the island of Mon, a holiday resort apart from the yacht harbour. Here the local "Spar" accepted credit cards and the marina fee included use of the swimming pool and showers – things were looking up! Next day we had another gentle motor sail to Ystad, our first Swedish port, and here it was all very civilised. Marina fees and diesel, stores from a local shop all paid for by credit card. It is also a pretty place with ample green space by the marina for various ball games. On this Sunday evening there were lots of strollers looking at the boats and they were all very friendly. Things were now settling

down on board, especially on the domestic front. Breakfast and lunch were really moveable feasts and I was always up first to beat the rush. Supper however was usually a communal affair thanks to Susie and Virginia. One huge saucepan was used for variations of Danish/Swedish meatballs/burgers and others for potatoes/rice/spaghetti and usually carrots. The daily consumption of milk, bread, potatoes, biscuits and soft drinks was prodigious, requiring frequent re-storing! The two girls were some help on the domestic front but took little or no interest in working the boat, although Tanya steered occasionally. The two small boys just behaved like small boys, although Nickoli was very good at peeling potatoes! Nevertheless it all worked remarkably smoothly and in three weeks there were no fall outs or fisticuffs!

It was back to Denmark the next day, i.e. Bornholm, in fine weather, and we called for a couple of hours at Hammerhavnen on the northwest corner where some energetic crewmembers went to visit the castle. No facilities here so we motored round the north tip of the island to Allinge later to find a bustling town and all facilities, plus a very crowded harbour. We and other boats occupied the ferry berth since it was not due back before morning. The local Netto (Danish cut price store) had all the essentials and a local smoke house provided smoked fish for supper. A short 13 mile hop in freshening conditions next morning took us out to Christianso, a remarkable Danish outpost which is not even shown on many maps. It consists of two islets each about $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{4}$ mile with a gut between which is the harbour. Originally occupied as a garrison it has all the garrison buildings and fortifications, all well maintained and occupied and it is now really an unusual museum and tourist attraction with frequent ferries from Bornholm to bring out the tourists. Having secured a berth alongside we remained for the rest of the day and did the tourist bit.

Underway early at 0815 the next morning for a longish passage across to Kalmar Sund in still quite fresh conditions. A NW wind meant all plain sail up and some motion with a beam sea. Some crewmembers did not feel well and stretched out both in the cockpit and on both saloon settees. It was an enjoyable sail and approaching the sound we passed close to Utklippan, a rocky islet surrounded by rocks. For some military reason years ago a small artificial harbour was blasted out of the rocks and Soren was keen to go in but without a detailed approach plan and in the fresh conditions I would not chance it.



At Travemunde – Geoffrey, Roy, Michael, Robert, Albrecht and Thylo.

It was a long enough day at sea anyway and 1915 by the time we entered Bergkvara on the Swedish mainland. Here there was a reasonable marina but no shop and no town nearby. Next morning, Thursday 20/07 we motored on up the sound to Kalmar to berth in a very crowded harbour and went ashore for shopping and sightseeing. A very picturesque and attractive town. Next day saw us at the top of the sound with a night spent at Byxelkrok at the north end of Oland, another holiday resort with reasonable amenities. This was the end of open sea passages for the next twelve days since it was a short hop across to Bredgrund and into the Swedish skerries, thence the canals and lakes across to Gothenburg.

Think of Strangford Lough x 1,000 plus no tide and you have some idea of the Swedish skerries.

They extend up to and beyond

Stockholm and the navigable channels are all very well marked by lighthouses, beacons and IALA type buoys. I well remember the difficulties in getting even basic marks established in parts of Strangford Lough some years ago. We had some up to date charts on board but found that 20 year old charts used by Peter Bunting when he was up this way in *Sue* were still perfectly good! One needs to keep careful track of progress as otherwise it is easy to get "lost" among the multitudinous rocks and islands. Dare I say that the GPS is admirable in this respect. On Saturday evening we found a suitable desert island, Torro, and anchored close to whereupon all the younger crewmembers went ashore to swim from the rocks or explore in the dinghy. Robert is O/C dinghy and really enjoys this role. Next day we moved on north through this fascinating area with a call at Fyrudden yacht harbour for lunch and to buy essential stores. It must have been high holiday time for there was a continual stream of yachts in both directions in the main channels but the whole area is big enough to absorb them all and to find privacy! We found another suitable island, Horselvo, and again anchored off for the night. Other than these two occasions we did not anchor the whole trip. This time the shore party landed to light a fire and bake fresh bread, apart from swimming, which we had for supper with Fyrudden smoked salmon and leeks.

We had no time to go further north but before we left next morning there was more swimming and playing ashore. Twenty miles and three hours got us to Mem and the entrance to the Gota Canal where we locked in, paid the canal fee, topped up with diesel and bought an up to date canal chart. We then proceeded as far as Soderkopping for the night and tied up outside an English yacht close to all amenities, and facilities. A busy tourist place with shops and restaurants all along the canal bank and it was bustling to say the least. The Gota Canal connects the Baltic with Lake Vanern and is 102 miles long. There are 58 locks and the summit is 100 metres above sea level. However it is more akin to the Crinan Canal than the Caledonian since the locks are only marginally bigger than those on the Crinan and it is purely a leisure craft canal with a very short opening season from mid May to Mid September. The only commercial traffic consists of a few passenger vessels including three cruise ships which get from Stockholm to



A pastoral scene at Hulta Lock, Gota Canal.

Gothenburg in four days and have preference at all the locks. We took six days for the Gota Canal alone and could happily have taken a lot longer. Surprisingly there is no charter boat operation, such as on the Caledonian. The locks are all manned, mostly by young people of both sexes and most of whom are students doing summer jobs. Having read it all up beforehand we expected our boat to be inspected at Mem and all toilet seacocks sealed, since they are so proud of their clean water canal. Not so, and the Porta Potti we had on board in case someone was "taken short" between shore facilities was only used twice. Everyone kept telling us that this was the worst summer weather in Scandinavia for about 50 years and certainly there was excessive rain and serious flooding further north in Sweden. Also after three days of fine sunny weather we now had two days of rain and the first sections of the canal were so near overflowing with dirty brown/green water that a little bit more effluent would have made no difference. That said, the canal is scenically very pretty and apart from yachters attracts lots of tourists including hikers, cyclists and campers. To describe it all and our passage would take several pages but young and old we all enjoyed it. Apart from the canal the lakes are spectacular, the channels well buoyed and some of the passages narrow and interesting to say the least! All the bridges have traffic lights.

We reached Sjtorp on Lake Vanern at lunchtime on Sunday 30/07 and after a stop for showers and shopping proceeded into the Lake. It is really an inland sea, some 66x60 miles and ranks as a sea area in the Swedish weather forecasts. We followed the recommended route to Vanersborg with a night stop at Lacko Castle on Kallandso, which was duly visited by some crew-members, including Geoffrey in his wheelchair. The weather was generally very kind on the lake with only light airs and at one stage we hoisted all sail, launched the dinghy, and Robert and I went off to take some photographs of our boat under sail. It is always hard to get photographs of one's own boat under sail! Sails down, due to continuing calm and on to Vanersborg where there are opening road and railway bridges in the approaches. We got through these after a long wait to berth close to town at 1840, close to amenities and close to town.

Here Tanya had to leave us to get home for some important occasion and was seen onto a train the next morning. After a



Roy, Fleming and Soren.

diesel top up we headed out into the channel and the Trollhatte Canal on our way to Gothenburg.

The Trollhatte Canal is in fact the Gotaalv (river) which is canalised in places and extends 47 miles from Lake Vanern to Gothenburg. While not to the scale of the Kiel Canal it is still very commercial and allows ships of about 1,600 grt to get up to various ports in Lake Vanern. It is open year round and with "street lights" as on the Kiel Canal and is available 24 hours a day for commercial ships. There are only six locks – three singles and a treble – but after the Gota they are huge with a huge and fast fall. We got through all six locks, the river between and on down to a place called Kungslav by 1800. Here we turned off into a reed lined creek to find a small yacht harbour in what Susie called a "frog pond", complete with yellow and pink waterlillies. We ploughed through mud to fetch up alongside other boats at the outer end, all still just afloat with plenty of empty berths further in but little water. Some attractions ashore for some crew members, including a ruined castle and showers some distance away in a caravan park, but I was not attracted. The next morning we cleverly extracted ourselves and motored the few miles on down to Gothenburg where we found an alongside berth in the yacht harbour by 1140. Here we were right in town, with facilities to hand and a huge shopping centre just across the road. Younger members immediately noticed the McDonalds sign on it and there they had to go for lunch including Geoffrey on his wheels. In the afternoon Susie and I went ashore by ourselves. Gothenburg is a tram city with a splendid up to date citywide system, but also a few ancient trams (shades of the Isle of Man) and we travelled on one of these for a bird's eye tourist view of the city. We also had time to visit the floating Maritime Museum close to the yacht harbour.

Thursday and we were back at sea for the 47 mile trip across the North Kattegat to Skagen, the most northerly port in Denmark. We have already been to the most southerly (Gedser) and almost the most easterly (Christianso). During this passage the wind freshened from the west and then settled down to strong westerly for the next few days, just what we didn't need! On arrival that evening we found the yacht we made a night passage, sailing Peterhead at 1815 and arriving Clachnaharry by 0945 with little wind most of the way.

Straight into the Caledonian Canal we had a stop at Muirtown for diesel and to await the manoeuvrings of the new luxurious cruise vessel "Lord of the Glens" which offers a one week cruise between Inverness and Oban or vice versa – minimum fare about £1,300! We made it through to the



Viking sailor Jorgen in his agricultural heavy weather gear at Limfjorden.

pontoons below the locks at Fort Agustus by 1830 and dispatched Elizabeth Jorgen and Robert ashore for a fish and chip carry out. This was remarkably good by the K. standards but not up to those at Skagen! Ashore for stores in the morning and then got up through the locks by lunchtime which meant that with no holdups we reached the top of Banavie Locks by 1745. Jorgen and Elizabeth were duly impressed by the Highland scenery. Supper was ashore this evening – halfway down the locks at the Moorings Hotel. Down "Neptune's Staircase" in pouring rain the next morning we were out of the Canal by 1210 despite a slight delay when the throttle cable for the engine broke within the steering pedestal. A short length of shock cord and a length of string produced a satisfactory temporary arrangement!

The trip down Loch Linne was uneventful, the scenery suitably impressive and we reached Oban to berth on the Kerrera pontoon at 1645. Jorgen, Elizabeth and Robert went over to Oban on the free ferry but were back for a Haggis supper by 2030. This was particularly good having been purchased from the butcher at Fort Agustus. Underway again the next morning by 0945 to carry the tide down the Sound of Luing and reach Gigha by 1700 where we found a vacant mooring in Ardminish Bay. The dinghy was launched so that Elizabeth could go ashore for a quick visit to the Gardens and on their return we had a last supper of Danish beefburgers, rice and mixed veg! Up at 0500 on Thursday 17/08 and underway by 0515, motoring into SW F.3. The early start ensured a favourable tide all the way home to Bangor, where we arrived at 1310 – 63 miles in under 8 hours and an average speed of 8 knots – a fitting last passage for the trip! Trevor Boyd appeared to run me home for a car and McCaddens both came down to help pack up and transport gear and people home. This took all afternoon but the boat was left clean and tidy. Chinese carry out for supper. Elizabeth flew home the following Monday but Jorgen stayed with us for another week and saw something of Northern Ireland.

Total Time on Cruise: 55 days
Total Distance: 2468 miles.

Brandon Rose to Biscay

Brendan O'Callaghan

To mark the start of the millennium year we launched our time-dated parachute rocket flares and set-off the obsolete red and white handflares and smokes in a tar barrel in the lawn. (Every single one worked perfectly!). Having marked the passing of the old year, I quietly laid plans for *Brandon Rose* for the new sailing season. Once again France beckoned. Sunshine, hopefully a bit of heat, good food, going "foreign" in my newly refurbished boat, new sails, new name, new ports, and wine at IR£2.50 a bottle. Overall, I thought, an unbeatable combination.

Then the wife and three generations of the family piled in, and with help from old (not elderly!) friends plans were soon evolving for a 6-week cruise to the La Rochelle area. Three crews, each for two weeks, would share the joy and the pain, with the skipper on board for the duration. I mean, wasn't this what retirement was supposed to be all about, anyway?

And so, on a dull dry morning with little breeze *Brandon Rose*, with my son Hugh, daughter Blaithin (*aka* Bla), friend Stephen Connolly and myself on board, left Kinsale bound for Belle Ile. An unsettled spell of weather had run its course and the forecast of W or SW Force 5 was exactly up our alley although we could have done without the mention of thundery showers. The wobbly barometer was steadyng up at 1015. It was Saturday 3rd June.

We were hardly an hour into our journey, motoring in the near calm, when Bla emerged, hot foot, through the companionway into the cockpit with the explosive news that there was water all over the cabin floor! With no time to be shocked we started pumping, stopped the engine and closed all seacock. The next bit of news was from the cockpit that the bilge pump wasn't working. The stirrup pump was produced but – one out, all out – wouldn't suck a drop either. This wasn't a simple case of Murphy's Law. This had to be Sullivan's Law. (Sullivan was the sceptic who thought Murphy was an optimist!)

Reverting to the bucket system we quickly baled the boat dry, and after checking the seacock, we concluded it must have come from the engine. Luckily it was daylight and I was able to pinpoint the cause of the problem. The raw seawater coolant inlet into the engine block had managed to detach itself and was spouting the would-be cooling water into the bilges. We made temporary repairs satisfactorily and quickly. (A more permanent job was done later in port in France.)

We then dismantled the bilge pump to discover the pump itself was in p.m.o., but the fitting that engages the handle got broken during our initial hurry to bale. A quick fix brought this vital item back to life. The stirrup pump failed due to a small blob of dirt jamming the washer. Now that we had no water to bale-out, we had two pumps to bale it! On this sobering note, we resumed our passage. Operating the 2-on 2-off watch keeping routine, we motored all day in the calm, and had the pleasure of the company of perhaps fifty dolphins for about half an hour. By evening the wind set in from the SW, Force 3 or 4. This gave us glorious sailing at about 5/6 knots on a flat sea right through the night. It was moonless but, with some

breaks in the cloud cover, quite bright. With a gentle chuckle from the bow wave, and a surreal straight stream of phosphorescence astern, we were well on our way.

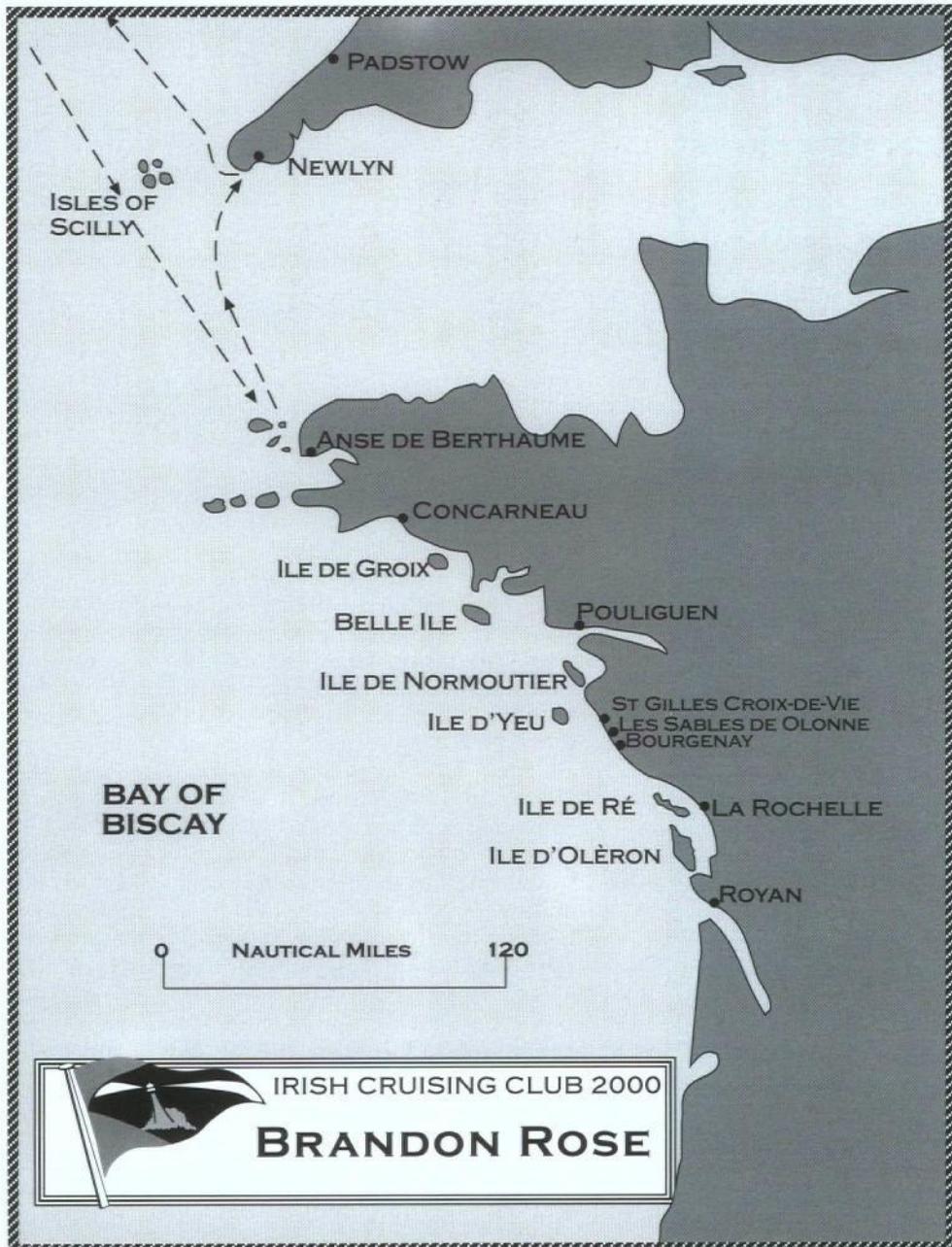
We rose the Isles of Scilly early on Sunday and soon had the Bishop Rock Lighthouse a mile abeam to port. After we had cleared the TSS to the S of these Blessed Isles, we set our course for NW France, 100 NM away.

We listened to a PANPAN involving Falmouth CG, St. Mary's and Newlyn/Penlee Lifeboats, a helicopter and the stricken fishing boat *Anthony Stevenson* which – like ourselves a day earlier – was taking water. The helicopter put a pump on board as the two lifeboats raced to help. Thankfully, all was well and later we heard the PANPAN being cancelled as the lifeboat towed the fishing vessel into her home port of Newlyn.

The afternoon brought glorious sunshine and light beam winds which allowed us gentle but steady progress. By evening we were motoring once more in the dying breeze. We took an extra passenger on board in mid channel – a ringed racing pigeon, who decided to pack-in his/her racing efforts pro tem and go cruising. A red sunset gave hope for a good tomorrow. At midnight we saw the comforting loom of the powerful Creac'h light 33NM ahead. Shipping traffic was heavy as usual as we got closer to the French coast in the last of the remaining darkness. At 06.00 the pigeon resumed racing and, to our amazement, headed back N-wards, having taken a 60 mile lift to the S! Good visibility was a help in identifying the many marks which help pilotage in the Channels de la Helle and du Four. We passed Les Vieux Moines, the S sentinel to the Four, and slipped into the Iroise. The W Force 4, which now set in, gave us more delightful beam reaching as we bore down fast on Raz de Sein. Ah, the luxury of favourable wind! I had always taken the Raz at slack water on previous visits and when this wasn't inclined to happen, had waited in Ile de Sein or Audierne. In the event we kept on going, and never found this sometimes-treacherous bottleneck easier. Shortly afterwards the wind veered into the NW and increased to Force 5. This gave us the dubious delight of a dead-aft wind and a rolling



An old gaffer, well reefed, heading for Brest 2000.



sea. Proceeding wing-and-wing, with mains'l prevented on port and the genoa poled out to starboard, we had an exhilarating run. Speed never fell below 6 kts, much faster on the down-wave surges. Hugh noted 9.2 kts on the dial at one stage. A steady hand on the tiller was greatly appreciated by the skipper who is not a person accustomed to such speeds! We sped past Pointe de Penmarc'h. A cockpit meal was enjoyed in strong sunshine and it really felt that we were on our holidays. After a cloudless evening, midnight saw us shooting, straight as an arrow, towards Belle Ile, under the light of the first of the new moon and a million stars.

With such good visibility we had little difficulty in positively identifying the four main lights in the area. Passing through five sectors of the Port Maria (Quiberon) light, we emerged into the white sector of La Teignouse, and finally saw the inshore lights, which allowed us approach Belle Ile in safety. Having eventually unravelled a thoroughly unseamanlike knot in the mainsheet, preventer and first reefing-line, we handed our sails and slipped between the pierheads at Le Palais and secured quietly to a moored boat in the avant port at 0300 on Tuesday.

After a few hours of well-earned sleep we stood by to await the HW lock gate opening. Close to 100 boats of the Club Nautique Hoedicaise departed in an orderly way, leaving plenty of room in the wet basin for us.

The port staff was most welcoming and helpful and showed marvellous seamanship while using their inflatables very deftly as berthing tugs, fenders and bow-thrusters as needed. It was indeed a great pleasure to be back in the shadow of the Vauban fort in this superb port and destination not having been here since the never-to-be-forgotten ICC rally in 1994. We had a full day including a visit to La Citadelle, shopping, walking all around the ville, marvelling at the sheer beauty of a three-masted tall ship at anchor just off the entrance and dining at Grande Hotel de Bretagne to celebrate our arrival in France.

We left Le Palais early next morning in company with about 30 yachts on the "Handi'Spi" rally. Each boat was crewed by some handicapped sailors and it was both heart-warming and reflective to see how light these people made of their handicap. We sailed past Ile Houat (where we enjoyed that memorable BBQ six years earlier), and Ile Hoedic. The sky was clear and the sea glassy in the calm. We motored to La Baule Bay in the growing heat of the day and anchored there in mid afternoon in continuing glorious sunshine. Three of us swam over the side. For safety, we streamed a fender on a long line astern, as there was a tidal flow of about 2

kts. After celebratory refreshments in the cockpit – it was my first swim of the year – we dined well aboard. We motored into Le Pouliguen just before the evening HW and tied up here for the night. The tide really flows fast through this marina in the river mouth, and it is wisely recommended to enter at, or very near HW, especially for the first time. The other mooring alternative at La Baule – Pornichet, 3 NM to the E – is a less attractive venue for a visiting yacht, even if access is easier. Though it does have all the facilities one could need, it is really a big boat park.

After a peaceful night and an early morning dip from the beautiful beach nearby, we left Le Pouliguen, just before morning HW on June 8th. It was yet another sun-blessed day with light wind. We passed through the Grande Rade de la Loire, where several ships waited at anchor, and between the several shoals and banks near the estuary. We needed our engine on occasions again and tied up in Port Joinville on the seductive Ile d'Yeu at 17.30. The sun was still blazing hot. This was definitely what we had come for! We enjoyed an excellent meal in Creperie Bleue, rightly recommended by earlier ICC scribes.

Here we met and swapped stories with a Belgian couple living in retirement in France. Jacques and Evelyn had lived in Kerry for a while in the '70s, when he worked for the ESB in Tarbert. We found them an engaging couple and enjoyed their company. They made light of sailing their Cornish Crabber, a gaff-rigged cutter whose bowsprit almost doubled its LOD! We met them later at sea and in port.

A sudden drop in the barometer flagged a dull damp day on 9th. Undeterred by this slight setback – it would be called a soft day at home – we walked the breadth of the Ile as far as La Meule, and home again, visiting the grave of Marshall Petain (documented in previous ICC logs and well worth a visit). We dined – and also wined, it should be admitted – like royalty, on board. On Saturday 10th we left the lovely Ile d'Yeu and its white-walled houses, red tiled roofs and faded blue doors and windows.

We were bound for Les Sables d'Olonne and had a bright day with sunny spells, scudding clouds and a following wind Force 5/6. This had us ploughing a fast furrow through the white horses as we creamed down our course. Giving Les Barges shoal and lighthouse a healthy offing we gybed and approached and entered the port. Good visibility made for easy identification of the necessary buoys and leading marks. As it was Sunday, there were numerous boats of all sorts revelling in the boisterous conditions.

We filled up with diesel (gasoil) on arrival. Pleasure boats must use “road” diesel in France. We had plenty of time for shopping and sightseeing after arrival, so we bought well and savoured an other culinary delight on board.

As we planned to do a very short passage next day, we had plenty of time to visit the town – well, two towns really, Les Sables and La Chaume, one on each side of the river- and enjoyed a bracing swim on the long curved panorama beach, for which the place is famous.

It's hard to think of everything! As we were about to leave Les Sables, we made a last minute decision to top up the ship's water reserves as the quality of the water on the marina was excellent. Sticking the end of the hose into our water intake we started to fill. Suddenly the hose recoiled out of the intake port, showering all within range! It transpired that the nozzle on the hose end detached itself when squeezed at the sides. This squeezing action had been triggered involuntarily if the hose was rammed into the filling inlet! When the hose recoiled it left the detached nozzle pressurised into the inlet. We eventually had no option but to dismantle the inlet in the boat, between the deck and the top of the water tank. The scenario might well have been cartooned by Mike Peyton, as we also had to dismantle further obstacles below deck to gain access to



Soaking up the sun on Ile d'Oléron. L to r: Mark and Maura Flynn, Helen and Eoghan O'Callaghan.

remove the jubilee clips and eventually the hose itself. We were at last able to remove the obstinate nozzle jammed tight in a bend in the hose. All this was done only after applying in vain all the ingenuity conjured up on board and from two neighbouring boats. All was reassembled, replaced, dried off and then the water-filling operation resumed and completed without further drama or misadventure.

We eventually left Les Sables and quickly logged the short few miles to Port de Bourgenay in a strong following wind. With help from local berth holder, Yves, we secured to a pontoon in the tricky breeze. This new marina was blasted out of the surrounding rocks and makes a worthwhile stopover between Les Sables and La Rochelle. There are good shopping and dining facilities here. The holiday complex ashore must be well marketed in Ireland as most of the cars there had Irish registrations. We dined in a shoreside eatery. Here the ship's musicians were plied with wine in abundance which, on the one hand enabled them overcome latent agoraphobia and intrinsic shyness but – on the other – not so much of the red stuff as might fog the brain (any worse than usual) and change the fingers to thumbs! And so, we proceeded to an oiche ceol 's craic back on board which we were happy to share with / inflict upon our helpful neighbours Yves and his wife. They were excellent company, and most informative about the coastline, the weather and the ports we planned to visit. I hope our nocturnal concert didn't keep them awake too late.

Next day was Whit Monday, a public holiday in France. We left Bourgenay at about 10.00 in very light winds. The weather really started to warm up around now with continuing hazy sunshine and a rising barometer. The Ile de Re gradually came up on our starboard side. We passed under the south-bound arch of the magnificent Ile de Re bridge and slipped by the deep-sea port at La Pallice. Immediately after rounding the corner and turning east to make our final approach towards La Rochelle we were confronted with the splendid sight of, perhaps, 1,000 boats of all shapes and sizes, all enjoying the spectacularly fine weather on the holiday weekend, confirming La Rochelle as France's premier yachting centre. We threaded our way through the milling mob, keeping the prominent Tour Richelieu, and the other four smaller red buoys defining the channel, to port.

By-passing Port des Minimes – with berths for almost 4,000 yachts – we slipped between Tour de la Chaine and Tour St Nicolas and tied up in the old port in the town centre, feeling satisfied with our efforts since leaving Kinsale. In reality we had been blessed, as we had completed the “delivery” part of the cruise without a breath of unfavourable wind. This was proper cruising!



Smiles from Don Sinclair and Philip McAuliffe as they pass through Raz de Sein.



Delivery crew relax in La Rochelle: Brendan, Blaithín and Hugh O'Callaghan, and Stephen Connolly.

Later we moved into the locked basin at HW. Majella, my wife, was holidaying close by with our daughter Una, her husband Mick and their son – our only grandchild – Paddy, aged 2. Majella joined the *Brandon Rose* crew for a few days while stalwart crewmember Bla left us to act as au pair for Paddy and give his parents a break. We were fortunate with continuing sunshine, and rising temperatures. For the whole week the sun shone relentlessly and we relaxed into being tourists in La Rochelle. The city and area are steeped in history, not least Cardinal Richelieu and the religious wars and more recently as an important Atlantic base for marauding German U-boats during WW2. We learned a little of its background and soaked up a lot of ambience. There are two excellent bathing beaches within a kilometre or two of the city centre and we cooled off here before HW each evening. On 13th June we had a surprise meeting with Arthur and Marjorie Baker (ICC) who were holidaying in the locality. Reasonably priced restaurants abound and it was a particular pleasure for us, denizens of cooler climes and latitudes, to dine out-of-doors.

Saturday 17th June saw our first crew changeover when I was joined by my son Eoghan, his wife Helen, and their friends Mark and Maura Flynn. They had flown to Paris and driven a hired car to the boat. The previous crew left in the morning on the 3-hour journey to Paris by TGV and a flight home.

Before harbour rot and easy living took total hold of us, we left La Rochelle on Monday afternoon. Temperatures of 30° and more ashore belied the barometer reading of only 1012. We motored out in slack headwinds. As we approached the Ile de Re bridge, the heat departed as dense fog descended in a few minutes. For the only time on the cruise I used the radar to avoid the heavy shipping and locate an arch in the bridge! The fog dissipated as quickly as it had arrived and we approached St Martin de Re at HW on the clearly visible leading marks. The affable Chef du Port directed us to a good berth on the W side of the inner harbour. As we tied up, the sun blazed again bringing a warm evening mellowed by a balmy breeze.

St Martin is a delightful and totally secure harbour and it was pure pleasure to take things easy here for a few days. We marvelled at the sheer size of the colossal Vauban fort and citadelle, built in the 17th century to protect the approaches to La Rochelle and still in remarkably good condition. Like La Rochelle, the Ile de Re has had a bloody and turbulent past but

is today a quiet, peaceful and popular resort. It abounds in beautiful beaches, one of which was close enough for us to reach on foot.

I had the good fortune to have more good cooks on board as crew. Most of our dining was done afloat as they shared this pleasure between them. On the other hand I had the difficult chore of choosing suitable wine. We discovered a fabulous local Vin de Pays rose. An other local brew, Pineau, had less popular appeal.

Before we left St Martin on 21st June, I had to open my post and unwrap my presents because today was my ??th birthday! This job must not have taken very long as the log records we were at sea by 08.45. Once more we passed under the now familiar bridge, and beat to the W around the top corner of Ile d'Oleron – one anonymous crewmember kept

calling it Ile Delorean, after the car manufacturer – and close reached to the S. We were bound for Royan which is about 15 NM upstream from the outer approaches to the Gironde. Like many big river mouths this estuary can be a nasty piece of business in the wrong conditions. We arrived at our planned time of 2 hours before HW for best available conditions. The channel is well buoyed as Bordeaux and Paulliac are big commercial ports. There are also two major lighthouses: Cordouan stands like a sentry in the drying centre of the river mouth and La Coubre marks the N end of the entrance, off which drying banks and shoals extend seawards for 4 NM. The deep-water channel lies very close to these dangers and we had breaking seas within 300 meters on our lee shore as we came in. After a long day at sea we tied up in Royan's marina before nightfall.

We spent three pleasant days in this popular resort. Shelter in the marina, which was extended further recently, is excellent. The town was almost totally destroyed by the allies during WW2. German forces dug in and held out in the Royan pocket until April 1945. They surrendered only three weeks before the armistice in Europe and almost a year after the D-Day landings in Normandy. Fortunately the town is once more a thriving place after its phoenix-like rebirth. The mass concrete R. C. church is well worth a visit. Visible for miles, it is a somewhat incongruous building from the outside but its interior splendour is crowned by spectacular stained glass windows. We happened to visit while a wedding was in progress and I cannot recall ever hearing such wonderful sound from a church organ.

The wind settled firmly in the NW which dissipated any thoughts of a beat back north. Instead we relaxed in Royan. The younger generation opted for hired bikes while the best I could manage was a few swims from the superb beaches and a visit to the huge market.

We left Royan on a murky Sunday morning. Light breeze and a lumpy sea made for a long day's motoring. However as we went N the day gradually improved. We gave a wide berth to the N end of Ile d'Oleron and the stranded wrecks on the reef at Antioche – dumb but eloquent mementos of bad nights and lee shores. While waiting for tide on the cill at St Denis d'Oleron we picked up a visitor's mooring and enjoyed a cockpit meal of moules marinieres in the last of the evening

sun. We entered the modern marina at St Denis shortly before night fell.

I thought Ile d'Oleron was beautiful. Blessed with several good sandy beaches and fringed with pines, it is the largest of the French islands with the exception of Corsica. The houses are neat and tidy with colourful flower gardens and red tiled roofs. While sun-bleached blue was the "national" colour of Ile d'Yeu, the exterior timberwork here was predominantly green. The island and the nearby regions of the mainland form the main centre of oyster production in seafood-loving France. We did our bit to maintain sales during our stay!

We spent three pleasant days in St Denis before returning to La Rochelle via the strange looking Fort Boyard, built on a reef almost 200 years ago to defend the naval port of Rochefort, but obsolete for that purpose by the time it was completed. It served as a prison for a while and is now undergoing a major refurbishment prior to being given a third life as a destination for tourist day trips.

Back in the old port in La Rochelle we became tourists again. We went to the aquarium in Port des Minimes, played 10-pin bowling to a wide variety of standards, visited the maritime museum and the washeteria!

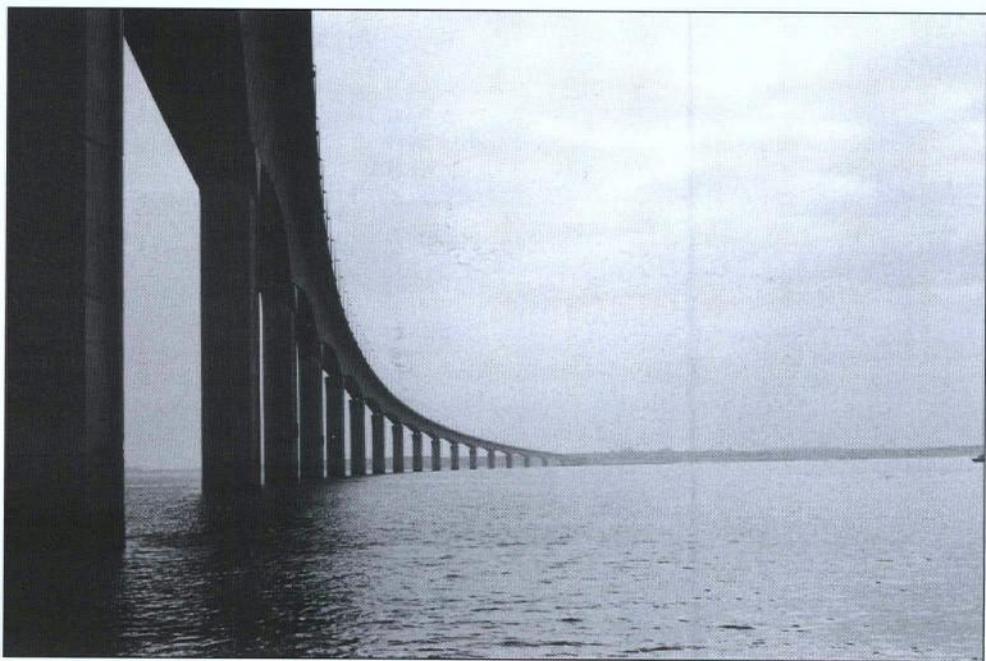
On Saturday the second crew left, returning home by the same means as they arrived.

Later that night – 01.28 the following morning to be precise – I met Philip McAuliffe and Don Sinclair off their slow train from Quimper, having flown there from Cork. The "heavy gang" had arrived! Tom Kirby (ICC) was to have come with them but sadly a hernia appeared at the wrong time.

The new crew brought the makings of a robust Irish breakfast and the long-deprived skipper was treated to same next morning. After dining out that evening we watched La Rochelle explode as France, reigning World soccer champions, snatched a golden goal to win the European title. The city went en fete at once. Huge crowds gathered on the streets to celebrate. We discovered that a novel way for young French motor-bikers to celebrate is to rev their powerful machines in gear, front brake hard on, rear wheel spinning at enormous speed, and burn a perfect circle of black rubber on the road by rotating the bike around the stationary front wheel. The assembled mob inhales the fumes and roars encouragement.

We commenced our journey to Kinsale on Monday, and although we made good only about 12 NM we got the first taste of things to come. Starting out in a gentle breeze, the wind quickly rose to Force 6 on the nose, and we had to respond with a double reef in our mains'l and a well-rolled jib. I was relieved to pass safely under the by now familiar bridge as our tack brought us towards an arch considerably lower than the main navigation arches. The entry into St Martin was hairy as the NW wind drove the swell deep into the outer harbour. We were very secure back again in the locked inner harbour, much more crowded now than it had been when *Brandon Rose* was there last, two weeks earlier. Haute saison had arrived notwithstanding the poor weather which persisted next day also causing us to stay put.

A youthful reincarnation of Des Sleightholme's mythical character "Old Harry" – a worthy aspirant towards perfection in



Ile de Ré bridge, looking eastward towards the mainland.

the art of coarse sailing – came alongside us in the evening lock gate opening. He was single-handed on his rough black yawl cutter, with a bowsprit from here to the far side of the harbour, jib trailing in the water. His oily-tarry mooring rope seriously soiled Don's fresh-from-home white vest, not to mention our clean deck as he crash-landed on us. A few filthy tiny punctured fenders completed the picture.

We extricated ourselves next morning and proceeded in the general direction of Kinsale. Wind was very light and it was not until evening that we reached St Gilles-Croix de Vie and tied up in sunshine, in time to take a stroll ashore and dine out. This is another popular resort with pleasant beaches and good facilities for visiting yachts.

Leaving early next morning we had a glorious beam reach before beating into the tricky Chenal de la Grise, the W approach to Ile de Noirmoutier; it was an hour after LW Springs. We had enjoyed a magical day's sailing on flat seas, a gentle breeze and sunshine. We were looking forward to an other new harbour, a swim ashore, a meal and a few bottles of wine. Suddenly disaster all but smote us. I over-stood the approach line to l'Herbaudiere and went in on an approach of 210° instead of the recommended 190°. It's hard to think of everything! Phil, in his inimitable way, enquired of the skipper as to the nature of those things sticking up about a foot out of the water 100 yds dead ahead? Rocks! Two rapid course alterations, each of 090°, and we were safely between the pierheads, the skipper wiping the sweat from his ageing brow and thanking McAuliffe's guardian angel. Had we approached on the same line 30 minutes later the rocks would have been covered by the rising tide and we would surely have struck.

The sun we savoured during that evening's swim was about the last we saw for the rest of the trip home. The weather bogged down in an almost unchanging pattern. Western Europe was now in between the edge of the Azores High and a persistent Low parked in the North Sea. The outcome was almost constant cold wind from the N quadrant. With no prospect of change for days, we took the bull by the horns and undertook that most unworthy cruising activity – beating to windward!

Chastised by the near miss when entering l'Herbaudiere, I was busy with the nav homework before we left this busy fishing port and pleasant village on Friday. We beat all day



Tour de la Chaîne and Tour St Nicolas, La Rochelle.

under an overcast sky on a lumpy sea. Back in Le Palais we had to endure a loutish Belgian neighbour in the avant port. Luckily he didn't follow us into the wet dock for the night, where a most helpful French family restored our faith in humanity.

Pressing on next morning we beat all the way and tied up in Port Tudy on the Ile de Groix in strong NW wind in mid afternoon. Here we were beside a pleasant British couple in a brand-new Moody en route to Gibraltar in a somewhat undecided frame of mind. Warnings of relentless gales from the NW kept us on Groix for two days. Hoping that the BBC forecast of NW 6/7 would be wrong, we left for Concarneau early on 10th July. The French have a saying that beating is twice the time and thrice the pain! Against wind and tide we beat all day and logged 52 NM to make good the actual distance of only 25 NM. The Force 6 wind increased to 7 in the later stages. It was a bit like banging our heads against the keel: it was great when it stopped.

The forecasts for the next few days were all the same, continuing strong to gale-force NW winds and all that goes with that. We stayed put in Concarneau. Normally an enchanting location it remained damp, dark and depressing for our stay. The spirits of the crew were declining a bit like the spirits in the ship's bar, the latter the product of the former! However the BBC promised the improved "NW 5/6 backing W 4" for Wednesday so we left early to optimise the favourable tides. We made great headway past Penmarc'h and close reached towards the Raz at 6 kts in the rain. After 9 hours of favourable tide we elected to wait out the ebb in the Anse de Berthaume. This is a handy refuge in these circumstances, one I had used previously. The two hours we spent in the anse were used to cook and eat a tinned ravioli meal and watch a procession of old gaffers and tall ships arriving for Brest 2000.

In the last of the ebb we headed up the Channel du Four. As we passed Le Conquet and three more tall ships going S, the lights of France started to come on behind us. Visibility was good and we could identify all the lights. We motored in the slack wind and listened to a PANPAN from Corsen MRCC. When I radioed a "safety" call to Ushant Traffic it was disquieting to be told that one of the strongest radar receivers in the world was unable to see us 4 NM away. This bit of news was a strong motivation for us to maintain an extra-good

lookout in the passage ahead, as we were now bound for the Isles of Scilly.

As things happened we had an uneventful crossing of the shipping lanes. W wind set in and rose to Force 5 before veering quickly into the dreaded NW and increasing to a painful

Force 7, putting an end to our plans for Scilly. Atlantic weather, big seas, breaking waves and heavy rain gave us a miserable time but with deep reefed sails the boat plugged on courageously. We were just about able to point a N course and tied up in Newlyn in time to revive our spirits by walking to Penzance for a meal in the inevitable Admiral Benbow and the first pint I had in 6 weeks!

The strong NW persevered all next day and kept us in port with the cold wind whistling in the rigging. More pints was the only answer!

Taking our courage in our hands we left Newlyn early on Saturday to optimise the tides. Although the forecast promised NW 6, we had to motor around the SW corner of Cornwall before wind gradually set in very light, mainly from the NW enjoyed 12 hours of gentle close hauled sailing on starboard tack. Then the gas rigs came into view around dawn on 16th July and shortly after we saw the familiar Old Head we were tying up again on KYC marina with a welcome from friendly manager Billy.

Postscript

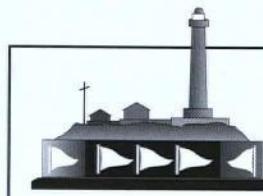
Brandon Rose had been away from home for just over six weeks, cruised to 6 islands and visited 17 ports/anchorages, 11 of these for the first time. In all, 10 people had sailed the boat over 1,200 NM in a memorable cruise, a holiday, in the context of anything I had previously undertaken, worthy of the Millennium Year.

Cruise Summary

Port	NM	Engine Hrs	Hrs
Kinsale/ Le Palais (Belle Ile)	363	67	28
Pouliguen	34	6	6
Port de Joinville (Ile d'Yeu)	40	8	4
Les Sables d'Olonne	36	6	1
Bourgenay	8	2	1
La Rochelle	33	5	5
St Martin (Ile de Re)	12	2	2
Royan	60	11	2
St Denis (Ile d'Oleron)	49	10	9
La Rochelle	18	4	2
St Martin	16	3	1
St Gilles-Croix de Vie	48	10	4
L'Herbaudiere (Ile de Noirmoutier)	40	7	1
Le Palais	48	9	2
Port Tudy (Ile de Groix)	32	7	1
Concarneau	52	10	1
Anse de Berthaume	65	12	5
Newlyn	118	24	8
Kinsale	162	29	18
Total	1,234	232	101

Waxwing in the South Pacific

Peter and Susan Grey



THE ROCKABILLY TROPHY

FOR A CRUISE WHICH INVOLVES AN EXCEPTIONAL FEAT OF NAVIGATION AND/OR SEAMANSHIP

October 1999 – Tahiti to Tonga and Tonga revisited

We broke the easy 1400 mile crossing from Tahiti to Tonga by calling into Rarotonga in the Cook Islands and Niue which we don't think is actually a Cook Island but is near enough to be thought of as such being also a dependency of New Zealand and using that country's currency. Both are delightful places. We particularly enjoyed the traditional dancing and singing.

Our ten year old beginners PADI diving certificates were accepted in Niue and we made two dives exploring some of the best coral we have seen in the Pacific. The anchorage there is deep and in an open roadstead. It is untenable in strong westerlies so, with some of those threatening, we thought to stay just one day. We were made to feel so welcome and there was so much to see and do that we stayed eight – and luckily got away with it weatherwise on one of the strong moorings thoughtfully provided by the local community.

Niue is a small isolated island, independent but using New Zealand help, systems, currency and language. The population is a mix of Polynesian and white Kiwi and we found a cheerful, smiling welcome where ever we went. Birds and butterflies were a riot of colour and the geographical structure could be examined in the picturesque limestone arches and caves.

There we were adopted by Ernie Welsh, retired from New Zealand, whose grandfather once lived in the Guiney home in Raheny. Ernie said the old man had lost the house in a game of poker and wondered at the price (was it four million?) for which it was recently sold. Ernie is about seventy nine, is the islands champion fisherman and keeps in touch with his New Zealand family by email.

The rest of the crossing (246 miles) to Tonga was in good weather with a fair bit of motoring and would have been uneventful except for THE FISH. Susan caught a 112cm long Mahi Mahi (the best of eating) on her rod as we crossed the Tongan Trench – one of the deepest (if not the deepest) parts of the Pacific.

The Tongan Agricultural officer who inspected us on our arrival in Niefu, capital of the Vavau Group of Islands decided that the fish was not Tongan, could not be imported and had, therefore, to be destroyed by him. A little negotiation ensued and, in exchange for half the fish (which he so valued that he sent it to his home immediately by taxi), we were allowed to keep the rest. This was our only experience of graft in both our times in that lovely land.

The optimum time for the crossing to New Zealand was fast approaching so we had to cut short our time in Tonga. However, we still managed an enjoyable week cruising the Vavau islands in the company of yachts we had met along the way. A snorkel dive under a ledge into the hidden Mariners cave was a highlight – a scary under water swim in was well rewarded as we surfaced inside and the sunlight filtering through the water filled the cave with a green translucence.

November 1999 – Passage to New Zealand and time there

A good jumping off place for New Zealand is the capital of

Tonga, Nukualofa some hundred miles to the south of the Vavau group. We had not intended to call there but, as the weather was threatening nasty and the seas down the west coast of Tonga uncomfortably rough, we decided to take shelter in a small reef-protected bay just to the west of the town although we had already completed departure formalities in Neiafu in the Vavau group. Several other yachts had the same idea and it became quite a social gathering for the week it took the weather to improve.

On 4th November a weather window opened – at least for the first part of the 1060 mile passage to Opua in the Bay of Islands (for it is almost impossible to be sure of favourable conditions all the way as one is dealing with two different systems) and we headed south as did most of our anchorage companions.

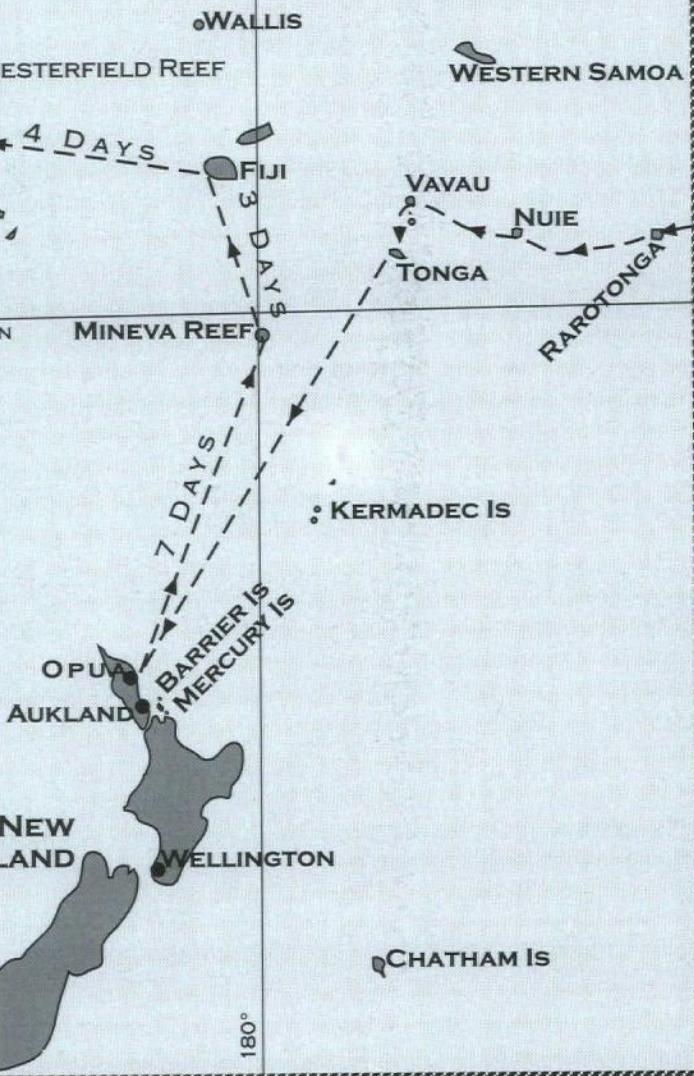
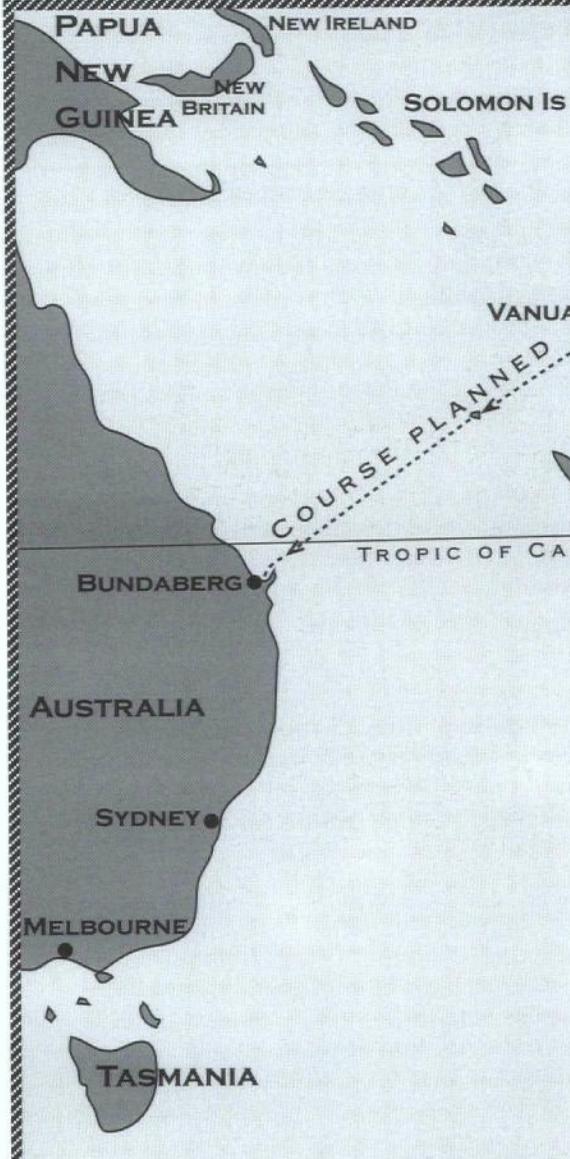
We made steady progress for six days logging 847 miles with favourable winds in the range 15-20 knots. The daily average of 141 miles is excellent for *Waxwing*. Our noon to noon run on one day was 176 miles or an average of 7.32 knots – a record for us. We were going so well that we decided to leave a visit to the isolated and attractive Minerva Reef until another time and we left it comfortably to starboard.

On November 6th, our Log reads: 'Heard a squeaking noise through the hull and it turned out to be a couple of dolphins who had decided to keep us company and entertain us for a while. Its almost as if they were wishing us bon voyage. Weather still tropically warm but cooling as we move south.'

When we were still about five hundred miles from Opua, the forecasts began to suggest that a system coming down from the general direction of New Caledonia would bring-gale force westerlies on our course and we considered the options of stalling where we were to let the gales pass ahead or to keep going. Later the forecasts firmed up to north northwest 35-40 knots due by Thursday morning and, as we calculated we would just about make it in, we decided to keep on our southwesterly direct track. We made it in early on Thursday with only a moderate gale on the starboard quarter during the night and we were comfortable enough with two reefs and a staysail. During the night we agreed an hourly VHF schedule with Graeme on *Camile* (UK) and Pepper on *Capers* (USA) who were also trying to beat the weather into Opua. Visibility was not great and we feared a seamiss – or even an accidental meeting.

Clearance facilities in New Zealand are very civilised. Agricultural, Immigration and Customs come out to your boat, fill in what ever forms they need, decline hospitality and are away in twenty minutes or so. A bit of a change from the island nations to the north where copious forms have to be completed in triplicate for each department – and their offices are usually a good distance apart. It's a mornings work.

Safely tied to a mooring in Opua, we rested and listened on the SSB with sympathy and no little concern to the trials of other boats still on passage in the rapidly deteriorating weather. Gerry and Cheryl on *White Dove* (USA) lost their rudder. They cleverly and with great effort over two days in the rough seas



fabricated a jury rudder from their Aries paddle and managed to fit it. They held a course with difficulty and got within twenty miles of the Bay of Islands before a local work boat put out to tow them in the rest of the way in the rapidly increasing southwesterly which threatened to sweep them south past the entrance.

By 15th November, the weather had settled back to a nice New Zealand 10 knot northeaster and we sailed the hundred miles south to our base at Gulf Harbour marina (a little north of Auckland) in twenty hours overnight.

There, we caught up with family life, sent emails by the score and organised the major re-fitting, re-furbishing and re-equipping programme necessary after the trials and tribulations (of which we may have previously made passing reference) of the previous June.

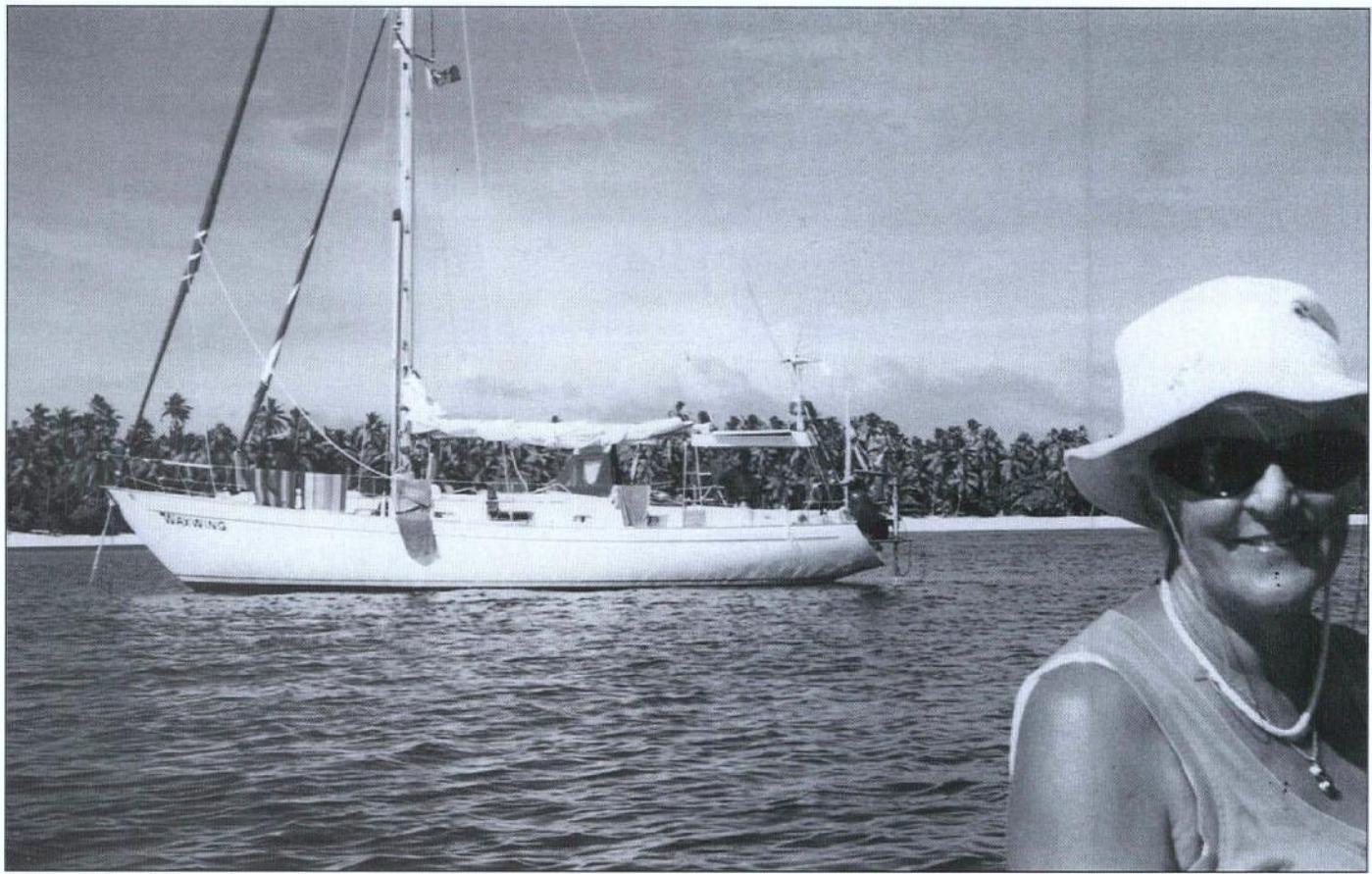
1st January – 14th May 2000 – New Zealand

Our work programme was completed in stages and we were able to enjoy some really good coastal cruising. We celebrated the dawn of the new millennium with a family cruise to the Mercury Islands about eighty miles to the south of Auckland

but only seven off the outside (east) coast of the Coromandel peninsula. No great navigational or seamanship skills required but it is worth recording that the bays and beaches remain as beautiful as ever and the fishing expertise of our son-in law Darren and his father Graeme kept us plentifully supplied with crayfish, scallops and snapper so that we feasted like kings. Returning to base on 4th January, the ship's log records that we just missed the tide at Cape Colville and, with wind against it, took a bit of a bashing for an hour or so until we got well into the Hauraki Gulf (Auckland's outer harbour – an island studded cruising paradise and the water on which the America's Cup races were sailed)

On the subject of that cup, while it was impossible not to get caught up in the razzmatazz, and it was fun, we seldom ventured out to the course area in *Waxwing* as we found it a bit stressful to watch the racing and at the same time avoid crashes in the milling but well controlled spectator fleet. The fantastic local television coverage coupled with a real view of the course from Nickey's house did us well.

On 8th February we were joined by Helen and Richard Wheeler from Greystones and we cruised northwards calling at



My favourite boat, one of my favourite people, at my favourite beach!!!

Kawau and Great Barrier islands where walking and sight seeing in a hired car were the main activities. On The Barrier, we anchored in Kaiarara Bay in Port Fitzroy a large and very sheltered harbour. Managed to shake hands with Paget's rock on the way in but no harm done – except to the pride.

One morning Edwin Le Mont from Auckland dinghied over with a snapper which he had caught and smoked himself and a new friendship started. It turned out that he was waiting for Trevor and Leslie on *Baggables* (NZ) to come in. They were old cruising friends of ours from Tonga and we were glad to see them again. A reunion BBQ was organised ashore.

On 16th February, we braved the twelve hour passage back to the mainland. It was a bit rolly, though the following wind was useful, and we were glad enough to make it into the shelter of Tutukaka before dark and to enjoy the comforts of a marina berth, showers and a meal ashore.

It was then on north to the Bay of Islands – the extensive cruising grounds we have described in previous Annuals and News Letters where, apart from a brief visit or two to the mainland for provisions and to play emails, we spent our time out at the islands.

Paradise (Oneura) Bay on Urupukapuka Island was a favourite anchorage and the name itself describes what it is like in the area – in good weather.

We chanced across Patrick and Mary Knatchbull in Mataruipi Bay on Motumarohia Island. They were out on a day sail in a boat lent to them by the owner of the guest house in which they were staying and they happened to anchor for lunch in the same bay as us. So we had lunch and chat, chat on *Waxwing*. The Knatchbull's were in New Zealand representing the Royal Ulster at the presentation of the Sir Thomas Lipton Cup to *Prada*, the winner of the Louis Vuitton Challenger Series, and were exploring some of the beauty spots by car. A surprise meeting in an unexpected place and all the

more welcome for that. Cruise with Richard and Helen over, we left *Waxwing* on the marina in Opua and drove to Auckland. The Wheelers went on to Australia and we collected Susan's cousin Michael Millar and his wife Kuli, drove back to Opua for some more exploration of the Bay of Islands.

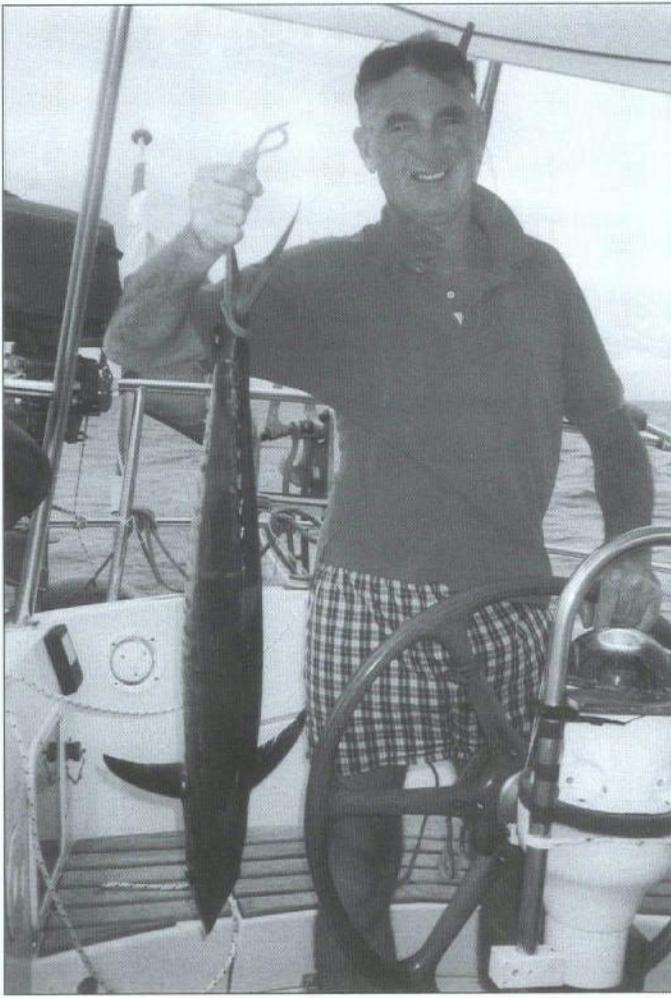
On the drive north, we visited an interesting and well presented steam engine and saw mill museum and sat in awe in the shade of the biggest and oldest Kauri tree in captivity – or so the Kiwis claim. It certainly was enormous.

Michael and Kuli helped us to sail *Waxwing* south and we spent time on some of the islands of the Hauraki Gulf. Very easy and pleasant cruising in sheltered waters only ten miles from our base in Gulf Harbour and we wondered at times why we bothered to make the long passages elsewhere.

It was now the end of March and there was still lots and lots of work to be completed before we hoped to leave for Fiji at the end of April so it was nose to the grindstone at Gulf Harbour except for a very pleasant few days cruising the Gulf islands with Theo and Avril Harris. It was interesting looking at the harbour and city from the water and sailing under the bridge. The weather was kind but it changed and we left them off at a marina in down town Auckland to catch their plane, spending two days there waiting for the strong head winds and driving rain to clear before returning to Gulf Harbour ten miles to the north.

The job list seemed never ending but, by some miracle or other, we were ready by 8th May to leave. *Waxwing* was in good shape but us not quite so after a berth-side party the previous evening with thirty guests and a large dog squeezed on board. It also happened to be our fortieth wedding anniversary so perhaps we imbibed a little more than we should.

We made an overnight 'shake-down' passage to Opua (where we intended to complete our clearance formalities) and nothing went wrong so we were encouraged to think that we



A tasty dinner. Large walu (Spanish mackerel). Outer Islands, Fiji.

Photo: Susan Grey

and our floating home were prepared for the seven day crossing to North Minerva Reef. Then the weather broke and we braved the gale force winds for five days at our berth on the marina at Opua enduring with fortitude a hectic social life ashore in the company of other 'yooties' intending to head north and waiting for a weather window.

14th May – 30th May Passage to Fiji via North Minerva Reef – 1100 miles

Sunday 14th dawned bright, clear and calm. The forecast as, discussed with Des Renner from Russel Radio, with whom we would have a daily (sometimes twice daily) radio schedule, was favourable. We decided to give the Guinness and Oyster feast that evening a miss and by mid day we were ready to slip our lines with the help of John and Alita on *Holding Pattern* (USA).

The passage to North Minerva was a mix of easy sailing and motoring and was uneventful other than that our recently

repaired wheel pilot went on the blink. Electronic self steering devices that will fit into *Waxwing* and which we can afford are, in our experience, simply not up to the job even when oversized. We only use them when motoring or when sailing in very light conditions and rely in main on our trusty Aries windvane which has not let us down. At times, we link a small tiller pilot to the Aries and this works well when the sea is reasonably calm.

We (or to be strictly honest our Garmin 128) found North Minerva exactly where it was supposed to be and we negotiated the narrow pass into the lagoon without difficulty. The lagoon is about two miles across and we joined some other yachts already anchored in the lee of the western corner of the fringing reef where it is about two hundred metres wide and just high enough to reduce the surging ocean swell to a minor jiggle even at high tide. We found good holding in ten metres in coral sand.

The weather broke and so did news of the so called coupe in Fiji. A seven day wait was no great hardship as we snorkeled, explored the rock pools on the reef by dinghy and partied with our companion yachts despite the gales passing overhead. Wolfgang on *De Cappo* (Germany) speared a large snapper which he generously shared around the fleet and it made for a wonderfully tasty supper – with chilled Kiwi chardonnay – what else!!

Eventually, the consensus was that the disturbance in Fiji was not something to worry about (though some diverted to Tonga, New Caledonia or Vanuatu) and the weather cleared so on 27th May we set off on the easy down wind leg to Fiji, arriving there three days later.

Our friends on *Holding Pattern* had spent their waiting time in South Minerva but they left at the same time and our courses gradually converged. We managed a mid-ocean photo call.

June, July, August and part September – Fiji and Ireland

We made landfall at Musket Cove on Malolo Lailai island which we should not have as one is supposed to clear in at



Our lovely friends – off to church – Fiji.

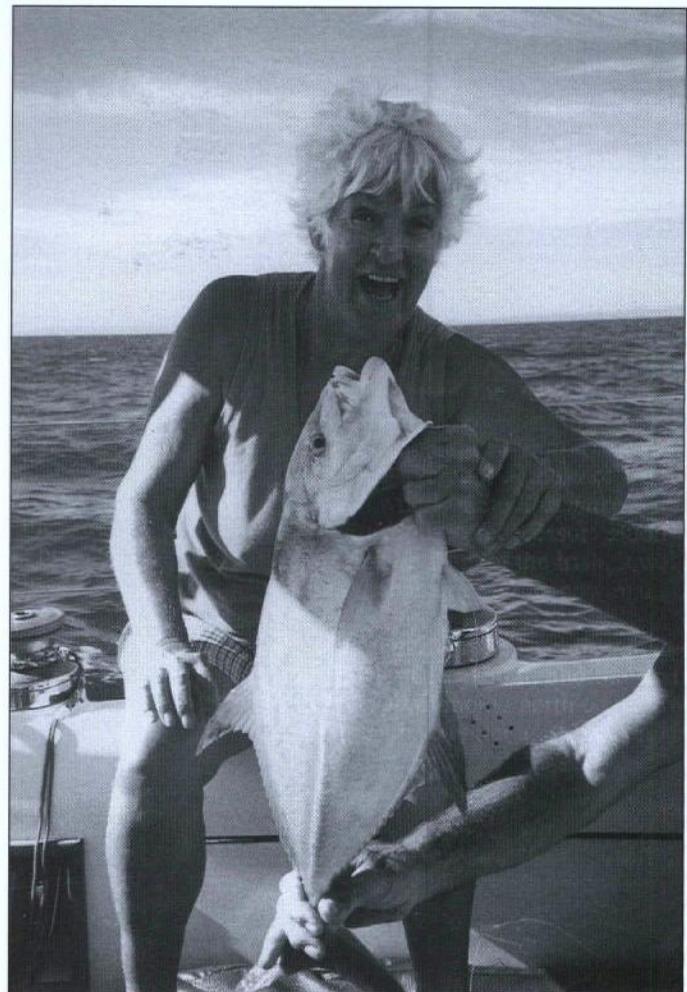
Lautoka about twenty miles to the north. We crossed the next day and completed entry formalities without any awkward questions. We saw no signs of the trouble except for the occasional army checkpoint and the almost total decimation of the tourist industry on which the people (and especially the lower paid workers) are heavily reliant.

Fiji with all its islands is a vast cruising area and, deciding that we could not do justice to it all in the time we had available, we concentrated on the Mamanuca and Yasawa island groups which stretch in a north-south line along the west coast of the main island (called the mainland) of Viti Levu.

We were joined for a while by New Zealand friends Graeme, Barbara and Shiree (also happen to be our daughter Nickey's in-laws) and we visited several lovely anchorage's, day sailing and eyeballing our way through the submerged coral reefs. It was easier going south than north with the sun behind and showing up the coral quite clearly even in thirteen or more metres. There were resorts with good restaurants on some of the islands; others were quite basic. Our favourite, where we rested for a week, was Blue Lagoon (so called because Blue Lagoon Cruise Ships own a stretch of beach and anchor there) on Nanuya-Sewa.

On arrival, we made Sevusevu with the Va and her family. This is a traditional ceremony where visitors offer gifts (usually the root from which the local knock-you-out Kava is made but Va preferred tinned corned beef) to the local chief or his representative. One places the offerings on the ground and, if they are picked up and accepted, one is invited to sit and chat and possibly imbibe Kava (tastes like liquid mud and numbs the face) from a communal bowl. One is then guaranteed the protection of the Chief and his family during the stay. So Sevusevu is important and we wondered what would happen if our gift had been rejected. Possibly 'off with their heads and into the pot'.

Va, a big, rolly, smiling and lovely widow lived with her extended family in basic huts, thatched and with pole wall frames covered in woven matting but clearly seemed to be educated. They had photographs of family university graduation ceremonies on the walls so it was difficult (even if there was any point) in trying to identify social distinctions. English is the spoken language every where and they even quickly understood Irish humour – even Peter's peculiar version.



Wow! What a fish!

We passed the days in the sun and without pain (having avoided the Kava) swimming, examining the coral and tropical fish by snorkel, and walking the island. We had an excellent dinner on a neighbouring island in Fanny and Otto's eatery –

couldn't call it a restaurant even though it was as good or better than any we had found. There's a bit of a story here in that the family is descended from an Irish sea captain. When his ship was in Sydney he won the island in a card game and then decided on a visit. He fell in love with it and the local ladies and stayed at least long enough to found the dynasty which still bears his name – Irish but it eludes me just now.

Va and family took Susan and Barbara to church by boat on Sunday. They went straight across coral that we had had to avoid even in our dinghy and, when asked how they managed to find their way through it they replied 'straight ahead and bumpy bump'. Which perhaps explains the state of their boats and says a lot about their relaxed and philosophical attitude to a life that can not be easy.



Patrick and Mary Knatchbull and Richard Wheeler with the Greys on Waxwing in the Bay of Islands, New Zealand.



Water taxi to town – Fiji.

Towards the end of June we found our way back to Vuda (pronounced Vunda) Point Marina (near the large town of Lautoka) where we left *Waxwing* and flew home for July, August and a bit of September. Readers who have waded this far, may remember that it was a lovely Irish summer and we greatly enjoyed our break from the hard life afloat.

On our return to Fiji, we quickly completed provisioning and clearing formalities in preparation for the short (turned out to be under four days) crossing to Vanuatu. Despite regulations strictly forbidding it, we spent another week enjoying Blue Lagoon and Va's warm welcome (we presented more tins of corned beef and a half of an 8lb Walu – lovely stuff) and also had a night at the beautiful and calm anchorage at Sawi-i-lai, a short distance to the north.

There Susan went ashore with the crew of *Tainui* (Australia) and made Sevusevu (with Kava) with the Chief who, in turn, appointed his son Kelly as our guide to the local caves. We dived under a ledge into a large cavern and, when we surfaced inside, explored some of the passages and generally larked about.

20th September – 30th September – Passage to Vanuatu and Port Villa

At 07.00 or so on the 20th, Kelly called with a ready cooked crayfish he had caught the night before and we paid him a modest fee for it. We still managed to get away by 07.00 with 15-20 knot winds from the southeast promised. This would be on our port quarter. Just the job we thought but we had not reckoned on the 2.5-3 metre swells and confused, breaking, seas and it was not long before we felt a bit queasy. This soon passed but the conditions persisted and it was not a comfortable ride for the 550 miles to Port Vila. On the bright side was our occasional and exhilarating 9 knots and our average of 6.2 knots for the passage.

Our Aries stood the strain despite the waves except that

Peter had rigged it with lines that were too light for the job and they jumped the sheaves. With only twelve hours to go, we decided to hand steer and, although it was tiring, we enjoyed the sensation of surfing down the waves so much that we wondered why we had got so hooked on self-steering. Couldn't really manage without it I suppose on long passages and with two up.

We arrived in Port Vila just after midnight on a dark moonless night. This is something we try to avoid (too stressful even with GPS and Radar) but the entry here is easy and, apart from an initial difficulty getting the anchor to hold, we were soon settled down for a good long sleep that extended well into the next morning. We had eaten the lobster on the way.

Port Vila, the capital of Vanuatu, is on the main island of Efate. It's a good town with a population of 27,000 (250,000 for the whole country). Vanuatu, like Fiji and Tonga to the east, is a country of islands. The people are Melanesian with origins in southeast Asia and possibly eastern Africa as there is a certain Negro cast of countenance and colour. They laugh and smile a lot and are as friendly as can be. English is the predominant language coupled with pigeon English and there is a strong French influence – especially with the style, the quality and presentation of food – and the prices, which are a bit European.

We are enjoying our stay in Vila (no one bothers with the Port bit) but are looking forward to a month exploring the islands to the north and meeting the 'real' Vanuatuans. Our plan is to depart from the north and sail straight to Bundaberg (about two hundred miles north of Brisbane). Possibly we will be able to break the 1,000 mile passage half way at Chesterfield Reef and do a spot of cray catching and snorkeling over the coral. It belongs to New Caledonia (French) who forbid stopping unless one has checked in at Noumea – far out of our way – and sometimes chase offending yachts away by boat or plane.

We will take it as it comes.

Four countries and two continents

Tony Clarke



THE FINGAL CUP

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

For the summer of 2000 or at least 10 weeks of it the plan was to sail with the wind behind our backs and in sunshine for a change. Out for the moment at least were the big seas of our own west coast and oilskins. *Vellela* is our new Oceanis 411, which was launched just a week late on 13th June in St. Gilles-Croix-de-Vie. Eileen and I brought over a jeep-full of equipment by ferry and were joined a week later by our daughter Deirdre and our long time friend, Austin Lowe. We did our shake down cruise all of 20M to Les Sables d'Olonne. Establishing en route that all our 'new toys' were working.

Sunday 18th June, 13.30 we set south for the 246M trip to Gijon, the capital of Asturias. The expected following wind failed to materialize. We motor sailed in a 10kt breeze and put in to a beautifully still Gijon at 02.55 on Monday. We had used almost all our diesel and had left the main up in case of running out, we were so relaxed on arrival that it was almost half an hour after we tied up when someone remembered that we had forgotten to take the main down! The clean attractive harbour is in the heart of the city and everything is close at hand, we walked the narrow streets of the fishermans quarter and ate in the highly recommended La-Galana where the staff demonstrated the art of pouring and drinking the local cider. A chance meeting with some Limerick friends resulted in at least some of the crew finishing a long day in St. Brendan's Irish Bar. Wednesday dawned overcast and cloudy as we headed west in a 10kt breeze for a 68M trip to Ribadeo where we rafted up with a German owned legend 42 in the small harbour under the bridge. The following morning one simple phone call was enough to bring a technician and a van to solve a problem with our Raytheon chart plotter – a great service and full marks to Raytheon.

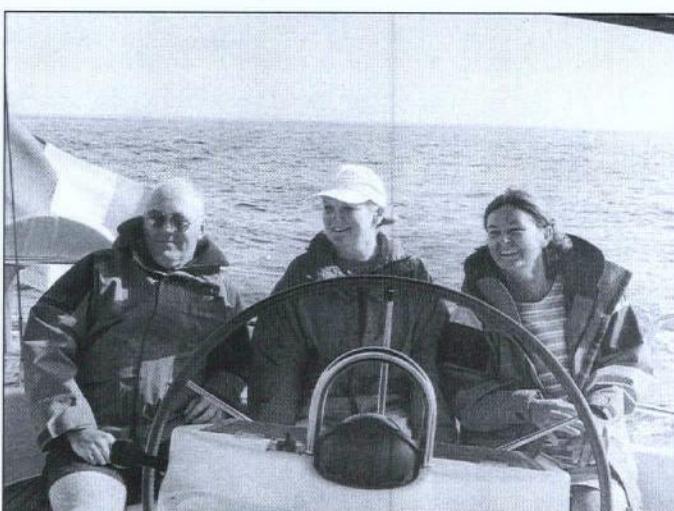
NW Spain has a beautiful west coast of Ireland feel to it, bare and rocky. We steered our way to La Corona or A Corona, as the locals like to call it. The back drop of pine forestry and wind farms kept us distracted for the 80M motor sail. The 22nd June we discovered was St. John's Day and the young people of A Corona, at least 1,000 of them, were celebrating with bonfires on the beach which burnt while they partied till dawn. No police in sight and no need for them. A Corona is the principal city of Galicia, the old part is a walled town with narrow cobblestoned streets and is attractive. The club pontoons are reserved for members, we spent a second night on the unsuitable visitors pontoons and departed on Saturday 24th for Ria-De-Corme Y Large, where we anchored in sand off the village of Corme on the northern coast, after a broad reach for 38M in a 30kt wind. Corme is a small town with simple services, we regretted that we couldn't speak Spanish as the locals were happy to make us welcome, we felt like visitors as opposed to tourists and in the local bar we were given gifts of key-rings and handshakes from staff and customers. It was a happy little crew who rowed back to *Vellela* for a night in with our Veal roast. Sunday was another 55M passage to Muros down a less vegetated coast and the sunshine appeared on cue as we rounded Finnestere. Much to our surprise we met very few yachts on this coast, we practically had the coast to

ourselves. We got our first good English forecast on Channel 11 and I resigned myself to the fact that my dream of following winds was not to be! Our nav-text forecasts while reliable came in too late in the day to be of any great use. We tied on to a small fishing boat in Muros and enjoyed our night ashore in the town's small narrow streets.

On Monday we arrived in St. Eugenia De Riveira after a 33M foggy journey during which a lifeboat came suddenly out of the fog to look at us off Isla Salvoria and we took it that our radar reflector had led them to us. We anchored for lunch and a swim in 7M of water before tying in the far from town marina – a port town that we would not recommend. 35M later we were in the city of Vigo for four nights in the marina of the Real Yacht Club Vigo. On arrival we were given an outside berth which suffers from wash from the ferries, but we later persuaded the port captain to move us to a quieter corner. Being moored in the centre of a big city I find very attractive and Vigo is an especially nice and convenient place, we briefly met Galleth Cunnane on a delivery trip back to Ireland with Anne Doherty's new yacht. A day trip by bus to Santiago de Compostela and a day anchored off the nature reserve Isla Cies completed the 600 miles of the first part of our adventure as we left Deirdre and Austin to the train for Lisbon and their flight to Ireland.

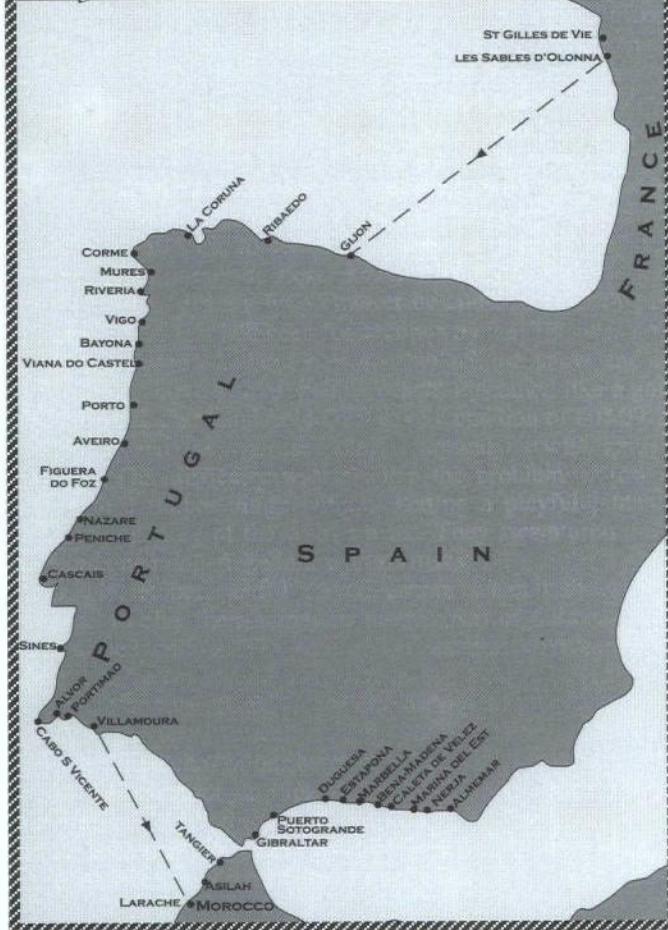
Saturday 1st July, Eileen and I now alone, got SW 4-5 forecast on Channel 10 as we made the 13M journey to Bayona where we spent two nights in the not to be missed Bayona Yacht Club. The stone clubhouse is richly furnished and there is an excellent level of service and facilities. We had lunch in the club on Saturday and dinner on Sunday in the company of a J-Class yacht crew who were on passage from Southampton to Brazil but their skipper had taken up residence in the Pardedor!

On Monday the barometer was down again as we got out our Portuguese courtesy flag and said goodbye to NW Spain



Frank, Caroline Larkin and Eileen Clarke on *Vellela*.

Photo: Tony Clarke



The Clarke family / crew.

On departing the following morning we had the unusual task of helping a French sailor, as well as thanking me for lifting his anchor he also thanked me for 'lecturing' him on the use of a trip line, I find being short crewed it is essential.

On Friday 6th July we reached 36 miles with genoa only to Figueira Da Foz, it was a great days sailing. We sorely missed our autohelm that was out of commission from Biscay to the Algarve. On setting out the following morning for Peniche we were beating comfortably in a building sea, a gale warning came in on the Navetext at 11.30 – too late as usual, we altered course and put in to Nazaire after 37 miles in gale force conditions, we were lucky to find a vacant berth at the head of the marina and were blown on broadside, the harbour master is a liveaboard named Mike from Mt. Merrion. Ashore the nearby town was alive with holiday makers, women in black shawls were selling dried fish and hotel rooms!

Departed 09.45 Sunday 8th July for a 24 mile reach to Peniche, we had planned to visit the Bernan Glas nature reserve, lying 6 miles offshore they are the only offshore islands of Portugal. Conditions were so rough and visibility so poor we cancelled and put into the new marina where we were the only visitors at 13.30. The office in the club was closed for the weekend and I was unable to get a gate key. Unusually I made the fatal error of not recognising the unofficial port captain who took control outside office hours, a little man I thought was begging – after I ignored him, he did the same and we had to do a difficult climbing job returning from an average meal in the small holiday town.

A glorious 40 miles the following day with a 20kn following wind brought us to the new marina development at Cascais just 10 miles from Lisbon. This is really a first class facility, designed to be the Villamoura of the west coast it is far superior, all built on reclaimed land in front of the castle, known as 'Cidadadela de Cascais' on the edge of the town it boasts a first class supermarket and a selection of classy shops and restaurants, while it attracts all the pretty people late into the night, the visitor berths are tucked into a quiet corner. At this point we knew we had arrived in tourist territory – it was twice a busy and expensive. Cascais will be fully complete next year and is a 'not to be missed' port.

Tuesday we started motoring against 8kn, by noon we had 18kn astern and we completed our 55 miles and arrived in Sines. Sines is the home town of navigator Vasco de Gama, south of Sines are beautiful sandy beaches. On arrival we were met as usual by a customs man in full uniform. As you tied your warps he tells you not to hurry he can wait, he then proceeds to

promising ourselves we will return. 34M later we were in Viana do Castelo. The following day having sailed 38M we made our way 2.6M up the shallow tidal River Duro to tie on the quay wall at Porto.

The entrance to the river is dangerous, we narrowly missed the rocks off the mole in the strong flood, however we were shortly in the buoys channel and made our way to lie alongside the quay wall just below the Dom Luis I Bridge. Porto is a wonderful place, well worth the trip up the Duro to visit it. Porto's architecture is really outstanding, the medieval buildings along the waters edge blend beautifully with densely populated houses whose laundry make a multi-coloured patchwork. The ebb tide required strong warps and continuous attention. We shared the quay with traditional craft who bring visitors upstream to view the terraced vineyards. The boatmen kindly invited us to tie alongside which allowed us to the roam the port area of the city with its narrow steep streets. The following morning we crossed the river to visit the port houses and stock up from their cellars.

After two wonderful days in Porto we had an anxious start for our planned 34 mile trip to Porto de Aviero, thick fog delayed us and we barely cleared the bar at the river mouth as the fog lifted, 22 kn on the nose kept us busy, we had planned to anchor in the canal at Aviero as the pilot books advised but on examination found plenty of water off the town, there is limited tourist development ashore, it has old style tiled houses and a 'slow attractive' feel to the place.

take 45 minutes of your time answering the same questions you answered yesterday and every other day. I resent giving away this precious hour when I should be relaxing in the cockpit with a G&T. There is little enough time ashore when you sail every day. Today we found our first washer/dryer in the marina and after this job we ate ashore in a friendly little town and watched a soccer match in a floodlit purpose built small stadium on the beach at midnight.

We missed our still broken autohelm as we motored the 80 miles to Lagos the following day. Rounding Cabo Saint Vincent was a cause for celebration as our compass swung to E for the first time, a direction we may keep for three seasons. Shipping was visible in the distance and we met a few British yachts heading north.

Lagos would be well known to ICC members, so much so that we were offered a 5% discount. It is secure, sheltered and conveniently located 17 miles east of Cape St. Vincent. Access is via a canal dredged to four meters, it is necessary to pass under a lifting bridge which opens frequently in daylight hours. The town is just over this footbridge, the supermarket and laundry in 'trolley pushing distance'. We spent three nights here, anchoring off during the day, swimming and exploring the caves by dinghy. Next we moved the short distance to Alvor, passing what are described as the best beaches in the Algarve. We were slightly concerned with only 2.5 metres over the bar at the entrance, when we found 4.5 metres in the anchorage close to high water we upped anchor and made our way 8 miles to Portimo, a new marina built under the 16th century fortress. The marina has space for 600 yachts but no facilities. The nearby town caters for mass tourism and is well worth avoiding. We moved across the Rive Arde to the anchorage which is only disturbed by the wash from the early morning departure of the fishing fleet.

Tuesday 18th July was our last sail with the husband and wife crew. We tacked under the yellow ochre cliffs that dot the 23 mile stretch, the caves were so big we suspected the yacht would fit in but we passed on the idea.

Villamoura has everything a cruising yacht could want, built almost 30 years ago it is sheltered and elegant. Its restaurants and bars cater for all tastes and budgets, we spent a week here treating *Velilla* as a holiday home, we mingled with the thriving liveaboard community and the throngs of tourists walking the harbour at night. We even got little jobs done at knock down prices, overall a very useful port of call. Very little sailing activity could be noticed, trips to the nearby beaches and life ashore seems to be the order of the day.

We were happy enough to leave when our fellow club member Frank Larkin and Caroline arrived from Faro Airport after a 20 minute taxi ride.

We cleared customs in Villamoura and departed after a good lunch for Morocco at 16.45 on 25 July, we reached at 8kns in the offshore breeze in a moderate sea, with our southerly course we cleared the coast quickly and had a pleasant night spotting fishing craft on radar and later their lights before the wind died and we motor sailed through the endless line of shipping that



Porto.

Photo: Tony Clarke

was heading into the Med. The 150 miles passed quickly, there was a real feeling of adventure when we caught sight of the Moroccan coast, heightened by the fact that the customs in Villamoura did all in their power to stop us visiting Morocco which they described as 'dangerous country', they checked and re-checked our papers before apologising for the officialdom and explaining that it was for our own good. We were glad that we decided to make a landfall in daylight as we failed to find any of the lights listed. Someone later suggested (jokingly?) that they sometimes forgot to turn them on!

We entered the fishing port of Larrache to find the surface of the water teeming with overloaded rowing boats ferrying people across to the beach and bartering for fish with the larger craft. The quays were equally crowded with continuous shouting down to the boats. We were waved a from the port office, signalling that we should tie up to the Lifeboat moored alongside. The decibel level was high with a combination of shouting voices ashore and afloat, a radio somewhere blasting out North African music crowned with the call to prayer from the mosque – a magic combination never to be forgotten. No one in the water made any effort to get out of the way, the harbour police waved frantically telling us to come in – we edged in gently, pushing the little boats out of our way including some with little boys hauling up anchors at the very last minute. The lifeboat was home to the crew who energetically took our lines and what can only be described as an army of officials descended on us, all very politely welcoming us to Morocco and an endless line of questions. If we had no French I think they might have locked us up for failing to respond! Our passports were immediately taken, it took another seemingly endless set of negotiations to get them back on departure. We had 14 uniformed officials from 7 organisations visit us, customs, police of all sorts and the Marine surveyors office. Future visitors would want to come well stocked with bottles of whisky and cigarettes to satisfy their needs, it came to the stage that we dreaded the arrival of the officials carrying a newspaper which always left with a bottle rolled into it.

While we were below decks attending to the officials, a

small dark skinned man sat on deck; the port police had ordered him to make sure nothing was touched and if it was he would take the blame. We were not flying a courtesy flag (couldn't get one); after the police sent a message asking had we a problem with the king, this man went and got us one.

Two hours later we walked through the port area into the substantial town of Larache, the covered Souq is worth a visit, otherwise the town is in a poor condition. Frank and I joined in the main activity for men – drinking mint tea – without success, Eileen and Caroline ordered white tea and were given a cup of boiled milk and tea bag! The lesson here is to bring everything you need with you on Moroccan trips, only drink imported drinks, our gentle Irish tummies are too fussy. Back on *Velella* we entertained the lifeboat crew and all their neighbours and friends. On Wednesday morning we watched as men queued for a place on a fishing boat, the wages for the lucky ones being fish for the families. We were ashamed when we were presented with a bag of fish on departure as we turned north for the 20 mile journey to Asilah.

The coast between Larache and Asilah is a featureless beach with a backdrop of hills sparsely populated with hill farms – it is forbidden to anchor off. Asilah is a clean attractive holiday town for returned Moroccan emigrants, the Medina overlooking the waterfront is striking and a hum of activity after dark. The people were friendly and outgoing but our movements were limited by the armed police who initially insisted that one of us remain on board at all times. We negotiated a few hours 'off' to celebrate Frank's birthday and when we returned as ordered at midnight only to find police sitting in the cockpit looking after the boat. It seems they plan in the future to build a marina and the police are under orders to make sure the occasional yacht that visits is not touched.

On Thursday we put into Tangier after a gentle 31 mile sail. The bustling port has constant ferry traffic to Spain. We tied to the small Yacht Club Tangier Pontoons, just as Muslims were being called to prayer in the Mosque. We had a short polite visit from the police who showed no further interest in us for our stay. A new club facility is under construction and there are plans to dredge the marina basin. The following morning we took the train for a two day visit to the Imperial City of Fes. The old city is enclosed by a twenty three mile wall and it would have been impossible to explore its hundreds of narrow streets without the services of the guide we hired. The city has not changed since biblical times, mules who have the right of way are the only form of transport that would fit between the buildings and when fully laden there is only inches to spare. The exotic place is home and work place to tens of thousands. On return to Tangier we were weather bound for a further day, we eventually beat the 48 miles across the ship-laden straits to Gibraltar in 32kn NE with two reefs and half rolled genoa, we averaged 5kn in the pouring rain and were happy to arrive in 2.5sq mile rock. Queensway quay was very convenient to restaurants and town, we spent a second day exploring this curious place and re-stocked our drinks locker. After taking on duty free diesel on Tuesday we motored across the harbour to look at a moored nuclear sub but were warned off by security. We passed through LPG and oil tankers off loading at anchor through the E-going current making only 4kn's en route into the Med. Thirteen miles later we arrived in the handsomely designed Sotogrande, a residential and shopping development with an excellent boatyard who carried out an engine service for us. After visits to Estepone and Duquesa we returned to Sotogrande where we left *Velella* during our two week visit home. Frank and Caroline had multiple taxi and train journeys to Faro, Eileen and I had an easier taxi journey to Malaga.

After sorting things on the home front we flew back to Malaga on 14th September with two of our daughters, Louise and Eva. A taxi ride to Sotogrande found *Velella* coated in sand



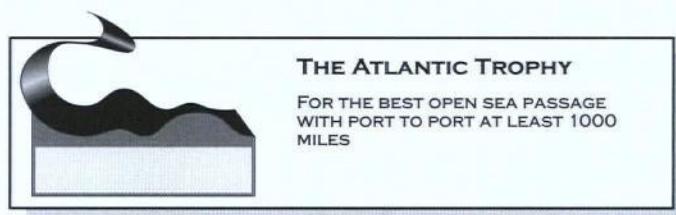
Asilah.

Photo: Tony Clarke

following a storm, however, an hours washing had her like new again. We motored to the ports of Duqueas, Estapona and Marbella before putting into Benalmadena where we collected our daughter Deirdre to complete the family crew. Benalmadena is only 8km from Malaga airport but like all marinas on this coast it can be difficult to get a berth. The annual has had over the years lists of useful equipment essential for cruising the med., to this list I would add a mobile phone. On the Costa Del Sol, I made several calls each morning 'berth pleading'. On one occasion we could find no berth and deliberately arrived late after the office closed and lie to the night staff, in this case an early morning departure was necessary. While the backdrop of the Sierra Nevadas is beautiful we found this coast a little monotonous, however, we did meet some interesting people including a lady who asked us to mind her leprechauns for her and in the Port of Caleta de Velez, a totally naked lady scrubbing her decks! The water in this port was un-typically filthy, one to avoid. Our next port of call was the beautiful Marina del Este, it enjoys a beautiful secluded setting behind a rocky island, we did a little damage on the exposed waiting pontoon. However, once in, there is a good protection from W. the following day we anchored off Nerja and continued the pattern of eating and swimming that makes up the typical family holiday. Our aged 20+ girls had the occasional late night. The coast is virtually destroyed with vast sheets of polythene under which three quarters of all European vegetables are grown. The week continued windless and we ended our season in our winter berth in Almermar where fellow ICC member Tom Foote is kindly looking after *Velella* for us. Tom and Hillary are living on *Mary Rose* while getting his new yacht *Picnic* ready for long distance cruising. Almermar is a 1,000 place marina popular for wintering due to its lack of rainfall and lower charges. Hiring a car which we left in Malaga Airport was the best solution for the five of us. Next year we hope to continue east in the hope of finding more remote areas and anchorages.

Mediterranean to Caribbean

Henry Barnwell



Having wintered in Almerimar, in 1999, where we epoxied the entire hull below the water line, we decided that it might be interesting to cross the Atlantic, but first we had a little business to attend to. Our eldest daughter had requested that we sail the boat to Mallorca where she proposed to repose for a week with her family.

We were held up for three days with dense fog, most unusual east of Malaga, until lunch-time on the third day when a window in the visibility allowed us to slip away in a gentle westerly with the may sun beginning to feel warm. This quickly backed to a fresh southerly which held until we reached S'Arenal in Mallorca.

We put in for the night to Garrucha which has a small marina run by the hospitable sailing club, but is not a suitable place to leave a boat unattended. Also the marina is small with very few places for visitors and the space for dropping the anchor within the harbour is now restricted by the new commercial dock development.

Because Ivy and I were sailing the boat alone in coastal waters we tried to put in somewhere every night, although the continuation of the fresh southerly tempted us one night, between the mainland and Ibiza.

Cartagena, Alicante, and Morayra saw us tucked up for full nights' sleep the engine only being used to enter and exit the marinas. Of these ports I would happily leave a boat in the latter two but not Cartegena. Alicante would be my choice for picking up spares and has a travel hoist, although as if to discourage boats standing on the hard, one is not permitted to work, contractors must be employed. The days were very enjoyable with few enough yachts in sight (ninety nine per cent of them seem to be in harbour all the time) and we only experienced one incident worth recording. Sailing along the southwestern end of Ibiza in 30 to 34 knots under mainsail only a particularly ugly looking wave knocked me out of the forward cockpit landing me on my back, to leeward, in the aft cockpit from which undignified position I bounced several feet in the air to land, again on my back, between the winches on the side deck, instinctively my hand shot out and grabbed the lifeline which put a stop to my gallop and restored Ivy's nerves to something like normal.

Later that evening we tied up to the visitor's quay in the lovely sailing club in S'Arenal where we kept *Lady Jane* for two years in the early eighties.

The week quickly passed whereupon we decided to leave

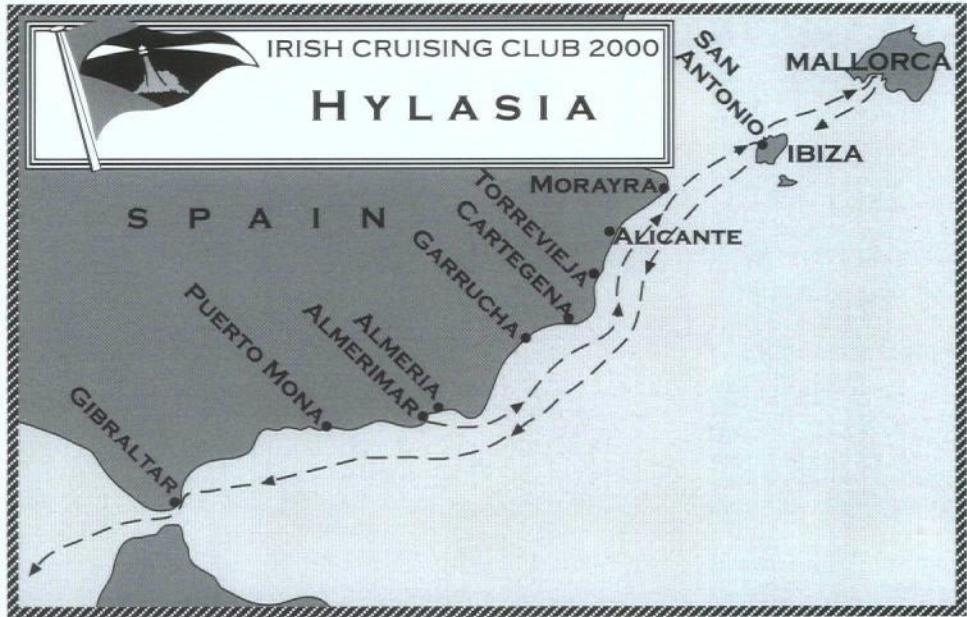
the boat for some three or four weeks to attend to business in Dublin; this is when the real fun started. The sport of sailing in general and cruising in particular has undergone a huge change since we last cruised there in 1986, none of it for the better.

Between Algeciras and Palma de Mallorca there is hardly a bay left where one could drop the hook hoping for a peaceful night. Marinas or tourist complexes have been built at a density which is already rendering the sea bed sterile. When one can find a berth (apply before 15.00 hours) the overnight rate will be exorbitant. Our week in our old club in S'Arenal, in addition to being very expensive was uncomfortable. Ten boats are now jammed into a space originally designed for two, almost all of our neighbours were charter boats staying overnight only, the crews had very little skill with which to dock their boats, which procedure largely consisted of the helmsman aiming his boat at us and shutting down the engine shortly after hearing a loud bang which was usually our transom or if he was very skillful our quarter. The marineros seemed to be on a very high commission because they insisted on crowding in the boats until one of the hulls cracked. The morning egress of yachts reversed the procedure.

To add to our woes the archipelago of Cabrera, where we spent many a night in peaceful solitude swinging to our anchor has now been declared a national park and as reported in one of our recent newsletters requires a permit to visit. Although the description of obtaining that permit necessitating a visit to a partly concealed office on the Jaime Tres Avenida was thankfully not our experience. We simply asked the marina office to send a facsimile with our request, which was granted almost by return.



Henry at work.



To make matters even more unpleasant, when one arrives at the anchorage in Cabrera now, instead of settling down to a beer or a coffee one has to undergo a cross examination from a yuppie and his girlfriend standing up in a 200 h.p. rib and demanding to see the permiso.

Another trend we disliked was the proliferation of charter yachting which generally meant that the people beside you in whatever harbour you found yourself did not know their arses from their elbows and if you needed help or advice on any subject, save the Frankfurt Stock Exchange, well then forget it.

The western Mediterranean is the only place in the world, which has forced Ivy and I to the conclusion that much as we enjoy cruising we would put the boat up for sale rather than endure what we experienced.

Having decided to fly home we spent the mornings telephoning the marinas on the island seeking a berth, without success, so that although we had only just launched the boat (Almerimar) we had to lift out and go on the hard in S'Arenal.

1st June saw us back on board, this time accompanied by a young friend from Avoca, Simon Tyner who had expressed a wish to sample the Atlantic.

We sailed all of the way from Palma Bay to Gibraltar, using the engine for only three and one half hours in gentle to fresh easterlies and stopped in Ibiza (San Antonio) where I would leave a boat, but, only on one of the sailing club moorings and a delightfully small and lightly developed harbour called Puerto Mona, eighty miles northeast of Europa Point, which distance we covered in ten and a half hours in a freshening easterly.

We took on some spares in Gibraltar, including a complete autopilot being the Autohelm ST 6000. We were advised that these items were duty free and quite honestly if we had not been as keen as anybody else to save duty would not have gone near the place. It is still as dirty as ever and the marina staff contrast ever so

sharply with their Spanish colleagues, who in general want to help and do not make you feel you are under a compliment.

For example, we arrived close to midnight and called the marina several times on vhf, no response. We then called the harbour office to be told "just turn right and tie up in the marina until morning".

When the marina office opened in the morning we strolled in and announced that we wished to check in. Where are you? B26. How did you get in there? Have you cleared customs? No, what? I don't believe you, are you saying you have not cleared customs or immigration? Yes, oh god I'll have to ring them and report that. Five minute telephone call whilst we cool our heels, then a form is produced from under the counter with the announcement that the marina office is a recognised custom agent and will in this case clear us in. Big deal.

The skipper, turning around to leave, by the way was your radio working last night? Sure it was but we close at six. Then we discovered that the showers do not open until 09.00 and close at 18.00 as does the office. The moral of that story is that if you do not want to be bailed out for daring to arrive in a marina after 18.00 well then forget your duty free and remain in Spain.

Whilst bunkering the next day at the fuel quay, the young attendant asked us had we liked Gibraltar and as diplomatically as we could we said that it seemed greatly different to the Spanish towns and marinas and he concurred adding that his sales of fuel, even though duty free, had dropped off alarmingly and that the marina was losing business. Surprise, surprise I mumbled quietly to myself before casting off.

Within an hour a lovely northeasterly had backed to the west and increased to an average of thirty knots reducing our vmg in the straits to no more than two knots. The atlantic was cold and



Ivy takes it easy.



Ivy at work?

for the first time since leaving Portugal we wore shoes and jackets. The wind continued to back and moderate until it was blowing out of the southwest, which just happened to be our course to Madeira. We tacked all night, in and out of the Moroccan trawlers, catching a very tasty sea bass for dinner, until mid morning when the breeze died away leading to a conference between the three of us. The decision was that we did not have enough fuel to steam all of the way to Madeira but that if we bore away there was just about enough wind to keep the boat moving and on that point of sail we should bring up Lanzarote, which is precisely what we did.

This change of plan gave us the opportunity to see some more of the coast of Morocco. Down the years Ivy and I have cruised quite a good bit on this coast and find it fascinating, although to be fair Ivy has not always relished going ashore.

We enjoyed the sense of history in slipping quietly by Rabat and Casablanca and were tempted to go ashore. On the first Sunday at sea we sailed very close to a city called Al Yadidah in a gentle northwesterly breeze closing to within one hundred and fifty metres, the northerly approach to the city is along a white sandy beach, which extends for three or four miles, it slopes gently and there were no surfing waves just gentle green water, almost like a tropical beach. The buildings commenced like beach huts and then rose to apartment blocks of about ten stories or more. We were staring into the squares and streets and being stared at by the people in their jellabahs yet nobody moved, there was hardly any motor traffic and no filling stations to be seen.

It took almost two hours to put this city astern and during that time, even though we were very close and using binoculars we did not see one dinghy, punt, canoe or jet ski until near the end when we came to what looked like an ancient walled fortress falling down to the sea and close by

A tiny cove in which floated four open boats very like currachs of about five metres long. Our guess was that this landing place would have been very close to the original walled city where the day's catch used to be landed.

Most of the cities along this coast were walled, if only for the very good reason that in times past the Christians from northern Europe had a habit of sailing in with swords and lances and visiting horrific violence on the indigenous peoples merely because they worshipped some other god.

Fundamentalism is tending to increase in Morocco, following the example of Algeria and for our part, whenever we encounter hostility in North Africa, try to bear this in mind.

However, I believe this entire coastline is about to be developed. One only has to wrestle with the enormous overcrowding on the Spanish coasts to believe this and we are aware of negotiations between the Minister of Tourism and a tourism interest in the Canaries which is trying to obtain a licence. This source did tell us of some disturbing threats made against yachts and we are aware of a punch up in Casablanca involving the crew of an Irish motor boat who hired donkeys to fetch diesel fuel from a filling station and then lost the head at the amount of money they were asked to expend to obtain clearance out.

If you have the ability to handle whatever the weather, a good supply of diesel and water, go for it. You will find the anchorages tranquil and you will certainly be the only visitors and will not have to worry about too many outboard engines and jet skis buzzing around. The place is steeped in history and the scenery, from seaward absolutely beautiful. There are not too many places in Europe where one can anchor a yacht safely in three metres, see nothing on the shore except greenery, hear nothing but crickets and dressed only in your snorkel be able to choose which fish to take for dinner.

It will of course be of no consequence to most of our members, most of whom are stinking rich, but nobody will approach you before the anchor is completely down demanding ten pounds for the privilege, which has happened to us in the Scillies.

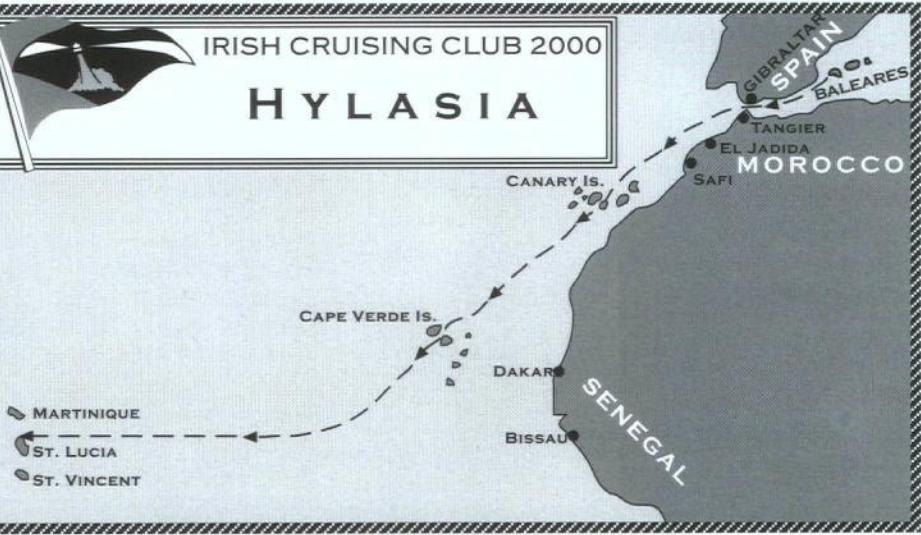
Three days out of Lanzarote, we were making seven knots in a warm northeasterly when the fishing line twanged. Twenty minutes later Simon and I managed to land a baby mako shark some one metre in length. This beast would have been better left in the ocean, and I regret that we lacked the brains to do just that. It tore lumps out of the leather cover on our steering wheel, moved like greased lightning and made us wonder what would have happened if it had managed to fasten its jaws on a finger or hand.

Simon carried it to the foredeck and sliced it into eleven steaks most of which we ate over the next two days until we tired of shark meat.

Five days out of Gibraltar, and 663 miles later we sailed down the east coast of Lanzarote as the moonlit night filled in entering Puerto Calero at 03.30. This marina, named after property developer Pepe Calero, was delightful, it is inexpensive, the fingers are adequate and the services excellent. The bars and restaurants are a delight and the security is about the best we have seen anywhere.

A new hard standing with a sixty ton lift and a shed which could accommodate *Hylasia* for a respray job with the mast standing has just been completed, prices are dearer than in the marina, but we believe the company running the yard are aware of the difficulty most yachtsmen will have with this and will more than likely come down.

The nearby city of Arrecife has at least two good chandleries, where prices are less than half of those in Ireland,

HYLASIA

there is a choice of supermarkets all of which are very good and some of the engineering shops can turn almost any shape of stainless steel.

Simon had to fly back to help with the harvest. We stayed for some four months, made many friends and were very sorry to leave. We were invited to peoples' homes and in between socialising spent our days working on the boat in the morning, taking a siesta after lunch and then revving up our little dinghy in the evening to leave the harbour and tie up to the navigation buoy where we swam and snorkelled in warm clean water, read books and generally let the world go by, only returning to the yacht near sunset to shower, change and stroll up to one of the dozen restaurants for dinner.

We had to fly back to Dublin to arrange ninetieth birthday parties for both of our mothers and this exercise having been completed successfully flew back to Lanzarote with a young man, called Eugene, who was keen to take on the Atlantic, to make final preparations and let go for the Americas.

We rented a car and began stocking up, which included ordering the entire supply of meats for three weeks, which Ivy was able to have vacuum packed by the butcher in nearby Puerto Carmen when we discovered that water was leaking between the rudder post stuffing box and the hull. We lifted out on the new hoist and eventually found that the lay up was cracked, we cut the glass away, made a template and laid the glass up again. The weather was foul, showery and humid and to cut a long story short we rushed the job. After four days on the hard we launched the boat on 4th December 1999 and sailed to Puerto Mogan on Gran Canaria to pick up a new epiRB.

On this 116 mile passage the boat was fast (clean bottom) responsive and very comfortable, so that we looked forward tremendously to the trans-Atlantic passage, but, to our very great regret this was not to be, at least not this time.

As the sun set we had paid for our epiRB and were ready to go when Ivy asked for a half hour to do some last minute shopping. When she had gone I took down

the panelling in the after cabin to check the stuffing box and found it leaking again, this time badly. We had to sail to Puerto Rico to be lifted out again and go through all of the workload again.

We did not launch until 11th January 2000, steaming the three miles to Puerto Mogan from whence we hoped to rent a car and re-stock the boat. Before I leave Puerto Rico I should state that I would not be happy to leave a boat here, either on the hard or in the water. The security is casual on the hard and the marina subject to very large swell when the wind is from a southerly quarter. The same remarks apply to Mogan. The yard has no protection from

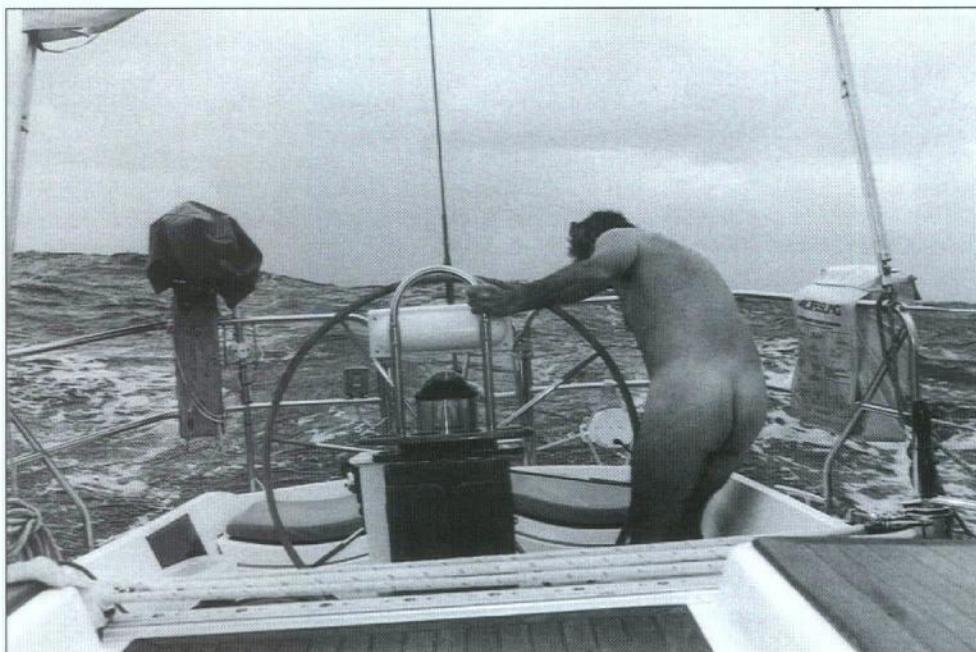
the public whatsoever and the marina berths are subject to very large swells in southerlies, frequent enough in the winter.

Ivy ordered vacuum packed meat in Las Palmas (Cortes Ingles) where we bought our fruit and vegetables, not forgetting our wines and table water (we had decided to keep our tank water for showering and washing up). We loaded on two hundred and fifty litres of extra diesel in plastic drums (which Ivy found ready for dumping in Calero) an Aquagen 4 generator, a second forestay to take a hank-on yankee and we were ready to go. Only problem was we did not know quite where we were going.

Having spent such a long time in preparing the boat we did not feel like rushing and the prospect of sailing to the West Indies via either the Cape Verdes or Brazil excited us. We decided to play it by ear and see what the weather produced.

On 18th January we left Mogan in a glorious northeasterly making seven and a half knots, which breeze did not sustain itself until dinner time. These slack airs continued for two and a half days forcing us to resort to the iron spinnaker.

Nevertheless, we enjoyed ourselves enormously, revelling in the cold beer, lovely sunsets, and delicious cuisine. The wild life was always interesting, including a species of dolphin we had not seen before and a pod of pilot whales on our course



Squall time – shower time!!

exactly and only fifty metres to port. We also saw an octopus, quite close to the surface, which somebody described in the log book as a "man-eating beast". Jesting aside it really was enormous, about half the size of your average dolphin. West of the Canaries we began to find flying-fish on the deck every morning and although they were quite small they certainly were tasty to eat.

Our average speed was as slow as five knots and we were beginning to wonder if we would ever encounter the trade winds, which forced me to hold down to the southwest. The Cape Verdes were looming closer and closer on this course and we had already burned about forty litres of diesel (we burn two litres an hour at 1,500rpm) so it seemed sensible to fulfill our ambition to someday see the islands and pick up some fuel to boot.

After almost exactly seven days and 839 miles later we sailed into the anchorage at Mindello (Puerto Grande) on the island of St. Vincent where we were to spend the next seven days. We employed a boat minder (two pounds a day) who provided twenty four hour cover and rowed us ashore and in addition showed us where to find the post office, bank etc.

Our minder told us to lift our dinghy at night and we noticed that when we rowed ourselves ashore he delegated someone to stand guard. We did not feel too happy with this arrangement and the next day moved to drop our hook beside a ship, steaming astern to tie our stern to the ship and plug in our electrical cable. We enjoyed showers and toilets and a bar and could go ashore in a launch whenever we wanted (up to 02.30)

I am not sure if this would be classified as a marina at home, but, it was a novel idea by a Swiss man who fell in love with the place three years ago, and managed to acquire a very old ship, which he anchored close to the shore. He has rigged a makeshift office to which he has connected a landline and calls down a weather facsimile everyday and if you asked him nicely would permit of one using his email facility.

We have never visited such a barren-looking place, it was like a lunarscape, but interesting. It felt just like we imagined the Canaries must have been like eighty years ago, the people were very poor, almost like Mozambique but, extraordinarily helpful. There is a café in the main street called Café Lisboa which is one of the most enjoyable cafes we have ever visited and not only kept fax messages for us but on the day we were leaving sent a man down to the beach to shout out to us that a message had arrived for the "Irish trans-Atlantic sailors".

One day we took a taxi ride to the peak overlooking the harbour, about eight kilometres or so, and were astonished to find that the road was paved with tiny hand-laid cobbles.

There were two acceptable restaurants, which were so inexpensive that we kept a receipt as a souvenir. We paid just over two pounds for excellent Portuguese Reserva. Ivy had a big problem with the bank here, ATM machines being unknown, and whilst they would offer cash against a visa or access card they charged for the telephone call which made this little transaction expensive, very expensive. We recommend that one takes along a goodly supply of US dollars.

One day we walked to the yard where they were reputed to be able to haul yachts on a railway and were just in time to watch them launch a 45 foot Dutch ketch. The system works but it does involve a lot of people with snorkels diving to make sure the boat is floating free, it has to be done on a high tide, and wait for it, the final tug to freedom is performed by the largest trawler (35 foot) using her capstan to haul like mad, if your nerves are able for that then take it that one can lift out in Mindello.

Be a little careful with the lift-out though, just before we arrived a German boat had to come out, so they floated her on to the sled and hauled hard leaving her high and dry in the yard. The problem is that they only have one rail, and the next day



One mako for dinner.

somebody persuaded the yard foreman to haul a 70 foot Azorean trawler which was suffering from severely rotting timbers, the lads from the Azores got to work overnight and ripped the entire port hand side out, exposing her innards. We estimated it would take six months or more to re-plank the trawler, which means the German yacht ain't going anywhere, if you see what I mean.

Before leaving the Cape Verdes I should state that, before going there make sure you carry every conceivable spare that will fit on your boat, otherwise be prepared for a very long sojourn, and yes you have guessed it, I would not leave a boat there, even with a minder.

We hauled our anchor on 2nd February and setting the main and full genny sailed out between the moored craft to a roaring reception from a *harmattan* (easterly wind from the Sahara which severely restricts visibility and paints everything bright red, including our beautiful new snow white bimini).

Sailing westward wing and wing in the sound between Sao Antoa and Sao Vicente we experienced a very heavy seaway with gusts in excess of 45 knots, one wave nearly pitchpoling *Hylasia* (not an easy thing to do) and in the attempt, managing to burst one of harken blocks on the mainsail track. We dropped the main and quickly assessed that as we had used up all of our harken spares in Lanzarote the best we could manage, and then only when the weather quietened down, was a triple-reefed main.

Our main is a fully-battened Genesis Sobstad and I made a snap decision to proceed, mainly because I did not relish the thought of bashing up into the seas and because it would have taken an eternity to have a delivery made to Mindello, but also



Hylasia in Mindello.

because I reckoned that even though I had not previously sailed the boat with three reefs we should be capable of five or six knots in a good breeze with the sobstad. In the end we averaged just over seven knots across the Atlantic, we were lucky.

The next day having run away from the influence of land the wind died to 15/18 knots allowing us to set the triple-reefed main which gave us a 156 mile day. We then had 176 and 170 with the highest gust 31 knots and we were working a lot harder than on the trip to the Verdes.

On the fourth day out we decided that we needed some more electricity to help the aquagen, which was giving us a bit of trouble. Because our boat speed was frequently in excess of 8.5 knots the propellor spent more time in the air than in the water. We changed the blades and lengthened the rope but things did not improve. We badly needed more volts, our house bank was dropping to around 11.9v. No problem, start the engine, baroom, lovely sound, lovely smoke, plenty of exhaust water, but, no bloody amps, the alternator was down. We tried all of the tricks like short sharp bursts on the throttle, but all to no avail.

This little problem was not going to worry Henry was it? No sir, at first light I popped into a locker and lo and behold what did I find but a spare 56 amp alternator. We took off the dicky one and fitted the spare, not at all easy in the seaway, and would you believe it, of course you would, you are all mad enough to sail the oceans in small boats, it too would not charge.

Over the next few days we spent all of our spare time trying to entice either alternator to perform we even re-wired half of the boat, no go. Reluctantly I had to shut down the fridge and steer mostly by hand, at the same time announcing that from now on we would hurtle down the waves without navigation lights and eat dinner by candlelight.

This proved a blessing in disguise because one of Eugene's stricter than strict rules was that under no circumstances would he ever contemplate placing a warm beer within two metres of

his gob, and guess what, you've guessed it, I do not suffer from phobias like this and happily doubled up.

One blessing about steering by hand in fresh to strong trade winds is that the sailing can be really exciting and exciting it was, I vividly recall spending one entire watch on a moonlit night hurtling down big seas and I really did not wish it to end.

An added bonus, especially when sailing a limping yacht, was that the noon to noon run never dropped below 160 miles, with one 180 day which was much better than we had expected with a triple-reefed main, there were times when we felt we might achieve a very quick passage.

During this period we heard a bang one day in about 25 knots and surfaced to find a brand new spectra jib halyard had parted. We dropped the sail and changed over to the number 2 halyard, but found it quite difficult to hold the yacht up into the wind to enable the re-hoist to be made. This little operation took over one hour.

The easterly, fresh to strong never let up and strangely seemed to pipe up at night. On the final Sunday at sea (ten days out of the Verdes) we almost had a sorry tale to tell. The wind was fresh and the boat speed 7.5 knots, wing to wing, I was poring over the chart snug as a bug at the chart table when I suddenly realised I was airborne, what must have been a very angry wave had smacked into our starboard quarter and pitched me across the saloon bringing me up against a pillar on which I mangled three ribs. I can only recall two other memories of this incident, which is hollering like a bull before I ended up on the saloon floor and some fool rubbing whiskey on my chest instead of my throat. This injury was to prove particularly difficult during the next four weeks or so, making it necessary for me to slide on my bum if I needed to get to the cockpit and even when we had reached the shore it proved restrictive and very painful. It did force us to reflect on how I would have managed if I had gone single-handed.

Between one thing and another we managed a fair deal of zig zagging in that we commenced by making for Grenada, then altered to Barbados when the electricity supply failed, finally when it began to appear that we might make it alive and well, Ivy, reading her pilot book aloud, overrode the skipper and ordered a course correction for St. Lucia on the basis that we needed a real electrician to repair the alternators and these were rumoured to be smarter in St. Lucia.

So it came to pass, twelve days out of St. Vincent, after 2,186 miles GPS distance, still with a triple-reefed mainsail, still without cold beer, thank goodness, and with the other two lousers sheltering down below out of a tropical downpour, I sailed *Hylasia* into Rodney Bay, dropped the sails and with rotten visibility eventually found the entrance to the marina precisely at 07.30.

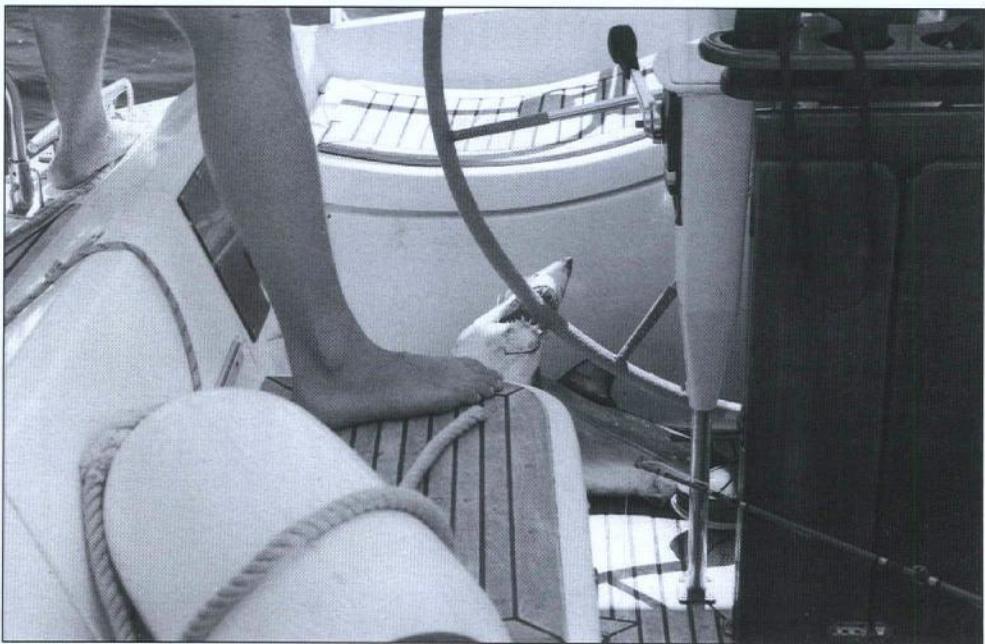
Some reflections

We originally gave the ARC a little thought, even though we dislike package holidays, eventually becoming very negative for reasons that with hindsight were valid. Since Jimmy Cornell sold the company to English interests, in addition to the standard fee, a new charge of some £40 has been levied on each crew member. We had a difficulty with this if only because the ARC company had been profitable under Cornell and if one assumed the average crew to be four this represented a thirty five per cent increase in charges. Secondly all of our friends in Lanzarote repeatedly told us that it was an act of lunacy to cross in November on the grounds that normally the trade winds were very weak or that one could be swiped by a late hurricane (not unknown in November). Again with hindsight this proved accurate, when hurricane Lennie parked over St. Maarten for four days and did some fearful damage to one of the leading boats in the ARC, a Swan 65.

Down the years I have read a good deal about sailing in the trade winds. Everyone emphasises chafe, so I thought I knew what to expect and made a point of checking all of the potential chafe points I could think of daily. I could not emphasise this enough. Our Aquagen had a very expensive braid on braid rope of 12mm and even though we hauled it in daily for checking this nearly caught us out after two days. We had to replace the rope.

We carried a spare hand-held GPS and plenty of batteries, which was a comfort when our charging capacity failed.

Apart from the drum rope and the halyard, the rigging was fine and if going across again with *Hylasia* would again go wing and wing. We had the capacity, by rigging the second forestay, to use twin headsails and no main, but I had not tried that before and decided to go with what I knew and understood for a start and if that worked, ok, to stay with it.



Gybe ho!

Our boat has a low freeboard and our assumption was that she would not roll unduly in a trade wind seaway, we were right.

As regards food we would definitely go with vacuum-packed meat, it lasts a very long time, even without a fridge.

And the range of food it allowed her to prepare for dinner was super, as was Ivy's well known ability to cook dinner no matter what the weather. There was not one evening when she failed to produce a lovely dinner with a glass of wine, although truth to tell occasionally the wine ended up up-ended.

Since returning home some people have asked us about the seastate in strong trade winds, to which we replied that we were surprised at the height of some of the waves and most certainly were knocked about from time to time by the cross seas whenever there was a gale blowing in the north.

In the strait between Sao Antao and Sao Vicente I saw seas more menacing than any others I have encountered, almost pitch poling *Hylasia* and again between Martinique and St. Lucia during a line squall and just before dawn, I saw seas that I would not like to tackle in a smaller boat and most certainly would not contemplate going to weather in.

Our total mileage since leaving Almerimar was 4,476 and between the Verdes and St. Lucia the GPS mileage was 2,186 with only just about four hours spent steaming. Thus we enjoyed ten days entirely under sail, which is the longest Ivy and I have experienced. We did cover a bit more than the GPS mileage because of our various course changes, however, not taking these into account our average was 7.05 knots and given that we had to devote a great deal of time when off watch to our attempts to make electricity we were well pleased with this and considered ourselves lucky.

If we had sailed directly from Gran Canaria to St. Lucia and allowing for the doldrums round about the Canaries we reckon the passage would have taken about 16 or 16.5 days.

Would we do it again? ... to-morrow!

Down home miniatures

W.M. Nixon

In her ten years in our ownership, *Witchcraft of Howth* has been south to Galicia and north to Foroyar, southeast to St Malo and northwest to St Kilda. She has visited many ports and anchorages between these places – more than two hundred in all – and for good measure, she has been round Ireland four times. Yet in 2000, she got no further south than Dun Laoghaire, and no further north than Rockabill.

It was just one of those years. Ed was saving his leave to do the ARC in November with Pete Adams on the Oyster 55 *Modus Vivendi* ICC. Harry was under increasing family pressures. And I had an appointment with the surgeon's knife in mid-May. Or more accurately, with the surgeon's knife, saw, drill, grinder, suction pump, hammer, glue-pot and needle. The starboard hip was no longer seaworthy.

So all cruising ambitions were miniaturised into the coast between Skerries and Dalkey, and inevitably the activity concentrated on the shoulders of the season. But then, a few hours of fine sailing snatched in April or October can be as good for the spirits as a couple of days of cruising in high summer. And as our one-day mini-cruises were often made with late summer visitors seeing the locality for the first time, their amazed delight that such places were virtually within city limits re-kindled our own enthusiasm for the coast of Fingal.

Lambay is of course the jewel in the crown. There are half a dozen anchorages of varying quality, so it's very seldom that you can't find somewhere to drop the hook in a reasonable lee. And as the best thing we ever did to the boat was to fit her out with an adult anchoring arrangement, re-anchoring was no bother if the first choice proved uncomfortable.

Seal Hole, the best place when the wind is steadily in the northwest, was enchanting on St Patrick's Day, and we feasted mightily on Irish stew. Easter Monday wasn't looking so good, but the weather brightened by mid-morning, and others on Howth marina, including Enda Connellan who was allegedly down for a day's re-fitting on his own boat, were soon persuaded away to sea.

As Chief Executive of Dublin Port, Enda could justify the jaunt as a survey of his traditional pilotage area, which extends north to Rockabill. We found a pleasant sunlit anchorage in Swallow Cove, more prosaically known as Saltpans Bay, and lunched well while the seabirds on the cliffs moved busily into their breeding season.

The wildlife is astonishing, considering the nearby presence of Greater Dublin. Seals are so prolific that there's even talk of a cull. More welcome in late season were porpoises, very much a rarity these days. And there are seabirds in abundance – kittiwakes, guillemots, razorbills, shearwaters and puffins on the cliffs of Lambay and Ireland's Eye, while the black guillemot now nests in the pier-face in Howth Harbour.

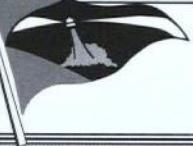
But the glory of it all has to be the new gannetry on The Stack at Ireland's Eye. The first pair settled barely ten years ago. Now, they have taken much of it over. When I'd become semi-mobile again, a successful spot of mackerel fishing with Davy McBride on a sunny Sunday was rounded out by *Witchcraft* manoeuvring right in under the Stack the better to appreciate the gannets swooping and hovering in the updrafts from the brisk sou'easterly seabreeze. It was as good as the mighty gannetry of Stac Lee out at St Kilda.

That simplest of pleasures, mackerel fishing, somehow assumed special importance, and in early August after the routine post-op x-ray inspection showed everything properly in place, I celebrated by nipping out that evening with Ed and Brendan Cassidy on a mackerel hunt, with the former in top catching form which he subsequently excelled on a day of summer perfection up at Lambay. There is simply nothing as good as a leisurely lunch of freshly caught mackerel in the comfortable saloon of a cruising boat.

Simple pleasures were the keynote. The re-found delight of experiencing an able boat sailing quietly on her way. Or the

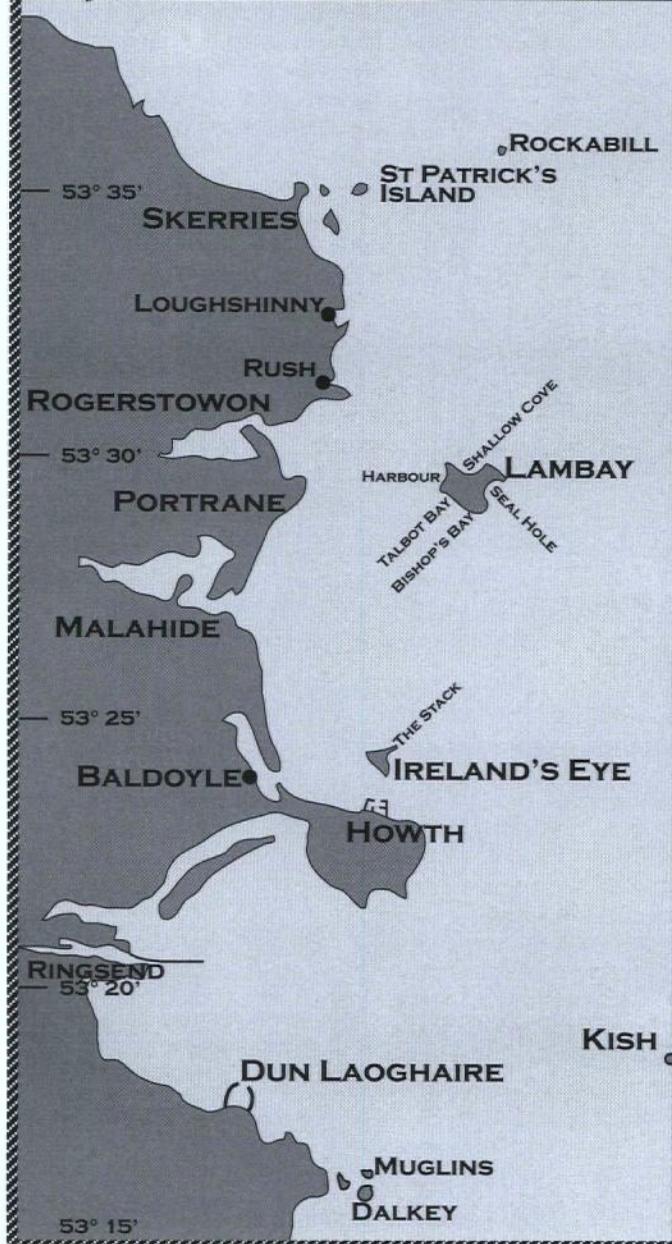


Man at work, and on a Bank Holiday too. Captain Enda Connellan, Chief Executive of Dublin Port, inspects his northern pilotage area around Lambay on Easter Monday.
Photo: WM Nixon



IRISH CRUISING CLUB 2000

WITCHCRAFT



gentle celebration of obscure anniversaries. The Howth 17s have made a remarkable contribution of personnel and ideas to the ICC over the years. In 2000, they invented the Rolling Centenary.

The first five boats were built by Hilditch of Carrickfergus in 1898, and that initial Centenary was celebrated at Carrick and Howth two years ago. Then the next three boats were built by Clancy of Dun Laoghaire in 1900. Clearly, another Centenary was in prospect. Fred Espey ICC owned the 17-Footer *Rosemary* from 1965 to 1970. He bought her from the legendary

Buddy Thompson, her owner since 1932, and thus Fred was the last owner to have a 17-Footer in commission in Dun Laoghaire.

As Vice Commodore Royal Irish YC, he said that if the Howth 17s could get themselves over to Dun Laoghaire, he'd see about hosting a party and a Sail-past to celebrate the Rolling Centenary.

Where most organisations find that energy generates friction, the Howth 17 Association relies on friction to generate energy. By the time a date in late August was finally agreed and the energy thereby generated to activate it, I was sufficiently recovered to sail *Witchcraft* over as a mother ship in case they needed a tow home.

In the event, the afternoon's sunny sou'easter made the day, and gave a fine sail home. The three Centenarians – *Pauline* (Pat Heydon), *Zaida* (Tom Houlihan) and *Anita* (Brendan Cassidy) – were duly feted, and we even got a photo of Davy Jones and George Curley, current owners of the *Rosemary*, with the famous bust of their illustrious predecessor Buddy Thompson. As for the Sail-past right in front of the Irish, it was in itself historic, as the new Dun Laoghaire Marina now makes such things virtually impossible.

So this curious season of miniatures rolled gently along. We'd an urge to take a closer look at Rockabill, and the first Saturday of October found *Witchcraft* tramping north on a grey day. With Brendan Cassidy and Paul Staunton as shipmates, I had no need to talk – the debate was in full flow on every possible topic, and quite a few impossible ones.

Rockabill is famous for its thriving colony of roseate terns, so an Autumn visit is preferred by the nature conservationists, but Autumn means lumpy seas with hostile landing conditions. And in truth, with the seabirds mostly gone and the lighthouse now so obviously unmanned, it was a sad enough place with the unoccupied keepers' houses seeming very empty indeed.

But we'd come north so quickly that a lunchtime visit to Skerries was firmly on the cards. Skerries in the Autumn has its own special flavour, and closing the shore we saw something outlandish. The big windmill in the middle of town was turning steadily in the brisk sou'west breeze. If the windmill in Skerries can be restored to working life, then anything is possible.

So in the best of humour we berthed outside *Korsar* – formerly very much an ICC boat in Jack MacKeown and then Robert Mollard's ownership – which was alongside a fishing boat, and then made our number in Joe May's, which is, after P.J.'s of Carlingford, as near as you can get to a West Cork pub on Ireland's east coast. And there the world was put to rights.

A miniature cruise being under way, a late lunch had to be taken in another harbour. The coast of Fingal has many hidden



Rockabill in October.

Photo: WM Nixon



Birthday boys. With Fred Espy ICC (second left) are Howth 17 Centenarians (left to right) Pat Heydon (*Pauline*), Tom Houlihan (*Zaida*), and Brendan Cassidy ICC (*Anita*). *Photo: WM Nixon*

coves. Rush, for instance, used to be Ireland's most active privateering and smuggling port. Immediately south of it, Rogerstown Inlet is a classic little estuary anchorage where Pat Walshe of Dun Laoghaire, one of the true founding fathers of

the south, anchored close in nor'east of Cable Rock we were well out of the worst of it, and our solid displacement dampened the rest.

Paul had prepared *chili con carne* as only he can, there were perfect Rush potatoes for the traditionalists, and a couple of bottles of a robust Rioja. The conversation moved onto a higher plane. The sun came out. On the evening tide, a Mermaid sailed out from Rogerstown to say hello. Having been designed by John Kearney, Mermaids are special for ICC folk. We calculated our departure to a nicety, sailing home in the sunset, and returning to our berth at dusk. You can go further, and have much more spectacular experiences. But it had been good for the year that was in it.

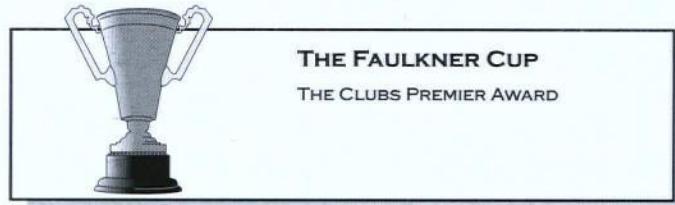
And as for anyone contemplating hip replacement, be warned. Whatever the medication is that they've given me since the operation, it has resulted in a complete loss of my taste for pints of Guinness. I just cannot contemplate the stuff. You may have noticed it was widely reported with some distress in September that sales of Guinness in Ireland are down 4 per cent. Tough.



Davy Jones (left) and George Curley with the bust of Buddy Thompson, legendary owner of their Howth 17 *Rosemary* from 1932 to 1965. *Photo: WM Nixon*

Trespassers on Ostrov Viktoria

John Gore-Grimes



Dmitry Shparo, the President of the Adventure Club of Moscow wrote to me on 5th July, 2000 to say... "we understand that you are ready to pay \$12,000 U.S. for getting permissions. You will transfer \$3,000 U.S. in advance as wages for the employees who will prepare all of the documentation. The rest of \$9,000 U.S. you will transfer to our bank account after you will get all permissions".

This "understanding" was entirely unilateral and I had not heard of the suggested fee of \$12,000 U.S. prior to 5th July. I had tried to get a visa through the Russian Embassy in Dublin and through the Irish Embassy in Moscow but neither could help. With some misgivings and with a sense of desperation I responded to Dmitry's email on 11th July by transferring \$3,000 U.S. to the Bank of Nova Scotia Ontario, Canada – account holder, Dmitry Shparo.

Having failed to reach Franz Josef Land in 1989 and again in 1998, this year was to be my third and final attempt. In 1989 the late Tom Watson (C.C.A) had phoned his friend, Eduard Shevardnadze and six visas issued instantly. 1989 was a bad ice year and we reached 77° 51' 44" N 55° 29' 32" E before being caught in the ice. The Shevardnadze visa was strictly limited to Hies Island on Franz Josef Land but we trespassed on Nova Zemlya for about 27 hours without meeting a single Russian.

In 1998 I did not trouble to apply for a visa because the ice charts made it clear that our objective was impossible. We pushed further north towards Franz Josef Land and reached 78° 22' 01" N 55° 24' 64" E. Our persistence left us trapped in the ice for 5½ days.

As the ice charts from the Norwegian Met Office reached me, in July of this year, it became clear that we could reach the southern tip of Franz Josef Land at Cape Flora. By the time we set sail on 21st July there was about 40 miles of 3/10ths ice to the south of the Archipelago but it would take an estimated 3½ weeks to get there and in that time we could expect a further clearance. It looked so good that Dr. Otto Glaser of the Irish Austrian Society had a plaque inscribed to commemorate our possible visit to the island and the landing on Franz Josef Land by its discoverers Julius Von Payer and Karl Weyprecht of the Austro-Hungarian Army and Navy respectively. At the time of our departure we had no visa but while in Lerwick Dmitry's email of 24th July was faxed to us. Mr. Yu. Bogaevski, The Deputy Chief of the General Headquarters Armed Forces has issued a refusal which reads:

"Due to regime regulations the

foreigners are not allowed to enter the area of the Archipelago"

Our departure from Howth was at 14.00 on 21st July, 2000. The sun was bright and the winds were light as we motor-sailed up the Irish Sea and through the North Channel. On board were Robert Pendleton, Reggie Revill, Peter Culleton and Nicholas Healy. Kieran Jameson had married recently and was enjoying his honeymoon in Greece. He was to join us in Lerwick in the Shetlands.

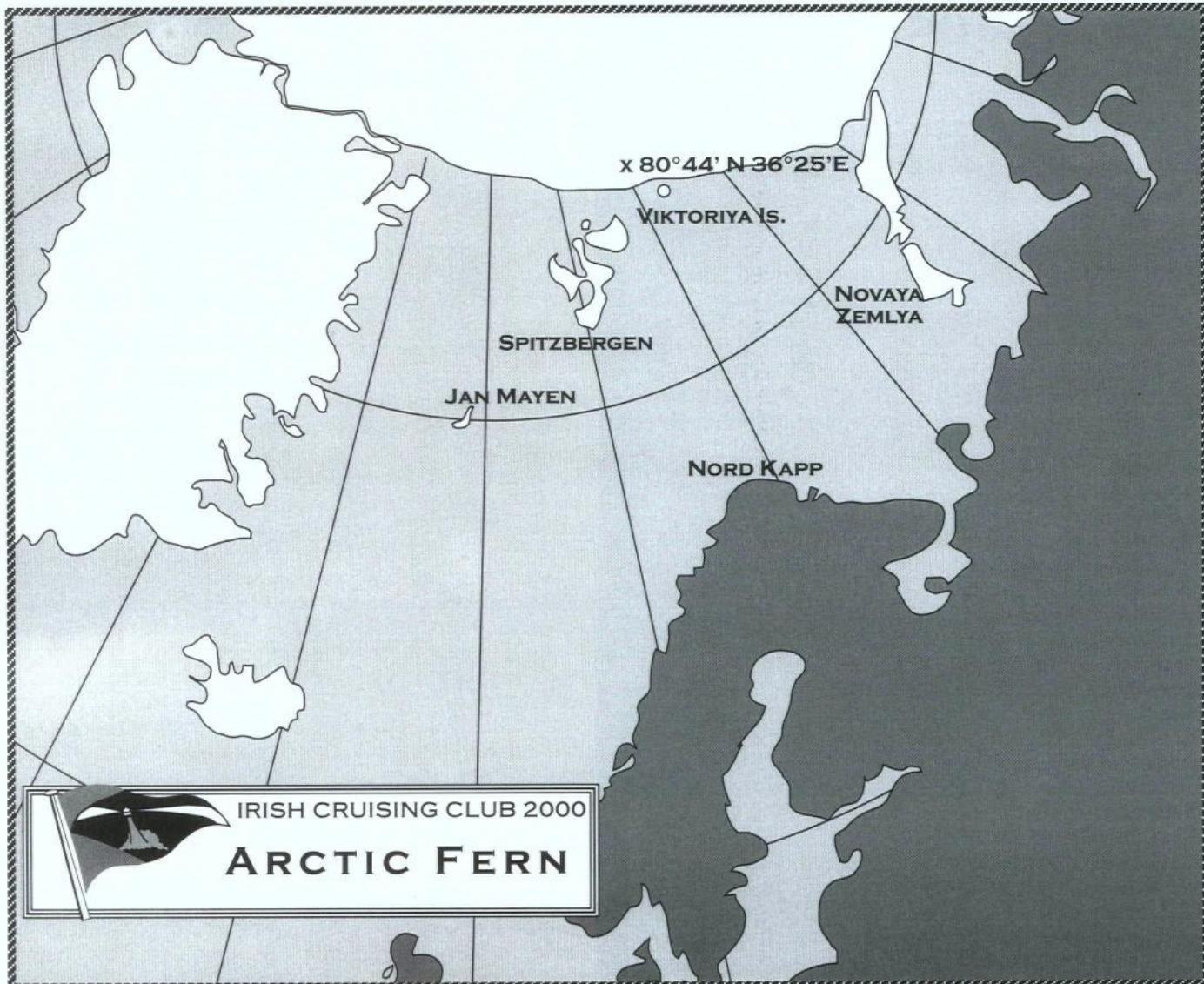
Robert had sailed on *Arctic Fern* to 78° N plus in 1998. Reggie had done a transatlantic crossing in 1979 on board *Shardana*. Peter had sailed to 78° N plus in 1989 aboard *Shardana*. I had sailed with Kieran on *Finndabar* in 1984 when we competed in the Three Peaks Race. Both Kieran and Nick had done delivery trips on *Arctic Fern* from Hamble to Howth. Four of the crew are members of the ICC but all have a pedigree which, in canine language, would certainly qualify them for Crufts.

Hiccups occurred and the first was at 06.00 when Reggie came off watch and handed over to Robert. Reggie's log entry read "clearing Belfast Lough Ferris etc." When I came on deck we had come up by the south of the Maidens and were passing east of them. This was a particularly dangerous manoeuvre and we were lucky to have cleared the mess to the south of the Maidens and even more fortunate to have avoided the rocks to the east. The Highland Pole was right before our eyes with proper terrorist rocks to the east of it.

"Well," I said to Reggie. "What brings us here? The passage notes in the log and the XTE should have kept you to the west of these virgin rocks – but by jove sir ... you are to the east". In fact the dialogue was less restrained and I berated Reggie and his ancestors vehemently. Reggie replied that my writing was



Landing on the deserted spy station at Ostrov Viktoria.



illegible. He said "you write like a calligrapher with diarrhoea and you given me such a hard time that I am going to my bunk to sulk for three hours".

We hurried along and rounded Orsay to pass to the east of Tiree. We were on the way to Staffa to have a look at Fingal's Cave. I could not help thinking how very reasonably Reggie had behaved under fire. His comment about going for a three hour sulk was completely disarming. I telephoned Pat Colleran in Beaumont Hospital and all on board wished him well.

As we passed Iona it was peaceful. The spiritual calm of the island cast its reflection over a flat sunlit sea and the mornings screamings seemed as if they had occurred 1,000 years ago. I can never decide if Fingal's Cave is magnificent, disappointing or just plain ordinary. In an attempt to give it a chance I warned the first time visitors not to expect too much. As we pulled away from the cave, having peered into its darkest recesses, the general consensus was, "magnificent". We were bound for the Cairns of Coll.

The wind filled in after midnight on Sunday 23rd July and we reached Oigh Sgeir and on to Neist Point where the wind died and the flat glassy sea was filled with young puffins, guillemots and razorbills experiencing their first summer on earth and trying hard to remember what their parents had taught them on the subject of catching sprat. We passed Vaternish and as we headed to clear An T-Isagan, I spoke to Pat once more on the phone. His response was weak and all aboard prayed, in different ways, for an impossible miracle.

By midday we had passed Eileann Troddy and were beating in 18 knots true from the NE. We crossed the North Minch and tacked back to the mainland into a bay with the apt and handsome name of "Bad Call Bay". It was rock strewn.

At 01.00 on Monday 24th July, Cape Wrath was abeam and we beat onwards aiming for Noup Head on the NW corner of the Orkney's. We sailed into a grey drizzly dawn tacking one way and the other and hoping, all the time, that the wind would obey the shipping forecast and back to west of north. It never did. We passed Sule Skerry and called up the station to learn that there were contractors ashore preparing the lighthouse for the green era of the future when the lamp and its trappings will be powered by a mix of wind and solar power.

There was no reply from Pat when I called him at 11.00. At 15.00 we learnt that Pat had died twenty minutes earlier. This was sad news indeed and the winds and fast flying mist merely increased the gloom. The "little wooly man" with whom I had shared so many adventures in Greenland, was gone. We had lost a great sailor and a great friend.

The bumping and the banging continued all day and night with white water washing across the deck and fast moving pellets of spray forcefully striking the helmsman. The alternator packed up but we were able to charge the batteries with the generator until the fuel line airlocked some hours later. Reggie had a good idea! He dived into the engine compartment armed with a heavy spanner. We heard a thump. "Now try it". We did but in spite of Reggie's appliance of science, nothing happened.

Nick thought about the airlock and its causes. He put his head into the engine room and did some bleeding. The generator coughed and took off only to come to a full stop twenty minutes later.

Beating into 20/25 knots of wind always feels like a gale but if you were going the other way it would only be a moderate breeze. We looked at a short, sloppy sea and wished that it would do a 180° turn. The solenoid on the gas tank broke down and Reggie went forward to the chain locker carrying the heavy spanner. He gave it a thump and this time it worked. Robert ignited the cooker and we drank warming soup with water biscuits for lunch.

Tuesday came along with the same head winds and grey mist. We passed Sumburg Head and only caught a glimpse of it when we were close too. Kieran's chances of landing at Sumburg Airport looked poor. We motor sailed north of Perrie Bard and passed the Taing of Ham and Kirkabister Ness before tying up alongside the south pier in Lerwick at 16.55.

Pints of 80 Bob seemed more pressing than the jobs list, so the merriment commenced in the Queen's Hotel, the Thule Bar and The Noost. Kieran had arrived on one of the few planes to land at the airport close to Sumburg Head. He was in great form on arrival and a few pints of 80 Bob further improved his good humour.

A chastened crew started work on Wednesday morning. The sun was shining. It was far too bright. Peter discovered water in the generator fuel filter and fixed it permanently. He changed the engine oil and filters in both the main engine and the generator. Reggie found a genius who looked at the alternator. It was taken away, bench tested and found to be defective. It was sent to the Scottish mainland to be rewound. A mountain of supplies were purchased and stowed onboard. We ate a Chinese meal in "The Great Wall" which sits on top of the bus station. There was no news of the generator from the mainland. Everything had been cleaned, and cleaned again for good measure so there was little else to do except talk nonsense and drink more pints of 80 Bob in Captain Flints Bar. This pub had quickly become our favourite because we fantasised about the girl who pulled the pints. Nick ran out of cash and conducted weighty business dealings in the Bank of Scotland. When he returned there was a letter from the Bank of Scotland enclosing a brochure of a pleasant crofter's cottage. The letter thanked Nick for his agreement to purchase the premises and requested a deposit of £3,000.00. Nick rang his Solicitor in Dublin (his brother Andrew). The matter remained a mystery for some days and Nick claimed never to have met Ms. McTavish of the Bank of Scotland. He had no memory of purchasing the cottage, but that did not seem to catch him by surprise. Eventually the truth unfolded. Kieran and Reggie had persuaded the receptionist at the Queen's Hotel to type the letter for them. P.C.'s are a dangerous bit of goods.

We fuelled up on Saturday morning and set sail for the Lofoten Islands, passing between the main Shetland island and Bressay, on to the Grif Skerry and the Out Skerries which were hidden by thick fog as we passed close by guided by radar. The winds were light and although the main and genoa were drawing, we set the engine at 1500 revs to maintain speed. Our course was to take us north of the main concentration of North Sea oil rigs but there were still a few close to our track which required constant radar vigilance. In fact we only found a single stationary target 3.5 miles to port. At 18.50 we were at 61° 00' 30" N and we crossed to the east of the Greenwich meridian. Just before midnight we were hailed by a cable-laying vessel and they requested us to alter course by 20° to the north. We could see the vessel on the radar just over two miles away but the fog persisted and we never saw its lights. An hour later they called us and advised us that we could resume our

course. The exchange on the airwaves had been professional and courteous.

The next morning saw us motoring across a flat windless sea with the genoa rolled in. There were patches of drizzle but at midday we had a most rewarding sight. There were a dozen large whales about the boat, two cables off. Some were further out but we could see the tell-tale spray of white water blowing about 20 feet or more into the air. The jet of spray from the blowhole of a whale is a cruel piece of design which, on account of its high degree of conspicuity, has greatly contributed to the diminishing numbers of these fine mammals at the hands of Earth's most savage and deadly predator.

Four days later as the Lofoten Islands rose out of the sea there were patches of white snow on their peaks. Kieran sighted two sailing boats which the binoculars later identified as the *Christian Radich*, a substantial two masted sail-training ship. That evening Robert cooked a dinner which would compare favourably with the very best that the Ritz Hotel could offer. We drifted towards Svolvaer passing between Skraven and Mohohn to tie up at the pier at 09.10 on Wednesday 2nd August.

The Lofoten Islands and the surrounding area offers cruising which compares favourably with West Cork or Scotland. The price of alcohol is alarming and I think that the record was £6.50 for a half pint. Norway is not a member of the E.U. so you can get bonded stores in Dublin if you are sailing there. It is just eight days sailing from Howth to the Lofotens.

We had the usual jobs list to attend to. Peter again changed the engine oil and filter on the main engine. Kieran went aloft to check the rigging and found all to be in order. Robert and I did the shopping which involved purchasing fresh fruit, fresh vegetables, frozen meats and fish. We were making good use of the deep freeze and the huge quantity of tins which we had taken with us remained unopened. We took on fuel but the water-maker had already filled the water tanks. The work was completed by 5 o'clock and we sat outside in 19°C sipping beer before dining at the Borsen restaurant. We had visited the restaurant in 1998 and the standards remain extremely high. It was an old fisherman's shed which has been tastefully converted. We spoke with some Norwegians who told us that relations between Norway and Mr. Putin's Government were at an all time low. Norway has recently installed a large Radar Station at Vardo close to the Russian border. Its purpose, like the domes on Mount Gabriel in West Cork, is to monitor Civil Aviation. The IRA set the Mount Gabriel Domes alight some years ago believing that they were part of a NATO network. It appears that the Russians want to do the same to the Vardo Domes. Norwegian vessels have been prohibited from entering Russian Territorial Waters and this has prevented a joint



"Anyone for ice?" John Gore-Grimes' *Arctic Fern* heads seaward from Howth Harbour at the start of her northern voyage, Friday July 21st 2000.

Photo: W.M.Nixon

Russian/Norwegian Scientific Programme for the rejuvenation of fish stocks in the Barents Sea. After such serious discussion we ended up in a Night Club dancing like the Dervish and drinking beer with abandon, without a thought of the cost. Some Norwegians came back aboard *Arctic Fern* to sample Paddy Whiskey, which they greatly admired. In return they gave us some home made jams, brown bread and a side of smoked salmon.

We left Svolvaer at 02.00 on Thursday 3rd August bound for the North Cape.

We entered Honningsvag harbour in a dense fog finding our way in with the radar. We tied up at 07.40 on Saturday 5th August. We called to the Harbour Master's office where there were a pile of ice charts showing a fringe of 3/10's ice to the south of Cape Flora. With a little persistence it was achievable. At the bottom of the pile was an email from Dmitry:

"I have received a letter from the Director of Environment for Arctic Areas to say that he has no objection to your visit to Cape Flora on Franz Josef Land. The categorical refusal of Mr. Yu. Bogavski is still in force. I will try to have a meeting with Mr. Kvashin, the Chief of the General Headquarters Military Forces, and hand over our request once more. There is still hope. Let us wait for a couple more days".

We had hoped to spend Saturday and Sunday in Honningsvag and depart for Franz Josef Land as soon as the shopping had been completed Monday. Our departure was delayed until Wednesday evening, 9th August as Dmitry sent two further emails urging us to wait.

Honningsvag has got much busier, with large cruise liners calling there most days to deposit their human contents into centrally heated, air conditioned buses which take them in about 40 minutes to the centrally heated door of the Interpretative Centre and the North Cape. There they drink coffee, eat cakes and have the opportunity of buying some of the worst souvenirs that I have ever seen. The Interpretative Centre is on five floors, built into the cliff with viewing windows for those who are keen enough to try and get a glimpse of the midnight sun.

Tourists never see the heart of Honningsvag. The central pier in the harbour still has a host of characters who assemble

each morning. They drink seriously until five or six in the evening. We gave them a 40 oz bottle of Powers to help them with their deliberations.

The Nooden Bar is a good place to meet merchant seamen and fishermen and we told them of our problems with visas. The advice was clear and unanimous. "Don't do it!"

They talked of the Vardo Radar Station and the bad relations which exist at the moment. Mr. Putin is not to be trusted and the likely outcome of attempting to land on Franz Josef Land was confiscation of the vessel, imprisonment in Murmansk pending trial, a trial after Christmas and a fine of U.S.\$50,000. I asked "is that per person or does that include everybody". Some said it was per person and others felt that it would be one fine to cover all of the crew. This was persuasive stuff which dimmed but not quite extinguished our enthusiasm for Cape Flora.

Oddmar Olsen had been a good friend when we first visited Honningsvag in 1989. We had met him on the "notorious" centre pier. He told us that he had lost his teaching job and was battling with alcohol. We were not quite sure who was winning. He drank Jameson while Reggie and Robert tried a pint of what was claimed to be the most northern Guinness in the world. Robert, who has a stomach which would easily digest nuts and bolts, took one swig and had to run to the front door where Arthur's black brew was deposited on the pavement. No one could drink the most northern pint with the exception of Reggie who is taste blind and deaf. He said "it's fine. Nothing wrong with it". Odd repeated the advice which we had heard about sailing into Russian Territorial Waters. Reggie's response to this was: "***** the Russians. We will go there anyway". With his grey beard and his head close to a sickly pint of Guinness, Reggie seemed older than usual. Odd looked him straight in the eye and said, "you know my friend, for a man who looks so very old, you don't seem to have learnt very much".

The distance from Honningsvag to Cape Flora is 640 miles. The course, once clear of Henes on the east of Mageroy is 042°. It was clear from what we had learned that the Cold War still casts a shadow over Russian Territory north of the 80° parallel. We discussed the matter and concluded that we would be in serious trouble if we tried to defy the ban. We sent an email to Dmitry telling him that we were still in the North Cape and that we looked forward to hearing news from him. We sent an email home to say that we had failed to get visas and had abandoned our attempt to reach Cape Flora. We had been defeated this year by politics rather than by ice.

We steered a course of 042°. Something was still telling us to go to Cape Flora. There were many fishing boats around us on 10th August. The sea was calm with a slight swell and the fulmars glided around the boat at times almost touching the sea surface with the tips of their wings. The few Norwegian boats were easily recognisable. They were clean and well maintained. The more numerous Russian boats were bigger and were rusting badly. When we hailed the nearby boats on the VHF the Norwegians replied in English but the Russians either did not reply or sometimes merely said: "no English". There was much Russian chatter on the airwaves.

The 11th August was a day of



Arctic Fern's crew in Howth on their return from high latitudes. They are (left to right) Peter Culleton, Reggie Reville, Vladimir Ilyich Lenin, Robbie Pendleton, John Gore-Grimes, Kieran Jameson and Nick Healy.

Photo: W.M.Nixon

thick fog and slack winds. We were still headed for Cape Flora when suddenly a smart fishing vessel appeared out of the fog beside us. A smooth-talking, polite Russian called us on channel 16. We then changed to channel 12. "Hello", he said in a Russian/America accent. "Hello my friends. Where are you coming from?" The answer that he wanted and probably knew already was "Ireland" but I replied, "the North Cape". "Oh, I see", he said. "How many persons onboard and where are you going to?" "Six", I replied, "and we are bound for Nordausetland in Svalbard". "Ah! I don't think you will get there. There is too much ice". "Yes", I agreed, "but we might at least go to Hoppen and visit the Norwegians at the radio station there". "I know Hoppen well", he said, "but you have a lot of east in your course which will not take you to Hoppen". I agreed but told him that as he could see we were a sailing boat and that we could not sail directly into the northerly airs. Sometimes we would be to the east of our track and sometimes to the west. "Yes yes", he said, "I wish you a good watch and good sailing but please do not enter Russian Territorial Waters". I told him that we had no intention of doing so and that he would soon see us with more west in our course. I wished him a good watch and good fishing but we believed that the only "fishing" done on that vessel was "fishing for information".

That evening the wind arrived and it was a great joy to give the engine a rest. Nick cooked a hearty dinner and in the peaceful silence we summed up the days events. It was clear that the Russian vessel knew all about us. It was bristling with aerials and had a very large radar scanner. Two more genuine looking fishing boats closed in beside us but nothing was heard on the VHF.

Speeds were slow on Thursday, sailing at between 4 and 4.5 knots, but at least we were conserving fuel. During the afternoon we altered course for 81° N 40° E to keep clear of the territorial waters of Franz Josef Land. As I looked at the chart I spotted a small dot. It said Victoria Island beside it. On checking the Arctic Pilot we learned that the flag of the USSR had been hoisted on Ostrov Viktoria on 28th August 1933. I had an aeronautical chart showing the world above 80° north and the Island appeared clearly on it at 80° 09' N 36° 43' E. No one on board had ever heard of this island before 16.00 on 11th August. During the evening we crossed 75° N. The VHF was still spluttering away in Russian and at midnight once again there were two large Russian trawlers on either side of us. Peter reported that they came dangerously close and that he had trouble avoiding them. There were five more Russian trawlers in sight during the next hour. We continued to sail on 12th August and the speed increased to 5 plus knots. The water temperature was plus 4°C and we were well able to make fresh water, even at those low temperatures.

Reggie took the helm in the afternoon and decided that the boat sailed better at 335° although the required course was 358° which we could easily hold. Kieran followed and was given the 335° course. Nick came on and once again the 335° course was passed on to him. When I came up I found that we had gone 24 miles off track. The lecture which I gave Reggie rated a "two hour sulk". Reggie always referred to Kieran as "Steady Eddie"



Peter Culleton on the deck of *Arctic Fern* in the ice.

because of the way the boat seemed to glide ahead in a straight line when "Steady Eddie" was driving. After this episode Reggie became known as "Unstable Mabel".

During the evening on 12th August we noted that the VHF had gone completely silent. The numerous Russian trawlers, which we had seen earlier, had vanished. Although the world did not know of it until 14th August and we did not hear of it until 15th August, 12th August was the day of an appalling tragedy for 118 Russian seamen and their families when the *Kursk* was disabled after a catastrophic explosion which sent it to the bottom of the Barents Sea.

Kieran's dinner that night again surprised us by its excellence. The fog rolled in and the wind disappeared. Visibility was down to one cable but we could still the fulmars swooping out of the fog as they circled the boat. There were puffins about and, for the first time, we sighted little auks. The presence of these little birds is usually a sign that ice is not too far away. The sea temperature at 79° 04' N was +2°C. All of the ice signs were there but as we were to learn later, the ice front was still about 38 miles to the north of us. As we reached 36° E we steered due north. The ship's GPS no longer functioned due to the low altitude of satellites at that latitude. We turned off the sat-phone and the VHF as we entered Russian territorial waters. We took our position by occasionally operating the Garmin hand-held GPS which still gave accurate readings. The ships GPS has complex functions. It had a long list of way-points and of course it calculates the X.T.E. The Garmin had no way-points and nothing else to do except give a position. Perhaps this is why the hand-held GPS kept functioning. All transmitters and receivers were turned off with the exception of the occasional use of the hand-held GPS, for fear that they would betray our position.

There was a quiet anxiety aboard. At 02.40 on Monday 14th August we sighted Ostrov Viktoria. It looked like a large berg with snow and ice cliffs falling down to the sea. The water temperature was -0.2°C. As we got closer we could see the summit of the island which is 344 metres high. At the top there was a building with a round casagran dish on it.

The island was due north of us and we headed for its centre. As we came to within four miles of it we scanned every bit of it to see if there was any sign of human habitation. We approached the south end where the sea was filled with walruses playing about with big clumsy splashes. They lifted

their heads and fine tusks high out of the water to get a good look at us. They have smiling mouths and laughing eyes and they looked as if they were enjoying our visit.

The depth suddenly dropped and we moved away from the ice and snow of Ostrov Viktoria to round a low point at its west end. We stood three cables off and as we went out to sea we noticed a complex of buildings, aerials, casagranne dishes, radar scanners, a possible runway for aircraft and some trucks and bulldozers. If the place was occupied, we knew that we were in deep trouble but using the binoculars we could see signs of wreckage and dereliction. Anyone who has been to a Russian base will know that there is much wreckage and dereliction around them. Robert carefully looked at a hut which seemed to have windows and a door. He trained the binoculars carefully on this hut to see if there was any sign of smoke or perhaps the shimmer of diesel fumes from the chimney. There was none. As we got a little closer he could make out that the windows and doors had been forced open by ice. This was good news. We anchored about half a cable off the snow and ice which hung above a small pebble beach. It seemed like a good place to land. Our hand-held GPS gave a position of $80^{\circ} 09' N$, $36^{\circ} 43' E$ and the walruses played around us with amused curiosity. Our difficulty was to solve the problem of rowing ashore in a rubber dingy without getting a playful puncture from one or more of the walrus tusks. They swam around the boat and one nudged the hull with its tusks.

Reggie, Robert and I rowed ashore when the walruses departed to play their games in another part of the ocean. We were armed with a .375 rifle and a shotgun with cartridges fitted with heavy stainless steel shot. We took these ashore in case of polar bear attack. As we climbed up the snow and ice at the shore the terns screeched all around us and some swooped down within inches of our heads.

We walked through a lot of debris to get to the abandoned huts. Ice had come through the windows and doors. It covered the floor. In one room there were sofas and chairs and a library of about three hundred books. The ice was two feet thick and since it was freezing, anything above it remained quite dry. Other huts contained transmitters, receivers, generators, decoding manuals and central heating plant. There was a large well-equipped kitchen and a large living area. The sleeping quarters were in nissen huts some distance away. Outside there were two old rusted bulldozers and an old truck. There was a defunct helicopter pad and about forty 1,000 gallon oil tanks. This station had been one of many which where set up to spy on the West and, later, on NATO activities along the Norwegian

border. After the collapse of the Soviet Union both money and motivation ran out. This extraordinary place was a frozen museum of the Cold War.

We walked over to a beach which had no snow on it. On the way we saw the unmistakable prints of polar bear paws. On the beach there were an estimated two hundred walruses grunting and steaming on the sandy gravel. The larger mammals were at the outside and the young were in a thoroughly protected fortress, in the middle. The polar bears had come to have a look but they would not challenge a fully grown walrus and had no means of getting close to the young. Apart from the two hundred walrus on the island we estimate that we would have seen at least another one hundred walruses at sea. Ostrov Viktoria is a sizeable and important walrus colony of which very little is known. We were able to go right beside them. They did not feel threatened and were, in any case, too lazy to move. There were about fifty walruses lying close to the water and as we got near them they heaved their massive bodies into the sea. Movement on land is slow and cumbersome. A walrus in the water swims fast and moves with agility.

Reggie walked back to the dingy to bring the others ashore while Robert and I set off to climb to the top of the island. The pace was slow as we tested the ground in front of us in case of ice crevices. On our way a young polar bear jumped out of the snow and dashed over the brow of the hill. It moved so quickly that we did not have time to photograph it.

Before our departure, Pat Colleran had given us a bottle of port which he had found on the wreck of the *John Tayleur* which lies on the seabed just to the east of Lambay Island. He gave us a sealed plastic tag with an inscription which read :

"This bottle recovered from the wreck of the *Tayleur* (1843) at $53^{\circ} 29' N$ $6^{\circ} 00' W$ was left by the crew of the *Arctic Fern* in August 2000."

Pat Colleran

Pat had asked us to bury the bottle with its inscription in some remote place. The summit of Ostrov Viktoria seemed remote when we got there. There was a large container with a casagranne dish secured with wire stays on top of it. We buried Pat's bottle and his inscription in the snow and descended to meet up with the others. In among the nissen hut dormitories we came upon the dead body of a full grown polar bear. It can't have been dead for long because the skuas had not started to feed on it. In fact the poor bear would have made a bad meal for the skuas because there was hardly a pick of flesh on it. It looked as if it had died from starvation. To reach $80^{\circ} 09' N$ without ice is an unusual experience. Apart from the remote



Anchor in just south of $80^{\circ} 44' 49'' N$, $26^{\circ} 26' 25'' E$.

chance of picking out a young walrus there was nothing else to eat on the island. The seals had gone north to the ice edge. The prospects of survival for the young bear looked bleak. Reggie hailed us from the boat and said that he could see the young bear sunbathing on the snow some distance from us.

It is now widely accepted that the polar ice-cap, which covers eighty percent of the Arctic Ocean, is retreating and this is very bad news for polar bears. Ships sailing from Europe to Asia could cut the trip by several thousand miles by sailing north instead of south, thus further upsetting the fragile environment of the Arctic.

Robert and I went for a swim which meant sliding down a snow and ice wall and crossing about five feet of pebbled beach to reach the waters edge. The air temperature was +2°C but the water temperature was -0.5°C. We had a short, shrivelling experience in the Arctic Ocean. We were filled with admiration for polar bears, walruses, little auks, seals and other Arctic swimmers who do this for a living.

We set off from Ostrov Viktoriya and steered 360° true E. The sea was alive with playful walruses. Five hours later we were passing through 3/10ths ice and the seals where there popping up all around to see what was coming. If only the bears on Ostrov Viktoriya knew that a swim of just thirty miles would have provided them with plentiful food, they might have been saved. A thirty mile swim is only a short hop for a bear. Swims by polar bears of between three hundred and four hundred miles have been recorded.

By 19.00 hours we were in the thick of the ice, poling floes away from the bow and the stern. The ice chart for 14th August was completely accurate, showing 3/10's ice at 80° 40' N and 7/10's ice at 80° 44' N. We came to a full stop and the Garmin hand-held recorded 80° 44' 49" N, 36° 25' E. It was at this point that Kieran created a new record by going for a swim. The water temperature was still -0.5°C but the air temperature was just below freezing. It was an extraordinarily brave effort for such a skinny fellow!

Peter cooked dinner as the rest of us walked over the ice flows. The wind was light and blowing from the north but, in spite of this, I could see the ice closing in behind us, inching around us on a visible current. We ate dinner while Kieran still shivered at the table. I was not anxious to repeat our experience of 1998 and if we were to attempt to push further north we might have claimed a few degrees more but, inevitably, we would have been trapped. All onboard agreed and after dinner we poled our way out of the ice. We were only about two cables away from reasonably open water but that short journey took two hours. The experience re-affirmed how much I hate ice when I am in it. It has not cured my fascination for ice when there is none of it about.

Once clear, I asked for a south west course, but for a while we were forced to go to the south east. If possible, we wished to avoid re-entering the Russian Territorial Waters around Ostrov Viktoriya. I turned on the radar and could see the ice to the west of us. To the south, I spotted a moving target about eight miles off. I watched it carefully for about five minutes. It was heading for us. We assumed that it must have been a Russian vessel. We were, however, still among fairly large ice floes and our speed was under three knots. After a further five minutes the vessel altered to the east and sped away off the screen. It appeared that they had missed us and may have confused our radar reflector for a piece of ice.

By midnight we were in open water heading south west. Reggie took over and made a secret unilateral decision that south east was a better course. He recorded the readings from the hand-held GPS and during his four hour watch he took us east of Ostrov Viktoriya. Considering that it had been such a long day, Reggie was generous in not calling the next watch at 02.00 hours. His log entry at 01.00 reads; "Well good to start."



Touching the Nordenskjold Glacier in Spitsbergen.

At 02.00, "Its good to know who you are, are you sure! 80° 08' 35" N, 37° 16' 3" E". That position put us about 2 miles off the south east tip of the island. At 03.00 hours Reggie's entry read "80° 02' 00" N, 37° 16' 73" E. Position is south east of Victoria Island." At 03.30 I put a rather dozey head out through the aft hatch and asked Reggie for his course. He was steering 155°. I said, "I told you to steer south west". "Right", he said and altered course to 210°.

At 04.00 hours Kieran came on watch and steered 210°. Neither Kieran nor Nick had realised that we had circumnavigated Ostrov Viktoriya, but it is clear from Reggie's log entries that we had. Reggie mentioned to Kieran that he had seen a large hanger, a runway and "in-use buildings". He reported sighting a fairly fresh wind sock on the island. It is sometimes hard to tell what goes on in Reggie's head. On the approach to Ostrov Viktoriya, he had seen a large flat roofed building with a pole beside it, which turned out to be an ice plateau with a narrow piece of rock protruding through the ice close by. I often felt that if I hired a hall and filled it with two hundred of the world's most experienced observers that 'our Reg' would have seen more than all of them. It must be said that Reggie's positions were accurately recorded but it does seem strange that he did not record the airport in the log. It is still an intriguing question as to whether or not the Russians were there at the time. Agence France Presse recorded a news story about us and ended it by saying: "Since the collapse of the Soviet Union, about one hundred observation stations in the Franz Josef Land region are no longer manned." It does seem certain that our visit to Ostrov Viktoriya as trespassers, not as guests, did not appear to have been observed.

On the morning of 15th August at position 79° 27' N, 33° 20' E the ships GPS picked up the signal and put our position on the screen chart. We were headed for Kong Karls Islands to the east of Spitsbergen. The wind was up at between fifteen-and twenty knots and with goose-swung genoa we were making seven knots. I phoned Kate on the sat-phone to tell her what we had done and she advised us about the tragic loss of the *Kursk* in the Barents Sea. The details were sketchy but she said that the Russian authorities were considered by the western press to have reacted with callous indifference.

We reached King's Island shortly after midnight and rounded Cape Altmann to look at an anchorage which was marked on the chart. There was an uncomfortable swell and the surf, striking the beach, would have made a landing impossible. We turned about and set sail for Sorkap at the southern end of Spitsbergen.

Wind speeds varied between ten and twenty knots for the next few days, giving us a broad reach to Sorkap and a close reach to Cape Linne at the entrance to Isfjord on Spitsbergen. As we rounded Sorkap the tide favoured strongly and speeds on the GPS frequently hit 11.5 knots. It was good sailing and we



The Russian work party at Pyramiden.

motored up Isfjord on the morning of 18th August. We entered Billie fjord and went right up to the face of the Nordenskjold glacier touching its ice with our hands. Reggie hacked off a piece and, as far as I am aware, it is still in his deep freeze today. There were some spectacular cracking noises and from time to time heavy chunks of ice calved from the glacier. I had last been here with Bob Fannin and others in 1980. I can only say that if ever there was proof of global warming, the extent to which this once mighty glacier has shrunk in twenty years, is a perfect example of it. Scientists from N.A.S.A. have noted that the ice around the coast of Greenland is thinning by more than a metre annually.

We set off across Billie fjord to the Russian coal-mining town of Pyramiden at 16.00 arriving there thirty minutes later. In 1980 this town had a population of twelve hundred but in 1998 the coal-mining operations were closed down and the reason why the Russians are leaving is that they cannot afford to keep Pyramiden going.

We tied up to the tumble-down pier and were greeted by seven Russians. Whatever conclusions one might come to about Russian authorities, refusing to give us visas to go a place where there is nobody or, indeed, Mr. Putin's extraordinary behaviour over the *Kursk* affair, none of these can be applied to Russian people. I have received great friendship from them in Pyramiden in 1980 and again, when we landed in Provideniya in Siberia in 1993. This year was no exception but we certainly encouraged matters by producing four, forty ounce bottles of Paddy and dozens of packets of cigarettes. The Russians downed the four bottles in forty minutes, without so much as a drop of water. They then hurried back to finish their work and told us that they would collect us for a party. We enquired as to what time they would come but no one had a watch. They returned at 18.00 in a large truck. They drove us up hill past the tangled remains of steel and machinery, all of which was being de-mounted and shipped to Poland. We arrived at the fire station and came to a most uncertain stop. We were taken up a ladder and onto a catwalk, almost at roof level, of the high fire station structure. At the end of the catwalk there were two small, shabby rooms which were hugely overheated. There was a plate of fish on the table which they offered to us. We suspected that this was their evening meal and we explained, incorrectly, that we had already eaten. We then unloaded eight more forty ounce bottles of Paddy, two hundred and fifty cigarettes and a hand full of cuban cigars. Drinking began in

earnest. We had taken some wine so, for the most part, the whiskey was downed by the Russians. Music of a kind blasted out in this sauna room from a museum piece of a tape recorder. They had only one spool, and when it ran out after half an hour, it was rewound and replayed. Their wages were the equivalent of fifty dollars a month and their lives here were hard. Although they had very little each one of us received a present. Reggie was given a drinking cup, Nick and Robert pieces of timber with drawings skillfully scorched into the timber, depicting ships and harbours. Kieran got a picture and Peter was given a Russian crucifix on a chain. I was given a painting of "Blumen Laguna" in Spitsbergen painted by "Mien Frend Dima". That is how the picture was inscribed on the back.

Dima was an interesting man with a sad story to tell. He was a member of the elite Scorpio Troop and had the emblem of the Scorpio tattooed on his right shoulder. His three year old daughter had been killed in front of him by the Chechnyans by having her throat cut. His wife had been severely raped and Dima finally snapped. He disarmed a Chechnyan soldier and shot sixteen men. He made his escape but could not take his wife with him. That incident had happened six months before we met him and now he was "recovering" in Pyramiden.

We learned that none of the Russians in Pyramiden had heard anything at all about the sinking of the *Kursk* and the horrific loss of one hundred and eighteen lives. When we explained it to them they were visibly shocked.

In 1980 when we had called here in *Shardana*, I had seen the bust of Lenin in the main town square. The Russians have an aspiration to open Pyramiden as a tourist centre and they have recently driven a new street through the town square which necessitated Mr. Lenin's temporary removal. The bust now stood in the corner of the room and Robert, who we now refer to as Pennovich, opened negotiations. We did a deal and a few dollars changed hands.

Lenin was loaded into the back of the truck and rest of us climbed into the front. Dima drove down the hill at speed and as he came to the pier he pushed the brake pedal but nothing happened. He tried the hand brake but again nothing happened. He swerved quickly and brought the truck to a dramatic halt by smashing into and almost overturning an even bigger truck. The Russians thoroughly approved of this braking method but it was a rough ride for Lenin who, in his life time, was used to first class travel to London, Paris, Nice or Capri. Doss houses and attics were not for him. Lenin enjoyed holidays in expensive resorts and like his comrades Trotsky and Stalin, none of whom had ever worked for a living, he too had nothing in common with the working class. All in all it seemed to us that our 'Russian Friends' were quite pleased to see him go.

Vladimir Ilyich Lenin was lowered into the cockpit as we said goodbye to our decent hosts. Suddenly a bus came driving along the rickety pier at speed. It came to a halt close by. Our 'Russian friends' scattered and a foaming white-headed commissar, leapt out of his bus and almost exploded with rage. It was our signal to move. I have never seen a crew cast a boat away more quickly. The flaming Russian was still shouting violently as we motored out into Billie fjord. Lenin had left Pyramiden and the commissar was not pleased.

We motored over a flat bright sea down to Longyearbyen. Apart from Dima who spoke some German which I could understand and reply to, none of the other Russians could speak a word of English, and we, of course spoke no Russian. We drew pictures for them and they drew pictures also. Dima and I translated what we had learned from each other in German but altogether it was the international language of friendship tempered with some alcohol which triumphed in Pyramiden.

We tied up at Longyearbyen at 02.30 on Saturday 19th August. The Norwegians have transformed this town into a major tourist centre with three hotels, several bars and a well stocked supermarket. There is also a very lively night-club. A Norwegian named Trigvor was in charge of the fuel depot at Store Norske. After we had filled our tanks I went to pay the bill and he told me that he had first come to Longyearbyen in 1970 "I have been here thirty years. I love this place. My wife hated it and she left. It was the happiest day in my life."

Saturday night was a wild night in the town. When we awoke on Sunday, Reggie and Nick were not aboard. Reggie, who loves mysteries, explained that the Lance Corporal (Nick) and himself had gone on 'manoeuvres'. By the look of them it must have been a very tough march.

Robert had to fly home on Sunday to attend to the shop. Peter and I went with him to the airport. All onboard were sad to lose an exceptional shipmate who was efficient onboard and wild ashore.

Monday was a work day which found Kieran in energetic form. He went to the top of the mast and checked out every shroud, stay and fitting. He then washed down the top-sides with fresh soapy water.

The pier at Longyearbyen has been dredged and it is now possible to lie alongside the inner pier without taking the ground at low water. Peter dealt with the oil change and engine maintenance and we lashed Vladimir Ilyich to Robert's now empty bunk to prepare him for the journey south. Both Reggie and Nick were in humble form but the stories of their Saturday night / Sunday morning manoeuvres, to which Lambay rules most definitely apply, were fed to us on the drip. They seemed more than a little confused about what had occurred.

We departed from Longyearbyen at 22.00 on Monday 21st August. The air temperature was +3°C. The water temperature was +7.4°C and the cabin temperature was +10°C. At 03.00 we were off Barentsberg which is the main Russian town on Spitsbergen. It much larger than Pyramiden and it is still a working coal-mine with a population slightly in excess of two thousand. It looked gloomy and forbidding. At that time in the morning there was little incentive to land.

Once clear of Cape Linne, which is the southern tip of Isfjord, we were able to sail in fifteen to twenty knots of wind from the west. We were bound for the Faroes and we had some good, clean sailing on Monday. At midnight both sky and wind were light and we had to motor sail for seventeen hours. The wind returned to give us slow sailing until Friday morning when we were forced to motor again. The dolphins played around the boat and on Thursday we sighted seven whales, identified in the distance by the spouts of white water spray from their blowholes.

The wind came and went and the engine started and stopped but the fulmars constantly glided around the boat. On 23rd August, as expected, we had to use the compass light. The hourly log entries reflect how dull the sailing was and by 25th August the wind was on the nose. A log entry reads; "Slow bumpy progress. Wind, force 6 south west". The pattern continued throughout Saturday 26th August but there were plenty of books to read and the evening meal was always awaited with enthusiasm. The sky was overcast and we had good helpings of rain and drizzle. On Sunday morning we re-crossed the Arctic circle having spent twenty-six days north of it. By evening the wind filled in from the west and we started to pick up speed and to head in the right direction. The log entry at 19.00 reads: "flying along under Steady Eddie's management."

In spite of a good breeze, a wet mist swept across the boat and as we approached Fugloy at the north of the Faroes, we picked up a favouring tide. We were soon sailing down the east coast of the Faroes and heading into Nolso sound. There were many small boats about and I recognised sounds of earlier visits. The bang of the shotgun is a common sound off the Faroes and, shortly after the report of the gun is heard, the fisherman kill and retrieve fulmars and puffins.

We tied up in Thorshavn at 08.00 on Tuesday 29th August. We spent the day attending to the jobs and restocking the boat. The berths in Thorshavn are good and we were tied up just outside the Sailing Club which provides showers and a washing machine. I had first visited the Faroes in 1974 and again in 1984, at which time no alcohol was available on the islands. There are now bars in Thorshavn but the prices almost make it a drink free island.

On Wednesday we hired a car and drove south to Brendansvik, where St. Brendan, the navigator is reputed to have landed. We then drove to the west to look at the Atlantic on that side of the island and to take a walk on the misty hills. The Faroes are a hill walker's paradise. You can make a walk as easy or as difficult as you wish but because the clouds will smother the hills at short notice a good map and compass or preferably a hand-held GPS are recommended.

We returned on Wednesday evening to see the usual stalls at the edge of the pier selling plucked fulmars and puffins. There was a silent urgency about the place as men arrived on boats and put to sea. The trawler inside us requested us to move astern and when I asked him where he was going he just



Walrus lazing about on the sandy pebbles at Ostrov Viktoria.

replied' "Oh! north for the night. Up to the Fugloy area". Before we left Thorshavn at 11.05 on Thursday 31st August, we had learned that some three hundred whales had been beached and butchered on Wednesday night and Thursday morning. This tradition is almost as old as bullfighting in Spain but we did notice a reluctance on the part of the Faroes to talk about it.

The tide between Thorshavn and the Munken rocks off the south tip of the Faroes is spectacular. The wind was up and blowing from the east at twenty-five knots. The tide ran at four knots and sometimes surged up to six knots. It is forty-four miles to the south tip of the Faroes from Thorshavn, and we covered that distance in just four hours and forty minutes. The seas were wild and both the port and starboard lights on the pulpit were washed away. At times great gushes of green sea washed along the deck up to the glass ahead of the cockpit.

Thorshavn radio issued a new gale warning on our first night at sea. It was good news. East backing north east – force 7-8. With three reefs in and a small bit of jib we were broad-reaching at speed, heading for Tiumpan Head in the North Minch. We had hoped to visit St. Kilda but the north east wind would have made Village Bay an uncomfortable place to stay with a strong probability of no landing.

On Friday afternoon we passed between Sula Sgeir and North Rhona. Nick's log entry reads "Steady Eddie on the helm. Nice smooth sailing." We passed Tiumpan Head at 20.00 in the evening and for the very first time on this voyage we sighted two storm petrels. We were just beginning to wonder what had happened to these little fellows, but more were sighted as we moved down the Minches. The wind dropped away during the night but Reggie's log entry for midnight was comforting; "Stars out. Good vis. Lights and rocks in proper positions."

We glided down the sound of Rassey on a dark moonless night. We dropped anchor in Portree at 06.50 on Saturday 2nd September.

Reggie went on manoeuvres and we found him in what he called an "RNLI" Bar having a great chat with some cheerful seamen at the bar counter. We dined comfortably in the Rosedale Hotel and four of us returned aboard that night. Reggie was still on manoeuvres and when we returned to the Rosedale Hotel for breakfast next morning, the manageress took me aside and led me, purposefully, to the residents lounge which was crowded with sofas and chairs. "Is this yours?" she said in a stern Scottish accent. I looked around but saw nothing. Then she pointed to a pile of cushions on the floor. It was definitely Reggie. I could tell by his flat hat which covered his face. "Yes", I said, "I am afraid it is." "Well please remove it", she said.

We motored away from Portree at 10.15 while Reggie tried to reconstruct the previous nights events before falling asleep in the armchair. We passed under the Skye Bridge and on through Lough Alsh. Ardnamurchan was soon in view and as we passed it we photographed Northern Lighthouse Board's experimental buoy entirely constructed of man-made fibre in place of steel and aluminium. We motored down the Sound of Mull and picked up a mooring buoy in Tobermorey at 20.30. We had dealt with the eating but we made a brief pilgrimage to the Mishnish which has grown in size and which is overburdened with slot machines, pool tables and head banging music. We moved on to the peace of the MacDonald Arms. The proprietor, old Bert, is now seventy-nine but well able to down a dram. His memory has not failed him and he recalled Bob Fannins visit with me in 1974 and our more recent visit in 1989. I think that Bob and Tom O'Gorman had greatly impressed him.

On Monday 4th September we sailed down to Oban. The wind was fair and the tide was good. We arrived there at lunch time after a four hour passage. We left Oban at 09.30 the next

morning aiming to get the tide all the way to Gigha. The shipping forecast was advertising a southwesterly gale for Malin, Hebrides and Irish Sea. We passed by Dubh Sgeir and the Pladdy at 11.20 and were swept through the sound of Luing. The Corryvrecken looked benign as we passed it but time and a poor forecast cautioned us against going through. We tied up on an Islands and Highlands fifteen ton mooring buoy at 16.00 that afternoon. The swimmers swam in beautifully clear water. The sea temperature was +15.4°C. We dined well at the Gigha Hotel and set off for Howth at 22.15 that evening. The forecast was promising a gale but the direction was to veer from sou'west to nor'west. By 06.00 on Wednesday morning, 5th September we were barrelling past the Maidens with three reefs and a scrap of genoa. Reggie had gone to bed at 04.00 so Kieran, Nick and Peter arranged to go to the west of the Maidens on this occasion. The wind was on the aft quarter blowing at forty-three to forty-nine knots. The forecast predicted that the wind would moderate in the evening and increase later that night to gale force from the sou'west. We passed the South Rock Light Vessel at 11.20 and slipped down to Howth in moderate winds to tie up at the marina at 20.43 that evening.

The reception on arrival nearly finished us. Mr. Lenin came ashore and was placed in the bar of the Howth Yacht Club. He was not loved by the membership and was removed to a discreet corner of my garden on the following Sunday.

This account is dedicated to the expertise, good humour and cheerfulness of the crew of *Arctic Fern*.

ARCTIC FERN'S VOYAGE

From - To	Date & Time	Distance	Average Speed
Howth – Lerwick	21 - 25 July 4 days 3 hrs	528 n.m.	5.9 kts
– Svolvaer (Lofotens)	29 July - 2 Aug 3 days 23 hrs	640 n.m.	6.7 kts
– Honningsvag (North Cape)	3 - 5 August 2 days 5 hrs	348 n.m.	6.5 kts
– Victoria Island	9 - 14 August 4 days 23 hrs	597 n.m.	5.1 kts
Victoria Island – 80°44'49"N 36°25'E	14 August 6 hrs 10 mins	36 n.m.	5.4 kts
80°44'49"N 36°25'E – Nordenskjold Glacier	14 - 18 August 3 days 17 hrs	582 n.m.	6.6 kts
– Pyramiden	18 August 40 mins	4 n.m.	6.0 kts
– Longyearbyen	17 - 19 August 6 hrs 30 mins	26 n.m.	4.0 kts
– Thorshavn (Faroes)	20 - 29 August 8 days 10 hrs	1153 n.m.	5.7 kts
– Portree	31 Aug - 2 Sept 1 day 20 hrs	286 n.m.	6.5 kts
– Tobermorey	3 September 10 hrs	69 n.m.	6.9 kts
– Oban	4 September 4 hrs	25 n.m.	6.9 kts
– Gigha	5 September 6 hrs 3 mins	49 n.m.	7.5 kts
– Howth	5 - 6 Sep 22 hrs 30 mins	148 n.m.	6.6 kts

Total Miles: 4545 n.m.

Round again

Paddy Barry

The glossy brochures for 'millennium' traditional boat events in Brittany and the U.K. went into the fire. We were going west, where the brochures are few and the *craic* is plentiful.

In April, as often, the weather for painting timber boats was terrible, with showers every quarter of an hour. Happily I had got well started by Paddy's Day. In Dun Laoghaire Coal Harbour yard, that used to be the traditional day for taking off boats covers and starting work. In the days of 'paid-hands' a man might then spend three weeks working on the bottom of a '24'. The Hooker had wintered afloat in the Grand Canal Basin and on the high tides of the April 8th weekend been taken to the Poolbeg slip to dry against the timber piles. The spring tides in Dublin have their low water early and late in the day, giving enough time over the weekend to scrub, anti-foul, replace anodes and put two coats of black on the top-sides.

We sailed in the Bay on Sunday April 9th. That was, in the event, our only sail before leaving the Liffey on the evening of Thursday April 27th, bound for North Donegal – or somewhere. It didn't greatly matter much where we got to. This was a delivery trip, aimed at getting the boat in position for a later 'May Week'. Aboard with me were Fred Barry (ICC), Tom Sweeney of Bray, Brian Sutton and Georóid Ó Riain. This was Tom's first time aboard.

At 19.15 we motored into a calm Dublin Bay, and so it remained all through the night, uneventful but for some boats trawling off Kilkeel. Saint Johns Point light was double flashing on our bow by 02.00 and the loom of an Isle of Man light swung through the eastern sky at 03.30. Forward calculations gave the prospect of a north-going tide, giving us a piggyback from 07.00; which we picked up, with South Rock



THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY

FOR THE BEST CRUISE IN IRISH WATERS

on our beam. Between Ballywalter and Donaghadee we breakfasted in the cockpit. At Muck Island the tide still ran with us. Around Carnlough it turned and we 'bighted' it to Torr Head, pushing the neap flood, then catching the diagonal eddy across Rathlin and into the pier by 18.30 – not a bother!

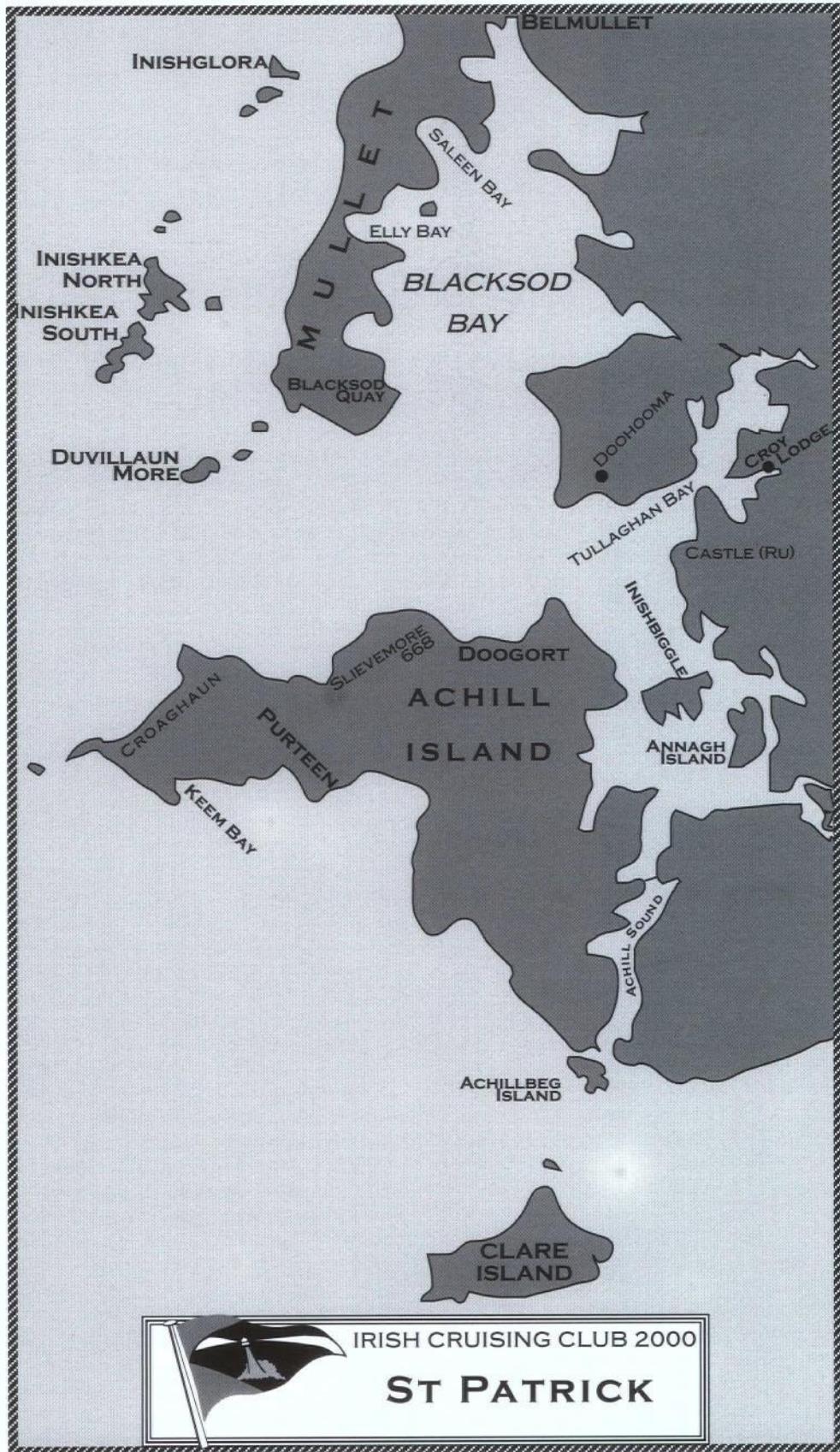
A few of us stepped it out for the West Light, it's farther than it looks, with all the ziggin' and zaggin' of the path at the western end. The cliffs were empty of birds, so unlike later when they would be all 'a-squawk'. Magically, the dinner was on the cabin table on our return. MacCuaige's pub was desperate, packed with a mainland bank-holiday crowd, a far cry from the Rathlin of not so long ago, described in the writings of Mary Campbell and McLaverty. Massacre and Famine abounded.

The forecast for Saturday gave easterly, winds going cyclonic, then southwest. Calm was what we got when we left with the west going tide at 11.00. Motoring past Bengore Head, we 'visited' the Giants Causeway, 'aswarm' with tourists. Outside The Storks and inside The Skerries, past Ramore head and down to the mouth of the Bann we went, having a good look at this coast that we usually leave well inshore. At the training walls of the Bann I thought of Wallace Clark's unfortunate mishap with *Wild Goose*. We considered the Foyle and Moville but opted for Greencastle. The sandy coast of Magilligan was interesting, the drying shallows of The Tuns outside us and the cracking of rifle-fire ashore – on a target-range we hoped. At 16.00 as the rain started to fall, we tied alongside. In the rain we walked to the Fishery School, filled with diesel @ 29 p/litre, and had a few pints in the Ferryport. For us Greencastle was a forgettable place.

With the tide and a light southeasterly we made sail, under cloth at last, for Inistrahull. In a freshened breeze the run of the tide in 'Trahull Sound made little odds to us and we anchored in the bright 100 metres off the jetty about 13.00. On our last visit, the glorious Summer of '95, we had lain alongside the jetty wall (½ tide upwards only), but today it was a little fresh. Besides, there were three RIB's alongside, divers and families camped there for the weekend. They ferried us ashore, decent men. Again we walked, first past the old school, always poignant, to the 'new' lighthouse, and then much more interesting, to the old abandoned 1813 lighthouse on the eastern hill. Its once mighty cast iron machinery and fine stone buildings and surround wall now lie derelict. Edward McCarron was keeper



Danny Sheehy, Paddy O'Brien, Peter Gargan and Pat Redmond.



here in the 1870's and in his autobiography wrote of the daily lives of the six or seven families there. About the currents, "The fishermen of the place know all these tides and all their complications and laugh at the coastguards in trying to get across -."

At 16.00 we got under sail, in light wind and now contrary wind making slow way over towards the Garvan's. We engined

it to round Malin and saw the sandy expanses of Trawbreaga (False Beach) within, and considered our options, not including Trawbreaga. Port Saloon it was, God help us, not a great choice. We tied alongside, with just enough depth at the end of pier steps. The pub near the pier closed awfully sharpish – we could have been in Scotland. The Golf Club Bar was better, at least it was open, but not my idea of where I wanted to be.

Next day, Monday, we left at 08.30 in a sunny light south-easterly to sea-ward down Lough Swilly, tight round Fanad Head. Staying a mile off-shore we bore southwest for the mouth of Mulroy Bay. Caravan parks, unsightly, abounded; but of more concern to us by far was getting the 'sus' on this place. We paused and put on the engine, just-in-case-like, off Ballyhoosiskey Island and compared-and-contrasted' Chart 2699 with the ICC Sailing Directions as regards the channel past Bar Rocks, High and Low. Having paid over £20 for a new 2699 I felt it should be right, wasn't it all in colour and everything, a new 1998 Edition! If I should meet the Hydrographer of the Navy, I'll politely point to a small local inaccuracy in this regard. The ICC have it right bedad, whose advice happily we followed. This was as much out of loyalty as conviction. After all we are the boy's whose photo of Inish Mean Quay is called Inisheer Quay (S&W Page 175). At 12.00, just after low water, we passed through the First Narrows, touched a couple of times by not keeping over towards the west side towards Crannoge Point and in to Fanny Bay (called Meevagh locally), set two anchors and took McGinleys Bus to Dublin.

And it was McGinleys Bus that took Ballyferriter man, Danny Sheehy, Pat Redmond and myself back to Meevagh 10 days later on Thursday May 10th. What a wonderful transport service. The bus goes to Milford, where a hackney collected us, took us to

putting the finishing touches to a new Drontheim. These are the wonderful 4 man sailing/rowing boats of the north coast so well written about in Donal McPolins book, happily now in its second edition.

In Downings the rest of our crew landed off the Friday bus, Paddy O'Brien and Paul Cooper. There are two 60 foot crabbers working out of Downings, fortnight trips, two crews each. Those boats spend little time tied up. We chatted with Hughie McBride and Martin Casey, the off-duty skippers. Away we went happily on Saturday under all sail in a continuing light southeasterly. What a contrast to one dark evening years ago under Horn Head when a squall put us, fully reefed, right over.

Our last man Peter Gargen was still to meet us. Oh, the wonder of the mobile phone, and again McGinleys. We took the rising $\frac{1}{2}$ -

tide over Inishbofin Spit, watching sounder, waypoint and weedy bottom and made over to Magheraroarty Pier where at H.W. Neaps there was 3.6 metres of water at the outer steps. There is a shelf of rock with breakers visible enough to the west side of the line in, but a rock to the east has no clue at all. The village was down to meet us, glad to see a Bad Mór in this Donegal Gaeltacht. Peter arrived by car – one of the bus drivers brothers brought him the last couple of miles, and wouldn't take a penny.

With tide now falling, and wary of rocks we hadn't even known earlier, we motored over to anchor off Inishbofin and walked the island. In a sparkling blue sea I was tempted to swim, but resisted. The sea is fact was slower than usual to warm up this Summer. Donegal Bofin is beautiful and untouched by holiday houses. Island people come back from their houses in goodly number for the Summer, electricity and water lines being laid across the spit over which we sailed. The 1 in 30 chart, 2752, is required reading for this inshore sailing.

In the evening breeze we had a glorious sail over to Tory. What joy the flat sea. And what ease to be able to go alongside the new pier. Patsy Dan, ever the welcoming man, took us each by the hand "Well, well, go hiontach sibh bheith ar ais –." He explained that the island was in subdued form, despite the progress and benefit of the new pier. A man had died a couple of days earlier without the solace of a priest, sad in itself, but



Arranmore, Donegal.

Photo: Pat Redmond

emphasising their isolation. Stony Toraigh! How did they survive? To think that the *Wasp* was coming to enforce evictions when she inexplicably went on rocks in clear weather. The 'cursing stones' and their use are whispered to be responsible. We walked the road east to Port an Duin, then across the boney ground over the promontory fort of Dun Bahloir. The building of the pier extension has been taken over by contractors, Irish Enco, from the OPW, so there is every chance it may be finished before too long more.

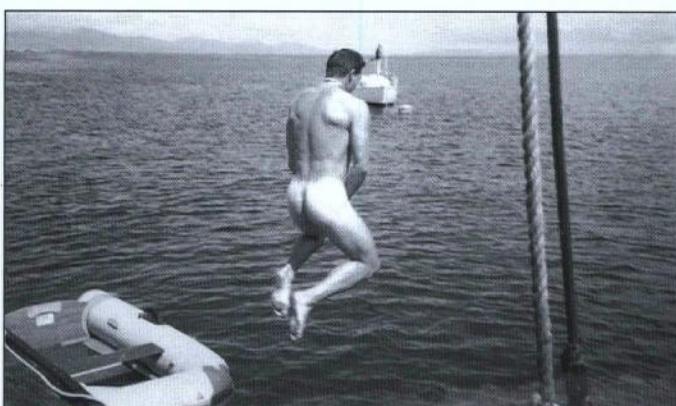
The hotel was quiet that evening.

The corncrake was in fine voice. Next day, a great one, we went inside Inishsirrer, under engine, being just a shade tight for tacking in the southerly wind. This was a possible stop. The island lake is said to abound with otters. Next we passed Inismeane. It has fine houses, six of which were done up. We anchored in the south bight of Gola's east bay, the anchor clear to be seen biting into the white sand. I swam in cold water and dried in the hot sun. The Gola 'ferryman' was unbusy so early in the season. Last year he had carried out 2,000 adults and 1,000 children from Bunbeg. A monstrous plastic looking *tigin* has been built near the slip. Why, oh why?

The landing at Owey Island looked quite do-able. We kept going for Aranmore, tying up first at the small quay inside the visitors moorings. We later moved round to dry out at the pier. Two days we spent there, in Jerry Early's pub and walking around. The event was our spin in the new lifeboat, a big Severn Class, two million quids worth of muscle and blood; 2,400 H.P. Cox Anton Kavanagh took us on exercise. It ever I'm in real trouble, that's the one I want to hear is coming!

The weather now (Tuesday) was inclined towards change. There was a bad forecast for the next day as we sailed in a freshening northwest wind for Teelin. Through Rathlin O'Birne Sound, round by Malinbeg, running before the wind under the great cliffs of Sliabh League we went. (It pains me to write the meaningless word 'Slieve'). At 21.30 I wrote "Into Teelin Bay. Great sail. Dusk now. Moon up". "Name the three holy mountains in Ireland", said Danny. Brandon and Croagh Patrick we knew, but not the third. It was there right beside us! We shared his long standing ambition to climb it, *Sliabh League*.

But sure enough, in "The Rusty Mackerel", it was confirmed as a Holy Mountain, with a Saint Brice's annual



Cathal de Barry being modest! (or protective?)



Harbour works in progress at Tory.

pilgrimage and all that. Wind and rain blew. In the two days there we hardly put our feet on the road so kindly to us were the people with lifts.

I believe it's not quite so between the Teelin and the Carrick men, as they vie for the salmon!

On Friday with the wind eased but backed westerly we close reached in misty weather across to Lenadoon Point and into Killala Bay. The ICC directions for Killala must be designed to frighten people off. I'm sorry to say it, but those in Macmillan, using far less paper, are better by far. We carried canvas to the drying berth alongside the short pier (not shown on ICC Plan P.239). And there we left Saint Patrick to rest awhile. My old friends Seamus Coyne and Ray Munnely would look after her – and she did need some minding. A leaking stern-tube had her electric autopump doing overtime. The 'remark of the week' belongs to Danny. Describing a visit to Amsterdam, he condemned it, as a place where no one 'would give a shout for no reason!'

We got lifts to Ballina and bussed to Dublin.

The evening of Friday July 2nd was wet and windy, no night to be driving across north Mayo and going aboard after midnight. What a welcome sight then was the warm cabin and glowing fire which Seamus had lit for us, and left a bag of coal, and sticks to boot. The 'we' this time was my son Cathal and his pals Ray Moroney, Tom Conlon, Gearóid Ó Riain and Michael Drumm. The morning was fresh in the clearance as we took off at the top of the 06.30 tide. Getting out was no bother, by following the various leading marks. We raised sail at Carrickpatrick Buoy, closehauled to Kilcummin Head and lay off to the west along the cliffy coast, past Broadhaven bay, and Erris Head. At Eagle Island, the sun sparkling on the waves, we pulled in a third reef to slow us for the rocky approach outside Inishglora and its outliers, and round Pluddany reef to anchor at 15.30 in the lee of Inis Gé North (Iniskea). It's not too often we'd do that in less than 6 hours.

I took a proprietorial delight in showing the young lads round the Cashel and old Monastic Settlement on the North Island and the deserted village and whaling station at Rusheen on the South Island. It's no secret to say it, because it's well known that the islanders were not ideal employees. Nobody from the North Island was to be employed, in busy times (and they were few) even those 'out sick' demanded, and got, the over-time. This and much more is well recorded, with a

Photo: Paddy Barry

Islands east side and sailed to a visitors mooring under Chris O'Grady's Hotel – also under the eye of the Westport fleet who's Round Island Race Day it was. We drank each others health until late. On Monday we ran downwind into Rosmoneys and put *Saint Patrick* on the slip for stern tube repairs.

It was nearly three weeks before I was back to start my holidays, with Mayo ablaze with bon-fires on June 23rd, the eve of Saint John's Day. Old hands were aboard now. Kevin Cronin, Ruadhri Ó Tuairisg and Rory Walsh with Mike Fahy and Raphael McIlhone, fine musicians both. Matt Molloys in Westport had been over-crowded, so we crossed up first to McGings and then, I can't think why, to the Westport Hotel. On Saturday we had a great sail, close reaching in the sun out to Clare Island and on to a Council Mooring. Rory, Kevin and P. took the high air on Knockmore. The hotel that night was empty, all the island people being at a 'surprise' 50th birthday party for Ann the Postmistress in the Community Centre. The licencing arrangements imposed by law on the Centre restrict its use to Members and 'Friends'. Friends must be known to the member for three weeks minimum. This imposition is to keep visitors in the Hotel Bar.

The first volume of the 'New Survey of Clare Island' was launched at Easter, following the naturalists of 1905 and 1906. This is a scholarly book, but also an easy dip on a (my) more



Racing in Achill Sound.

Photo: Pat Redmond

candour unusual in such local histories, in Rita Nolan's 'Within the Mullet'.

With the sun low in the northwest we sailed through Dubh Oilean Sound, round Blacksod Point to anchor off the village. I took to the bunk, contented. The buckos to the pub at Agleam up the road.

At the most civilised hour of 12 we sailed away south west for Achill, nice and steady, in northeasterly F3. What could be easier? And it was in pleasant contrast to yesterday's helter-skelter. There was no trouble going close in by the Head-and thence round to anchor and swim in Keem Bay. The beach was crowded. We stayed aboard and lunched 'till 17.00.

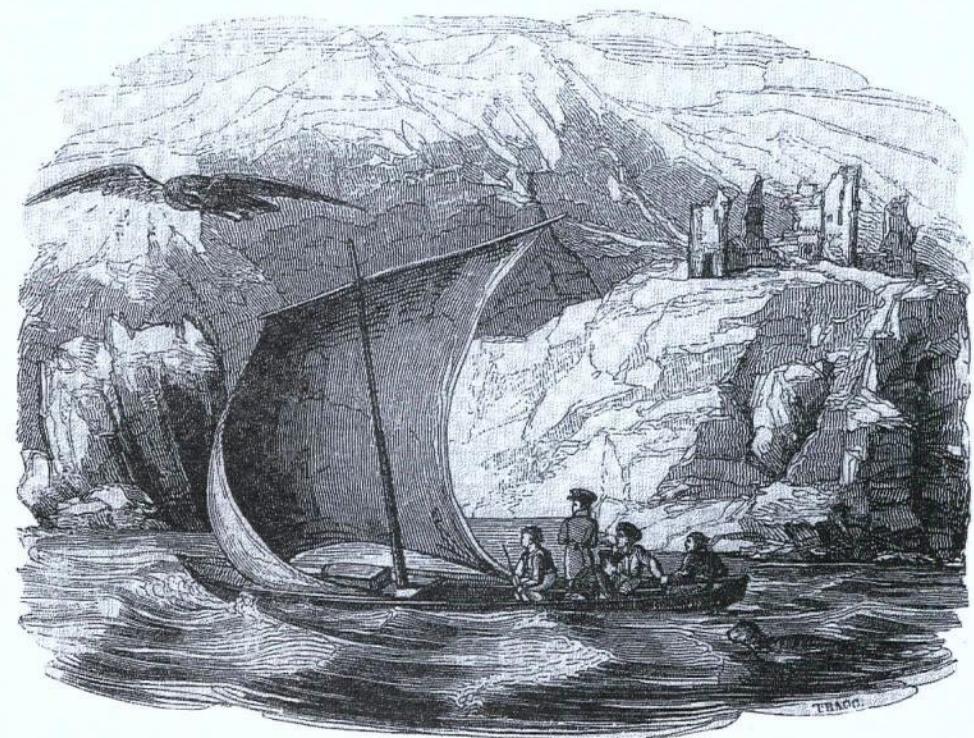
With another easy sail, in a still sunny but now cool evening, we approached Kinnacorra on Clare

superficial level. Peter Gill and Ciara Cullen's leaflets are still a most rewarding read.

Our 'plan' was to spend a week north of Achill and a week south of it. On Sunday we motored, in slack northwesterly to round Achill Head, again inside Carrickakin, pushing the south going tide. We raised sail and close-hauled easily for Blacksod. This time we took one of the Council Moorings, quite convenient to the pier. The pier is useful only as a landing pier. The local half-deckers all lie to moorings. The pub in Blacksod is one of those with its own hours, disclosed only after lengthy investigation, trial and error. We chose the Gleam option, busy and friendly but with honky-tonk music.

A weak ridge of high pressure was now in on the west coast, giving light winds and sunshine. In this most sheltered of bays, with bays within bays, and sailing short distances, wind direction mattered little. In Elly Bay we found the Council visitors moorings to be there, not at all. No matter. A little 'typo' in the sailing directions puts them on the meridian of Greenwich. I can't for the life of me imagine usage of 6 visitors moorings in Elly Bay. There aren't even local boats that would use them. We anchored in the N.W corner of Saleen Bay and went ashore to walk the Mullet. Binghamstown is the main place, little more than a cross-road with a history. It's Irish name 'An Geata Mór' is much more evocative; but the Gateway to where, I wondered.

The most notorious of the Binghams was the Major Denis Bingham. In 1808 it was written of him "He was at once landlord, magistrate, church warden, tithe proctor, high-constable, roadmaker and general salvager of wrecks – he had



1830. WH Maxwell sailing past Fahy's Castle, County Mayo, to visit his kinsman in Croy Lodge.
From *Wild Sports of the West of Ireland*

not to answer to anyone and he abused his position". Although his ill fame probably stemmed mainly from his sexual proclivities – his penchant for local women. As one local so eloquently expressed it "there weren't enough women in the country for him". In case you the reader should think that I am merely making this up to liven up my dull story of gentle fine weather cruising, I'd have you know that this is all written down in retired school-mistress Rita Nolan's book. Don't round Eagle Island without it!

We sailed south in evening sun round the low headland of Kinrovar. Remarks noted in the log were "if it gets any better, we won't stick it", and always the dark side "we'll pay for this yet". That night we anchored in the shallow bay south of

Doohooma. In Holmes Bar we heard that Steamers used to anchor in that bay to carry away the Tatie-Pickers to Scotland. Chart 2704 (1 in 50) was the key to all this area. That and Rory Walsh's encyclopaedic knowledge of these (and all) out of the way places. I had been reading W.H. Maxwell's "Wild Sports of the West of Ireland", published in 1832. It is an account of a summer spent in a cousins lodge in the remote vastness of West Mayo and the fishing, shooting, eagles egg snatching, hard-drinking great time they had of it. Rory said he knew the place, Ballycroy Lodge. Let me describe Maxwell's arrival there, but first his observations on the way:

"Our route was contiguous to the sea; on the left were the numerous islands of Clew Bay; on the right an extensive chain



Pat Redmond – ready for action, as always.

Photo: Paddy Barry



Raphael McIlhone at the Achill swing bridge.

Photo: Pat Redmond

of savage hills and barren moorland. The road now became hardly passable; constructed without the least regard to levelness, here it dipped into a ravine, and there breasted some sudden hill, inaccessible to any carriage but the light machines we traveled with. Its surface was rough, and interrupted by a multitude of loose stones: while some of the bridges were partially dilapidated, and others had never been completed. In these, the ragged line of granite which formed the keystones of the arches, stood nakedly up, and presented a barrier that no common carriage could overtop without endangering its springs and harness. Yet this forlorn road is the only communication with a highly improvable country, covering at least fifty square miles, with numerous and profitable islands attached, and a immense line of sea-coast possessing rich fisheries, and abounding in kelp-weed and manure! And why was this neglect? Were the proprietors of this deserted district so cold to that true spring of human action, self-aggrandizement, as to omit providing an outlet for the sources of their opulence? Were there no public monies allocated to these abandoned corners of the earth, and so much lavishly expended on many a useless undertaking elsewhere? Yes: large sums have been presented and re-presented by the Grand Juries for the last twenty years, but they have been regularly pocketed by those to whose good faith they were entrusted. Would it be believed in England that this atrocious system of peculation has been carried to such an extent that roads have been passed, as completed, when their lines have been but roughly marked out; and bridges been actually paid for, the necessary accounting affidavits having been sworn to in open court, when not a stone was ever laid, and to this day the stream runs without a solitary arch to span its flood from the source to the debouchement? Ay!

Maxwell's arrival there had been by boat, it's main attraction to myself, and with Chart and O.S. map at the fireside to hand last winter had tried to follow his route.

At the clachan of Mulranny we struck into a pass in the mountains, and turned our backs upon Clew Bay. A branch from the waters of Black Sod runs some ten miles inland, and meets this opening in the hills, affording a communication by boats with Erris. There my kinsman's

galley was waiting for me, and in it I embarked my person and establishment. Taking advantage of a southwesterly wind, the boatmen hoisted their close-reefed lug, and away we shot rapidly towards the entrance of the inlet. From the high lands which rose on every side, the squalls fell more heavily cleared this confined and dangerous channel, and running between Currane Point and the island of Innis Biggle, entered Black Sod Bay. The passage down the inlet was marked with several incidents which were in perfect keeping with the wild and savage scenery around. A seal would suddenly raise his round head above the surface, gaze for a moment at the boat, and when he had apparently satisfied his curiosity, sink quietly from our view. In rounding the numerous head-lands, through which this inlet irregularly winds, we often

started flocks of curlew which, rising in an alarm at our unexpected appearance, made the rocks ring with their loud and piercing whistle. Skirting the shores of Innis Biggle, we disturbed an osprey, or sea-eagle, in the act of feeding on a bird. He rose leisurely, and lighting on a rock waited till we passed, and then returned to his prey. We ran sufficiently close to the shore to observe the size and colour of the bird, and concluded that a grouse had been the eagle's victim. When we had cleared the highlands the breeze blew fresh and steadily; the boatmen shook out the reefs, which had hitherto confined their canvas; the galley, with increased velocity, rushed through the rippling water, till doubling a neck of land, surmounted by a ruined castle, and running up a sheltered creek, I found myself at the termination of my voyage, and warmly welcomed by my Irish kinsman, from whom for fifteen years I had been separated."

It surely was Achill Sound, from south to north, Bulls Mouth, past Fahy's Castle and where we now were determined to follow.

Tullaghan Bay, is a shoal place. It was on the Owenduff River 'debouching' into it that Ballycroy Lodge was located. On a rising tide we nosed up past Tullaghan Rock, marked and visible and Tullaghan Bar, invisible opposite the rivers mouth. We grounded on sand, shot the anchor on 10 metres of chain and piled into the dingy, and up the river. A half mile up, round a corner, there it was, readily recognisable. Its stables now were empty but the house was good general order, and with roof intact. We walked within and it took little imagination to conjure the drinking of claret that never paid the revenue a farthing!

Saint Patrick was afloat on our return. Inis Biggle has the notorious Bulls Mouth 8 knot tide to its west and shoal ground to its north. With the now unavailable No 954 Achill Sound Chart to hand we anchored off its northeast point, west of the channel between Inishagoo and Gubnadoogha. At low tide, a woman we met, happily told us that, they are as well off as any on the mainland, being able to travel over the sands to Annagh Island and thence over some more sands to the land.

Night, followed day and day followed night. We barely knew what day it was, or cared, except for the tide tables. The weather was never better. Back on Inis Gé South, with the boat

on anchor on again north of Rusheen, we met the only two others there, salmon-men from Achill lamenting the good weather, too good for the fishing – but generous man, Hugh Corrigan, filled our oven with a fine 7 pounder. That night I slept on the beach with the stars for my roof.

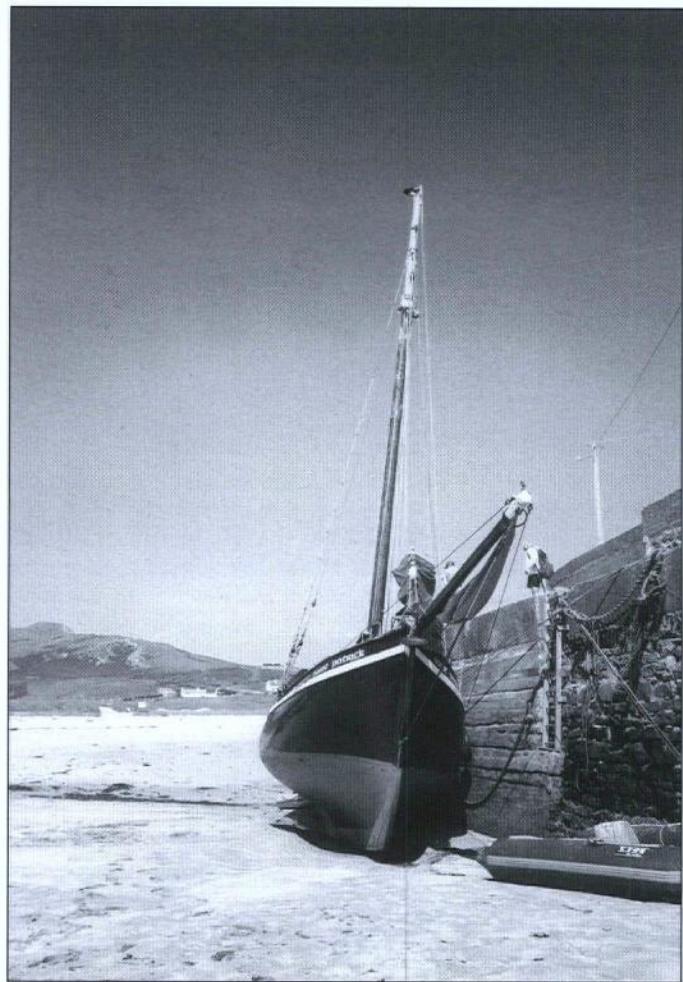
The holding on the north side of Duvillaun Mór seemed poor. Raphael stayed aboard. Only in flat sea and calm wind would it be safe, or indeed possible to make a landing on the nearby rocky shelf. We saw its monastic remains and etched Crucifix Slab. Unlike the Inis Gé's it had the advantage of having its own turf. There is plenty still there, since 1895 when the last 'rent-raid' forced eviction on the islanders, leaving it to the birds.

Sailing that evening the seven miles over to Dugort (black field), on Achills north east side, the wind went westerly, a sea-breeze overcoming the dominant southeasterly, exactly as it had on the previous days. We anchored off the beach, but would have been as well off to anchor off the pier and take the extra $\frac{1}{2}$ mile road walk to the hotel and then to the bar up the road near the site of Nangles 'Achill Mission'. The 'light of foot' next day hiked the ridge over Slievemore and Croaghaun. We met up with the boat in Keem Bay, and cooled ourselves in the blue. We were bound now for South Achill Sound where Cumann Bádoiri Acla were putting on an event for the Yawls and Connemara Hookers. We had little idea from the few phone calls that this was going to be such a big event. The Hookers were met south of Achill-beg by the life-boat, (Cox Brian Patton) escorted past Darby's Point and into the new quay at Claghmore. (Kildavnett, on the Chart). Here the Pipe Band played a welcome and I shook the hands of more than one with whom I had worked on building sites.

Over the next three days up and down the Sound we raced, played music (Sue Fahy, fiddle player and Pat Redmord, Flute had now joined us) and enjoyed mighty hospitality. The opening of the bridge to let the Hookers through had a slight delay. While the boats sailed about in the south pool, the bridge swung – about 6 feet, and got stuck. Traffic backed up $\frac{1}{2}$ mile each way. The island's water pipe was cut off. The metal bridge had expanded in the heat! Good humour and patience prevailed. On the next evening high tide, the fire-brigade had hosed the bridge, allowing it to swing freely. The Hookers sailed up past Salia, the first to do so since 1945 when the last of the Achill Hookers had stopped working. We were also the first Hookers to go through the 'new' 1947 bridge.

The Achill Yawls are thriving, a fleet of 18 now. We sailed out past Darby's Point on the last of the ebb, treating the tide rip with considerable respect. All the fine people we had met, in memory so recent, now being left behind. Our Pilot Michael 'Muscles' Patton who had guided us over shoal patches, and under 10,000 KW wires! Yawlmen Jim Corrigan and John Murphy, Jack Walsh from Inis Gé, Tom Johnson and Denis Gallagher, Organisers and hosts – to whom we will have to make a return trip to bring back the 'CORN JOHNNY EOIN BHIDI'. For my liver's sake I think I'll send it back by post!

In a moderate easterly, we attempted to find a landing on Achill Begs west side bight. This was not a good idea, so we went back to the sandy beach, Traboderg, on the west side. Again the old school and empty homes across the glen made it easy to visualise the small community of 100 years ago. In a wind gone to the SW we drifted across the bay towards Clare Island. Raphael spoke of days on Strangford Lough "languishing when the tide grows lazy". In Clare Island this week the 'Bards Summer School' was running. I cast a jaundiced eye on it but listened enthralled to John Moriarty's mythological lecture of Chrunnchu's encounter with the Goddess Macha and a 'shudder in the loins'.



Clare Island. Saint Patrick at the inner (old) pier. Photo: Pat Redmond

Leaving such, we sailed for Caher and Turk. "Go west along the road", they say on Clare Island, "until you feast your eyes on Caher". We anchored, a this time on the east side, in 10 m. on a sandy bottom and walked the penitential stations in bare feet on warm soft grass.

That night the stars shone clear as down the hill from Turk Community Centre to be pier we ambled. Not so nice was the bow of our boat high on a protruding rock at the outer pier. The stern lay afloat but it was an uneasy hour until her bow swung away. A young moon rose in the southwest.

And thence to Davillaun, to go ashore on its south side at Port Cove, we thought. Too rough today, so to Rusheen Bay on Bofin's East Village we went instead and later sailed round to the harbour. O'Days first and then Murrays, where the music really took off. Dessie ("Say you love me") and his cousin Francis O'Halloran, Mary Staunton, Josie Canavan, box player extraordinary from Carna, played to a full bar. Donal Lunny just about got a look-in. I didn't sing, I hope! There was an open air Mass next day for the three elderly sisters who so tragically died in a house fire last year.

We had planned to go for Mannin Bay, unsung paradise, but the forecast was for SW F7. The fine weather was breaking. We went instead for Joyce's Sound, the tide still running strongly to the north three hours after H.W. Galway, when it should have been slack. At Roundstone we left *Saint Patrick* on anchor.

During the rest of the Summer, the young bucks sailed her to Aran and Kinvara, myself and pals sailed to Blasket, Cape Clear and Ballycotton. The youngsters took her back to Dublin.

Alys in the Algarve

David Park

Hilary retired this year, so we decided to go further afield and leave the boat in the sun for at least one or two seasons.

Peter Minnis (ICC) and his wife Carolyn joined us and we left Ringhaddy on 1/7/2000 and with a mixture of sailing and motoring we reached Kilmore Quay the following evening. We refuelled and left for Biscay on 3/7/00. Initially we motored but on the third day the wind went NE F4 and steadily increased all day. We had several dark miserable wet nights with a big following sea but at dawn on 7/7/00 we had our first sunshine and with the genoa poled out reached La Coruna just before midnight. Just over 5 days for 525 NM.

We stayed a day here and then motor sailed around the NW corner of Spain to Sardineiro, a fine anchorage inside Cape Finnisterre and well protected from the north. Then we had a marvellous sail to Bayona, I think one of my favourite ports on this whole coastline. What a pleasure to sit at the Parador, overlooking the marina, and sipping white wine.

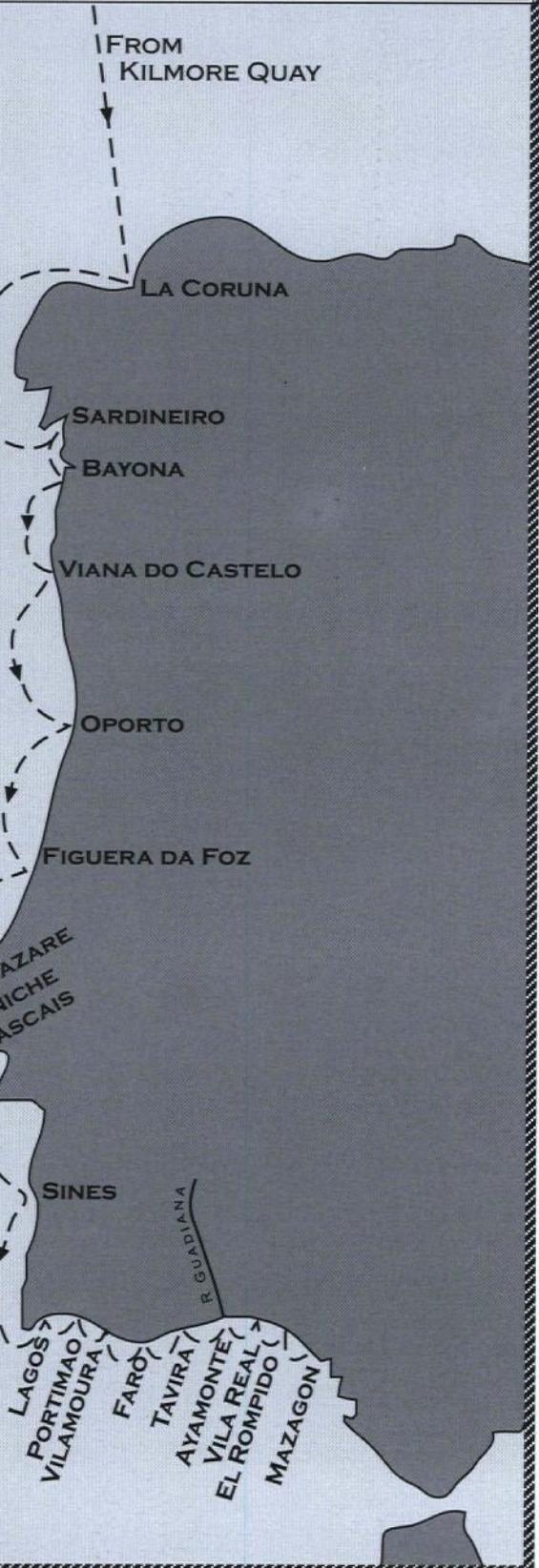
Now we crossed the border into Portugal and our first port was Viana do Castelo. I had been here 13 years ago but it is now turning into a commercial port with attendant marina.

Now we were in the country of passports, ships papers and endless bureaucracy but all done with great politeness; so one can hardly complain. So on to the River Douro and up to Oporto. This is quite a tricky entrance with a sand bar and one should really go in at half flood. Anyway we managed to get in at half ebb and we were the only yacht there. The Douro is now filled with large tripper boats and we managed to tie alongside one just below the bridge and visited the Sandeman Port Cave on the opposite riverbank; an interesting visit. Our next port and marina was Figueira da Foz. As we approached in the dark it suddenly started to blow F 7-8, having been blowing quite steadily F 3-4 all day. By midnight it was flat calm. The logic of some of the winds in these areas escapes me. Nazare has a friendly small marina run by an ex-British master mariner and would be an excellent place to haul out, but it is along walk into town. Peniche was our next port and there are several new pontoons just completed. We ate ashore here at a restaurant beside the marina and two bottles of wine, sardines, chips, coffee and brandy cost £20 for 4 people! Cascais is a modern marina on the N shore at the entrance to the Tagus and would be useful if you wanted to visit Lisbon but we didn't and



Peter Minnis, Hilary Park and Carolyn Minnis at the Parador, Bayona.

A L Y S



anyway the noise of two "head banging" bands was deafening. They only stopped in the early hours when Peter complained bitterly to a security guard. We were away early the next day to

Sines, a pleasant marina beside a huge oil port and following there a grand sail around that spectacular headland, Cape St. Vincent, to Lagos in the Algarve.

Peter and Carolyn left us here. They had been with us for three weeks and flew home to Belfast on a charter flight from Faro.

Hilary and I now had a month on our own. Lagos is a fine marina, with a beach, nice town, and numerous restaurants all within walking distance of the marina. We required some work to our engine and electrics and were fortunate to find John Dransfield who lives on his Sadler 32 *Zoe* in the marina. He is a most experienced engineer /electronics man and sorted all our problems out. Thoroughly recommended. Hilary and I now sailed eastwards visiting Portimao where the town was noisy and the river smelly. There is a large new marina at Pria da Rocha at the entrance to the Ria but it was still under construction and we did not visit.

The Ria Formosa, a lagoon, runs eastwards from Faro to Tavira for 20 miles. It is a nature reserve and sandy islets and beaches separate the lagoon from the sea. We anchored in the lagoon off the island of Culatra in the presence of about twenty other yachts of all nationalities, and spent several days here swimming and walking on this most unspoiled island. We motored up the marked channel and anchored in the pool off Faro and found it to be a lovely town with a historic walled centre. And then back to Vilamoura, a large purpose built marina village, which is not terribly attractive but useful for stores. John and Ann Clementson (ICC) in *Faustina II* were here and we had dinner together aboard *Alys*.

And so we continued our mini cruise to Tavira, again in the Ria Formosa, anchoring with only two other yachts. The birdlife here was quite amazing and we saw storks, flamingos, egrets, curlew, whimbrels and numerous species of terns, most of which I could not identify. The evening flight of duck was equally spectacular. The town of Tavira itself is very pleasant but quite a long walk from the landing place. We then visited Vila Real de Santo Antonio which is on the Portuguese side of the River Guadiana, which separates Spain and Portugal. Villa Real is also an attractive town and marina.

We then returned to Vilamoura to collect my son Michael, his wife Liz, and their two children aged four and two. They stayed a week and we based ourselves at Lagos where there are beaches, swimming pool and not far away, a very good zoamarine. *Alys* has now acquired a watering can, and buckets and spades!

We all returned to Vilamoura and exchanged crews for Aidan Tyrrell (ICC) and Helen Hassett who had both flown from Cork. We revisited Culatra and Villa Real but this time took the tide up the River Guadiana, 20 NM, to Alcoutim; a pleasant journey through unspoilt countryside.

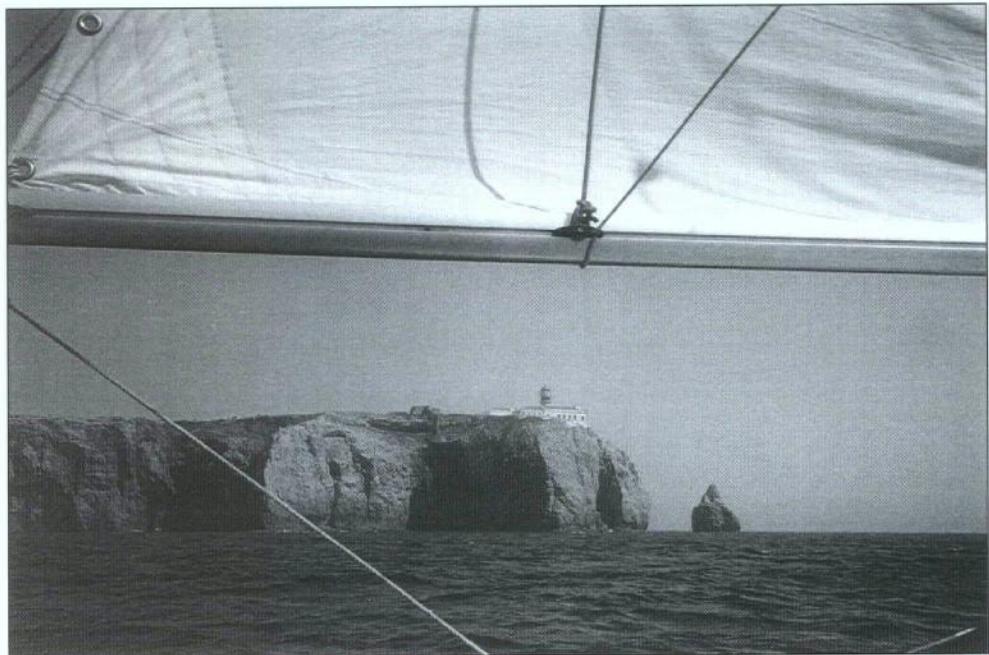
At Culatra we took the local ferry to the large fishing village of Olhao and here in the restaurant "O Tamboril" had a long watery lunch of cataplana- a Portuguese fish stew; seriously good. We crossed into Spain again as far as Mazagon which has a marina and beach but not much else to recommend it. Helen flew home from Faro after 10 days and then Aidan's daughter Fionnuala joined us for 5 days. We visited El Rompido, a very pretty Spanish village, 5 NM. up the Rio Piedras. The Rio is protected from the sea by a long sand spit of dunes and beaches and the entrance is difficult and only possible near high water. We had a very fine lunch here in the restaurant "La Patera". When there was just the three of us we crossed the Guadiana to Ayamonte on the Spanish side; a fine traditional town. Several miles to the east is the fishing town of Isla Cristina with a small marina where we stayed one night and acquired a rat! Aidan thought he saw something as he came down the companionway steps at dusk but wasn't sure. I was woken during the night by something scrambling across my feet and in the morning Hilary



Alys at Alcoutim, River Guadiana.

noticed some half-eaten grapes in the after cabin. On quietly lifting the aft locker lid, I saw ratty's long tail! Aidan said "He probably feels like a short cruise"! We managed to acquire some tubes of sticky stuff and put it, plus some food, in two cardboard boxes and then went ashore for the day. When we came back it was obvious that he had been in the sticky but it had not held him. I think it was too runny due to the heat. Hilary decided to sleep in the cockpit that night but "ratty" was extremely active on deck and in the cabin and we saw him several times. At one stage he ran across Hilary's head. SCREAM! By dawn peace had returned to Alys. But where had he gone? We searched the boat from stem to stern with no result. Aidan said, "He's jumped ship"! and I think he probably had as he must have been a very sticky boyo.

We sailed back to Vilamoura and Alys was lifted out there for the winter on 25/9/00. One of our reasons for choosing Vilamoura was its proximity to Faro airport and in fact we got a direct charter flight to Belfast for £80 each. It had been an interesting cruise, our first in the heat, and, once in Portugal,



Cape St. Vincent to port.

only two wet days in over two months. Winds were generally light and dominated by the lunchtime onshore breeze.

We managed to sail 1650 NM. and visit 22 harbours and anchorages, most of them for the first time.

Bonaventure, St Kilda and a drop of malt

Adrian and Maeve Bell

Of course all cruising holds out the prospect of a good adventure but Bonaventure with a capital B was something slightly different.

Joanne, a former babysitter for John and Joan Russell, had met and married a French chef; together they had established an up-market restaurant, Bonaventure, on Gallan Head overlooking West Loch Roag on the Atlantic coast of Lewis. Perhaps if we got to Stornaway, the Russells suggested, we could take a taxi over for dinner. Good idea, we said, not letting on that visiting West Loch Roag was very near if not top of our cruising 'to do' list.

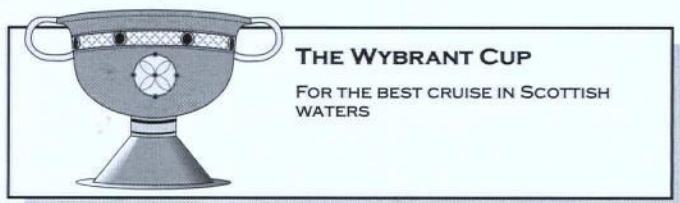
So Scotland was once again the venue for the annual cruise. Then came the publicity for the CCC Millennium Classic Malts Cruise in Company. Never having been on one, a cruise in company seemed like a good idea. A millennium cruise with a drop or two of malt seemed even better.

Having been delayed by a full day by a strong northerly wind, we made a 0415 start from Strangford Lough on a calm morning on 12 July. We motored most of the way to Craighouse on Jura, only getting enough wind to sail towards the end of the afternoon. Indeed the most exciting event of the day was encountering a flock of stormy petrels off the Maidens, the furthest south we have ever seen them.

Craighouse produced a couple of minor setbacks – the anchor dragged so we laid the kedge as a second anchor and the diesel tank looked uncomfortably low. Oban seemed to be a prudent stop rather than Tobermory. This turned out to be a good decision. First the bolt which held the fan belt adjustment was found to have sheared while the following morning the throttle cable failed as we started to motor away from the fuel berth.

Being in Kerrera Marina we were able to get help with ordering a replacement and with fitting it when it finally arrived the following afternoon. In the meantime we used the free launch service to go to Oban which, among other things, has a huge Tesco and a good chandler, Nancy Blacks, where Adrian and Maeve surreptitiously invested in two additional diesel carriers in the hope of putting Plan A into practice.

As we struggled to thread six metres of throttle cable on Saturday afternoon, other yachts started casting off and heading south to the opening muster at Craobh Haven. However when we finally got away in the late afternoon we headed north west up the Sound of Mull having decided that a full two weeks of



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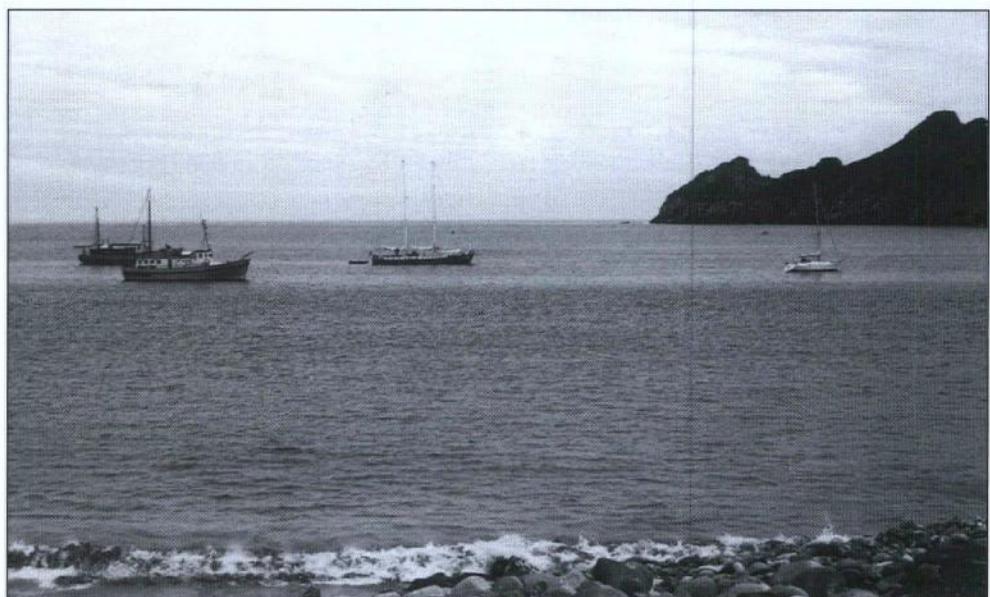
conviviality was too much and that we should earn the parties by visiting more remote heathery anchorages in the Outer Hebrides first.

What a gift a mobile phone is on a yacht! Now one can access the Marinecall five day forecast without having to go ashore, locate a call box, and feed it with handfuls of £1 coins. And the forecast was just what the doctor ordered: NE 3 or less going SW to NW 3 or less. Time to reveal Plan A – Loch Roag for dinner via St Kilda.

Leaving Loch Aline on Sunday morning it was sunny but cold all the way to Acarsaid Mor on Eriskay, again under engine apart from an hour or so mid morning. When gale bound on one of my earliest cruises, a neighbouring skipper said that Eriskay was probably his favourite island in the Outer Hebrides because it was only a short walk to the machair. He was right. Moreover Eriskay has Bonnie Prince Charlie's beach where he landed to launch the ill fated '45 rising (not rebellion as he was reckoned to be the lawful king), a special breed of ponies, a thriving community, the notoriety of Whiskey Galore, and even a pub.

Joan, Adrian and Maeve went ashore and walked the length of the island to the pub (about 1 mile) where we had the statutory drink and signed the visitors' book. We were delighted to hear a corncrake on the way back, the last time we had heard them was on Tory Island some two years earlier.

Realta had been joined in the anchorage by good friends from our Lough Neagh days and now fellow club members at Quoile in *Fable* but partying was relatively subdued with alarm clocks set for 0630. Being only human, we experienced a moment of smugness when they told us that they had taxied round Lewis but had been unable to get a table in Bonaventure because it was booked out!



Thirty-five feet of yacht looking insignificant in Village Bay.

Photo: John Russell



Maeve Bell on St. Kilda's main street.

Once again there was almost no wind as we left under engine the following morning zig zagging our way through the Sound of Barra and setting course for St Kilda when we finally cleared all the hazards. Sea life was abundant with fulmers, puffins and some arctic and great skuas. We passed close to several enormous grey seals and saw a small basking shark as well as a whale.

By 1800 we were anchored in Village Bay rolling gently in the swell despite the flat calm. Later in the evening we laid the kedge astern to keep the bows into the swell which proved quite effective at dampening the motion. While the army has now been withdrawn, a private company has taken over the blot on the landscape that was the army base and they continue to run the radar station. Thus the "Puff Inn" survives!

Whether life is the same without the army is a different matter. The previous year in Rona we were entertaining Eddie and Jim from *Dromedaris* to a few drinks when they told us of their visit to St Kilda some years previously. Yachting out in fine conditions they were startled by a very loud bang seemingly just overhead. Must be Concorde's sonic boom they rationalised, only to learn on arrival that they had very nearly been wiped out by a malfunctioning missile fired from the range on Benbecula ...

Scottish Nature are engaged in restoring some of the cottages on 'the street' and the warden made us welcome as we walked through the ruins feeling thankful that we didn't have to survive on a diet of gulls' eggs and dried seabird. There is something unbearably poignant about the place and the degree of inevitability of its evacuation in 1930.

Something in the St Kildan air seems to make the extremities grow. The inhabitants apparently had almost prehensile toes, the better to cling onto ledges when hunting gulls, while the St Kildan mouse and wren are recognised as separate sub-species and both have long tails. The mouse was spotted on our first visit four years ago, the wren on this occasion.

Another early start saw us heading ENE for Gallan Head in grey, cloudy, light conditions. Time to study the chart of Loch Roag which goes under the romantic name of Ard More Mangersta to Tiumpan (chart 2515).

Some nine and a half hours later we had threaded our way through several of the islands and around at least five corners to

anchor in Loch Miavaig which Joanne had advised, courtesy of the mobile, was the most suitable anchorage for the restaurant.

By 1830 we were on the little quayside piling into Joanne's car for the 10-15 minute drive to Aird Uig on Gallan Head where to our surprise the restaurant had been converted from disused army huts. No time to lament a further architectural horror though as glasses of Kir were followed by showers then yet more aperitifs before choosing from a menu which included venison sausages, crab bisque, scallops, duck and raspberry crepes. The armagnac which followed was almost certainly not a wise decision.

Exploration of the extensive sailing area of Loch Roag and a visit to the standing stones at Callenish topped the agenda for the following day. In a fresh south westerly we had fun piloting our

way through Kyles Floday and Kyles Campay to East Loch Roag and thence to the head of the Loch, some two and a half hours in all. The anchorage suggested in the pilot book, Bratanish Mor, was rather sub-optimal – a lee shore and nowhere obvious to land from the dinghy – so we moved further in to a more sheltered unnamed inlet and were able to dinghy to a fine traditional pier.

The stones, some 4000 years old, are in the shape of cross with a central circle. They brought back memories of an earlier cruise of Adrian's father GP Bell in *Owen Roe* some 25 years ago. A taxi was hired in Stornaway and Mr McTavish, the driver, waxed lyrical about the stones claiming that they were even known to dance on certain occasions. "And would you be a drinking man yourself, Mr McTavish?" enquired one of the crew from the back seat of the taxi.

We had a look at the very well designed interpretative centre and then took advantage of a sign offering conducted tours of an archaeological dig. The dig consisted, as ever, of four or five rather uninteresting holes of varying sizes which revealed collections of stones beneath about two feet of peat. A very articulate young student from Edinburgh said current academic thinking was that the ritual significance of the area had been overplayed and they were now looking for evidence of domestic and agricultural practices.

Our anchorage overnight was Dubh Thob or Kirkibost, a tiny fishing harbour tucked in behind Vacasay Island through a narrow, suck-one's-sides-in passage. There are beacons on each side and the pilot book states that the channel is about a third of a cable wide with drying reefs extending beyond the beacons. We can certainly vouch for the reef on the island side as we made a passing acquaintance with it at six o'clock the following morning.

The pilot books give the Butt of Lewis a bad name. Keep at least 5 miles off, they warn. So we did as we were advised. But this adds considerably to the length of the journey so, as we passed abeam (having done the calculations to have both wind and tide in our favour) and seeing not a speck of white water, we became bolder and closed in until we were about 2 miles off in gentle conditions.

The early start paid off, we were comfortably tied up on the pontoon in Stornaway Harbour at 1540 having covered 63 miles. Now we were back on more familiar territory. John had

first cruised to Stornaway in 1958 with the Greens from Strangford Lough Yacht Club but hadn't been back since 1972 when he and Joan sailed with Tommy Taggart in *Kirmew*, a 1947 Robert Clark 5 tonner which leaked all the way. Adrian and Maeve had been several times more recently and rank it highly for convenience – a laundrette, ice, good showers on the pier head for 50p with a 10p supplement for a hairdryer, and a first class butcher Mr McDonald in Francis Street who for some reason displays all the local death notices and funeral times in his window. Don't leave his shop without purchasing the venison sausages; sirloin on the bone is also highly recommended. Our only disappointment was walking to the top of Francis Street to see the 1608 bible carried by David Livingstone during his explorations in Africa in the vestry of St Peter's Church and finding everything shut.

Next day Friday 21st we motored south in a flat calm enjoying the sunshine. Having met a school of white beaked dolphins in the Minch the previous day, we headed to the Shiant Isles in search of more wildlife. Mol Mor is the narrow isthmus of stones and boulders linking the two islands. It shelves steeply. We were in 8 metres yet close to the beach, and the bottom is rocky so Adrian stayed on board despite the calm conditions. Hamish Haswell-Smith in his fascinating and indispensable book 'The Scottish Islands' describes the Shiants as "...a vast skyscraper city of seabirds, noisy and rank smelling." Later we read that it is infested with black rats, the plague of rats of old, and as they are very rare in Britain and Ireland they have been declared a protected species. If I'd known beforehand I would have been the one volunteering for anchor watch!

Lulled into a false sense of security by the sun and calm seas there was consternation as we rounded a corner on our way toward North Harbour Scalpay to find a brand new bridge across the Sound. A frantic dash to the cabin for the Almanac fortunately revealed that there was 20 metre clearance.

Saturday saw us leave the Outer Hebrides and head back across the Minch, time to try and rendezvous with some of the 200 yachts rumoured to be on the cruise in company. Our stop that night was Acarsaid Mor on Rona where David and Marie Whitehead from *Joyster* came on board for drinks and the bones of a plan to go to Arisaig the following day were laid.

Realta called in Kyle of Lochalsh for diesel and water, both were provided by John McCrea who has done such a good job as harbourmaster in Kyle that he had been promoted to be Harbour Czar for the whole of the Western Isles. He is also an expert on otters and it was a great thrill to see one as we passed through Kyle Rhea a short time later.

Having dodged our way through the maze of markers into Arisaig, *Joyster* dispensed the g and t's and *Realta*'s crew were soon flying. An excellent dinner in the Old Library followed, only our second meal ashore during the trip.

By this time we needed to make careful calculations with a view to getting to the lunch in Loch Scridain on west coast of Mull on the Tuesday. Gometra looked to be within striking distance. Another sunny day greeted us and again the wind was fitful. Having had two brief flirtations with the spinnaker the



John Russell, David and Marie Whitehead at the entrance to Fingal's cave.

day before, out it came again when at one stage we were overtaken simultaneously by *Joyster* to lee and a Sigma 38 to weather – a very unsatisfactory state of affairs for former Fireball hotshots!

David and Marie came on board for dinner and we were about to celebrate being in a brand new anchorage when John upstaged everyone by announcing he had been there approximately 40 years ago.

Flat calm the following morning allowed a detour to Staffa on our way to lunch. The optimum combination consisted of *Realta* anchoring as we had the power windlass and *Joyster* launching their dinghy as they had davits. Being right inside Fingall's Cave at sea level was a super experience and much more impressive than walking along the rocky ledge.

About 30 boats were at anchor in Kilfinichan Bay. From the shore it was a short walk up through the glen-style garden of Tiroran House to the marquee on the front lawn. The Taste of Mull lunch came in picnic boxes complete with small bottles of Tobermory malt and the weather was just right for al fresco dining. Midge repellent was a necessity.

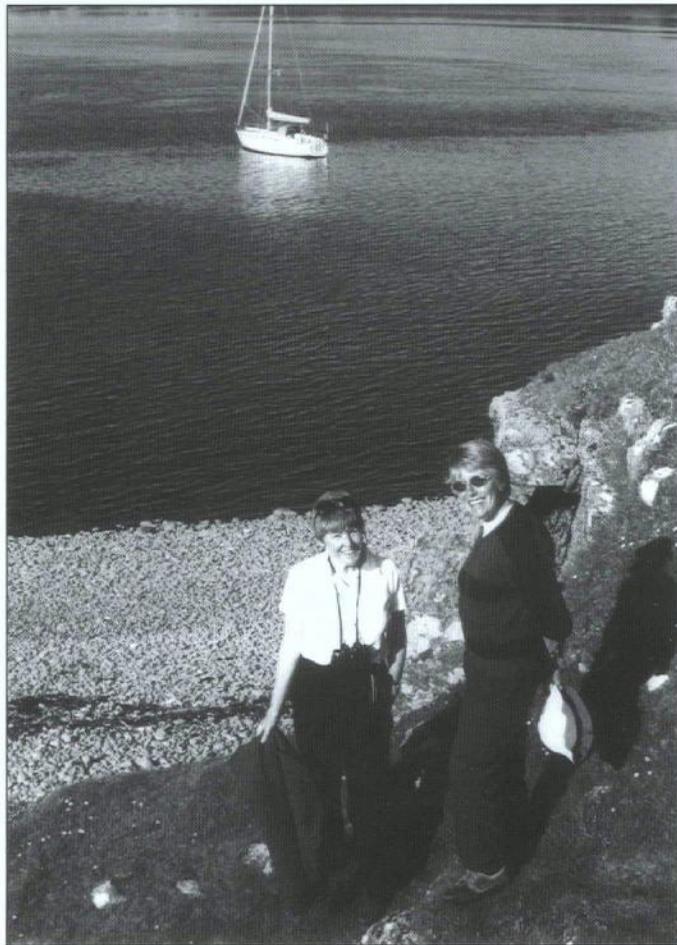
A last minute change of plan saw us head for Arinagour on Coll rather than Bunessan.

'Fair gem of the ocean
Sweet Coll of my song
With joy and devotion
To you I belong'

(from the Gaelic by Hector MacDougall of Coll)

This was a first ever for Adrian and Joan but John excelled himself by announcing it was his first return since 1955, 45 years ago. After a perambulation ashore next morning it was off to Tobermory under engine for some much needed shopping and then to Loch Aline again in order to be handily placed for the closing meet in Kerrera.

Half past nine next morning saw us berthed in the marina with lots of yachts in ahead of us, many dressed over all. Joan and Maeve headed for Oban where they took a taxi (expensive) to Ardchattan priory on the north shore of Loch Etive. It is the second oldest continuously inhabited house in Scotland with interesting mediaeval ruins, carved grave stones and an attractive mixture of formal and informal gardens. Wildflower meadows are ultra-fashionable in gardening circles at present but the one at Ardchattan was the real McCoy and was an



Maeve Bell and Joan Russell on the Shiants. *Photo: John Russell*

appropriate setting for a collection of about 30 varieties of rowan.

Next stop on our return was the hairdresser, very essential as showers and water were rationed on Kerrera due to the fine summer. The menfolk meanwhile had declined the garden trip on the basis that there were things to attend to – mostly socialising to judge by their good humour on our return.

The closing dinner was well organised. Speeches were on the whole mercifully short with our past Commodore Mike McKee undoubtedly delivering the most humorous contribution. The local pipe band gave a rendition before we all headed into an enormous boat shed for a delicious dinner. Having seen the shed a week or so earlier, the transformation in décor was nothing short of miraculous.

The partying over, now it was time to take the tide south but not before more engine problems had to be solved. A routine check by Adrian led to the discovery that the bracket supporting the alternator had sheared. The marina recommended a firm called Lorn Welding so it was hot foot to the ferry and into a taxi to get a repair. This delayed our departure until 1500 but we lost very little of the favourable tides, taking it with us from Easdale onwards. The benefits in the Sound of Luing are considerable; our speed on the clock under full sail at Fladda light was 6.7k but the GPS reckoned we were doing 11k over the ground.

Thereafter we yo-yoed between sail and engine down the Sound of Jura with the weather alternating between a zephyr and a decent sailing breeze. Judicious use of the engine during the former meant we covered the 40 miles to Craighouse, Jura in just over five and a half hours. Having dragged our anchor in a sudden gale some 3 years earlier, Craighouse had become something of a jinxed anchorage for us. This time we got



It's as easy as one, two, three – after lunch on Mull. Adrian with David Whitehead and John Russell.

smarter and selected a position towards the northerly end of the village (opposite three 2-storey houses to the right of the church) where we could see the bottom was clear of weed. Next morning, success; not even a tendril whereas previously we had difficulty in holding and the anchor had come up with lashings of kelp.

We counted 29 boats in the anchorage, surely a record. With more expansive timescales than us, most were on their way to the final ceilidh at Lagavulin. We headed south down the Irish Sea, again supplementing sails with engine when our speed dropped off, and tied up in Bangor Marina at 2200 despite a sudden drop in speed over the final couple of miles.

Investigating the next morning Adrian found a black bin bag wrapped around the prop. Judicious poking with the boat hook while viewing the prop through Joan's lipstick mirror held under water eventually removed it. Moral of the story, always pack a full make-up purse when going to sea!

Motoring yet again in the calm conditions we had an uneventful trip down the Irish Sea and through the inside passage into Strangford narrows. We use Angus Tower in line with Kilclief church (rather than the castle) as the transit and are careful to allow for the tide setting strongly onto Bar Pladdy when leaving on the ebb.

Tied up on Quoile pontoon, the log reckoned 803 miles in 18 days. The brand new breathable oilskins had only been worn twice.

Tips

- The previous year we had left *Realta* in Arisaig for a fortnight and would strongly recommend it. Murdo Grant of Arisaig Marine (01687 450224) has 30 moorings and will fetch you in and out in his launch. We found his prices very competitive, under £50 + VAT a week for 35', while Kerrera would have cost more than twice as much. In addition a short walk (uphill) to the railway station gives access to a fabulous train journey, first past Bonnie Prince Charlie's monument at Glenfinnan to Fort William and then over Rannoch Moor to Glasgow. Final plus point, I left an order with the little Spar shop on departure and they had everything packed into boxes in a shopping trolley ready for collection on our return without even wanting a deposit.
- Call Stornaway Coastguard at least five miles before Village Bay before VHF reception goes. We left it too late and had to hunt around in the camp for a pay phone and find the correct change to let them know of our arrival.
- Phone Bonaventure restaurant in advance to avoid disappointment: 01851 672474.

Spain and Portugal – Homeward Bound

Paul Butler

This year was to be the last part of the voyage that brought *Red Velvet* to and around the Mediterranean since Whit of 1997. Having wintered in Almerimar, I intended to return to Dun Laoghaire but a change in the day job and the acquisition of a boss for the first time in my life trimmed my sails somewhat and curtailed the amount of time that I had come to spend with my true love. Hence *Red Velvet* is spending her fourth winter abroad, this time in Vigo.

For my Easter break I planned to cover Andalucía from Almerimar to Aymonte. Together with Seamus Roche from Cork and Dermot Clarke, with whom I race in Dun Laoghaire, I flew to Malaga on 15th April. There we were collected by John and Liz Whittaker of *Lady N* (see the 1999 Annual) and driven to Almerimar. John had supervised the launching of *Red Velvet* and we found her afloat and fully in commission.

Strong westerly winds eased somewhat by the 18th and we were able to set sail for Mortil, some 30 miles to the west. Freshening head winds, however, helped us to decide to have a gentle start and we diverted to Adra. The harbour is largely commercial, a new marina is, however, under construction but was not yet open. In the event we tied up along side where directed (near the NW corner) and went aground (where the chart told us that we had at least 2.5 m under us). An Officer on a ship on the N quay took a long line from us and we were able to winch off. On our return to *Red Velvet* after dinner ashore I noticed that there was some diesel on a seat in the cockpit I put it down to dirty water and the choppy conditions in the exposed position where we lay and thought no more about it. It was only later, on passage to Fuengirola, that, on checking, I found our diesel tank to be almost empty! It had been full to the brim some 4 engine hours earlier. This was a first for me the only possible explanation is that, while we were ashore in Adra, someone came alongside and siphoned off our fuel.

At 19.00 hrs. on Wednesday 19th we set off on an over night for Fuengirola. The passage was straightforward and pleasant and we tied up at a marina berth which was available only for one night. Although Fuengirola is everything one would expect of a large and cheap package holiday resort, the marina has excellent facilities and the Spaniards (those that are left there) are most helpful and friendly. Dinner was unremarkable.

On Friday we were able to sail most of the 37 miles to Sotogrande in a fresh 4/5 from the W. Here there is an excellent marina in a purpose made development. It is good for a short-term stay but last year they gave me a quotation for wintering which would have amounted to almost three times the cost of Almerimar. We had a good dinner and were so impressed that we delayed our departure on the 15 mile passage to Gibraltar until after a leisurely luncheon ashore. It was well that we had a good lunch because all we could find open on a Saturday night were noisy pubs and a few fast food joints – Fuengirola was not so bad after all!

We spent Easter Sunday walking around Gibraltar and departed at 19.00 on an over night to Cadiz. It was a particularly pleasant and interesting passage on a clear night in very light winds with plenty of shipping to observe. We arrived

at the marina in Cadiz (one of my favourite cities which I had last visited on the way down in 1997) at 11 in the morning and, with the help of the very friendly staff at the marina, arranged to have a hire car delivered to us during lunch. This was because Dermot had to join his wife, Valda, in Portugal by the following day. In the event, we drove to Portugal (via Seville) that afternoon, had a superb Easter dinner of roast lamb prepared by Valda, stayed the night and Seamus and I returned the next morning.

On the following day Seamus and I were away by 07.30 for the 72 mile passage across to the Rio Guardiana (which forms the southern border between Spain and Portugal) and up to Aymonte where *Red Velvet* had been booked to stay until Whit. Ayamonte was chosen because, while in Spain, it is within an easy taxi ride of Faro Airport and in one of the very many places to have sprouted a new marina since we sailed down on 1997. The town is obviously thriving with excellent shops and restaurants and pedestrian streets which, like Cadiz, have awnings covering the entire street, yet there are very few tourists. The marina arranged a taxi to the airport and Seamus and I were able to fly directly to Dublin.

For Whit I had planned a substantial cruise up to Bayona with my usual Whit crew. The time restrictions mentioned above, however, meant that I was only getting a few free days this year. Because of this Nóirín, Eamonn, Don and I flew over in June and had a couple of days in Aymonte and a 25 mile trip up the Rio Guardiana to the town of Alcoutim on the Portuguese side. The river is wide and easily navigable, even for ships if there were any, with plenty of small stopping points, mostly on the Portuguese side. It is extraordinary that no big population centres developed up there. We went to Alcoutim because there was no space available at Sanlúcar on the far side. I have to say that, pretty though it is, the contrast between Spain and Portugal down there makes it feel as if one is entering the Third World.

Nóirín and I returned to Ayamonte on 3rd August. On



Scribe at Rest

Photo: Seamus Roche

Monday 7th. Gerry Doyle (our – and everybody else's – rigger in Dun Laoghaire) arrived on board with his extended family. They were having, what they described as, a boring holiday in Portugal and, while out for a drive to Spain had spotted *Red Velvet*. It took Gerry little time to accept our invitation to sail to Villamaura the following day!

On Tuesday we were joined by Gerry, his brother-in-law and their offspring and we set off down the Rio Guardiana at 11.00. We had a pleasant sail in very light wind under main and cruising chute for much of the 45 mile passage. Having seen our visitors off, Nóirín and I ate well ashore.

Departure on the following morning was delayed by the bureaucracy that it still alive and well in the south of Portugal. While Villamaura is a most friendly and otherwise efficient marina (we left *Red Velvet* ashore there on the way down), it beggars belief that one has to stop at a waiting pontoon and be cleared through the marina, customs and the police *both* on entering and leaving and that one can only leave by day! In the event, we set off at 10.00 and, to avoid such delays again, decided to anchor near Cape St. Vincent rather than pay another visit to Lagos. We spent a pleasant day and were able to sail off the wind in lovely weather for most of the 38 miles to Baleeira, a few miles short of the Cape. Here Nóirín put the electric windlass to good use and we spent a lovely quiet night aboard.

The following morning we set off at 08.30 and were at Cape St. Vincent an hour later. At this stage there was a clear blue sky and little wind. I had forgotten that there was a dramatic change in temperature and, indeed, climate as we passed the Cape in 1997. Nothing, however, prepared me for the dramatic change that occurred this time. Within less than an hour the sky was full of rain and it got positively cold to such extent that, having been wearing togs, we soon had our full offshore oilies on for the first time since Easter 1999. We were tied up at the marina

at Sines by 18.30, the weather having much improved. The town of Sines, about 20 minutes uphill walk from the marina, is a lovely small town with a couple of simple but excellent restaurants and a castle.

After a very pleasant evening we set off on Friday morning, 11th August, on a 40 mile passage to Sesimbra, an industrialised town south of Lisbon. We managed to sail with a close fetch (wind NW $\frac{1}{4}$) all the way. There is a small marina at Sesimbra but, just as it was on our way down, it was full and we had to anchor in the harbour. We first dropped the hook just W of the inside quay as directed in the Pilot only to be told that anchoring there was prohibited. In lifting the anchor, we wondered why the electric windlass was working so hard until we discovered that we had lifted a cable so heavy that it looked as if it might be carrying the entire town's power supply! It was so heavy that our bow was down about a foot and we had to use a warp to take its weight while we freed the anchor. At this stage we were so tired and the town looked so uninviting that we decided not to blow up the punt and we dined aboard and had an early night.

On Saturday, because the timing of the tides did not suit, we decided not to go up the *Rio Tejo* to Lisbon proper but headed instead for Cascais which is, in effect, a holiday superb of the capital and which had, just last year, sprouted a brand new 660 berth marina. After a gentle sail in light winds, we tied alongside the reporting pontoon at 13.30. Facilities here are excellent. Within the marina complex, which is in the shadow of an old fort, there are plenty of shops, including a large well-stocked supermarket, and three chandlers, plenty of cafes and restaurants and excellent washing facilities. The town, just outside the marina complex had even better shopping and restaurants, a number of clean beaches and a Portuguese style "DART" service to the centre of Lisbon. If one is to be stuck in



Gibraltar

Photo: Paul Butler

port, this is the place to be! In the event very strong N and NW winds kept us there for some six days. For two days in the middle of this very pleasant stay we left the marina and anchored in sand in the sheltered bay for two nights for a rest and the facility of swimming off *Red Velvet* when we pleased. I have to say that, in so far as water temperature is concerned, we might as well have been anywhere off the Irish coast as where we were at this time of year. We were a long way from the 25-degree waters of last year!

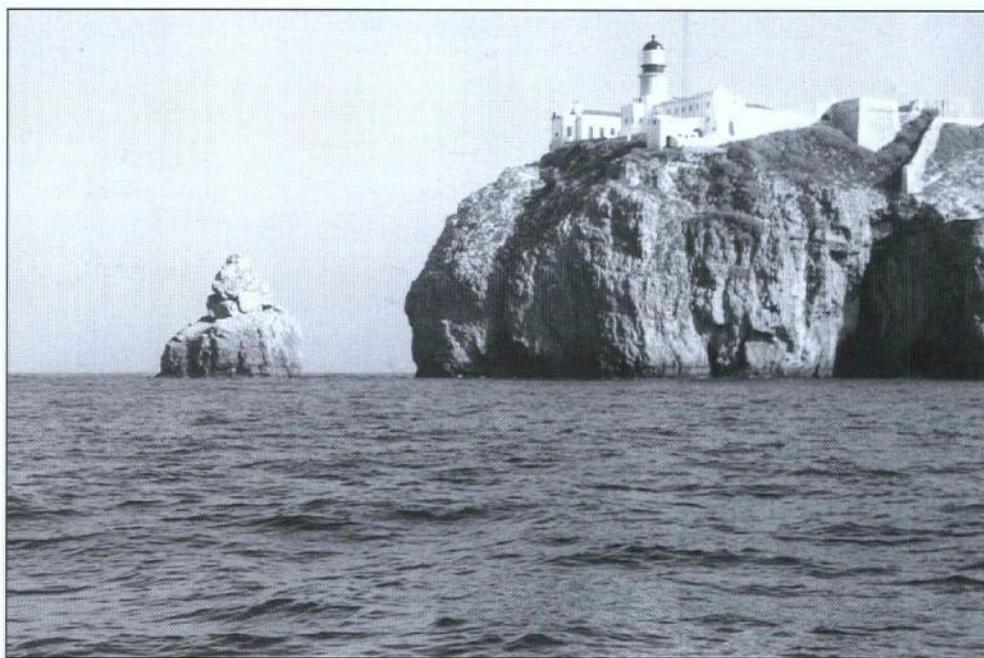
On Friday 18th the wind had almost entirely died and we motored all of the 45 miles to Peniche. This is a large fishing port with a recently built marina. When we arrived, however, at 17.30 the office had been closed for the day and we could only get ashore by waiting until another user unlocked the gate. After dinner ashore, we waited until a security man turned up and let us back. There were no nearby showers or toilets.

On the following morning we set off for Nazaræ. Here we were given a royal reception by the port captain, an Irishman who lived in England and spent many years as a Captain in the merchant navy. (To my eternal shame, I forget his name as I write and have left my only record thereof aboard in Vigo!)

On 20th August we had a pleasant sail for most of the 35 miles to Figueira da Foz. Again, this was my second visit. There is a good marina sheltered up the *Rio Mondego*. The town though a large tourist resort had a charming old quarter with a lovely square and the finest indoor food market that I have seen while twice sailing the entire Portuguese coast. We had afternoon coffee in one of the many traditional cafes, a walk around the town and dinner.

After breakfast ashore the following morning, Monday, we set off for the *Ria de Averio*, some 32 miles further north. As we entered the river about two hours into the flood (tides are very strong), we were met by Customs aboard "RIB" and were guided into the harbour of St. Jacinto and shown where to anchor. We just about had time to stow the main when we were boarded. Though friendly and polite, the customs men required all sorts of paper and information and we got the impression, as in so many other ports in Portugal and Greece of a desire to keep people in employment in an industry that is rapidly dying within the European Union. After that we felt lazy and had drinks and dinner aboard rather than blow up the punt and visit the small town.

On Tuesday morning, 22nd we slipped anchor at 09.30 and headed down the *Ria de Averio* and out to sea on the tide. We had a wonderful sail in very fresh westerly winds for all of the 34 miles up to On the way down in June, 1997 we sailed up the *Rio Douro* into the heart of Porto. This being August, however, we feared that we would not find room alongside and would then be unable to buck the tide back out of the river; so, we choose Leix-es, its harbour, rather than Porto. By the time we were entering Leix-es the wind had moved to the SW and was blowing 8 making the entrance very exposed and difficult. Having spent a long time stowing the main, we negotiated the narrow entrance to the marina with some trepidation but the alternative of anchoring in the exposed outer harbour was just not on. To our great relief a marina official, aided by three



Cape St. Vincent

Photo: Paul Butler

yachtsmen, guided us to one of the few free berths and were of great help to us in securing *Red Velvet* to her pontoon. The yacht club at the marina (there is another nearby) has excellent showers and a Bar/Restaurant. The staff are most helpful and we dined very well indeed in the restaurant at ridiculously low cost. On the following day we went into Porto by taxi (there is a bus service too) and spent the day and night there.

We left Leixões at 09.30 on 25th and sailed in a gentle south westerly for most of the 33 miles to Viana do Castela on the *Rio Limia*. Viana, the most northerly Portuguese port has a small marina. After the production of papers and the filling in of yet more customs forms we had a drink before going for a stroll in this wonderful riverside town. There were few tourists in evidence but the many shops all appeared to be busy and we picked a marvellous restaurant for the evening. The following morning I was having an early cup of coffee in the cockpit when I noticed a man sitting in a car on the nearby pier. It was only as we slipped our warps at 08.00 and saw him running on to the pontoon waving papers that I realised that he must be yet another customs official. After disengaging ourselves and motoring out of the river, we left Portugal and had a pleasant sail and arrived in Bayona at 13.00 (Spanish time). After making contact by radio we were directed to a berth and were delighted to be informed that the *Paradore*, which had been closed for renovations when we came down in 1997, had been re-opened and accepted our booking for dinner that evening.

On the following day, 27th August, we spent a leisurely time walking about Bayona and taking a tour out to Cabo Sillerio. On Monday 28th we motored the 13 miles around to Vigo. At the entrance to the marina of the Real Club Náutico there is a permanent notice indicating that it is full and that entry is prohibited. However, a club launch came out and welcomed us in. We went ashore at lunchtime and Nóirín was delighted to be brought to the street where you buy native (flat) oysters from any one of a number of stalls where ladies were opening them at a ferocious rate and brought them to one of a number of restaurants where, for a small service charge, bread and a fork were provided. In the afternoon we negotiated rates for wintering *Red Velvet* ashore at the Club and booked our lift-out for 5th September leaving us time to visit some of the Rías.

We left just before noon the following day and sailed to and up the neighbouring *Ría de Pontevedra* to Combarro the best



Sliding up a Ria

Photo: Paul Butler

preserved of all old Galician villages which I had last visited with Robert Barr on Condor many years ago and which remained unchanged. This is one of the few ports left in the area without a marina and we anchored off amongst the fishing boats. Ashore we had a wonderful dinner of sardines cooked outside on a wood burning barbecue with potatoes boiled in seawater; all washed down with a couple of bottles of local wine.

On 31st August we sailed around to the Ría de Arosa and entered the marina at Villagarcia. The object of this stop was, as in a number of previous years, a visit to Restaurant Chocolate, a truly memorable experience!

We next sailed across the Ría to Puebla del Caraminal, a pleasant small town with a pontoon which is exposed to the wash of the many vessels (which service the mussel rafts) entering and leaving.

On 2nd September we sailed to Sanxenxo (formerly known as Sangenjo) back in the Ría de Pontevedra, a port that I have not visited since the aforesaid *Condor* days. I have always thought of this place as the La Baulle of Atlantic Spain. It lived up to this great reputation and has recently sprouted a large marina.

On 3rd September we returned to Vigo via Ilas Cies. *Red Velvet* was duly lifted out power-washed and put to bed until next year in a highly efficient operation on the 5th. That evening we stayed in a nearby Hotel and on the following day we travelled by train to Santiago de Compostela and flew home via London.

While we had a great time, I am still asking myself why we left the Mediterranean! It is my intention, after a lap of honour around Ireland and, perhaps, Scotland, to return to that warm cradle of civilisation as soon as may be.

Unfinished Icelandic business

James Nixon

David and Judy Lomax had invited me to join them in Iceland on *Cloud Walker*. They had taken part in the RCC Rolling Meet and I had said farewell to them at Bangor after helping with duty free Black Bush and Jameson's. They called at the Outer Hebrides, the Faeroes and then east-about round Iceland to Akureyri where I joined them.

I had flown to Iceland via Stanstead, using a "Go" flight to Keflavik. This is good value but somewhat cramped. At 0200 Keflavik was very light. I took the bus into Reykjavik and arrived to find that the bus terminus and the local airport for internal flights were closed and spent a couple of expensive hours sleeping in a hotel. Others should stay at Keflavik and lie down on seats there and come into Reykjavik later if they want to avoid the same problem. I later learned that there is a Salvation Army hostel in Reykjavik but cannot vouch for its quality.

I then took an internal flight to Akureyri, which was memorable for the crossing of the Langjokull glacier with not a lot of clearance. Suddenly we were over the escarpment and descending the spectacular valley towards this most attractive and civilised town. There I found *Cloud Walker* safe after an adventurous trip. Dr. Jim Reeves left at this stage and I took over the medical-second-mate role.

We spent a couple of days fixing plumbing problems. I felt the required skills were more urological than orthopaedic. David and Judy introduced me to the Icelandic hot bath (sundlauge) tradition. The hottest hot pot at Akureyri was 42 degrees centigrade and was very invigorating after a day kneeling in the bilges. We had two excellent meals, one of which included guillemot in chocolate sauce (more delicious than it would seem).

On Wednesday 9th August we departed in the afternoon from Akureyri and had a wet beat down the Eyjafjordur and found a quiet spot for the night in the small harbour in the island of Hrisey.

This low island is a bird sanctuary with a small thriving fishing community. The hot pot was heated by a local geothermal source and was excellent. Ptarmigan, whimbrel and arctic tern were in abundance and eider were ubiquitous as at every Icelandic port of call. Later the next day we were motoring slowly in calm weather when we wrapped a large length of ancient trawling net around our propeller, stopping the engine. We managed to sail back towards Hrisey slowly, and with the aid of a mobile telephone; we were able to contact a local fisherman who towed us in. They were impressed and disappointed that we had taken up such a large specimen, which ultimately proved to be about twice the length of *Cloud Walker*.

Despite my pessimism, David and Judy managed to clear it from the dinghy. The propeller seemed to be undamaged and we stayed for a few hours in sunshine, had a further hot pot and dined well. It was a lovely calm evening and we motored off again to berth at Olafsfjordur in the early hours of the following morning.

After a visit to the impressive local natural history museum,

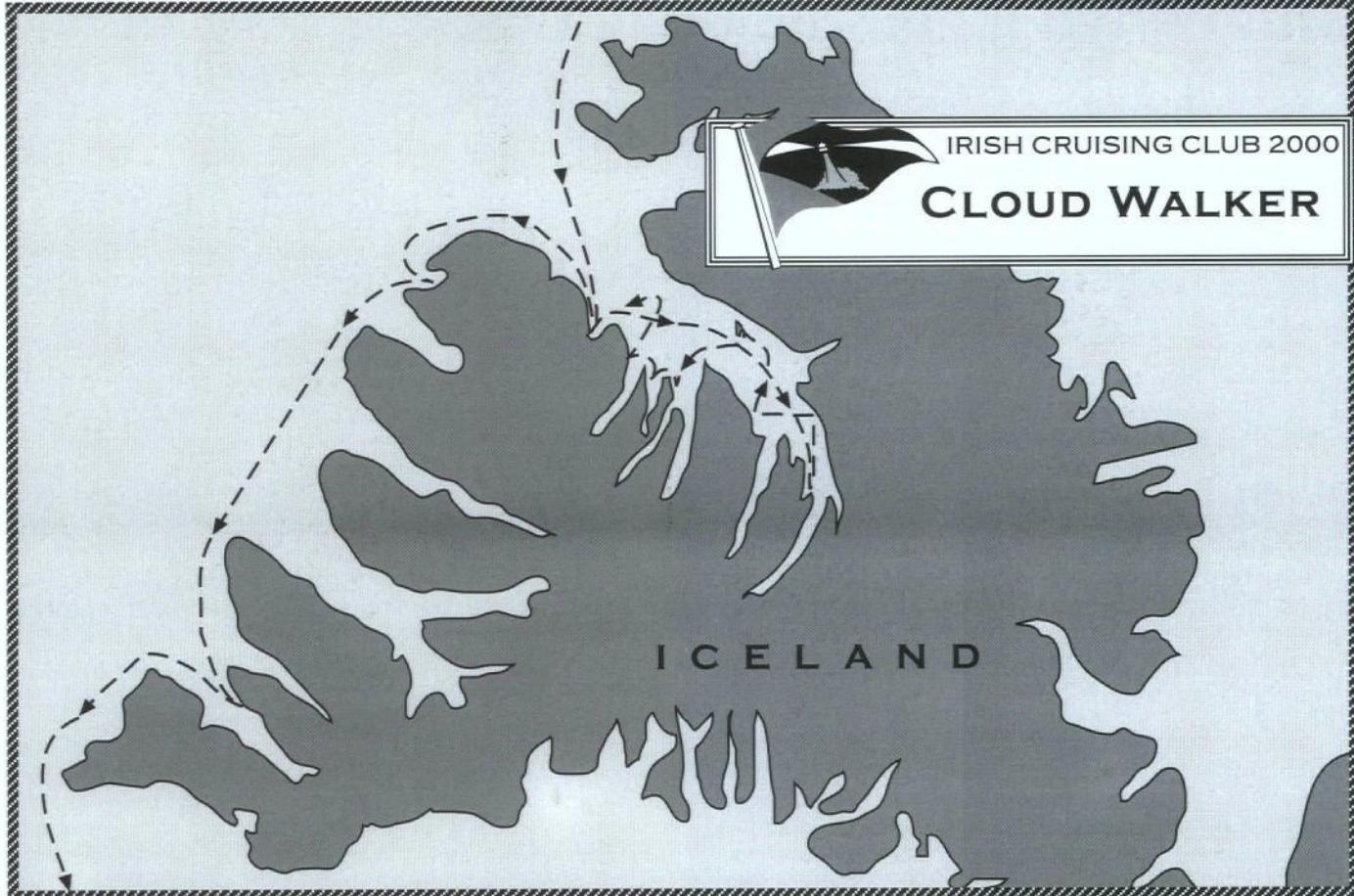
we sailed off in a light northeasterly, beating towards Grimsey, the most northerly occupied Icelandic isle, lying on the Arctic Circle. Cloud gathered and the breeze freshened as we closed the harbour at Sandvik, with huge numbers of fulmar, arctic tern, puffin and guillemot and an occasional great skua appearing. The little harbour afforded the usual excellent Icelandic shelter and we berthed alongside a very smart cod fishing 30 footer with four computer-controlled line reels. They used rubber eel-like lures which appeared to be very successful. We walked to the tiny airstrip and had coffee as the lady of the house helped us make final calls home, as the very comprehensive mobile phone network did not extend to the island.

Later that day we set off northwards towards Greenland with Ittoqqortoormiit (Scoresby Sund) as our target. We had failed to get accurate ice reports at the Internet café in Akureyri but the conditions seemed quite promising. However, we were soon in fog and an increasing northeasterly as we reefed, and



Ulster Technology on Hrisey.

Photo: James Nixon



eventually, as the wind and seas increased, we hove to. *Cloud Walker* was fairly comfortable with the wind often exceeding 40 knots with occasional breaking seas. One such sent us sideways and the lee spray-dodger filled and bent a stanchion significantly.

Conditions worsened as we considered lying a-hull, but a particularly nasty breaking wave came aboard when Judy was on watch, causing damage to the spray hood, soaking Judy and sending water below. It was an unpleasant experience. We took

off all sail and considered the options. We were still about 100 miles from our target, but it was now almost a dead beat. The spray hood was an important structure in giving shelter going to windward. It was cold, raining horizontally and everything was a study in grey with increasing seas.

Reluctantly we turned downwind and unrolled a tiny area of headsail and ran the motor gently to maintain control and provide some heat. We had a spectacular ride down some of the nastiest seas I have seen – the Denmark Strait was living up to

its reputation. Downwind was the north West Fjordland region of Iceland, about 140 miles away. It was now very cold as the Arctic airstream increased to force 9. Fortunately the autohelm was able to cope – an hour on watch was more than enough for me despite multiple layers. Everything was soaked and only after encouragement were we able to persuade the gas cooker to light after its dousing.

After about 24 hours, the sky started to lift a little. David turned on the radar “for interest” and to our surprise a large echo was almost dead ahead – a trawler emerged out of the murk a few minutes later. It was the only vessel we saw after leaving Grimsey and before our landfall back on Iceland.

The huge headlands of the north west Fjordland appeared;



Vigur, Isafjardardjup.

Photo: James Nixon

their upper levels still in cloud at Straumness as we entered the Isafjardardjup with a healthy sunset astern. We berthed at a pontoon in Isafjordur, the largest town in this region and an excellent natural harbour formed by eyri (moraine) on which the town is built. A helpful local naval architect introduced us to a local shrimp boat skipper who gave advice regarding exploration of some of the uncharted upper reaches of the Isafjardardjup. We enjoyed the hot pot, the museum of the fishing industry, and puffin for dinner in the local hotel. Two days later we sailed up the fjord past Aedey (Eider Isle), and as there was a brisk northerly blowing we continued running up-fjord to Reykjanes. This small peninsula is famed for its geothermal baths and a hotel that stays open all year. We followed leading marks towards the small pier on the headland, but it proved to be too shallow and exposed, so we left quickly. The Reykjafjordur to the west of the headland looked very attractive but we gather was "rock encumbered" but would be worth exploring with some local help.

We continued up the main fjord, passing seal-encrusted rocks and came to anchor at Svanskvik, just north of a tidy farm on the point. That evening three great northern divers were seen and heard flying over. It was my first sight of the 'Loon'. Next morning we went ashore and were given a lift by the local farmer to the hotel where we enjoyed extremely hot baths in the celebrated pool. The shallow end was dangerously hot, but the deep end was bearable with occasional waves of very hot water.

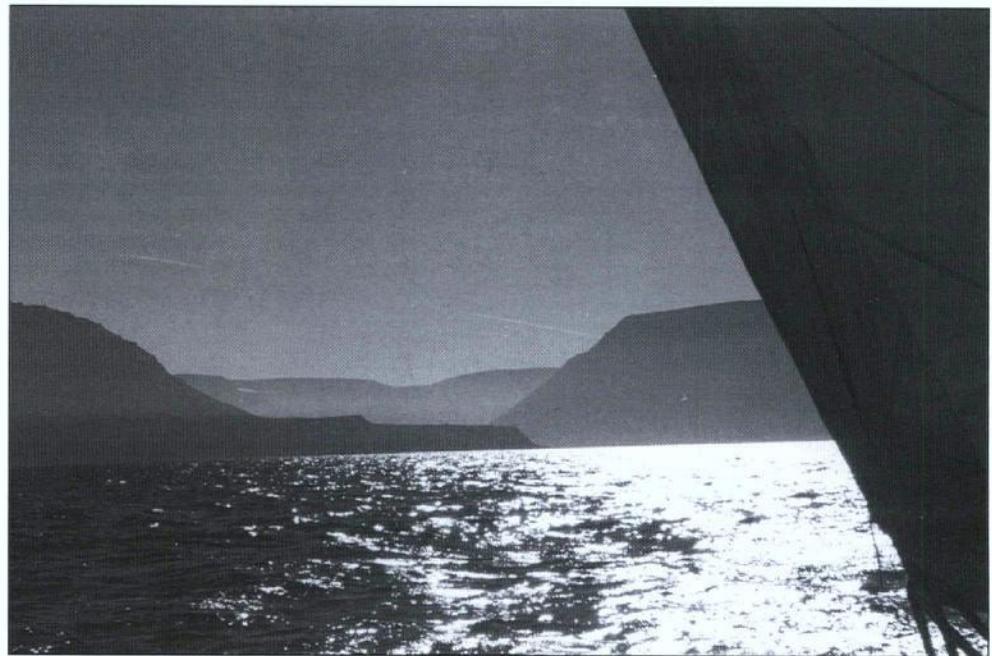
We beat out from Svanskvik in sunshine and a fresh northerly and after a grand sail, returned to the east side of Aedey. David and Judy rowed ashore in the dinghy for advice and, as the tide rose, we moved slowly into the little pool off the farm. The farmer allowed us to use his mooring in the centre, which appeared to have 3.8 metres at high water.

This was a truly delightful spot with arctic tern and pink footed geese in abundance and eider everywhere, as the name implies. Two sons of the farmer, Magnus and Jonas showed us over this lovely grassy isle. We identified more tern and great skua and a red footed falcon.

We were admiring the sunset, when to our delight, a large minke whale came slowly along the shore, blowing regularly. The boys had never seen a whale so close before. We thought Jonas was appropriately named.

We inspected the lighthouse, the most easterly in the fjord, and went back aboard with a very lurid sky of vivid red with mares' tails. The waterfalls on the mainland on the high cliffs to the north of the island were clearly audible that night. One of these, Munkefoss, was associated in a local saga with the inevitable sad end of a maiden.

That night we touched bottom at low water. Judy rescued bottles as we listed, but we straightened up later on the flood. On a calm morning, we walked to the north end of the isle where a small ferry pier has been built. It could allow a temporary berth alongside. We slipped out of this idyllic spot and motored across the Isafjardardjup in sunshine as a small pod of minke passed close by. We approached the rock-girt channel inshore of the island of Vigur and negotiated the marks



Beating in towards Isafjordur.

Photo: James Nixon

leading to the pier where we berthed. We were made very welcome by the family who farmed, collected eider-down and culled puffin. Purple sandpiper were wheeling around us as we were treated to coffee and cake and walked the length of this very fertile island. We departed later in a freshening northerly and sailed up the Skatsfjordur and found an anchorage near Eyrie (a small spit). Ashore we found evidence of a farming and fishing community and met a family that was restoring a house on the fjord. There had been a dozen farms there at one time. The population drift to Reykjavik was happening generally throughout Iceland and causing anxiety.

We learnt that the endangered white-tailed eagles were active in this area but we didn't see any that evening as "Carmen" echoed across a very quiet fjord after dinner aboard.

Next morning we motored off and to our surprise and delight spotted a white-tailed eagle soaring on the updraft from the cliffs high above. It looked remarkably like a vulture, but the white flash on the tail was clearly visible through the binoculars. We did not see it fishing, sadly.

We passed through the tricky Vigur Sound again and into Seydisfjordur and lunched drifting gently in the lee of the eyrie with its pretty little church and churchyard.

We then sailed round to the next fjord westwards, Sugandafjordur, and berthed briefly at Sudavik for a walk. This village had been struck by an avalanche in 1995 with significant loss of life. The houses had been rebuilt in a safer area. A thriving prawn-processing business was at work and we were presented with a large bag as we left for a wonderful beat in sunshine, out across the main fjord towards the Drangajokull glacier which dominates the north side of this area. We fetched into Skutulsfjordur to tie up at our former berth in Isafjordur.

After provisioning and hot pots, we left next day and motored in calm past the splendidly-named Bolungarvik and caught three fine cod (for personal use only), about a cable from the Icelandic fishery patrol vessel at anchor off the village. Eventually a breeze filled in and allowed us to beat around the very impressive headland Goltur to berth at Sudureyri – another fine fishing harbour.

The weather became very unsettled at this stage and we stayed in port for a day, enjoying the hot pots, and we were taken trout fishing and blueberry picking, and a local man, Jens Holm showed us his cod rearing experiment in a saltwater pool.



Some putative Icelandic headlands.

Photo: James Nixon

He was able to lift out large cod and treated them like pets – an extraordinary sight. The local sundlauge was excellent and run by a New Zealand girl, Debbie, who had entertained Jonathan Trafford, RCC, during one of his cruises. She had come to work on a temporary basis in the fish-processing factory nineteen years ago, had met a local fisherman and now has four children and a hardworking life in Sudureyri. We had a grand trout/cod/prawn and rice and blueberry dinner, with Jens aboard *Cloud Walker*.

Early the next morning the small fishing boats started leaving after the poor weather. Evidently they go out for two to three days and Icelandic government policy has been to encourage this form of fishing to help maintain higher employment. Some of the boats were based at Keflavik, several hundred miles away, but travelled wherever the fishing was good. Evidently Sudureyri is attractive to them as it is very near the open sea and good fishing.

We departed later, in somewhat threatening conditions and a

westerly allowed us to reach along this very bold coastline. At one stage I was able to identify fourteen ‘plausible’ headlands in view at one time, with Straumnes just visible to the north. We identified gannet as we closed Patreksfjordur and came to a safe berth alongside an elderly wooden fishing boat. We were asked by the Harbour Master if we were staying long or “seeking shelter from the storm”! The glass had dropped ten points in the day and the Navtex was reporting a couple of unpredictable lows between Greenland and Iceland.

We enjoyed an excellent sundlauge and later that evening heavy rain was falling with an increasing northeasterly.

The following day it was blowing a full gale or worse, and we hired a car and enjoyed a very spectacular drive around the region, viewing the waterfall at Dynjandi and I was delighted to see a red throated diver at close quarters, near Bildudalur. We finished with an excellent hot pot at Talknafjordur. The roads are generally rough except around the larger villages. Back aboard that evening we lit the stove and enjoyed a little of the soporific duty free Black Bush.

Friday 25th July was still windy and we eked out our last few hours of car hire, visiting an extraordinary maritime museum on the south side of the fjord at the head of a very fertile valley. A visit from the President of Iceland was expected the following day, so there was great excitement. That evening we were invited to the home of a fishing boat skipper who was very interested in the history of fishing in Iceland and had a collection of books recounting many horrors off this coast. He introduced us to dried catfish with butter, to which David and I became addicted.

Saturday 26th July was fairly quiet day with a moderate southeasterly, as we sailed out towards Latrabjarg, the most westerly headland in Europe. I had considered the Blasket Islands off Kerry could claim that title. David wondered about the Azores. I felt the Azores were part of Africa, but he said if they were part of the European Community, ergo they were European!

We rounded the most impressive headland very slowly. The cliffs to the east are enormous, but we were too far out to view the seabirds in any numbers.

We slowly progressed towards Snaefellsnes with a spectacular display of northern lights that night. By dawn a southwesterly breeze was filling as we passed the headland, the ice-capped mountain hidden in cloud. The breeze increased steadily as we reduced sail and sped down the track towards Reykjavik where we berthed at 1630. We enjoyed a final sundlauge and a happy farewell dinner in Nausta, a restaurant near the old fishing harbour where *Cloud Walker* was berthed. Here I jumped ship and took a taxi to Keflavik to return home, and by the following afternoon, was in Howth for a lively celebration at the wedding of William’s (Winkie’s) daughter, Patricia. It seemed a long way from the wonderful changeable and unpredictable trip that I had enjoyed with David and Judy. They have developed an easy cruising style that suited me well. The scenery was startling, the people friendly, the bird life spectacular, a very repeatable experience.

And there is some unfinished business to complete in Greenland.

Northabout – A boat for Polar Expeditions

Jarlath Cunnane

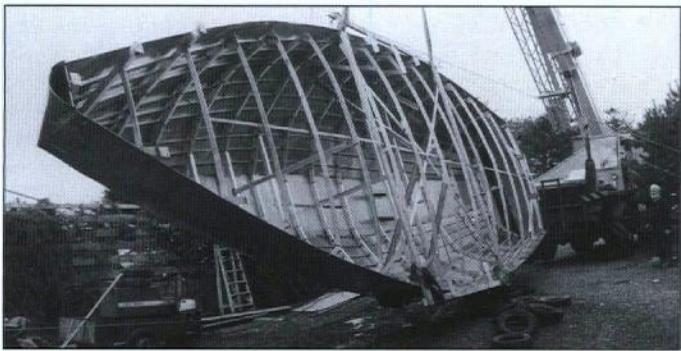
Early last year the intrepid Paddy Barry and Frank Nugent, mountaineer, asked for my assistance in selecting a suitable vessel for a proposed high latitude expedition. After some research we selected Nadja a design by Gilbert Caroff, who has considerable experience in design for Polar expeditions.

The features, which appealed, were:

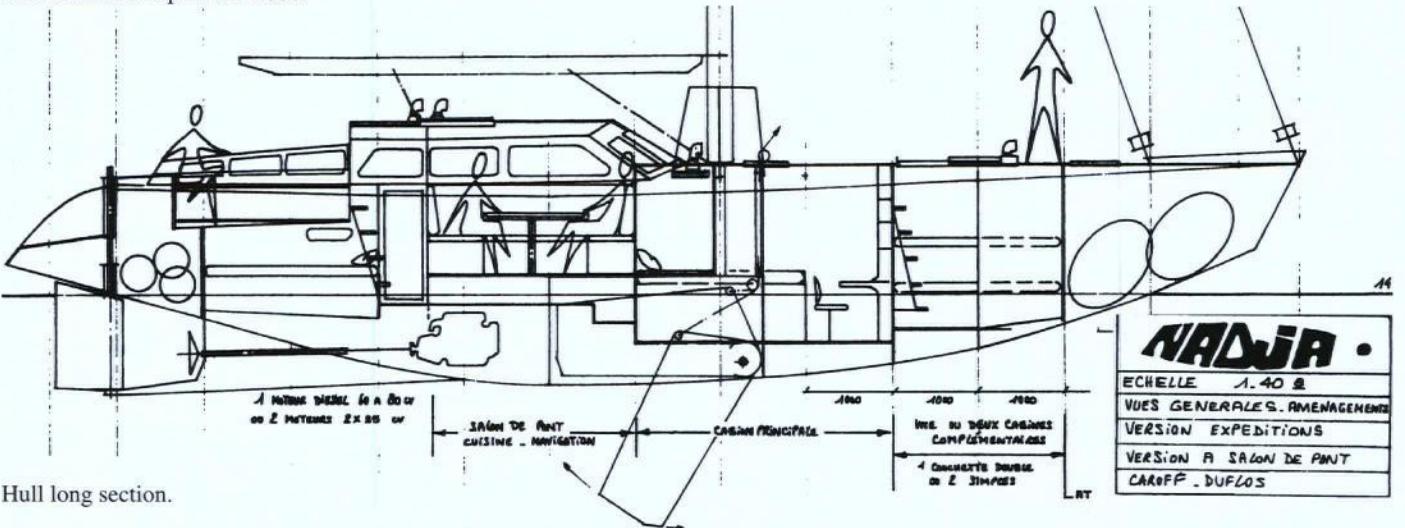
- Shallow draft with centreplate raised and a protected rudder.
- Accommodation for eight crew plus their stores for an extended voyage with fuel storage of 2000 litres to give a range of 2500 miles under power.
- Cutter rigged with roller furling on both headsails, an easily handled sailplan.
- Large wheelhouse accommodates helmsman, navigation, galley and dining area.
- Specifically designed and strengthened for encounters with ice.

This design seemed to satisfy the team's requirements, so plans were purchased. Frames were lofted in a builders site office at night somewhere in South Dublin, with plywood templates fabricated for each frame.

Aluminium, despite its high cost was selected as the building material for low maintenance, durability and ease of construction.



Hull turnover. September 2000.

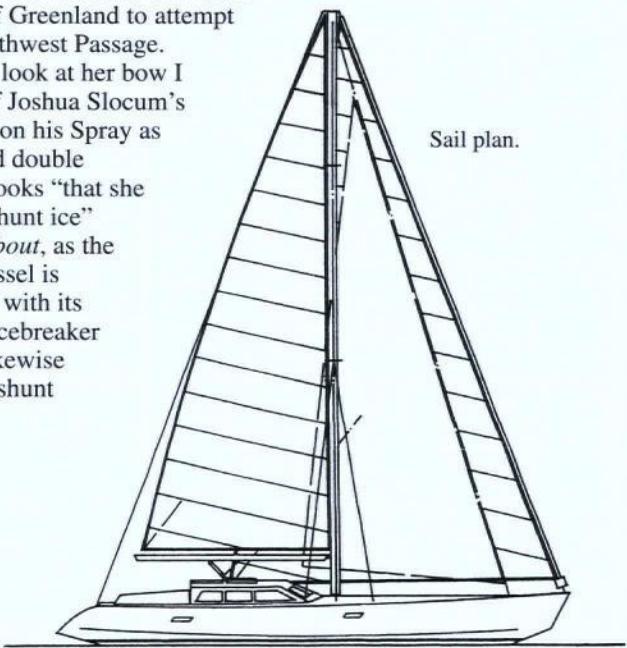


Hull long section.

As it turned out, I later became much more involved in the construction, as ill health forced me to take early retirement. Since May I have been working a couple of hours a day on the project, with Paddy, Frank and other team members working at the weekends, doing the heavy work. All the hull plates were lifted into position by the enthusiastic members of the local football team on the promise of a sailing weekend next summer! As the plans are in French we use the boatbuilding terms as noted – Barrots, Varangues, Lisses etc. are added to the Mayo boatbuilding vocabulary.

The hull was built upside down and rolled over without incident in September. Launch date is planned for early summer 2001. Following sea trials and a shakedown cruise we plan to sail towards the west coast of Greenland to attempt the Northwest Passage.

As I look at her bow I think of Joshua Slocum's remark on his Spray as he fitted double breasthooks "that she might shunt ice" *Northabout*, as the new vessel is named, with its raised icebreaker bow, likewise should shunt ice.



Sail plan.

The Best Laid Schemes

Jim Slevin

On May 12th I attended a wedding in Omagh. I was later joined by my crew, Brian Rodgers and John Paysden at the reception. That night we travelled on to Bangor, where we boarded *Testa Rossa* that night. The following morning at 04.40 we set sail from Bangor marina with high hopes to sail south to the Isles of Scilly and thence to Jersey. As we motor-sailed down Copeland Sound, with a favourable tide, we watched the sun rise over the Scottish mainland and all was well with the world. We intended going to Port Saint Mary on the Isle of Man but with the wind from SE and freshening, we altered course and opted for Port Erin instead. We made fast to one of the two visitor's moorings there at 13.40. As it was our first visit to Port Erin, Brian and John went ashore to find a suitable place to dine that evening. After inspecting some of the hotels on the seafront, we dined at one, the Cherry Orchard, which is in the centre of the town. The meal was first class and a number of the staff were from Dublin. Port Erin was obviously a busy place in bygone times and still retains much of its Victorian character, though the modern apartment blocks on the north of the seafront look out of place. On Sunday, we left, to sail to Wicklow with the wind still from SE. In the early afternoon, the wind veered to SW and the sunshine was soon replaced by heavy rain. We were faced with a lengthy beat in confused seas or a change a change of destination so we changed course once more to Howth. We were given the last available berth there at that time. It was narrow but we were tired and pleased to get in out of the foul weather. We dined at Big Blue that evening, having been joined by Brian's daughter Rachel.

Next day, more of the same weather so we decided that as we were on holidays to stay there until conditions improved. John went off shopping for supplies to demonstrate his culinary skills. Howth is well served with delicatessen shops. That evening, my daughter Avril joined us on board for an example of dinner a la John which was washed down with a bottle of good wine and drew many compliments. Tuesday's forecast gave stronger winds from S/SW up to gale force, hardly encouraging for a yacht going south. We met up with the crew of a Welsh yacht named *Beaugency* which like ourselves was weather-bound. We exchanged information with them and learned about the Welsh ports that they visited. That evening, we had another visitor, Derek Byrne, who sailed with me for the last three years. Though Howth is a nice place even in bad weather, when we got the mid-day forecast of NW 6-7 we left and had a good sail down to Wicklow Head. At

that point the tide turned against us, in our estimation, an hour earlier than the tables suggested. Passing by Brittas Bay, the rain turned to hail. This reminded us of what the crew of *Beaugency* had joked about 'that all we needed was snow to complete an Irish summer'. We made our way into the river at Arklow in driving heavy rain to tie up in the new 40 berth marina there. The berthing charges at one pound per meter were reasonable but electricity at four pounds was a trifle expensive. Of the forty berths, only eight seemed to be permanently occupied. Showers and toilets are provided at the Yacht Club which is about 100 meters from the marina. Arklow is a pleasant town and we spent Thursday exploring the area between listening to forecasts of more gales. On the following day, we left to head south to Kilmore Quay. As we approached the Tuskar, the seas were reasonable and the wind abeam so we changed course once more to the Isles of Scilly. During the night the wind headed us again as did the tide, making for a slow passage. The radar proved very useful, with visibility down to two hundred meters and plenty of fishing and commercial traffic in the area. We tied up to one of the new visitors buoys in Hughtown, St. Mary's at 18.45 on Saturday evening, having sailed 201 miles from Arklow.

There are 38 of these buoys, but though they are laid quite close together, they are a vast improvement on the way things were. When I last visited Hughtown, it was crowded and all the visiting yachts' anchors dragged during the night. At least that situation should not occur in the future. The trot on the north side has more room and is set out to accommodate larger yachts, though it is farthest from the harbour. The fee is ten pounds per night. On Sunday, we had a visit from two friendly Customs officials. When we got talking it transpired that one of

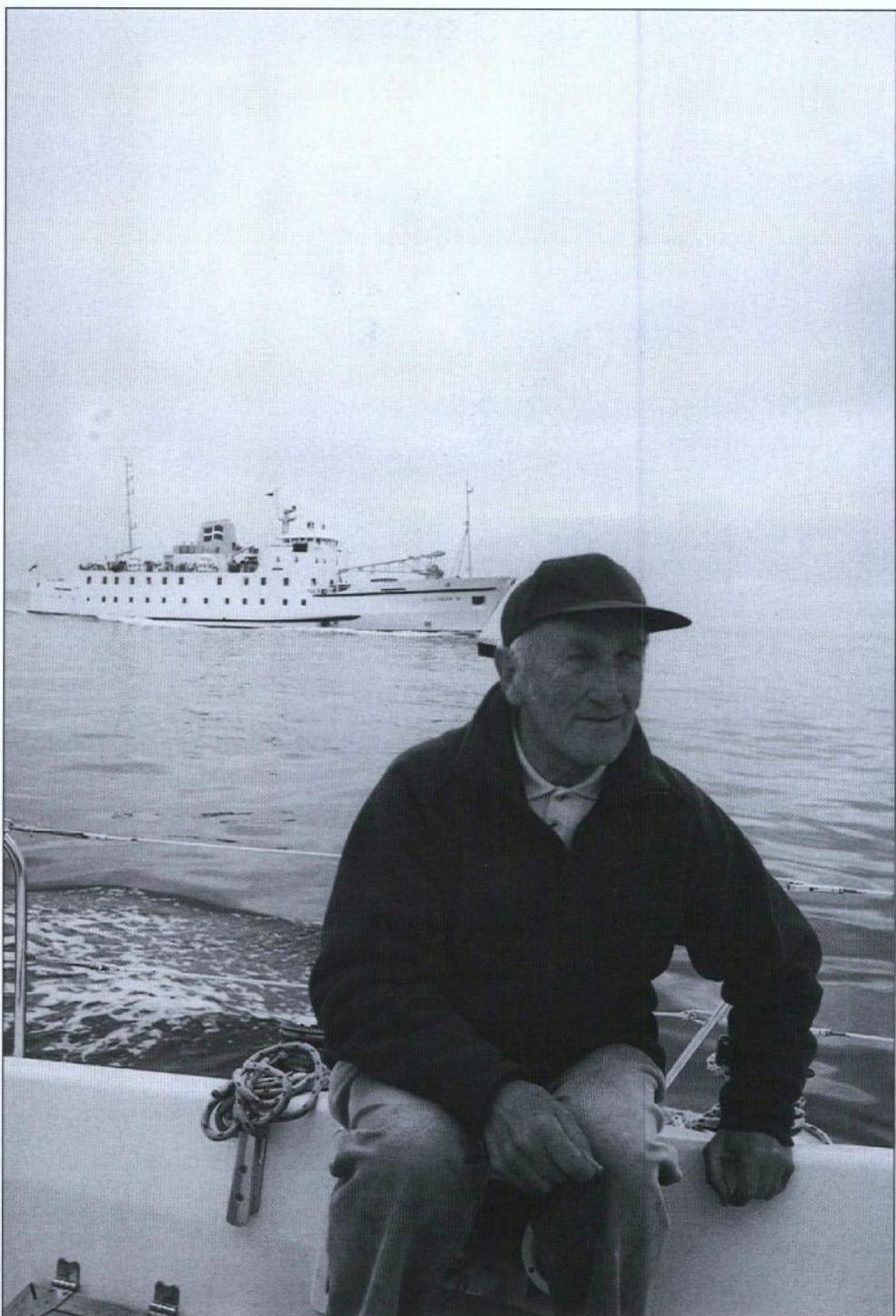


Testa Rossa in Arklow Marina.

Photo: Jim Slevin

them was friendly with a lady from Fintona which is near to Brian's home town of Omagh. Brian laughed and the Customs officer wanted to know why. So Brian, reluctantly told him the story about the man from Omagh who was often asked if he was married. To which he always replied, 'no, but I go to Fintona once a month'. The officers took full details of the crew but when asked said that it was not necessary to inspect the boat. The island appeared to have a generous compliment of tourists of varying nationalities. On the first night we dined at the Mermaid and it was disappointing so on the second night we let John look after our needs. We relaxed and spent some time exploring the island which is very attractive. It has many old stone buildings, some dating back two centuries and the cottages had a profusion of plants and flowers in bloom in their gardens. The buzz around the town was the record breaking attempt by the American skipper Fosset on the Atlantic crossing on a large catamaran. Unfortunately with just over 500 miles to go, his speed slowed from 22 knots to 15, so he abandoned this attempt.

We left Hugtown on Monday morning to sail the 48 miles to Penzance. As we made our way up Penzance bay the sun shone and we saw many small craft with only one man on board each of them with fishing lines, though we never learned what they were trying to catch. Just south of the pier, there is a trot of 12 mooring buoys, fitted with generous mooring strops. We waited in company with French and Welsh yachts on one of these for the lights to change to enter the wet dock. When we had entered, we found the dock crew most helpful and professional in obliging in taking warps and tying up. The facilities are very convenient and showers cost only 40 pence. We asked the harbourmaster where we would find the best place to eat and he recommended the Turk's Head, a pub cum restaurant, situated in Chapel Street opposite the Wesleyan Church, which is an imposing building. It had a comprehensive menu and the food was outstanding and reasonably priced. The staff were friendly Cornish folk. We questioned the landlord about a list of 38 people barred from all pubs in the locality, prominently displayed at the entrance. He informed us that in Cornwall it is perfectly legal to do this. In the wet dock, a very large yacht, costing twenty million pounds was being fitted out for a German doctor. The two masts were made of carbon fibre and cost half a million pounds each. It even had a large water cannon on deck to repel pirates. Trinity House have a

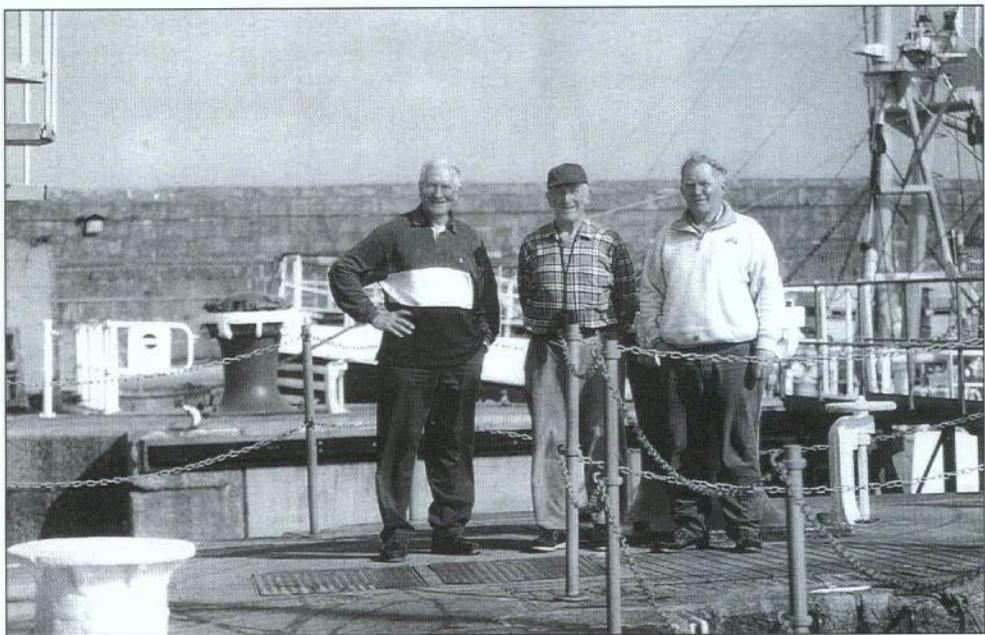


Skipper with Isles of Scilly Ferry in background.

Photo: John Paysden

Lighthouse Centre Maritime Museum beside the docks which is well worth a visit. We spent a second night in Penzance and returned to the Turk's Head once more.

On Wednesday, the forecasts were for more unsettled weather and though we would have preferred to visit Padstow, with time running out we opted to return to home waters. With the wind gusting to force 6 from NW, we motor-sailed all the way to Crosshaven to tie up at Royal Cork marina on Thursday afternoon. About 20 miles from the Cork coast, the motor stopped, due to the propeller fouling a length of rope. We were fortunate that our rope cutters promptly dealt with the problem. The approach to Crosshaven at low tide requires very careful piloting as it is shallow. That evening, we enjoyed an excellent dinner at the Schooner restaurant. Next morning we sailed in



John Paysden, Jim Slevin and Brian Rodgers.

Photo: John Paysden

company with an Englishman on board a Catalina 41, Saoirse, to Kinsale. As it was the first Catalina we had seen, we asked him how he found it and he said that he was well pleased with it. The only negative was that the screws were American and difficult to obtain over here as the agents were mainly only interested in selling the boats. Kinsale is a lively town on a Friday night and the jazz group playing in the Trident Hotel attracted a large audience. My crew found it difficult to tear themselves away, the entertainment was so good. Next morning, while Brian and myself were taking a stroll through the town, we were enlisted as extras for a film being made for television about Kinsale's close links with France. It was great fun watching an amateur, trying to play Le Boule while we tried to encourage her with shouts and cheers. We had only taken a few steps when Brian was buttonholed by a lady he had met the previous night and brought to an African Cafe where we were introduced to a princess from Katmandu. She was there with an International group for a Holistic weekend. We sailors, meet some extraordinary people from time to time. When we had completed our shopping for stores, we returned to the marina to await the arrival of Peter McHugh and John Scott from Mullaghmore. They arrived at 19.00 and John Paysden left us to take the car back home. We were sorry to loose John P. as none of us could match his culinary skills. We all enjoyed the fine meals though Brian and myself complained about all the dishes we had to wash afterwards, maybe we are not fully 'house trained'.

On Sunday, we left Kinsale, only to return again, having sailed 33 miles. Conditions were very heavy with a big sea and the wind on the bow. Next morning we left again at 06.05 to enjoy a very pleasant sail in lovely weather to Crookhaven where we picked up a mooring at 16.20. We were surprised to find this beautiful anchorage almost deserted and O'Sullivan's restaurant still closed. We dined at the Crookhaven Inn and though the selection was limited, the fare was good. Next day

we left Crookhaven and carried on a strong tide, swiftly passed the Mizzen and up through Dursey Sound. Though we expected to see salmon nets, we encountered none on this voyage. The forecast had given southeasterlies but before we got to the Skelligs, the wind went NW and we had to beat the rest of the way to Dingle. We dined at a small restaurant called Vittles beside O'Flaherty's pub and it was excellent. On Wednesday, we woke to howling winds and driving rain so a rest day was declared. I spoke to fellow ICC member, Tony Toher on the mobile to find that he had left Wicklow at 05.00 that morning, solo in a SW gale and that he was making his way into Malahide marina at that time. Not bad work for a young fellow of 80 years. Passing another day in Dingle in atrocious weather was not our idea of fun so we treated

ourselves to dinner in Fenton's restaurant that evening. The fact that there were so few other tables occupied was probably testament to the bad weather. The only news of any maritime consequence was the passage of a Russian aircraft carrier, being towed by tug to China close to the Kerry coast. The visibility was so bad that we failed to sight it. Thursday morning was still wet and windy but the forecast was for brighter weather so we finally left Dingle with a SW 5-6 gusting 7 wind. At last the wind was on our quarter and we made a fast passage through Blasket Sound and well out to sea. We planned to make our next stop to be Ballyglass on the north Mayo coast. When we had the Aran Islands abeam, the wind changed direction once more into the northeast and having changed course once again, we engaged the motor to take us into Innishboffin, where we dropped anchor at 11.25 on Friday morning. Last year, we had made the same passage with favourable winds all the way, in half that time. The only other visiting yacht was *Papagone*, skippered by fellow ICC member Peter Haden. As supplies on board were running low again, we retired to Day's Hotel for dinner which at 25 pounds for the set dinner, was expensive for the menu on offer. I have to add that the manager was most helpful in providing us with free showers and a room for us to dry our gear. He also offered a place to store the dinghy if we wanted to leave the boat there. Next morning, the forecast gave more fresh to strong winds from NE so after a lively sail to Rossmoney, we secured to a visitors mooring on Saturday afternoon. We were welcomed to Mayo by my old friend and sailing companion of yesteryear, Michael Browne of Westport. We left *Testa Rossa* there to return another day and completed our journey home by car. In the space of three weeks, we had sailed a total distance of 962 miles and visited 11 ports, many of them for the first time. The weather could certainly have been better but when it is not so good, I believe, that it strengthens the spirit of interdependence of the crew which will prove useful on future voyages.

Cruising the western Mediterranean islands

Jack McCann

On 25th July 2000 *Mary Lee*, all spick-and-span from a winter of polishing, painting and cosseting by Tom and Hilary Foote in Almerimar, set out for a cruise of the Western Mediterranean Islands. Almerimar has become very popular with cruising folk and liveboards having a good atmosphere, weekly barbecues and an excellent marina and staff which take pride in looking after boats under their care especially in stormy weather. Winter rates are reasonable and those staying longer get a 40% reduction in the summer months.

Aboard now were most of last year's crew which sailed *Mary Lee* to the Med, Tom Foote of Galway, James O'Sullivan of Myrtleville Cork, Luke Kelleher, Carrigaline, Cork and myself, Jack McCann of Galway, skipper. *Mary Lee* is a Canadian built Reliance 44 with a cutter rig and I still remember how pretty she looked when I first saw her.

*In the stillness of the night I saw you
Your silhouette projected by the rising moon
Classical, graceful, peaceful on the eye
Magical under a starry sky.*

*With outstretched hand I touched you
And instead of pulling away you ventured close
Romantic thoughts and dreams long locked away
Came like the flood and decided to stay.*

*With the coming of the dawn your beauty shone
Quenching the fairy lights and moonbeam bright
But your mystical power had not gone.
It had kindled a flame which will carry on.*

*As we join hands we will
follow our star
Sun in our eyes, wind on our
backs, we'll venture far
Destiny awaits and dreams
will break for all to see
For it's once in a lifetime
you meet a Mary Lee.*

So *Mary Lee* and crew, delighted at meeting up again set off due west in a SW Force 5 on our transom which increased 5 to 6 later and we had a great run to Capo de Gata, the extreme SE of Spain. Then we set course for either Corsica or Sardinia depending on the winds.

Our first night at sea was magical with shooting stars, satellites moving across the sky and with the appearance of the new moon our path was lit for many hours as we settled in.

Each day we were able to join a single side band net at

approximately 07.45 hours where weather forecasts and chit chat was shared throughout the Med. As days progressed the wind changed and went around to the SE and later to the NE and so we motored and changed course for Mahon on the east coast of Menorca.

The lovely town of Mahon once the home of Nelson has a beautiful natural harbour. We dropped the hook in 10 metres just inside Isle De Rey where we were able to watch many fine boats pass in and out of Mahon.

We sailed for Bonifacio with a fine SE wind on 1st August after refuelling and reprovisioning. Our course was 75° east but it wasn't long before the wind dropped away and we had to engine or motor sail.

Towards the end of our first day there was a dead calm and we decided to go for a swim in water with a depth of 2 miles. We soon cleared out of the water as our splashing seemed to attract some small jelly fish.

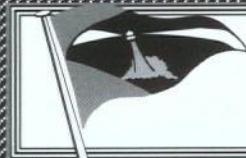
During this period we saw many jumping fish which we thought were bonito, many turtles and the odd bird far away from the shore.

At 21.00 hours the following evening the lights of Sardinia appeared to starboard as we made good progress sighting the odd fishing boat in the distance. We arrived at Bonifacio the following day at 14.00 hours, and as the marina was packed we tied up outside an Italian boat at the end of a marina pontoon.

Bonifacio is an ideal natural harbour with its walled old town looking over the marina and protecting its entrance. Sardinia can be seen 7 miles across the Bonifacio Straits where often the wind blows hard. It was while looking at the Straits from the town wall that we spotted the famous J Class *Velsheda*

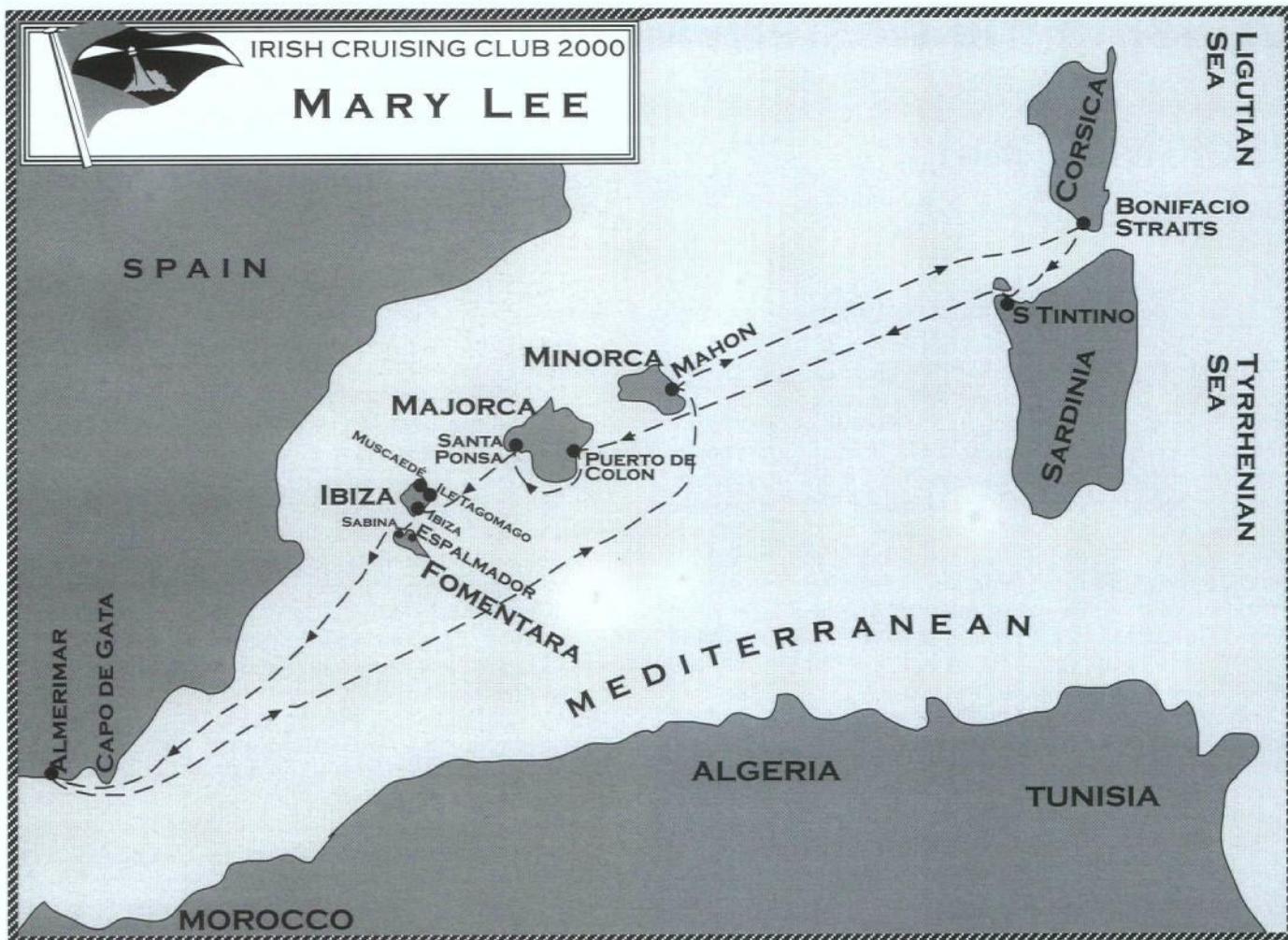


Mary Lee at rest.



IRISH CRUISING CLUB 2000

MARY LEE



under sail making for Bonifacio from the east. We later saw her close up on the marina wall, a magnificent boat with \$4million just having been spent on her.

The restaurants in Bonifacio around the marina were very French but typical Corsican ones can be found and are very good. The two hole-in-the-wall bank machines had run out of

money over the weekend that we were there but luckily we had enough cash to get what we needed.

A local gale blew for three days with the winds coming from the east and we left on its tail for Stintino in NW Sardinia, 56 miles away. We dropped our hook just inside the outer mole and in front of the marina entrance in a quiet anchorage with many other boats.

We refuelled using the canisters, the fuel having to be paid for with cash (Lira) which can be got from the one bank machine in Piazza 45. We dined in the lovely Lina restaurant just off the Piazza where the staff were very friendly and the food was good.

The following day we motored through the Fornelli Passage in 5 metres of water with excellent visibility and the steerage beacons spot on. It was a lovely day, the wind had gone SW Force 2, so we motor sailed.

There were few boats to be seen on this passage to Menorca but there were plenty of turtles and one small bird like a swallow sitting on the back of one. We also spotted and picked up a child's inflatable dingy and later a large inflatable toy shark.

Mary Lee and crew

The east coast of Menorca was sighted the following evening. During the night we came across a fishing boat guarding a tunny net with a strobe to mark its end. We found the radar very helpful at night time often picking up these small fishing boats.

Our watches were two hours on and six hours off which was no great hardship. Tom was in charge of the radio and single side band and also in charge of weather forecasts which included weather fax. This came very natural to him as he was a radio officer in the Merchant Navy for 12 years. Luke was superb at sailing the boat to her best ability eeking out every half knot. James, a qualified ship wright, was always working either on deck or below fixing things and keeping everything ship shape. I did the navigation.

We decided while coming down the coast of Majorca to go into Puerto de Colom. This was another large natural harbour where we queued to refuel and then went out to anchor as there were very few marina spaces.

As the cock crew the follow morning we upped anchor and slipped past many sleeping boats heading for Santa Ponza on the NW of the Island to look up a friend of mine which we duly did that evening. Here we anchored on the SE side of the bay beyond the marina which was packed with local boats.

We left Santa Ponza the following evening at dusk in a nice northerly wind Force 3 rising to 4 and heading for Ibiza. We had a great night's sail averaging 7 knots under a full moon.

Muscarte light on the NE of Ibiza was seen to starboard and Tagomago light on the SE of the island was also seen throughout the night.

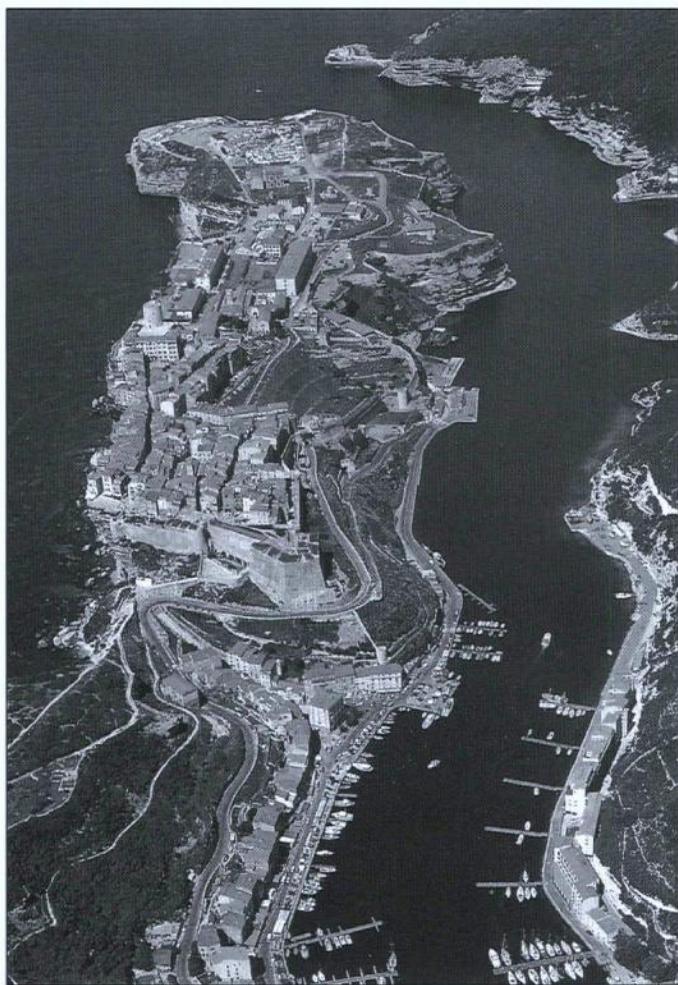
We anchored in 6 metres off Ibiza breakwater and under the Citadel of the old town. We were the only boat to anchor here for the couple of days, the rest anchoring across the bay to starboard of the harbour entrance. Ibiza is an extremely busy port with ferries passing in and out especially the Formentara Express with its engines roaring doing 20 knots. From our vantage point we could see a continuous line of boats coming in each evening from the islands after a day's outing.

It is a must to visit the old town but unfortunately its Cathedral was closed for renovation. The restaurants and quay side come alive at night with the large yachts lit up and a variety of stalls being set up on the footpath with all kinds of fashion and fashionable people walking about creating a fantastic spectacle.

We left for Espalmador south of Ibiza 2 days later and we anchored off the southern bay in 5 metres surrounded by all sorts of boats. We came across the ICC boat *Dom Perignon* there, a Salar 40 owned by Adrian Stokes and after swimming, lunching and walking the beach we set off that evening for Sabina across the bay and anchored in 4 metres on a sandy bottom NE of the harbour entrance.

We dined very well in The Mediterranean Restaurant on the marina and went on walkabout later and again the following morning before setting off for our return journey to Almerimar where again *Mary Lee* was to winter.

With a mixture of motor sailing and sailing we made good progress with bright sunny days and clear moonlit nights. We had been blessed on this trip – only a half day's rain in Corsica, the nights were warm and balmy and the days were hot and spent under the bimini – a must in the Med especially when at anchor.



Bonifacio.

When we picked up the coast of eastern Spain there was a nice NW land breeze which carried us to Capo de Gata where a large pod of bottle nose dolphins played with *Mary Lee* and when we altered course for Pta del Sabinal they left us. After crossing Golfo de Almeria we headed in for Almerimar tying up at her old berth at the marina at 13.30 hours. *Mary Lee* had taken us fifteen hundred miles to the beautiful islands and cruising grounds of the Western Mediterranean and has left us with wonderful memories.

*The voyage is over, the trip is done,
We're going home to our loved ones,
We're all tired but happy at what's past
and have sailed the Islands of Time at last.*

*We have seen the moon rise and the sun set,
The shooting stars course across the sky
Like a fireworks display, like lights out to play,
Like a new beginning, pointing another way.*

*The wanderlust inside, the heart floats on the tide of life,
Navigating, sailing, wanting to explore
This way and that till we reach a new shore
Always remembering it's very nice to come home.*

Skyjack to the islands of Calas and Caves

Peter and Evie Ronaldson

Evie was visiting family in America in January when she received a phone call. Peter's first words were "Get your bikini out, we're going to sail in the sun this summer!" In the freezing cold of Maine it was easy to find the idea totally

appealing. Our Contessa 32, *Scotch Mist* was brilliant. She never let us down and we trusted her to look after us. In return we cared for her well and had some brilliant cruises in Scottish and Irish waters. But her accommodation was limited and not suited to the sort of cruising we planned for our retirement. The opportunity arose to buy Brian Tucker's Westerly Conway in Mallorca and once the deal had been completed *Skyjack II* was ours. At 36ft overall, she would give us space and comfort we could only dream about in *Scotch Mist*.

We joined *Skyjack II* in Puerto de Andraitx, Mallorca, in mid-May and spent a few weeks fitting out but had some difficulty in extracting ourselves having socialised considerably with ICC members both afloat and ashore, including a memorable introduction to the pleasures of sailing in the Balearics on John Doran's *Moonstruck* and a surprise visit by John Ley.

Our final departure from Andraitx was delayed by unseasonably bad weather and even when we eventually left on June 13th it was damp and grey with a cold northerly forcing us to wear our fleeces crossing the Bahia de Palma, not at all what we expected. We were headed east and once past Cabo Blanco we sailed close to the shore looking into Cala Pi which looked very different from the beautiful picture postcards we had seen ashore.

We made the marina at La Rapita our first overnight stop where we found excellent facilities and helpful staff, but we found the hinterland dull and lacking in character. In settled weather it would be much less expensive and more pleasant to anchor outside the harbour off the excellent Playa del Trenc. A pleasant motor sail along the south coast with a lunch stop in the somewhat rolly anchorage at Cala Caragol was followed by a bumpy and wet trip round Punta Salinas to Porto Petro made more interesting by the engine stopping twice – perhaps a warning of what was to come.

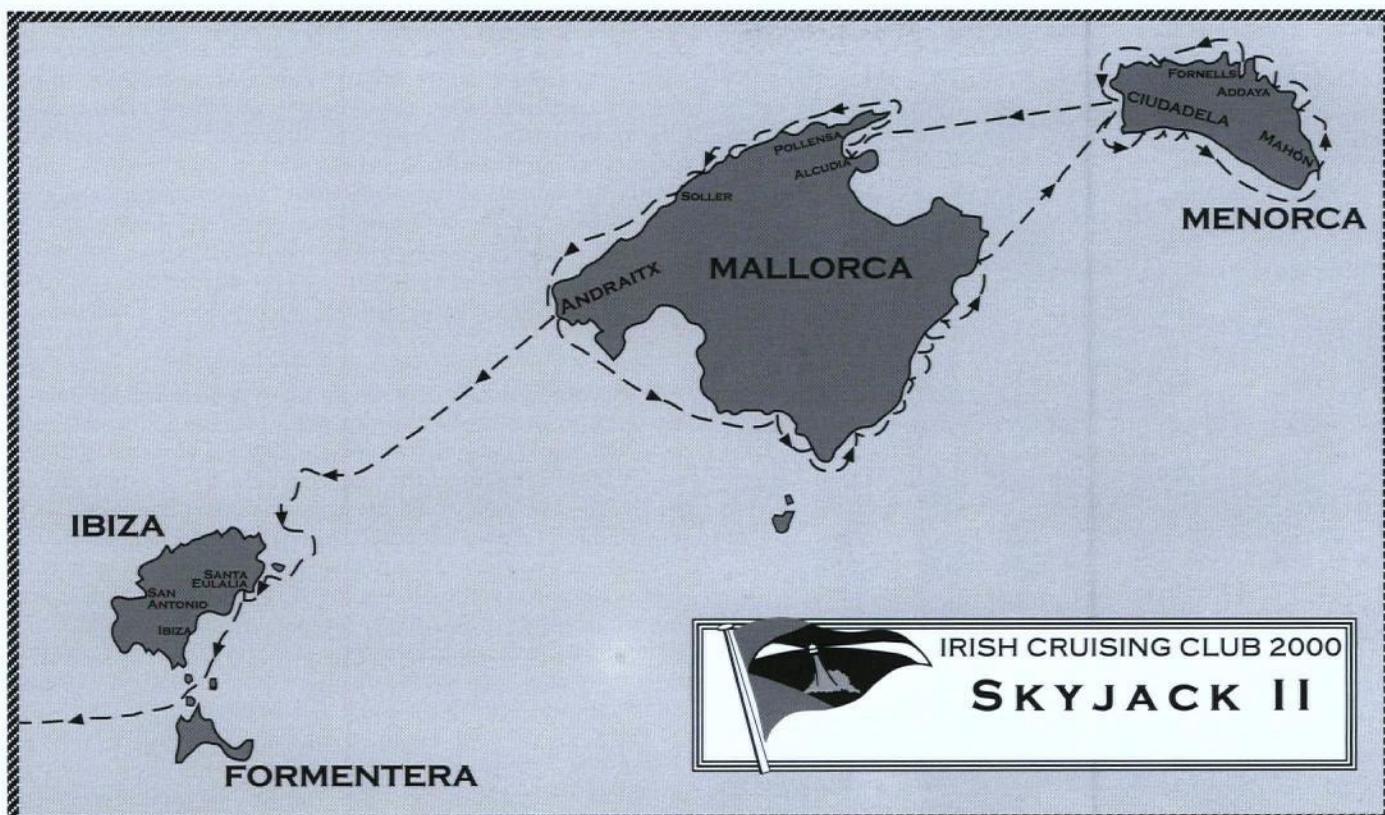
We spent two days at anchor in the well sheltered bay off Porto Petro and we found the town most pleasant – any development is very low key and the restaurants and bars are small, friendly and not too expensive. We were off again on June 16th and had a wonderful day in glorious sunshine, swimming and exploring many of the nooks and crannies which abound on this coast. Interestingly enough, the water at this time of the year was not exactly brass monkey stuff, but could put the less enthusiastic swimmer off.

The wind was from the north so we were mostly motoring in sheltered water which made it very pleasant. A swim in the very attractive Cala Mitjana was followed by a visit to the unfortunately named but very beautiful Cala Arsenau where we were disturbed by a large UK power boat tearing into the bay at high speed with no concern for the comfort of others. We soon learned that this sort of thing is one of the minus points about cruising in the Balearics.

We looked into Porto Colom briefly before heading north again to find a suitable lunch stop. The first couple of Calas north of Porto Colom were absolutely overwhelmed by tourist development and out of the question for lunch but then we



Menorca to Majorca – a great sail.



found Cala Magraner – a totally deserted Cala with a beach at its head and there we stayed almost in total isolation for a leisurely lunch, swimming and snorkelling and siesta – two and a half hours of bliss!

We had a quick look at Porto Cristo before heading to Puerto de Cala Ratjada for the night where we moored alongside the visitors quay at 16.40 having just spent a fabulous day afloat. The main attraction of Cala Ratjada from a yachtsman's viewpoint is its closeness to Menorca, but we also found it a reasonably pleasant and not too overdeveloped town with a very strong German presence. It seems to be a great party town with lots of night life keeping people out until the early hours. We did not join in, but nevertheless found the people and dog watching fascinating.

We were off at 0830 the following morning and had a very pleasant sail/motor sail across the Canal de Menorca to Ciutadela where we moored alongside the visitors quay at 1300 ably assisted by the crew of a small French boat called *Papyrus* who immediately invited us to join them for a pastis and nibbles.

Ciutadela is a magic little city and we stayed for a couple of days enjoying the preliminaries to the Fiesta de Saint Joan which is a major event in the Menorcan year. The city is a confusing maze of narrow cobbled streets many with covered pavements, opening out into large squares with ornate family palaces. As the pilot book says, it is a city oozing antiquity and interest on every side.

After a most enjoyable time watching the locals letting their hair down, whether by eating, drinking or taking rides on a really scary funfair roundabout which tossed its unfortunate and mostly petrified occupants about until their stomachs must have been in absolute turmoil, we departed on June 19th heading south round the island. We soon caught up with a small yacht which turned out to be our French friends from "Papyrus" and we agreed to meet at Cala Mitjana about ten miles along the coast.

This turned out to be impossible because of the swell, so we retraced our steps and anchored in Cala Santa Galdana, a large

but reasonably sheltered cala which once must have been very beautiful but is now heavily developed for tourists.

The crew of *Papyrus* invited us for dinner aboard and we were entertained to some wonderful French cuisine – oysters, an amazing fish salad followed by duck, all complemented by appropriate wine and all prepared by Michel, the skipper, who spoke no English. Our school French was severely tested but it was amazing how a little alcohol lubricated the nether regions of the brain and we managed very well. It was a memorable evening.

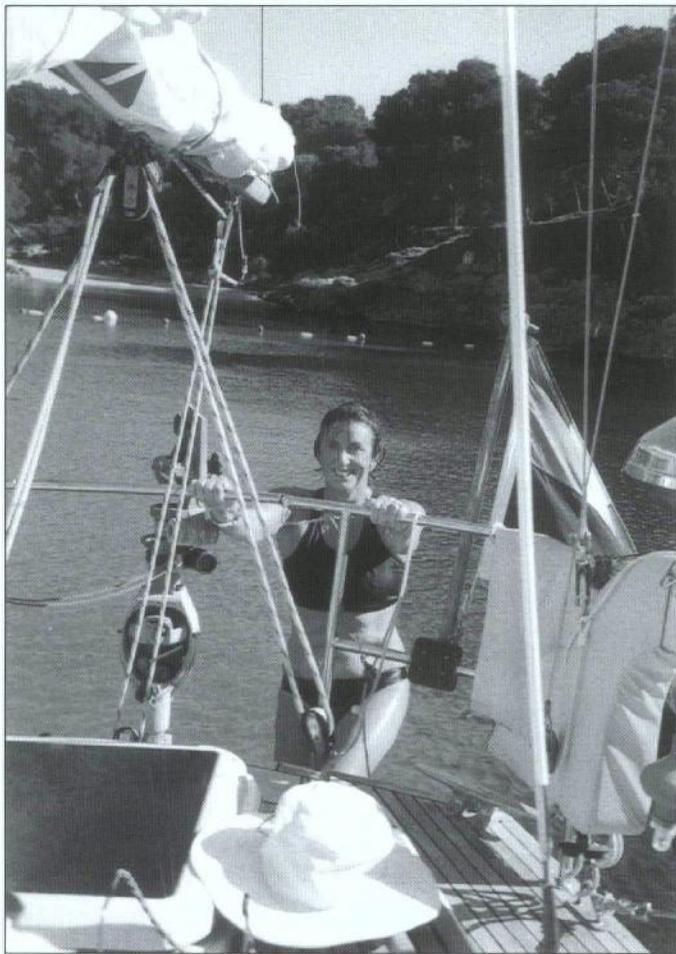
Exploration ashore revealed little to attract us so we retraced our steps again a couple of miles back along the coast to Cala Macarella where we spent a pleasant but somewhat rolly couple of hours swimming and soaking up the sun. This area attracts the nature seekers and we were amused by one young lady whose only adornment was a mobile phone. Finding somewhere to put it when her call was over was interesting.

Mahon was our next port of call which we reached at 1930 on June 20th having motor sailed along the south coast in a fresh south easterly but once through the passage inside Isla del Aire conditions eased and we had a very pleasant sail for the last few miles. We secured at the Marina Port d'Hivernada at the inner end of the magnificent harbour but found the place somewhat unattractive as it was a fair distance from the town centre and was also very close to the local power station! The marina is probably the safest, most secure but least attractive place in the harbour and at present it lacks basic shore facilities.

We stayed two nights in the marina spending much of the time carrying out minor repairs, cleaning blocked heads etc., and replenishing our stores. We were lucky to meet a couple with a car who took us to the excellent supermarket outside the town and we found Pedro's boat centre to be a real Aladdin's cave for chandlery.

Mahon is one of those places you would happily spend weeks in, a delightful and busy town with much to see including one of the oldest gin distilleries in the world – plenty of free samples available.

We left the marina, explored the harbour, took on diesel at



Evie enjoying a swim at Cala Mitjana, Mallorca.

the Club Nautico, punctured the dinghy and eventually picked up a public mooring off Cala Llonga in the north side of the harbour where we spent a wonderfully quiet moonlit night with excellent food and wine.

We left next morning passing through the Canal de Alfonso XIII, a narrow man-made channel leading to the excellent but not pretty anchorage of Cala Taulera and eventually continued our circumnavigation of the island more motoring again into a F3 north easterly.

An attempt at finding a suitable swimming stop in Cala Grao ended in some embarrassment when we ran aground at a point marked as having 5m on the chart. A couple who were enjoying the pleasures of nature on a French boat a few metres away were no doubt relieved when we extracted ourselves and withdrew as gracefully as we could.

Our destination was Porto d'Addaya on the north coast of the island and having rounded Cabo Favartx with its candy striped lighthouse we had difficulty in locating the complicated entrance against the sun. It is a tricky enough place to get into but once inside the anchorage is totally sheltered and somewhat reminiscent of a Scottish loch – it even has heather growing on the shores.

The small marina in the port is excellent but the village was a bit disappointing consisting almost entirely of holiday apartments, an Irish pub and two restaurants.

We spent two nights in Porto d'Addaya before moving to Fornells, about seven miles further along the coast. The passage was notable for its absolute discomfort. There was little or no wind and a huge swell with an awkward cross sea on top of it. Both boat and crew were extremely uncomfortable and we were glad to reach the shelter of Fornells after only an hour which seemed like ten.

Fornells is an excellent anchorage sheltered from all directions and a most attractive village full of restaurants. We spent a couple of days there to allow Evie to recover from a nasty chest infection and finally completed our circumnavigation on June 27th when we returned to Ciudedela. Our passage from Fornells started in glassy calm with our first flying fish appearing and our journey was broken by a stop in Cala Algayerens for swimming snorkelling and lunch.

Once round Cabo Nati, the northwest coast corner of Menorca, we had to motorsail against an increasingly fresh southerly and eventually secured alongside in Ciudedela at 1800.

We had a wonderful sail back to Mallorca the following day – it was one of those days which make it all worth while. – a Force 3 to 4 northerly, sheets free hot sunshine and good company made for a memorable day. We made our landfall just south of Cabo Formentor and anchored for a while in the beautiful and wild Cala Murte before continuing to Cala Formentor where we anchored below the world famous hotel.

Two days in the Formentor/ Puerto Pollensa area were frequently disturbed by the noise of seaplanes and helicopters not to mention the less than considerate antics of jet skis and motor boats. It is nevertheless a scenic and relatively unspoiled area with excellent marina facilities both in Puerto Pollensa and Puerto Bonaire on the south side of the bay.

On Saturday July 1st there was no wind so we motored round Cabo Formentor and down the north west coast of Mallorca to Puerto Soller. This was yet another never-to-be-forgotten day. The coastal scenery was wild rugged and spectacular and in the flat calm conditions we were able to go close inshore into several of the calas for cooling swims. It really was breath-taking and we felt privileged to enjoy its splendour on such a perfect day.

By 16.30 we had arrived in Puerto Soller and found a space in the already crowded anchorage. We became tourists for a few days enjoying the fun and atmosphere of a local fiesta, taking the tram to Soller town and the quaint electric train from Soller to Palma and back. This was another amazing experience with the train winding its way through the mountains round sharp bends up and down steep hills and through dozens of tunnels.

In Puerto Soller we relaxed, ate well, enjoyed people watching and enjoyed the best sunsets of the cruise through the harbour mouth. This was our sort of cruising.

By July 4th it was time to go so we completed our circumnavigation of Mallorca by sailing to Puerto Andraitx. This 25 mile passage along the coast was only slightly less spectacular than the more northerly one and we were able to enjoy both good sailing and good scenery, finally passing between Isla Dragonera and the mainland at 13.30 when we stopped for lunch at San Telmo. Our circumnavigation was completed when we dropped anchor in Puerto d'Andraitx at 15.30.

Five days in Andraitx were enlivened by the return of *Ounavarra* to the port under Brian Tucker's command and we spent our time enjoying the company and the delights of what had become our favourite Mallorcan port. For the first time on the cruise the heat became a problem with temperatures around 35 degrees C making us a bit lethargic to say the least.

The passage to Ibiza on July 10th was not one of our better days. The forecast was reasonably encouraging and shortly after we left Andraitx at 08.30 we were under full sail and reaching towards Ibiza in a Force 4 south-easterly. It was dull and there was a threat of rain, but we were making six and a half knots towards Isla Tagomago where we hoped to make our landfall prior to visiting Santa Eulalia.

During the afternoon the wind freshened and began heading us and by 13.30 we had force six to seven and were under



Re-union in Puerto de Andraitx – Brian Tucker, Peter Ronaldson, Brennie Connors and John Doran.

deeply rolled genoa mizzen and engine making less than five knots. By 14.45 we were no longer fetching Tagomago and were headed to such a degree we had to tack. At about 15.30 the engine stopped and we discovered it was seriously overheating.

Things rapidly deteriorated with the wind becoming extremely erratic in both direction and strength. We thought for a while of going down the west coast of Ibiza to San Antonio or even running back to Mallorca, but we persevered and were pushed all over the place by winds which seemed determined to prevent us going anywhere in a hurry.

It was clear the engine problems were serious, an attempt at running it led to immediate overheating and it was obvious that we would have to complete the passage without any help from Mr. Volvo. Off Isle Tagomago we experienced a ferocious thunderstorm during which the wind went from almost nothing to 35 to 40 knots. We had too much sail and were knocked flat for a few moments during which the dodger was ripped from the port lifelines and the spinnaker pole broke loose from its chocks.

Once the mayhem was over, believe it or not the wind freed sufficiently to allow us to reach towards Santa Eulalia into which we hobbled under sail at 20.45. The marina staff were very understanding and allocated us a berth at the end of a pontoon well clear of any other boats.

We spent three days in Santa Eulalia during which we enjoyed the company of Adrian and Dierdre Stokes and their crew from *Don Perignon*. A mechanic was located who appeared to solve our engine problems by dismantling and reassembling the complete cooling system following which it seemed to run perfectly.

Once our engine problem appeared to be sorted out we spent a further day exploring Santa Eulalia which despite its development as a holiday resort is a pleasant and civilised place – not at all typical of the resorts on which Ibiza's current reputation is based.

Adrian Stokes advised us not miss Formentera and Espalmador, so we made a rapid passage, mostly under sail, past Ibiza town and through the Freu Grande passage between Ibiza and Espalmador, eventually anchoring in the spacious but sheltered anchorage off what must be one of the finest beaches in the Balearics.

We spent five wonderful days in Formentera and Espalmador and the contrast with the bigger islands could not have been greater. On Espalmador the beach is the major (and almost only) attraction. The swimming and snorkelling are wonderful, the water warm and for those who are inclined that way, clothes are very much an optional extra.

On Formentera, we stayed briefly in what turned out to be a most expensive marina (14,000 pesetas or about £55 sterling for one night!) but enjoyed hiring motorbikes to explore the island. Lunch with the Stokes at a Caribbean like beach bar was another highlight, but our lasting memory of the area will be a beach party held at Espalmador on a Saturday night which also happened to be the night of the full moon.

A band of about a dozen drummers produced a continuous and pulsating and infectious rhythm which had everyone swaying and a pattern of trenches in the sand in which lit candles were placed made for an almost pagan atmosphere which was absolutely incredible. Although it was very much a private party, crews of yachts in the anchorage were invited to join in the fun and by 03.00 we fell into our bunks exhausted.

Two days of Force 7 easterlies followed which kept us in Espalmador and we were adopted by a tired racing pigeon whose ring indicated he was from Malta. Almost as soon as we left Espalmador on Tuesday July 18th, the engine overheated very seriously again but the wind freshened to about Force 4 from the east so we enjoyed a wonderful sail towards the Spanish mainland for several hours during which we had a close encounter with a large turtle.

Unfortunately the wind followed the sun and swung round to the south to south west which meant that we had to beat the last few miles in very frustrating conditions towards Cabo San Antonio. The lack of engine and the uncertain wind meant that we would be at sea well into the night and it was not until 2 am on Wednesday, July 19th that we sailed into Moraira and moored alongside with our faithful but bedraggled pigeon still aboard despite the fact that he was now 60 odd miles further from home.

Moraira is a pleasant small resort with a good marina. After a few false starts we eventually found a mechanic who set about sorting out our engine. This proved to be a long drawn out and not inexpensive process, so we decided to fly home at the beginning of August for a few weeks and laid the boat up ashore (much cheaper than remaining afloat at high season).

We returned in mid-September by car and found the engine work incomplete despite our many phone calls from home. Eventually after many more frustrating delays we got the engine going again and brought *Skyjack II* to a excellent marina in Alicante where she lies for the winter. We had completed our first cruise in Mediterranean waters and had enjoyed nearly every minute. We can't wait to return next year for more. Needless to say our decision to abandon the "wet, windy and cold" coasts of Scotland and Ireland ensured that they enjoyed their sunniest and warmest summer for many years. C'est la vie!

Scandinavia 2000

Mike Balmforth



THE STRANGFORD CUP

FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE

This voyage to Scandinavia was *Greenheart's* first big adventure, and it was as successful as we could have hoped for. The areas bounding the Skaggerak and the Kattegat are a wonderful cruising ground, and obviously the playground of the local population – we had never seen so many boats! The weather was superb too, even though we had a couple of dull, even damp, days. The locals all said it was a poor summer, but we were very happy with it.

Perhaps the only reservation, in retrospect, is the North Sea. It is quite large, can be rather rough, in fact it's really a bit of an obstacle! It also tested the boat, big time, on the outward passage!

The North Sea – Round 1

Crew: Mike Balmforth, Burke Corbett, Des Balmforth, David Falconer, Alistair Falconer, Graham Robinson.

We assembled at Peterhead during Saturday 8th July, had a meal together in the evening, and prepared to set off on Sunday.

The weather forecast was for NE6 followed by NW winds, which we reckoned was tolerable, even if not ideal.

We set off motor sailing in virtually no wind, at 1130, and by 2130 were sailing in a ENE breeze of 15 knots, and building.

By 2300 the breeze had reached 20k, so we took in two reefs in the main, and partially furled the genny – snug for the night, or so we thought.

The next 12 hours saw almost everyone feeling less than 100%, with MBB sick, as were Des, and to a lesser extent Graham. Alistair had less bother, and David, who as cook was a non-watchkeeper, and who found that there were no calls on his services!

At 1000 the next morning, whilst passing the Elgin oil field, the standby ship gave us some instructions on avoiding anchor handling work, and also asked if we had an up-to date forecast, telling us that they expected 50 knots of wind!

By this time we had been forced well south of our track by a rising and veering wind, and were making little better than SE, under double reefed main and heavily reefed genoa. It did not take us long to decide to sacrifice the 100 miles we had put behind us and return whence we came.

We turned back at 1100, unfortunately having to give away a mile or two of northing whilst we skirted the three workboats and the southernmost platform of the Elgin field.

We knew that the wind might strengthen from the current 30 knots, and that later on it might back to NW – so we maintained our best speed and heading. This was achieved under double reefed main and staysail, the genoa having been given the day off, which gave her 6.5-7 knots, and enabled us to keep on track back to Peterhead, despite the conditions.

By late afternoon the wind had continued to rise, and was a steady 35 knots, reaching 40k regularly, so it was time to hand the main – which was something of a daunting task in the conditions.

The question now was – how would she sail under staysail only? Once she had settled down the answer became clear – she was pretty well balanced with just a trace of lee helm – and

romping along at around 6 knots. We were able to hold the course through the next night, even though the squalls exceeded 50 knots apparent from time to time, necessitating a few rolls in the staysail to keep the speed down, and even running off a little as the seas were by now very unruly.

Indeed, speed control was the key to it. Keeping her at around 5.5 to 6 knots was giving the most comfortable passage through seas that were by now big and lumpy, coming as they were from Spitsbergen, direct, and around 4 metres high!

The worst of these would pick the boat up and seem to hurl her into the trough, whilst others simply broke all over the deck. Too much speed, and the bangs and crashes were even worse, so keeping off the loud pedal was the order of the night. We found that if the staysail was trimmed to control pointing and therefore speed, and with the apparent wind at around 60° off the bow, giving a heading of around 300°, we were hitting the right speed and course.

Star performer in all of this mayhem was the autopilot, which steered the ship accurately and responsively through it all. At no time did we have to man the wheel, which meant that, although everyone was rather damp, exposure to the element was kept to a minimum. Burke's proud boast on reaching port was that he had not worn his oilskins, and that he was able to play the wind shifts using the 1° button on the autopilot control. In fact, optimising our course using the autopilot and the GPS throughout this return passage was the key to getting back quickly.

All of this was, of course, highly unpleasant, so it was with great relief that the Peterhead power station chimneys were seen on the starboard bow, and we were secure alongside by 1200 after a couple of miles tacking up the coast. Two other yachts, both from Scandinavia arrived at around the same time. One had all her sails blown out, and the other, with neither sail or power, was towed in by the lifeboat!

Forty eight and a half hours, 284 miles on the log, and a good deal of misery in the latter half of the trip. However, we were safe in port, nothing broke, the boat gave a good account of herself even if the crew were a little less resilient.

The de-briefing established that we were unfortunate not to pick up a forecast earlier, and preparation had not been rigorous enough in respect of sealing ventilators and setting up deck gear in advance, all of which necessitated unnecessary deckwork in difficult conditions.

Improvements that will be needed for the future include A] a third mainsail reef (we could not carry the sail in over 40 knots), B] a downhaul line in the top three metres of the mainsail luff to more easily haul the sail down, C] a longer genoa furling line, D] better arrangements for the checkstays (the jamb cleats of which collapsed under the strain).

The North Sea – Round 2

Peterhead to Mandal

After a welcome overnight rest, and considerably better weather, the prospects for a more successful crossing were reviewed.

A five day Metfax forecast was obtained, which offered mainly westerly winds for the next few days, with variations between SW and NW, and nothing over F6. That was quite reassuring for those who felt a bit bruised by recent experience!

We topped up with fuel and water, and set off at 1500 on Wednesday 12th, in bright sunshine and a light breeze, which remained southerly through the evening and night at around 12-16 knots.

During the night and early morning we passed the impressive line of rigs of the Forties field, then tracked just to the north of the Nelson and Everest rigs. We had chatted to the watch officer of the safety boat *Trafalgar Guardian*, who gave us a weather update, and was able to advise that he had picked up our radar echo at 9 miles – confirmation that the Visiball was doing its job.

By noon it looked like we were approaching midway, and after a brief consultation with the GPS halfway was declared at 1224 with 160 miles run. The bar was briefly opened, and the progress of a more successful voyage was toasted – indeed by 1500 the distance covered in 24 hours was 162 miles (by GPS).

By now the wind, which had been S/SSW, began to show signs of a swing to the west – for with NW wind forecast we had been edging north of the rhumb line. We gybed at 1700, and an hour later set the spinnaker to speed us on our way.

The forecast was coming good – the wind quietly strengthening and veering, giving us a good turn of speed for a few hours – and good reason to hand the kite at 2100 and boom out the genoa. Progress continued to be good with around 15 knots true until dawn, when it freshened to around 25 knots – we were cooking with gas again!

Dawn also saw the appearance of the Norwegian coast – crisp under a clear sky – our destination visible at last!

As we ran on towards Lindesnes, we adjusted the course to pass a few miles south of Norway's most southerly point, anticipating our first skirmish with the Skjaergard. We took the most conservative of courses – outside everything!

Within an hour or so Mandal's approaches opened up, and we threaded our way through the rocks and islands and motored in to the pretty harbour, and tied up at the marina.

Our between waypoint distance was 295 miles, covered in 44 hours for an average speed of 6.7 knots. Our best 24 hours run was 180 miles.

The Norwegian Coast

After a couple of days R&R in Mandal, which included a slightly over indulgent sampling of local beer on Friday evening, Alison Balmforth and Doris Falconer arrived on Saturday morning, and we spent the day doing some shopping, followed by a jolly meal out in the evening. Burke and Des departed after Sunday lunch for Stanstead via Torp – courtesy of Ryanair – and the rest of us set off for our first negotiation of the inner leads of the Skjaergard. This turned out to be enchanting, and not as difficult as it looked on the chart – except that you do have to pay attention to bridge and overhead cable heights!

We enjoyed the picturesque channels through Skjerosund,



By Hellesund, crossed the approaches to Kristiansund, and finally wriggled our way through Randesund and Ulvosund to tie up at the convenient quay at Skottevig.

Monday 17th. We set off at 1500 in brilliant sunshine for what was to be an early highlight of the cruise – the passage through the Blindleia, for which we had purchased the special charts in Mandal.

The Blindleia are a series of 'blind' sounds leading off the innermost channel behind the islands. Apparently, the local sailors used to lure or chase their enemies into these leads, from which escape was difficult or impossible. An early form of team racing, one suspects!

The first intricate passage was through the channels of Gamle Hellesund, which led us to the first section of the Blindleia. Apart from the charming atmosphere, the main impression was the enormous number of boats on the move – trip boats, sailing yachts, motor yachts, power boats – you name it, they were buzzing everywhere, and concentration was the order of the day.

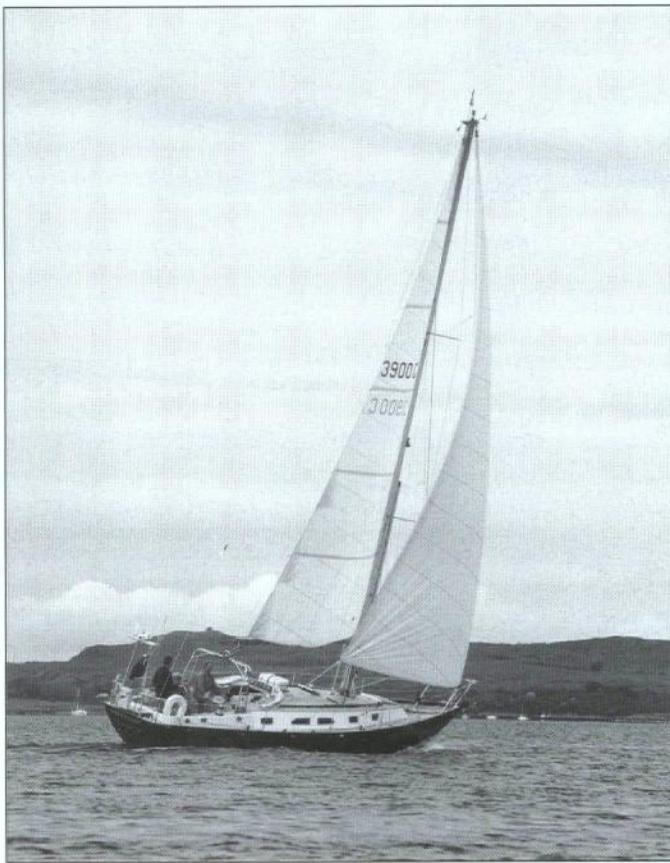
However, everyone was in holiday mood and almost every passing boat gave us a wave. Our blue ensign seemed to impress them – we later found out that many people thought we had cruised from Australia or New Zealand, as they were only familiar with the red duster!

After an fascinating three hours we arrived in Lillesand – a charming old town set in an attractive bay, but with a fairly chaotic visitor pontoon. However, we got attached to a friendly yacht from Bergen, which, it turned out, had several times cruised to Shetland and Orkney. However, after a look around the town and a beer we decided to seek a secluded anchorage in the islands for the night.

We headed across to the adjacent island of Skaueroya, only to find that it was 'wall to wall boats' so we pottered on around the seaward side, looking into nooks and crannies until we found a sheltered creek with a sandy bottom – it could have been in the Ross of Mull, or the Rosses of Donegal – only there were more trees!

Dinner was Paella – which seems as popular in Norway as everywhere else – which is not surprising considering the fabulous prawns and fish that are available.

We left Ramsholmen at 1030 on Tuesday for another bash



Greenheart

(literally – for we touched rock at Kaldo when anchoring for lunch) at the ‘skerries’. This next portion, between Lillesand and Arendal, was generally less intricate, with several stretches of open water where pilotage was a little less intense.

We arrived at Arendal at 1600, found a space in the very cramped, but centrally situated gasthamn (visitor harbour). Manoeuvring into a berth was a bit of a challenge, but was successfully accomplished before the heavens opened and a thunderstorm brought the afternoon to a damp close.

Our fee for staying overnight was 175 Kroner, which was irrespective of length, but only included five showers! We had six on board, but that was just too bad, we were told. However – no one was counting in the morning – we were beginning to learn that even in Norway rules are made to broken!

Arendal is a very pleasant port – the gasthamn is in two parts – the original, eastermost group of berths is a little cramped, but the newer, western part is both more spacious, and also has the amenities block and bar. Both are within a few minutes stroll of the town centre.

Wednesday. After extensive domestic matters – washing and drying clothes in the marina wash house until midday – our route took us first along the length of Arendalsund, a slightly fiord like but quite urban – even industrialised – stretch of water. Once out of the north end a stretch of relatively open sea brought us to the islands off Tvedstrand – a series of channels that were for the most part wide, but included the pretty little channel inside Loktene, and then to the amazing island holiday area of Lyngør.

This waterway was for all the world like a maritime main street with buildings on either side and boats everywhere – even the village fire engine was a boat! The whole place gleamed in the sun like an impressionist painting, and the atmosphere was 100% holiday!

As we got to the open sea the sea breeze was a little stronger, so it was time for the first sail for a couple of days, a beam

reach in 10 knots of wind, which took us nicely past Risør towards our destination at Portøy, which is on the end of a small peninsula south of Kragerø.

On the chart, and in the pilot book photo it looks like a rocky wilderness, but like most places around here, when we negotiated the exacting channel between the rocks and reefs, every nook and cranny had a boat moored to the rock, and every space ashore had a summer house.

We nosed around the rocky creeks, but decided that our first attempt at mooring to the scenery would be conducted in a quiet place, not under the scrutiny of half the cruising population of Norway. We chickened out and anchored, conventionally, in the bay.

It had been such a nice day that a barbecue seemed a good idea (they always do, until the rain comes on), but we had not yet got the hang of this Norwegian summer weather. The mornings had been slightly cloudy, but then the sun broke through and the sea breeze builds. By late afternoon the cumulo-nimbus arrive, and you find yourself either under, or near to a heavy shower.

We had escaped a soaking in Arendal, but no sooner had we lit the barbie here than it poured! We had picked a flat expanse of rock – not hard to find in these parts – and the neighbouring householder saw our predicament and kindly invited us to continue our alfresco meal beside an old fisherman's cottage in his grounds.

Thursday. The sea breeze became a land breeze during the early hours, but although we swung round and were somewhat close to a rock promontory, there was sufficient depth to leave matters alone.

Before breakfast a sortie to the top of the rock to investigate a strange wooden structure showed it to be a replica of a Napoleonic signalling station.

We left after breakfast to visit Kragerø, which was recommended by our benefactor of the previous evening. It is an attractive and very busy town with a very crowded harbour, but well worth the visit.

The onward route was through the narrow sound between Gumo and Lango, an attractive waterway with wooded cliffs on either side, very narrow in places, and busy with all kinds of boat traffic.

When we came out of the northern end we shaped a course as soon as possible across to Tristein Light, enjoying a good sailing breeze at first, which fell away as we got offshore, so we finished up motoring again. Just before we started the engine there was a noise on deck – one of the batten tensioners had fallen out of the mainsail, fortunately landing on the deck, and not over the side.

The last few miles into Stavern were a bit slow, as the 1.5 knot current was against us, but we anchored at 2000 in the south part of the natural harbour amongst half a dozen other yachts. There were several larger yachts at the quay, and the guest pontoons looked pretty crowded. We had taken the easy option!

Friday. Slept in to 0900, then had a leisurely breakfast followed by a run ashore and a very nice lunch at the restaurant at the south pier, near the anchorage. We discovered why there were so many yachts – it was the annual Colin Archer Memorial Race from Holland to Stavern (which is near Larvik, Archer's home town).

Later we set off to Kjerringvik – just a few miles a long the coast, but on the correct peninsula for the airport, as Graeme was leaving for London the following morning.

Kjerringvik is a tiny little marina, mostly for small craft, but with space for half a dozen bigger yachts at the end of the pier.

This was our chance to refine the stern anchoring technique, so after a bit of preparation we went for it – successfully – and were made fast by 1700.

Saturday. Crew change and social day – Graeme set off to the airport at 0930, and Do and David also left to retrieve their car from Lillesand.

We had a visit from our former au pair girl Bente, with her husband and two children, and enjoyed a pleasant day of pottering around the fiord, rowing the dinghy, fishing, and so on. Later in the evening, we repositioned to Verens Ende (Land's End), where the conveniently situated marina would enable an early start for Sweden.

This is a strange, other worldly place, at the Oslofjord crossroads, full of yachts in transit, and very sociable. It cost 120Kr for the night, which included free washing machines, but not showers (they required a 10Kr piece, which we did not have!).

Sunday. Up at 1545 and away at 0600 bound for Sweden. As we left a 15 knot northerly sprang up, so we had a first class sail, beam reaching at 6 knots to arrive in Stromstad Gasthamn at 1040, ready to meet Ian and Christine Buchanan at midday.

Enquiries about customs at the tourist office revealed that, although we had officially come from a non-EC country, Norway was part of the Scandinavian bloc and there were no formalities required. Down with Q flag!

Later we went over to the Koster islands and negotiated the channel between them to anchor in the pool on the west side.

A decision to have a barbecue (yes – we had not yet learned our lesson) then led to a beach party selecting a bit of beach (you are not allowed to light a fire on rock in Sweden), and the burning of meat commenced, shortly followed by the inevitable rain!

The Swedish Coast

Up anchor and back to Stromstad where the Falconers were disembarking to catch the ferry back to Sandefjord to retrieve their car and spend a couple of days touring.

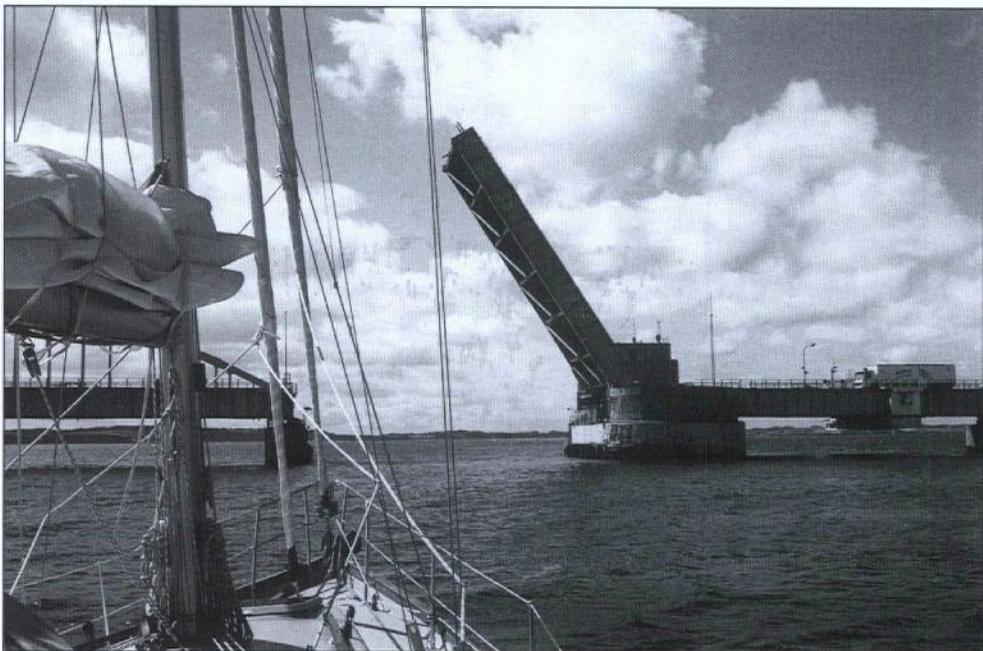
We finally left Stromstad at 1300 in overcast weather with occasional drizzle. The next few miles were not particularly interesting, but we followed the inner leads and finished up at Fjallbacka, a pretty town with a busy marina, where we secured for the night. The forecast was for a better day to follow.

Our walk round the town included the negotiation of the spectacular ravine that dissects the massive granite hill behind the town. The town also has connections with Ingrid Bergman, who owned an island not far away, and to whom there is a memorial on the sea front.

Departed the marina at Fjallbacka at 0930 to find that a pleasant sailing breeze and clearing skies were promising a good day for coasting south through several interesting waterways – Hamburgsund and the Sotencanal.

We arrived at Hamburgsund after a few miles of island weaving, and suddenly we were in a pastoral valley with a narrow waterway weaving through, in complete contrast to the outer, lunar-like islets. The channel wound its way between fields, through the waterside village where a cable ferry interrupted navigation every few minutes, and then out again into the skerries again.

As usual, there was a proliferation of channels to choose



One of the many opening bridges on the Limfjord.

from before we reached the Sotencanal, where we dropped the main (as sailing was not allowed) and entered an even more amazing channel between Sotebonde and the mainland. Narrow at first, it soon became a virtual chasm, through which hundreds of yachts of all sizes were streaming, north and south, nose to tail, big and small, power and sail.

Mid way through, the opening bridge caused a momentary delay from time to time, but the bridge keeper was obviously well used to juggling the demands of road and waterway traffic, closing the bridge when a series of motor boats approached, then opening it when taller masted sailing yachts approached. The whole procedure was controlled by traffic lights, and went very smoothly, although it was important to be ready to put the brakes on as the boats in front stopped to wait for the bridge.

Once out the other end, we selected a maritime lay-by off this yachting E6 and parked for lunch, before the short sail round the corner, and under the bridge, into Smogen.

Smogen was once an island fishing village, but since it was linked to the rest of the world by bridge, and most Scandinavians have taken to the sea (again) it is a busy place. In fact, if you are cruising this coast in high season and planning to go for any gasthamn berth, start looking for it early in the afternoon.

We enjoyed a walk around Smogen – it is a charming old town with boardwalks along the waterfront (the joys of a tide free environment), backed by cafes and shops. At the seaward end of the harbour a fish market, and a series of ‘fish kiosks’ where fresh fish, ready cooked fish snacks and many other delicacies can be bought to either take away, or eat at a table outside the shop.

We had a memorable meal in a fine fish restaurant nearby, then returned aboard for a digestif – Scandinavian style – akavit and coffee in the cockpit, by candlelight.

Wednesday 27th. Horrors – awoke in the dark to the sound of rain!

By morning it had barely cleared, so watering and fuelling were carried out in the drizzle, before clearing harbour in a F4 NE wind.

It was not long before we were on course, reaching along under grey but dry skies, and enjoying the thrill of navigating



A typical Norwegian seascape.

past people's front gardens – in fact when negotiating the narrows at 6 knots in Gulholmen we were momentarily worried about catching the end of the boom on someone's verandah!

We decided to have a look at Karingon for a night stop, and found the marina a little more exposed than ideal, however, we picked up a stern mooring and moored bows to – with slight difficulty due to the proximity of 'street furniture' – notices, lights, and signs – right at the edge of the pontoon. However, we had not been the first to brush with it, judging by the scrapes. No damage ensued to either side, however.

Karingon is a small and delightful island, dotted with holiday homes, and with some fish kiosk and cafes at the harbour. There are no roads and no cars, and a walk around revealed a number of tiny creeks where surprisingly large craft were moored next to their owners summer cottages. There were also two bathing stations, situated about 400 metres apart – the Badhus, and the Dambadhus, prompting poor quality schoolboy/girl jokes from some of the company!

Thursday. Another grey and drizzly morning, but we got away early as planned in order to get to Marstrand in time to get a berth and see around the place. Our route was relatively direct, and a 10 knot breeze bowled us along at a good pace.

Marstrand Sound opened up just before 1300, and after a cruise around we found that there were no guest berths on the Marstrand side, due to a Melges and Dragon event, followed by Marstrand Week, for whom all the visitor berths had been reserved.

We berthed opposite Marstrand, on the island of Koon, where Ringens Varf had space.

Next, we sampled the delights of the Cowes of Sweden – although it was obvious that this was a much nicer town than Cowes would ever be. These included getting our washing done at the Varmbadhouse – once a spa, but now a hostel with a swimming pool, use of which was included in the price of a shower and sauna.

A stroll round the town revealed elegant timber buildings and cobbled streets, all improved by there being no motor vehicles allowed on the island. A feature of this coast, not unlike the Clyde, is excursions by antique steamer. Several of these venerable vessels, which ply the Bohuslan coast north of Goteborg, came and went in the course of our stay.

Morning came with incessant drizzle and low cloud – not a

day for any kind of sailing, except those due to start Marstrand Week were leaving for their first race as we breakfasted. So instead of setting off early, we went sightseeing around the town and had a thorough, if damp, look around Carlstens Fortress – the central feature of the place.

After lunch the drizzle eased, and we set off through the narrow, man-made, channel that links Marstrand with the inner leads. Soon the cloud lifted, and an hour later we were sailing in sunshine – the first for some days.

Our destination was the islands north of Goteborg, and we had a choice of the small harbours at Roro, Ockero, Hono, and Bjorko, where we berthed with help of a local boat owner, who directed us to his friend's private berth – he was away cruising. Later that evening he and his wife came aboard for a coffee and a chat,

telling us about the island and its people. It is, like all the nearby islands, a dormitory for Goteborg, and is served by a free vehicle ferry, which enables island life to flourish. Scottish Executive take note!

The day dawned bright and clear. We were under way by 0830, threading our way through the remaining islands north of Goteborg, and up the estuary/river into the city. After all the rain there was a 1.5 knot current against us, so we gave the engine some exercise at higher revs than usual, and were in Lilla Bommen marina in no time.

The lower river is the usual vista of docks and old shipyards, but as one approaches the city the scenery improves and the traffic reduces.

We shoehorned our way into the innermost corner of the haven where a berth happened to be free, and awaited the arrival of Phil and Margaret whilst Ian and Christine started preparing for departure.

With a one night overlap between guests, we decided to head for Styrso, one of the nearby archipelago which had a harbour and several restaurants, before heading for Denmark. We had a good, if rather chaotic, meal in a very smart country house style hotel, which was overwhelmed by an unusual amount of business. Dinner at eight eventually arrived around eleven!

Until a couple of years ago this group of islands, important down the years in the defence of Goteborg, were 'out of bounds' to foreigners, a restriction that was only lifted a few years ago.

Cruising in Denmark

Sunday 30th. Ian and Christine left for a day and night on Styrso, before heading back to Goteborg and the UK.

We set off at 1000, motoring out through the last inter-island channel of the cruise, and set sail as soon as we were in open water. Unfortunately, it was the first headwind for some time, so Phil and Margaret had to quickly get their sea legs in a slightly choppy beat to windward. We made good time, however, in a 15-18 knot breeze, and only had to make a short tack of about 4 miles to clear the north point of Laeso, which is a very low and flat island, surrounded by miles of very shallow water. This necessitated a navigational sea change, so to speak, from the deep waters of Norway and Sweden, where one sails

within touching distance of the rocks, to the shallow seas of Denmark where one sails for hours in 5 metres of water!

Osterby offered a few differences from the past couple of weeks. First (and foremost?) one could buy wine and other booze in a supermarket! Second, the shops were open until 9:00pm, even on a Sunday. We topped up the stores (including a couple of bottles of red wine), and booked dinner in what looked like a good restaurant.

When we turned up for dinner, we found that the establishment was the local mission to seamen, but the food – very fresh fish – was excellent. The only snag was that only low alcohol beer and wine – and only red wine at that – was available! We asked, not realising that they were not permitted regular drink on the premises, if we could fetch a bottle of wine from *Greenheart*. Their horrified reaction took us somewhat aback, but calm was restored as their American speaking son explained the situation – and we had beer, which he said is not regarded as alcoholic in Denmark! Strange.

We enjoyed our meal, and returned (rapidly) aboard for a nightcap!

The day dawned grey, and the forecast was for SW 4-5, definitely not what we wanted!

Leaving the harbour we could lay the north point of the island – or more accurately the buoy about half a mile from it – and carried on towards the Jutland coast before tacking south. After a while it became bright sunshine from a cloudless sky, a little later the wind freed by veering to the west, and not long after that it piped up to 30 knots, still from a cloudless sky! However we could lay the course, and progressively shortened sail to double reefed main and staysail, bowling along at almost 8 knots.

The entrance to the Limfjord is not very apparent when approaching from the north, but it soon became clear that we would have to head offshore to clear the bar on either side of the dredged channel. This we did, cutting the corner slightly to reach the dredged channel and motor in to Hals, where a very crowded marina and the strong breeze provided the usual challenges to our seamanship!

We were safely berthed by 1700, having covered about 30 miles to windward in 7 hours. The strong wind was not forecast, and caught many locals unawares as well.

Hals proved to be a handy stop, with good facilities in the yacht club, and various cafes and a supermarket nearby.

Our friends Sikke and Guddie Andersen from Aarhus came to visit, and we had a cheery meal aboard reminiscing about times past, etc.

Tuesday. We left Hals at a tardy 1100, but with only 20 miles or so to Aalborg, we soon covered the ground (despite a 1-1.5 knot adverse current) to arrive at 1500.

Next we visited Lindholm Hoje – one of Denmark's most important ancient monuments. It is a Viking burial and cremation site preserved by being buried under windblown sand for centuries.

The site also had the remains of a village, and an amazing field that was covered with the sand immediately after it was ploughed 1000 years ago, and when recently uncovered revealed the freshly made tracks of the farmer's cart!

Aalborg, when seen from the Limfjord waterway, presents an factory and dockland facade, not surprising as it has three large cement factories and the famous Aalborg Akavit distillery amongst its industries. However, the centre of the old town is very attractive, and the cafe and bar area of Jomfru Ane Gade proved to be lively, and the Cafe Duffy an excellent place to eat!

We enjoyed a leisurely stroll back to the boat, which was berthed at Vestre Badhaven.

Wednesday. We left at 1000, and set off into the Limfjord proper, which wanders through a flat pastoral landscape reminiscent of the River Shannon. The channel is clearly

marked, and although mostly natural, there are dredged parts where it is narrow. Minimum depth is 4.5 metres, and there a stopping places – small marinas etc, every few miles.

We were planning to get as far as Logstor to rendezvous with Michael and Jytte Chistopherson, who live nearby, and after passing the awe-inspiring wind farm near Aggersund, and waiting a few minutes for the bridge to open (we later learned that it opens every half hour), we arrived at our destination.

The yacht harbour is in an old canal basin, and has plenty of space for visitors. This canal was built in the mid 19th century to enable ships to get from the main Limfjord to the narrower channel through Aggersund. Dredging a three mile channel through the sand bank was beyond the technology of the day, so they got around the problem by building a marine by-pass, a canal along the coast. This was busy for about seventy years, until a direct channel was created. Today, it has been restored, the canal building turned into a museum and traditional boatbuilding school, and the basin is a fine yacht haven.

It was also the last day of an Art Festival, so there were lots of exhibitions to look at, including two sculptors attacking car sized blocks of granite with angle grinders just across the canal – a rather noisy and dusty business!

We had a barbecue (no, it did not rain this time) and a few glasses with our friends, and generally voted Logstor a good stopping place.

We were up early and under way to Nykobing at 0715, and arrived there at 1145, despite a light headwind necessitating motoring all the way.

We took the opportunity of booking a hire car to facilitate crew changes at the weekend, and then had a stroll around. The town was almost completely destroyed by fire about 200 years ago, so it has few old buildings, despite originally dating from around 1300, so it is a well laid out and tidy place. The oldest building is Dueholm Monastery, which is now a museum and well worth a visit.

It has a fishing harbour, and plenty of marina berths available.

After lunch we decided to knock off a few more miles towards Tyboron, so set off again for the tiny island of Jegindø, nearer the Odde Sund narrows, through which we needed to pass en route to Tyboron the next day.

We entered the small harbour shortly after 1700, and found a berth in the near empty fishing harbour, as the marina area was a little shallow at 2.0m, even though there is virtually no tidal range.

The island was once the centre of the important Limfjord eel fishery, and there is a small museum dealing with this subject. Although there were once dozens of small boats working here, today the fleet is just five 12m boats, all newly painted and looking very smart.

The small restaurant at the head of the harbour was the only place to eat, and turned out to be excellent, offering good value and generous portions – including the local delicacy Steket A1 (fried eel), which was excellent. It also turned out to be the only restaurant in Europe that did not take credit cards – which caused a bit of a problem – temporarily! They said it was because the Danish Banks charge them 9% on credit card transactions, which certainly seemed pretty steep.

Next morning the crew (but not the skipper) ‘enjoyed’ a swim in the Limfjord, and we got under way at 1045, now punching into a stiff westerly breeze under clear skies.

By the time we had negotiated the lifting bridge at Oddesund the breeze was a 20 knot westerly, so we settled down to a motor sailing flog to Tyboron. However, midway across Nissum Bredning, we decided to divert northwards to Agger, mainly as it would be much easier to collect and return the hire car from that side of the Thyboron Channel.

Pilotage was a trifle tricky as a few of the channel buoys

seemed to have been removed, and the side channel back to Agger Tange was completely absent. We later learned from the harbour master that this channel had silted, and for that reason the buoys had been lifted this year.

The main channel was, in the end, straightforward, clearly marked by port hand buoys every quarter mile, and with a least depth of 2.7 metres, but mostly over 3.0.

We secured to an out-of-commission trawler, but could have had the choice of a dozen berths around the harbour.

Centuries ago Agger was connected to the North Sea, so was an important place until the channel closed over and the sea broke through further south, at Thyboron. The village is currently a holiday centre, but with few real amenities.

The western part of the Limfjord consists of wide expanses of water surrounded by a low glaciated landscape, which terminates in either low sandy cliffs or shingle shores. It is shallow everywhere, but one gets used to sailing along in 4 or 5 metres of water several miles from land! There are scattered towns and villages, and virtually all have small yacht harbours. Even in August, they were not unduly busy, in contrast to the havens around the Skaggerak and Kattegat. The whole waterway seems underused, probably because it is quite far from any major centre of population.

Saturday 6th August. We went by taxi to Thisted – the main town on Thy, the island forming the north shore of the Limfjord – to collect the hire car, and drove Phil and Margaret to collect their car at Fredrickshaven, where they had left it before crossing to Goteborg.

En route we visited Skagen, which is a most attractive place, especially for the Norwegians and Swedes who are attracted to less expensive and more freely available alcohol! Crowds of folk were lunching at the many fish cafes at the harbour, and the marina was packed with yachts from Norway and Sweden.

We then drove to Aarhus, where we were staying overnight with Sikke and Guddie Andersen.

Sunday. Left Alison to the airport, and did some shopping before collecting Lorne Campbell and Robert Bryce, both keen sailors from Holy Loch SC at Dunoon, who were joining for the trip home. Both these crew changes were achieved using Ryanair's Stanstead to Aarhus service.

We drove the 160km back across Denmark and were back on board shortly after midnight. It was still blowing hard from the Nor'west, so a speedy departure seemed unlikely.

Monday. It was still blowing hard (25-30 knots) when we got up, so we got a last bit of value out of the hire car by driving to and from the local garage, topping up the fuel tank, and then set off to Thisted to return the car. We had a wander around this pleasant town and returned by train and bus to Agger.

After filling the water tanks – difficult as the hose was not long enough – we got a few more weather forecasts, which indicated that the strong NW wind had not yet run its course.

Curry for dinner, which for some reason cheered everyone up!

Tuesday. A bit less wind, but advised by the harbour master that it would increase again before dropping tonight. Set off for Thyboron so as to be nearer the entrance, and have a change of scene, which was a fairly uneventful 3 hour trip motoring in winds still gusting 25 knots. At one point we moved to the edge of the Thyboron channel to make room for a fishing boat and touched the sand – but got off without difficulty.

Good berth on the harbour wall in Thyboron, which is an excellent, roomy and well organised harbour. We did not intend to stay there any longer than we could help, but can certainly recommend it as an arrival or departure port.

At midday the Norwegian Navtex was offering W3-4 for Wednesday, backing SE with drizzle later. At last the prospect of a change!

Wednesday. It was still as windy as ever in the morning, but the forecasts continued to offer decreasing and backing winds.

Sundowner (Roy Waters, ICC) came in mid morning, and were planning to leave in the afternoon, as they had to keep to a tight schedule.

By 1500 the wind had genuinely dropped, and *Sundowner* kindly gave us a call after she left the harbour to say that the seas were quite moderate once clear of the entrance, so we accelerated our preparations for departure, and cast off at 1600.

The wind was almost on the nose, but we could just lay our course under main and motor after clearing the entrance. Later in the evening the wind backed to enable us to set proper sail, eventually blowing from the south for a time, enabling us to get a little south of the rhumb line in anticipation of the south-west wind to come.

By morning it was back to 210°, and the next forecast offered SW veering NW without an intermediate period of westerlies, so we eased sheets to scuttle north of the line as quickly as possible. With the benefit of hindsight, we could have made more westing by sticking to the rhumb line throughout – our southing was no use to us in the end.

By this time the weather, which had been clear and bright on departure, had become overcast and drizzly as the warm front and the warm sector passed over us.

All through the afternoon and evening the wind veered, and by 1800 it was from 290° – a swing of about 80° in ten hours. Not only was it on the nose, but it was steadily freshening, so it was time for the iron topsail, which would enable us to sail closer to the desired course and at better VMG. Midnight saw a true wind speed of 25k, and the second reef came in shortly afterwards. The sea had built to the usual awkward North Sea chop, and we had to slow to under 5 knots to avoid heavy slamming as *Greenheart* launched herself into space from the wavetops.

The morning forecast gave cause for optimism – the wind would drop as a narrow ridge passed eastward, to be followed by a new front and F3-4 S-SE winds. Just the job! We hoped they had got it right.

By 2200 we were running before a light SE breeze, and the engine had fallen into blessed silence! This wind held all night, and we were at last able to cover a decent amount of ground – with ease and in comfort! Shortly after dawn the wind veered a little, so down came the genny pole and we reached at increased speed towards Kinnaird Head, where we hoped to arrive before the foul tide got going too strongly. We just made it, a solid breeze carrying us through the first half hour of the flood.

We enjoyed a fast sail along this coast, passing Fraserburgh, Pennan, Macduff, and Banff, until the breeze died off Cullen. We were motoring again by 1430, but the last 25 miles had been most enjoyable – flat water sailing at speed!

We were at Lossiemouth by 1700, and contacted the Caledonian canal sea lock by mobile phone, who advised us to berth in Longman Yacht Haven in the River Ness until we could enter the canal at 0800 the next morning.

After an interesting few hours navigating into Inverness Firth in the failing light, although fortunately with a fair tide, we were alongside just before 2300.

Food, sleep and a general sense of satisfaction followed. I had not been particularly looking forward to this part of the cruise, a feeling which was amplified by the strong Nor'west winds that had delayed our departure. The breeze, which fortunately never exceeded F6, was consistently against us, except for the last 60 miles into the Scottish coast, and for around 50 miles on day two, when we were treated to a promised, but all too brief, period of southerly wind.

Dunn's Ditties

Introduction

Aidan Dunn our former Honorary secretary used to encourage members in the absence of a full log to at least provide a summary of their cruising. These summaries were then passed on to the Hon.

Editor for publication in the back section of the annual. On taking over as Hon. Editor John Gore-Grimes sought short anecdotes for inclusion in this section of the Annual and headed up these contributions **Dunn's Ditties**.

An anonymous correspondent submitted the following ditty in 1979:

An Irish boat during the "Cruise in Company" ventured under sail against a southerly wind into Laurence Cobh, Bear Island – her engine had influenza. Anchoring in the inner pool near a large American yacht her skipper asked the Irish Boat why she did not use her engine "we hadn't got one" said one of her crew. With a somewhat amazed expression the Yank queried further – "how do you make your ice?" – so writes Ronan Beirne, previous Hon. Editor.

David Beattie writes of crossing St. George's Channel in the sailing tjalk Geertruida

My good friend Rachel Leech had been living on board her 63 foot gaff sloop rigged, riveted iron hulled, 1903 vintage Dutch sailing barge (tjalk) *Geertruida* for some years in London and long harboured the ambition to sail it back to her family home in Athlone on the bank of the Shannon. She left London on 6th May after various adventures in the Thames Estuary and having traversed the Thames became the largest vessel to travel the length of the Kennet and Avon Canal since the War. This passage was not without problems, the main one being Newbury Road Bridge which was put in as a temporary measure during the War to enable tanks to be transported to the south coast of England. Passing under this involved much dismantling of rig and flooding a foot of water into the bilge!

Rachel had arrived in Bristol on 23rd May and then made the passage to Milford Haven on 5th and 6th June. While not necessarily encouraging the Irish Sea aspect of this adventure, I did volunteer to help with the navigation so as a result three of us, Rachel's sister Lola Anne, Raymond Mullen and I travelled over by ferry for the passage to Dunmore East, while Gerry Murray and Adrienne Begent drove down from the Thames Valley. We met in Milford Haven on the evening of Friday 14th July.

Geertruida, as well as being an elderly lady, was designed to carry vegetables on stillwater canals. As a result she has low freeboard, no sheer and not a lot of reserve buoyancy in the bow. She also rolls a lot unless steadied by one of her two large sails. Because of these factors we had been monitoring the weather pattern for days and had been encouraged by the UK Met Office reports of NW 1 to 3 decreasing variable.

We reckoned on cruising at just below 7 kts so felt that we

required as near a certainty as possible of light winds and little or no sea for a twenty four hour period to give a margin of safety. Given the forecast, we ate well and having re-checked rigging and the engine, locked out of Milford Haven Lock at 2030 on Saturday 15th July. Two Belgian ocean-going trawlers shared the lock with us. I felt that we must have looked quite esoteric to them as their crew stared at us. Then I realised that it might have had as much to do with the three attractive young ladies on board!

We motored down the Haven making a comfortable 6.7kts with the powerful DAF diesel barely ticking over. However as we passed Dale it became obvious that the forecast had anticipated any change in conditions. A sprightly SW 3 was blowing and the swell that we had acknowledged on our ferry trip over the previous evening was causing the old girl to roll and pitch quite strongly. If ever discretion was the better part of valour, this was the case, so choosing our moment, we turned 180 degrees to starboard and rather dejectedly, picked our way from buoy to buoy back to the holding pontoon at the Milford Haven Lock. We tied up at 2340 and turned in for the night.

We were up again for the early BBC shipping forecast (Var 2 becoming 2 - 4 near coasts later). This sounded promising, as we decided that the increase was going to be a sea breeze, that by the time it arose we would be in mid-channel and as we closed Ireland it should be favourable, so at 0630 we cast off and retraced our track of the previous night. No one dared say anything. However the sun rose into the sky at our backs, the trusty engine thumped and we had Skokholm Island abeam by 0750. There was still a tiny swell remaining but we each held our breath and motored westwards. At 0850 we hoisted the foresail and this gave us an extra knot. No one had the appetite to tempt fate by setting the main with its "widowmaker" of a boom. Owning a Dutch sailing barge myself, I've grown accustomed to my own monster (26 feet of ex-telegraph pole!) but *Geertruida*'s is all of 38 feet long.

We made good progress across a sunlit sea and had the Smalls lighthouse abeam at 1130. The little swell reached its



Geertruida

greatest at this stage as we crossed the separation zone and we kept a particularly good look-out for shipping, given our potential difficulty in manoeuvring. No ships passed close enough to give any cause for concern.

By 1245 what wind there was had left us so we dropped the foresail. By 1415 we had spotted a shadow on the NW horizon just where Carnsore Point was expected. The Conningbeg was abeam at 16.35 and that sea breeze made its presence felt. This allowed us to hoist the foresail again. The Hook was abeam at 1820 and by 1855 we were alongside a fishing boat in Dunmore East – mission accomplished and all safe and sound.

Over the following week Rachel, with assorted crew worked the tjalk back up the Barrow Navigation and Grand Canal to the River Shannon at Shannon Harbour and so to Athlone. On 22nd July she arrived at Lough Ree Yacht Club and lay alongside my Schollevaer (see ICC Annual 1998). Two fully rigged dutch sailing barges together for the first time. This was too much temptation for us to resist, so on 29th July we raced, probably a first in Irish waters, but as this is a cruising publication I won't sully its pages with a description.

Ronan Beirne reminds us of some 1970 activity

Congratulations to Humphrey Barton on his marriage. He was reported in the Azores bound for England in *Rose Rambler*.

Aidan Dunn hired a cruiser large enough to take the whole of his family cruising on the Shannon.

Maitland Eves cruised to Skye from Bangor in *Nyali* in August.

Keble Fane in *Gallivanter II* sailed from Kinsale to Hamble (R. Fielding in crew) in June, thence to Audierne and back home in July.

Perry Greer did his traditional cruise to Spain in *Helen of Howth*.

Dermot Hegarty delivered *Wishbone* a "North Sea 24" from Emsworth to Malahide in early June.

Peter Odlum cruised to Spain in *Rinamara*. R. Coe was with him.

Michael O'Flaherty was seen in Dublin Bay with his fine new 28 tonner *Cuilaun*.

Terry Roche continued to cruise in the western Mediterranean in *Neon Tetra*.

Noel Speidel with members David Healy and Brian Hegarty in his crew raced *Malaise* with sustained distinction in the Cowes-Cork, Hollyhead-Dun Laoghaire and four other N.W.O.A. races.

Co. Dublin Rally

This was organised by the Rear-Commodore, Dr. R. O'Hanlon, and participants were advised to proceed on Saturday evening, 5th September, to Howth harbour. A pre-rally party developed in the H.Y.C. where supper had been kindly pre-arranged. On Sunday morning each yacht sent aboard the Flag-ship and was ordered to sail at 1030 for Swallow Cove, Lambay, and handed a large envelope to be opened after putting to sea. This instructed that a crew member was to be dressed in the crepe paper (encl.) and to report to the Rear-Commodore at Lambay bearing: torn canvas (encl.) mended, rope (encl.) fancy-knotted, flour (encl.) made into a "delectable dish" and skipper's shoes, polished. After a fast reach to Lambay (where there was only just enough S. in the wind for shelter) the competition revealed much talent and imagination, the winner being *Ganiamor*, Patrick Jameson, with *Osina*, Robert Mollard, 2nd and *Korsar*, Jack Mackeown, 3rd. A raft was formed of *Helen*, *Clarion*, *Felise*, *Shindilla* and *Sule Skerry* and a very enjoyable champagne party ensued, as can be seen from Reggie Lee's

photos. Participating were I.C.C. yachts *Aisling of Arklow*, *Bonita*, *Casquet*, *Clarion of Wight*, *Emanuel*, *Felise*, *Gailey Bay*, *Ganiamor*, *Glenshane Happy Return*, *Helen of Howth*, *Kilderkin*, *Korsar*, *La Bretonne*, *Leemara*, *Malaise*, *Orana*, *Osina*, *Sharavoge*, *Sure Skerry*, *Twayblade*, *Venetia* and *Verve*; and visitors' yachts *Bonnet Rouge*, *Debbie*, *Jevinbi*, *Misty*, *Shindilla* (sailed by Andrew O'Hanlon) and *Venture*, a total of twenty-nine.



Kevin O'Farrell on the commemorative seat.

Ronan Beirne writes on a gathering at Bullock Harbour

On a summer's evening, June 10th a group of some 40 people gathered on the pier at Bullock Harbour in Dalkey, Co. Dublin. The occasion was the 50th anniversary of the departure from

Bullock Harbour of the yacht *Ituna* – destination America. An engraved stone seat commemorating the voyage, the *Ituna* and her crew Kevin O'Farrell, Tony Jacob, Desmond Dalton and John Kenny was unveiled by Kevin O'Farrell. Kevin spoke of the adventure with those present who included many relations of the crew who had travelled long distances from Paris and America to mark the occasion with Kevin. The gathering included Brian Dalton (ICC) brother of the late Desmond of the crew. Brian travelled for the occasion having learned of it on the "Dalkey Website". Also present for the occasion Mairim McConnell (ICC). This fine memorial to a great adventure is situated on the inner pier, by the road at the end of the chains.

Kevin's log of this intrepid adventure was published in the 1951 Annual.

The Rikjak: James Cahill writes of a French Connection

Slipping our mooring at 21:30 we motor sailed out into Clew Bay and nightfall.

Pressure of work left many preparations to the 11th Hour, and when the unexpected gusts of NW 6 hit us as we cleared Clare Island, we found ourselves over canvassed over tired and a hint of mal de mer prevailing.

However *The Rikjak* stood well to her canvas carrying the No. 1 genoa and full main. We cleared the western extremities of Inishturk and setting our course to clear Boffin and Slyne Head, we were on our way to the Blasket Sound.

Entertained by shoals of porpoise and dolphins we enjoyed a great sail through the night arriving in the Blasket Sound at 16:00 hrs, we decided to spend a day consolidating our sea legs and generally tidying up the ship in preparation for our departure for Lorient. We entered Knightstown Harbour and tied alongside the western side of the harbour.

Next morning venturing ashore we visited the old wireless station where from the first transatlantic cable was laid, the heritage centre and the azimuth plinth located outside Azimuth House, on which a plaque relates the story of how on the night of October 22nd 1707 some 2,000 troops and sailors lost their lives when the English Fleet, under the command of Sir Clowdesley Shovel, returning from Gibraltar misgauged their longitude and were wrecked on the rocks off the Scilly Isles. The story also relates how one of the ordinary sailors having indulged in "subversive navigation" made his concerns regarding the ships position known to the officers. His warning went unheeded, and he was hanged on the spot for mutiny.

We left Knightstown on Friday evening at 19:15 hrs sailing by the Skelligs as night closed in, the weather was settled with a light northwest wind and so it remained for rest of our voyage to Lorient.

We had a frightening experience approaching midnight on Sunday, when, a vessel some miles off was bearing down on us at a high speed with port and starboard lights together clearly visible in a head on course, the helmsman called the skipper on deck it was decided to start the engine during the minute or so it took to start the engine, the approaching vessel was on us and we both simultaneously turned hard to starboard avoiding collision by less than 50 feet. We estimated the fishing vessel was travelling at more than 20 knots, and concluded that either they were not keeping proper watch, as the steel hull of *Rikjak* would clearly show up on their radar or they were playing dangerous games.

Tuesday morning the wind dropped as we motor sailed much of the day, as evening approach we sailed through a sea of porpoise and diving gannets as they feasted on shoals of fish.

Sailing northwest of Glenan Islands in calm weather with poor visibility due to heat haze on the horizon, we had reason to doubt the accuracy of our GPS which appeared to put us some miles inland, however some double and triple checking proved the GPS correct, we were incorrectly transposing our position onto the chart.

The approach from the open sea to Lorient is well marked and presents no navigational difficulty, particularly so in pleasant weather, we tied alongside the town centre Marina at approx. 1750, some 70 Hours from Valentia.

There was much to see in Lorient, firstly on approach are the Great Submarine pens built by the Germans to service their North Atlantic wolfpacks. The concrete roofs of these pens are some 20 metres thick, and withstood continued bombing by the allies.

We visited the yacht *Pen Duick* from which the illustrious yachtsman, Eric Tarbarly got knocked overboard in a force 6 winds off the southwest Coast of Wales. It is believed, he was reefing down the mainsail around midnight when a gust of wind struck the boom knocking him into the water. Tarbarly was wearing neither life jacket nor harness was accompanied by an experienced crew and what with no radio on board, help could not be summoned other than by use of flares.

There was much onshore entertainment as Celtic week was in full flight with music and entertainment from Ireland, Scotland Wales and Cornwall join with their Breton brethren in the festivities.

Having completed our on shore chores and heading the words on Admiral Nelson about ports rotting ships and men, we put to sea at 17:00 on Friday 11th and sailed the short trip to anchor off Isle De Croix where we spent the evening enjoying excursions ashore and departing for Isle De Glenans at the crack of dawn. We visited Ile De Penfret, we sailed through the archipelago to Isle St Nicolas leaving on the ebb tide, it was not too long before we hit the sand and the bunks and spent the night comfortably aground on our bilge keels.

Departing at 03:00 in black darkness we navigated through



Eric Tabarly's boat in Lorient.

shallow rocky waters to the open sea, sailed the 68 miles to Brest skirting the Raz de Seine encountering strong tides, poor visibility and foul weather.

Approaching Brest having gone through the Raz de Seine, it is not possible to take a straight line course because of shallows which are marked by cardinal buoys and a light house. The Lights do not function in daylight as they do in the British Isles in low visibility.

We past the Charles Mark buoy at the entrance to the Brest Fjord then motor sailing up the 15 miles to came alongside in Moulin Blanc marina.

Located some 10 miles from the City of Brest the second largest port in France, the Marina and harbour has many facilities and good chandlery shops. There is a local bus service to the city centre.

During World War 2 the port of Brest was home to the great German battleships *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Prince Eugen*, which were subjected to 110 air raids before their famous breakout in February 1942.

Having shed some of our crew in Lorient, we were now faced with the possibility of a further crew departure due to unexpected work commitments so our departure from Brest was obligated in virtually zero visibility at 03:40 on Wednesday morning. We motored down the Fjord using dead reckoning from Buoy to Buoy and finally emerged at daylight when the fog started to lift. Our attempt to sail through the channel between Ushant and the mainland, had to be abandoned due to the return of the thick fog and the turning tide which soon resulted in a strong tidal race against us, so we retraced our course and sailed the somewhat longer course west of Ushant.

We arrived at St. Mary's, Scilly Isles at 09:00, tying alongside the harbour wall with a view to having breakfast ashore; however the tide had started to ebb, so had to go to a visitors mooring abandoning our trip ashore. Following breakfast, we departed west steering for Mizen Head in favourable SW winds.

Just south of The Skelligs in calm weather we ran out of fuel, and by arrangement with Valentia Radio we motored to Port Magee using a small reserve siphoned from the ships esbacher heater. The unplanned trip ashore was most enjoyable and while the more energetic members of the crew explored the heritage centre and the old Coast Guard station others enjoyed some liquid refreshments at the harbour hostelry. Departing Port Magee we were set for an uneventful sail to the Coast Guard Station in Rosmoney.

The cruise lasted 20 days covering some 1,200 miles visiting 7 harbours and two anchorages. We had a crew of 4 adults and 3 children outward bound and reducing to three adults and 2 children homeward.

Best moments at sea: Piloting out of Brest in thick fog, and seeing the great shoals of porpoises and gannets working.

Worst moment: The close encounter with the fast fishing vessel.

John and Ann Clementson write of sailing southward

friends for company to the Canary Islands, reaching them in September.

The two-month voyage south was undisturbed by unduly strong winds and those that did blow freshly were generally 'on side'. It was all quite gentlemanly. The Scillies to La Coruna was done in just over 2½ days and then after a 5-day stop there to await new crew we port-hopped down the Spanish and Portuguese coast. After leaving Galicia, that we had got to know well during the ICC Rally there two years ago, our main stops en route were at Oporto and Cascais in Portugal. From the fine marina at Cascais we took the bus up to the old royal summer residence and castle at Sintra, and then the train down to Lisbon and back to the boat. We had a fine day out steeped in history and fine vistas.

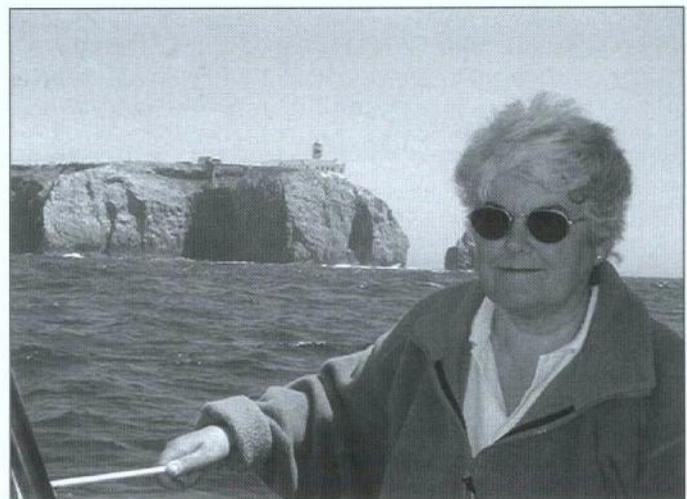
In Vilamoura we were entertained ashore by old friends and by the friends of a new friend who was to crew with us to Madeira. These events gave us a fine glimpse into the high life on the Algarve. There too we met David and Hilary Park (ICC) with 'Alys' and they entertained us to one of Hilary's superb dinners on board. This time it was chops in a fig sauce – stunning! Before we set off from Portugal to Madeira we had the most superb meal of prawns in garlic in a very ethnic restaurant in Lagos – another fine and safe marina.

The leg to Madeira via Porto Santo was easy – and it was of course now much warmer than N.Ireland – despite the hot summer back there we kept being told about. We spent a day exploring Porto Santo (moored in the spacious harbour) and then spent a day sailing down to Funchal where we were extremely lucky to be allocated a marina berth while its occupant was racing up to Porto Santo! We looked around Funchal a bit but we knew the island quite well from a week-long visit some years ago. We wanted an authority to land on the Salvage Islands but as it was a holiday, we didn't get one. All the government offices were shut.

We set off in the early hours in order to arrive at the Salvage Islands early the following morning, some 28 hours later. This

(John and Ann (formerly Bunting) were married in March 2000.)

We have begun our senior citizens' scenic tour of the Atlantic in *Faustina II*. We left Bangor in early July and sailed with various



Ann Clementson off Cape St. Vincent.

worked out ok, but the islands were so dismal looking that we just found the anchorage, anchored and had breakfast (during which our anchor dragged), decided that we didn't mind having no authority to land, and then went on our way towards Tenerife.

We arrived off the northern point of Tenerife at about 2am, and it was here that we had the only drama of the voyage when we hit one of the islands famous acceleration zones. Ann woke to the noise of wind and water – and probably John's whoops! The wind was 35 knots or more apparent over the stern and *Faustina II* was making 8 knots! Sail was reduced quickly – just in time for the wind to drop as we left the zone ready to motor into harbour at Santa Cruz.

There followed a couple of weeks cruising the islands with friends from NI and some German friends who live on Tenerife. We cruised along the south of Tenerife (some time being spent in Los Cristianos, a most unfriendly yacht place), then over to La Gomera (easily the prettiest of the islands we visited and with a fine marina at San Sebastian), back to Tenerife and finally over to Gran Canaria. In each of the islands we hired a car and drove all over them having a good explore away from the sea! Our final destination was Puerto Mogan in the south of Gran Canaria where *Faustina II* was laid up for two months. We had had to book our place here 6 months or more earlier.

By the time this article is first read *Faustina II* will hopefully have crossed the Atlantic to St Lucia as part of the ARC. Her crew for this will include Peter Ronaldson (ICC) and Stuart Osborne. We shall be having Christmas on Bequia prior to cruising in 2001 in Grenada and Venezuela. But more of that next year...

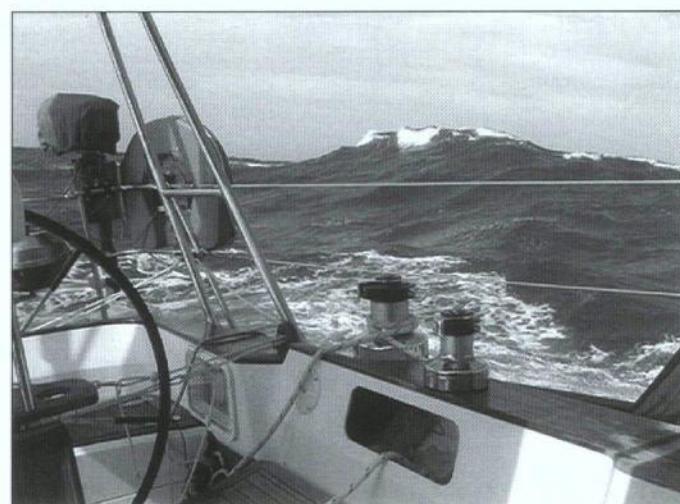
Dan Cross writes of 3 Rallies in 7 Days!

We have a new boat in the family, *La Lagune*, a 1989 Gib Sea 372 which we are thrilled with.

Based in Crosshaven and Baltimore, anytime we went between the two the wind was on the nose, our first trip west being at Easter.

In June we had a five day family cruise with Jill and our three daughters Jane, Cathy and Sally, our aim to get to Dingle. We spent 1 night in Crookhaven and 3 nights holed up, due to a westerly F.8, with John and Phil Harrington in Lawrence's Cove, no better place to be. We never got to Dingle.

With the girls doing different things with jobs and sailing courses etc. we only got one or two nights away between that and the ICC Rally on Saturday 12th August at South Harbour,



Faustina II in the bay of Biscay.

Cape Clear where we had a lovely lunch organised by Chris Bruen on a most beautiful day.

The following Monday evening, Baltimore Sailing Club had a small raft-up in the lee of Sherkin Island. Fellow I.C.C. members Hugh Kennedy and George Fasenfeld were there, together with B.S.C. Commodore, Declan Tiernan. Then Thursday 17th August had us back in Lawrence's Cove for the Royal Cork's Millennium Cruise, which was attended by 30 boats. Crew consisted of Jill, Sally and her friend Kate O'Flynn; I.C.C. Members Liam Bohane and Marilyn Kenworthy, who were boatless since the beginning of August. Thursday night was spent in Dessies. On the Friday we rafted up at Dunboy and had a very interesting guided tour of the ruined O'Sullivan Castle and the old house. As part of our welcome pack we got a Lateral Thinking Quiz; we thought we had done really well, especially having made numerous mobile calls to our more intelligent friends in Cork! We didn't win. After the raft up we were all invited for drinks aboard the L.E.Aoife, which was anchored off Lawrence's Cove. That night, we had a champagne reception and delicious buffet in a marquee beside the marina. The Admiral of the L.C.Y.C. (Lawrence Cove Y.C.) made a presentation to the Admiral of the R.C.Y.C. after which the inexperienced retired to Dessies, again! It was all great fun; Dermot Lovett, Stuart Nairn and Pat Dorgan obviously put a lot of work into organizing it. On the Saturday Liam and myself had a most enjoyable run back to Baltimore in Mediterranean conditions, S.W. 3-4. The girls drove.

In September Jill and I spent 10 glorious days with Mervyn Hall aboard *Baily of Howth* in the Ionian Sea, day cruising around the islands. *Baily*, an Oyster 46 is in beautiful condition and a credit to her skipper. We had wonderful weather in West Cork but to wear shorts, and the odd time a shirt, was bliss for 10 days in Greece.

Brian Dalton writes of his new boat

We have a replacement Nauticat 36 also named *Boru* after six years "on the beach". After a thorough prepurchase survey performed by Bob Drew (ICC, CCA), Lise and I sailed it, for I cannot bring myself to call *Boru* a she, to a mooring off our house in Rockport, ME. Wedding preparations for our daughter Kirsten's wedding prevented a proper cruise but it did serve for a maiden voyage prior to their official departure after a brunch for guests next morning. To fill the void in activities we took *Boru* east past Mt. Desert, using the Fundy tides for speed. Despite vigilance a submerged lobster float became ensnared in our shaft and was discovered when the trap broke the surface like a water skier. The line parted on entering Head Hbr, Campobello I., losing the trap but wrapping the shaft which needed the warm waters of the Saint John River for removal. To reach the river it is necessary to cross a reversing waterfall during a ten minute slack. The river, the fifth largest in Canada, tumbles into the harbour of Saint John through a narrow rocky gorge where it meets the 25 foot tide. The exact time of the slack varies with rainfall so that one must approach with great care and resolution. Our crew, Frank and Margaret MacDonald, joined us at the R.K.Y.C. upstream and after five days of lotus eating in the bucolic river (pure Constable) got a thrill being spun in the powerful eddies at the falls on the return passage; they thought a barrel over Niagara must be similar.

The city of Saint John N.B. has been handsomely restored and offers a float for yachts missing the slack. Fundy Control on VHF rigorously regulate all boat traffic using radar but are most helpful. As in Maine, fog is frequent but the proliferation of lobster pots is absent. Along the coast going home ebb



Kirsten Dalton's wedding day on board.

against wind can give bumpy overfalls near headland but cosy anchorages are plentiful. After 17 days we returned to our mooring well pleased with the better cabin layout, equipment and ease of handling of the second *Boru*.

Henry Horsman writes of Dublin to the Med in 1950

33 ft. 12 ton T.M. Bdn. Cutter, Berthon Boat Company 1937

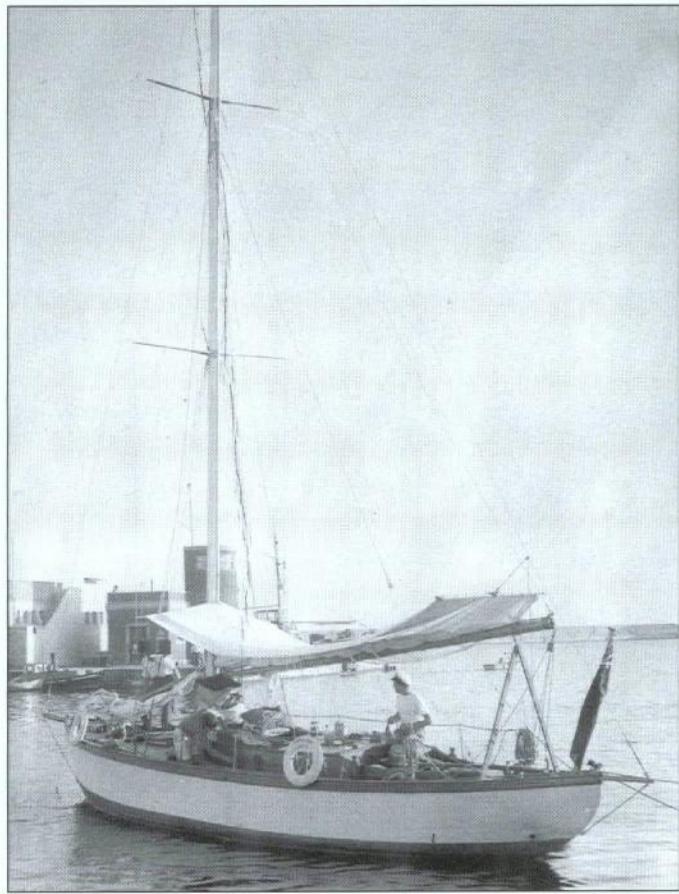
"I'll buy a boat if you sail it for me Laddy". Not many members in their very early twenties would turn down an offer like that, but then no other member had an Aunt like my Aunt 'O'. Miss Alice Horsman of Drimnin lived alone in that enormous Victorian house on Morvern peninsula opposite Tobermory and open to the sea south of Ardnamurchan point.

Fifty years ago after college exams I finished fitting out *Sinloo* in Bullock Harbour. We had had one season in '49 sailing her in the Irish Sea and on the Argyll coast. It must have been the end of July when Aunt O, the owner and navigator, myself as skipper, Mike Ardagh an ex ag. student and Styx O'Herlihy (we could not have two Michaels on board), sailed for the Med. Styx was, I believe, already an ICC member helming *Garavogue* for A.A. Murphy, he was the most experienced sailor on board and more than earned his keep in rough weather.

Newlyn, then Vigo, where we saw Tony Jacobs Ituna's engine on the quay, and for all the use it was to us in '50, we should have left ours there too; then Lisbon and Gib where we met the only Irish boat we were to meet in 2 years of Med. cruising Vistona of the Royal St. George with John Campbell and Jim Wilson. We met them again in Palma, had a goodbye gin and lime with them as they were going north of Sardinia and we south, however weather dictated one further meeting.

On passage to Cagliari at night with full main, No.1 jib and staysail and all port holes open we were hit with our first mistral. On opening our oilskin locker for the first time since Biscay our oilies lay in an almost inseparable coagulating mass in the bilge; that which served the purpose in Dublin Bay melted south of parallel forty; as did two rolls of lightly tarred Italian hemp meant to replace sheets and halyards for the '51 season and discovered by me that spring, as two lumps of tar.

Gib and Malta were two vital stops for us; sterlings, gin and whisk(e)y were vital currency – the spirit 6s.6d. a bottle. *Sinloo* had a shallow self-draining cockpit, the only contact with rear cabin and saloon were 2 portholes, the hatch and gangway-ladder below lay nearly half way along the coach roof on port side. In those days the Assistant King's Harbour Master boarded all visiting vessels, resplendent in white No 1's. His



Sinloo.

sword would greatly impede his passage below but, if he had wished to be officious, on every occasion my Aunt's greeting "Well what can we do for you Laddie?" would put him at his ease. Aunt O was a Great Scholar at Oxford in her day and though very deaf would endeavour to strike up conversation with Italian and Greek citizens in classical Latin and Greek.

That mistral took us comfortably with No.1 jib and staysail to Cagliari where *Vistona* was also driven, so it was there we finally parted.

Marsala, Malta, Ischia where Styx left us, then Bonifacio where we waited 3 days for a mistral to blow out, it was late in the season so we left in a slight lull, weathered the N.W. corner of Sardinia and hove to under tanned trisail and storm jib, going below for, I think, 3 days. The course made good by *Sinloo* was the arc of a circle, its centre being the Bouche du Rhone, without touching helm or sheet she sailed into the lea of Minorca and out of that fierce wind and wicked sea, it was November 6th and my twenty-third birthday.

We over-wintered at the Real Club Nautico de Palma where I was a welcome member perhaps even honorary. There were only two actively cruising yachts there, we lay opposite Capt. Henry Denham's *Korby* doing the charting for the R.C.C. handbooks which were to be of much help to those cruising in years to come, and immediately to port of Capt. Bobby Somerset's *Iolaire*. My Aunt and I dined ashore with him and he was interested to hear we had been on board *Jolie Brise* at Lisbon for he had won the first Fastnet with her.

There was a fine large old timer *Campanella* moored there and lived on by Vladimir Daskaloff with his charming wife and three beautiful little daughters all alas under 10 years. I received much hospitality from them. Vladimir earned a living largely by painting the portraits of the Mallorcan gentry. One morning he was wearing a shirt with his initials on the left

breast pocket – it was an American custom at the time – I recall telling him that Vladimir Daskaloff did not immediately spring to mind on seeing those initial letters!

The most alarming and dangerous incident occurred in '51 when we had cruised as far east as Delos and Iraklion. Peter Downing, another ag. student from my College at Cirencester, had crewed for us all season and could start the motor, usually, and keep it going, mostly. It at least prevented us spending nights becalmed outside a harbour! We were perhaps a day out from Bone on the North African coast, returning to over-winter again at Palma, probably in October. I had the tiller – it was a pitch black night, a good sailing breeze and our oil navigation light in the shrouds as high as one could comfortably reach – do many still remember the perseverance required to get them there still alight? I noticed very bright red and green lights moving very fast and changing patterns yet closing with *Sinloo* at an alarming rate bearing on our bow sometimes mostly to port sometimes to starboard. I called my Aunt and Peter up to unlash the dingy – we had no liferaft or radar reflector. I even doubt if we had lifejackets nor had we flares. I concluded the lights must be low flying aircraft! We had a torch with active batteries still, so I shone them into the mainsail. A searchlight picked up the foredeck of an aircraft carrier and ourselves so close were we, for the light arose from the bridge of the same ship. We concluded it must have been the American Sixth Fleet on blacked out manoeuvres zig zagging at high speed. How many small Med fishing boats might such a fleet have put to the bottom with such a dangerous practice?

Sinloo was British registered and flew the Red Ensign, we carried at various times Royal Highland, Cruising Association and National Yacht Club burgees. We had two fascinating seasons in '50 and '51. Styx insisted on my joining the ICC because we had done so many passages without use of engine! I can still hear him in the Portuguese trades saying "I cannot wait till we get Gibraltor bearing Aunt O degrees"

Donal McClement writes of This and That

The Millennium, or if you believe some people, the year before the millennium, was notable for me in that my own sailing was almost non-existent and I certainly intend to rectify this situation for 2001.

A couple of trips to West Cork and a really nice 3 days on a beautiful Sweden Yachts 70 foot ketch in late August were the sum total of my cruising this year. Glanadore and Union Hall continue to be two of my favourite watering holes and if anyone can tell me where to get a better Seafood Platter than Dinty's Pub then I would be very keen to hear from them.

Ford Cork Week continues to fascinate and why I take on so much in organising the racing never ceases to amaze me. Each year I need about 3 weeks to recover from the huge effort that it involves but there is no doubt that the satisfaction derived from having such a good event in Ireland more than compensates for the sheer hard work. It is always nice to prove to the British that we can do things better than them.

The huge increase in the number of people taking up our sport is most welcome and I only hope that the powers that be continue to develop the facilities around our coast. At present we are woefully short of marinas and the only feasible way of increasing the numbers is by getting the department of the Marine and Local Authorities to work together in finding the funds to pay for these. Sailing tourism can be a very big earner for our economy but the modern boat owner wants good facilities and these must be provided if we wish to continue the growth.

Cormac P. McHenry writes of sailing to Falmouth

on the south coast of Ireland instead. So I took my leave in June this year and set off after the excellent East Coast Rally to Arklow. About 40 miles south of the Tuskar I got a gale warning and decided to go back into Kilmore Quay to sit it out.

I set out again with a good BBC forecast, but RTE was predicting a front coming through. It did, I got a hammering and on the second night I hove too. In doing so I put the tiller the wrong way, had a ferocious gybe and thought I had lost the mast. But all seemed ok.

Sailing again, after a few hours the wind rose and again I hove too. All seemed well, I was sitting down below reading and happened to glance up to see a shroud lying on the deck outside the window! I said "Oh dear!", or words to that effect and wondered what to do. My alternates were to go into the Scillies to effect repairs or to return again to Kilmore Quay (groan!) and pick up an old shroud from home to replace it with. It was one of my four lowers, the mast is keel stepped and I decided to go back to Kilmore which I did in 16 hours broad reaching (the wind was from the west and it was a port lower that had gone). My heart was in my mouth as we hopped from wave to wave as it seemed, but all held together.

Now I had insufficient time to go to Spain, I decided on Falmouth instead, never having been east of the Scillies on the English side of the Channel. The wind was now, of course, from SE f4, I had a beat down to Lands End, a beat up the channel and into Falmouth which I found to be a delightful place. Just as well, because the wind got up to f6/7 and I was there for five days.

When I left on Friday 23rd June because my desk demanded me the following Monday, I had a beat back to Lands End, in a brisk westerly 4/5, a beat 100 miles north in a NW, then the wind died to leave me motoring for the last 24 hours with a f2 on the nose back to Dun Laoghaire.

Anybody recommend a good brand of Joss Sticks I can burn this winter for fair winds next summer?

Brendan O'Callaghan writes of Brandon Rose visit to Padstow for May Day

amongst other things, and takes place on May Day each year. This has been going on from time immemorial. Kerry has Puck Fair in Killorglin; Cornwall has 'Obby 'Oss in Padstow! Though totally different, they have much in common, including origins in prehistoric times, horses and drink!

Having been previously thwarted by bad weather, I got going this year and was joined by fellow Kinsale YC members Charlie Ryan, Bill Sheane and Brian Merrick. Leaving Kinsale on 26th April we made a fast passage and arrived off Padstow too early next morning to cross the Doom Bar at the harbour entrance. Great care is needed here. There is a temporary anchorage in suitable winds just at the seaward end of the Bar where we waited and an hour before high water motored up the estuary, very gingerly. (Mere mention of the Doom Bar is enough to bring terror to some). We locked into the snug harbour in the sweltering April sunshine.

We were hosted for the weekend, as members of the Bandon Rotary Club, by Bude Rotary at a series of very pleasant functions, returning to *Brandon Rose* in crowded Padstow

I have wonderful friends in Cornwall and one of the many experiences to which I have been introduced by them down the years has been the Padstow 'Obby 'Oss festival which celebrates fertility,

Harbour to be, as one might say, in pole position for the May Day festivities. We were very kindly invited to attend a traditional May Day Breakfast at 0730. This consisted of rasher sandwiches, Buck's Fizz and singing! As one might imagine, it is the sort of day when one needs to pace oneself wisely in order not to peak too early.

(No names mentioned, but a certain crew member from *Brandon Rose* found it necessary to go to bed four times during the day, and that's not counting the fifth time he went to bed for his night's sleep!) We watched as the Blue 'Oss and an hour later the Red 'Oss, emerged from their respective "stables" paraded around this picturesque fishing town time after time during the day with bands of "accordions and drums" playing and singing the countless verses of the captivating May Song:

"Unite and unite and let us all unite,
For summer is acomme unto day,
And whither we are going we will all unite,
In the merry morning of May."

We were able to act as host to our many friends who have been so kind to us over the years, and we got our own party going on board 'ere long. This revelry did little to awaken the recumbent crew member! The boat withstood a number of stability tests, one in particular when a veritable Cornish Male Voice Choir was performing on board! We accepted a second kind invitation for breakfast (a convention one, this time) next morning.

The great weather continued and we left Padstow in bright sunshine in mid afternoon and made good progress towards the Isles of Scilly, helped by a crisp NE breeze. We breakfasted at anchor in Porth Cressa next morning but the wind veered and we moved to St Mary's for more comfort. Contact was made with our Scillonian friends, nor were the customary pints forgotten! Next day we motored across the flats and picked up a visitor's buoy in Bryher Sound, walked the length and breadth of Bryher and Tresco and enjoyed these Blessed Isles in unbelievably good weather.

Leaving for home next day, we made another fast passage back to Kinsale, helped by a force 4 to 6 wind just ahead of abeam, accompanied by migrating swallows on board and all around us.

It was a magical interlude early in the year, in great company afloat and ashore, with "mighty" music, song and craic, and not a drop of rain in the 10 days or a single tack in 373 NM. It was a flying start to the new season.

Brendan Travers writes of a leisurely cruise home from Scotland

When I decided to winter *Sea Maiden* in Ardfern at the close of the 1999 season it was partly with a view to participating in the C.C.C.'s Classic Malts Millennium Cruise. That particular plan didn't materialise, but by way of compensation I enjoyed a leisurely (lazy!) eight week cruise back to Crosshaven.

On returning to Scotland in the last week of May I was delighted to find that *Sea Maiden* (a Leisure 23SL) had wintered well, and I spent a pleasant ten days fitting out at the friendly and helpful Ardfern Yacht Centre. On the 7 June we tacked down Loch Craignish in light southerlies, slipped through the Dorus Mor at slack water and benefited from a favourable tide all the way to Dunstaffnage Marina just a few miles north of Oban – "Gateway to the Isles". Derek and Ray Wallace joined me on 10th June for six days with the intention of visiting the Isle of Skye. Being gale-bound in Dunstaffnage for the next three days resulted in a somewhat restricted itinerary, but the remaining days were perfect for sailing in the Firth of Lorne and up the Sound of Mull to Tobermory.

When Derek and Ray departed for their flight home from



Skipper and Nick (in cap) catching America's Cup 12 metre *Sceptre* in light winds in Lower Loch Fyne.

Prestwick I returned to Ennis with the car and flew back a few days later with Nick and Kevin to start heading homewards with *Sea Maiden*. Highlights of that week were a smooth run through the Crinan Canal, sailing in company with the old America's Cup 12 Metre *Sceptre* in Lower Loch Fyne and through the Kyles of Butte, and visiting Lamlash on the Isle of Arran which I had missed out on last year.

Nick and Kevin finished their trip with a nice ten hour sail (in the later stages motor-sail) from Girvan to Bangor on 30th June which was a bright sunny day with magnificent visibility in winds that started off NW Force 3 to 4 but which later backed to SW Force 1.

I relaxed in Bangor Marina for four days before leaving on the 5 July for Carlingford (via Phennick Marina in Ardglass) to meet up with more crew. With a favourable tide *Sea Maiden* swept through Donaghadee Sound at eight knots over the ground, although in light winds it was a motor-sail all of the way to Ardglass. I was befriended there for the evening by two Belfast gentlemen on a 27 foot sloop out of Bangor. Over a glass of malt in their snug cabin they told me that there were six people in their ownership syndicate. When I commented that at times it must be difficult to get agreement with such a relatively large number they assured me that even though the syndicate is a mix of Catholics and Protestants they never argue about the boat – or about anything else for that matter! During a week when things were becoming a bit tense in the North I felt there might be hope for us yet. Next day, 6th July, *Sea Maiden* galloped down the coast in a brisk NW Force 4 to Carlingford. Arriving at the Helly Hunter SCM sooner than planned I experienced very disturbed waters at the entrance and found that motor-sailing on the mainsail was the best option for punching through the last of the ebb up to Carlingford Marina.

Gales kept me in Carlingford for three days, but it was good walking weather. The next three weeks were spent sailing with various crew down the Irish Sea and around to Crosshaven in for the most part ideal conditions – south going tides, lots of sunshine and a sea breeze developing most days by mid-morning and lasting for six to eight hours. Enough to make easy passages with overnights at Howth, Wicklow, Arklow, Kilmore Quay and Waterford before arriving in Crosshaven. Leaving *Sea Maiden* on her “mobile mooring” (Bruce anchor and chain – both three times the recommended specification) on the north side of the river about six cables east of Drake’s Pool I returned to Scotland for a family holiday in a cottage on the north shore of Loch Feochan, just a few miles south of

Oban from where I continued to explore that lovely area – this time by ferry and bike!

Gary Villiers-Stuart writes of sailing with dolphins

For *Winny* and her various crews it was an excellent sailing year. It started with the relief of solving the problem of a leak that was connected with the fitting of a keel shoe at the end of last season. We returned to Carnlough for the May half term holiday. The children and myself enjoyed a beautiful sunlit mini cruise up the coast to the Giants Causeway. The young crew quickly adapted to life afloat, and a quality time was enjoyed by all. In June, *Winny*, with the aid of a DAT recorder, became a mobile recording studio. The ambient sounds between Carnlough and the Holy man’s cave on Holy Island were recorded and embellished with voice flute drum and accordion. We hit a spectrum of weather from near storm to that still colourful tranquillity of a western seaboard sun set. The whole trip became magical, wonderful musical experiences in beautiful settings. The musical results are still in the making but hope to be expressed in a CD for general release sometime towards the end of this year.

In early August *Winny* made a night passage to Mull, memorable because we hit sudden and unexpected thick fog while negotiating the Torren rocks. The moment was heightened with discovery that the GPS had lost contact with its satellites. Luckily the gods looked after us and we were able to make a safe landing in the beautiful Balfour Bay. Our immediate destination was a party to celebrate the life and passing of an old friend, Christine Gibson, who lived died and is buried on the island of Erraid (opposite Iona). We had a great time, among other things ceilidh dancing in thick fog. Afterwards, with Rosie and her brother Guy, we spent a few days exploring this beautiful area. Sea mist was the characteristic of the weather, and mysterious were the effects. Memorable was a walk round Lunga with visibility sometimes down to 20 yards, the foggy silent aloneness was eerily decorated by invisible rumbling waves, disembodied bird cries and plaintive seal barks.

This was our first cruise with our children, and bliss it was to enjoy a tranquillity not interrupted by the energetic demands of the young. In Tinkers Hole we were happily interrupted by visits from a number of passing friends, the most surprising of whom was our neighbours who live a field away in Northumberland dropping anchor next door! The end of the week had another extraordinary moment when eight dolphins serenaded us as we sailed up the sound of Iona. We felt



Winifred of Greenland and porpoise.

personally welcomed as they swam dived and danced round *Winny*, one even playfully splashed Rosy as she took pictures from the bow.

Our second week was a complete contrast. This time we were a party of 14 made up of ourselves our children's friends and an enterprise dingy. We were based at Rosés cottage at Ulva Ferry. *Winny* became a water taxi that carried us to magic places. One day it was Staffa and Fingle cave, another Iona and Oran's Chapel, and another Crackraig on Ulva for a sunset picnic with old friends. The sun was in the ascendant, the many crew members merry, the mackerel bit the hooks and the holiday took on the form of archetypal timelessness. *Winny* and the cottage made perfect complimentary companions.

Oran Patrick and Rory were my crew to take *Winny* home. Our night passage was made beautiful by a golden half moon, and afterwards a richness of stars. At dawn we entered the harbour, Carnlough was a picture of tranquillity. We donned *Winny* in her autumn attire and bid her a sad good by. In all respects it had been a summer of vintage cruising vignettes

Ed Wheeler writes of MMMC to Kircudbright

July that he hadn't taken off the mainsail cover, hence the MMMC title). The *dramatis personae* included the owner and Michael McKee, whose idea it all was. Our mission, should we wish to accept it, was to boldly go where no ICC man appeared to have gone before, namely, into the Solway Firth. We had four days and a limited supply of gin with which to accomplish this.

True to type, the weather was drizzly and calm. We had organised our departure to carry the flood tide round the Mull of Galloway, across Luce Bay and round Burrow Head, to arrive at the Isle of Whithorn not much after high water. From the Mull, it was all new territory to us. The tidal chart showed a big black arrow on the flood outside Luce Bay, so we tried to avoid being pushed up into the Bay out of the main stream. Russell complained that the chart was wrong, because he couldn't see any arrow out there at all, at all. As an act of faith we had taken off the sail cover and got some assistance from a light breeze as we neared Burrow Head on the turn of the tide. The W-going stream here begins at -01.30 Dover and runs at up to 4 knots springs. We rock-hopped round the Head against the strengthening ebb and motored cautiously into the drying harbour at Isle of Whithorn. We found a good berth alongside the wooden piles of the town wall near the root of the pier. The trusty plank was deployed over the side (never sail in these waters without one). Isle of Whithorn is a delightful place, little visited by Irish boats and with a welcoming local sailing community. It has two pubs, both serving real ale. The nearest one is right on the harbour and one can dine there in relative splendour. The locals were complaining about the cost of houses. Apparently, you can pay as much as £50,000 for one!

The first part of Sunday was leisurely, since we were tidebound for the morning. By lunchtime the flood was lifting the bilge-keelers on their moorings and shortly afterwards we recovered our lines and made our departure. This time, our faith was justified and we had a brisk westerly breeze across Wigtown Bay. Hardening up round Little Ross Island, we carried our wind right into the Dee estuary, picking up the first of the line of channel buoys off the lifeboat house north of Torrs Point. The estuary dries entirely upstream from here but there is a pool where one can anchor and await the tide if necessary. This part of SW Scotland is most attractive. The Dee estuary

Miss Molly Motor Cruises left Donaghadee at 06.30 on Saturday 16th September feeling a little fragile. (The owner, Russell O'Neill, had had so little wind on his Scottish west coast cruise in



Isle of Whithorn. Forgive the late season weed. Photo: Ed Wheeler

was totally unspoilt, not a bungalow in sight. The country comprises rolling parklands interspersed with woods, with the occasional large house visible among the trees. There is now a marina at Kircudbright, where we brought up, about 7 miles up the estuary from the mouth. This has deep water at all states of the tide but a very strong run of tide past the pontoons. Steep glistening mud banks emerge as the tide drops, giving a stern warning to the unwary. The town has a picturesque castle and numerous watering holes. It seems to be provided with every kind of sporting facility one could wish for.

Monday at 13.00 gave us enough water to leave Kircudbright and we were half way down the narrows before we discovered that an oversight in the quartermaster's department had left us with no gin. Despite a promise of a southeasterly, the fresh wind stayed obstinately W of S as we left the shelter of Little Ross Island. "*Miss Molly* never beats", said the owner, but she did, and very well too. A couple of tacks weathered Burrow Head and we stretched away across Luce Bay. Halfway across are the Scares, a group of rocky islets. We failed by a whisker to weather the Great Scare and had to tack, but were close enough to admire the clouds of sea birds whitening the rocks. We wondered if they were raising a second brood, so late in the season. Darkness was dropping fast as we scorched in towards East Tarbet Bay to the northeast of the tip of the Mull of Galloway. We felt our way in with the echo sounder and anchored in 7m water off the old jetty. Described as a passage anchorage for yachts waiting to round the Mull, this proved to be a very rolly-poly berth. Our GPS anchor alarm kept going off, causing a certain amount of uneasiness. Our stomachs were soothed by the ingestion of a baked hake and a cooling obtained in Kircudbright.

Next day, the wind obligingly backed south and we had a cracking sail back to Donaghadee, ending a small gem of a four day cruise during which we had visited three new anchorages. We asked ourselves, "Why, in forty years of cruising, have we never gone to these places before?"

Miss Molly is a red long-keel Sadler 32 built in 1979.

Anne Woulfe- Flanagan writes of: To the Isle of Man for dinner

Every year Bernard Corbally takes a long weekend to sail to the Isle of Man to dine with friends. This year I was asked to join along with Ann Barbara and Larry Martin.

On Wednesday evening 21st June 2000, Bernard and I stocked the boat and on Thursday we brought her along side the pontoon in the Royal St. George Yacht Club where Ann Barbara joined us – Larry was racing. The sail to Howth was uneventful.

The plan was to leave at around 9000 on Friday 23rd. The

morning broke with west north west wind F6 to F7 with a touch of Gale forecast. As the wind was more or less the right direction it was decided to set out and Bernard pressed into service our inner forestay, the sail was duly hanked on and runners set.

We motored into a fairly choppy sea and rounded Ireland's Eye at 0950 with well reefed main and the inner sail pulling nicely.

It was not a pleasant sea – large waves coming in on our stern quarter and all the crew were finding it difficult to move around. Ann Barbara retired to the saloon bunk, the only relatively stable place and tried to sleep through it. Lunch was soup and sandwiches for those who felt up to it.

At 1430 land was sighted by Bernard who was helming – the only one looking out. This gave us good heart and at 14.50 a freighter *Lough Fisher* altered course for us.

By now Ann Barbara was up and about spotting fishing boats and red marker flags. As we began to get into the lee of the Isle of Man and were feverishly looking for The Carrick to get the transit for St. Mary's Port, the Skipper 'stepped on the gas' as he noticed a truly large ugly black cloud coming in from the NE – on collision course. We were worried that it would hit us before we were alongside. But phoo – sod decided to be kind to us and by 1900 we were snugly tied up beside a Moody 31 *Merry Maker III*. There appeared to be no one on board – suddenly a couple appeared saying "sorry we could not help you – we are late for dinner" and scuttled up the ladder.

Erica Corbally had supplied a delicious Lasagne which was dispatched to the oven and duly washed down with good wine and chat as we relaxed after the very uncomfortable passage

A walk was now called for – Ann Barbara decided to catch up on some reading and we had a long climb up the wall to be hit by a very cold wind. I was glad of my newly purchased 'George' jacket. The town was empty as we wandered along until we came to the narrow gauge railway line. We established the time of trains to Douglas and then turned into the Railway Hotel. We had a quick chat in the Bar and as we were leaving it

was insisted that we stay and a round of drinks were bought for us. We finally found who was our benefactor and reciprocated. The appointment of a new Governor was in progress and the discussion as to the pros and cons was interesting.

During Breakfast on Saturday we were hailed and this was Frank Cole a friend of Bernard's who was exploring the island by car. We were heading to catch the train to Douglas – a lift was offered so Ann Barbara and Bernard accepted and Larry and I ambled up to the station.

We were met by Ann Barbara with the news that she had booked a bed for Saturday night and a flight home on Sunday – I must say I could not blame her. The train ride was fun but we were thrown about far worse than on the sail over.

From Douglas we took the Mountain Railway up to Snaefell. It is a delightful journey and the visibility held but it was bitterly cold at the top. We then caught the meandering bus back to St. Mary's Port which as an added bonus to see more of the lovely countryside.

Our main event of the weekend – dinner was most enjoyable and it was lovely to meet up with our friends and exchange news 'from across the water'.

Sunday dawned bright and sunny and we set off at 0910 with a 16k northerly wind and reasonably flat sea and we were flying along!

The wind began to see-saw and eventually at 1225 we bowed to the inevitable and on went the iron horse.

Luncheon was served in the cockpit and all was well. We had to alter course for a freighter the *Pamela Everard*. The wind picked as we crossed the Bay and we shook out the sails again. Larry telephoned ahead and, as we tied up at the George pontoon at 2135 tired but happy after a 122 mile dinner trip, Ann Barbara was there to meet us.

From Douglas the mines are a bus ride away and we chose the deep level one which meant donning helmets and going down in cages. We also made it to the top of and were nearly blown away.

Tired.



Adoring smiles. RNLI at the Áras.

List of Past Officers of the Irish Cruising Club

Commodores

1929	H. M. Wright
1942	A. W. Mooney
1950	M. A. Sullivan
1953	J. B. Hollwey
1954	R. P. Campbell
1958	F. Cudmore
1960	H. W. S. Clark
1963	P. H. Greer
1966	R. L. Berridge
1969	J. D. Faulkner
1972	R. H. O'Hanlon
1975	D. N. Doyle
1978	J. H. Guinness
1981	P. J. Bunting
1984	C. J. FitzGerald
1987	J. Gore-Grimes
1990	H. P. Kennedy
1993	D. Nicholson
1996	L. McGonagle
2000	D.H. Fitzgerald

Vice-Commodores

1929	H. P. F. Donegan
1941	A. W. Mooney
1942	H. E. Donegan
1947	P. O'Keefe
1948	M. A. Sullivan
1950	J. B. Hollwey
1953	R. P. Campbell
1954	B. C. Maguire
1956	F. Cudmore
1958	H. W. S. Clark
1960	P. H. Greer
1963	C. Riordan
1965	W. H. D. McCormick
1967	J. D. Faulkner
1969	D. N. Doyle
1971	R. H. O'Hanlon
1972	P. J. Bunting
1974	G. B. Leonard
1976	J. M. Wolfe
1977	A. D. MacLlwaine
1978	P. J. Bunting
1980	G. Kenefick
1982	C. J. FitzGerald
1984	L. McGonagle
1986	J. Gore-Grimes
1988	H. P. Kennedy
1990	D. H. B. Fitzgerald
1992	B. Hassett & D. H. B. Fitzgerald
1993	B. Hassett & A. S. P. Orr
1994	Clayton Love Jnr & D. J. Ryan
1995	Brian Hegarty & David Nicholson
1996	Michael O'Farrell & David H.B. FitzGerald
1997	Michael O'Farrell & P. Walsh
1999	L. McGonagle & P. Walsh

Rear Commodores

1929	H. R. Wallace
1930	A. W. Mooney
1941	H. E. Donegan
1942	D. Mellon

1947	H. Osterberg
1950	K. McFerran
1951	R. P. Campbell
1953	B. C. Maguire
1954	F. Cudmore
1956	H. W. S. Clark
1958	P. H. Greer
1961	C. Riordan
1963	W. H. D. McCormick
1965	R. L. Berridge
1966	J. C. McConnell
1968	J. H. Guinness
1970	R. H. O'Hanlon
1971	R. J. Fielding
1973	H. Cudmore
1975	J. M. Wolte
1976	A. D. MacLlwaine
1977	J. M. Wolte
1978	G. Kenefick
1980	M. McKee
1981	J. Gore-Grimes
1983	L. McGonagle
1984	M. McKee
1986	H. P. Kennedy
1987	M. R. Sullivan & D. H. B. Fitzgerald
1988	B. Hassett & D. H. B Fitzgerald
1989	B. Hassett & A. S. P. Orr
1990	Clayton Love Jnr & D. J. Ryan
1992	Brian Hegarty & David Nicholson
1993	Michael O'Farrell & David H.B. FitzGerald
1994	Michael O'Farrell & P. Walsh
1995	L. McGonagle & P. Walsh
1996	Arthur Baker & Jarlath Cunnane
1997	J. Cunnane & C.E. Ronaldson
1999	P. O'Sullivan & J.C. Bruen

Honorary Treasurers

1929	W. MacBride
1948	G. B. Moore
1964	N. Watson
1973	L. Sheil
1979	R. Shanks
1984	D. O'Boyle
1993	D. Brazil

Honorary Secretaries *

1929	H. B. Wright
1933	D. Keatinge
1935	R. P. Campbell
1937	K. McFerran
1941	D. Keatinge
1944	M. F. Hally
1948	T. J. Hanan
1960	P. D. Morck
1965	A. Dunn
1977	P. J. D. Mullins
1981	B. Hegarty
1990	C. P. McHenry

NOTE: From time to time there were acting Honorary Secretaries; the names listed are where the incumbent has held office for at least one year.

List of Award Winners

THE FAULKNER CUP

Winner
Keatinge & McFerran
A.W. Mooney
D. Tidmarsh
Mrs Crimmins
H.D.E. Barton
A.W. Mooney
D. Tidmarsh
H.P. Donegan
Miss D. French
A.W. Mooney
L. McMullen
H. Osterberg
H.W.S. Clark
P. O'Keffe
H.W.S. Clark
B.C. Maguire
C. Love
N. Falkiner
R. O'Hanlon
R.P. Campbell
P.H. Greer
R.D. Heard
N. Falkiner
R.D. Heard
R.H. Roche
R. O'Hanlon
L. McMullen
R. O'Hanlon
R.P. Campbell
R.O'Hanlon
J. Virden
J. Virden
R. Sewell
J. Virden
A. Leonard
J. Gore-Grimes
J. Eves
G. Leonard
B. Law
J. Gore-Grimes
M.P. O'Flaherty
J. Gore-Grimes
J.F. Coffey
E.P.E. Byrne
R. Cudmore
O. Glaser
J. Gore-Grimes
B. Bramwell
Paddy Barry
Terence Kennedy
Cormac McHenry
Paddy Barry
Peter Bunting
Michael Coleman
Paddy Barry
Michael Coleman
Peter Killen
Hugo du Plessis
Cormac McHenry
John Waddell
Brian Black
John Gore-Grimes

Yacht

<i>Marie</i>	1970	R. O'Hanlon
<i>Nirvana</i>	1971	M. Park
<i>Foam</i>	1972	R. Gomes
<i>Nirvana</i>	1973	J. Beckett
<i>Dauntless</i>	1974	J. Guinness
<i>Aideen</i>	1975	G. Leonard
<i>Foam</i>	1976	W. Clark
<i>Gull</i>	1977	J. Guinness
<i>Embla</i>	1978	J. Villiers Stuart
<i>Aideen</i>	1979	J. Gore-Grimes
<i>Rainbow</i>	1980	M. Villiers Stuart
<i>Marama</i>	1981	J. Guinness
<i>Zamorin</i>	1982	D.J. Ryan
<i>Mavis</i>	1983	W.A. Smyth
<i>Caru</i>	1984	J. Guinness
<i>Minx of Malham</i>	1985	J. Gore-Grimes
<i>Galcador</i>	1986	A. Morton
<i>Euphanzel</i>	1987	Paddy Barry
<i>Harmony</i>	1988	Brian Dalton
<i>Minx of Malham</i>	1989	Hugo du Plessis
<i>Ann Gail</i>	1990	David Nicholson
<i>Huff of Arklow</i>	1991	Tommy O'Keffe
<i>Euphanzel</i>	1992	David Fitzgerald
<i>Huff of Arklow</i>	1993	Cormac McHenry
<i>Neon Tetra</i>	1994	W. M. Nixon & E. Wheeler
<i>Tjaldur</i>	1995	David Park
<i>Rainbow</i>	1996	Bernard Corbally
<i>Tjaldur</i>	1997	David Park
<i>Verve</i>	1998	Brian Black
<i>Tjaldur</i>	1999	David Park
<i>Sharavogue</i>	2000	Peter Mullins
<i>Sharavogue</i>		Michael Balmforth

THE STRANGFORD CUP

Winner

<i>Clarion</i>
<i>Kitugani</i>
<i>Ainmara</i>
<i>Dara</i>
<i>Sule Skerry</i>
<i>Wishbone</i>
<i>Wild Goose</i>
<i>Deerhound</i>
<i>Vinter</i>
<i>Shardana</i>
<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>
<i>Deerhound</i>
<i>Red Velvet</i>
<i>Velma</i>
<i>Deerhound</i>
<i>Shardana</i>
<i>Sung Foon</i>
<i>Saint Patrick</i>
<i>Boru</i>
<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
<i>Black Shadow</i>
<i>Tir na nOg</i>
<i>Peigin Eile</i>
<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
<i>Alys</i>
<i>Rionnag</i>
<i>Alys</i>
<i>Cuillin</i>
<i>Alys</i>
<i>Cuilaun</i>
<i>Greenheart</i>

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

Winner

<i>Morgana</i>
<i>Bali Hai</i>
<i>Black Shadow</i>
<i>Golden Harvest</i>
<i>Black Shadow</i>
<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
<i>Ricjak</i>
<i>Cuilaun</i>
<i>Sceolaing</i>
<i>Lir</i>
<i>Tandara</i>
<i>Deerhound</i>
<i>Lir</i>
<i>Twayblade</i>
<i>Hylasia</i>
<i>Erquy</i>
<i>Shalini</i>
<i>Madcap</i>
<i>Rionnag</i>
<i>Hylasia</i>

THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

	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>
1971	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'Keeffe	<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>
2000	Harry Byrne	<i>Alphida of Howth</i>

THE FORTNIGHT CUP

	Winner	Yacht
1958	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	J.W.D. McCormick	<i>Diane</i>
1963	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1964	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1965	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1966	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1967	Miss E. Leonard	<i>Lamita</i>
1968	P. Dineen	<i>Huntress</i>
1969	R.C.A. Hall	<i>Roane</i>
1970	N. St. J. Hennessy	<i>Aisling</i>
1971	J.R. Olver	<i>Vandara</i>
1972	C. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1973	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1974	J. Wolfe	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
1975	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1976	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1978	R. Dixon	<i>Oberon</i>
1979	B.J. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1980	R. Paul Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1981	S. Orr	<i>Den Arent</i>
1982	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1983	C.P. McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1984	B.H.C. Corbally	<i>Puffin</i>
1985	R. Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1986	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1987	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1988	John Ryan	<i>Saki</i>
1989	Brian Hegarty	<i>Safari of Howth</i>
1990	Seamus Lantry	<i>William Tell of Uri</i>
1991	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>

1992	Clive Martin
1993	Brendan O'Callaghan
1994	Frank Larkin
1995	Dick Lovegrove
1996	Donal Walsh
1997	Michael d'Alton
1998	Jim Slevin
1999	Jim Slevin
2000	No Award

THE WYBRANT CUP

	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'Keeffe	<i>John Dory</i>
1950	A.W. Mooney	<i>Evora</i>
1951	P. O'Keeffe	<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	
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>Ardnagree</i>
1998	Peter Ronaldson	<i>Scotch Mist</i>
1999	No Award	
2000	Adrian & Maeve Bell	<i>Realta</i>

From 1978 onwards the Wybrant Cup was awarded for the best Scottish cruise.

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
2000	Tony Clarke

Yacht

<i>Condor</i>
<i>Carraigdown</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>
<i>Velella</i>

WRIGHT MEMORIAL SALVER

Presented to the Irish Cruising Club by H.J. Wright in memory of H.M. Wright, *Eolanda* (15 tons), Commodore 1929-1942.

Year	Race	Yacht	Recipient
1943	Whit	<i>Marama</i>	H. Osterberg
1945	Whit	<i>Mavis</i>	J. B. Kearney
1949	Whit	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney
1950	Whit	<i>John Dory</i>	P. O'Keefe
1951	Whit	<i>Alata</i>	R.P. Campbell
1952	Whit	<i>Setanta</i>	F. Cudmore
1954	Whit	<i>Euphanzel</i>	N. Falkiner
1955	Whit	<i>Suzette</i>	A.E. Pope
1956	I.O.M.	<i>Zephyra</i>	S. Cresswell
1957	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1959	Cork-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler MC
1960	I.O.M.	<i>Harmony</i>	R.H. O'Hanlon
1961	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1962	Howth-Port St. Mary	<i>Cu-na-Mara</i>	D. Barnes
1963	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler
1964	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Twayblade</i>	E. Tweedy
1965	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1966	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Fionnuala</i>	R. Courtney
1969	Cork-Fastnet-	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
	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
2000	-	Roy Waters	

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

1987 Paddy Barry

SeaDance

Saint Patrick

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 Arís" team
1998	Malachi & Evelyn O'Gallagher
1999	No Award
2000	David Burrows: Olympic performance

THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

Recipient

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>Susette</i>	
1964	A.E. Pope	<i>Moonduster</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>	
1988	C.J. Fitzgerald	<i>Mandalay</i>	
1989	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
	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	Ilen's return from Falkland Islands
1999	Vincent O'Farrell	<i>Fastnet Dancer</i>
2000	Clayton Love Jnr.	Services to sailing

ROCKABILL TROPHY

Winner

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>
2000	Susan & Peter Grey	<i>Waxwing</i>

From 1985 onwards the Rockabill Trophy was awarded for 'A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship.'

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
2000	Arthur Orr	ICC Publications

TRANS OCEANIC PENNANT

Auchincloss, Les	Glaser, Otto	O'Farrell, Kevin
Barnes, Sean	Gore-Grimes, John	O'Flaherty, Michael
Barry, Paddy	Gray, Peter	Osmundsvaag, Harry
Bradley, Brendan	Gray, Susan	du Plessis, Hugo
Bramwell, Barry	Greer, Perry	Smullen, Brian
Bunting, Peter	Hogan, Peter	Smyth, William
Cahill, Bernie	King, Heather	Snell, Michael
Cahill, James	Leonard, Alan	Virden, Jonathan
Chapman, Colin	McBride, Davy	Whelan, Michael J.
Coffey, Jack	McClement, Donal	Whelan, Pat
Coleman, Michael	McHenry, Cormac	
Corbally, Bernard	Mullins, Peter	
Cudmore, Ronald	Nicholson, David	

THE GULL SALVER

Awarded for distinction in an international sailing event by a member sailing his own boat.

Year	Winner	Yacht
1995	Donal Morrisey	Joggernaut
1998	No Award	
1999	No Award	
2000	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>
2000	David Beattie	<i>Aeolus</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>Ardnagree</i>
1997	David & Joan Nicholson	<i>White Shadow</i>
1998	No Award	
1999	Ray O'Toole	<i>Lotophagi</i>
2000	Bill & Hilary Keatinge	<i>Rafiki</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
2000	Jack McCann

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 9045 1541)	<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 Jinx (PO)</i>
Andrews, Tom M, 1988 (Dianne)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5NP. (028 9187 2233)	<i>High Jinx (PO)</i>
Aplin, Roger, 1972 (Jane)	Romanesca, Marine Parade, Sandy Cove, 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 Maindonaux, St Martin, Guernsey GY4 6AH. (1481 39840)	<i>Morning Flame</i>
Baker, Arthur R., 1990 (Marjorie)	Shouragh Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co Cork. (021 4870031)	<i>Irish Mist I</i>
Ballagh, John B, 1998 (Rosemary)	"Camelot", 19 Seafront Road, Cultra, Co Down BT18 0BB. (028 9042 8335)	<i>Jane Marie</i>
Balmforth, Alison, 2000 (Michael)	Westgate, Toward by Dunoon, Argyll, Scotland PA23 7UA. (01369 870271/Office: 01369 870251)	<i>Greenheart (PO)</i>
Balmforth, Michael B., 1966 (Alison)	Westgate, Toward, Dunoon, Argyll, PA23 7UA. (01369 870271/Office: 01369 870251)	<i>Greenheart</i>
Barnes, Sean, 1998 (Briony)	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 9181 3369)	
Barr, Robert, 1969 (Mary)	Heather Lodge, Kerrymount Avenue, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (289 3269)	<i>Pen Men</i>
Barrington, Desmond J., 1983 (Helen)	37 Ballinclea Heights, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 5732)	
Barry, Frederick, 1990 (Elaine)	59 Nutley Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4.	
* Barry, Mary, 1986 (Paddy)	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (280 0820)	
Barry, Paddy.	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (280 0820)	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
Hon. Editor ICC Annual, 1984		
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 9042 8136)	
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>
Bohane, Liam A., 1990 (Marilyn)	Brandon Lodge, Mount Oval, Rochestown, Cork. (021 436 1860)	
# 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)	
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)	
Brady, William, 1985 (Ruth)	Mahonville, Castle Road, Blackrock, Cork. (021 357963/Office: 021 270917)	
Branagan, Michael, 1989 (-)	14 Blackberry Rise, Portmarnock, Co Dublin. (846 2554)	
Branigan, Brenda, 1990 (Pat)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandyford, Co Dublin. (295 6273/Office: 896106)	
Branigan, Patrick M.C., 1982 (Brenda)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandyford, Co Dublin. (295 6273)	<i>Maximizar</i>
* Brazil, Clare, (1993) (Donal)	Killard, John's Hill, Waterford. (051 875636)	
Brazil, Donal P., Hon Treasurer ICC, 1990	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)	
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 Benedict's, Thormanby Road, Bally, Co Dublin. (832 2829)	

Bunting, Christopher J., 1986 (Claire)	27 Sheep Cottages, Amersham Road, Little Chalfont, Bucks. HP6 6SW. (01494 762907/Office 0181 966 2492)	
Bunting, Peter J., 1962 (Elaine)	Keeper's House, West Tytherley, Salisbury, SP5 1LY. (01794 341521)	<i>Gauntlet (PO)</i>
Burke, J. F., 1971 (-)	Richmond House, Blackrock, Cork. (021 293730)	<i>Happy Return</i>
# Butler, J. C., 1959 (Margaret)	Belgrave, Cobh, Cork. (021 811343)	
Butler, Maurice R., 2000 (Margaret)	68 Ballyholme Road, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5LA. (028 91463027/Office: 028 90326881)	<i>Leemara of Howth (PO)</i>
Butler, Paul, 1987 (Noirin)	32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (288 4393)	<i>Red Velvet</i>
Butler, Pierce, 1995 (Vivienne)	Kingston Farm, Kilternan, Co Dublin. (295 5166/Office: 628 20238)	<i>Moonshine</i>
Byrne, E. Philip, 1982 (Rosemary)	Sunnydale, 4 Nugent Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14. (298 1951)	<i>Growltiger</i>
Byrne, Harry E. O'C, 1974 (-)	Lismoyle, Coast Road, Malahide, Co Dublin. (845 0498)	<i>Alphida of Howth</i>
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 (Vera)	4 St. Helens, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (280 3717)	
Chapman, Colin A., 1989 (Jeanne)	The Old Rectory, Comeragh, Kilmacthomas, Co Waterford. (051 291166/Office: 051 875855)	<i>Deerhound</i>
Clapham, John F., 1965 (Rosie)	Mertoun, Cliffside Road, Torquay, Devon TQ1 3LB. (01803 324726/Office: 01803 297337)	<i>Tresillian IV</i>
# Clark, Wallace, M.B.E., D.L., 1951 (June)	Gorteade 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)	
Clementson, Ann, 1969 (John)	Ballyreagh, Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 8SN. (028 9181 2310/Office: 028 9065 6612)	<i>Faustina II (PO)</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, Richard, 1957 (-)	Craigie, Monasterevan, Co Kildare. (045 525674)	
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>
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)	
Conlon, Jimmy, 1996 (-)	11 Shrewsbury Lawn, Cabinteely, Dublin 18.	
Connor, Brendan J., 1980 (-)	22 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13. (8322403/Office: 8552201)	<i>Vinter</i>
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: 667 0685)	<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>
Cotter-Murphy, Maeve, 2000	Hop Island, Rochestown, Cork. (021 894161/Office: 021 2727883)	<i>Setanta</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>
Crisp, Graham D, 2000 (Patricia)	Ashton, The Hill, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (280 6682/Office: 478 4144)	<i>Euphanzel</i>
Cronin, T. P., 1981 (-)	35 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin.	
# Crosbie, E., 1957 (-)	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork. (021 501963/Office: 021 272722)	<i>Excuse Me</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, Sandy Cove Avenue East, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 3390)	
Cudmore, Brian, 1966 (Eleanor)	"Cloudhill", Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 893625/Fax: 021 893625)	
Cudmore, Denis, 1986 (Brid)	10 Chesterfield View, Castleknock, Dublin 15. (820 6599)	<i>Ann Again</i>
Cudmore, Eleanor, 1997 (Brian)	Cloudhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 893625)	<i>Kanga</i>
Cudmore, Fred Jnr, 1966 (-)	Ocean Approach, Myrtleville, Co Cork. (021 831541)	<i>Ann Again</i>
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)	Airrush, 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)	Airrush, 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, Sandy Cove 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)	
Cunningham, Dr John, 1998 (Patricia)	Bridge House, Tuam, Co Galway. (093 24155)	<i>Lir</i>
Currie, John D., 1985 (Wendy)	4 Shore Street, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0DG.	<i>Daydream (PO)</i>
Curtain, Dr. W. Andrew, 1971 (-)	"Riverview", 47 Sundays Well Rd., Cork. (021 393862/Office: 021 342080)	<i>Carna</i>
Curtin, J. Leonard, 1993 (Mary)	Springmount, Carrigrohane, Co Cork. (021 871508/Office: 021 545222)	<i>Pilgrim Soul</i>
Cuthbertson-Smith, Frances, 1987 (Donald)	122B Bluehouse Lane, Limpsfield, Surrey RH80AR. (01883 717383)	<i>Karena</i>
# D'Alton, Michael M. A., 1956 (-)	Kilda Lodge, St. George's Ave., Killiney, Co Dublin.	<i>Siamsa (PO)</i>

d'Estre Roberts, R. Grattan, 1989 (Mairead)	Riverwood, Currabinn, Co Cork. (021 374444/Office: 021 378383)	Hafod (PO)
Dalton, Brian, 1967 (Lise)	89 Rockport Shores, Rockport, ME 04856. (207 596 2959)	Boru
Daly, Dominic J., 1968 (-)	Pembroke House, Pembroke Street, Cork. (021 505965/Office: 021 277399)	Prelude
Daly, John E., 1990 (Marion)	The Glade, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 362833/Office: 021 277911)	Jacana
Davis, Helen J., 1980 (Samuel)	8 Glenmachan Drive, Belfast, BT4 2RE. (028 9076 1417/Office: 028 9754 1294)	Jacana
Davis, Samuel M., 1980 (Helen)	8 Glenmachan Drive, Belfast, BT4 2RE. (028 9076 1417/Office: 028 9754 1294)	
Deane, Douglas, 1965 (Liz)	Churchbay, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 831002)	
* Deignan, Owen M., (1999) (Terry)	72 St. Lawrence Rd, Clontarf, 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)	Moonshadow
Devenney, E. K., 1973 (-)	4 Vernon Park, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 4PH. (028 9146 1410)	
Dick, J.R. William, 1971 (Heather)	Redboy, Blessington, Co Wicklow. (045 65233)	Tertia of Lymington
Dickinson, William B., 1979 (Elizabeth)	2 Victoria Terrace, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JB. (028 9146 8772)	
Doherty, Anne, 2000 (-)	Castlebar Road, Westport, Co Mayo. (098 28607/Office: 098 26633)	Coco
Doherty, Tony, 1969 (-)	2 Southern Road, Cork. (021 271327)	Mischief
Donegan, James D., 1983 (Deirdre)	Carrigmore, Glounthaune, Co Cork. (021 353137/Office: 021 277155)	
Doonan, Francesca, 1988 (Paul)	Boothill, Durrus, Co Cork.	
Doonan, Paul S., 1986 (Francesca)	Boothill, Durrus, Co Cork.	
Dooney,	Greenstones Hall, Glandore, Co Cork. (028 33271/Office: 087 280 7186)	Rambler
Doran, John, 1997 (Anna)	Drisoge, Baily, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 1709/Office: 830 9533)	Moonstruck
Doyle, D. Conor, 1966 (Mareta)	C/o D.F. Doyle Ltd, 1 Connell Street, Cork. (021 772348/Office: 021 275235)	Freya
# Doyle, Denis N., 1956 (-)	Tideways, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 372105/Office: 021 275235)	Moonduster
Doyle, Frank, 1966 (-)	17 Barnstead Drive, Church Road, Blackrock, Cork. (Office: 021 275235)	
* Drew, Robert E., (1997) (Mindy)	47 Fair Street, Guilford, CT 06347, USA. (203 453 5474)	Knight Hawke
Du Plessis, Hugo, 1978 (-)	c/o 26 Windmill Road, Polegate, Eastbourne, Sussex BN26 5BG. (01323 484606)	Samharcin an lar
Duffin, Nicholas S. R., Sr, 1990 (Andrena)	11 Grey Point, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co Down, BT19 1LE. (028 9185 2688/Office: 028 9045 8287)	Water Spaniel
Duggan, John P., 1986 (-)	Edificio "As Caravelas", Rua Dr. Eduardo Neves,, 9-6., 1069-053 Lisboa, Portugal. (01 791 40 00)	
Dunn, Aidan, 1963 (-)	2 Nutley Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4. (269 1158/Office: 283 8947)	Eblana
Dunphy, T. Austin, 1990 (-)	Sealawn, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 2853)	Evolution II (PO)
Dwyer, David M., 1993 (-)	32 Radcliffe, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 4910)	Fianne (PO)
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 842175)	One Timee
English, J. D., 1991 (April)	Harbour View, Upper Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 832209)	
Escott, William P., 1980 (Margaret)	70 Thorneleigh Gardens, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 4NP. (028 9146 1881)	Wheesh
Espey, Fred J. K., 1978 (-)	4 Myrtle Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 5160)	Verve (PO)
Eves, Alastair R. W., 1984 (Janet)	"Mariveg", 32A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 3RD. (028 9146 9838)	Zamfa
Eves, F. Maitland, M.B.E., 1967 (Eva)	Loughside Farm, 57 Ringdufferin Road, Toye, Downpatrick, Co Down BT30 9PH. (028 4482 8923)	Cephas
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)	Lutanda
Fahy, Patrick J., 1982 (-)	8 Saint Mary's Road, Taylors Hill, Galway. (091 23997)	
# Fannin, Robert N., 1959 (-)	Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co Dublin.	
Fannin, Robert J., 1981 (-)	c/o Earlscliff Mews, Baily, Co Dublin.	
Fasenfeld, George, 1997 (-)	3 Elgin Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4. (660 9488/Office: 660 3255)	Wild Bird
Faulkner, Sir Dennis J., C.B.E.,D.L., 1960	Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 6TU. (028 9754 1114)	Kariat
Fergus, Sean G., 1985 (Karen)	"Abbingdon", 56 Grosvenor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6. (496 5653/Office: 685777)	Estrellita
Fielding, Christine M., 1971 (Raymond)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 841428)	SpellBound of Sark (PO)
Fielding, Dr. Raymond J., 1956 (Christine)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 4841428)	SpellBound of Sark (PO)
Fisher, J.D.F., 1969 (Susan)	Rathturret, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RX. (028 4177 3667)	
# FitzGerald, C. J., 1944 (-)	28 Richmond, Blackrock Road, Cork. (021 292210/Office: 021 270095)	Mandalay
FitzGerald, David H. B., Commodore ICC, 1966	The Quay, Kinvara, Co Galway. (091 637290)	White Heather
FitzGerald, Grainne, 1993 (Chris)	2 Mayville Terrace, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (284 0731/Office: 907664)	Mountain Mist (PO)
Fitzgerald, Jack J., 1986 (-)	27 Hyde Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin. (285 0490)	
* FitzGerald, Jean, (2000) (David)	The Quay, Kinvara, Co Galway. (091 637290)	Arawak
Fitzpatrick, Thomas J., 1985 (Mary)	Kincora, Deerpark, Howth Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 5554/Office: 660 9566)	Rockabill III (PO)
Flanagan, Dr. Jack, 1980 (Eta)	7 Offington Avenue, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 5277)	
Fletcher, Gillian, 1996 (-)	12 Greenmount Square, Dublin 12. (453 1612)	Rhapsody
Flood, Sean, 1994 (Joan)	Roskeen, Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 3188/Office: 295 3333)	No Sense
Flowers, Maurice H., 1983 (-)	42B Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (028 9146 5157)	Flying Ferret
Foley, Clare, 1980 (Ciaran)	Monkstown Castle, Co Dublin. (280 8103)	Picnic
Foote, Thomas S., 1996 (Hilary)	"The Moorings", Tonabrocky, Bushy Park, Galway. (091 522833)	Roaring Water
Forde, John B., 1990 (-)	Elmford, Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork. (021 291299)	Trilogy
Fowler, Robert J., 1969 (Tiggy)	Mont Alto House, Sorrento Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 8529)	Twocan
Freeman, F. David, 1986 (Valerie)	Knollycroft, Coliemore Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 9439/Office: 676 0261)	Sparkle
Gallagher, Benignus N., 1980 (Mary)	4 Carrickbrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13. (832 3755)	Ruinette (PO) & Natian (PO)
Gallagher, Dr. Jack, 1992 (Meg)	Weir House, Woodstown, Co Waterford.	Muirneog
Gallagher, Patrick, 2000 (Kathleen)	Seskin West, Bantry, Co Cork. (027 50128/Office: 028 28400)	

Garrard, Natascha, 1990 (Simon)	The Shack, Bally, 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/Office Fax: 021 831700)	<i>Rockwell Salamander</i>
Gillespie, Dr. Peter J., 1993 (-)	4 Demesne Gate, Saintfield, Co Down, BT24 7BE. (028 9751 0779)	<i>Cara of Quoile</i>
Gilmore, Dr. W. R., 1985 (-)	9 Coastguard Lane, Groomsport, Co Down, BT19 2LR. (028 9188 2410)	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>
Glaser, Dr. Otto E., 1972 (Patricia)	Thalassa, Bally, Co Dublin. (832 4797)	
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., 1977	Drumadaragh House, Ballyclare, Co Antrim, BT39 0TA. (028 9334 0222/Office: 028 9334 0422)	
# 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)	
Gore-Grimes, Anthony, 1978 (Katharine)	Roxboro, Bally, Co Dublin. (832 2449/Office: 872 9299)	<i>Bonanza</i>
* Gore-Grimes, John, 1973 (1990) (Katie)	Shack, Bally, 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>
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)	
Guinness, A. Peter, 1963 (-)	Chapel Farm, Great Missenden, Bucks., HP16 ORF. (1494 862322)	
Guinness, Ian R., 1979 (Mary-Paula)	The Hollow, Blackwood Lane, Malahide, Co Dublin. (846 4088)	<i>Hera</i>
Guinness, M. Jennifer, 1966 (-)	Censure House, Ceanchor Rd., Bally, Co Dublin. (832 3123/Fax: 839 2057)	<i>Alakush</i>
Haden, Peter D., 2000 (Moira)	Lisheen, Ballyvaughan, Co Clare. (065 7077 333/Office: 065 7077 005)	<i>Papageno</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.	
* Harvie, James, Commodore CCA, (2000) (Ruth)	11 Howards Point Lane, Brunswick, Maine 04011, USA. (207-442-9298)	
Hawthorn, George S. N., 1985 (-)	4 Carnesure Mews, Comber, Co Down BT23 5TA. (028 9187 4489/Office: 028 9066 2281)	<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, Bally, Old Carrickbrack Road, Dublin 13. (832 3421)	
Hegarty, Betty, 1986 (Brian)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Bally, Dublin 13. (832 3421)	<i>Oleander of Howth (PO)</i>
# Hegarty, Brian, 1957 (Betty)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Bally, 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, Rathfarnam, 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 (Margaret)	164 Glenageary Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (285 4310/Office: 087 257 2524)	
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 Chaine Memorial Road, Larne, Co Antrim, BT40 1AD. (028 2827 7284/Office: 028 9086 4331)	<i>Tievevara</i>
Hutchinson, Alan, 1991 (Maureen)	27 Glenbroome Park, Jordanstown, Newtownabbey, Co Antrim, BT37 0RL. (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)	
Johnston, Guy B., 1995 (Helen)	8 Leeson Park Avenue, Dublin 6. (636 2000/Office: 676 7666)	<i>Trininga</i>
Kavanagh, Gerald P., 1980 (Ann)	11 Redford Rise, Redford Park, Greystones, Co Wicklow. (287 2476)	<i>Sirikit III</i>
Kavanagh, Liam F., 1994 (Elizabeth)	Kaduna, Maryborough Hill, Douglas, Cork. (021 893560/Office: 021 274461)	
Kean, Norman, 1991 (Geraldine)	210 Hullihen Drive, Newark, Delaware 19711, USA. (302 884 1808/Office: 302 598 0449)	<i>Voyageuse</i>
Keane, Barry, 1975 (Brenda)	55 Wyvern, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 5569)	<i>Xanadu (PO)</i>
Keatinge, Hilary J., 1996 (William)	3 Alexandra Road, Lymington, Hants SO41 9HB. (01590 672426/Fax: 01590 670561)	<i>Elysium (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>Rafiki (PO)</i>
Kelliher, E. Brenda, 1983 (-)	PO Box 1886, Annapolis, MD 21404-1886, USA. (410 349 1822/Fax: 410 349 8714)	<i>Islay</i>
Kenefick, Neil G., 1985 (Iris)	"Waterside", Corrabinny, Co Cork. (021 437 8024)	<i>Imagine</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 9066 9556)	Tosca V
Kenny, Brian P., 1997 (Anne)	"Alderbrooke", Ballard, Tralee, Co Kerry. (066 712 6590/Office: 066 712 1911)	Tam O'Shanter
Kenworthy, Marilyn, 1990 (Liam)	Brandon Lodge, Mount Oval, Rochestown, Cork. (021 436 1860)	Flica
Kidney, John, 1991 (Zsuzsi)	Caragh, Gordon Avenue, Foxrock, Co Dublin.	Merette
Kidney, Noel J., 1986 (-)	Littlefield, Glencullen Road, Kiltearnan, Co Dublin. (495 3782)	Dulcibella
Kilgrew, Cyril L., 1995 (Ann)	Rushanes, Glandore, Co Cork. (028 33446)	Juno
Kilkenny, Joseph, 1971 (-)	Gray's Lane, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 3442/Office: 677 8932)	White Magic (PO)
Killen, Peter R., 1994 (Beverly)	3 Killeen Terrace, Malahide, Co Dublin. (845 3019)	
Kilroy, Howard E., 1989 (-)	Rarc an Ilan, 22 Colemore Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (284 0952)	Seareign
King, Heather R., 1989 (-)	The Cabin, Rathdown Road, Greystones, Co Wicklow. (287 4944)	
* 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)	Yami-Yami
Knatchbull, Michael W., 1986 (Rhona)	Gambles Lodge, Upper Mountown, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 1420)	
Knatchbull, Patrick W., 1999 (Mary)	16 Seafront Road, Cultra, Co Down BT18 0BB. (028 9042 2240)	Murlough
Knott, H. B., 1964 (-)	Marlay, Saval Park Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 3312)	Safari
Lantry, Seamus, 1990 (Eileen)	3 Fr Mathew Street, Cork. (087 256 1915/Office: 021 270789)	William Tell of Uri
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)	Colla Voce
Law, J. Brian, 1975 (Rosemary)	Cherry Hill, Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 6PR. (028 9754 1386/Office: 028 9266 7317)	Kilcief
Layng, Capt. Brian, 1988 (Joann)	"Ashvale", Windgate Rise, Howth Summit, Co Dublin. (832 4104)	Leigh Mary
Lee, Adrian F., 1992 (-)	38 Wellington Road, Dublin 4. (631 8502)	Janey Mac II
# 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)	Ariadne
Ley, Angela, 1986 (John)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JW. (028 9145 4937)	Busy Bee (PO)
Ley, John E., 1986 (Angela)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JW. (028 9145 4937)	Busy Bee (PO)
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)	Royal Tara
Lovegrove, Richard V., 1981 (Heather)	"Corrig", Convent Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 9782/Office: 677 0335)	Lady Avilon (PO)
Lovett, Dermot, 1995 (Margaret)	High Water, Coast Road, Fountainstown, Co Cork. (021 832142/Office: 021 294909)	Kittiwake IV
Lowry, Dr. Paul, 1997 (-)	16 Slievemoyle Park, Belfast, BT15 5GZ. (028 9077 4974)	
# Luke, Derek, 1959 (-)	Seafield, 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)	Ionion
Lynch, Donal, 1996 (Sheila)	"Clara", Orchard Road, Cork. (021 542826/Office: 021 545333/Fax: 021 342497)	Melisande (PO)
Lyster, W. Bruce, 1985 (-)	Huckleberry, Knocknackee Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin.	Caprice
MacAuley, Dr. Daniel J., 1979 (Maire)	4 Norton Drive, Malone Road, Belfast, BT9 6ST. (028 9066 1840)	Capella of Kent
# Macken, J. J., 1949 (-)	White House, Dalkey Avenue, Co Dublin. (285 9585)	Eoin Rua
MacLaverty, K. J., 1961 (Nuala)	Ballynally Lane, Moville, Co Donegal. (077 82239)	
MacMahon, Gary, 1992 (-)	Ballyhurley, Oginnelloc, Tuamgraney, Co Clare. (061 923025/Office: 061 400620)	Infinity
MacManus, Brian, 1999 (Heather)	Shelmalier, Victoria Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (284 7724/Office: 603 5360)	
Magan, Arthur S. C., 1981 (-)	Clochgreen, 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)	Sea Fox
Magennis, Connla, 1975 (Geraldine)	Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RU. (028 4177 2237)	Snowgoose of Moyannon
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, John, 2000 (-)	8 Rochestown Rise, Rochestown, Co Cork. (021 891793/Office: 086 8058022)	Symphonie
Malone, Stephen A., 1979 (Anne)	"Barlogue", 8 Rochestown Rise, Rochestown, Co Cork. (021 891793)	
Markey, Jimmy, 1984 (Marie)	18 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2906/Office: 086 264 8251)	Lindos
Martin, Clive C., 1978 (Mary)	Erinagh, Kerrymount Avenue, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (289 3565)	Final Fling
# Martin, F. Derek, 1954 (-)	Woodley, Eaton Brae, Shankill, Co Dublin. (282 4457)	Jaded
Martin, J. Kenneth, 1982 (-)	Tres Fleur, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (289 3981)	
Massey, John, 1992 (-)	7 Glencairraig, 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)	Virago of Strangford (PO)
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)	Deucalion
McCann, Jack, 1999 (Moya)	Boroondara, Gortacleva, Bushy Park, Galway. (091 526691/Office: 091 568353)	Mary Lee
McCarter, Andy, 2000 (Paddy)	Carnamaddy, Burt, Co Donegal. (077 68697/Office: 0872 595689)	Gwili 3
McCarthy, Francis, 1985 (Foinnuala)	3 Ardbrack Hts, Kinsale, Co Cork. (Office: 021 277338)	Atlantic Islander
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)	Kirmew
McClement, Donal J., 1983 (-)	7 Sunset Court, Ballinrea Road, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 375638/Office: 021 831161/Office Fax: 021 831603)	
McConnell, John H., 1965 (-)	Breeoge, Ardmhuire Park, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (/Office: 781 544)	
# McConnell, Maimie T., 1959 (-)	27 Knocknacree Park, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (285 8725/Fax: 284 0822)	Kala
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)	Saki
Mccormack, Sean, 1990 (-)	15 The Avenue, Woodpark, Ballinteer, Dublin 16. (298 4120/Office: 836 4399)	Marie Claire II
McFerran, Neil V., 1965 (-)	65 Marlborough Pk S, Belfast BT9 6HS. (02890 667208/Office: 02890 272115)	Whitefire

McGonagle, Barbara, 1981 (-)	The Tansey, Baily, Co Dublin. (832 2823)	
McGuire, Gary E., 1990 (Vivienne)	Spindrift, 802 Howth Road, Dublin 5. (832 3190/Office: 833 1154)	P'cab-n
* 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)	Erquy
# McIlwaine, A. D., 1960 (-)	Glebe Cottage, 7 Church Hill, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6PP. (028 9754 1434)	
McKean, William W., 1986 (Rosemary)	27 Fotheringay Road, Glasgow, G41 4NL. (0141 423 6370)	Siolta
McKee, Michael, 1962 (Anne)	52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (028 9147 2692)	Isobel
McKenna, David C., 1964 (-)	G 102 Marina Bay Homes, Atlantic Drive,, Aisaworld City, Paranaque, Manila 1703, Philippines. (& Fax 63-2 803 8166)	Rapparee II
# McKinley, Fergus, 1953 (-)	Beechfield, Sydney Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (288 8376)	
McKinney, John J., 1975 (-)	3 Balally Drive, Dundrum, Dublin 16. (295 6305/Office: 497 8490)	Zubenubi (PO)
McMahon, Brendan, 1988 (-)	Moyarta, North Circular Road, Limerick. (061 453934)	Salar
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)	Anolis
McMullan, F. Gerald, 1986 (-)	39 Victoria Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5ER. (028 9147 2826)	
McMullen, Colin P., 1975 (Alison)	2 Lott Lane, Kilcoole, Co Wicklow. (287 5697/Office: 289 3941)	
Meade, Eamon, 1992 (Olivia)	Fiddown, Piltown, Co Kilkenny. (051 643311/Office: 051 855034)	Moufou
Meagher, Niall, 1992 (-)	Gleann na Greine, Naas, Co Kildare. (045 897728)	Zuben'ubi (PO)
# Mellon, D. E., M.D., 1947 (-)	La Tuquette, Serignac, Peboudou, 47410 Lauzun, Lot et Garonne, France.	
Menton, James F., 1986 (Margaret)	Tuskarville, Ballylucas, Ballymurn, Co Wexford. (053 38965/Office: 086 251 9066)	Caranja
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 (Valerie)	2 Castlehill Road, Stormont, Belfast, BT4 3GL. (028 9065 6051)	Family's Pride
Moore, John S., 1985 (-)	C/o Ulster Cruising School, The Marina, Carrickfergus, Co Antrim, BT38 8BE. (028 9336/Office: 028 9336 8818)	
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)	Pipit (PO)
Morrison, Hugh F., 1997 (Sue)	"Ambleburn", Broom Rd., Newton Mearns, Glasgow, G77 5DN. (0141 639 3639/Office: 0141 248 4924)	Quaila
# Morrison, R. Ian, 1957 (Sue)	"Weatherly", Claremont, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2086)	Safari of Howth
Morrissey, Donal, 1982 (-)	Clarenbridge House, Clarenbridge, Co Galway. (091 796306)	Joggernaut
Morton, Admiral Sir Anthony G.B.E., K.C.B. (-)	Flat 6, Amhurst, 90 St Cross Road, Winchester, Hants SO23 9PX. (01962 56393)	Lamorna Ill.
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)	Armorique (PO)
Nicholson, David, 1980 (Joan)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 4842160)	White Shadow
Nicholson, Joan, 1991 (David)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co Cork. (0214 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)	Ardnagree
Nixon, W. M., 1963 (Georgina)	14 Evora Park, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 3929)	Witchcraft of Howth (PO)
O'Boyle, Donal, 1974 (Liz)	Drake Lodge, Drake's Pool, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 831028/Office: 021 832422)	An Giall
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)	Live Wire
O'Callaghan, Brendan, 1990 (Majella)	"Cashelbeg", Laurel Walk, Bandon, Co Cork. (023 43077)	Brandon Rose
O'Connor, Daniel, 1971 (-)	The Pines, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (285 8012/Office: 676 4661)	Leprechaun
O'Connor, Gilbert J., 1987 (Hilda)	36 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6PT. (028 9754 1345)	Freycinet
# O'Connor, Dr. Maurice, 1957 (Beatrice)	33 Eglinton Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4. (269 2175)	The Lady Beatrice (PO)
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)	Cuchulain
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)	Fastnet Dancer
O'Flaherty, Michael P., 1968 (-)	Le Fainel, Le Vallon, St Martin's, Guernsey, GY4 6DQ. (01481 237650/Fax: 01481 237651)	Cuilaun (PO)
O'Flynn, Dominick, 1990 (Mary)	2 Woodview, Wellington Bridge, Lee Road, Cork. (021 348038/Office: 021 543505)	Cavatina
O'Gallagher, Malachi, 1968 (Evelyn)	12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin 6W. (490 5800 /Fax: 490 5940)	Tivoli
O'Hanlon, Andrew, 1969 (-)	8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6. (269 8117)	
* O'Hanlon, Barbara, M.D., 1962 (1984) (-)	The Mews, 8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh Road, Dublin 6. (269 8560)	
O'Keffe, Mary, 1994 (-)	Tawlaght, Fenit, Co Kerry. (066 36185)	Tax
O'Keffe, 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)	
O'Mahony, Bill, 1991 (Brenda)	6 Castlerock, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 372588/Office: 021 312755)	Capsicum
O'Mahony, Patrick J., 1996 (Clare)	"Willowhill", Ballyfouloo, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 842387/Office: 021 329330)	Clarebelle
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 Mystery</i>
O'Rahilly, Dr. Michael, 1979 (Frances)	38 Dornden Park, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (269 5285)	
O'Sullivan, Jeremiah, 1964 (-)	9 Rock Street, Tralee, Co Kerry. (066 21011)	
O'Sullivan, Patrick J. F., 1984 (Phyllis)	Castle Demesne House, Ivy Terrace, Tralee, Co Kerry. (066 7121434/Office: 066 7121522)	<i>Askari</i>
O'Tierney, Dr. Donal, 1986 (Win)	41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Co Down, BT34 3NJ. (028 4177 3630)	
O'Toole, Dr. Ray, 1996 (Valerie)	Corcullen, Galway. (091 555168/Office: 091 524222)	<i>Aoife (PO)</i>
Orr, Arthur S. P., VRD* DL FRIN, 1970 (Jan)	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)	Rossduie, Moyard, Co Galway. (095 41098/Office: 095 21730)	<i>Skarv av Stad Bibi</i>
# Osterberg, Paul, 1949 (Valerie)	The Old Manse, Hillsborough, Co Down, BT26 6HW. (028 9268 2226)	<i>Alys</i>
Park, Dr. David S., 1969 (Hilary)	Yew Cottage, 34a Carrowdore Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, BT22 2LX. (028 9178 8625)	
# Park, J. Mungo, M.B.E., 1955 (Amanda)	Carraig Breac Lodge, Bally, 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 Jnr., 1987 (1996) (-)	1400 Waverley Road, Apt. A, Gladwyne, PA 19035, USA.	
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 2237)	<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 2237)	<i>Lady Jane (PO)</i>
Ralston, George L. D., 1986 (Lynne)	Island Cottage, Reagh Island, Comber, Co Down BT23 6EN. (048 9754 1431)	<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, Bally, Co Dublin. (839 3186)	
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)	
Roberts, Rex, 1974 (Pat)	90 Ballinclea Heights, Killiney, Co Dublin. (285 4352)	
* 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, Evie, 1997 (Peter)	The Shepherd's House, 72 Whinney Hill, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0HG. (048 9042 6459)	<i>Skyjack II (PO)</i>
Ronaldson, Peter, Rear Commodore, 1967 (Evie)	The Shepherd's House, 72 Whinney Hill, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0HG. (028 9042 6459)	<i>Skyjack II (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, Dermod J., 1971 (Sheila)	Ashdale, Castle Close, Castle Park Road, Sandy Cove, Co Dublin. (280 3585)	<i>Sceolaing</i>
Ryan, Paul J., 1984 (-)	1 Sefton Green, Rochestown Ave, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (235 0546)	
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>
Salmon, Seamus, 2000 (-)	Cloonterriff, Knock, Co Mayo. (094 88662/Office: 094 24488)	<i>Saoirse</i>
Sargent, Gerard M., 1996 (Barbara)	49 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. (832 5392)	<i>Targeteer</i>
Selig, Ivan I., 1965 (Daphne)	Bree Lodge, Craigavon, Co Down, BT18 0DE. (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, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 1878/Office: 280 7838)	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
Sheil, Leonard Jnr., 1988 (-)	24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, 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)	
Sheridan, Gerry A., 1995 (Terry)	Swiss Cottage, Newtown, Waterford. (051 870847/Office: 051 372891)	<i>Finavarra</i>
Siggins, Brian, 1985 (-)	Tyrone, Kilcolgan, Co Galway. (/Office: 091 51706)	<i>MegaHertz</i>
Simms, Robin J. A., 1969 (Nan)	80 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (028 9147 3563)	<i>Ausoba</i>
Sisk, H. B., 1973 (Rosemarie)	Waterstown House, Sallins, Co Kildare. (045 876268/Office: 409 1600)	<i>Moonstream</i>
Slater, Ronnie, 1977 (-)	39 Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co Down, BT19 1LB. (852373)	
Slevin, James, 1986 (-)	Arenal, The Mall, Ballyshannon, Co Donegal. (51379/Office: 072 51177)	<i>Tandara</i>
Smith, Noel T., 1998 (Helen)	Lyndhurst, St Vincents Road, Greystones, Co Wicklow. (287 4583/Office: 679 1201)	
Smullen, Brian P., 1968 (-)	33 Leeson Park, Dublin 6. (280 6729/Office: 660 5011)	<i>Laragh</i>
# Smullen, John D., 1961 (Helen)	11 Connolly Square, Bray, Co Wicklow. (286 2679)	<i>Cuilaun (PO)</i>
Smullen, John A., 1987 (-)	Seaview, Corrig Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (280 7296/Office: 288 8847)	
Smyth, Francis G., 1979 (-)	30 Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co Down, BT22 2RX. (028 4278 8214)	
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 (-)	Ballagilley Cottage, Maughhold, 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 (-)	4 Greggs Quay, Belfast BT5 4GQ. (01232 454461)	<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 A., 1964 (Clodagh)	22 Baring Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks, HP9 2NE.	<i>Morene</i>
Stevenson, John C., 1984 (-)	Ardmore, 1 Seaforth Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HV. (028 9147 2779)	
# 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)	
Stokes, Mandy, 1997 (Patrick)	The Coach House, 16 Wellington Road, Cork. (021 504551/Office: 021 277622)	
Stott, Andrew R., 1992 (-)	9 Ferry View Cottages, World's End, Kinsale, Co Cork. (087 2312036)	
# 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. (01247 870265/Office: 01232 669537)	<i>Pascal</i>
* Thornhill, Christopher J.H. (Commodore RCC) (2000)	55 St. Charles Square, London W10 6EN (0181 969 1736)	<i>Sai Sae (PO)</i>
Taplin, David M. R., 1986 (-)	Faculty of Engineering, Central Queensland Univ., Gladstone Marina, Gladstone Qld 4680, Australia. (07 4970 7322)	
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 Shrine</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, 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)	
Traynor, Frank, 1985 (-)	34 Rathdown Park, Terenure, Dublin 6.	<i>Sea Maiden</i>
Tucker, Brian A., 1985 (-)	"Carrick", Baily, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 3690/Office: 453 0178)	
Tucker, David E, 2000 (Meta)	Coonlocken House, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 772468/Office: 021 702122)	<i>Intrigue</i>
Turvey, Desmond E., 1980 (-)	2 Abbey Terrace, Cuan na Mara, Abbey Street, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 4241/Office: 676 3914)	
Tyrrell, Aidan, 1971 (-)	Adelaide Cottage, Adelaide Place, Gardiners Hill, Cork. (021 508419)	
Tyrrell, Dr. Declan G., 1985 (Margaret)	Hillside, The Hill, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (280 0362)	
Villiers-Stuart, Gary, 1992 (-)	Burnlaw, Whitfield, Hexham, NE47 8HF. (01434 345349/Office: 01434 632692)	<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>
# Villiers-Stuart, James, 1961 (-)	Dromna, Cappoquin, Co Waterford. (024 96144)	<i>Arctic Tern</i>
Virden, Jonathan, 1968 (Joy)	The Court Lodge, Yalding, Kent, ME18 6HX. (01622 814509)	<i>Twayblade</i>
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)	
# 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>Carrigdoun</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>Strathspey (PO)</i>
Watson, Patricia, 1966 (-)	29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2472)	
Watson, Richard R., 1962 (-)	29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 2472)	<i>Ursula</i>
Watson, William R., 1979 (Barbara)	5901 Sun Blvd. #202, St. Petersburg, FL 33715, USA. (727 864 9802)	<i>Strathspey (PO)</i>
Webb, Michael J., 1986 (Ruth)	c/o Willingham, House Stud, Brinkley, Newmarket CB8 0SW. (01 638 507 530)	<i>Moondrifter</i>
Wheeler, Edwin M., 1975 (-)	The Riggins, Greenpark, Dunshaughlin, Co Meath. (256643)	<i>Witchcraft of Howth (PO)</i>
Whelan, Geoffrey F., 1985 (Valerie)	The Stables, Nashville Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (832 3536/Office: 677 7532)	<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>
Whelan, Michael J., 1985 (Maureen)	51 Mount Street, London, W1Y 5RE. (0171 491 4860/Fax: 0171 495 2544)	<i>Maunie</i>
Whelan, Patrick, 1980 (-)	Wellington Mews, 9A Patricks Hill, Cork. (021 501966)	
Whelehan, Harold, 1979 (-)	Treetops, Claremont Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (8324139)	<i>Witchcraft of Howth (PO)</i>
Whitaker, D. Mark, 1991 (-)	13 Manor Orchard, Thornbury View, Rochestown, Cork. (021 362773)	
Whitaker, David J., 1988 (Valerie)	Ashkirk, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 292542/Office: 021 273295)	
White, Derek F, 1999 (Vivienne)	The Mallard, 4 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Co Down BT30 7LP. (028 4488 1580/Office: 028 4488 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 747 3817)	<i>Joyster</i>
Williams, J. David, 1984 (Ena)	24 Middle Road, Sainfield, 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>
* Wright, Nick, Commodore CCC, 2000 (Marwyn)	11 Brackenrig Crescent, Waterfoot, Glasgow G76 0HF. (0141 644 4253)	
Wylie, Ian E., 1971 (-)	Flat 1, 2 Clanbrassil Terrace, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0AP. (028 9042 1515)	

List of Yachts

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
Aeolus	D Beattie	8	Sloop F. 1974	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
Alakush	M.J. Guinness	20	Sloop F. 1985	Rob Humphreys	Sovereign 400
Alannah	J. Crebbin	12	Ketch F. 1979	A. Buchanan	Neptunian 33
Alchemist	D & N Sheil	6	Sloop F. 1978	L Giles	Westerly Centaur
Alpara	M Stokes		Sloop F.	M Dufor	Dufor 35
Alphida of Howth	H.E.O'C. Byrne	14.4	Sloop F. 1986	Jacques Fauroux	Jeanneau Sunrise 34
Alys	D. Park	11	Sloop F. 1984	David Sadler	Sadler 34
An Giall	D & E O'Boyle		Sloop F.	Alex Primrose	Moody 33
Andromeda	S. Gray	4	Sloop W. 1962	Johan Hanker	Dragon
Anita	B. Cassidy		G. Sloop W.	Howth 17 O.D.	
Ann Again	B. & E. Cudmore		Sloop F. 1991	G. R. Dumas	
Anolis	H.M. McMordie	15	Ketch W. 1900	E.H. Hamilton	Jeanneau Voyage 12.5
Aoibhneas	M O'Gallagher	9.6			
Aoife	R O'Toole	11.6	Sloop F. 1978	John Sharp	Dolphin 31
Arawak	T. Fitzpatrick		Sloop F. 1985	Brown Bros.	Ruffian 8.5
Arctic Fern	J Gore-Grimes		Sloop F. 1998	Najad	440
Arctic Tern	J. Villiers-Stuart	11	Sloop F. 1982	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
Ardnaghee	J. Nixon	15	Sloop F. 1980	Ron Holland	Swan 371
Areté	T. Toher	10.4	Sloop F. 1977	Laurent Giles	Westerly Berwick 31
Ariadne	A. G. Leonard		Sloop F. 2000	Stephen Jones	Starlight 35
Armorique	S & J Nairn		Sloop F. 1984	Vaton/Roseo	Kelt 850
Askari	P O'Sullivan	7.6	Sloop F. 1979	Sadler	Frigate 27
Atlantic Island	F McCarthy		Ketch F. 1980	Walter Raynor	Atlantic Power Ketch
Awbeg Venture	D J Sheil	12	Ketch F. 1978	Dufour	Mirage 37
Baily of Howth	M.J. Hall	33	Ketch F. 1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 46
Ballyclare	D F White		Sloop F. 1976	Finot	Fastnet 34
Beagle	N. Hegarty	8	Sloop F. 1978	D. Thomas	Impala
Benbow	J M Wolfe		Motor Sailer F. 1979	Colin Mudie	Hardy 20
Bibi	P. Osterberg		Sloop W. 1960	B. Bringsvaerd	BB11
Big Boots	D. Greenhalgh	15	Sloop F. 1976	D. Peterson	Contessa 35
Bonanza	A. Gore-Grimes		Sloop F. 1979	D. Thomas	Impala
Boomerang	K. Christie		Sloop W. 1955	Laurent Giles	Brittany
Boru	B CDalton		1985		Nauticat 36
Brandon Rose	B O'Callaghan		Sloop F. 1988	Martin Sadler	Sadler 34
Buskateer	M. Craughwell	12	Sloop F. 1988	Ed Dubois	Westerly Falcon
Busy Bee	J. Ley/A. Ley	10	Sloop F. 1990	J. Berret	Beneteau First 32s5
Caelan of Strangford	B Black		Cutter/ketch F. 1973	Luders	
Capella of Kent	D.J. MacAuley	16	Sloop W. 1964	A. Buchanan	Aux
Capercaillie	J.W. Clow	24	Bmu ketch F. 1978	Nicholson	Nicholson 48
Caprice	W B Lyster	16	Sloop F. 1995	German Frers	Hallberg-Rassy 39
Capsicum	W. O'Mahony	5	Sloop F. 1980	D. Thomas	Hunter Impala
Cara of Quoile	P. Gillespie	7	Sloop F. 1972	Van de Stadt	Contest 33
Caranja	J. Menton	22	Sloop F. 1981	A. Primrose	Moody 40
Carna	J. Currie	10	Sloop F. 1980	Ed Dubois	Westerly Konsort
Carrigdoun	W. Walsh	22	Sloop F. 1981	Philippe Briand	Sun Fizz 40
Casares	N Walsh	11	Sloop F. 1979	Michael Dufour	Dufour 34
Cavatina	D. O'Flynn	11	Ketch F. 1990	J.A. Bennet	Colvic 31
Ceneraa	G. Coad	15	Ketch W. 1973	R. Freeman	One off
Cephas	F.M. Eves		Sloop F. 1985	Du Bois	Westerly Corsair
Changeling	K.J. Jameson	15	Sloop F. 1989	D. Thomas	Sigma 38
Clarebelle	P J & C O'Mahony	17	Sloop F. 1999	Groupe Finot	Beneteau 40 C.C.
Coco	A Doherty		1985		Jeanneau Sun Fizz
Colla Voce	P. Lavelle	6	Cutter F. 1982	R. Harris	Vancouver 27
Cu Two	S Barnes		Ketch F. 1989	Sparkman & Stevens	Nauticat 42
Cuchulain	M. O'Farrell	11	Sloop F. 1971	P. Brett	Rival 32
Cuillaun	B. Smullen/M. O'Flaherty	28	Ketch W. 1970	G.T. McGruer	
Cuillin	B. Black		Sloop F.	Holman & Pye	UFO 34
Dalua	A. Stott	16	Sloop F. 1988	Holman & Pye	Rustler 36
Daydream	J & P Cunningham		Sloop F. 1989	Van de Stadt	Dehler 36 CWS
Deerhound	C.A. Chapman	28	Ketch F. 1970	Ted Hood	Hood 50
Delphin	L. Conway	12.3	Sloop F. 1976	R. Holland	Nicholson 345
Deucalion	G. McCann	15	Sloop F. 1983	D Thomas	Sigma 41
Dom Perignon	A Stokes		Sloop F. 1970	L. Giles	Salar 40
Doran Glas	P. Horan	11	Sloop F. 1980	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35

Dulcibella	N.J. Kidney	7	Sloop F. 1980	Ed Dubois	Westerly Griffon
Dundrum	J. Irwin	15	Sloop W. 1967	McGruer	
Eblana	A. Dunn	14	Sloop F. 1989	Bill Dixon	Moody Eclipse 33
Elgin	M O'Rahilly		Lugger F. 1999	Nigel Irens	Romilly
Elysium	W.T. Rea/B Keane	7	Sloop F. 1988	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
Eoin Rua	K.J. MacLaverty	5	Sloop W. 1964	Tord Sunden	Folkboat
Erquy	C.P. McHenry	11	Sloop F. 1980	Nicholson	Nicholson 31
Estrellita	S. Fergus	16	Sloop F. 1979	J. Cisiers	Noray 38
Euphanzel	G D Crisp		Bermudan W. 1938	A Milne	Dublin Bay 24
Evolution II	T. Dunphy/G. Whelan	12	Sloop F. 1987	P Briand	First 345
Excuse Me	E Crosbie		Fractional F. 1998	X 332	
Family's Pride	R G Monson		Ketch W. 1932	Fife Ring Nettier	
Fastnet Dancer	V. O'Farrell	20	Cutter F. 1991	German Frers	Hallberg Rassy 45
Faustina II	A & J.Clementson		Cutter F. 1991	Chuck Payne	Bowman 40
Fiacra	P. Bourke	6	Sloop F. 1979	L Giles	Westerly Centaur
Fianne	D.M. Dwyer		Sloop F. 1979	A. Primrose	Moody 39
Fidem III	G. Hawthorn	15	Sloop F.	A. Primrose	Moody 36
Final Fling	F D Martin		Sloop F. 2000	Bruce Farr	First 40.7
Finavarra	F. Sheridan		Sloop F. 1980	R. Holand	Nicholson 345
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Freycinet	G J O'Connor		Sloop F. 1995	Bill Dixon	Moody 44
Gauntlet	P Bunting		Sloop F. 1988	D Sadlier	Contessa 32
Gay Gannet	L. Sheil	7	Sloop W. 1963	C.R. Holman	Sterling
Golden Harvest	M.H. Snell	16	Sloop F. 1974	Giles	Bowman 40/Giles 38
Golden Nomad	A. Aston	7	Ketch F. 1981	R. Dongrey	Pilot Trader
Greenheart	M B & A Balmforth	18	Bermudan F. 1999	David Alan-Williams	Dawn 39
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Growthiger	E.P. Byrne	6	Sloop F. 1978	L Giles/C. Hawkins	GK 24
Gwili 3	A McCarter		Sloop F. 1997	Stephen Jones	Sadler Starlight 35
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Halloween	A. Pearson		Sloop 1971	Squib	
Happy Return	F J Rogerson	5	Sloop W. 1965	Holman	Stella
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Jomora	A A Robertson		Ketch F. 1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35
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Melisande	D. Lynch		Sloop W. 1965	Johan Hanker	Dragon
Merette	J Kidney		Sloop F. 1998	Johan Hanker	Dragon
Misaja	Lord & Lady Cooke		Sloop F. 1972	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 32 Mk X
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Nicu	P. Ryan		Sloop F. 1976	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 31
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Saki	P.J. McCormack	11	Sloop F. 1979	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 31
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Samantha	P. Morek	5	G. Cutter 1978	Roger Dongray	
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THE CHALLENGE CUP AWARDS

Every year the Flag Officers appoint an Adjudicator to award the Challenge Cup Awards.

The Challenge Cup Awards are:—



THE FAULKNER CUP

THE CLUBS PREMIER AWARD



THE FORTNIGHT CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE UNDERTAKEN
IN A MAXIMUM OF 16 DAYS



THE STRANGFORD CUP

FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE



**THE ROUND IRELAND
NAVIGATION CUP**

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



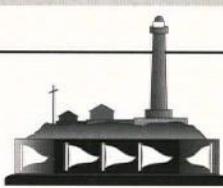
THE WYBRANT CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE IN SCOTTISH
WATERS



THE FINGAL CUP

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



THE ROCKABILL TROPHY

FOR A CRUISE WHICH INVOLVES AN
EXCEPTIONAL FEAT OF NAVIGATION
AND/OR SEAMANSHIP



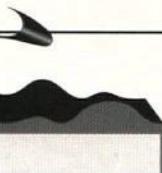
THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY

FOR THE BEST CRUISE IN IRISH WATERS



THE GULL SALVER

FOR THE IRISH BOAT BEST PLACED
OVERALL IN THE FASTNET RACE



THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

FOR THE BEST OPEN SEA PASSAGE
WITH PORT TO PORT AT LEAST 1000
MILES



THE PERRY GREER BOWL

FOR THE BEST FIRST ICC LOG



THE WILD GOOSE CUP

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



THE JOHN B KEARNEY CUP

FOR AN OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION TO
IRISH SAILING



THE WRIGHT SALVER

AWARDED BY THE NORTHERN
COMMITTEE



**THE WATERFORD HARBOUR
CUP**

AWARDED BY THE SOUTHERN
COMMITTEE



THE DONEGAN MEMORIAL CUP

AWARDED BY THE EASTERN COMMITTEE



THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

AWARDED BY THE WESTERN COMMITTEE



Fine sailing in mid-Atlantic
on board *Asgard II*, en route from the
2000 Tall Ships rally in Boston and New York.

Photo: Michael Coleman