

Corsica to South Italy

Bernard Corbally

It was a glorious windless sunny Mediterranean day when Ann Woulfe Flanagan (ICC), Andrea & Paget McCormack (ICC) joined *Beowulf* in Toga Marina (Bastia, N.Corsica) on Wednesday 22nd Sept. Although the old town was attractive, our marina was not an enticing place to spend time, and we departed for Elba (38M.) at 08.30 the next day.

We motored all the way in negligible wind. Except for some freighter dodging, it was an uneventful passage. Portoferraio was a most impressive sight, with a massive fortress on the top of a hill, as we approached the marina. We were met by a launch and guided into a town-side berth. We had arrived in a delightful and historic place with colourful buildings and enticing shops and restaurants lining the quayside. There was just enough time for us to walk up to the 16th century citadel and enjoy the panoramic views of the harbour before it began to get dark.

The barometer had dropped 10 points on Wednesday morning and there were dark menacing clouds in the sky. After an interesting visit to Napoleon's house, we enjoyed terraced green hill scenery as we motored round Cabo Del La Vita to Porto Azzuro (14M.). There was plenty of space on the outside of a pontoon on the east side of the harbour as we arrived at 14.30. This was another fabulous location overlooked by another 16th century citadel. A taxi brought us to the rather basic Villa Napoleonica di San Martino up in the hills above Portoferraio. The impressive modern museum building, just below it, provided a much more interesting visit. L'Osteria dei Quattro Gatti (Tel. 0565-95240) provided us with a delicious dinner and introduced us to the excellent Elba Bianco 2003 wine.

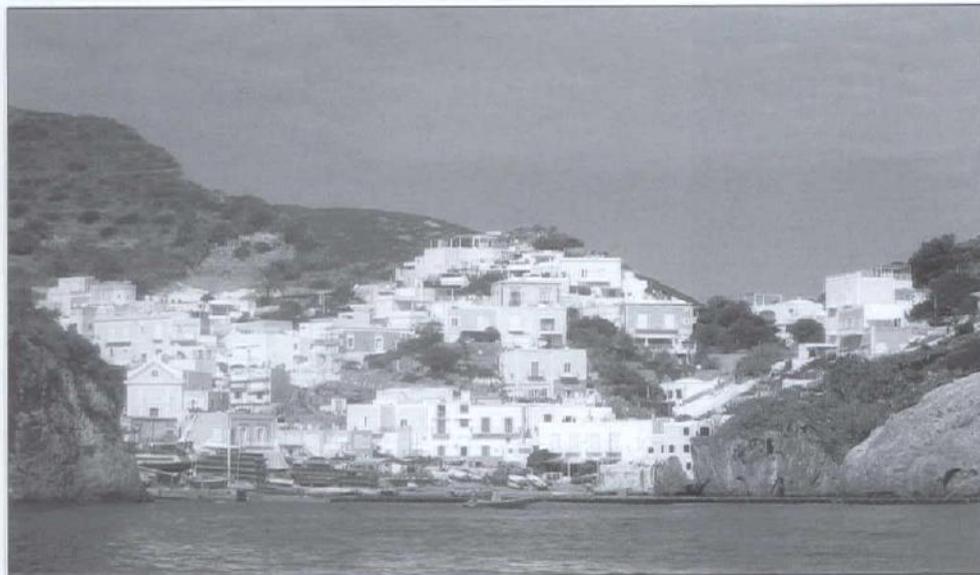
We were underway at 08.00 on Saturday morning, heading SW for Isola Del Giglio (33M.), where we had been told that

there was now a small marina with visitor's berths in the harbour. An NNE F.7 gave us an exhilarating sail at 8k+ under a clear blue sky. We shot into Giglio Harbour on the crest of a wave. The place was crowded with no obvious free space on the pontoons. Manoeuvring space was very limited in the strong wind and we moved out promptly. We headed for Marina Cala Galera (15M.) on the mainland, where we were met by a launch and firmly told that the marina was completely full. We then approached Porto Ercole, which was also full. However, we were told that we could anchor in the protected harbour. We were delighted by our location with hill forts on both sides of rather hidden narrow entry to the harbour. We were unable to find any marina or harbour master offices ashore. We were fortunate to be able to book into El Pirata Restaurant on a Saturday night.

We weighed anchor at 08.00 on Sunday and were soon bowling along at 7k. under genoa only. Coastal scenery was flat and uninteresting, with rolling low hills in the background, as we headed for Riva di Triano (30M.). There was no free space on the arrivals pontoon, so we moored at the far end of the fuel berth and hoped that it was unlikely to be busy in the current strong wind. We were moved into a proper berth after the siesta. The marina was very well set up with excellent facilities and an arched shopping mall all round the front. It is very convenient for visiting Rome with a direct bus service from the gate.

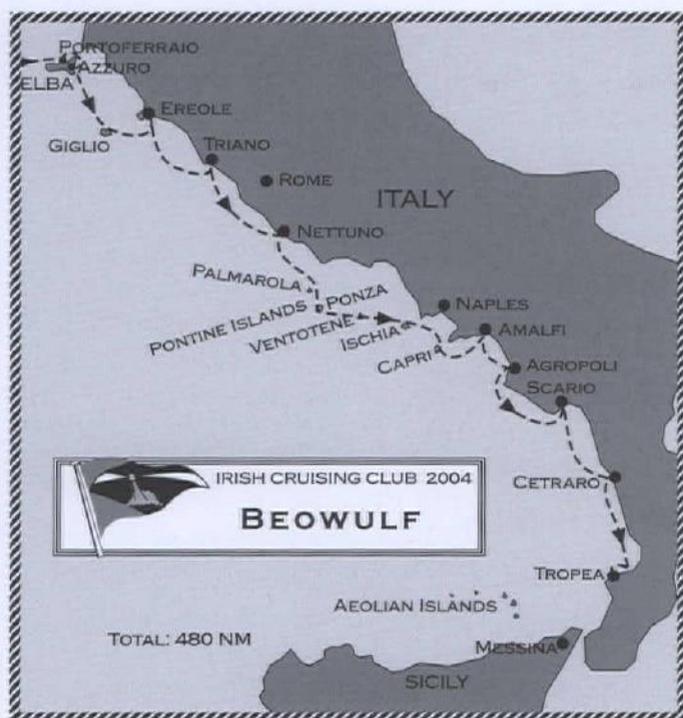
We were still enjoying clear blue skies and a pleasant temperature as we headed for Anzio (52M.) on Monday morning. The wind had dropped to N.F4. The barometer had dropped 4 points overnight and Ann drew our attention to the anvil shaped clouds on the horizon. At 14.25, the wind suddenly veered to SW.F3 and we were obliged to motor. When we attempted to enter Anzio, which has a reputation for silting, we encountered very shallow water and were unable to find a deeper channel. Also, a sizable gin palace was obviously in trouble attempting to enter just ahead of us. It was a prudent decision to move across the little bay to Nettuno marina, which has 850 berths. There were no visitors berths available on the east side of the entry. We accepted an offer of a raft-up berth just inside the entry on the west side. The marina is located under a lovely old walled village, with a sizable town behind it. The recommended Ristorante Il Veliero (Tel.0698-80354) served us an excellent fish dinner.

Our barometer was up again on Tuesday and the wind was negligible as we set forth for the Pontine Islands (37M.) at 07.30 on Tuesday. The wind was building up



Ponza (Pontine Islands).

Photo: Bernard Corbally



from the NNE and dark menacing clouds were very much in evidence at 11.30. At 12.00 we were subjected to a 180 degree wind change with a considerable increase in strength. We passed between Il. di Palmarola and Ponza to enjoy the fascinating rock formations on Palmarola and to get a closer look at the off-lying stacks. Having rounded close to the south of Ponza, we headed up the east coast to Ponza Harbour, enjoying some fabulous rocky cliff scenery en route. The pontoons in the harbour were lifted for the winter, but there was a large protected area for anchoring. We had a very picturesque panoramic view all around us, with the colourful houses of the village decorating a hillside and islands on the sea side. A local bus brought us to the NE of the island and dropped us off at a scenic view-point overlooking Cala Gaetana. Steep steps brought us down to a rocky beach for a swim. The skipper collided with an unseen marine beast, which clung to his forehead and stung him quite painfully. It then bit his thumb when he snatched it away. Maybe it was a small octopus. We were grateful to the crew of *Santureza*, one of the other ten yachts anchored in the harbour, for their recommendation to eat in Antonio's restaurant on the waterfront.

We enjoyed a fabulous red-ball sunrise as we reluctantly departed from this beautiful island at 07.00 on Thursday. Again there was no wind and we motored all the way to Il d'Ischia, calling in at Cala Rossano marina on Isola Ventotene, where there was loads of mooring space both on the breakwater and on pontoons. We decided to keep going as we were anxious to get a good berth in the busy Porto d'Ischia. The marina was pretty full, with no obvious free berths. However, we found a

marina attendant ashore, who directed us to a berth next to the busy excursion boat terminal. A taxi brought us to the La Mortella Gardens, where we spent a delightful three hours. We met Lady Walton in the garden café and were able to congratulate her on such a fabulous creation. The charming, English speaking, Amadeo provided us with an excellent dinner in the packed La Pantera Ristorante on the waterfront (superb steaks!).

There was still no wind on Friday as we motored out to Capri (20M.). We took a vacant berth on the visitor's pontoon just inside the harbour entrance on the east side and booked for two days. An awesome high cliff towered up above the marina and there was an impressive view of mountains on the other side. It was an extremely busy harbour with ferryboats queuing up for a berth and a steady stream of little tourist boats coming and going. We seemed to be experiencing a perpetual wash! A funicular railway brought us up to Capri Town, which was packed with tourists and delegates attending a high profile conference. It was a delightful place to visit and the panoramic views were most photogenic. A visit to the blue grotto was mandatory, but we were not very impressed. Aubrey and Judy Millard, *Veleda IV* joined us for drinks on board and provided us with lots of local touring information.

The sky was overcast as we set forth for Amalfi (21M.) on Saturday. Fortunately it had cleared up by the time we had reached Pta. Campanella and we were able to enjoy some of the most beautiful colourful cliff scenery that we had yet seen, with forts perched on mountain peaks in the background. We drifted off Positano for a swim and again further down the coast in order to enjoy a leisurely lunch with a superb panoramic view of the coastline. We were hugely impressed by Amalfi with its old colourful buildings spread up the hillside and mountains in the background. A friendly English speaking man intercepted us as we approached the harbour and guided us to his pontoon right up at the top, where all warps were conveniently provided. We were told later that tying up inside the breakwater was free, but with no services! The old town was most attractive, with lots of narrow streets and enticing flights of steps leading up the hill. After a very interesting visit to the 10th century Sant Andria cathedral, we climbed hundreds of steps up to the very impressive Chiostro del Paradiso multi-arched building, which



Portoferraio (Elba).

Photo: Bernard Corbally



The waterfront at Scario.

Photo: Bernard Corbally

houses the tombs of prominent citizens. We enjoyed a delicious Pizza dinner in San Giuseppe Restaurant.

All three of us were sad to leave beautiful Amalfi on Sunday morning to head for Agropoli (27M.). We were waved onto a visitor's pontoon in the small marina as soon as we arrived, where water and electricity was provided (no shore facilities were open). Mooring inside the breakwater was free. Although the medieval village rising up the hillside looked attractive at a distance, the place was pretty grotty with graffiti everywhere. However, it is a convenient harbour for visiting the 6th century BC ruins at Paestum, which we did in the marina attendant's car. We had been unable to find a bus or taxi. We spent about three hours wandering about this most interesting historic site and were particularly impressed by the well preserved pillared temples of Neptune and Nero. Dinner in Hotel Carola was reminiscent of "Faulty Towers"!

We eased our way out of Agropoli at 07.30 and headed for Scario (48M.). The coastal scenery was mostly colourful cliffs with low mountain ranges in the background. There were plenty of watch tower ruins, intriguing caves and the odd hill-top fort to hold our interest as we hugged the coastline. A school of porpoises kept us entertained for about twenty

minutes and provided a photographic challenge to Ann and Andrea. We chose a delightful anchorage just east of Pta. Dei Gariglio to stop for a swim, lunch and a siesta. It was almost dark when we moored free inside the breakwater of the tiny Marina Di Scario (only five small local yachts in the place). The harbour and village, with its mountain backdrop, are reputed to be one of the most delightful places in the gulf. It was a real picture post card sort of place and we were delighted to be there. Beers in a waterfront café were a most pleasant experience.

A lone fisherman was casting his line off the breakwater when we made our morning bread run

before setting out for Cetraro (40M.). Visibility was not good and we could barely see the mountains behind the coastline and the small villages dispersed along the shore. We were glad to arrive in Cetraro harbour, where we found, what looked like, a marina under construction. Having been forewarned about silting problems, we made a very cautious approach in depths not less than 4m. and berthed just inside the northwest marina breakwater. There were no services or facilities nor any sign of an office. Eventually a man arrived on a motorbike and asked for €20, but he could well have been a chancer! We barbecued lamb chops for dinner.

There was nothing attractive about Cetraro and we were glad to be on our way to Vibo Valentia (51M.) at 07.00 on Thursday. It was a cloudless windless day although we did enjoy some sunny periods and got in about two hours sailing. We topped up with fuel on arrival before approaching Marina Stella Del Sur (one of two marinas in the harbour) for a berth. The price was only €10 and the facilities were quite good. A lot of yachts were booked in for the winter. We enjoyed an excellent dinner in Ristorante Piano Bar L'Approdo.

We happily moved to Tropea Marina on Friday morning, where we had arranged to leave the yacht for the winter. We are absolutely delighted with the marina, which is very new and well set up, and with the location, which is fabulous with a fascinating old town at the top of 200 steps and beaches on both sides. Impressive mountains form a lovely backdrop.

In fifteen days we had covered 480M. and visited seventeen places without any problems, just pure enjoyment. With such a jolly and experienced crew, we felt that we were ready for just about anything. A couple days of F7 winds provided some exhilarating sailing, but we had to do a lot of motoring under a windless clear blue sky, which really was not too painful. The west coast of Italy, with its beautiful offshore islands and delightfully friendly people, is certainly a superb place to cruise and we look forward to being back.



"The Watch Keepers". Ann Woulfe-Flanagan (ICC) and Andrea McCormack. Photo: Bernard Corbally

Inside almost everything

Wallace Clark

RE-VISITING THE CONNACHT ISLANDS ...

Agivey is a 32 foot Colvic centre-cockpit ketch and her first crew were Terry Magowan (ICC), Kate and Keith Magowan. She slipped from Coleraine Marina at 5am on Saturday 19th May for a weekend feeder trip – 120 miles to Killybegs. Slow going at first, as the wind was west. After passing inside the Garvan Islands we met the usual patternless swell off Malin Head. This lasted a mile west of the land, then the long Atlantic rollers delayed us more.

Short stop at 16.20 in Toberglassan Bay, Inishbofin, to rest from the motion and await a fair tide. The clean sandy bottom of this favourite spot received the first delivery of a CQR by our new SL electric winch; it was to prove a great benefit.

17.20: sailed away. Minor tide rip at west exit – stream here must turn west earlier than in main Tory Sound.

An uncomfortable passage inside Inishdoeey and round Bloody Foreland. Hook down inside Inishsirr at about 7 pm – the half way point. The main surprise on the island was some evidence of preparations to repair the slip, currently in total collapse. The islanders who still own all the property and several houses, occupied in summer, will be the beneficiaries. One hopes that mains electricity will be brought in soon, as with the more southerly Rosses. A mass of bluebells and primroses greeted us. Duck rose from the brackish lake, a major feature of three acres or so which drains south below the steep ascent to the ridge where the houses are grouped. My partly bending leg was a handicap among the grass tussocks but the supporting hand of Katy more than compensated. We looked into kitchens with only rafters between them and the sky and sheds containing fishing gear and cattle drenches. Perhaps before long several will be re-inhabited.

Keith showed his professional skill by cooking a tasty steak dinner which Terry and I consumed with Merlot and Port by candle-light in the cockpit. We were sober enough for a 6 am start, while the young 'uns slept in the after cabin. Flat calm motoring inside Maan, Gola, Rabbit Rock and Owey But then it had to be outside Aranmore. We felt disappointed that we had no time to pay our respects to Frank Dinsmore on Rutland. He keeps a benevolent register of passing shipping and visits to his family are always fun. But it would have taken all day and we had only a half one left.

High swell outside Torneady Point and still no wind, so wild rolling. I privately wondered how the new stainless steel fuel tank and its leads would stand up to this,

but the BMC kept going and all was well. Tribute to excellent installation by old *Agivey* hands, Willie McIlvenna and Stephen Clark.

Acres, literally, of unbroken yellow tide foam consisting of bubbles as big as ostrich eggs lay off the NW point. I've noted the same thing at least twice before and wonder why it happens here. Some swirl of current, I suppose but how does it just sit there?

A long dull slog 20 miles to Malinbeg gave Terry and I a chance to catch up on sleep. Then at last a fair wind and swell under a blue sky east to Killybegs.

Captain Patsy Kelly the Harbour Master was most helpful and found us a buoy in the small yacht area inside the Black Pier west of the main fish landing area.

Killybegs has lost its traditional smell of fish as all the catch handling is via stainless steel into freezers. But its inhabitants are as helpful as ever. Its tiers of narrow winding streets are reminiscent of Cornish ports like Fowey.

Cruising in Connacht

Ten days later, May 28th, Ricky Butler, Graham Kane and I sailed south. This after a helpful service to our VHF by a man from Mooneys who have a team of fitters and a vast stock of everything electronic.

The first leg to windward across Donegal Bay was slow. But Nephin, one of my favourite landmarks, gradually rose from the southern shore and guided us into Kilcummin. It was guarded by none of the expected salmon nets but a maze of lobster pot buoys enforced a slalom approach.



Sliabh League beach. Favourite beach for rock dodgers – suntrap at base of Sliabh League, Donegal. Inaccessible by land.

We anchored a bit south of local moorings and in spite of gusts of south wind had a restful night. Next afternoon was spent heading west.

I was tempted to attempt a passage inside the lovely green cone of Illaunmaster – Ancient sketches make the channel look like the Corinth Canal – but I chickened out as swell a bit too high – and no soundings are available.

Many puffins seen nesting on grassy slopes – a tribute to good preservation by Irish Wild Life Trust – we saw hardly any further west.

Thought we'd make Portacloy or Broadhaven for the night, then as swell eased decided to push on. So Terry did an acrobatic strong man act by topping up fuel tank in trying conditions. He didn't spill a drop. Brilliant light on rocks as we rounded Erris Head and inside Eagle Island.

And so we got to Frenchport.

There our four foot draft and the rising tide allowed us to go alongside the low pier. A small crowd greeted us but not Frank Lavelle, one time King of Inishkea, who was so good to Paul Campbell and me on several visits. He is on the farther shore now. But there was Jack Hawkins who regaled us with 'tales of a lightkeeper'. Eagle used to be relieved from rocky Scotchport by four man curragh – this meant it was often impossible. Keepers did four weeks on followed by two weeks ashore.

'You could say goodbye to Christmas if you went out there in November', he recalled. Black Rock was boring nothing to do except the light and hardly room to walk around. On Eagle there was the radio beacon and Loran with which to keep occupied.

Next two days were spent exploring the Inishkeas with an intermediate call at Blacksod Pier. Vincent Sweeney was most helpful with showers for us all and communications. His brother Ted who was Irish Lights when we there in *Aileach*, is now driving the Galway University Marine Research ship.

My cousin, Ros Harvey joined here and added to the craic with her zest for art and adventure. She wandered off solo on Inishkea South over a carpet of golden flowers to get photographs as a basis for later pastels. One house there has been neatly restored; others are all roofless.

The dinghy four up, but all wearing lifejackets, skilfully driven by Ricky with his Two HP Yamaha then took us to the north island – we marvelled at Columba's chapel, pregnant with religious fervour, and then tried to work out which house contained the 'Inn', shown on my 1950 Bartholemew map. You'd wait along time for a drink there now!

Why did the south island get a pier, which we were able to lie alongside near high water, while the north island with its Inn and Church got none?

We climbed what must be the largest kitchen midden ever and saw carved stones and traces of the dyeworks which used whelks as pigment. Ricky found a wheatear's nest, freshly built in the walls of a sunken dwelling. A rare sight – they are usually well hidden.

The storm beach on the south facing shore yielded many a trophy. My choice was a stormy petrel carcass with its exquisite wings intact – rest picked clean by a predator. Was it a blackback gull or hungry hawk?

We anchored off the east end of Inish Glora and landed over leg-breaking boulders. The better place to get ashore is halfway along the southern shore at the waist of the island. St Brendan's stony bed reeked of petrel oil – I'm sure that most daring sailor Saint would have thoroughly approved having such far ranging birds purring under his bunk. But the duplex beehive hut and other antiquities looked untidy and neglected.

Arriving at Clare Island is always exciting. In early June 2004 the good ship *Agivey* came in from the NW after getting quite a dusting off Achill Head.

Memories of previous visits came over me in waves – literally – in gaff rigged *Zamorin* in 1952, *Caru* 1953, *Wild Goose* hot foot before a gale from Achillbeg, *Aileach* galley under oars in 1992.

The big jumble off the Head made the lee provided by 1500 foot Knockmore doubly welcome. The sea flattened enough for tea to be brewed and a noon balloon of rum to be served.

'Salmon cages, eight or ten of 'em!', was a surprised cry from the lookout at Capnagower. There they were as large as life but not easy to make out against the land.

As we rounded Kinacorra Head the peaceful harbour we'd been expecting wasn't there. Instead was a gridlock of barges, ferries, tenders and curraghs in a sweat of disorganised activity. Local lobster boats and fish farm tenders lay at moorings in a zigzag row. A floating crane was driving piles for the new deep water pier.

The length of piles needed to reach rock was deeper than expected so new ones had been delivered. Now it was all go-go to be finished for the holiday season.

Tourism had taken charge. For all the lack of space we were guided in, found a berth alongside the inner pier, helped to tie up and care taken to see our warps would not be interfered with by passing dumpers and tractors. Island people were as kind as ever.

We had a memorable dinner that night in Chris O'Grady's Hotel. This had happy memories, for Chris found bunks for the entire galley crew in June 1992.

McCabe's famous pub seemed to have changed its nature to that of a hotel. It was there that a crew of gentlemen arrived at dusk one warm summer evening in dinner jackets, having sailed out from Clew Bay on an impulse and an east wind.

'Stoneys, begob and who else could it be', Paddy McCabe was heard to shout back to his wife from an upstairs window. And of course he found them refreshments and bunks. We'll hear more about that sporting family when visiting their private base in the next chapter.

Clare Island excels firstly by its location, artistically sited in the mouth of Clew.

'Like mother duck guarding her ducklings' was a comment. Some Duck!

Its exceptional height enabled O'Malley lookouts to pick out rival pirate galleys or deep-laden wine ships up to thirty miles away. A report galloped to Granuaile would lead to the guard ship being despatched for a swift interception.

For two nights we were so comfortable dried out alongside that it seemed a good idea to do the same at Inishturk. *Agivey* has three keels; the outer or bilge ones are six inches shorter than the main, so without support she heels along way over. Propped up here we were fine. The frequent ferry service enabled a change of crew. Ricky and Graham who'd worked the ship so well had to leave for home. Lewis and Melanie Purser, best of shipmates on past voyages to Scotland, Donegal and off her native Brittany, took over the aft cabin.

Caher. As we sailed southwest next day from Clare, a grey wedge on our bow grew gradually larger. It seemed at times to stand on a pedestal of foam, which boded ill for a landing. We knew that it was Caher. It ranks with Inishglora and Macdara's as the three holiest islands in Connacht. Fishermen traditionally dipped their sails in passing each and sent up a wee mouthful of prayer.

'We make reverence to the great God of all the powers and to St Patrick, the Wonder Worker'.

Looking at the increasing swell, I decided to ask for his help. This was traditionally Paddy's farthest visit west and I see no reason the doubt that he spent quite a lot of time there during his 27 year long mission.

An hour later as we neared Caher, St Patrick appeared to

have spoken – the tide had turned and the swell gone down. An orange buoy off Port a Temple with a bright new mooring rope attached seemed helpful, so we tethered *Agivey* and landed on a bouldery slope. It was covered in big winkles, of which I gathered a capful. Luckily for me no one else liked them.

In these mercenary days I half expected a fella to come rushing and charge us Euros for the mooring, and more for the winkles. But the only inhabitants were some under-sized sheep who cleared off, bored at our arrival.

A circular wall, five feet high but now broken in places forms a cashel about sixty feet in diameter. In the midst was the wee oratory, roofless but somehow endowed with special feeling. A few verdigrised coins and a child's toy kitten lay pathetically in a stone dish under the east window. Outside the east wall was St Patrick's Bed, a flat stone half covered in grass and mud.

'He must a been a wee man if he slept on that', said Lewis. But it felt magic to the touch.

Beside it was the altar laden with stones, some of special power to produce fair winds for friends, foul for enemies. I didn't handle those in case I got it wrong.

It was a lonesome and cheerless place on that grey 'saft' day, but a thousand years ago it buzzed with monkish activity. For the two centuries after 800 AD the community existed in constant terror of Viking raiders. Later by 1500 it was Algerine slavers. At other times after a harsh winter they were starving. Their faith must have been very strong.

We pushed on south, enriched a little by this special place.

Talking turkey

Inishturk is a way-out island. It seems to have mostly kept out of the main stream of the strife which has as so often brought bloodshed to the coast.

Approaching Turk from the south it looks high, with humps at either end and a nobbly ridge between. As you get nearer the village shows up white in the lee of the northern hill, then the harbour mouth can be discerned at the left hand end.

When we anchored *Caru* there in 1952 it had no cars, a hundred horses, a single exposed pier and lots of currachs. No ferry ran to Ireland, just a weekly link from Inishbofin. After we'd explored the tremendous cliffs Mrs O'Toole Peter had asked us into her cottage in the valley at the south end for a cup of tea. The sobriquet is important because three quarters of the population are O'Tooles.

Later Derek Hill the artist and I stayed the night with her. He planned paintings to match his wonderful works on Tory but never got back to do them.

Today Turk has no rabbits, no rats and no Gaelic spoken but a charm all of its own. Near the harbour are comfortable boarding houses, a District Nurse with a custom-built Health Centre, a brand new office for the Island Development Commission, a currach builder, and steps down to several beaches. For communications there is an illuminated helipad and two rival ferries a day to Roonagh.

An additional pier on the north side turns the harbour into a neat little box which recalls the wee ports of the isles off western Norway. The fishermen were helpful, vacating for us a berth where we could lie, propped against the inner buttress at low water. There in the morning it was the dawn chorus that awoke us; and all day the song of blackbird and thrush echoed off the cliff. The water at high tide showed a rare shade of bluey green.

Another 50 yard pier is to be built shortly to allow local boats to remain afloat in shelter. I hope it doesn't spoil the picturesque old fashioned inner basin. Keep a look out for James O'Tooles' book about Turk due out in a year or two. Judging from his interesting chat in the cockpit, you'll find in it

a lot about saintly connections. But there is still a lot to be discovered. An island need a bit of mystique to add to its charms and Inishturk has plenty.

A good general store lie up a western hill, open at noon and evening. Today chickens run over the road as they used to do on the mainland. It's the sheep that are wired in. Four racing currachs lie side by side on the slip awaiting challengers. The shebeen by the harbour has gone and the pub is a stiff pull, 600 feet up the roadway to the south. If you are not thirsty when you set out you're sure to be when you get there! The Guinness is excellent and we met the carver of decorative stones for the St. Columba graveyard, a strong silent ginger-haired man with roman nose and a woolly cap pulled down tight over his skull. Not a word did he say as his pint went smoothly down.

Terry, the Inishturk Development Organisation (098 45778) Officer came along and told us the community has risen from 70 to 85 in the last seven years. He was sending out invitations for a regatta for 19th July, an annual event that draws racing currachs from all over the west. So far yachts have not attended but if they did would get a great welcome and a cup to be won. It is silver and inscribed as the Inishturk Sailing Prize but no one remembers when it was last competed for. A lot of other events to stimulate industry and tourism are in hand.

It looks as if its a long time since Turk has had it so good. We rated it the most impressive island of the many we were lucky enough to visit that summer.

Two nights passed there comfortably tied to the crane on the pier. I sent a post card to a Dublin friend which caused a stir. Unable to read my writing he put it around that Wally was being 'dried out in the west'. Solicitous inquiries came along asking what it felt like and how one could get admitted.

Bofin

Inishbofin remains an island of exceptional beauty with winding lanes, heights and hollows and above all its roomy natural harbour. It is so well known to passing yachts that I need say little more.

The living time-warp is Mrs Margaret Day who greeted us on our first arrival in the early fifties. We were short of bottled gas and never to be forgotten is how she arranged with the Parish Priest to send a boat to Cleggan to get a re-supply for the 'three young Protestants'.

She was good to us on several intermediate occasions and it was the greatest pleasure to see her again in 2004 as full of chat as ever. In her house surrounded by flowers and overlooking the harbour we had coffee and crack of the first order – tales of old days in Inishturk where she was born and future plans for Bofin. As we left she gave us a bagful of freshly baked scones for the boat! Her sons have run Miko's Bar for years and their imposing new hotel was almost ready to open.

Inishbofin has had a turbulent history. This is only natural, given it's coveted possession of the best natural harbour on the coast and good trawling close by.

Neolithic man and woman came there for seclusion, fishing and fertile soil. St. Colman followed a thousand years later and so it has gone on. So much to see and learn – Vikings, Granuaile, Bosco the pirate and a Cromwellian garrison. I wished we could have stayed for what you might call more 'days of Day, but home responsibilities called.

Before heading north we anchored in an exposed spot off the pier at Shark to watch a great sheep muster. The natives were strangely tight-lipped. Did we look like Government Inspectors? The light was poor for cameras so we soon got under way. High island was tempting but too much swell running for a likely landing. We got there later with help of a shore boat from Aughrus.

This time fitted in another call at Caher, and tucked in for a



High Island. Ascent from NE boat landing by fixed rope.

sundowner and night alongside at Darby's pier opposite Achillbeg. It was cluttered with dumb barges, cranes and floats, spare piles and mammoth chains for the new piers at Clare and Turk. But many miles from a pub or shop.

Bay of islands

In the morning the storm had blown itself away and the rain seemed nearly over. We cast off our lines and let a south wind push us gently towards the isles of Clew Bay.

My memories of previous visits were too faded to be of much use in finding a safe way in among myriad islands. Only about six are now dwelt on all year round.

'There's lot of activity in the isles just now', a local man told me. Holiday houses are on the increase and piers being built.

It was a relief to identify the twin humps of Moynish More, first one you meet coming in along the northern shore. The island is identified by being higher than most of its neighbours, and the pattern of stone walls on its western face.

Navigational worries stopped when we sighted the sails of a smart white 16 foot centre-boarder. In it, good as their word, were old friends Archdeacon Thomas Stoney and his wife Carol. They guided us into a nook north of Roeillaun, named its reddish earthen cliffs. There we rafted up for a convivial lunch, a celebration of a return under sail after a thirteen years. Afterwards they piloted us, past Inishsherry, Inishcooa, Inishitra, Inishdooney, Inishcoragh, Inishkee, and lots of others towards their home in Ardagh.

'Tis told locally that, 'God made men women and Stoneys', and how they go sailing single-handed at the age of three. That has left more than half a century for Thomas to acquire his unique knowledge of Clew's galaxy Even experts can make mistakes from which derive nicknames like *Inish-Thomas-knows-it* and *Carrick-Thomas hit-it*. Safe in his the wake we were soon snug alongside the grass-topped stone pier fifty yards from the sun-warmed blue front door off Ardagh Lodge – most delightful of old family houses. But shh! In our enthusiasm to get ashore I laid *Agivey* alongside a little too near high water. All well for the night but tides were taking off and she failed to float in the morning. This turned out to be a blessing. It gave us an extra day to explore and reminisce.

It was from here in 1991 that twelve of us assembled to get ready for a voyage in a 16 oar replica *Highland Galley*. Carol

incredibly found room and meals for most of us in the house. Thomas brought a bench down to the pier and made an additional seat for the helmsman, as well some of the other nick-nacks that any newly commissioned ship needs.

Thomas kindly lent us his boat with sail and outboard, just the right size for Clew. In it we first visited Inishoo, an outer isle, popular for its wide beaches. Then Gowla for its sheltered bay and fresh water duck pond.

In the evening at Ardagh, Lewis and I did a bit of digging, enough to drop her bow a good six inches. High water, the last big one for nearly a week, was at eleven but the water hardly seemed to move as we watched from the dining room window.

I'd given up hope when it suddenly shot up nearly a foot in

the last hour.

Agivey floated free no pushing needed just a little nod to say, 'I told you so'!

Our next call was the Mayo Sailing Club at Rosmoney where forty fine vessels lie on moorings in idyllic surroundings. Major extensions to the club house were almost complete and additional moorings are being laid. But the welcome was just the same as thirteen years earlier. Going west from Rosmoney we watched a new pier being built on Inishlyre, near the homes of Tom and Joe Gibbons. The brothers with keen eyes, weathered faces and neat moustaches are skilled seamen who run a ferry service. They agreed to let us use their own mooring near the pier and look after *Agivey* while we returned home for a fortnight. 'We can watch her from the house', said Joe reassuringly.

Three weeks later our first effort to sail home was a failure. The wind whistled in the rigging for four days on end and at times it was too rough to row the Wallygator dinghy ashore.

But a hail to a passing Glenanne Sailing Club RIB produced a lift for good social evening in their bar room. Rosmoney members went out to race nothing daunted, and later offered hospitality ashore. And help on our next return when the starter motor wouldn't revolve.

Terry, his son Patrick and Graham were the crew, and Ros who had driven us south in reserve. The Ros/Terry team obtained a charged-up battery and powerful jumpers – after hours and at the rush; then Terry worked wonders with a hammer. She grunted, turned over, and was soon charging as well as the light brigade.

'Tell yer frens no circumcision of Ireland is complete without a call in Clew', said an inebriated onlooker on the quay.

At dawn on a filthy grey day we slipped and didn't stop until Eagle was passed, then in sunlight Erris Head appeared on the bow. Like quite a lot of our cardinal headlands – Ireland's North Point, Slyne and Cape Clear, Erris is an island.

A bare rock triangle 175 feet high with a base almost 200 yards long it dwarfs Pigeon Island, a mere 105 feet, guarding its western side.

The Sound offers a shortcut and a challenge. Various boats have taken me past but conditions to go through were never right.

her back right up each time she dived. It good to see these exquisite creatures becoming tamer and more common. A hundred sheep head and tail made a long string of ecru as they made slow way round the head of the bay.

A whistle stop at Aros next morning enabled us to see the vitrified fort on point. Tim who has much experience of ovens reckoned that the 900°C needed to melt the stone could have been reached by burning grass and timber from hutments – these might have piled on it after a successful raid. It is surprising that vitrified walls are so rare in Ireland where there were no shortage of successful raids.

Then a fair tide up the Sound of Islay which should surely be named the Gateway to the Hebrides. Schisty Paps to starboard, rounded hills to port but no flag on Dunlossit Castle above Port Askaig: We would have stopped there if the hospitable Bruno was in residence but settled instead for a noon balloon in the cockpit instead.

The ridge of Colonsay loomed, as bare as it has been for the last thousand years. At 5 pm my cousin Georgina was on the quay to meet us and kindly drove us round the lovely sheltered hollows, loughs and gardens of the inner island.

Her bookshop on the west coast has the best collection of Hebridean volumes, new and second hand, you'd see in many a day. A few years back when we arrived in the Galley *Aileach*, Georgina was fishing lobsters single handed on the far-off Jura shore as well as running a farm. Now by cruel luck she is struggling with MS and can barely walk but never gives in.

With great gallantry she still travels solo on ferry, train and plane and represents the island on mainland committees.

As she left us back, the Laird was at the pier tidying up his boat, the *Barbel*, after a staff picnic at Ballynahard, the lovely beach at the north east end. So we climbed down and helped clear the remaining drinks while Georgina had hers on the pier. Euan is erect, hale and handsome but its strange to see him white-bearded. I suppose he thought the same about me (but not bearded). The night was rough and we bounced hard on the wave-shield at the inner end of the pier. A line to hauling-off buoy would have been a great help here.

A 60 foot ketch had approached earlier; we were relieved when she decided not to berth outside us but to anchor instead in the Loch just south. I guess she was more comfortable than us there but we liked having access to the pier. Tim and Graham went up to the pub and their teams won first and second prizes in the quiz. No question of leaving in the morning – blowing thirty knots from the west – so I had a welcome lie-in. Tim and Graham were off sketching and exploring at daybreak. After an excellent lunch in the hotel we walked south towards Oransay, hoping for a lift – there is no taxi on the island – but after squelching across part of the Sound and a myriad of crushed cockle shells, ran out of time to visit the Priory. The Coburns were in residence and it would have been fun to look them up. Living in Washington they come here for peace and seclusion, the asset most prized by island landowners.

Mull and Iona. Wind down next morning so off at eight. By 11 am we were approaching Mull in poor visibility and a six foot swell. The *Monk's Proboscis*, as *Wild Goose* crews long ago renamed the eastern mark on the Torr Rocks, showed up but minus its top mark. Past Chalmain, identified by slit of a cave on south face under big bump. Then the *Ice Cream Cart* off the mouth of Tinkers, north of *Elephants Arse* and *Nautilus* islands and we glad to be were out of the swell in Iona Sound.

The anchor bit first time, rare enough here, north of the ferry pier and just south of the rocks which stick out abreast the end of the shore-side row of houses. We lay in the tidal stream but the boats on moorings just west of us were out of it.

Our shore party landed at the wee sheltered beach almost abreast the Cathedral for their first Iona visit. They came back

with admiration for St Orans Oratory, St John's Cross the cloisters and and and. but above all the atmosphere of Iona – undimmed even by the masses of today's tourists.

Staffa and Gometra. We raised the pick plus half a ton of seaweed at 2.30 pm and after a while sighted Staffa in cloud. A twenty foot basking shark drifted down our port side close enough to touch. First I've seen in years. The sun came through veiled as we circled south of Fingal's, just enough light to enliven the black hole of it's mouth. Too rough to land at the steps, so we thought of the anchorage used by the ferry boats at the north east.

Just south of the three caves a swirl ahead looked to me at the wheel like a tidal boil. Graham shouted, waved and started to run aft. Then we struck! Bang, bang. Until the engine, notably powerful in astern gear, pulled us off. Just as it had done in Erris Sound, a month earlier.

One of *Agivey's* few faults is the lack of vision close forward – because of her high bow even more lacking if two crewmen are standing on said bow. Also if helmsman is a bit deaf like me he can't hear shouted instructions from the bow.

Augh well – the old *Wild Goose* saying, 'It's a poor trip if you don't hit something', now looks like being adopted by *Agivey*. The above mentioned rock – not named on the fathom Chart – may well become known as the *Wallygator* after our dinghy. – Hydrographers please copy.

Acarseid Mór, Gometra five miles north was much appreciated an hour later for a tranquillity that is almost tangible.

No sound but the Baa of a solitary sheep high on the hillside. For company a pair of otters, a heron, and a lone gull picking the tideline.

I looked out at 1 am, in time to admire the moon bright sea, the whole bay magnificent in rippling chased silver.

In the morning by the pier at the head of the bay we found Grass of Parnassus, my favourite wild flower showing among heather – the ones we picked lasted almost a week in front of the helmsman in the doghouse.

Whistle stop at ferry pier, Tobermory, next day. Half a tank of diesel had brought us so far and I'd have topped up but it was Sunday and no sale. Excellent fish and chips saved Graham a little of his almost unceasing work in the galley. In shorts and a bare tops we swanned down the Sound of Mull. An early stag was roaring from the forest on Morvern.

We got to Puill Doran by the end of the tide. It is best picked out by the yachts masts – only four in – we squeezed past a big Yankee ketch anchored across the mouth then got the outer berth near June's island where we have blackberried in the past.

It was raining and midgy. When we mentioned walking over to the pub, Graham came up with a white cloth over his arm waiter-fashion and a choice of drinks, saying, 'What can they do for you there that I can't here?'

So we settled for a candlelit dinner in the cockpit. The light slowly fading on the black, russet and green of the shoreline was followed by an almost blinding flash of sunset over Mull. A thin horizontal bar of pale electric green, with raging furnaces of yellow and red above and below, it made surroundings that no restaurant in the world could match. It was just as... mentions in his excellent sailing directions. No sound from other yachts, and all was as quiet as Acarsied Mór.

Halibut Harbour. Cuan Sound in the morning was fairly docile and Tim at the wheel negotiated the S-bend and kept well clear of the rocks. Lough Melfort isles in full sunlight looked as fair as the more rounded ones of Clew Bay in Mayo where we had sailed together in June. Clew has it in numbers but here was its equal in variety – the bluey light of Scotland in pleasant contrast to the yellower tinges of Ireland.

We tied up for lunch alongside a huge circular cage of

That afternoon the wind was gentle south west with no swell. Now or never!

Agivey slipped in south of Pigeon and its escorting rocks. We eased down the motor, sucked in our sides and entered the clean looking narrows. The Chart indicates it as over a fifty feet wide with a least depth of four fathoms but the precipices on either side make it appear much narrower. An orange lobster float wedged in a crevice 50 feet above our heads showed the height waves reach in a gale.

It was about three quarter ebb so I thought the tidal stream would be slack or running west but soon found it running hard with us.

An unexpected pair of seals acted as a warning, basking in six inches of water, head and tail up banana fashion, at the far end.

Terry at the wheel edged over to port. As he did so in almost mid channel we struck. Rounded boulders clad in streamers of brown weed showed in the transparent water close alongside.

'Full astern', shouted Patrick from the bow. That seemed to bring us round sideways so that we were being pushed more strongly onto the bricks. A well timed burst of full ahead, a bit of helm and our guardian angel somehow slithered us off.

'Hard a-port', from Patrick Then, 'Hard a-starboard from Graham', as rocks showed on either side. We dodged them and suddenly we were through.

Perhaps since the chart was made in 1852 a rock fall or boulders thrown in by western gales have choked the channel.

Our conclusion is that at or near high water in calm conditions a boat drawing four feet should be able to pass through without risk. The clearest passage seems to be on the north side of the eastern entrance and after that in mid channel.

An examination at low water springs would be most interesting and must be arranged. Any offers? Hydrography by impact is great but observation has its advantages.

We circumnavigated the magnificent Stags close in and saw how difficult any landing would be. The hour was getting late and the wind gusting up so decided not to try. Our voyage home thereafter was uneventful.

The hammer treatment on the starter motor didn't stand much repeating so we had a fine sail with a soldier's wind across Donegal Bay from Kilcummin to Killybegs. There Peter Shovelin removed the starter in minutes and had it reconditioned for our return a few days later. His workshop is about a mile east of the town. Mobile number 087 245 6261.

Captain Kelly, ensconced since our last visit in a splendid office by the new deep water pier, still had time to find us a berth alongside the *Neptune* a monster mackerel fisher. She had had caught her quota and wouldn't be going to sea for a couple of months. Willie McIlvenna and Graham came with me sail her home. We again used that curious anchorage inside Inishsirrer on the way, well sheltered at low water by rocks of which all except the outer one disappear as the tide rises. The new slip looks fine and should last many a year.

A Scots boat came in not long after us and called an apology for '*spoiling our solitude*'. Nice of them. We responded by asking them over for dram, but by the time the crews had dined it was too late, as both of us were leaving early am.



NE landing on High Island. Boat on out-haul.

We'd only seen three other yachts at sea in the last three most enjoyable weeks on the west coast.

So solitude hadn't been in short supply.

... AND NINE DAYS IN THE HEBRIDES

Graham and I had singled up the warps, and in five minutes we were off. A spring ebb bore us swiftly down the River Bann and at 10.15 we were over the Bar bound for Islay. It would be the first stop on the way to Iona.

A dram for the harbour heads and we were under all plain sail heading east for the north side of Rathlin. The sky was overcast, the sea a bit lumpy but the wind moderate from the South.

Log reads 11.53 Bengore abeam – some tide!

At around 11.30, with 8.4 knots showing on the GPS, we passed over the mighty boil of the Shamrock Pinnacle with a nimbus of feeding gulls above it. By 13.33 the Bull was abeam, twenty four miles on the log for three hours elapsed. At this time high water Belfast, the end of the east going tide, we turned 070 M to pass east of Islay. No tide showing on water to confirm slack.

The North Channel, as an ancient mariner remarked, has more currents in it than a Christmas pudding. One which doesn't appear in the Tidal Atlas seems to run north-east from Rathlin at the start of the ebb out of the Irish Sea. Making a dog leg to use it seems quicker than sailing the rhumb line for the Mull of Oa.

The wind went SE at this stage in a big squall which closed visibility down but swung 6.9 gps at times we sped north and by 1600 the Otter Rock, referred to by Islanders as the *Irishman's Otter*, was abeam. Not much later we rounded the lighthouse on *Squarebash Island* (easier to pronounce than the Admiralty spelling of Chreabach). At 17.00 we had the hook down in three fathoms, clean sand in the peace of Ardmore Bay.

About 45 miles in seven hours which was not bad for a thirty footer which rarely sails or motors above five knots! Ardmore appears to be currently a black spot for Mobiles. Going ashore to use a landline we passed a fine herd of grazing deer before being welcomed by the McTaggart family. They gave us drams of Bruichladdich. That's another tongue twister: (ask for 'buckladdy' if you want it in a pub.

As we dined in the cockpit an otter fished beside us, arching

halibut. Some of them were as big coffee tables and the only ones reared so far in UK. We knew they were healthy because we watched a doctor in a diving suit going down to the bottom of the cage to check them.

Shelagh who, with her husband Stuart, runs the fishery joined us for anoon balloon then supplied much needed baths for all in the house she has built on the hillside above the bay. Her father, Chris Tinne, a trusty shipmate on many occasions, lives at Culdaff in Donegal.

Then we just caught the tail of the ebb through The Dorus Mór and made for Crinan for diesel and a buoy for another peaceful night. The notice in the hotel still said:

STREET GIRLS BRINGING IN SAILORS
MUST PAY FOR ROOMS IN ADVANCE

The white table cloths in the dining room looked tempting but indefatigable Graham came up with another tasty dinner on board.

The McCormicks were conveniently located for a lunch picnic on Tuesday. Our time was running short, but the Glass was high and rising. Getting Tim and Ros back to Ireland next day didn't look like problem.

We edged in with no wind and lay to the weight of the chain in the narrows. There is something very cosy about the smallness of this perfect natural harbour; it is like Portmore on Inistrahull. Landed in warm sunshine at the sheep pier below the appropriately sod-roofed stone cottage – a sign, since I was last here, of good work by the Trust which is now taking care of the islands.

We counted about 50 shy sheep and a few Common Gulls (these uncommon birds nest here in spring), also many seals on the south rocks.

'It's a pity sheep don't have wider spaced legs', was Graham's comment as we negotiated the narrow twisty track they'd made along the shore but it widened a bit as we got to the Chapel and on to Saint Cormick's Cave.

Ardminish Bay, Gigha, by 17.00 for a buoy. Tim and Sophie Trafford returning to *Catypso*, came alongside by inflatable. It was a delightful surprise to look down and see a very young baby in a trim carrycot at their feet, watched carefully by brother Rory aged about four. Tim signed 'Barometer 1038' in our visitors book.

Its always good to be back in Gigha; better still to do so in one's own boat and perhaps specially so if one can remember the heroic days of Colonel Sir James Horlick, most benevolent of Lairds, described as a 'legend in his own lifetime'.

Caru and *Wild Goose* crews, through an inteduction by Brendan Maguire ICC, used to be asked to stay ashore, dine in splendour and help crew *Elaine*, his professionally skippered 50 ton cutter.

Next day the tide was fair for Raghery at noon. That gave time to look at the Gardens not at their most colourful but Leo on the avenue in good health and late flowering Polar Bear showing a blossom or two. Ownership by the islanders – a flagship Assembly project – seems to be working well.

Return via Rathlin. We made it west-about round the Bull Bay in just under five hours. It's been done in four but neap tides were very slack.

The Church Bay aspect takes a bit of getting used to, with a row of white. Two-storey houses showing over the dark rock of the breakwater to the east, and more by the Sheep House Pier to the north. The 1722 Church by the shore gleamed after a major re-roof and refurbish. A dozen seals were basking on thre rocks below it – the autumn increase in numbers.

Au revoir to Tim and Ros as they rushed to catch the 5.30 ferry to Ballycastle. Graham and I missed them a lot but were soon into local gossip. Danny Hannonway told us that his son, who had been acting harbour master here, is now at sea. He had written lately from South Africa – 'A deepwater man, by God', as the old tramp steamer hands would have put it. Good luck to him. Danny has had hip trouble and been ordered not to lift anything for months but was outside tidying up, smiling and helpful as ever.

Derek Kyle was resting in his first floor bedroom overlooking the whole bay from Fair Head to Donegal. Cheerful under care by Dolores, but soon going for more medical checks.

Noel McCurdy, the Councillor, came on board for a dram. He's doing his personal best to keep the population up, with five sons to his name, but the school is down to just three pupils. The old inward looking Raghery we all loved is slowly dying away but a new one arising, with the first baby born of an incoming family.

A Writer's Symposium weekend was just about to start. Books about island life by Gusty and Jimmy Morrison are selling well.

Pontoons are on offer from the Moyle Council to add additional yacht berths. The problem is where to put them. Twenty inflatables are expected from Red Bay in a few days time and the harbour will be overflowing.

On the Thursday – day nine – Graham and I looked in at the approach to Port Moon, a pretty lunch anchorage in a rock creek, a mile south east of Bengore Head then carried on home to Coleraine.

It had been a near perfect trip, with lots of autumn sun, good company on board and ashore. Somewhere, you might say, between a Milk Run and a Grand Tour – a circuit completed many times past, and I hope for me a few more.

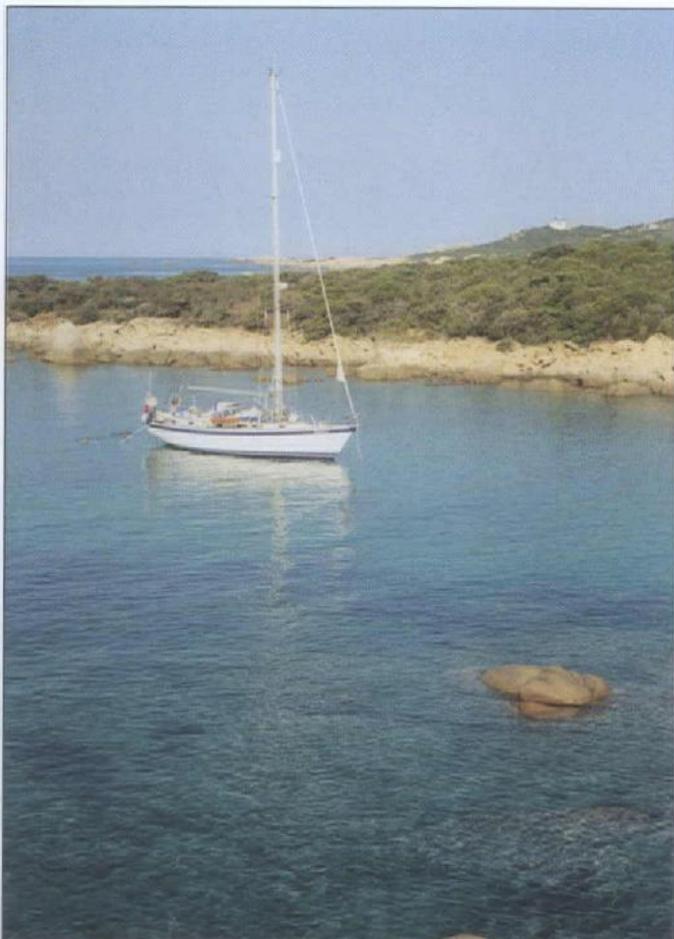
Cruising is about who you meet.

Sardinia and Corsica on *Beowulf*

Eleanor Cudmore

While at the ICC dinner in Cavan in March, we were invited by Ann Wolf-Flannigan to join her for a 2 week cruise on board *Beowulf* in late August. The idea of the cruise was to deliver the boat from Santa Maria Navarrese on the east coast of Sardinia to Calvi in the northwest of Corsica a distance of about 250 miles. As our own cruising plans for the season finished after the ICC 75th anniversary cruise and we had never sailed in these parts before we readily accepted the invitation. The crew consisted of Ann herself, Gail Varian from Dublin, Peter Pearson, the well known Dublin artist who now lives in Wexford, my husband Brian and me.

Since *Beowulf* was launched in 2001, she has kept up a busy cruising schedule and as a result from time to time she has ended up in some fairly inaccessible places, this one no exception. On Wednesday 25th August we all met at Stansted Airport and got a Ryanair flight to Alghero, on the west coast of Sardinia. Here we hired a car for the 5hr journey across to Santa Maria Navarrese on the east side of the island, a hair raising but spectacular drive over the mountains. It was real 007 car chase country, with sheer drops at the edge of the road.



Beowulf in Calal Longa, fore and aft anchor.

Photo: Gail Varian

Unfortunately the last of the drive was in the dark and we arrived at the marina at midnight, found the boat and settled in. *Beowulf* had been laid up here for 6 weeks as it is too hot for comfortable and pleasant cruising from early July to end August. There was a strong Sirocco blowing, bringing very hot moist air from the southeast.

The following morning, as we had the car for two days, to make the most of it we drove along the coast to Torre di Barra, a most beautiful beach with pure white sand and turquoise water. We dived in pretty quickly and wallowed in the beautiful cool water. After lunch at a beachside café we drove up the mountains to see what we had missed in the dark. Up steep winding roads we went, the mountain side dotted with the remains of turaghs, fortified towers built 1500 to 800BC, peculiar to Sardinia. The vegetation was very dry, olive trees, maquis, eucalyptus, cork oaks (their trunks dusky red having been newly stripped of cork), big prickly pear cacti drooping with fruit, giant Mexican agave and proud Italian cypresses standing sentinal over all. There were spectacular views around each hair-pin bend with sea glimpses between the mountain peaks.

Back down, to sea level and to work, to the supermarket! A pleasurable task in a foreign country. Peter, who had lived in Italy for a few years, was a great asset as he spoke the language and knew all the local delicacies. On driving back to *Beowulf* we came across a roadside vendor selling cactus fruit. We stopped and got out to look and clever man gave us each a taste. They were delicious so we bought a tray of them. They are called prickly pear for a reason and luckily Eleanor watched how he skilfully peeled them, but no matter how careful you are you still get pricked eating them. When we had stowed all we had bought we walked up to the village for a late dinner.

On Friday morning 28th, the Sirocco had blown through, and we were anxious to get going. We left the marina at 11.00 and motor sailed in a SE Force 2, north along the coast looking at the lovely rock formations of Petra rock and Mother and Child rock. At 13.00 the wind picked up, we turned off the engine and had a lively sail in a Force 5 south-easterly arriving at 17.30 in Calatta, to be told the marina was full but to try the town quay, where we squeezed in between two trawlers up sword fishing from Sicily. Once a small timber port, Calleta is now a small resort with a 300 berth marina and many beautiful beaches. Brian stayed on board while the rest of us walked to the town where a bazaar type market was being set up with many stalls from North Africa, reminding us how close to that Continent we were.

Having spent 3 nights on marinas we were dying to get away and find an anchorage so on Saturday 28th we got up early, had breakfast and left the Calleta at 09.00 and had to motor up the coast. It was like this, no wind in the morning, then about mid-day a sea breeze would fill in, making nice sailing weather in the afternoons. Dying for a swim in these inviting blue waters, we decided to go to a little cove just north of Capo Coda Cavallo. We rounded the point and to our absolute dismay the place was crowded... with enormous 50m motor yachts. It was

Saturday and the Italians were at play, still we dropped anchor and dived in. Then as we lunched we watched a Customs cutter call and board some of these yachts. We were the only sail boat and the only boat flying a courtesy flag, but they didn't come near us. At 15.00 in a SW Force 4, we weighed anchor and sailed out into the Tyrrhenian Sea between the Isolas Molara and Tavolara, the latter is a long flat topped 565m high chunk of granite whose unmistakable shape is a landmark. At it's southeast end, Pta del Papa, is a rock sanding proud which does look remarkably like Il Papa blessing all who sail by.

A little way past, Peter got out a canvas and oils and caught the power and majesty of the island sitting in that extraordinary blue sea. We had a beautiful downwind sail, with many big motor yachts speeding vulgarly past us throwing up big washes. We sailed across Golfo di Olbia gybed around Capo Figari and headed for of Golfo di Cugnana, a long lagoon like inlet to anchor for the night. At 18.30 there were so many boats passing us in all directions going "home" to the many marinas, that we furled sail and motored the last 5 miles.

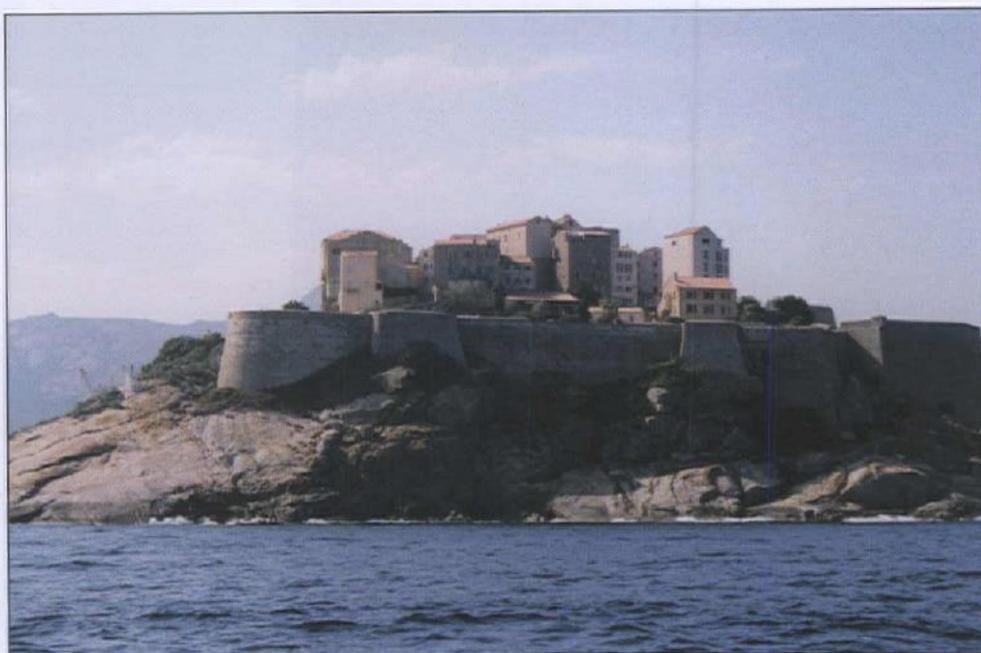
Passing Porto Rotondo marina we decided to go in to have a look at the super yachts. We queued up behind 10 boats and as we got in there was another 10 in the queue behind us. The size and number of these boats was amazing. Not for us, we left and motored out into these busy waters around to the anchorage where to our relief we were only one of 4 yachts moored in this tranquil bay. We spent a very peaceful night with a full moon smiling down on us.

Sunday 29th. We were now at the start of the Costa Smerelda - millionaires playground. We sailed past the lavish holiday homes of the wealthy that blended in tastefully with the rocky mountains. We called to the sophisticated and expensive Porto Cervo. Built and developed by the Aga Kahn in 1963, this lovely natural harbour now has two marinas, with plenty of spaces for mega yachts. The J class yacht *Velsheda* and her mother ship were here. *Beowulf* had called in here on her way south, and Bernard Corbally, (co owner of the boat with Ann) had left a note on board saying it had cost them €260/night, but pointing out that there is a free anchorage inside the entrance. We found it hard to hold in the sand and rock bottom, but on the 3rd attempt we dug in. We inflated the dinghy, Brian stayed on board to make sure we didn't drag, the 4 others dressed up and went ashore where, with Ann using her very persuasive charm to gain entry, we lunched in the Costa Smerelda Yacht Club, sitting in the shade by the swimming pool. On leaving Porto Cervo around 16.30 it was very interesting to watch the super yachts, which were arriving in numbers for the night, berthing, stern-to. For a half hour we watched them skilfully manoeuvre, then we motored out and turned to port and headed for the lovely Maddelena Archipelago. There are seven main islands in this group on the northeast corner of Sardinia which form the southern edge of the Straits of Bonifacio. There are numerous anchorages here and it is a protected nature reserve with lots of mooring buoys in each of the bays as anchoring is not allowed in order to protect the corals. We chose Isola Caprera, the most easterly island and being the last Sunday of August and out of

season there was no charge and plenty of buoys to choose from when we arrived in dusk at 20.00. There were a few yachts rafted, enjoying the last of their summer together.

After an early morning swim, we sailed out passed Isola Santa Stefano, which has a large NATO base on it, keeping clear of a submarine being moved, on up through the Chiesa Pass to La Maddalena the main island of the group, and tied up stern to in the old harbour, Porto Mercantile, right in the heart of the town. This is the only island in the group with facilities and there is no charge for day time berthing until 17.00. With the shops a stones throw away we stocked up well. There is a very good market with fresh fish, meat, vegetables, cheese, olive oils and soaps, an adequate supermarket and tourist shops galore. All shops close for siesta from 12.30 to 15.00 during which we feasted on our spoils from the market, sitting in the cockpit with a statue of Garibaldi looking down on us from his plinth. We went for a coffee in a quayside café to soak up some of the ambience of this historical old town before we left, then we motored out until we got a favourable slant in a lovely fresh westerly, unfurled half the main and full genoa and had a fast broad reach, hitting 10kts at times, to Isola Budelli, picking a mooring at Pink Beach. This cove took its name from the red colour of the sand which came from the dead coral that grew here in perfusion long ago. Not as pink now as visitors over the centuries have taken some home, and it has also been harvested for jewellery.

September 1st, time was flying! Our plan was to lunch on Iles Lavezzi, on the French side of the Straits of Bonifacio, but with a Force 7 forecasted, and constantly being told how the seas and winds pick up so quickly and suddenly in this stretch of water, we decided to go straight to the shelter of Bonifacio. With a NNW Force 7 against us, we had a great sail, 13 miles across the Straits, to the most spectacular and attractive natural harbour in Corsica. The long, narrow, deep, fjord-like inlet with high almost vertical sides of white rock crowned by a medieval walled town and citadel is certainly unique. Approach and entrance are straight-forward and we had complete shelter once inside. Sailing up to Bonifacio is quite a thrilling experience as you can see the town tethering on top of the high white cliff, hollowed at its base by the buffeting waves, defying gravity. Indeed in 1966, one house did fall into the sea below. The landward side of this cliff, forms a perfect long natural harbour



Citadel at entrance to Calvi.

Photo: Gail Varian



where you will find 2 little anchorages and further in, a fine marina where we were directed to a berth and we tied up stern to. In an idyllic place, but the marina, which cost €37 a night, unfortunately has poor facilities with the shower/toilets in portcabins.

After lunch, we climbed the many steep, stepped pathways up to the medieval town and we marvelled at its precarious position hanging high over the sea. We explored the maze of tiny streets with many churches, all beautifully decorated with frescos, many shops and restaurants. Beyond the town is the Cimetière Marins, a fascinating place. There are three or four coffin high mausoleums of many designs, stuccoed facades, Gothic arches, classical columns, all beautifully attended to with flowers and lighting candles in most. Roofs rounded, some painted gold some, with mosaic finishes. All with white crosses which stand out against the blue sky and sea. From here you have a clear view across to Sardinia. It was a lot easier to walk back down to the boat! There are lots of restaurants at sea level around the marina but the atmosphere we felt was better in the haute ville. This time we took the little touristy road train, which runs all day until 22.30, up to the top and had dinner in a tiny restaurant

We hated leaving but dragged ourselves away around 13.00 and sailed along a lee shore, in a southwest wind but veering all the time until eventually it went round to the northwest. It was a lovely sail tacking in between the rocks and shallows 35 miles along the coast from Bonifacio. We tucked into a tiny inlet, Cala Longa, sheltered from the northwest for the night and anchored fore and aft as there was no swinging room. In this secluded and peaceful cove, we dined on lamb bought in the La Maddelena market... another time, another country ago. In the morning we had a swim and during a leisurely breakfast we were disturbed by 3 yellow planes flying low over the mouth of the Cala. These were fire fighting planes which fly down and scoop up sea water, then fly off to dump it on the dry, often burning mountains.

All of a sudden the wind blew up, from the southwest, leaving us on a lee shore and with no swinging room made weighing anchor very difficult. Eventually we had no option but to buoy and drop the stern anchor while we hauled up the main one. We then had to engine around to collect the stern anchor. Underway at 11.00 we slowly sailed north towards Capo Muro, wind astern. 500m. inshore yachts were sailing south under spinnaker! From now all of our passages were northerly putting us on a lee shore on this west coast of Corsica. The wind was coming and going all day and eventually we stopped for a cool down swim in Anse Medea, after which we had a nice sail 7 miles to Ajaccio, capitol of Corsica and birth place of Napoleon.

We went to the old port Tino Rossi and were directed to a berth right in front of a boat chartered by a group from the Royal St. George YC in Dublin, fellow club mates of our owner Ann. We had drinks on board *Beowulf*, then all went for a very enjoyable dinner together. Next morning, we visited Napoleon's house, where he lived until the age of 9 when he was sent to the mainland to a military academy. We left Peter to do the shopping which was always exciting because he would usually come back with weird and wonderful things. This time suckling pig was his aim, but he also got delicious cheese that looked quite unsightly, like unmentionable parts of a bull and saucisson made from donkey meat, which Brian correctly nicknamed candle grease. The marina here was more expensive at €47, but excellent and right in the town under the Citadel. At 13.00, siesta time, we left busy Ajaccio, and motored in a windless sea to Iles Sanguinaires on the north west of the Golfe de Ajaccio for a swim and lunch after which we sailed through the rock strewn Passage des Sanguinaires, likened to Raz de Seine without the tide.

Heading north again, at Cap Fenò we altered course for Cargèse, which has a choice of 3 different anchorages, all close to a marina. After much discussion, and a secret ballot, we opted for the marina as the crew was anxious to explore the little village, perched high on the hill overlooking the marina. Cargèse is a very interesting place, in the 17th century a group of Greeks, who were being tyrannised by the Turks, appealed to Genoa for some safe land where they could start a new life. Two churches stand on separate hummocks facing each other, one Roman Catholic, one Greek Orthodox, the stately landmark of this village. The marina catered mostly for a fleet of small local motor boats but did have berths for about 20 yachts moored bow in. This marina was poorly kept, with no running water or electricity to the berths and rather unhygienic showers/toilets in the capitani. After dinner on board we went to a bar to have coffee and to hear traditional Corsican music being played and sung.

Saturday 4th September. With less than 40 miles to Calvi, our destination, we decided to go to Girolata for the night. A superb anchorage and the only one that gives reasonable shelter to the prevailing wind between Cargèse and Calvi. We sailed

past the vivid red and orange rocks of the Calanche with their famous unusual shapes of erosion, some 300m high. We stopped in Cala Genovese for lunch, another spectacular anchorage cut into the high steep red rock, it very narrow with a little stony beach at its head and beautiful clear turquoise water.

It is overlooked by a Genoese watch tower on Cap Rosso. The Genoese organised a surveillance network by building these towers on each of the headlands to protect the Corsicans against invasion from North Africa. Sentries were posted at the top to light fires to warn of approaching danger. Peter launched the dinghy, rowed to the rock face to get a good view of *Beowulf* to paint her in this unusual setting. Then we sailed 9 miles across Golfo de Porto to Girolata. A tiny cove, connected by a mere mule track to the rest of the island,

surrounded by marquis covered hills and red rocks. It has 15 permanent residents and the only way to visit is a one and half hour hike from the nearest road, or by boat. A popular place, we weren't alone in this the off season, it is best avoided in July and August. We went ashore and walked about and then sat and watched the boats swing 720 degrees in the light evening air, over a very expensive drink.

Sunday 5th Sept. We woke to flat calm seas. We wanted to reach Calvi by 15.00 so we left at 08.30 under engine. We stopped and anchored for our last swim and elevenses in Bay de Nichiareto. At 12.30, again under engine we, a little sadly, set out the last 10 miles to Calvi. We had gone about 6 miles when suddenly the wind went from nothing to a Force 6 northerly and an equally sudden short steep sea and we had a bumpy passage around La Revellata and were delighted to see the Citadel of



Poolside at Costa Smerelda Yacht Club. Ann, Gail, Peter, Eleanor.

Photo: Gail Varian

Calvi to guide us in. The forecast had said "phénomène important de lundi à mardi" but it had come in 12 hrs early. As it was siesta time when we arrived at the marina, we helped ourselves to a berth and tied up stern to, happy with our very interesting, stunningly beautiful, fun filled, and safe delivery.

All the big coastal towns in Corsica have Citadels on high promontories, protecting them from invasion and Calvi is no exception. Situated on the northeast corner of the island, it faces the mainland and has a busy port with a frequent ferry service to Toulon, Nice and Savona in France. It is easy to enter in almost any weather conditions. There is an anchorage outside the marina but open from NW-N-NE and looked uncomfortable in the rough weather we had. It is the first port of call for French yachts and can get crowded in season. The marina facilities are very good, if expensive at €60 a night, and

there is a large supermarket is within walking distance. Believed to be the birthplace of Christopher Columbus, Nelson lost his eye here and Napoleon took refuge in the citadel while being chased out of Corsica. Calvi certainly is an interesting place to stroll around. From the start of the marina there is a beautiful beach which stretches for 2 miles around the bay, and it has a red train running along the waterside with frequent stops.

Coming home from Calvi was an adventure in itself. First we took a train, which broke down 2000ft high in the mountain leaving us stranded for a couple of hours in the mid-day sun, to Bastia on to northeast coast, then a ferry to Livourno in Italy, a taxi to Pisa airport from where we got a Ryan Air flight to Stansted, then our respective flights to Dublin and Cork.

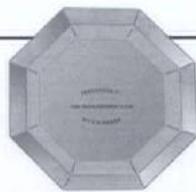


Genoese tower, Girolata.

Photo: Gail Varian

Estrellita's round Ireland cruise

Sean Fergus



THE PERRY GREER BOWL

FOR THE BEST FIRST ICC LOG

Estrellita is a Noray 35. My departure date of June 26th (the same date as the Round Ireland race) was postponed to the 27th due to strong winds. We left on Sunday 27th at 07.25 in a lumpy sea. Unfortunately my GPS went down just before we left and my newly arrived hand held one was not yet set up. For this trip I would have to rely completely on 'old fashioned' pilotage. With full genoa and engine we averaged 6 knots across Dundrum Bay, had St John's Point abeam by 10.25, and passed South Rock by 12.30. My crew were Richard Curry on his first long sail and Damian Marshall from Wexford. We made steady progress up the Down coast in showery conditions with some thunder and lightening. Passing through Donagdee Sound we arrived at Bangor Marina at 17.30. As fuel supplies might be a problem on the west coast, we topped up next morning.

We set off for Rathlin Island in a calm sea with no wind. Motoring sedately along with a strong tidal push we had the Isle of Muck abeam at 08.45 and were at Fair Head at 12.00. A fresh S.W. wind then came up suddenly and we sailed at good speed into Church Bay. Because *Estrellita's* draught is 7.6 ft, I decided to anchor just off the entrance to the inner harbour. It was my first visit to Rathlin and I was amazed how fertile the island was. We managed to catch three mackerel on the way in and had them for dinner. Later we walked around and had some pints in McCuigs pub. The wind was up to 23 knots from the S.W. next morning as we departed for Lough Swilly and we were soon making 6.5 knots close hauled in dismal showery conditions. We saw one of the round Ireland competitors, probably the leading boat out to sea making speedy progress. Inish Eoghan came into view in the distance but was soon

obscured by mist. As we approached Inistrahull Sound the winds went above 30 knots as we pounded and slapped into big seas. We were well reefed with the Volvo Penta backing it up. We persisted in these unpleasant Atlantic seas and when we weathered Malin Head I set a course for Port Salon in Lough Swilly. We then took in all sail and motored for 4 hours directly into a squally F 7. Every now and then the seas would break and stream over *Estrellita's* low bows and stop the boat in her tracks. Soon the waters found its way into the port and starboard bunks, which are located beneath the stays. After 4 pounding hours we arrived to take up a very welcome new mooring with pick up buoy at 1715.

We went ashore to get provisions and later had a rocky sleep on the mooring. Sean McGettigan who is the owner of the marine shop and boating centre at the pier recently laid down the moorings. He replaced ones removed by Donegal Co Co and generously allows yachts to use them free of charge. We found no Council moorings in Donegal.

The next morning with continuing unsettled weather, we arranged showers in the golf club, walked on a very windy beach and dined in Sarah's restaurant beside the pier. Later we watched the European cup semi finals in the bar. We headed out for Tory next morning despite strong S.W. winds, rather hoping it might be reasonable once we attained our offing. Alas this was not to be. The seas were big and the wind hovered around 30 knots. We persisted for Tory with Horn Head clearly visible off the port bow. Well reefed and the engine turning at low revs, we bashed on. Off Horn Head however the engine suddenly stopped. We were surprised as this engine is a Volvo Penta 40 hp and only 2 years old. Without an engine it would be difficult to berth at Tory. A mooring at Downings in Sheep Haven Bay was a possibility. However I had not been there before and it would be difficult in the conditions. I decided to turn the boat around and run down wind back to Lough Swilly.

We ran back quickly under a reefed genoa alone and the seas eased considerably when we rounded Fanad Head where we had to tack up the Lough in strong gusts. My crew wanted to try pick up the mooring at Port Salon under sail. I decided to phone Sean McGettigan instead and ask him to tow us to the mooring when I beat up parallel with Port Salon. He was most helpful and later came out to tow us to the mooring. We soon discovered that it was dirt in the fuel tank, churned up by the heavy seas that had clogged the flow of fuel to the engine. There was no



Estrellita in Carlingford.

Photo: Sean Fergus

alternative but to drain out the full diesel tank, filter the fuel and put it back into the tank. Sean McGettigan was very helpful sending to Derry for an electric suction pump and supplying us with containers to accommodate the diesel. When we got to the bottom of the tank, it was clear that a lot of dirt and grit had accumulated in the bottom over the years. I regretted not changing the tank when I installed the new engine. Despite all this we were still not out of the woods yet and next day sent for a diesel engineer who using the dinghy pump cleared the fuel lines, which were completely blocked. The engine then ran smoothly. The weather continued to be very unsettled. With a fourth night looming up in Port Salon, the crew were getting restless. The next day we were determined to get to Tory, which was tantalisingly close by. We dined ashore and had very pleasant drinks with my helpful benefactor Sean. I settled with him and thanked him for all his assistance.

Next morning, Saturday, we headed out and once we attained our offing strong S.W. wind and seas once more knocked us about. We persisted but when we were abeam of Sheep Haven Bay we altered course and picked up a mooring at Downings. Later we went ashore and dined in a very busy hotel. When we came back to the dinghy we discovered that some kids had half deflated it. We were stranded. It was almost completely dark when we hailed a motorboat that kindly ferried us to *Estrellita*. Next morning we rounded Horn Head in better conditions (W.N.W. F 5) and set a course for Bloody Foreland. Tory would have to be bypassed on this occasion. We arrived at Aranmore Island and anchored for lunch in pleasant sunshine. After a couple of hours we set out for Teeling in a very pleasant NW breeze broad reaching all the way down the west Donegal coast, with it's spectacular cliff scenery. It was a great sail and cheered us up a lot.

We were soon though Rathlin O'Beirne Sound and into Teeling. Teeling looked very nice on this calm summer evening. We picked up a free mooring off the pier, had dinner aboard and relaxed over sundowners as we watched the anglers catching lots of mackerel from the pier. Richard left us early next morning. When his friend arrived to take him to Ballyshannon, he was kind enough to take me to Carrick to get provisions and diesel. Damian and I got underway at 10.00 in overcast conditions with moderate visibility in a light westerly breeze. We motor sailed in a slight swell and gradually closed the north Mayo coast with the Stags of Broad Haven coming into view at 14.30. However it took us until 19.00 before we had the Stags abeam. We then entered Broad Haven, an impressive expanse of water with imposing cliffs and rock formations at its entrance. We hooked a visitors mooring at 2030 near the lifeboat off Ballyglass pier. There were two other yachts there, the first we had seen for some time. We didn't go ashore and relaxed and dined on board on a very still summer evening in an atmosphere of complete rural remoteness. We headed out next morning at 09.00 with a large dolphin accompanying us to the lighthouse. He actually gave us quite a start as he surfaced just as we let the mooring go.

We sailed to Erris Head. The wind then dropped and it became sunny. We took down all sail and

motored through Eagle Island Sound. We had passed the Inniskeas by 13.00 and had the impressive Achill Head abeam by 15.30. As we continued south past this amazing coastline, we saw the *Jenny Johnson* off our port beam. By 19.30 we entered Ship Channel between Inishshark and Inishbofin, motoring gingerly through this rocky area and by 20.15 we had anchored in Inishbofin Harbour, in the company of three other yachts. We quickly rowed ashore and the smokers outside Days pub duly informed us that we were just in time to get a meal at the Dolphin restaurant up the hill and also that we could avail of a shower at the youth hostel next door. I liked the atmosphere on this island. Days, incidently, was full of female primary teachers taking a nature studies course.

We decided to have a rest day next day. Damian went off on a hired bicycle for the afternoon. I approached a ferry skipper and requested some diesel. He asked me to come back at 20.30. In the mean time I traipsed up the hills on the mainland side of the harbour and had a splendid view of the 12 Bens and High Island all the way to Slyne Head. It was a lovely sunny day and the island was looking splendid. I actually had a little sleep on a tuft of grass all at peace with the world around me. Later we dined aboard and after collecting my diesel enjoyed some pints in Days Pub. After I went to a night of traditional music in Murray's Hotel. This was apparently arranged to celebrate 25 years of the teachers coming to Inishbofin. This was most unexpected and completed a most delightful day.

It blew hard during the night and I hoped the CQR anchor would hold. I need not have worried.

Next morning we failed to raise the anchor and were then assisted by a nearby yacht, which trailed a rib dinghy with a 40hp engine. We dropped a weighted loop on a long line down the chain to the anchor. A winch handle was used as the weight. Damian and the yachtsman in the rib then tried to pull the anchor out varying the forward angles. Unfortunately this was unsuccessful. Damian then suggested that we double the length of the line and when this was done the anchor freed on the first pull. We were very pleased as we thanked our neighbour.

We immediately got underway as it was now 08.30 and set a course for Slyne Head. The wind was N.W. F 4/5 as we sailed through High Island Sound and had Slyne Head abeam by 11.10. The wind then dropped and we motored towards the Aran Islands. It was slow progress and the passage from Slyne



Skipper off Achill.

Photo: Damian Marshall



Port Saloon, Co. Donegal.

Photo: Sean Fergus

Head to Kilronan was frustratingly long. We arrived in Kilronan at 17.30 and picked up a visitors mooring. Damian left me here and Eamonn, my brother who used to race out of Howth and Joe Daly who had not sailed before joined me. I had a couple of pints with them in the American Bar. The place was awash with tourists, with the ferries going non-stop. We shopped for provisions in a fine supermarket and then had to dine aboard as all the restaurants closed early. The swell in the harbour ensured that we had a rocky sleep and were glad to be off at 07.00 for Smerwick Harbour.

We motor sailed through Gregory Sound and were soon making 5.5 knots as we made steady progress off the Clare coast. At 12.00 the wind picked up further W.N.W. F 5 and we were able to sail freely at 6.2 knots. By 14.00 we had Loop Head abeam and were soon joined by at least 20 dolphins that completely surrounded the boat deftly swimming and diving. This wonderful spectacle lasted for nearly 2 hours. Needless to say we all enjoyed this natural entertainment immensely. By 18.00 we were at the mouth of Smerwick Harbour when suddenly we had to take evasive action to avoid a drift net, which stretched across the entrance. We anchored off the little slip at Smerwick and were the only yacht there. We quickly went ashore and walked the 5 or 6 kilometres to Ballyferriter. Although it took over an hour it was a pleasant walk on a nice summer evening. We soon got into a comfortable pub and enjoyed an excellent meal, accompanied by good pints. Irish is very much spoken here. The locals were friendly and we had a good banter with them. They later told us how to go back on a short cut through a dirt track and then along the beach.

Next morning, Saturday, we had the anchor up at 09.40 and were soon motoring around the Three Sisters. The wind was W.F 4 accompanied by a big swell. We sailed through Blasket Sound on the full genoa. It was settled enough to anchor off the Great Blasket. The crew however wanted to head directly for Dingle. We passed Sleah Head by 12.00 and were tied up in Dingle Marina at 13.30. I had not visited Dingle for nearly 30 years and the change was amazing. The marina was the focal point of a prosperous town. Tourists abounded, the pubs and coffee shops were full. There was a lively atmosphere with the buildings and houses gaily painted. We showered and walked around the town and later shopped. We dined out later in a waterfront pub and after enjoyed some pints. Next morning I got some diesel from Johnny, the marina manager. The wind blew at over 20 knots all day.

We departed at 15.00 for Derrynane in a fresh N.W. breeze sailing across the bay towards Valencia Island. As we sailed along Valencia the seas were big and the breeze was at 27 knots. We soon had Bray Head abeam and had a fast passage across St. Finians Bay and were passing Bolus Head by 19.00. We set our course for Derrynane and had great difficulty identifying the entrance until we were quite close in. We gingerly entered, as it was low water when we arrived at the narrow entrance. This snug little harbour had several visiting yachts. We relaxed and enjoyed a nice meal aboard. Next morning we visited Derrynane House and then walked to Cahirdaniel. We departed at 12.45 for Crookhaven using the engine all the way as there was little wind.

We passed Dursey Island at 15.10 and had Sheep Head abeam at 16.45. We rounded Mizen Head in calm conditions and arrived to a crowded anchorage in Crookhaven at 18.30 with all the visitor's moorings taken. We therefore anchored near the dock. I picked up my blazer for the ICC 75th Anniversary Dinner here. I had forgotten it and a friend holidaying in the area kindly dropped it into O'Sullivan's pub for me. We ate aboard and had some pints afterwards. Next morning we had expensive €4 showers in the local sailing club, which had a very active youth scheme going on.

We set off at midday for Cape Clear Island in grey misty conditions with light winds. We arrived in North Harbour at 13.30 and berthed at the knob on the outer pier. We had lunch in a café beside the harbour. I was curious to see this island having read the 'The Man from Cape Clear' during the winter. We walked to South Harbour and the island seemed very green and fertile. We set off for Baltimore at 14.40 in foggy conditions. Visibility was down to 500 metres as we gave Bullig Reef a good clearance and then went north of Carrigmore Rocks. We carefully had to avoid nets just off the entrance to Baltimore and arrived at 16.30 picking up one of the last available moorings on the outer trot. The weather in Baltimore was misty and wet. Many of the moored yachts were unoccupied.

We stayed two days here and where we hill walked and visited coffee shops and pubs. By Thursday 16th July we decided to leave at midday. The weather was still foggy with visibility down to 200 metres. I asked my crew to let the mooring go and tell me when I was free. The wind was S.W. F 5 and these Baltimore moorings were close to each other. When informed that the mooring was free I motored forward and caught the pick up buoy with my prop. This stopped the boat dead with a slight shudder. I immediately stopped the engine rather worried that we didn't blow on the boats behind. We came to rest stern to the line of moorings and were then the only boat on the trot, facing stern to the wind. I realised that I had to take the strain off the prop immediately and also secure the boat in case it broke free. I climbed down the stern ladder and looped a strong line around the large mooring buoy, which was a foot off the stern. I winched the line taught so that we were now much more secure with no strain on the prop. It then took some 30 minutes for a young sailing club member to come out with a snorkel and wet suit and on his second dive he untangled the rope from the prop for the modest sum of €30. I started the engine and when ready pulled off the securing line

from the buoy and got under way. I now realise that many people presently sail out of marinas and are not familiar with the practice of walking the mooring aft as the boat moves forward. After a little tension aboard, we motored out of the harbour immediately switched on our radar. This proved to be most valuable in these conditions. We had a steady sail along an invisible coast and with the aid of our radar passed safely by Toe Head, Galley Head and the Seven Heads. We then heard the reassuring siren on the Old Head of Kinsale lighthouse. The fog then lifted to reveal five navy ships at anchor as we sailed into a very crowded Kinsale marina. We rafted up four out from the hammerhead berth and had soon two additional boats berthed outside us.

Next morning I registered for the ICC 75th Anniversary Rally. In the evening we attended a reception in the Trident hotel. On Saturday my wife Karen arrived and we later attended a reception in the RCYC at Crosshaven followed by dinner in Cork City Hall. On Sunday my crew departed. My 13-year-old daughter Isobel and her friend Sorcha arrived from Dublin. Because of my light crew situation, I then made the decision to keep going east and complete the cruise. I allowed the girls a day in Kinsale and waited for a weather front to go through on Monday night. We delayed our early morning departure and finally left at 13.30 on Tuesday. We had the benefit of a fresh S.W. breeze, which pushed us along. We made Ballycotton by 18.30. The girls were feeling sick on this short passage due to the big swell and lay down in the cockpit in their sleeping bags. Their spirits were now revived as they scrambled ashore from our visitors mooring to visit school friends who were on holiday in Ballycotton. I went to a nearby pub and joined them later.

Next morning I was away by 06.00 for Kilmore Quay. The



Bofin Harbour from east.

Photo: Sean Fergus

girls arose at 11.00 with half the passage completed. It was a good sail in a fresh S.W. breeze and we were off Hook Head by 13.15 doing 6 knots. We arrived at the berth at 15.30. We then had showers in the Stella Maris centre and enjoyed a meal in Keoghs pub with old friends Ivor and Mary Davies from Rosslare Harbour. Ivor had agreed to crew with us to Dun Laoghaire next morning. By 07.00 we were off motoring through St Patrick's Bridge and around Carnsore Point. The wind then picked up to F 5 and with strong tide under us we quickly progressed up the coast. Between Arklow and Wicklow Head we were actually surfing at up to 10 knots in big seas with a reefed head sail only. Then the wind dropped and the tide turned and we made slow progress to Bray Head reaching Dun Laoghaire at 20.30. We stayed four days and on Monday, with Richard Curry rejoining me together with his dad Jim, who is an old friend, we had an uneventful passage to Carlingford. We returned to my berth after 30 days away. In all we visited some 17 ports and anchorages.

Jimmy Markey writes of *New Moon* and *Black Hawk*

In the last few seasons I had many an enjoyable sail and cruise on John Massey's 6 ton 1935 Hillyard *New Moon*. Visiting such out the way places as Malahide, Rush, Loughshinny, Skerries and Carlingford to the north, and Dun Laoghaire, Wicklow and Arklow to the south.

I was delighted to be asked by Bob Drew to be part of the crew with Des Turvey to bring his 42 ton 54 foot *Knight Hawk* from Kinsale to Howth.

Both John and Bob have one thing in common, they are both great hosts. But there is a big difference between a wet and foggy night on *New Moon* and a wet and foggy night on *Knight Hawk*!



Jimmy Markey and Des Turvey with *Knight Hawk*.

The Marmalade Cruise

Cormac McHenry

Those who have sailed with me know that I am an addict and that I cannot start the day without my fix, marmalade. When I heard that in southern Spain, you can pick your own oranges and make your own marmalade, I was hooked and a winter in Seville became the objective of my cruise in 2003.

Because I was retiring and planned to spend months at a time as a live-aboard and because my wife Barbara is not keen on sailing but is very content living on board which is tied to something fixed and immovable we thought a bigger boat than our Nicholson 31 was called for. After considerable research we decided that an Island Packed 40 would fit the bill, with its aft cockpit, forward master suite, a good double cabin aft, two heads and an excellent galley. The design is of a shallow draft, long keel, heavy displacement boat built to a very high standard. The cutter rig and slab reefed main should be easily handled by a single hander and we eventually found one in Holland.

So in 2002 I sailed *Island Life* through the Dutch canals into the North Sea and following the Riddle of the Sands route, into Cuxhaven in Germany. Then through the Kiel Canal and the Danish Islands to Copenhagen where Barbara joined me for ten days in Frederickshaven from whence we explored that city, its museums and art galleries and designer shopping. Over to Sweden and up to Gotenburg with Commodore Arthur Baker and Marjorie, across to Norway, up to Bergen and then across the North Sea and via the Caledonian Canal to Dun Laoghaire.

That shakedown cruise, most of it single handed, showed me changes and additions I needed to make it easier and safer for me to sail the boat so I hauled out at the National Yacht Club and spent the winter making the boat my own.

May 2003. An optimistic log entry on 14th May reads "Setting off for summer. To Arklow, Rosslare/Kilmore Quay, to France and to Spain". The weather was not kind in May and eventually I crawled into Baltimore, in fog, with the Barrack Light at the entrance unlit. Not the best time to be playing with the new toy on the boat, the radar, but it got me in to see the Loo buoy and I anchored off Sherkin at 01.30.

After a day or two the weather improved and I set off. With a mixture of sun, rain, fog and motoring I tied up in Gijon on the north coast of Spain after an uneventful four and a half days. I had expected difficulty in crossing the shipping lanes as I entered the Bay of Biscay, but apart from a close encounter with a Spanish fishing trawler in dense fog, I only recorded having seen two ships over the voyage. Gijon is an excellent port in which to make a landfall. It is easy of access by day or by night. It has an extensive marina which was quite empty, very good showers, the town itself is only five minutes away. The sardine season was in, so eating ashore, with grilled sardines at €8 and wine at €10 a bottle, was far more attractive than more baked beans on the boat!

I was moving east, to France where some of the family were gathered and Barbara was to join me. Passing Los Picos, I anchored in Ribadesella, then in Castro Urdiales I was directed to tie to the quay wall. There is a fine yacht club there and I was made very welcome but with the rise and fall on the rough wall it was an uncomfortable place. Past Bilbao harbour entrance with its distinctive breakwaters, I continued on to the new marina at Getaria, a small fishing village with excellent facilities, a lovely old church and a collection of fine restaurants. This is Basque territory and I was advised that the

Spanish flag should not be flown east of Bilbao, there were no Spanish flags on any of the boats or the official buildings in the port.

Then I crossed the Spanish/French border and anchored inside the breakwaters at Ciboure. The following morning Friday 13th June I got a good berth in the small marina there. It was mostly occupied by local boats, including a number of large power boats which are used for deep sea fishing in the bay. I was told I could not stay for more than three days but that just appeared to be the "official" line and in the end I was there for ten days. The town is small, really only a suburb of St. Jean-de-Luz which is only over the bridge. That is a very fashionable French town, only a short distance south of Biarritz Airport into which Barbara flew (Ryanair). The grandchildren enjoyed having



The beautifully sheltered beach in Ria de El Barquero.



Barbara McHenry just in from the sea.

Granddad and the boat and the Grandparents enjoyed the hospitality of their children ashore. The TGV train from Paris runs through the town, meeting local train services and Barbara and I made a pleasant excursion up the hills to St. Jean Pied de Port from where many start to walk their pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella.

Retracing my course, I headed west, sailing with Barbara back to Getaria and on to Getxo where there is a big marina in the entrance to Bilbao. This is an excellent place, fully sheltered, very good facilities and most important, a metro right into Bilbao. We spent some days there exploring the Guggenheim Museum and the other attractions of the city until Barbara flew home from Bilbao Airport (15 minutes by taxi). I then had a long unpleasant slog against a north-westerly until I got into Santander Bay feeling quite tired.

Here, 200m short of the marina, I ran aground. This, in retrospect was an interesting example of how accidents can happen. I had a full sized chart, had looked at it carefully and had seen the large patch of green with the narrow channel into the marina. As I entered the river leading to the marina the wind dropped, the water was calm and the evening sun

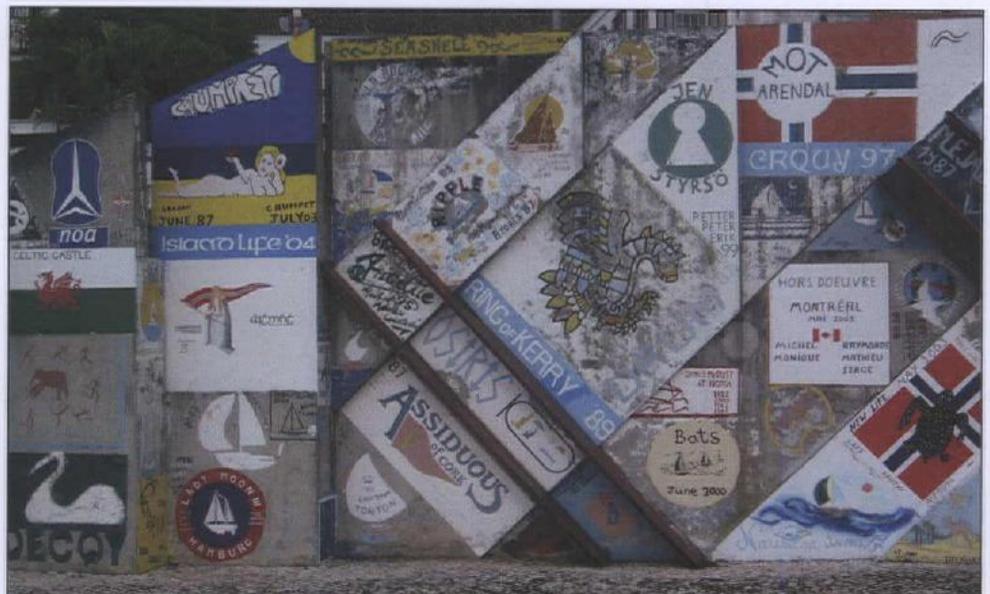
created a most relaxing environment as I busied myself with sail furling, parking the self steering, fenders and warps out etc. etc., until suddenly I noticed that we did not appear to be moving. I had not been looking at the depth sounder (Barbara ate me when she heard!) but I knew from the chart that I was well out of the main channel and with the tide falling, there was no possibility I would get off. It was close to the top of springs so the perspiration started as I tried to work out the time of the next high water. Difficult, as the nearest standard port is Pointe de Grave, hundreds of miles away in France. *Island Life* settled down to port and after dinner and gins and tonics to settle the nerves, I retired to my bunk with the alarm set for 45 minutes before my calculated hw. Needless to say, sleep was slow coming and one time when I looked out we were surrounded by a flat expanse of mud, or sand, but there was not a rock or any other object to be seen.

Anyway, when I awoke I was almost afloat and lost no time hauling the anchor and then motoring into the marina, via the proper channel! This showed me how, even with all the information available, the brain can ignore it leading to seemingly unexplainable accidents. It also showed me another advantage of a shallow draft, long keel boat. When I inspected the hull next morning in the marina there was not a trace of sand or mud above the waterline, the boat had settled on the turn of the bilge, on the antifouling.

West again and into Ria del Barquero. This is a beautiful Ria, totally protected by a bend near the entrance. I anchored off a lovely beach in 4m and I had the nicest evening of the cruise so far. It would be a great place for a barbecue.

My cruise then took me into La Coruña where I decided to try the marina at Fontan Harbour (Sada). This I found excellent with very good facilities, a very good chandlery (probably the best I have encountered in Spain where to my surprise, they are few and far between). There is a bus service into the city and the airport is right beside the marina. Then around the point and down the west coast of Galicia, I anchored in Lage, went on to Camarinas where there is now a marina, with Robert (ICC) and Pat Barker already installed in *Alchemist*. We met again in Porto Sin where I was leaving the boat for a couple of weeks while I headed home. The Club there is most welcoming and we all had a most enjoyable and hilarious evening. We were not thrown out, but the ICC again made its impact there!

Into a few more of the Rias, a night at anchor off Iles Cies,



The harbour wall at Horta in the Azores, with the names of the yachts in which Cormac McHenry visited on his single handed cruises. *Ring of Kerry* 1989, *Erquy* 1997 and *Island Life* 2004.

south via Bayona, Povoia de Varzim, Figura da Foz and then Nazare where Jim Menton (ICC) was in residence in *Caranja*. There is a good marina there with an Englishman, Mike Hadley well established and very helpful. Nazare is very interesting, an old Portuguese country town, the centre for a good bus network to the interior, by which I made a pilgrimage to Fatima. Nice basilica but a dreadful honky tonk town of gaudy shops full of "religious" souvenirs.

On past the well named Cabo da Roca, with its white rocky cliffs down to the water and at least two large outliers and around into the large new marina at Cascais. This is below the old fort and barracks from which I sailed in the Finn Gold Cup in 1970. Cascais is a lovely town with lots of Portuguese tourists and it has the advantage of an excellent train service into Lisbon. The marina itself is large with good facilities, plenty of restaurants but no supermarket and it is a pretty soulless place. Quite a number of yachts choose to anchor in the bay rather than use the rather expensive marina.

Barbara had flown into Lisbon and we enjoyed revisiting the places where we had been in 1970. We could not find the campsite, we suspected that it was now covered by high rise apartment blocks! We checked out and anchored in the bay (rolly) on the night of September 15th in preparation for an early, misty start next morning. We motored in what became, eventually, a very hot, calm day and tied up in Sines, a lovely old town a short walk around the bay from the marina.

Encouraged by the glorious, windless weather, Barbara decided to make the leg from Sines to Lagos, we left before five to get in before dark. But the beautiful, relaxed, motoring trip, still gloriously sunny, suddenly turned into a dead beat into a wind of up to 35kn as we approached Cabo Sao Vicente. As we rounded the Cape, the wind did the 900 turn also, leaving us with a dead noser for the remaining twenty miles or so into Lagos. The entry between the narrow breakwaters was not made easy by the brilliant shore lights illuminating the sandstone rock formations on the shore.



About to squeeze into the lock leading to Seville.



Waiting for the bridge at the marina in Seville to open.

Lagos is a good place for a weeks stop. We met a number of friends there, Alan Taylor, Commodore OCC in *Bellamanda*, David and Hilary Park in *Alys* who were preparing to lay up ashore for the winter and Jim Menton who had come down from Nazare and would spend the winter afloat in the marina. From Lagos to Lisbon Airport by the new motorway is just under 300km and I made the journey each way in less than three hours as I brought Barbara to the plane and collected a friend, Chris Batt, who stayed with *Island Life* until we got to Seville.

The leg across the Algarve was quite relaxed with a pleasant stop at Vila Real de Santo Antonio, the border town between Portugal and Spain. We had one of our best Portuguese meals in the yacht club there, a place which does not advertise itself but is well worth seeking out.

Just across the river Guadiana is the Spanish town of Ayamonte which I wanted to visit, not least because David Nicholson had *White Shadow* laid up there. But, as I ran gently aground at the entrance to the marina, (no problem, low water this time!) we were told the small marina was full so as we expected the weather to break we went on to Mazagon, a good comfortable marina but a town to be avoided at all costs. We spent a day there in wind and rain. For some reason the laundrette is at the opposite side of the marina to the arrivals and visitors area, so a long trek there and back to deal with the accumulated pile of washing.

And so, on 1st October, we made the last sea passage of the season to Chipiona which is just south of the entrance to the river Guadalquivir leading to Seville. There is an excellent marina at Chipiona, friendly staff, washing machines just beside the administration block and a nice, simple town with good restaurants about twenty minutes walk away. But it is not an easy place to get to from Malaga, as another friend found in a long and difficult drive around mountainous southwest Spain.

To get the full benefit of the tide we left at 06.00, fortunately with little wind and followed the channel buoys carefully to the river entrance. In all it was not a difficult passage up the river, but not as interesting as I had expected, running as it does alongside the Donana National Park. We saw little bird life and no animals on the banks but we were able to get the whole 66 miles up to the lock which is three miles outside the city by 14.45. The only hazards on the passage were the ships (up to 6,000t) passing us in the rather narrow channel. As we were motoring we did not have the steadying effect of the sails and were thrown about quite a lot as each ship passed.

After the lock, one enters the canal which runs through

Seville but to get to the Club Nautico there is a lifting bridge to be contended with. We had been given the opening time, 20.00hr, at the lock, and were all ready and waiting in the river when that time came, and went. In fact it was the following evening before it opened, we had had to spend the night at a very basic marina just inside the lock and 3km from the town.

But Club Nautico Sevilla was very satisfactory. It is a very large (8,000 members) social and sports Club in the Spanish style with a big rowing section, numerous tennis courts, three swimming pools, a restaurant, fine grounds, a walk of half an hour from the really lovely city. Yachting is not important for the Club, it just has one pontoon but the mariners are very

helpful, the sanitary block is excellent and there is power and water on the pontoon. There is no washing machine nor is there any laundrette in Seville at all. *Island Life* was to be afloat there for the winter. I spent a number of months on board. There were visits from Barbara and the family and we all very much enjoyed the atmosphere of Spain there.

Then, after a trip to India with Barbara over Christmas, I returned to Seville in early February 2004 to find the oranges on the trees around the pontoon were all ripe. I plucked them, plucked my lemons and made my marmalade on board *Island Life*. Delicious! I now felt that my 2003 cruise had been successfully completed!

Fergus Quinlan writes of *Pylades* to Spain and *Ihasta Luego*

The arrival of children many years ago did not stem a passion for the sea and sailing so it came to pass that the growing family spent the best part of their formative holidays in the testing

environment of small boats thrashing around the coasts of Ireland and Scotland. During which time their boat handling and sea skills slowly develop. But it's a bit like when you teach children to drive, one eventually has to lend the car, likewise with boats. So it came to pass that my daughter Vera married Peter Owens in May of 04 and after much music, song and dance they alone slipped out of Kinvara heading south on *Pylades*.

Over a week later Kay and I joined them in Baltimore and at 9.30 hrs on Friday 11th June with a reef in and a moderate to fresh westerly wind we flew south on a direct course to La Corunna. Sailing was splendid all day but the forecast was for a high pressure center to move north over Biscay and as predicted and expected the wind fell off during the night. Under engine, '*Pylades*' purred gracefully south. During some watch change (three hours per person), it was remarked by one who shall remain anonymous that Biscay was a piece of piss, it was flat calm and what was all the fuss about!! Those of wiser council covered their heads, and prevailed that such utterings should never be until all lines were made fast in the hoped for harbour.

On the evening of Saturday 12th a breeze filled in from the north east which maintained our steady progress in the right direction under full sail. Towards night fall conditions were freshening and reefs were replaced and the poled out headsail was tucked up a bit. Navtex was giving projections of F5 to 6 occasionally 7 in the area of Finisterre, the low over Spain and our, just passed, high were squeezing up a bit. The following day Sunday 13th the wind was now F6 and slowly building. Then a visitor arrived, a lost racing pigeon circled and crash landed and for the remainder of the voyage, Packie as we named it, crouched under the cockpit bench and was fed water and muesli.

With the coming of night we had three reefs in the main, and a very reduced headsail. As we would be crossing the shipping lanes, these lie on the line from Ushant to Cape Finisterre, it was decided to stretch the watches to four hours and double them. Our Navtex was now talking gale in the area with the sea state becoming very rough. Many seas were dumping in the cockpit. Exciting times during the night, with the wind still increasing '*Pylades*' was surfing and the 'monitor' self steering was finding it difficult to cope. With much struggle the remainder of the main was securely stowed.

It is quite surreal working on a deck which is awash on a wild sea, the scream of the gale as background music and the deck lights giving a strange kind of comfort. The horizon was ablaze with lights, at one stage we were dealing with eleven ships but at least we had plenty of speed. We eventually picked our gap and went for it and soon left the whole commercial wagon train behind.

Our visiting pigeon was most uncomfortable, we considered putting a harness on him but he probably would not have any of it. The morning dawned wild and beautiful with the smudged outline of the great capes of Northern Spain far to the south but approaching fast. A gale is never particularly welcome (unless one is winding down from something worse) but coming out of a clear blue sky and with '*Pylades*' taking such good care of us, it is always more tolerable. Within sight of land Pakie our pigeon came out of his hide sniffed the air crapped on the deck and without so much as a by your leave, was gone.

At 15.30 Monday 14th with the wind easing we sailed into the welcoming arms of La Corunna, three days six hours from Baltimore. Over the next two days we engaged heavily in the excellent fleshpots of this most wonderful city. On the morning of Wednesday 16th with heavy hearts Kay and I left our ship, getting a series of busses across the north coast of Spain and staying in various places as we made our way to Bilbao and flights home. *Pylades* with her new skipper Vera, and husband Peter are meanwhile on their way to Cape Verde, Venezuela, Cuba, Azores and hopefully Kinvara (by August of 2005) on her second Atlantic Circuit.

This trip may be followed on; www.pylades.net



Pylades in Kilrush shed, refit before big trip.

Flica odyssey – Part One

Marilyn Kenworthy

For several years I have had a yearning to do some serious long distance cruising but I realised that managing such a project was not something that I could undertake on my own. I bit the bullet last summer and decided to look for some professional help with *Flica*.

Oyster Marine was very helpful and soon I was reading CV's of potential Skippers. Debbie Johnson was one who's credentials looked impressive and we agreed to meet. Debbie had, during the previous 2 years, been the First Mate on an Oyster 56 that did some extensive cruising in North America and was currently living in Antibes.

She told me she was interested in doing a Caribbean circuit and after a weekend together I felt sure that she was just what I needed. We agreed that she would spend sometime in Crosshaven during the winter and join *Flica* full time in early April.

Needless to say there was a great deal of preparation involved but it was nice to have Debbie look after the planning,

get everything serviced and have the boat fully shipshape in time for departure in early June

La Coruña was to be the first Port of Call and then a lazy few weeks re-visiting the Rias of Galicia. Time was not an issue with the only definite date being the Oyster Regatta in Palma in late September prior to the ARC. Myself, Debbie, Donal McClement (ICC), Eddie Scougall and Vincent Aquilina left the Royal Cork on Tuesday 1st June with a favourable forecast of light northeasterlies going easterly with a maximum of 20 knots on day two.

A lumpy, left-over, sea and the first real trip of the season meant that there was not much interest in dinner that evening and Donal was complaining that he had to fend for himself, even with the female company, on board!

Some really good sailing ensued after 20 hours of motoring and we arrived in Spain at 07.00 hours on the Friday. 510 miles in 66 hours was not too shabby in a Cruising Boat!

It was my second visit to La Coruña and the new marina, is a great improvement. As you come around the outer harbour wall, instead of a sharp right turn, head for the conspic Fort on your starboard hand. The marina is only 300 meters from abeam the fort. You are five minutes walk from the magnificent Square and there must be upwards of 40 different eating houses within 15 minutes.

Prices in Spain are still low and a really nice meal with good quality wine (we are very moderate drinkers?!) can still be had for not much more than €25 per head.

Two very pleasant days, in beautiful weather, gave us enough time to explore the city and we then left for Corme y Large about 35 miles west. We had no wind for the next few days but had some typical Galician fog to keep us on our toes.

Corme is a small fishing village with good shelter from the northern sector and Large on the other side of the bay offers protection from the south. Next day a trip to Camarinas, which involved rounding Cabo Villano, was made in surprisingly calm conditions. The number of wind generators is remarkable and it seems like the Spanish are making a serious effort to produce power from alternative sources. Maybe some of our objectors should pay a visit to Galida and then decide if the turbines are a real hazard or an eyesore. We certainly did not think so!

The approach to Camarinas is well marked and presents no difficulty. The town is famous for its Spanish Lace and the dexterity of the local ladies is fantastic. The Yacht Club is friendly and although the marina is small and not suitable for boats bigger than *Flica* it has fuel, water and power.

Porto Sin was next on the agenda and a beautiful day put us in great spirits. Happy memories of the ICC dinner in the Yacht Club, in 1999, were evoked and as well as a visit to Noia, (the so called Venice of the North), a nice meal in the Club, where we were made very welcome, was most appreciated.

Donal and Eddie had to leave the next day and three of us were on our own for the coming six weeks. Ria De Arosa was next on our plan and both Puebla del Caraminal and



Our sister ship *Atlanta* never beat us!



The crew enduring the hardship of racing in Majorca!

Villagarcia, where memories of the late Paddy Walsh came flooding back, were revisited.

Southwards to Bayona where the facilities and welcome are still as good as ever. We met with the OCC boats that were on their Rally which finished in Glengarriff and Joe and Mary Woodward (ICC) who were cruising on their Salar 40 *Moshulu III*.

A short hop to Viana do Castelo brought us to Portugal for the first time and the Pilot Book directions were excellent. It is worth noting that the marina is quite a distance from the town. We were very much in day sailing mode now and visited Povoas De Varzim and Leixoes as well as enjoying the local scenery.

A long day's motoring brought us to Figueira Da Foz where the local market is well worth a visit. Our stay coincided with the major Fiesta of St Peter and we were lucky enough to be invited by a local taxi driver to spend the evening at his house. It was an amazing experience to be involved with the locals that evening.

Next on the agenda was Nazare, from where we visited the famous shrine of Fatima. I was a little sceptical about this trip but I have to admit it was a totally overwhelming experience and one I will never forget.

Cascais, with its new marina complex, is absolutely outstanding and a great base to take the coast train to Lisbon. The town is very fashionable, the shops chic, the restaurants superb and it is without doubt a place I want to return to before too long. What a pity it was not selected for the 2007 Americas Cup.

From Cascais to Sines we were still plagued with light winds and a big Atlantic swell however it's amazing what a good bacon and egg buttie will do for the morale! After an uneventful overnight stop we were motoring once again to

Lagos, and encountered a huge school of dolphins that stayed with us for quite a time.

The canal like entrance to the port was rather unusual and the footbridge has to be lifted for each boat. The marina complex is first class and it is only now that I realise how poor the facilities are here in Ireland by comparison to the Iberian Peninsula. There is no doubt that both Governments have poured millions of euro into developing their boating tourism and it is pretty evident that this decision is bearing considerable fruit.

I was coming to the end of my first spell on board and prior to leaving we did some local sailing, visiting Portimao, in the two days we spent cruising the area before returning to Lagos. Debbie took the opportunity to catch up on routine maintenance and then

sailed the boat on to Palma where I rejoined with Dan (ICC) and Jill Cross for the Oyster Regatta in late September.

My first experience of both Palma and an Oyster gathering was hugely enjoyable. Palma and Majorca in general is definitely a place where I would be happy to keep a boat and now I can understand why it has been popular for so long. The event which included four days of racing combined with serious parties each evening was extremely well organised. We were lucky enough to win the Concours D'Elegance and took 4th place, in the second race. All told a very successful regatta and I am really looking forward to the next one in Antigua.

As I write, the boat is en route to Gran Canaria, where the ARC Crew (Brian and Eleanor Cudmore and Donal McClement (ICC) will assemble in mid November and hopefully as you read this we will have arrived safely in St Lucia.



Marilyn, Dan Cross and Debbie Johnson having a ball.

Turkey – where the Aegean meets the Mediterranean

Michael P. Bourke

Having arrived in the early hours of the morning after a direct flight from Dublin, the transfer could not have been easier. Met by the Sunsail representative, we are delivered to our Oceanis 411, settle in and sleep away what remains of the night.

The next morning is the 5th September 2004 and we are about to set off for the first time along the coast of Turkey having previously cruised the coast of Croatia and the Ionian Islands on other vacations.

During the morning, there is the usual briefing and we slip our lines to head around the corner from Bitez where the boat is kept, to Bodrum, the St.Tropez of Turkey. Ogas is forever at the other side of Channel 74, to deal with queries. The coast is arid, the sea and sky are blue and we skip along at 4 knots.

Bodrum marina is like a metropolis. The place is packed with Turkish gulets – immense wooden sailing boats capable of taking 20 or 30 people on holiday. We are met by a marina official who guides us to our berth, hands us our lazy line and will even tug-like keep our bow from swinging away with the wind as we reverse into our place on the marina and hand over our stern lines.

Bodrum is a noisy place but fun for one night at least. The next morning we head off, sailing east between the shore and Karaada Island heading for Cokertme where we have been given the name of Captain Ibrahims Restaurant. Lunch is spent in a little bay on the leeward side of Orak Island. It is fairly windy by the afternoon in this part of the world due to the Meltemi Wind. The shore shelves very rapidly so you drop anchor in quite deep water leaving out as much chain as you have and a stern line to a handy tree keeps one in place. After

lunch we finish the journey to Cokertme and Captain Ibrahims. We book our table on Channel 16 and by the time we make it to his little restaurant marina, there is someone waiting with a bow line and the operation repeats itself as we snuggle up stern on to the restaurant jetty. The tradition being that if you use a restaurant's jetty you are more or less honour bound to keep his kitchen busy for that evening.

The next week was spent doing the circuit of Gokova Bay. Each night was spent either tied up to a restaurant or anchored in a creek with a stern line to the shore. Each morning the air is still and the water glass-like. With all the morning ceremonies completed, it is time to head for open waters with the hope of arriving at one's next destination early. By two o'clock the Meltemi will have risen and on several days we were up to 30 knots by mid afternoon with rising seas. All very well down wind but unfortunately one has to turn around and head home at some point. Still, there is something different and even pleasurable, reefing in warm winds with blue skies.

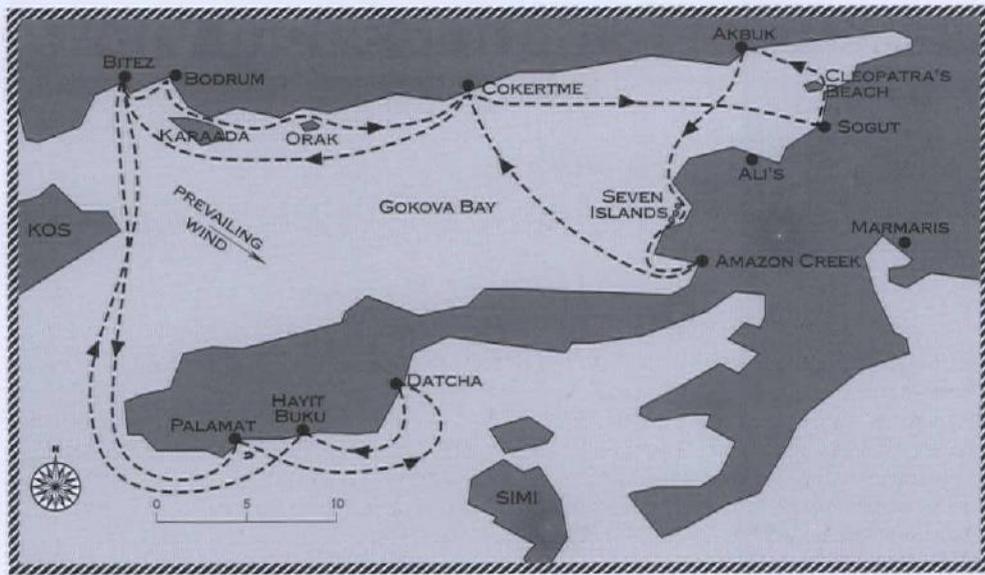
From Cokertme we travel to the bay of Sogut, have lunch at Sedir Adasi otherwise known as Cleopatra's beach where it is said she had sand imported from Africa so Mark Anthony could improve his suntan. Having lazed away until early afternoon myself and a companion boat skippered by John Varian, part company for a day as I head north-west for a wonderful shaking out sail across the bay to Akbuk. John heads south and makes the discovery of the trip when he puts into a sheltered creek called Kargili Koya and finds Ali's Restaurant.

The next day we cross the bay again. We have Justin, the eldest aboard with his wife El who races throughout the summer off the south coast of England and will not be denied.

This is a wonderful part of the world to sail. It is warm and there are good winds. We do a little showing off by sailing up the creek where John Varian and guests are recovering from a night at Ali's and put to sea again heading south. This leaves us against a lee shore and while we have a look for an anchorage behind the Yedi Adalari or Seven Islands, none are safe against the northwest prevailing wind and we head out again with a broad reach before a gusting 7 making for Kucuk otherwise known as Amazon Creek. Shelter here is little better but with an anchor and kedge out to hold us in position against the wind running up, we have at least left the heavy seas outside. As the evening draws in and the winds drop we can take up our anchors and re-lay them with a stern line to the shore and rest comfortably for the night. We



From left: El and Justin Maloney, Michael and Gabi Bourke.



we spend 48 hours soaking up the sun, walking up lanes that look surprisingly like the West of Ireland but on a very warm day and the local population just as friendly giving the Turkish equivalent of 'An laimh go breá'.

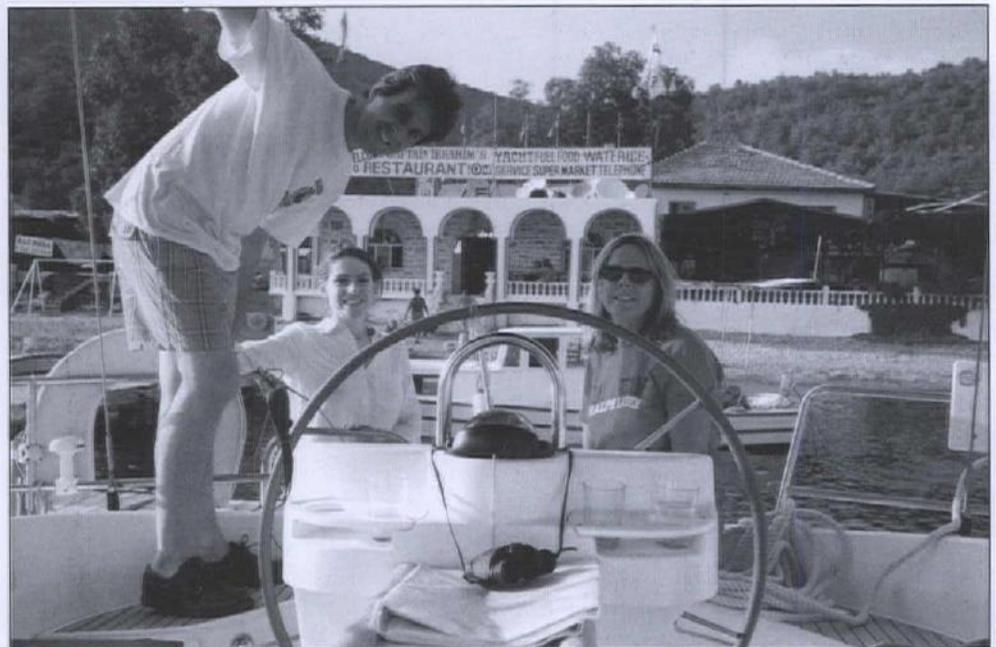
By 14th September we put into Datcha. This is a larger town with multiple restaurants and of course carpet shops. The fatal step of accepting a cup of tea is taken and the whole wonderful patter of the carpet salesman begins. Another lazy day is spent back at Hayit Buku as we prepare ourselves for the final day which is a beat into heavy winds under reefed main and jib as we head north to return our boat in Bitez.

contact the local restaurant through an intercom that is left hanging on a tree. Arrangements are made and later that night a truck arrives to bring us to the local tavern.

At the tavern deep in the forest off Amazon Creek we are able to search out the weather forecast and learn we are in gale force winds circling a storm to the south. The next morning it is decided we should make a bid for the north coast of the bay which will at least give us a good approach to Bodrum should the weather deteriorate. We make it back to Cokertme but on this occasion to a different restaurant and we spend the evening lying on beautiful carpets smoking Hukka's and talking late into the night under twinkling stars.

The next day sees Justin and El away at Bodrum and we are joined by Rachel. John O'Grady who has been with us from the start decides he'll take his chances on another week. On the 12th September we leave Bodrum and head south into a new sailing area south of the Datcha Peninsula. Our course brings us into the lee of Kos. We head on staying with our Turkish land falls and the wonderful call of the Imams from their Minarets in the morning. The sailing continues to be exhilarating given the amount of wind. We continue on to little harbours such as Palamat or inlets such as Hayit Buku. At this point

to returning to what is an immense sailing area. The facilities are superb and the local people could not be nicer. Next time rather than depart and return to the same point I have learnt that the thing to do is start at Bitez and sail with the prevailing wind, delivering the boat much further down the coast at Marmaris or even better to Gocek being guaranteed a run or a reach all the way.



The infamous Captain Abrahims restaurant. Justin, El and Gabi.

Muglins to North Spain and back

Paul Butler

On Sunday 1st August, Nóirín and I set off from Dun Laoghaire accompanied for the first short passage by my uncle, Seamus Butler (who began his working life at sea on schooners), and cousins, Paddy and James. We had a pleasant and uneventful passage to Arklow. On arrival at the marina pontoon we found that there was very little space because of the Bank Holiday weekend Regatta but, true to their word (I had sought to reserve space by email in advance), we were accommodated alongside. Seamus treated us to an excellent dinner ashore in Kitty's Kitchen after which our guests were collected by car from Dublin.

The object of the stop in Arklow was to allow Nóirín and I to reach the Isles of Scilly spending only one night at sea. We set off the following morning and had a pleasant sail down to the Tuskar where we encountered head winds F5 that were to set the tune for an uncomfortable night's motor sailing.

By mid-afternoon the following day we dropped our anchor in Hugh Town, St. Marys. Soon after that the man in the Harbourmaster's launch kindly guided us to a mooring where he attached one of our lines to its chain. A word about these moorings, which I encountered for the first time during my earlier (Whit) cruise this year: they are the most secure that I have ever encountered and they need to be as the anchorage is very exposed to the SW. The drawback is that the chain that has to be lifted is very heavy. In the absence of someone in a punt to assist, I have found it easier to connect astern, standing in the scooped out transom. The feeling of security offered by the moorings has altered my entire attitude to the Scillies which I have now visited three times this year!

Next day was a rest day during which we visited Tresco and

its wonderful gardens – well worth a considerable detour or, indeed, a special visit.

On Thursday we left Hugh Town in the afternoon and had a most pleasant (though tiring with just two) overnight passage across the western entrance to the English Channel. We reached Camaret by lunchtime after a windless and fog bound passage through the Chenal du Four. We found the outside marina (Plaisance La Pointe) to have been extended considerably and part of that in the inner harbour (Plaisance Styvel) is now dredged and will take yachts drawing up to 2 metres. In spite of the fact that it was the first week of August in a popular French port, we found that there was plenty of space (indeed during the entire cruise there was only one port in which we failed to be suitably accommodated).

So refreshed were we by our dinner of Plat au Fruits de Mer and first baguette of the summer that we set off again on the following day for St. Evette via the Raz de Sein. We just scraped through the latter with the last half hour of the tide and picked up a visitor's mooring in St. Evette which is just at the entrance of the tidal river up to Audierne. I have found this to be a very pleasant and convenient stop when travelling in either direction; it is roughly halfway between Camaret and Concarneau or Benodet, is available at all tides and is only a short journey from Audierne either by road or punt.

The following day, Sunday 8th August we set off at noon on the tide for the Odet river arriving at 17.30. Here for the first time we went to the marina at Ste. Marine on the port side of the entrance where we found a spare berth. Ste. Marine is a lovely small town with excellent restaurants in a beautiful woodland setting across the river from Benodet. On Monday

we had a quiet sail all the way to Suzon on Belle Ile. As we passed Ile de Groix which we were (of course!) to visit on the return journey, I caught 5 mackerel which were filleted, cooked and eaten within the hour.

We arrived at Suzon at 16.00. The moorings in the outer harbour and outside were fully occupied but we found enough room to anchor on the opposite side of the fairway from the latter and, after 4 attempts on a weedy bottom (more praise for the electric windlass) found good holding. We had a leisurely stroll around this beautiful port followed by an early dinner.

Next morning, Tuesday 10th, we set off under power in little or no wind. As we passed the Port of Le Palais I noticed that it was even more crowded than Suzon – I estimate that there were about 50



Last Day, Camaret – see text

Photo: Paul Butler

yachts moored and anchored outside leaving just enough room for the ferry to pass. By the time we reached the end of the island the wind had got up to about 10 knots from the south and we were able to sail most of the way to Port Joinville on Ile d'Yeu. The marina was very crowded but they were able to pack most people in like sardines to such an extent that we were soon alongside a pontoon with 5 yachts outside us. The entire operation was very well managed and we were all able to accommodate each other with good humour and no sense of overcrowding. Nóirín and I launched our folding bikes and we had time for sightseeing and shopping before dinner.

On Wednesday we sailed to Bourgeny (about 6 miles southeast of Les Sables d'Olonne). This is a modern purpose-built marina and, while facilities are good, it is really only useful as a staging post; that is unless it blows hard from the northeast making the entrance dangerous. Shortly after our arrival it did blow up from that quarter and we found ourselves unable to leave for three days. In the meantime, Nóirín's brother (and our co-owner), Eamonn, arrived on Thursday (having flown to La Rochelle via Stanstead).

On Friday 14th we sailed down to La Rochelle where we found plenty of room in Port des Minimes marina. This is a fantastic marina (I have been visiting since 1980) with all facilities (including free broadband internet access) within easy reach of the city. There are many chandlers, an occasion of serious temptation! That evening we had a superb diner in Le Verdier restaurant in the city.

On Sunday morning, 15th, we set off from La Rochelle bound for San Sebastian. This is an excellent point of departure that I used last year too because the 177 mile passage can be accomplished spending only one night at sea and avoiding the shallow (and often lee) shoreline all the way from La Gironde right down to the Franco Spanish frontier on the Ria Bidasoa. (Next year's I.C.C rally begins in Bilbao which could also be reached from La Rochelle spending just one night at sea.)

As it was we arrived in San Sebastian after a quiet and uneventful passage the following day at lunchtime. This is a wonderful port and city where we spent many days last year. It consists of a horseshoe shaped bay surrounded by the city. So clean is the water that members of the Yacht Club (Real Club Nautico de San Sebastian, a most welcoming club) can swim in the sea – as did we from our anchorage. There are 3 beaches each with blue flags. Tapas are the best we have found in Spain and the city boasts 100 men-only clubs devoted to food. There is no marina but the Club had visitors' moorings with a 24 hour launch service.

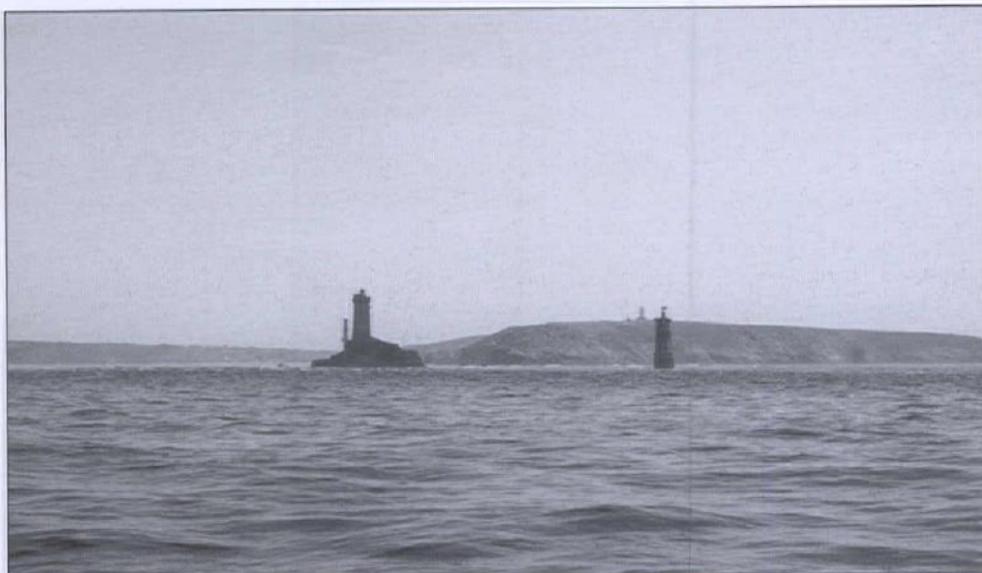
As luck would have it, this year there were no spare moorings. We anchored for swims and lunch but, as the bay is largely open to the north (from which quarter the wind was increasing), we thought it wiser to move on. We, therefore, headed west for Zumaya, some 11 miles away to which we sailed in a northerly 4.

Puerto de Zumaya was also a port of call last year and it is a place that has grown on me. The port is on the Rio Larrando which is now dredged to 3 metres and has an excellent marina. The place initially struck me as a dull industrial town. However, apart from the aforementioned marina, the town offers many good restaurants and shops, an art gallery and two

delightful manicured beaches, one about 5 minutes walk from the marina, each with plenty of freshwater showers and a bar. The only "foreign" visitors appeared to be from the few visiting yachts. English was hardly spoken, Spanish was not much appreciated and I found that I could make myself best understood using my (poor) French. At this stage, a word on flag etiquette – the pilot advised the use of a Basque courtesy flag anywhere east of Bilbao. In this area I observed only one vessel (Norwegian) flying a Spanish flag. To do so would appear to the locals to be making a clear political statement and it would not be welcome. Even in Hendaye, across the frontier, the French lifeboat flies a Basque rather than a French flag (I photographed it last year). We were enjoying ourselves so much here that that we spend three days, leaving on Thursday the 19th promising to return.

Thursday brought us to Bilbao. As we approached the sky, which had looked very threatening for some time, suddenly closed in and we found ourselves in a thunderstorm with the wind blowing between 35 and 48 knots continuously for about 40 minutes. Visibility was, needless to say, zilch and the radar was completely cluttered by the cascading water. Fortunately the plotter continued to function and we were able to stay safely out to sea until the weather had moved on. Our furling mainsail was a godsend; Nóirín was able to reef the main to pocket size effortlessly from the safety of the cockpit companionway within seconds. Nóirín describes looking back at me on the helm in front of what appeared to her to be a bubble bath over my head. We entered the Abra de Bilbao in the late afternoon. And tied up at the Getxco marina. This is a very large modern facility situated in a fashionable suburb from which the city centre is easily assessable using the new metro (is there one everywhere but in Dublin?). It is, however, the most expensive and least attractive marina that I have found on all of the Iberian Peninsula. Close by our pontoon was a large complex containing McDonalds and other fast food outlets. There are no decent shops and it is a good walk to nearby Algorta where there are good restaurants. The yacht club (Real Club Sporting) has its own marina about a mile and a half away. When we called we could not get a response on the VHF but I would think it is a place that should be contacted by our Club prior to next year's rally. Similarly, advance arrangements should be made with the Clubs in San Sebastian and Santander.

The following morning we took the aforementioned metro into Bilbao where the highlight of the visit was the Guggenheim Museum. The entire city was in festive mode



Raz de Sein at Peace

Photo: Paul Butler



Bridge to Ile de Re

Photo: Paul Butler

because of their patron saint's feast day. We joined the thousands of locals in the tapas bars and were entertained a lunchtime by magnificent male choirs.

On Saturday 21st August we sailed out of Basque territory some 39 miles to Santander. This is a large and very attractive city and port. There is a large (800 berth) marina (Marina del Cantabrico) but it is about 4 miles from the city on the wrong side of an industrial estate and beside the airport. The yacht club (Real Club Marítimo de Santander) has a large number of berths in its marina near the city centre. They are all, however, private and there are no facilities for visitors. Immediately outside the club house (a large purpose-made building on stilts in the Ria) there are a number of visitors' moorings and the club offers a punt service (which ends at 21.00 hrs each day). In the event I contacted the club on the VHF and was delighted to secure a marina berth for one night only. We spent 2 further days on one of the aforementioned moorings. While the club welcomes visitors (for a charge) it is suggested that they should not make too much use of its dining facilities. We, therefore, dined in the club on one evening and ashore two nights. Food was, as always in this part of the world, great – it is well nigh impossible to get a bad meal! The city is full of good shops, restaurants, tapas bars parks and a market. The tapas bars in particular were wonderful, so much so that, apart from lunch each day, we had our dinner in a variety of bars one evening.

The weather was generally becoming unsettled and on Tuesday 24th we returned to Bilbao where we spend two further days exploring. Eamonn, who had pre-booked a flight home (there are now direct scheduled flights between Dublin and Bilbao) was so relaxed at this stage that he decided to postpone his return home until we got back to La Rochelle. It was unanimously agreed that the best place to enjoy such relaxation would be Zumaya where we returned to on the 26th. And spent a further two days cycling, swimming, eating and drinking! On our last evening in Zumaya we dined in the unimaginatively named Marina Restaurant upstairs in the block beside the marina; it was truly exceptional and must be visited (it was closed during our earlier visit).

After breakfast on 28th August we set off for La Rochelle. We managed to sail 50% of the time in a westerly 3 to 4 and motorsailed the rest as the wind got lighter and headed us. We arrived in La Rochelle at 14.30.

After three more days in La Rochelle (3rd day is free in Les Minimes), we left at 10.30 on 1st September and arrived in Les Sables d'Olonne at 16.00. Here we were directed to the visitors' pontoon which is situated close to a number of large

chandlers – a dangerous location. Apart from buying bits and pieces which were, of course, essential to the safety of the vessel, I took the plunge and bought a 4 stroke outboard for our punt – trading in the 2 stroke model which I had bought only last year.

The following day we returned to Port Joinville where we found the marina to have plenty of spare space and the rates to have reduced considerably. On Friday the 3rd, the 56th anniversary of my arrival on the planet, we sailed to Le Palais on Belle Ile. There was plenty of space available and we took up one of the end-to-end moorings in the outer harbour just under Vauban's fabulous Citadel (although I visited the latter, along

with many of Vauban's other fortifications, over a long period – I learned this year that while used as a prison, one of its –short term- inmates was Karl Marx). While drooling around the fish market the following morning, I photographed Nóirín beside a stall with particularly healthy looking specimens on it. My illusions of fish just landed were spoiled when Nóirín pointed to the nearby boxes marked "Scottish Farmed Salmon". The abundant shellfish were, however, landed not 20 metres away.

On Saturday we motored most of the way to Ile de Groix as what little wind there was was on the nose. Even though we were into September, being le weekend, we found Port Tudy to be very crowded, there were no pontoon spaces and we tied up end to end on 2 of the buoys in the outer harbour – along with many other yachts. An emotional re-union with my old friend, Guy Tonnerre, in Café de la Jette followed. Guy's son, Erwan, who made exchanges with my offspring many years ago, now runs a successful oyster cultivating business from the purpose made tidal pool just behind the café. He is married to a local girl, Agnes, who teaches on the mainland. They proudly introduced me to their one month daughter, Iona – so called, they boasted, because the isle of the same name meant out of Ireland and their daughter was conceived here during a visit last year!

On Sunday we decided to leave ahead of schedule as we had a F5/6 blowing from the east. The same provided us with a fast and exhilarating sail to Concarneau where we decided to spend a rest day cycling, shopping and eating.

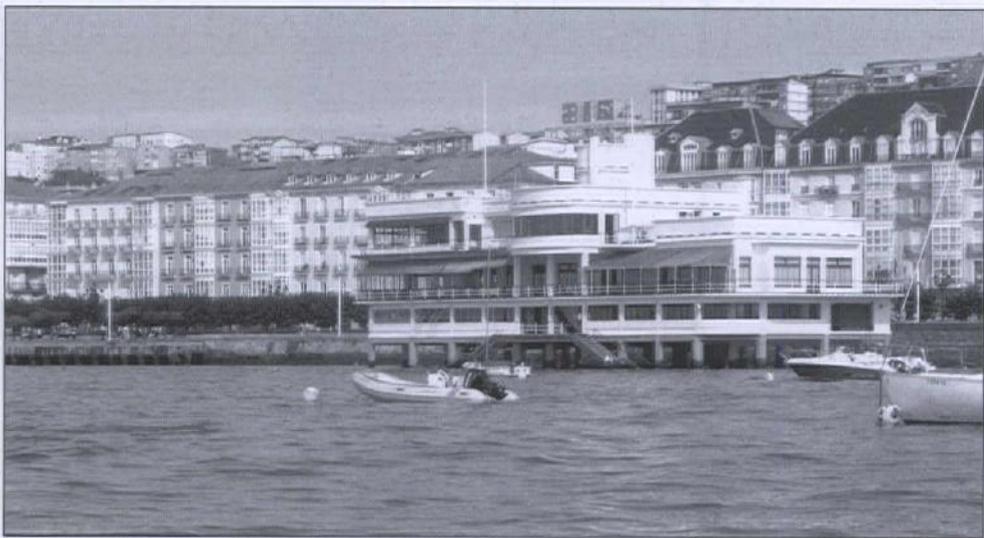
On Tuesday we had another great sail with the wind behind us, this time back to St. Evette and we sailed back to Camaret through the Raz de Sein the following day. Weather kept us here for six days until 10th September. While there were a few windows of opportunity during this period the forecast indicated that they were to be short and I did prefer the idea of being delayed where there were great facilities and communications. Nóirín and I suffered no hardship at all and spend much of our time cycling, touring by bus and striking up friendships with other yachts people in a similar "predicament". One matter of note – I have been observing the old boat "graveyard" for many years – vessels are hauled to the shore on the spring tide and left undisturbed until they rot away. I photographed the oldest such vessel (see photograph entitled "last day") one afternoon. While cycling to the boulangerie the following morning, I was horrified to see a local authority JCB pile the remains onto the back of a lorry!

We finally left Camaret on Wednesday 15th September and had a good overnight crossing to St. Marys where we arrived

on a wet windy morning at 07.30 BST. Little did we then suspect that this was to be our home for the next 7 days. Any break in the weather down there was accompanied by forecasts of bad weather between there and the Irish Sea. On our first day there the Harbourmaster advised us to secure well to our mooring. I returned and did so using three warps, each with a round turn and half hitches and, just to be sure, a length of anchor chain. The following morning we were awoken at 07.00 by a commotion – a French yacht that had been beside us was on the rocks with the inshore lifeboat and the harbourmaster's launch in attendance. They managed to take her off the rocks with little damage save nasty scratches and the wounded pride of the 5 young Frenchmen whose late-season holiday charter from Brest had been ruined.

The highlight of this prolonged stay was a visit to the grave of Harold Wilson. It is to be found in a beautifully located churchyard in Old Town. As I anticipated, it was a very modest grave that we came upon almost by chance. (When I remarked on this to an old inhabitant later, he insisted is bringing us to see the former Premier's house which was an even more modest pre-fabricated two-bed roomed bungalow.)

We finally left the Isles of Scilly at 14.30 on Thursday 23rd. It was blowing F5/6 on the nose as we set course for the Tuskar,



Santander – Club house

Photo: Paul Butler

but there was the promise of slightly less wind from the west or southwest. This materialised during the night and we had a glorious sail the rest of the way home taking up our mooring at Dun Laoghaire Marina at 08.30 on Saturday morning.

In all, we had spent eight weeks away this time bringing our log of distance through water since Easter of last year to over 4,500 miles. The man who advised me that the Bavaria 36 was unsuitable for such cruising was wrong. She coped well with a very windy summer. All I would change would be the depth of the keel, though the relatively shallow draft had its advantages and the possibility of fast and simple sail handling more than makes for the lighter displacement.

Cormac McHenry writes of Seville, Azores, and Home

Having wintered in Seville, I sailed down the Guadalquivir on 30th April 2004 into Puerto Sherry, in the Bay of Cadiz. There is a big marina there with four boat yards from which I chose I.

Nautica Del Sur, S.L. to haul me out and do the anti fouling. I was so pleased with the standard of their work that the list of jobs I gave them to do increased substantially, never the less I was re launched, had a week back home (Easyjet from Cadiz Airport) and was sailing for the Azores by 27th May. This I felt was the easiest way to get *Island Life* back to Ireland for our Rally and anyway, I have a soft spot for the Azores!

Apart from a rough second day out I had a most pleasant sail, a beam wind from the north and sunshine. About half way across I decided to go on to Terceira rather than make my landfall at Santa Maria and arrived on 4th June after a leg of just over 1,000 miles, virtually no shipping, no whales, no problems!

I then visited four more of the nine islands in the archipelago, going as far west as Flores before heading back via Faial and Pico to San Miguel where I joined the OCC 50th Rally rendezvous. In Horta I added the *Island Life* name to the same part of the harbour wall on which I had recorded my previous visits, all single handed, in *Ring of Kerry* in 1989, in *Erquy* in 1997 and now *Island Life* 2004 (see photo page 103). The marina there continues to grow, has become more cosmopolitan but the town itself has still got its old attraction. I'll have to go back to visit Corvo, Graciosa, Sao Jorge and Santa Maria!

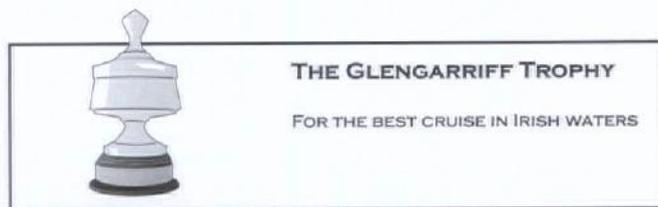
After meeting many OCC friends in Ponta Delgada I left on 3rd July and headed for the west end of the island before turning north and again, after a rough second day things settled down and by 12th July I was back into Irish weather, rain, drizzle and fog forecast. A shock to the system after fifteen months of a more clement climate. But this meant motoring along the south coast, with no wind, until I tied alongside in Kinsale after a ten day passage. A few days to relax before I joined our Rally with Barbara, Ron and Anne Cudmore and Adrienne Roche on board. Another shock to the system. *Island Life* suddenly felt very small with all those bodies on board!



Cormac McHenry, Barbara McHenry, Anne Cudmore and Ron Cudmore, on *Island Life* in Barlogue Creek.

Schollevaer to sea – a rallying cry!

David Beattie



This year was my twelfth season of ownership of *Schollevaer* my Dutch sailing barge and I finally achieved my ambition of undertaking a coastal cruise in her. I suppose that it all began with my introduction to the joys of racing Shannon One Designs over thirty years ago when I acted as sheet-hand for Peter Dobbs at Lough Derg YC regatta and stayed aboard his (and the late Peter Denham's (ICC)) ex-RNLB Charles Whitton. Until then my sailing had been purely sea going; thenceforth there was an increasing role for the inland waterways, especially the Shannon lakes. I bought *Schollevaer* from David Wheeler in May of 1993 with the intention of completing the restoration that David had begun and that had been rudely interrupted by a serious fire on board that had gutted the interior. David had managed to uncover basic dimensions for *Schollevaer*'s original rig on a visit to the Netherlands and from his records, a copy of the book *Schoonerman* by Capt. Richard England (owner from 1938 to 1947) (Hollis and Carter, London, 1981) and my own researches I have pieced together her history, plans and origins.



Schollevaer at sea.

Photo: Arthur Baker

Schollevaer was built in 1913 in Leiderdoorp, in Zuid (South) Holland as one of two sister ships for two brothers Van Vollenhoven, members of a well-known Dutch family related to the royal family. For years yachtsmen had been buying up Lemsteraaks (North Sea and Zuider Zee herring fishing boats – the name means sailing barge from Lemmer in Friesland) and converting them to pleasure craft. The brothers commissioned the first two Lemsteraaks purpose built as pleasure craft. The Lemsteraak is sea kindly (as flat-bottomed barges go) and once the sheets are cracked remarkably fast, hence her appeal to Dutch yachtsmen. She is un-ballasted, relying only on form for stability. *Schollevaer* is built of the then new material – steel, but using the old technology of riveting and, interestingly, as was the custom in Holland at the time, she is built to imperial measurements.

Schollevaer was sold to Essex in the late 1920's, was owned for several years by a retired runner of rum into prohibition bound USA (he actually died on board) and was at Chatham and later Hartlepool during the War. She was sold to Ireland in the late 1940s; her rig was cut down in stages during several ownerships and was finally discarded. David Wheeler eventually found her on a gravel bank off Innishannon at the top of the River Bandon tideway with Captain Barney Loane (former chief pilot of Dublin Port) living aboard.

Gradually over the years from 1993 I completed the restoration and in 1998 re-rigged her from plans obtained in Holland with the assistance of a Dutch master shipwright and of Tony McLoughlin a sparmaker working at the time on the *Dunbrody* in New Ross. The mast came from a wood in Kilkenny... but that's a story for another time.

I have been slowly learning the boat's sailing characteristics and was lucky enough to be invited to race with the Lemsteraak class (over seventy coming to a starting line!) on the Ijsselmeer and thereby gained some appreciation of what conditions the boats can handle. Therefore the occasion of the 75th anniversary rally seemed the ideal opportunity to put this knowledge to the test.

In preparation I dry-docked in Shannon Harbour and an ultrasonic survey showed that all appeared to be well with the hull. During winter and spring I spent most weekends servicing and double-checking everything I could think of. I made an emergency washboard that could be clamped in place across the companionway doors in order to give the modestly sized cockpit drains some time to do their work. I fitted lifelines and a new DSC VHF and arranged the use of a life raft. One can become quite casual about stowage inland, so everything that could shift received fiddles or lashing or both. Eventually by mid-March I was sufficiently confident to email my usual pool of sailing companions with the plans for the rally. Every message bore the heading *Schollevaer* to sea!

In my first message I emphasised the nature of the undertaking. I informed the likely victims that: "this will require considerable effort in order to ensure the safe execution of the delivery, participation and return (to inland waterways) of the vessel. You are cordially invited to sign on for the trip.

You should note that because of the sea-keeping limitations of Schollevaer it may not be possible to complete any element of the cruise on or within the proposed timelines and that this is more likely to occur than with a conventional cruising yacht. I will therefore give priority to those who can fit in with last minute changes of plan"

I remember having a wry smile when I wrote the last sentence, thinking that I was unlikely to have the luxury of choice, unless my friends were even crazier than I thought. I need not have worried because, by return, the co-owner of my Shannon One Design, Alan Algeo signed up for what were likely to be the two most challenging passages and soon we were crewed.

I live on the bank of the River Inny in Co. Longford and it was therefore from home that the cruise began at 10.08 on Friday 18th June. On board with me were Philip Mahony and Garrett O'Neill; Cleo Rowan joined us at Athlone Lock just after we had dropped the mast off Lough Ree Y C.

The mast stands about 40 feet above the deck in a massive steel tabernacle. In order to drop it one slackens the whisker shrouds of the bowsprit, slackens the bobstay tackle and opens the gammon iron so that the bowsprit can steeve upwards. One then removes two deck plates forward of the mast. This reveals a keyhole shaped aperture through which the heel of the mast with its counterweights can rise through the deck. Having released the forestay, someone hangs off one of the running backstays while someone else slowly releases the jibstay, which runs from the crane iron at the forward end of the bowsprit to a block just below the masthead and thence to the mastband. The mast swings down remarkably easily and the bowsprit rises to about thirty degrees. The whole operation takes less than five minutes. The craft becomes 75 feet long – 45 feet of hull, 14 feet of bowsprit and 16 feet of masthead overhanging the stern.

We had an un-eventful passage down river arriving at Portumna in good time for the last opening of the swing bridge for the day and raised the mast for the passage down Lough Derg the following morning. A WNW force four next morning meant we made short work of Derg and soon we were dropping the mast again for Killaloe Bridge. Someone wrote in the log that I was "very tense" as we cleared the bridge with about 18 inches of headroom to spare and a strong flow under us! We passed through Ardnacrusha dam where the sheer size of the drop of 100 feet in relatively small lock chambers is awe-inspiring and proceeded downstream to the Abbey River in Limerick. Navigation works in recent years were designed to make this serpentine passage under low and narrow bridge arches easier to accomplish. While the works have lengthened the period of tide when the river is in theory passable, they have also encouraged a far greater volume of water to choose the Abbey River over the Shannon itself and the flow can be prodigious, especially with a vulnerable mast overhanging the stern while being the highest point on board! I sent Garrett ahead in our inflatable to recce. He reported a modest flow. Given the tightness of the corners I would not have wanted anything stronger.

We spent the night on the pontoon outside the office of the



Alan Algeo, David Beattie, Una Magner, Des Rogan and Leo Sheehan.

Collector General of Revenue – a suitably Stalinist edifice. We dined well in Freddie's Bistro having made contact with the keeper of the sea-lock who undertook to let us out at 08.00 before the rising tide eradicated the headroom at Sarsfield Bridge. We were in company with three other Lough Ree YC yachts that were en-route for a week of cruising in the estuary and perhaps to Dingle. All four vessels loitered outside the sea-lock at 07.55 to await the arrival of the lock keeper. He was as good as his word and by 08.00 the four boats were inside the lock. At this state of the tide, both sides were level and we could have motored straight through if both sets of gates were open. Unfortunately they were not, and the lock keeper took his painstaking time in completing a series of forms for each boat while all the time we were watching the tide climbing on the gauge beside the bridge. After what seemed to be an age, the lower gates opened and we inched our way under the bridge with half an hour of tide still to rise. As the bow passed under, it became horribly clear to me that we could easily become stuck underneath as the headroom was still evaporating at an alarming rate! The masthead was the highest point, so Philip seized the initiative and climbing up on the mainsheet horse he swung his body off the mast over the stern clinging on with his hands, bending it sufficiently to clear the beams of the bridge by about two inches.

At last we were free. We loitered below the second bridge off Russell's Quay and raised the mast while waiting for the tide to turn and then motored with an increasing ebb under us, but unfortunately straight to windward, down to Kilrush. The ebb is prodigious and the channel navigation buoys are of catamaran construction so that they actually surf on the tide. It was a beautiful sunny morning as we steamed past Bunratty and Shannon Airport amid the high security preparations for the imminent visit of President Bush. Cleo unveiled her bikini and stiletto heeled shoes on the foredeck and modelled for Garrett's camera. The chop in the race off Rinneana was small enough that the foredeck remained dry and by lunchtime we were hovering off the Kilrush sea-lock awaiting the keeper.

For those of us accustomed to inland waterways the Kilrush lock comes as rather a shock. There are insufficient mooring points and merely short pieces of ragged polypropylene line to hold on to – not satisfactory when you displace just under 30 tons and have a 14 foot bowsprit! We received a friendly and

helpful welcome in Kilrush and left the boat there for two weeks.

Leo Sheehan, (who crews in *Aeolus*) and I flew to Shannon on Friday 2nd July and met up with Philip Mahony who had decided to come back for more punishment. The forecast was unsatisfactory and we postponed Alan Algeo's bus journey from Athlone. The three of us met up with Adrian O'Connell, who used to have the boatyard in Clifden, and also with other denizens of the Western Yacht Club. We spent a marvellous evening with the WYC folk and they showed us some old club records and the 1824 Signal Book of the old Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland. This book was a fascinating collection of hand painted watercolours of flags and the signals included such gems as "Are your ladies happy?" and "Can I borrow three carrots?" Algeo arrived the next day, but squalls were still sweeping in from seaward and so a day on the high stool beckoned. Then Laurence Thompson, my co-owner in *Aeolus* got wind of the party and arrived by car from somewhere. He claimed that he was en route from Cork to Dublin, which explains something about his navigation! A mighty session ensued, dampened slightly by the early evening forecast, which was promising.

With superhuman effort the crew were driven (as in livestock) aboard by 20.40 and we spent the night in the lock with the sea gates open in order to facilitate an early start predicated by the tide in the Blasket Sound. By 05.00 we were away under engine, plugging to windward in a slackening wind, our first real experience of *Schollevaer* at sea and so far so good! I should of course have set a reefed mainsail as a steadying sail, but didn't. As a result having pitched our way out to Kerry Head, as we turned westwards for Sybil Head and the Blasket Sound, which I planned to reach at low water, we began to roll. I had studied the stability curve for the Lemsteraak while conducting my research in Holland - it falls off a cliff once the top of the rubbing band is immersed!. Nevertheless as we careered from beam end to beam end I began to wonder could it all work. It became too bad to allow anyone out of the cockpit at times. The motion was most unpleasant, a slow roll to leeward until eventually the buoyancy of the hull would take over and she would fly back upright smashing into the next swell which would send her sideways. Sometimes the next swell would not have arrived and the

weather deck would dip into the hollow before the next crest, which would then break over the low bulwark. It was unpleasant, made more so by the discovery of a leak up forward. Luckily it was well above the waterline and not very big. However it contributed to the squalor below as the shallow bilge meant that on every roll, bilge water was sent over the cabin sole, bringing with it the debris that despite care, always seems to lodge in hidden places in an old boat's bilge. Notwithstanding the violence of the motion, which made food preparation absolutely impossible we never had any sense that she wouldn't cope with what was in fact a relatively modest swell.

After what seemed an age we weathered Sybil Head and once in the Blasket Sound were able to round up and hoist a reefed mainsail. This dampened the rolling somewhat but the stress of the snatch forces of the rig worried me somewhat. In Dingle Bay the swell eased and we motorsailed to Derrynane, arriving off the entrance at about 21.30. There we were caught in a squall that came off the hills just as we were taming the mainsail. The result could have been disastrous. Firstly the boom - 29 feet of solid pine - got out of control and carried away the boom crutch, but what we didn't notice in the melee that followed was that it had also flipped the bitter end of one of the running backstay lanyards over the side where it became entangled in the screw. By the grace of God the torque of the fifty-year-old Gardner diesel kept the screw turning and eventually severed the lanyard. We crept into Derrynane in the last of the twilight and while some of the crew prepared supper Alan cleared the screw. Dinner passed quickly and soberly. All of us were pleased that we had covered 199 nautical miles from the Inny and half the open-sea passage to Kinsale had been accomplished.

The following day was a delightful anti-climax. We were away by 05.20 and motor sailed, passing between the Heifer Rock and Dursey Island (the tide was sluicing through Dursey Sound at this time) and in an increasingly sunny and calm day onwards to Kinsale, taking photos of the crew with the Fastnet as a backdrop en-route. Approaching Kinsale we asked for a marina berth and having described ourselves were told that there was "a heavy old wooden boat" that would make a suitable rafting partner on the outside of the marina. My heart sank when I saw the magnificent (and recently built) schooner

Rebecca of Vineyard Haven, RVYC, with her immaculate paint and varnish work and two paid hands watching us square up to come alongside. Luckily for once everything went according to plan. The fenders ensured that our leeboards were protected and the warps snaked across simultaneously so that as we hauled in on them our fenders merely kissed the perfectly finished hull. Nevertheless Kinsale was a culture shock made all the more so by one of the paid hands explaining to Philip, as if to a child, that he could not wear his shoes when crossing their deck, and following a closer inspection that he couldn't wear his socks either!

The Rally crew mustered on Friday 16th July and comprised Una Magner (a Shannon sailing friend), Des Rogan (in his spare time Commodore RIYC), Peter



Dan makes a serious point to David - in *Schollevaer*'s cockpit.

Boucher, the other co-owner of *Aeolus* and Alan Algeo. Leo Sheehan who was supposed to be with us, eventually joined on Monday having crewed *Aeolus* from Dun Laoghaire to Kinsale with Laurence Thompson. As usual Algeo had travelled by bus and this time as well as bringing the repaired but nonetheless sizeable steel boom crutch with his baggage also managed a 10 bore yacht cannon and 25 rounds of black powder cartridges. "Every proper yacht should have a gun...." he announced to anyone who was listening.

On Sunday after the splendidly organised festivities at the RCYC and Cork City Hall we took on board four Cork friends and Des's wife Mary and lowering the mast off the marina (by now we had it down to 3 minutes) passed under the bridge and up the Bandon River in squally sunshine and showers in an attempt to re-visit *Schollevaer's* home of the mid-1970's. We didn't quite make it, running hard aground on a mud bank about half a mile south of the Innishannon Hotel. However guests Don and Angela McCarthy (Don is one of Paul Butler's (ICC) regular crew) had brought a prodigious repast and a sizeable donation from Don's cellar which meant we felt no pain at all as we waited for the rising tide to lift us free. On our return to Kinsale we were delighted to see that *Aeolus* had slipped in to the marina and that Leo was waiting for our lines on the pier.

We had an un-eventful passage to Castlehaven the next day, sweeping in to the rather full anchorage under reefed main and staysail. As we began to pass through the anchored fleet, I called for the mainsail to be scandalised. *Schollevaer's* gaff cutter rig and workboat origins mean that she is surprisingly handy under sail despite her ungainly appearance. We spotted a tricolour flying from a yard at the old Rocket House on the western shore. Algeo disappeared below and emerged with gun, ramrod and ammunition. Just as we were almost abeam the Colours, having readied his gun he exclaimed "Oh my God! I've forgotten my cap" and darted down the forehatch, re-emerging seconds later with a Second World War vintage R N midshipman's cap which he jammed on his head. Our ensign, worn at the gaff end dipped and the report from the ten bore rumbled round the anchorage, rattling the sash windows in the old houses of Castletownshend and awakening the ICC crews from their post luncheon catnaps. After that there could be no mistakes, and I watched with pleasure from the helm as first the ensign was moved from gaff to staff and the staysail and finally the main came down as we rounded up and dropped the 75 pound Bruce into the notoriously bad holding of Castlehaven. Before we could drag, we sent down our angel, an old 56lb measuring weight, to dampen any snubbing forces. We had got away with our rather flamboyant entrance!

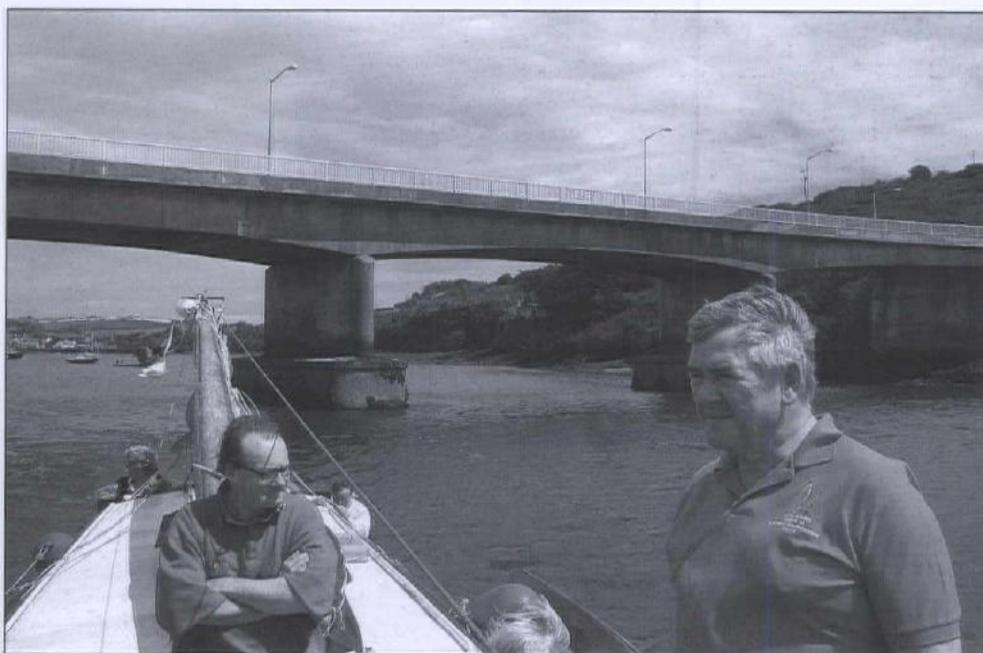
The anchor held through that night and the following day. Typically however, no sooner had we gone ashore in a flat calm and were enjoying Jack Coffey's hospitality at his drinks party in the village than we spotted that the boat had disappeared from her anchorage. By the time we made our way to the village jetty she was tied up alongside the fishing boat jetty on the eastern side of the haven. I'm not sure exactly what had happened but it may have had something to do with a half-decker fishing boat that was now anchored

just ahead of where we had been. In any event thanks to the timely intervention of John Clementson (ICC) and a gentleman from another anchored yacht whom I can't trace, they had steered the heavy vessel with their dinghies so that she missed hitting anything as she drifted up on the tide and manoeuvred her alongside the little pier out of harm's way. I have no doubt that John's prompt and seamanlike action avoided what could have been an expensive and extremely embarrassing mess. The tide was now falling and we had difficulty with a running dinghy mooring lying just beneath the surface as we got *Schollevaer* off the pier and back to an anchor before she grounded.

The next day we had a pleasant sail to Schull passing through the Gascanane Sound under reefed main, staysail and flying jib. We managed to carry this rig into Schull Harbour where Algeo excelled himself getting off three shots at precisely thirty second intervals – after all anyone is entitled to a three gun salute! As most readers will know, the barbeque was another tour de force for the organising committee. For our part in Schull we lost Des, Alan and Leo, but gained Roger Hatfield, a sailing companion of many years who bridges my Shannon and sea-going activities. His wife Mimi shadowed us by car for the next few days.

The weather was becoming a little less settled and I was not enthused by the idea of getting stuck at the apex of Bantry Bay, given *Schollevaer's* less than perfect sea-keeping and windward abilities. In addition the notion of not re-tracing our steps to Limerick but rather of a semi-circumnavigation of Ireland had been growing in my mind. The forecasted outlook early on Thursday made up my mind and we weighed and had a gentle passage to Union Hall (the forecast southerly making Glandore a potentially un-attractive prospect). Una had left us to attend a wedding and as we were now three, this made setting, or rather dropping, the mainsail problematic. To cement our plans, my old friend Sam Nolan called on the mobile phone to ask me to scatter his mother's ashes seven miles south of Tuskar Rock on our way around.

The following day we had a pleasant passage motorsailing to Crosshaven, enlivened by the appearance of *Aeolus* off the Old Head of Kinsale. Under Laurence Thompson's command she cavorted around us looking remarkably sleek and seaworthy by comparison. We sailed in company (a first for my



Kinsale Bridge. Dan McCarthy and Des Rogan.



Kate Rooney and David Fagan re-cycle pints on canal!

two craft) to Crosshaven stopping at the boatyard to top up with diesel where we were spotted by Aidan Tyrrell (ICC) who had been on *Schollevaer's* maiden voyage under her replaced rig... see Winkie Nixon's article in the 1998 Annual. There followed the most extraordinary bit of confusion as we attempted to arrange a berth in the RCYC marina. There appeared to be two duty boatmen each operating on Channel 37 but giving conflicting instructions to us! We must have meandered up river through the moorings past the marina and executed heart-stopping five point turns amongst the moorings in a strong flood tide at least four times before we realised that one of the otherwise indistinguishable voices on the VHF was attempting to direct a driftnetman towing a yacht entangled in his nets stern-first up river to the marina. The peremptory instructions to turn hard to port or to starboard NOW! had been to him and not to us! Dinner aboard for the two crews and then my pub-crawl with Mr Tyrrell turned what must have been a memorable evening into a largely forgotten one!

The next evening we reached Kilmore Quay having left *Aeolus* to her own devices. By now I was beginning to have the heeby-jeebies before entering marinas! So when as we entered the restricted space of the marina and were directed by the attendant to turn to starboard into a berth that looked both too narrow and also too short for the boat I took stock. *Schollevaer* does not like turning to starboard under engine at the best of times. There was a fresh westerly blowing up the berth and not enough room to turn to port and go in stern first. Anyway I judged the berth was too narrow so we simply threaded our way to the back of the marina and occupied the end berths. They were very understanding about it really!

In the morning we had a call from Harry Whelehan (ICC) and spent some time about our departure. The wind had got up a little during the night and was making quite a fuss in the shallow water outside. We would have it on the beam until we could turn at St. Patrick's Bridge. I decided that we would warp out of our berth as it was downwind and at right angles to the fairway and then drop a leeboard to slow our drift. This called for some old-fashioned seamanship and Peter and Roger excelled themselves. Roger unearthed the warping line. I

picked up this 100 metre length of luminous green braided line as Admiralty surplus for next to nothing a few years ago and it has proved its usefulness on numerous occasions. Roger took the line and one of our spare fenders to a suitable point up-wind across the marina and floated the end of the line down to *Schollevaer* tied to the fender. We were now blocking half of the marina! Unfortunately I then discovered that I couldn't find my cap. Now that cap has done many miles and it wouldn't be lucky to go to sea without it. Peter very kindly volunteered to knock-up the pub where we had spent the evening and returned, fairly quickly, with the cap. The warping manoeuvre worked like clockwork and we extricated ourselves safely. Outside there was a nasty roll and Roger soon found himself unable to control the 10 foot pitch pine tiller and barn door rudder. He rigged a relieving tackle and that helped matters.

It was a relief to reach St Patrick's Bridge although the rolling continued as we picked out the breakers on Tercheen and sneaked close inshore around Carnsore Point. Within two miles the transformation on board *Schollevaer* was amazing. At long last she was out of the Atlantic swell. She felt like a different vessel. She picked up her skirts and we flew up the Irish Sea, taking the last of the flood through the Rusk Channel and then using our shallow draft, going close inshore as we flogged the tide to Arklow. We had arranged a berth for two weeks but unfortunately this was located inside the dock marina rather than out in the river where there is some elbowroom. Somehow we got in to the dock and secured without skewering anything. We were met by Anna Leech, whose family home is on the Shannon riverbank in Athlone. She is now co-owner with her husband of the ex- Combined Services Nicholson 55, *Broadsword* and was busy preparing her for a trans-Atlantic passage this autumn. She used her influence to get us a river berth. It took several hours in the Bridge House to catch up with Anna's news and the following morning the crew dispersed again.

We re-convened on 7th August. Aboard were Una, John Banim, Dan Hannevig and myself. The plan was to sail down to Rosslare Harbour, collect Sam Nolan off the ferry and proceed to a WGS 84 position seven miles due south of Tuskar Rock to scatter the ashes. "Burial by GPS" someone said. I already had the urn of ashes on board. Unfortunately the outlook was for strong winds and seven miles south of Tuskar was going to be no place for a self-respecting Dutch sailing barge. I cancelled the ceremony, tucked the urn into my bunk for safety and we made to sea, inspecting the new Arklow Bank windfarm before turning northwards. Far from being a hazard to navigation the windmills mark the Bank perfectly. We had a pleasant passage to Dun Laoghaire and I fulfilled a long-standing ambition by entering the harbour under sail on *Schollevaer*. We lay at the Irish and many friends came down to gongoozle. (An inland waterways term meaning to stand and stare). Sam turned up to collect his mother's ashes and was surprised to be told that I had slept with her!

During the next fortnight I day sailed and enjoyed the

North East Passage – Part One

Paddy Barry & Jarlath Cunnane

“Goodbye to the ice”, we had written in September 2001 as we sailed southwards through the Bering Strait leaving the North West Passage behind us. That goodbye was intended to be a forever one. Now it was all in front of us again and we are actually looking forward to it. God only knows why! Having overwintered in Nome, *Northabout* was sailed south and spent a couple of leisurely summers cruising through the Gulf of Alaska and the spectacular Inside Passage, and southwards to the Columbia River. Here she wintered in Oregon, awaiting the final passage home through the Panama Canal. However, at home in the autumn of 2002, conversation turned towards the North East Passage. The conventional sea routes back to Ireland held limited appeal.

At a Saturday morning meeting in December, following an ICC ‘lunch’ the previous day, thoughts of past hardships mellowed and we decided to do it. Six small(ish) boats have already been through, so we weren’t going for a first, although no boat has yet completed a Polar Circumnavigation Westwards.

There are several differences between the North East Passage and the North West Passage:

The distance is 50% greater, the lands bordering the passage area are barren and largely indistinctive and the prevailing currents flow eastward – against us!

The languages spoken are those of the northern nomads and Russian – we are not fluent in either!

The Permit from the authorities was going to be very difficult to obtain.

Preparations

Colm Brogan from Kinvara, Russian speaker, joined the team. The permit process requires that all contact with the Authorities be through a Russian Partner. Amongst the many conditions to obtain the Permit, we would have to take with us a Russian State Ice-pilot. Through the winter of 2003 and spring of 2004, we met the key people in Moscow and provided the necessary Documents. In Moscow, as elsewhere, good personal relationships are the key to progress.

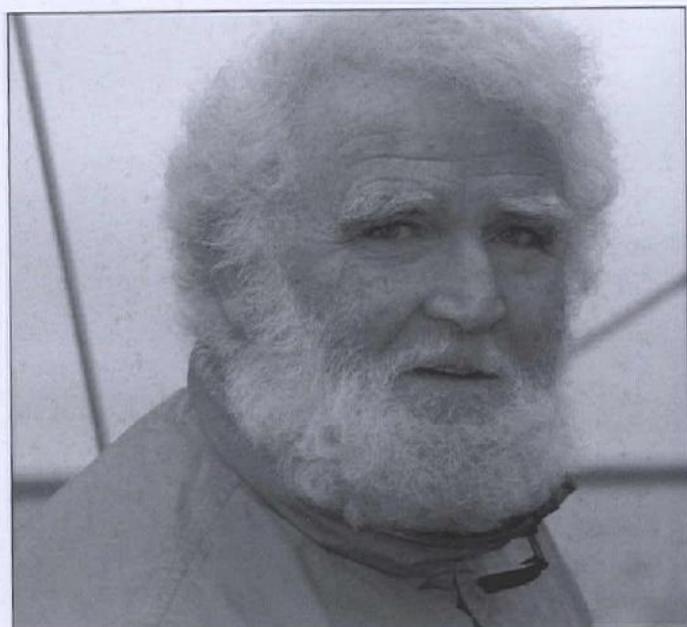
At the end of June 2004 *Northabout* crew were in Prince Rupert, British Columbia, and ready to go. Brendan Minish had repaired the communications equipment; Tom Moran had removed the gearbox and replaced the oil seals and gaskets, which caused the persistent oil leaks on the Northwest Passage. The autopilot, having had most of its components replaced, was re-installed. We had had endless trouble with this since we passed close to the north magnetic pole in 2001.

We had shipped 3 crates from Ireland to Prince Rupert containing polar clothing, musical instruments, rations, engine spare parts and equipment.

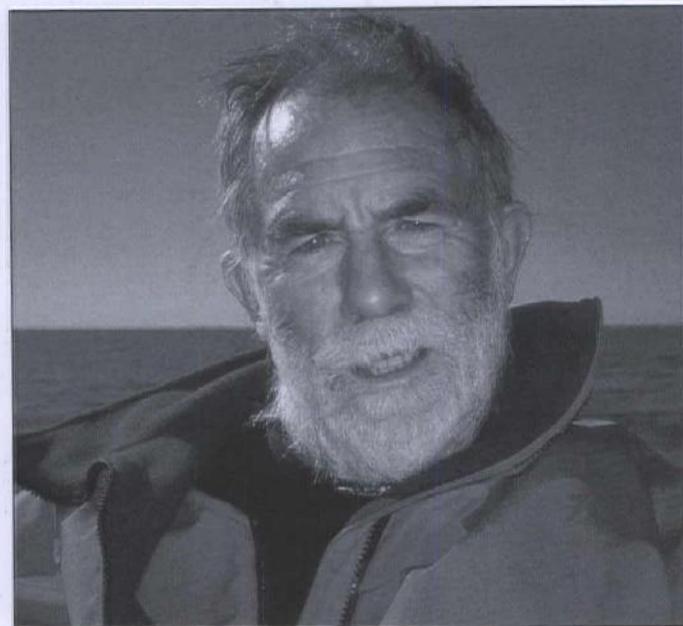
The first part of the plan was to sail the 2,000 miles across the Gulf of Alaska and northwards through the Bering Sea to Anadyr, our Russian port of entry and our starting point for the North East Passage. In Anadyr there would be a partial crew change.

What follows was written on passage in a series of ‘reports’. To retain its sense of immediacy, it has been left largely in its ‘unpolished’ state:

Friday July 9th. We are two days out into the Gulf of Alaska ploughing a bumpy furrow into headwinds, but it’s great to be



Jarlath Cunnane.



Paddy Barry.

amenities of Dublin Bay. We then met up on 21st August to sail across to the Liffey and take the Grand Canal homewards. Aboard with me were Una, Eileen Browne (another SOD sailor), Dermot Clarke, Garrett, Cleo, Leo, John, Ethel Geoghegan (a diver), David Fagan, Kate Rooney (an *Aeolus* regular) and her parents John (ICC) and Penny while my brother Alan joined us later for the passage through west Dublin. I had been in regular contact with Waterways Ireland by telephone from the time of our change in plan a month previously but was surprised to be told at the sea lock that we might not be able to make passage the following day through the "bad-lands" of west Dublin. Apparently some kind person had dropped a round manhole cover behind one of the lock gates and it couldn't be shifted. Having Ethel on board proved to be a masterstroke because it convinced WI that we were reasonably self-sufficient.

Following prolonged negotiations by phone we were locked into the system and dropped the mast and removed the bowsprit at the Ocean Bar, while Kate and Penny obtained pints. We then proceeded through south central Dublin in blazing sunshine. The contrast from the sea could not have been greater.

There is a pub close to each bridge on the Circular Line of the Grand Canal through Dublin and we recycled trays of glasses as we passed them. An early night ensued and the following morning we were off an hour before dawn to avoid the un-wanted attentions of the youths of west Dublin who are infamous for the hostile attention they pay to boats. On previous transits I have seen a concrete block being dropped off a canal bridge on to the deck of a boat narrowly missing the helmsman. At the third lock our luck ran out. Waterways Ireland had moored (by impaling the bottom of the canal with their hydraulic arms) two weed-cutting machines in the long tunnel-like opening of Blackhorse Bridge completely blocking the navigation and no one in WI was answering their mobile phone at 07.15 on a Sunday morning. *Schollevaer's* powerful windlass eventually lifted one machine sufficiently to move it out of the way, but could not deal with the other one. Eventually at 11.30 help arrived in the shape of two WI officials who cleared the obstruction. However the sun was almost over the yardarm and the denizens were shifting in their

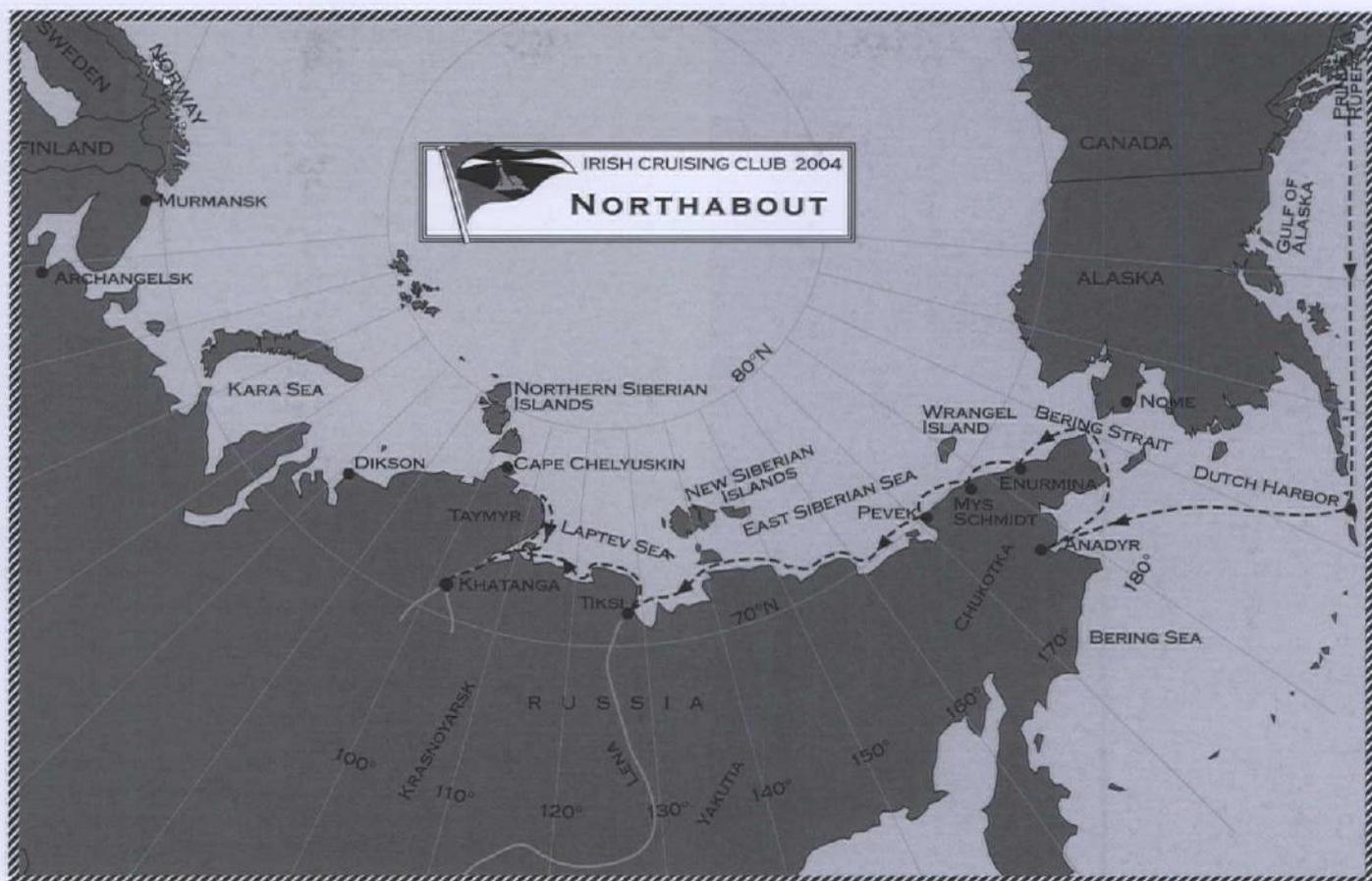


Johnny Rooney checks the headroom.

bunks. WI turned out a full crew to work us swiftly through the eight remaining west Dublin locks. However we met numerous obstructions in the canal of which the most time-consuming was an interior sprung mattress that took almost an hour to remove with a bolt-cutters. At one point we were barely making 50 metres progress between engine stoppages while we cleared the screw. Luckily, the rain poured down and this kept "them" indoors. Finally at the 11th Lock the sun broke through. With a whoop they were upon us. One young man in particular took pot shots at the crew with an airgun. My Gore-Tex oilskins were peppered with holes.

We continued on across Ireland over the following two days shedding crew (some of us have to work!) as we went. Eventually I too had to leave and Philip re-joined with his family. It was therefore the Mahony family who completed the semi-circumnavigation by emerging into the River Shannon at Shannon Harbour at 0850 on Wednesday 26th August. They continued on to Athlone and left the boat at Anna's parents' jetty, where Alan Algeo and I collected her on Sunday 30th August and returned her to the Inny.

In all we had covered 715 miles of which 517 were at sea. We had passed through 46 locks and 27 crew had participated in the cruise.



on our way. The Russian paperwork over the last few months was something else. The all-important Permit to sail our boat in Russian waters has arrived in Dublin (in Russian naturally). We hope it says what we need.

On board now are Jarlath and Paddy, with Brendan Minish, Tom Moran, Joan Burke and Eoin McAllister going as far as Anadyr, 300 miles this side of the Bering Strait.

Prince Rupert people were fantastic – generous and helpful to an extraordinary degree. It was there that *Northabout* had been left for winter, happily snug and unchanged, except for the eagle s*** on her deck and a two-inch accumulation of mussels on her bottom. Everything grows big in British Columbia, trees and salmon especially. Getting the boat ready and loading up took a busy 13 days with occasional time off for tunes. Beer served in jugs made it hard to keep a consumption tally!

All that is behind us now, Dutch Harbour in the Aleutian Islands is just less than 1,000 miles ahead. There we will top up our diesel tanks and hopefully (essentially) collect Jarlath's and Paddy's two passports, being couriered out with Russian Visas.

Saturday July 17th. And a fine day it is in Dutch Harbor, Unalaska Island.

The Aleutian Chain stretches 1,000 miles, separating the northern Pacific from the Bering Sea.

We've been here since midnight on Thursday, getting in just in time to have a few beers in The Elbow Room, followed by a couple of Baileys (bottles that is) back at the boat – oh! The euphoria of arrival, and didn't our heads pay for it on Friday.

This town is all about fish. Everyone works, hard grafting fishermen on the boats, American mostly and foreigners in the processing plants.

There are some women too, they say that 'there's one behind every tree' – but there are no trees! The few women work as taxi-drivers, in the hospital, truck-hire and 'city-hall'.

Most people, bar the few remaining native Aleuts, are

transients, here for the money. Among them, reputedly, are quite a few fugitives from the law of the 'lower 48' states.

Our 1,300-mile passage across the Gulf of Alaska was uneventful, after we settled in. Mostly we engaged in light winds and flat seas. For about a day and a half we had good wind and the silence under sail was delightful. Surprising was the effect of the 'Seamounts'. We passed over Dickins Seamount, with 400 metres of water over it; to suffer very rough water as the half-knot Alaska Current up welled. Thereafter we set our course to avoid Seamounts!

Approaching Unalaska the expected tides were considerable, the Pilot Book telling of 6 to 9 knots, with whirlpools, tiderips and bad stuff. We chose Unimak Pass, and had no bother, other than a few hours of contrary tide. The first Aleutian Islands we met were very like the Faeroes, windswept and green with not a house, not a hut, not even a sheep, in sight. Snow lay in the gullies and on the higher ground.

With about 40 miles to go I thought I saw whales inshore of us breaching their spent air, but no, they were 'williwaws', gusts lifting the water off the sea. Soon we were battling into it, full oilies on now, speed down to 3 knots, sometimes even less as waves broke over us. No joke.

As darkness fell we nosed into the shelter of Dutch Harbor, the copper domes of the old Russian Orthodox Church at the head of the bay in sight. Passing by a big Crabber, our Irish tricolour flying, we heard a shout of 'Up Killybegs' come from the Crabbers deck!

Now, between searching for a few parts we need, meeting people at the dockside, the UniSea Fish Processing laundry and the bar at night, we're meeting friendly and helpful people such as Dee Dee Hanson, who took our Fedex delivery of Passports with Russian Visas – no charge, she asked only for a Big Irish Hug. And today she came by with King Crab claws and scallops.

Monday. We're still here and restive to be on our way, but



In Enurmina we met these Chukchi hunters.

the wind is still blowing freshly from the northwest, exactly where we need to go.

But yesterday was a fantastic day walking on the hills, sunny and hot.

Tuesday July 27th. At sea. The contrary wind has eased and we are settling into the 700-mile passage up the Bering Sea to Anadyr.

An email came in to the boat:

"The Federal Border Guard Service (FPS) has informed the Irish Embassy in Moscow that it had NOT given clearance for the voyage of *Northabout* and that, until such time as such clearance was issued, the boat and its crew WOULD NOT BE WELCOME."

God Almighty! What now?

Our options were to alter course for Nome, Alaska, to heave to at sea until the Permit could be sorted, or to go back to Dutch Harbour.

We chose the fourth option – to keep going, and our Iridium Sat-phone began to hop.

Since our visit to Moscow last December to lodge our Application, all 60 pages of it translated into Russian, we had known that getting the Permit was no foregone conclusion. But Colm had twice been to Moscow since, been to the heart of the system, with our good partner Alexey Zdanov, and we thought we had the Permit sorted.

And it was, but we didn't get confirmation, by email, until a couple of days later, when we were about 40 miles westward of Glory of Russia Cape, Saint Matthew Island.

What lifting of anxiety as we continued crossed the International Dateline and sat round the cabin table to a 'Dateline Dinner' – and a very fine and relaxed meal it was. The wind now filled the sails from the starboard quarter, what a relief to be able to cut the engine. Our wind vane steered the boat as we cracked, yarned and then brought out the music. Joan on the fiddle, Tom on the mandolin, and 'mé féin' on the guitar. And surprise surprise, Jarlath on harmonica. While I had been studying Russian, Jarlath had taken up harmonica! We exceeded our 1-beer-per-man-per-day quota that night.

We changed charts. The coast of Chukotka became the talking point, what would it be like? We spoke and read of its history as the most remote of the Republics of the Russian Federation. Roman Abramovitch, oil oligarch and owner of Chelsea Football Club had become Governor of this immense

place. We had read that he was spending huge money of his own there, and the worry now locally was what would happen to this poorest of regions after he would be gone?

Our watches passed easily, 3 hours on, in pairs, 6 hours off, no hardship about that. The nights grew brighter. On that day before we reached Anadyr I rigged a 'curtain' over the portholes in my cabin, for darkness – arctic nights again. About 100 miles out, the weather closed in, fog all round. The sea colour grew brown. We were seeing the effect of the Anadyr River, 700 miles of it discharging.

With GPS, radar and sounder working, we came within 5 miles of the town and still had seen nothing, not a ship, no shore. Then the VHF radio began to come

alive, in Russian naturally enough. The big test came, my call to Anadyr Radio – all my efforts of a years night classes in Trinity at learning Russian now about to be put to the test. And it seemed to work, they acknowledged the call and asked that we change to Channel 15 – and then we heard – nothing!

Anyway it didn't matter, we were now in the estuary, and could see where we were going, very industrial indeed, with the tower blocks of this 10,000 population capital of Chukotka on the hill behind. The berth we took, the only one we could see, was open to the wind and waves. Getting lines ashore and tied required some acrobatics.

Then it began, the men in uniform. How I wished that Colm, Russian speaker, were here. My Best Wishes and Greetings from Ireland didn't seem to cut much ice with these men. I was taken in a van through the town to a gate where the sentry, armed, saluted and waved us through. Horrors from Solzhenitsyn passed through my mind. The room to which I was taken to had printed on its door 'Major', at least that's what I think it read. The Major couldn't have been more polite over the next couple of hours as he explained that Chukotka was a 'closed' area and that we shouldn't be here! I explained, as best I could in my Russian, that the rest of our crew would be arriving from Moscow that evening with our Permit, our Russian speaker and with our State Ice Pilot. I think the Major phoned Moscow. There was a time problem by reason of the nine-hour time difference. Eventually, all seemed in order, and I was given documents, formalities completed. Great smiles all round. On the way back to the boat we stopped at a bank so I could change dollars to roubles.

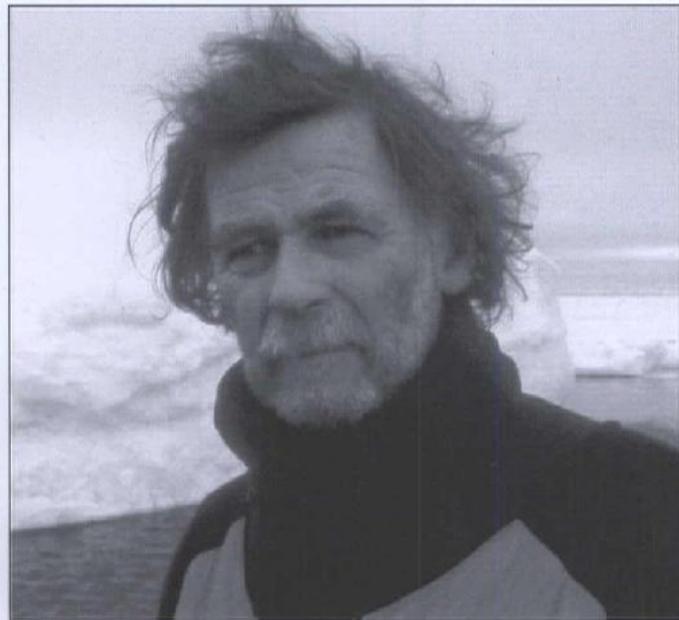
In the meantime, back on the boat, visitors, curious, were starting to call. They don't get too many sailing boats here – none at all in fact. One man had come from the Airport and was able to tell us that our Irish friends had arrived.

P.S. – Update from the arriving team members.

We flew from the new Moscow airport, but just when we thought all was in-hand, our flight was delayed for 7 hours. The arrival in Anadyr was very memorable, 3 hours waiting for our passports (even though everything was in order), a scrum for baggage reclaim, and then a helter-skelter bus ride on an off-road mud track. This was followed by a short ferry ride, and even though it was raining, we spotted at least a dozen whales (Belugas) and lots of seals. It was great to see *Northabout* tied up at the pier.



Gary Finnegan.



Michael Brogan.

And to bring our story right up to date, here we are in Anadyr, all together after a great night in the Chukotka Hotel, sore heads to prove it. Tom, Joan, Brendan and Eoin are packing their bags and tomorrow are flying back to Moscow and Ireland.

On the second day the formalities continued. In fact they never stopped. By the time we had satisfied all entry requirements, we were planning our departure – probably for 6 am on the next day, Wednesday – not a hope! We had got our diesel tanks filled, but the water tanker hadn't turned up. And the process of Clearing and paying for the diesel and water took another half day. Interestingly, the water cost as much as the diesel.

But in all of this the people were as friendly as could be, indeed sometimes too much so. Nikolay Kovalskiy, Port Captain, gave Colm and myself a great run down on the area, both on the maps in his office and driving us around.

Abromivich is pouring money into the place; construction is non-stop. All buildings are built on piles driven into the permanently frozen ground. The old Soviet five story apartments are being renovated. (Throughout the former Soviet Union there were two apartment block designs, either a 'fiver' or a 'niner'.) New buildings are being built apace, hospital, schools, and community centre, roads, all landscaped. What a contrast with the old town.

After our first night in the international-type hotel, we decided to go 'local' the next night. It wasn't too bad at all, but one of our phrase books had the apt phrase, "Is the waiter dead?"

Rory Casey, Micheal Brogan, Kevin Cronin, Gary Finnegan (cameraman), Colm Brogan and Vladimir Samovich (Slava) are moving their gear on board. Tomorrow we hope to be on our way.

Anadyr to Pevek

Our next leg is to Pevek, 700 miles, passing through Bering Strait and De Long Strait, inside Wrangel Island. Ice reports are good, for the first half of this leg at any rate.

Friday night. July 30th. We're just now leaving Saint Laurence Bay, after a big disappointment.

We had heard that there was to be a whaling festival here. We had high hopes of having an interesting time in a native Chukchi village, lots of people coming in from other villages,

an antidote to downtown Anadyr. For two days, 350 miles, we had made good time, the prospect of the festival lending wings to our passage. There are two main groups of rural Chukchi, the inland reindeer people and the shore people, fishermen and whalers. It was these latter that we expected to meet.

Additionally the area has big white-mans history. The bay was so named by Captain James Cook when he came in here to anchor on St. Laurence's Day, whenever that is. Captain Bob Bartlett had in May of 1914 sledged across its frozen water as he went for help to rescue his shipwrecked men from the stricken ship *Karluk*.

With such fine thoughts we rounded into the bay, only to find a very industrial town, which might charitably be described as being 'not in the best of condition'. The radar antennas and domes on the hill behind were, presumably, military. There was no sign of any festival. Slava, our Ice Pilot, spoke to someone there on the VHF. We heard the word 'documents' – No Sir, we've had enough of that for the time being. We raised sail again and put to sea.

Now again at sea, we're settling well in. We've had no hard weather yet. Slava seems happy. Talking about survival, he had a lovely Russian phrase, "The last thing that goes, is hope".

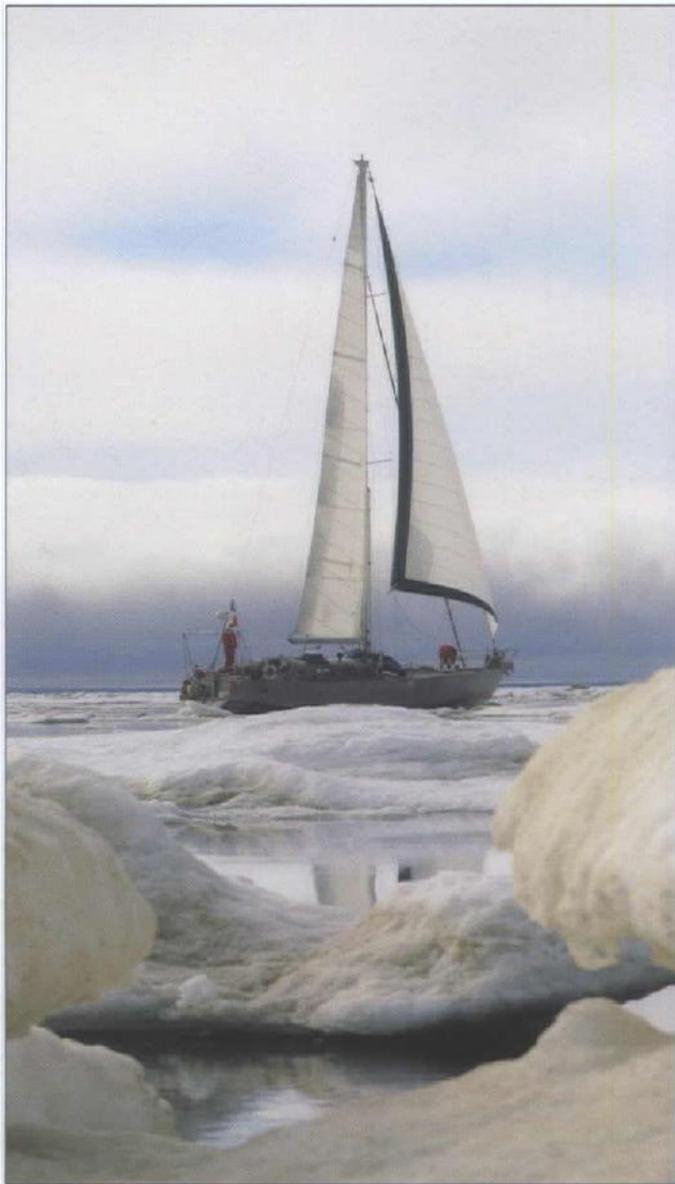
Cape Dezhneva, the most easterly point in Asia at the Bering Strait, is now 30 miles ahead. There we will turn northwestward, and hope that the Sea-Ice Gods will be good to us.

Wednesday August 4th. We rounded Cape Dezhneva last Friday night, not that we saw much of it through the fog. Big Diomedes Island lay 19 miles to seaward, now home to twenty Border Guard, only, the local population having been moved out during the Cold War.

By mid-day Saturday we approached the bay where Amundsen had been forced by ice to over winter *Maud* in 1920/21. Our Admiralty Pilot Book said that "there was reported to be a polar station and a trading station in this vicinity".

Indeed there was, the village of Enurmina. We anchored off the one mile long sandy beach, near to where some local boats were hauled up. About 20 or 30 houses lined the shore, some in better condition than others. The locals, all Chukchi, were most welcoming.

We met the Mayor. Yes, he knew well of Amundsen and his ship, *Maud*, which had spent the winter here. No, he didn't



Northabout.

know whether Amundsen had had any 'padruga' (girlfriend) ashore.

The local population live mostly by whaling (permitted is 3 per year), walrus (30 per year) and sealing (unlimited). It's pretty basic living I'd say. Although, they do have a twice-monthly helicopter service to 'outside'.

And it was on that helicopter that many of the adults from Enurmina had travelled to the Whaling Festival in Lorino – the one that we couldn't find! The village of Lorino is located 30 miles south of the Bay of Saint Lorino (Saint Laurence), to which we had gone!

About three hours later, off we went in fine fettle, comparing digital photos and talking the afternoon talk. It's always socially lively on the boat during the afternoon and until after dinner when the night watches begin and the chat quiets down.

Next day, a small boat with outboard engine put out from the shore as we were passing. A Russian boatman came aboard *Northabout*. Sasha was his name. He was an atmospheric physicist from Mys Schmidt and he stayed aboard with us for the next couple of days, with his boat in tow. At one place we anchored and he showed us round the derelict buildings of the landing place for a former Dolstroï gulag.

We passed Cape Vankarem, with its small village. It was here that Captain Bob Bartlett came ashore in April 1913, over the ice from Wrangel Island. The crew of the ice-crushed *Karluk* had spent a most awful winter on that island.

We had four or five dozen books in our 'library'. We began rereading of Bartlett's effort to get help for those left behind, those still alive. His two-month sledging journey back to Provideniya Bay, about 500 miles with the swings and roundabouts, stands with the epics of Shackleton and Valerian Albanov.

On Sunday, 05.00 hours, we saw the iceblink, that white reflection in the sky telling of ice ahead. A half hour later we saw the white line on the horizon. We altered course towards inshore, where the ice might be lighter. As we did, we saw what we first thought to be dirty ice. But this was sea-ice, not like glacier land-ice, which often picks up dirt. And it wasn't dirt; it was walrus, about a dozen of them, sunning themselves. We got within about twenty metres of them before they took to the water, still showing their hairy whiskers and long tusks.

For the next twenty hours we weaved our way along by the shore, in a light following wind, going through about 3/10 ice. (3/10 indicates that fraction or part of the sea covered with ice) For every mile made good we travelled about two or three, with the 'shimmyen' this way and that. At 3 am, in fog with visibility down to about 200 metres, we anchored, 100 metres off the shore. The buildings of Mys Schmidt were faintly visible.

One man at a time stood anchor watch, welcoming sleep for all others.

It's now Wednesday, August 4th, and we're stuck in Mys Schmidt (not Miss Smith, as one of our crew quipped) and we're restless.

Mys Schmidt was grand for the first day, pretty broken down as it is. The military have gone, leaving behind a town in decay, and a much depleted population. Though there are some grand people, the landlady of the 'gastanitza' where we had a dinner on Monday night and there were the three lads up from Omsk doing some building work. They had a lovely Russian sound to their singing. Sasha, the state physicist, took some of us out to see his laboratory where he monitors atmospheric radiation.

Urei Dundev Aleksangro, is the airport manager, but more interestingly, local historian. Through his efforts there is a monument in the square to, of all people, Captain James Cook, who voyaged to here in 1778. He couldn't get any further westward. Neither could the Russian yacht *Apostle Andrew*, which, five years ago, spent 25 days, held up by ice, on anchor here.

Why do we feel restless as we do? Yesterday was a grand day for travelling, but the forecast wasn't good, and Slava said that we shouldn't move on, so we stayed put.

Today is breezy, our anchor dragged early this morning and we had quite a job getting it and its chain out from under the ice floes. We moved a couple of miles up the beach and are now safely anchored to a grounded ice floe. At least it WAS grounded, now it too has started to move!

We left Mys Schmidt on Thursday morning at 08.00 after the fog had lightened. Northerly F 6/7 was forecast for Saturday. The passage from Mys Schmidt to Pevek, rounding Cape Shelaghski, through loose ice went uneventfully. At 23.00 on Friday we were safely tied alongside in Pevek harbour.

Monday August 9th. We've left Pevek and are at Longitude 164° East, just after passing Cape Baranoff. We're in clear water, it's four o'clock in the afternoon and we're going gallant. Yesterday it was a different story. I had written:

"Anxious now is the going off the north side of Ostrov Ayon. It's foggy with the visibility down to about 200 metres. We're just inside the edge of the pack ice. The leads through which we're going are short and twisty, exits invisible. This is far

from our 'Long Mile Road' lead of a few days ago. A couple of times this watch we've had to reverse our track to get out of dead-ends. And it's cold, very cold, in the fog. We have full cold weather 'battledress' on now, thermal long-johns, comfy mid layer and waterproof outers – and it's all needed. No waltzing or weaving through the ice now. Its all hard work on deck and anxiety below."

And it got worse!

However there's no reason why you should have to suffer our repetitive chronicle – and we are making fair old progress and that's the main thing.

Let us tell you a bit about the good time we had in the town of Pevek; that most unlikely place for any fun – talk about a broken-down place. Its population of 13,000 is reduced to 2,000. Even the walking-wounded seem to have gone south.

Last Friday night about 11, we arrived and we tied the boat to the jetty, a sunken barge. An hour later, formalities were cleared and with rapid step we went looking for a bar, a hotel or a cafe. Most unlikely it seemed, as we stepped along broken paths and passed empty apartment blocks. One doorway had three people standing outside. We approached and heard music. In we went, Cafe Romashka. The joint was jumpin', loud music, drink, dancing. We quickly got the hang of it!

Next day, sluggishly in a drizzly sort of a day, I walked up the hill behind the town. It took an hour and a half, so it must be about 700 metres high. Several groups were out on the tundra picking berries and mushrooms. In the valley off to one side was a group sitting round a fire – I stayed a wary distance off. Coming down, they were still there. They waved me over. They were six men and three women, having a picnic in the rain. The table was loaded with food of all sorts, fish, reindeer, and flavoured berries, cheeses. It was insisted that I eat. I was thirsty and they gave me a cup of soda water – or so I thought, pure raw vodka it was. And now, as a guest, had to drink up!

They were geologists, mostly from Ukrania. It was a birthday party. Discreetly, so as not to cause offence, I gave the senior man, Sergei, Alexei or whatever his name was, a 200-ruble note for the birthday boy. It got no further as deftly he pocketed it.

Several hours later, I too had somehow got into the spirit; some of the bodies were *hors-de-combat*. A jeep arrived, bouncing over the rough ground. The comatose were loaded in, speakers were wired up and music, scratchy, but loud, filled the valley. I had just enough wit to make my thanks and escape.

Down in the Cafe, things were in full swing. There was a table of our crew, another of a big family birthday group, and another of policemen. This was an older crowd altogether than



Waiting for the tide to rise, after repairing the leak.



last nights teenyboppers. Our new Russian friends toasted us and we them, repeatedly!

Next day, that was yesterday, we took on diesel and left.

To keep in out of the ice, we're generally following the line of the coast. Even though it's longer, it's faster in the long run. Our next destination is the town of Tiksi, 800 miles westward from Pevek, passing through Proliv Laptev and leaving the New Siberian Islands to starboard.

Normally this area is ice-free by about August 15th

Here is some basic Russian:

Ostrov = Island

Guba = Bay

Mys = Cape or Headland – remember Mys Schmidt.

Proliv = Strait

Severnay = North

Novi = New.

Our effective progress is most easily measured by reference to our Longitude. At present, this is 164°East. This is the number we've got to keep reducing.

Micheal takes up our story:

When it comes to cooking or snacking there is nothing as

versatile and satisfying as cheese – be it a with a cracker aboard in bad weather or in an omelette after an early morning shift. And what's an omelette without salt.

Can you imagine our horror when the \$338 Canadian worth of Mild Cheddar Cheese and \$22 worth of salt purchased in Prince Rupert could not be found aboard. We were assured a thorough search of the Boat had been carried out.

Did you ever try buying Cheddar Cheese or Salt in Siberia? However we were not to be defeated in our quest of the elusive North East Passage by the mere lack of Cheddar Cheese and Salt. Our spuds and veg. were boiled in sea-water. All of our wash up was, and is done in the same, giving us a good taste of the salt. As we braved our way north through the Bering Strait, on past Cape Dezhneva and into the NEP, happily snacking on tinned sardines, tinned tuna, crackers and jam, etc. etc. the strain began to tell.

We did a more thorough search for the missing essentials. Kevin searched his area, Paddy his, Colm his and so on, and all reported negative. We were to be resigned to the hardships of our expedition without these basic comforts but we would "sailor" on.

This morning Paddy decided that he would carry out an inventory of all foods in his compartment for no apparent reason at all. Kevin and Rory and myself were bemused [and ready with cameras] when he sheepishly appeared at his door holding 3 fine blocks of Mild Cheddar Cheese and a Box of Salt. We are now happily troughing on omelettes with Cheese and salt as we sail west into a NW F.6. Heaven?

Thursday, August 12th. We're into The Laptev Sea, approaching Tiksi, now less than 200 miles away, and that will be halfway along the North East Passage.

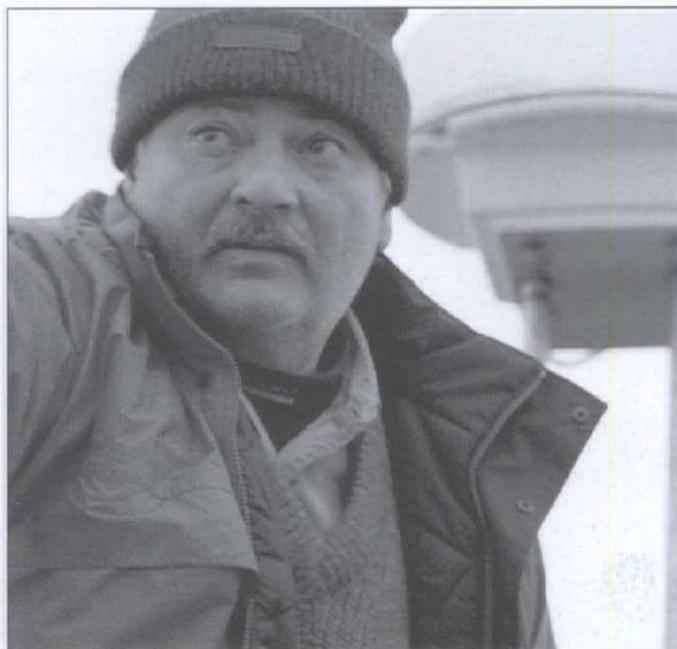
There's history in the islands, the seas and the rivers all around us. However, the ice-reports show very heavy ice beyond Tiksi. We expect that we have plenty of sitting-around time waiting for it to open and can be talking about history then.

Let's tell you how our day goes. We're on 3-hour watches, 3 on and, in theory, 6 hours off. One watch is Jarlath, Rory and Gary. (Gary Finnegan is the cameraman, who stood in for John Murray at short notice. Gary doesn't seem to be regretting it yet!) There's Micheal and Kevin. And there's myself, Colm and Slava. (Slava sat-phones Murmansk twice a day, giving our position.) Suppose you're on at 4 am. You get a shake about 15

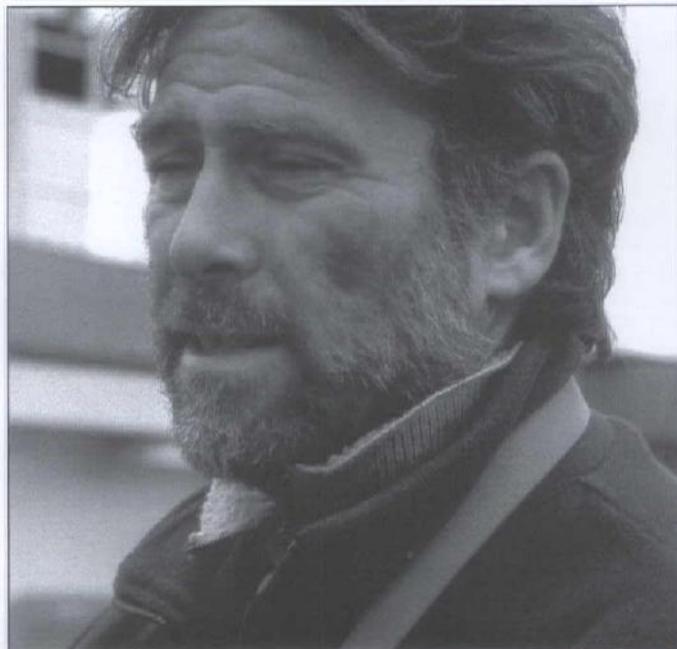
minutes before, crawl out of the sleeping bag, legs over the side of the bunk and pull on your black thermal long johns (if you haven't slept in them!). Pull on your next layer of nice cosy red 'midlayer' – as I try to type, Mike and Kevin have just cracked on more sail, the boat has heeled and the laptop is sliding across the cabin table – mustn't complain, got to keep the mileage going!

As you come up into the main cabin, you'd look out to see what sort of a day it is, foggy or not? ice around?, going under sail or engine? It's mostly engine, but if there's any good wind, the sail goes up. One of the lads from the going-off watch will be making a cup of tea, or more likely pouring out a whiskey. It may be the start of your day, but it's the end of theirs. You put on your heavy outer oilies, gloves and hat and up you go to the cockpit. There would be a brief word or two about position and course being steered, wind or ice and then you're on your own, the sun already up in the morning sky. It's bright all the time, just a bit dusky at night. The boat's yours for the next 3 hours. Sometimes if we'd be going along in shallow water, close to the shore, to try to keep in out of the ice, the depth sounder has to be watched big-time. The boat has a lifting centreboard, but we still don't want to be banging it off the bottom. Breakfast varies, for us its mostly 'kasha', porridge to you. Slava adds all sorts of concoctions to his, but in fairness he has taken well to our non-Russian diet. Your main ration of sleep, about five hours, is got during your 'night' off-watch. The rest you'd get in off-watch catnaps during the day, by inclination or opportunity. It's quite social from mid-day to after dinner, eight or nine o'clock. Then it quietens down, and no, we don't anchor at night! Our food is good, not all tins by a long shot. We've loads of rice, pasta, salmon and char in our icebox. I don't know what they do with it, but it's grand I shouldn't be the one to be writing about food, and I won't. Rory and Micheal are our pedigree cooks, Kevin bakes bread in our big oven, we lesser souls do wash-up. Some of the sea-water is decidedly silty, coming out from the big Siberian rivers, the Kolmya, the Indigirka and the Lena coming up shortly.

We passed an icebreaker going the other direction this morning, leading 3 vessels, eastbound. The convoy was out in the deepwater Laptev Strait. We were inshore, out of the ice. Slava spoke to them on VHF radio; she was the 10,000-ton *Vorudkin*.



Vladimir Samovich (Slava).



Colm Brogan.

Of seabirds there are very few, some kittiwake-like fellows, some snow buntings who have lost their way – they are a land bird, they shouldn't be here, must be something else! In a dead end ice lead a couple of days ago there were a HUGE number of seals bopping about and breathing. I was worried that this was a sign of scarcity of sea and that we would be trapped in this very dense ice. Maybe I should have been more worried about polar bear. These feed on seal; you see we've no gun for bear protection. We couldn't legitimately bring a gun in to Russia, thought that it would be no bother to buy one here. And it isn't, except for the red tape – and we've had quite enough of that, so we're taking our chances with the bear.

Charlie Brower of Barrow, Alaska in *Fifty Years Below Zero*, wrote: "The bear was almost on top of him when he fired. And then he only wounded the animal. Too far away to help, we watched as the man fired his other barrel, then started to run for his life. He hadn't a chance. The bear just struck him a casual blow on the head, followed by one bite under the arm, leaving him dead"

Rory wrote:

The main meal comes at 7 or 8 pm, and is the culinary highlight of the day. Having been involved in the preparation of these meals, I know for fact that anything goes. Whatever is within arm's reach is considered "fair game". Along the galley window are 20-30 jars of various spices – including soya sauce, garlic salt, lemon juice, balsamic vinegar, 1000 island dressing, tomato ketchup, chilli sauce, curry powder, chef sauce, etc. etc. If your meal comes without at least 5 of these, you are just not hacking it! When everybody is munching and commenting how great this tastes, and they ask how did you do it, you need to be able to truly say "a bit of this and a bit of that". The problem is that you really cannot remember what went in. Be careful of doing this at home, as it can lead to an outbreak of singing and belching.

August 14th. Lat 71 53.N Longitude 133 08.E. We're at anchor in a bight south of Buor Khaya (Yakutian translation is Cape Big Nose!). We've had a long frustrating 24-hour spell, during which we travelled 100 miles, but made only 20 miles. From early morning, we tried to find our way through the ice, but as it thickened around us (up to 7/10's), we had to retreat.

Tiksi, is proving elusive, especially as it is only 80 miles away, but we now sit tight and wait

Early morning, August 17th. All day Saturday and Sunday we lay at anchor, the wind blowing cold from the north and, outside the shelter of our bay, the ice coming down with it. We could just make out the distant shore through the rain and mist. We called it 'Impatience Bay', but we did all get plenty of sleep, badly needed.

Yesterday morning, first awake at seven, found the wind to have dropped and through the fog cold see that the ice outside had stopped moving. In jig-time we had the anchor up and were on our way. Unfortunately to very little avail. After twelve hours of heavy going we had covered only 10 miles, poling, pushing and poking through the ice. This area is normally well clear of ice by this time of year, but for us the prospects for progress looked very poor.

Then on the VHF radio we heard the talk, with increasing volume and clarity. Slava got on to them; a convoy of five vessels being lead by an icebreaker, *Kapitan Babichef* was coming our way – and bound for Tiksi!

Our first concern was that, in the fog, we might be run over.

And then, would it ever be possible? The Captain of the icebreaker agreed that we could tuck in behind the stern of the last vessel, IF we could manage to.

The icebreaker and convoy, as they came abeam of us out of the fog, was like something in a war film, maybe the Murmansk Run.

And we did get in behind them. As the last ship passed, her side a wall of steel, with lumps of ice leppin' up all round, we revved up and in behind her we went.

Now four or five hours later, the stern of the tanker *Lena Nef*, (Lena Oil), is still 100 metres ahead of us.

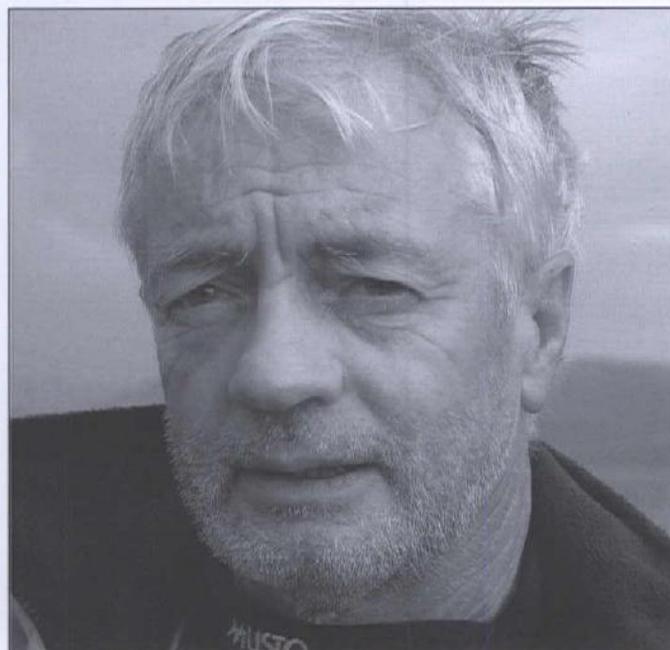
We just can't believe our luck!!

Kevin wrote of Slava:

Slava is 60 years old, grey haired with a splendid moustache and is short and stout. He was born in Moscow and grew up in Siberia and has been an ice pilot for 23 years. When speaking he can become very animated with very eloquent hand gestures and facial expressions. During an impromptu music session he stole the show by doing a Cossack-style dance on the deck,



Rory Casey.



Kevin Cronin.



Too close for comfort!

showing remarkable agility, with sinuous dance steps that would not be out of place at the Bolshoi.

We first met him in Moscow when he turned up in full uniform with black blazer resplendent with gold braid and buttons and carrying an officious looking briefcase. Now that he has settled aboard we seldom see the full regalia but it is very effective when dealing with the authorities when we have to call into port such as harbour masters, border guards and police.

Having a person such as Slava aboard a small boat like *Northabout* is a totally new experience for us. Compatibility of the group is vital on a voyage such as this and the introduction of an outsider has the potential to be very disruptive. Similarly, it must be extremely difficult for him, used to working on big ships among his fellow Russians, to find himself on a small boat among an eccentric bunch of Irishmen

The principal source of potential friction is the interpretation of his responsibility and authority vis-a-vis that of our expedition leader Paddy and our skipper Jarlath. After a few fraught exchanges it is now accepted that his role is advisory and *Northabout's* leaders are the ultimate decision makers. However it is recognised that his knowledge and experience of this area is immense and consensus is always sought and mostly achieved.

The most difficult part of our journey is still ahead and we are very happy that Slava has settled in so well on *Northabout* and we will be able to tackle the challenges to come as a team, all with the same objectives.

'Ni neart go cur le céile'

Friday, August 20th. We're on our way again, and much as we were glad to reach Tiksi, we're even more pleased to leave it behind - it's pitiful, this once busy town, now virtually empty.

We took on water, diesel and some fresh food. We bought two buckets, for taking aboard seawater for washing-up. The handle had pulled out of the last one.

In Tiksi we caught up with the Dutch boat *Campina*. She had started last year on the Passage, but got no further. Her owner, Henk De Velde, spent the winter aboard. *Campina* also left today and we agreed to stay in radio contact.

This leg, 1,200 miles to Dikson, has the crux. Heavy pack ice at Cape Chelyuskin.

Right now, it's a lovely night, bright of course, as we sail northwards, about 5 miles off the many mouths of the River Lena. The sky is a light grey and it's not too cold at about plus four degrees.

This afternoon Kevin cast a wreath, he had made from grass, on the sea and we said a prayer, for Jerome Collins.

Jerome Collins, Civil Engineer, emigrated from Cork to America in 1864. There he worked on railroad construction and later as a reporter for the *New York Herald*. It was in this capacity that he joined the expedition ship *Jeanette*, bound for the North Pole.

In September 1879, *Jeanette*, with 32 men aboard, was frozen in near Wrangel Island, north of our Mys Schmidt stopover.

All winter the ship drifted, caught in the ice, the men weakening. The following June the ship was crushed and sank. The

men took to the ice. For a month they hauled 3 rowing boats over that rough ice, reaching the New Siberian Islands, bleak and uninhabited. In September the three boats began the 250-mile journey to the mouth of the River Lena.

A gale separated the boats. One landed near a settlement at the mouth of the river - they were saved. Collins boat landed 120 miles north in a delta wasteland. The third boat was lost.

On that barren coast, Collins and his remaining companions froze and starved to death. The following spring, a search party found and buried them.

As for ourselves, we're now looking at a couple of days of ice free sailing, and then it appears, from the information that we have, that we'll be mixing it with the ice again.

Sunday Morning. 4 am. We've moved along. The delta of the River Lena is behind us. It's a grey morning - aren't they all, but not bad, plus 2 degrees and no fog for now. Colm and myself are on watch until six, then it's Micheal and Kevin. The wind is blowing Force 4 from our starboard bow, the north-west. We have the full headsail drawing, with the engine at medium revs, and are making 7 knots. There is occasional ice only, just enough to keep the helmsman alert. We now expect to meet the ice later today.

Rory has just got out of his bunk to make the radio/email connection with Brendan in Castlebar.

Tuesday August 24th. After dinner last night we were sitting around the cabin table playing cards, A 'hundred and one' - a new game, introduced by Gary. We were well fed and all seemed well with our world.

It's hard now to see why we were so complacent, possibly because we had made good time since leaving the Lena River Delta behind. The ice had not materialised where expected and we had got on a further fifty or so miles. The previous evening we had tied to a floe at the ice edge to await improvement. A tanker, also bound westward, lay about a half mile away. The day had been as pleasant and sunny as could be, doing some film shots under sail around the loose ice, followed by swimming, yes, the ten second arctic-plunge.

Before dinner fog had come down and the ice around had thickened. No matter, tomorrow would be all right, and the tanker was still around. In the middle of the hand, a VHF call came in for us, the ship was moving out.

Well! You never saw such a transformation. In minutes we were fully geared up and on deck. The ship had moved off, now about a half mile off through very thick ice. With engine revving and manic poling, we bashed, swerved, screwed and twisted our way up to her stern, to follow her out the mile or so to the ice edge. Her big propellers churned, water swirled and as she moved off lumps of ice, house sized, leapt up around us, back about 100 feet behind. Right under her stern seemed marginally better. Did we have to do this? Yes we did, otherwise we might be stuck in this ice for days, even for a week. In under the stern we got, but found it impossible to hold our bow on line – as she used one propeller and then the other we were thrown about into the ice on either side. They offered us a line, big hawser. We took it through our puny stem-head and made fast, our bow about 30 feet from her stern. Now what were we in for?

I'll shorten the story. From nine o'clock last night until about three o'clock this afternoon, we were hammered; our poor boat was bashed with ice of every make and shape. Depth charges in reverse rose under us, floes beside rattled against us, brash swirled and jammed our rudder, our centreboard, half-up was driven up further by impact. This ship was not going to the ice edge at all, but was forcing her way through the ice choked strait south of Ostrov Bolshoi Byegichev. This was our way too, but could we or should we be doing this? Very high risk, but the alternate was to sit for a week or maybe more. We stuck with it, changing helmsman and bowman every half hour.

The end came tranquil. The sea cleared, the ship picked up speed to about six knots. We parcelled a bottle of Irish, our brochure and 3,500 roubles (€100) in waterproof bag, passed it up their stern, and cast off the line. She continued, bound towards the Khatangski River. We altered course to the north-west. Her siren gave three goodbye long hoots. And we don't even know her captain's name.

Well, we won't be doing that again. But we have made the ground. We're going to anchor shortly, over on the west side of this bay, at seventy-four and a half degrees north. We'll sleep well tonight, and tomorrow, the wind already blowing westerly off the land of the Taymyrski Peninsula, should allow us to get upwards towards seventy-six degrees north.

8 am. Friday morning. 27th August. On Wednesday, we made 68 miles.

Yesterday we made 12 miles, in light snow.

Not bad, or not very good, depending on how you look at it. The east side of the Taymyrski Peninsula, where we are, is clogged with heavy ice. The wind was blowing westerly moving the ice out a little. By opportunity we groped along the shore, so close that we saw this polar bear at the waters edge. That was about five miles back.

Now we're stuck again, anchored in 3 metres, with solid ice ahead.

The bad news is that the winds for the next 5 days are forecast east and northeast, which will pin ice to the shore.

The good news is that we're only 150 miles now from Cape Chelyuskin, and right now it is clear water beyond.

P.S. The Irish Flag on our stern is frozen solid.



Brendan Minish, baseman in Castlebar, kept the communications going.

Saturday August 28th. It has been a very eventful couple of days. Since we got out of the thick ice, courtesy of the tanker, and taken a real hammering in the process, things took a nasty turn. When we checked the bilges, we found that we had taken on a lot of water! We had a serious leak!

It was coming from the depth transducer – only one of 2 designed holes in the hull (the other one is for the outlet for the loo!) During all the battering, the flange of the transducer got cracked, and was leaking. The engine driven pump cleared the bilges, but it was not a good situation. We were so remote, and the chance was that maybe it would get worse. On top of all of that, the ice closed in on us the night before last, and we had to drop an anchor. Gloom set in, the worst possible thoughts were thought! All those disaster stories I had read about the various Arctic expeditions that had gone wrong, all of a sudden, didn't seem so far away! Even the weather forecast was going against us, telling us that we wouldn't be able to move for at least 3 days.

Rory wrote:

The next morning (remember we had seen the polar bear about 5 miles down the coast!) Micheal and, Jarlath and myself went ashore for a walk on the tundra – cabin fever was setting in, and we wanted to stretch the legs. In the absence of a gun (we tried unsuccessfully to organise one in Anadyr), each one was given a hand-held flare. If a polar bear comes at you, you pull the cord, and the flare burns very brightly – I was delighted when I saw the expiry date on my flare as October 1990!!!! In the other hand was the VHF, "Shore Party to *Northabout*, etc. etc." – anyway, the walk was great, and we climbed some cliffs that gave us a great view of the route ahead – and it was blocked solid. On the way back, we came upon a lovely lagoon, with a deep entrance and a smooth gravel bottom and steep sides. It was the ideal dry-dock (as designed by the Russians). The best men were put on the job – luckily I was the apprentice. We had to dry out the front of the boat, take out the depth transducer, put on a gasket, and then replace it. If we didn't dry out, then water would come pouring in, and we would not be able to replace the transducer. Calculations were done, the rise and fall of the tide here was 1.2 metres, and we went in at the top of the tide, drove the boat up on the shore, and waited for low water. While on shore, we gathered driftwood, built a bonfire and had

the dinner outside – followed by a few beers. It is hard to relax, when you are looking over your shoulder for “the white fellas”.

At eight o’ clock this morning, Jarlath and myself were inside (with the floorboards up) and Paddy was outside under the boat in a wetsuit – digging in the freezing mud. But we had no gasket – Jarlath cut two gaskets out of an old wellie! Anyway it worked – beautifully! The bilge is now dry, and we are on our way again – we are getting closer to Chelyuskin – but the ice is also getting thicker.

Midnight, Wednesday Sept. 1st. Unfortunately, there’s little progress to report, none at all in fact. We had always known that this ‘crux’ area around Chelyuskin would be difficult, and in our planning had expected about a fortnights ‘waiting time’.

For the last four days we’ve been pinned down, with heavy polar pack ice all ahead, right into the shore. You might think that that being so we’ve been idle, just hanging around, nicely anchored, waiting – not so. We’ve not been in the one spot for more than a few hours at a time, anchored to floes, constantly moving as the ice blows around and down on us; And to complicate matters, some of the ground we’ve had to cover while dodging ice has been shallow. Earlier this evening, for about 2 hours, we were travelling in water less than two metres deep; going aground four times, all in water very exposed to nearby ice blowing down on us.

Happily, we’re now anchored in the shelter of an island where the ice shouldn’t bother us, not for another day or so anyhow. The outlook is that we’re going to be here for several days more before the polar pack will move out of our way, we hope! You might think that this would have us in very bad form, not at all; frustrated and impatient certainly, but our cooking is good, from our diminishing stock, and our spirits remain high and determined.

By the way, Amundson was iced in, in *Maud* on September 17th, 1918, near here. One of his crew insisted on leaving, a 400 mile overland trip to Dikson. Amundson called for a volunteer to go with him. Every man volunteered! Not a happy ship.

PS. We had a visit from another polar bear, he / she came to within about 10 feet of the boat, far too close.

3 a.m. Monday September 6th. Grease-ice covered the sea surface. Waiting time is over. Winter freeze-up is coming early. We’ve got to get out of here.

The rudder was iced solid. The anchor chain had 4 inches of ice around it. It was minus eight degrees. The forecast from Murmansk had been right. Hard polar pack to the north of us was now being congealed by freeze-up.

Ice records for the last seven years, in this area, show that conditions normally continue to improve until mid-September, with freeze-up not starting until October. We’d met a ‘bad’ ice-year, now compounded by early freeze-up. We broke out and urgently set course south. What now?

Our primary option appears to be to over-winter the boat on the River Khatanga. Our information is that there is a town, 350 miles south, 100 miles up the river, with some facilities, a crane we hope, and an airport with some sort of service to the ‘outside’.

The Dutch boat *Campina* had been a couple of hundred miles behind us before we had been stopped ten days ago. Jarlath has written separately of our assistance to her.

We’re on our way to Khatanga.

Incidentally, we hear that the North West Passage never opened this year either. Franklin Strait remained clogged. Four east-going boats, two of whom had already overwintered in Cambridge Bay, had to return there, and two west-going boats had had to retreat.

Tuesday Sept 14th Khatanga is the main northern town for the province of Krasnoyorskoy,

It has a hinterland the size of France & Germany combined. It’s population is 3,000, and unlike the other northern towns we saw, it has a vibrant community of Russian and Dolgan indigenous people. Coalmining, 200 kilometers away, is the main industry now that the military have mostly gone. Khatanga is the “base camp” to North Polar expeditions. It also is “home” to a 26,000-year-old fossilised, now-extinct mammoth. We played and sang in the restaurant and in the school, met interesting and hospitable people and their families, visited their homes, and walked out in the tundra.

Northabout is secure. With mast unstepped, by Sunday night, she was lifted into a large steel river barge, the barge hatch-covers fixed (and welded). There, the barge (with *Northabout* within) will stay in the frozen river until the river ice breaks up next June.

We’re all greatly looking forward to coming back next year and doing the rest of the North East Passage, hopefully in better ice conditions.

This morning, the Tupilov 154 flight to Moscow lifted slowly. The tundra, reddish grass, yellow birch and willow, shimmering water of lakes and waterways spread below us.

WHY?

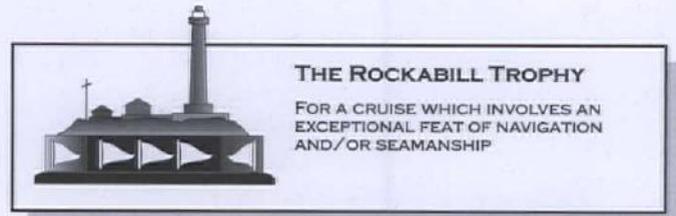
Kevin Cronin

An attempt to explain why, when you undertake a voyage such as the North East Passage, you are not as mad as people make out.

- Because you are presented with very few opportunities to do something as unusual as this and you must say yes or you will always regret it.
- Because you have more resources than you think and you have to be stretched to bring them out.
- Because no matter how tough it is the time will pass, you will get through it and you will feel a deep sense of satisfaction at the end.
- Because if you didn’t do it, the couple of months involved would just get swallowed up in your normal routine with nothing to show for it.
- Because with proper planning and preparation and the right equipment the risks are not as bad as they may seem.
- Because it gives you the opportunity to meet people living in entirely different circumstances to your own and to reflect on how, despite these differences, we are all just trying to get by and make some sense out of our existence.
- Because you get to see wonderful creatures in their natural environment.
- Because you are constantly humbled by the power and indifference of the ice and sea.
- Because the comradeship generated among the crew in taking on such a challenge together can be deeply satisfying.
- Because Suzanne and family are very supportive, although you know it is a worry to them at times.
- Because we all like the bit of recognition being part of such an adventure brings.
- BECAUSE IF YOU DIDN’T DO IT, YOUR FRIENDS WHO DO, WILL NEVER STOP REMINDING YOU OF WHAT YOU MISSED!
- MAD? Sure you’d be mad not to! ! !

Northabout assists disabled yacht in Siberia

Jarlath Cunnane



Having sailed the Northwest Passage in 2001, *Northabout* spent the next two seasons cruising Alaska and Canada's Inside Passage. By 2004 the call of the wild tempted again and, in July 2004, *Northabout* set out from its over-wintering base in Prince Rupert, B.C. Canada to attempt the transit of the Northeast Passage or Northern Sea Route, as Russians know it. We entered Russia at the port of Anadyr and made good progress through the Bering Straits sailing westwards a challenging 4000 miles through icy seas. As we neared Cape Chelyuskin, (Proliv Vil'kitskogo) the most northerly point of Russia, we found ourselves involved in a difficult situation.

Northabout was not the only yacht attempting the Northeast Passage in 2004. The Dutchman, Henk de Velde in *Campina* had started the passage from the Bering Straits in 2003 and got as far as Tiksi. Because of reports of heavy ice ahead he decided to over-winter in Tiksi harbour. Henk is a very experienced and resourceful sailor, having three single-handed circumnavigations to his credit. He was completing his last minute preparations for departure when we sailed into Siberia's Tiksi harbour. Tiksi could hardly be described as the Paris of the North. Its population has recently declined from 15,000 to 3,000. The docksides are lined with dilapidated cranes and many of the town's buildings are abandoned and derelict.

Henk described being frozen in for 10 months in Tiksi harbour, 300 metres from shore. As the ice solidified he was forced to cut a pressure-relieving channel around *Campina* with a chainsaw. Later, as ice re-formed from the bottom up, *Campina* was pushed upwards out of its icy prison. Henk spent a cold, lonely winter living aboard in freezing conditions. Later on I wondered whether his subsequent problems resulted from ice damage sustained during that bitter Siberian winter. Like us, he was anxious to be on his way and he put to sea a couple of hours before *Northabout* on 20th August 2004. With farewells and radio schedule agreed he waved goodbye. His final words were "I leave Tiksi with a heavy heart but I won't look back". Little did Henk know that he would indeed see Tiksi soon again from the deck of the ice-strengthened freighter *Archenesky*.

It is interesting to note that Gilbert Caroff designed both *Northabout* and *Campina*. While there is a family resemblance, both vessels are quite different. The larger *Campina* is 17 metres long, displaces 26 tons, is of shallow draft with twin rudders and centreboard. *Northabout* is smaller at 15 metres, displaces 16 tons, and draws 1.4 metres with centreboard raised. A shallow keel protects the rudder and propeller. *Northabout's* most distinctive feature is its raised "ice-breaker

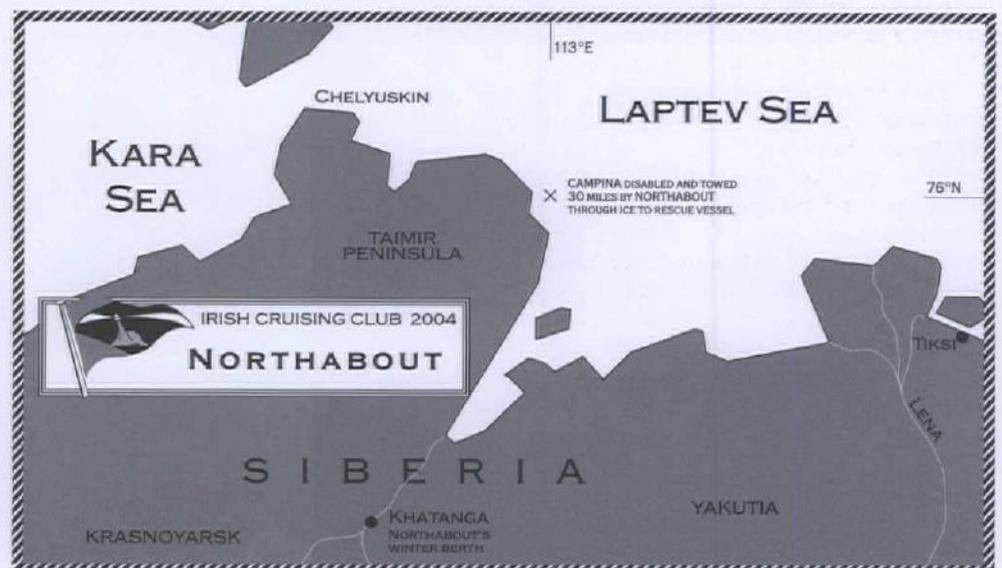
style" bow. Polar travel in small craft involves much sailing in shallow water, hence the lifting centreboard design.

Northabout carries a crew of seven hardy Irishmen and we were joined for this voyage by Slava, our mandatory Russian ice pilot. *Campina* is singled-handed if one discounts Boris, his ice pilot. Boris had previously sailed the North East Passage with Eric Brossier on *Vagabond*. Eric describes 72-year-old Boris as retired from the Murmansk Shipping Company, and well deserving of his retirement!

On the night following our departure we had a call from *Campina*. Henk reported a problem with leaking engine cooling water and asked for some water hose. When we met later we handed him a short length of 50mm hose. No further radio contact was made until Monday 23rd August. *Campina* still had problems with leaking engine water but was proceeding under sail and reduced engine revs. After this call, radio contact became less frequent. This is one of the many problems of single-handed sailing; radio schedule is not a priority.

During the next couple of weeks *Northabout* made reasonable progress weaving and crashing through the ice towards the eastern side of the Taymyr peninsula until stopped by massive pack ice at N 76.21, E 113.30, a mere 150 miles from Cape Chelyuskin. Our earnest hope was to round Cape Chelyuskin as the ice charts showed ice free waters all the way home from there. We settled down to await the break-up of the pack ice, which historically occurs here in the first weeks of September.

We made radio contact with the patrolling icebreaker *Vaigach*, one hundred miles south of our position. We learned from them that *Campina*, further south, had also contacted *Vaigach* and reported a problem with her steering mechanism. By Tuesday 31st August we had made no further progress northwards. We moved and re-anchored as the wind changed, sometimes off Vos'Moye Marta Island and later off Yushnyy





Northabout towing Campina through young ice.

Photo: Michael Brogan

Island, constantly dodging the drifting ice floes. At this latitude a safe location can change in moments to a precarious one. On one occasion, we narrowly avoided being crushed between the fast ice and a drifting iceberg.

Eventually *Campina* made direct radio contact with us. She had moored 25 miles south of our position. The engineers of the icebreaker *Vaigach* had rebuilt her cooling water pump and their divers repaired the ice-damaged steering mechanism.

Vaigach called us on her way north to collect a convoy. We had hoped to travel behind her but they told us that the polar pack ahead was too heavy for small craft. They instructed us to wait and stay in contact. In the meantime, *Campina* planned to come to our position and we would both join the next north-going convoy. During the next two days we moved position several times to avoid drifting ice as the wind changed. A solid band of polar pack ice was still preventing any further northward progress.

On Saturday 4th September we received a radio call from *Campina*. Henk announced with regret that his journey is over. His rudders had been irreparably damaged by ice. His sponsor was arranging a sealift for both Henk and *Campina* on a Russian freighter. Fortunately, he was in no immediate danger. *Vaigach* requested that we stand by *Campina*, and tow her to deeper water. We agreed readily. The icebreaker operates in a minimum of 14 metres depth, and could not have reached *Campina*'s shallow water location.

On Sunday we anchored off Yushnyy Island in 3 metres. The weather had now taken a turn for the worst; the temperature dropping to minus 7° Celsius. A freezing northwest wind with occasional snow flurries made the deck dangerous to walk on.



Campina under tow. Henk de Velde and Kevin Cronin on foredeck.

Photo: Rory Casey

Already the first signs of the formation of new sea ice were becoming visible with the development of small needle-like crystals known as frazil ice. This gives the sea an oily appearance. The next stage, which followed quickly, was the formation of grease ice. As its name suggests, this forms a greasy soupy layer giving the sea a matte appearance. We planned to leave early next morning. By 03.00 we discovered that our rudder had jammed with ice. The anchor chain too was coated in a thick layer of ice. We freed the rudder by chipping at the ice within our reach and by using the propeller wash to clear the rest. Raising the anchor was a struggle, almost freezing the hands of the anchor-raising party.

Grease ice 100mm thick slowed our progress as we motored south to *Campina*, bringing our speed down to less than 3 knots.

Campina had moored to a grounded berg (known as Stamuga in Russian) in shallow water. Henk agreed that we should tow him 2 miles to deeper water where the cargo ship would be able to pick him up. By 07.00 *Campina* was in sight but a band of heavy ice thwarted our approach from the north. We retreated and tried to find a route further offshore. By 10.15 and approaching from the east, we were again within sight but yet another band of heavy ice 400 metres wide lay between us. No amount of pushing floes and strenuous poling would allow us through. We consulted with *Vaigach* and were instructed to wait as they were on the way to assist. The icebreaker appeared later that evening. What an awesome sight – 66,000 hp, nuclear-powered, silent and without the usual ship's smoke plume. We fell in behind her as she made short work of the ice, proceeding slowly as far as she dared go into shallower water. From her high bridge she

pointed out a lead for us through the remaining ice band.

When we reached *Campina* we found that she had been nipped by a large ice floe, which crushed her against the berg to which she was moored. Her vulnerable twin rudders were both bent and jammed against the hull and the hydraulic steering mechanism was also damaged. Darkness was closing in so we lost no time in getting a towrope attached and recovered the mooring lines. Cautiously, *Northabout* took the strain with the heavier *Campina* sheering uncontrollably to port. By adjusting the bridle, some semblance of control was established, though our speed was a mere 2 knots.

At this stage Slava, our ice pilot, sprang a rather unpleasant surprise on us. He had been in contact with the *Vaigach*, which had now moved north again, and he had agreed to their instruction that we should tow *Campina* south to a position off Psov Island, a distance of nearly 30 miles. In normal circumstances this would have been a reasonable request but the prospect of attempting this in the ice-strewn conditions was daunting to say the least. We would have welcomed an opportunity to participate in the discussions with *Vaigach*, but Slava didn't take kindly to our questioning his judgement. Communications can be trying in Russia!

In the darkness we moored both boats to a large floe for the night with intention of starting the tow at 07.00 in the morning. The night was calm with a beautiful sunset, the grease ice was all behind us and a calm resignation set in helped by a good dinner and some of our remaining beers. An impromptu music session followed in honour of our guests – Mike on fiddle, Paddy, Rory and Gary on vocals and guitar, yours truly on harmonica. Henk gave his interpretation of some U2 classics and everyone joined in a very raucous chorus. The arctic never witnessed a more incongruous concert!

I visited the deck at 03.00 and was alarmed to find that thick new ice had formed all around. Even the toilet had frozen! All hands got a rude awakening and, after a quick coffee, a frenzy of activity got us underway. At full revs the engine was barely able to move us at 1 knot. We got out of the new ice after a mile or so into better conditions; areas of grease ice interspersed with drifting floes. Later in the day pancake ice started to form. It was definitely time to be out of there!

We put Kevin Cronin and Michael Brogan on board *Campina* and, by backing her jib, we were able to counteract the port sheer to some degree. The wind was from a favourable



Young ice, formed overnight.

Photo: Rory Casey

southeast direction and, as we acquired more experience, our speed increased to slightly over 3 knots.

At 12.30 we arrived at our rendezvous point and moored both boats to a grounded berg in 12 metres depth. In darkness at 20.20, the 30,000-ton freighter *Archenesky* arrived and anchored 400 metres off. The wind had now increased to force 5 and many floes were drifting by and knocking chunks off our berg. The captain showed great skill in positioning his ship at an angle to the wind, to give us a partial lee. When all was ready on *Archenesky*, we retrieved our lines and grapnels from the now much reduced berg. This was a risky operation as the seas were now breaking over the berg making it very slippery.

As we moved towards the ship the wind made it difficult to control our tow. To further complicate matters, a floe drifted in between *Northabout* and *Campina*. With luck and some tricky manoeuvring we managed to clear the floe and *Campina* was placed under the ship's crane and secured to their awaiting lines. Once *Campina* was secure we lost no time in getting away from our very hazardous position. Our mast was in great danger of getting entangled in the ship's gear and lifeboats. In remarkably quick time *Campina*, with mast stepped, was aboard *Archenesky* and bound for Murmansk via Tiksi to load a cargo of timber. Henk was returning to his former base!

The navigation season for small craft was now well and truly over. Cape Chelyuskin had proved an impossible target this year and we reverted to our fall back plans of overwintering in the river port of Khatanga, 350 miles south.

Henk has not given up on his dream to sail the Northeast Passage. He plans to try again in the future, fully crewed and sailing from west to east.

Northabout plans to complete the Passage in 2005.

A fine feeling for Croatia

Dick Lovegrove

I think that it is important to say at the outset that this is not so much a log as a scientific paper and should more properly appear in some august medical journal such as "The Lancet". But it was in the 1997 ICC Annual that the results of our early research, based on two weeks of intensive work in the Caribbean, on the thesis that toe nails grow faster when you are having fun, were first published, and so it seems fair that the benefits of our further extensive research, this time in Croatia, should also be first shared with ICC members. The unfortunate guinea pigs on both occasions were our English friends, Nick and Heather Thistleton, my wife (also Heather) and myself. On this occasion we were joined by long time sailing friend of Nick's, Nigel Brinn, and his research assistant Jane Humphreys. Our laboratory was a Feeling 416 named *Papillon* which we had chartered from Cosmos Yachting and at various times, additional material was provided by the antics of four other boatloads of RStGYC "beagles", who also, despite serious efforts, failed to remain miserable in the interests of science.

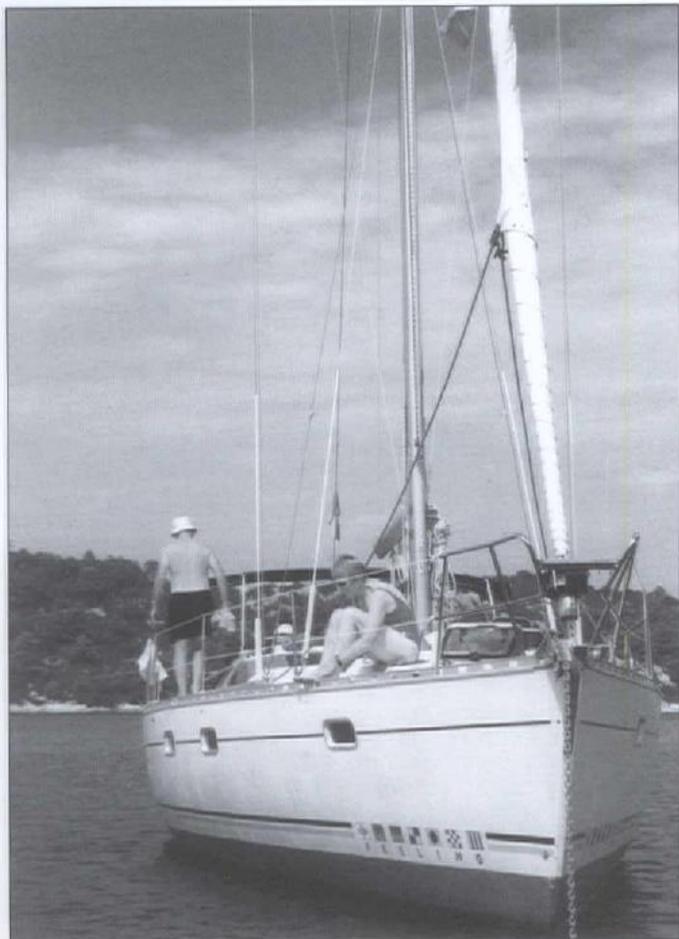
The Croatian Islands have rapidly and deservedly become a

major attraction for cruising yachtsmen. The scenery is splendid, with high mountains forming an impressive backdrop to blue seas. There are a myriad small bays, plenty of waterside hamlets, and even a handful of quite large to towns to provide a variety of shelter, entertainment and provisions to suit every taste. At the end of our two weeks, we could have set out again, covered the same area, and spent every night at anchor in a place we hadn't visited previously. And from an Irish point of view their charm and accessibility has been greatly increased by the advent of direct flights from Dublin.

So it was that our "researchers" assembled at the magnificent marina just outside Dubrovnik on the evening of Saturday 11th September. In fact, our initial enquiries were directed into local tidal effects, as it was only these which could explain the way in which slices of lime kept running aground on the bottom of gin glasses! We dined well at one of the two marina restaurants and immediately learned one of the golden rules of Croatian cruising: very few outlets accept credit cards and cash is the most convenient method of payment. The local currency is "kunas", which are apparently small furry animals like pine martins, whose skins were traded in times gone by and who gave their name to the coinage. On *Papillon* all commerce was subsequently conducted in "small furry animals" and Nigel (an eminent UK banker) has undertaken to recommend their adoption to Mr Blair as being an acceptable alternative to the euro, which country folk would not feel obliged to hunt!

The track of our cruise can be seen from the attached chartlet. Most of our crew liked a daily plunge and, in Jane, we had one genuinely strong swimmer who liked to keep fit by swimming for an hour or more, so our days easily evolved into a gentle sail, sometimes anchoring for a swim and some earnest research work at lunch time and if not, making sure that we arrived somewhere suitable early in the evening, so that we could make up for any working time lost during the day! To be honest, this sailing area is so user-friendly, with predominantly gentle W or NW breezes (building in the afternoon and dying away in the evening), negligible tides, and steep-to shorelines, that a description of all our passages would be tedious. Instead, I think that a description of some of the places which we visited would be of more use and interest to other researchers.

Our first overnight stop (we had had a blissful lunchtime swim off the beach at Uvala Sunj) was the attractive bay of Uvala Lopud. I had suffered a "flap attack" in case we mightn't be able to find room to anchor, but surprisingly, because it is a pretty and well sheltered spot, there were only two other yachts there. A trip ashore located the excellent, if simple, restaurant "Terrasse Peggy" magnificently situated above the town at the northern end of the bay. After "sharpeners" on board served by our hardworking butler (Nick), we repaired there for a meal (which was to prove typical of the local cuisine), of beautifully chargrilled dorado, squid and calamari all washed down with very potable house wine. The only downside was a tiresome and noisy band which was entertaining, if that is the word, the guests of the only hotel at the southern end of the bay. Country music was never my thing and I wished that the Tammy



Feeling relaxed. *Papillon* at anchor.

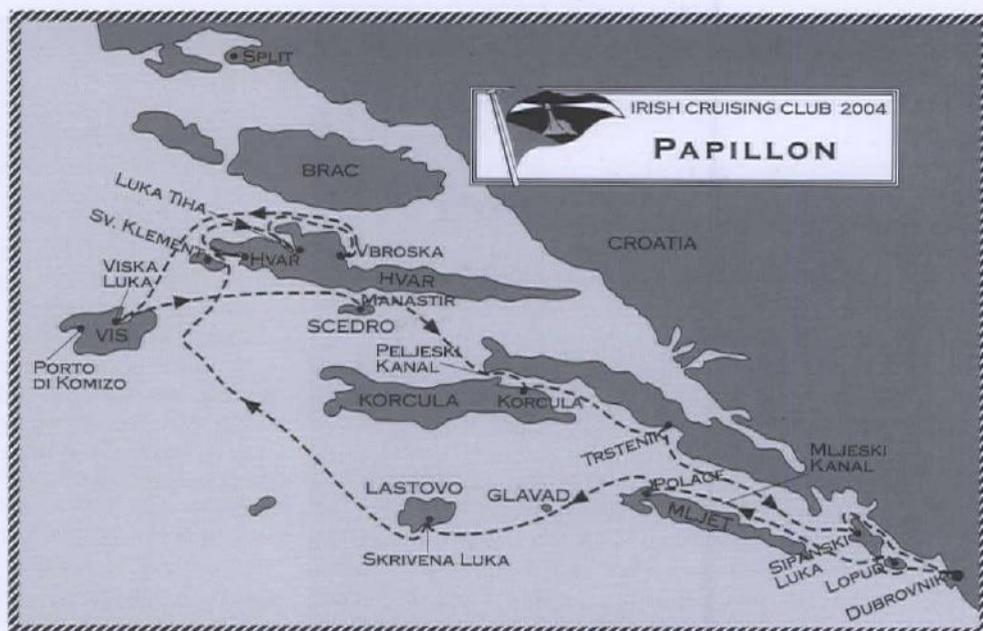
Wynette with a Croatian accent would lay her blanket on some more distant ground. Another minor gripe was that Croatians are polite rather than overtly friendly, and in Nick's singular North Country phrase, the girl in the bakery next morning looked as if she had been "weaned on a pickle". But then perhaps Tammy Wynette had kept her from her sleep too!

Our second port of call was Polace, some 25nm away at the western end of the island of Mljet. The entrance, through wooded islands, is very attractive and the following day we delayed our departure to anchor, swim and press the butler into service off the one called Moracnik. With hindsight, I think that the town of Polace compares less than favourably with some of the other ports which we visited later in the cruise, but we had a pleasant night there and it was while walking in the hills behind the town that Nick and Heather actually spotted two of the little furry animals in the flesh, so to speak. It was also in Polace that we first encountered the widespread practice of restaurant staff competing to persuade you to accept their offer of a lazy mooring line. This is very helpful and it is not actually obligatory to eat in the restaurant to which the line is attached, but I wouldn't give much for your chances of a "good morning" smile if you didn't!

Our next sail, also of about 25nm, brought us past the splendid lighthouse on the island of Glavat to Skrivena Luka on the south side of the island of Lastovo. This island is rather isolated and whether it is worth the detour to visit it is a matter of opinion. In our case our views were tempered by the onset of the first of two spells of less than perfect weather which we experienced during our holiday. There is excellent shelter in an almost enclosed bay amid spectacular scenery reminiscent of Donegal and the cruising guide makes the town of Lastovo, which is situated in the centre of the island sound enchanting. Also, since our guide was written, a new small marina and restaurant has been built on the west side of the inlet. Unfortunately, a mixture of dull weather, late arrival/early departure, and lethargy meant that we didn't explore any of these delights. Instead, we had a marvellous meal on board, played our entire and eclectic collection of CDs, and nearly wore the butler to a frazzle in the interests of science!

The island of Vis was intended to be our next destination, but, as the log records, it turned out to be a case of a "near Vis"! We continued to receive forecasts of poor weather, culminating in a threat of N. E. winds, to which the harbour of Viska Luka is exposed, gusting to 50 knots. In fact, we were experiencing the best sailing conditions of the trip so far, romping along at 8 knots with jib poled out, in sunshine and 20 knots of breeze. Jane, at the wheel, was catching each surf to the manner born. A board meeting was convened and reluctantly, with expressions of deep regret etc., it was decided to haul our wind and head for shelter.

We selected the marina on the north side of the island of Sv. Klement. As we approached, it began to rain and we met a lot of other yachts which had presumably heard the same forecast. We gave the engine some welly in order to win the race and arrived at about 18.30hrs, just in time to grab one of the last available berths. It is a large and pleasant marina, with



walkways through the woods, a shower block, shop, bar and restaurant. The only problem was that it was very crowded and at peak hours its facilities were fully extended. All the talk was of the imminent Bora and in the lashing rain some severe weather seemed very likely. But it never happened. Instead, the rain stopped at about 20.30hrs, allowing the outside tables at the restaurant to be used, and the party began. The butler had served sharpeners before we left *Papillon* and when they were followed by several bottles of a local wine and some very good food, it all made for a jolly night. At the table next to ours, a party of Norwegians sang some very energetic folk songs, (presumably about trolls) and then their leader toured all the other tables urging them to sing a national song. When he arrived at our table there was the usual general embarrassment before someone (I wonder who?) delivered forty seven verses of the Irish Rover. Really the Clancy Brothers have a lot to answer for! When we finally got back on board, there was some spirited conversation in which Mr Bush and Mr Blair came off worst.

The next day (Thursday 16th September) was Heather L's birthday and all talk of gales and Boras had subsided. We motored the 2nm to the town of Hvar on the island of the same name. It is a really bustling place and a Mecca for the small cruise ships which patrol these islands. The choice is between anchoring off or waiting for a slot to appear to allow you to moor stern first to the town quay. Nick skilfully hovered with intent and when, after quite a wait, a gap did appear, he was in like Flynn. It was worth the wait because the cockpit of *Papillon* was an ideal vantage point for the age-old pursuit of people watching and some of the people were well worth watching. To celebrate Heather's birthday we headed to the Hanibal restaurant in Sv. Stjepana's Square. This was definitely a cut above anywhere we had eaten up to now, and the usual local dishes of melon and ham, grilled fish and octopus were supplemented by nice salads, fish stew, stuffed pork fillet and lamb all of which were tested and pronounced excellent. Local wines with unpronounceable names were also subjected to analysis and passed with flying colours, so it was a merry band that finally made it's way back to the town quay.

After all that sophistication, the following day, the mood of the meeting was a for a quiet night and having covered a pleasant 13 miles along the north coast of Hvar we poked our bow right up into one of the little uninhabited bays at the head of Luka Tiha and dropped anchor. There followed a gruelling

programme of sleeping, reading, and swimming, such that it was an exhausted but happy crew that finally assembled around the cockpit table for a fine meal of roast chicken cooked in wild rosemary picked on Mljet and bayleaves picked on Lopud. The butler butted manfully and the night was whiled away in idle chat. Additional entertainment was provided by two local fishing boats which came out of the darkness. In one, a very small rowing boat, the solitary crew allowed his craft to drift right into the arc of our cockpit light before trying his luck, while in the other, a slightly larger motorboat equipped with two very powerful lights trained downwards into the water, the crew of two laid out a net in a semi-circle, before beating the surface ferociously with oars. Neither technique seemed particularly productive!

At the beginning of the cruise, an informal arrangement had been made by the RStG boats to meet on the night of Saturday the 18th at Vbroska, also on the north coast of Hvar. On the way there we stopped for lunch and a swim in a deserted bay on the south side of Zecevo Island. This is a nudist area but I'm afraid that the crew of *Papillon* are a pretty conservative lot, which was just as well as two of the other Royal St George yachts rounded the point shortly afterwards and dropped anchor beside us and I am rather doubtful about the observance of Lambay Rules in such circumstances. After more research, this time concentrating on the dissection of limes and other citrus fruit, we headed on for Vbroska.

Vbroska is a gem. A long beautifully wooded inlet leads to a very pretty village, with an excellent marina, good facilities and a friendly staff. *Papillon's* job was to secure as many places together as possible on the marina for that night's Commodore's (Aongus O'Brolchain) party. Our secondary task was to obtain ice. This was not so easy, but it did give an opportunity to trawl the many waterfront bars and generally explore. The party was a great success and was followed by all thirty of us sitting down to dinner at the very friendly restaurant "Trica Gardelin" which is right beside the marina building. As we left we were presented with a bottle of the patron's own wine. The following morning, while walking around the fortified church on the hill behind the waterfront, I was hailed

by an old man sitting on a door step. This turned out to be "Thomas, the net mender" and although we didn't have any words in common he insisted that I come in and inspect his workshop and share some of his figs and grapes. He was most welcoming and friendly, but when I finally did understand two words that he said, they turned out to be "David Beckham"!

Back on board, the mood of the meeting was that the research opportunities on the Island of Vis were too good to miss and so we retraced our track along the north coast of Hvar, passed the island of Sv. Klement and also the Island of Borovac, (which despite not having any grass that we could discern appeared to support a flock of sheep), and headed west.

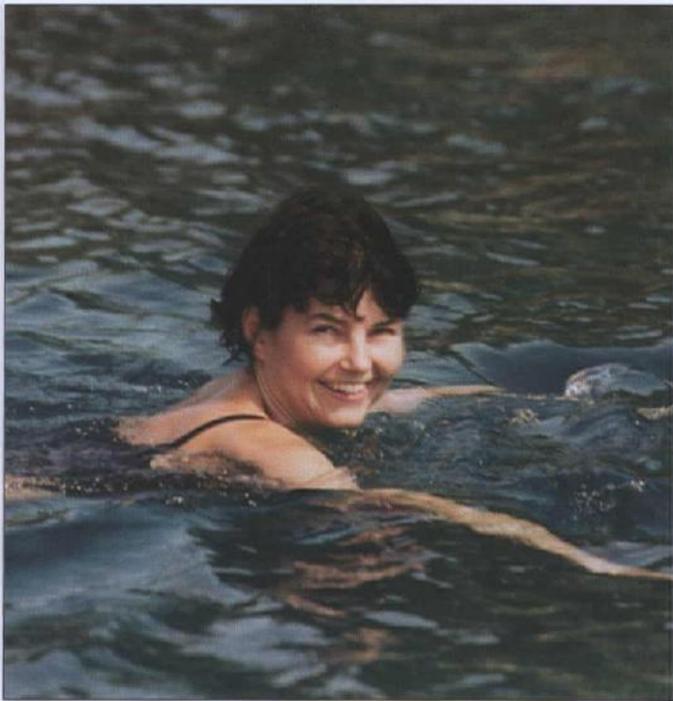
Viska Luka on the north side of the island was the second largish town which we visited. I doesn't have the chic of Hvar but it has some lovely old buildings including the remains of Roman baths. The town quay provides an attractive waterfront and a friendly young harbour master helped us to take up the lazy line and moor stern-to. We were charged 195 little furry animals (€28) and water and power is supplied. We ate at the pleasant and reasonable bistro "Dorucaak kod Tihane" on the quayside, but the following day we heard of somewhere else which might have been interesting and a bit different. There is a nice wine shop on the waterfront called "Enoteca Roki's" where we bought a few bottles of their very agreeable "Blue Label". Roki's also have a wine shop at Porto di Komiza at the other end of the island and a restaurant called Konoba Roki inland. The restaurant has apparently won international awards and specialises in traditional food cooked on wood in a "peka" or cast iron dome. There is a free minibus service from both harbours. Ph: 021/714004; 098/303483. It sounds as if it might be fun.

We now had to start our homeward journey and on Monday 20th we sailed the 23nm eastwards to the island of Seedro. We nosed into the inlet of Manastir and tied to a tree in 3 metres of crystal clear water. This is another little gem. It is totally tranquil and unspoiled. The cruising guide says that there is only one resident, but we saw at least five people! In the evening we wandered ashore to a tiny taverna for pre-prandial sharpeners which consisted of home grown red wine, served ice cold, or bottled beer. A couple of other yachts had come in and their crews were eating fresh fish grilled on a wood fire and salads, which looked tasty, but our chefs had already prepared supper on board, which was equally delicious. Afterwards we sat in the cockpit in total darkness with not a man-made light to be seen.

Back to civilisation! Our next destination was to be our third largish town: Korcula. We approached it along the channel known as the Peljeski Kanal which is scenically majestic. There are high mountains on either side and in the perfect weather which we were now enjoying, the water was deep blue with every conceivable sort of craft from giant cruise liners to windsurfers in evidence. We tied up at the marina. There are other options, but the marina is very convenient, being close to the old town and the shops and it was reasonably efficient, although very crowded. The old town is



The crew in rather thoughtful mood. From left: Heather and Nick Thistleton, Heather Lovegrove, Nigel Brinn and Jane Humphreys.



Jane Humphreys, the swimmer.

delightful. Narrow alleyways lined with flowers lead to small squares overlooked by old towers and there is a tiny cathedral. There are street traders, fruit markets, cafes and bars and all surrounded by quays at which every type of vessel is berthed. We ate well at the restaurant "Morski Konji" ("Seahorse", I think) under the old walls, with marvellous views of the water and as we were leaving we were presented with three bottles (unlabelled) of the owners own white prosecco. This was a truly scrumptious desert wine, very similar to Beaume de Venice which the crew tucked into with gusto and which fuelled a lively discussion on the EU, farming, and many other weighty topics!

The next day we paid our first visit to the mainland shore since leaving Dubrovnik. Trstenik is another idyllic little village and is the centre of the Dingac wine growing district which made it of particular interest. Unusually, one can berth alongside here, but a flotilla had arrived ahead of us and inevitably was taking up a lot of space. That night we had one of our most hilarious meals in the only restaurant we could find and which was called the Konoba Maris. We booked early to get ahead of the flotilla and our waiter was the elderly father of the present owner. He looked like a U-Boat commander from one of those old war films, with close cropped hair, but he spoke very passable English, which he had learned on a Pitman's course while living in London. He had considerable difficulty in finding his glasses and our food arrived in a totally random order without reference to any recognisable system of

courses. Nevertheless, everything was excellent, and who's to say that you should eat your sea bass before your soup anyway! When we asked for a bottle of Dingac, which was at least partly the reason that we were there, the old man refused to serve it to us and instead insisted that we drank his own home made, unlabelled red wine, which he proudly told us was 19.1% proof! Two bottles later mostly consumed, it should be said, by Nick and Nigel the party was in full swing. Nigel developed a fit of the hiccoughs which was eventually cured by putting ice cubes down his clothing, and the waiter was so impressed by Nigel's reaction that he insisted in giving us two free rounds of grappa to add to the jollity. In the middle of all this, the leader of the flotilla came in to warn us that another Bora was on its way, but we had heard it all before and once again it didn't happen.

The following day, we enjoyed our best sail of the holiday. The wind was bang on the nose and 10 to 15 knots but we hoisted all plain sail and for two and a half hours we had a cracking beat in warm sunshine up the Mljetski Kanal. Of course, as we all know, you don't get anywhere beating, and so when the crew got hungry, we started the engine and motored to Sipanski Luka where we picked up a mooring buoy off the restaurant Konoba Makel. There is a quay at the head of the bay, and some yachts did moor there, but it appears to be shallow and care must be taken. There is also a quay on the north side of the bay, but again care is required because a ferry berths there. By nightfall, the anchorage was full and we were glad we had taken the mooring. Sipanski Luka is yet another charming little harbour, well sheltered and well served by restaurants. Its particular popularity is because it makes an ideal first/ last night stopover for those chartering from Dubrovnik.

During the night, we had cause to be glad of the shelter and of our mooring, because it came on to blow very hard. Technically it still wasn't a Bora, which is a northerly wind, but a Sirocco which blows from the south and southeast. Whatever, it blew old boots and the wind was accompanied by rain showers, thunder and lightning of a ferocity we never see in Ireland. The crew were up in the night checking for chafe and



A local fisherman (or a shepherd). A flock of sheep can just be seen.

doubling the lines and when morning came, the decision of the Board was to postpone our departure for a couple of hours. When we did leave, it was still gusting over 30 knots, but once clear of the island, we found the wind bang on the nose and there was nothing for it but to join the procession of yachts motoring straight in to it bound for Dubrovnik marina.

Our cruise may have ended, but our research was not quite complete. The very friendly Aer Lingus schedules meant that we had Friday night and most of Saturday to explore the old walled city of Dubrovnik. This is an absolute delight and is not to be missed. On the Friday night most of the RStG party met up in a long suffering restaurant in the heart of town and some people (have they no shame?) even put the finishing touches to their theses in an Irish Bar to the sounds of cock crow and paddywhackery. Others drew their final conclusions in the more sophisticated surroundings of the Hemingway Bar at lunch time on Saturday, but either way, the results were the same: toe nails do grow faster when you are having fun and there are few better ways of having fun than cruising in Croatia!

Handy hints for other researchers:

Money: As mentioned, the credit cards revolution has not yet hit Croatia, but most of the larger towns have ATM machines, so it was possible to get cash. Specifically, there is a machine at the marina in Dubrovnik. I found that AIB do not keep a "float" of little furry animals but I was able to get them in Dublin from the Bureau de Change beside the Bank of Ireland in Westmoreland Street. There are approximately seven kunas to the euro.

Provisions: There is an excellent supermarket at the marina in Dubrovnik, which sells all normal provisions including a good range of wines and spirits. For the purposes of our research we had brought quite a lot of duty free gin with us, but it probably didn't save us a lot. All the major towns, Hvar, Vis, and Korcula have extensive shopping facilities including good supermarkets, but the smaller towns such as Vbroska, Lopud, and Trstenik only have a "village store" with a basic range of supplies. Fresh milk is often hard to come by, but "long life" is usually available. Even the smallest hamlet has a bakery, where lovely fresh bread can be purchased every morning.



A sailing cruise ship at the old town of Korčula.

Eating out: We had been warned that it was difficult to find good places to eat, but as you may gather that was not our experience. It certainly helps if you like fresh fish cooked on a wood fire, octopus, and calamari, but pork, delicious lamb and even beef were available in the larger centres. It is not noticeably cheap with prices (including wine) ranging from €35 to €50 per head, depending on the level of sophistication.

Wine: Again, we had been warned not to expect too much of Croatian wines, but guided by Nigel's experienced hand we found some very acceptable local products. It definitely paid to go a little up market pricewise. Not counting the no label, home grown varieties, these are some we enjoyed:

Red: Post-Up yellow label (80kn approx. in supermarkets)
Roki Blue Label (45kn approx. in shops)
Dingac (90kn approx. in supermarkets)

White: Posip (60kn in supermarkets)
Grasevina Krizevci (60kn in supermarkets)

Weather/Forecasts: For us the temperatures in mid September were ideal. It was always shorts and T shirt weather. I have spoken to friends who have cruised there earlier in the summer and it sounded too hot for my taste, although the cruising guide says that summer temperatures average not more than 26 degrees in this area. Similarly, I have heard that the temperature drops markedly at the end of September.

VHF channel 67 provides continuous weather forecasts in a cycle of Croatian, Italian, German and English with a silent period between each cycle. Although we had some false alarms from this source, part of our problems was caused by the fact it was only late in the holiday that we learned that the area in which we were cruising is regarded as the Southern (rather than Central) Adriatic, and that we had been listening to forecasts for the wrong area!

Things that bite: Those of us who are susceptible to them had quite a lot of problems with mosquitoes, so bring whatever works for you. There were also quite a lot of small flies, like house flies, which could give you a nip, but the effects passed off almost immediately. Finally, there seemed to be an inordinate number of small wasps, but none of us was actually stung which made us wonder if they were of a non-stinging variety.

Chartering: The RStG boats were all chartered through the agency of Cosmos Yachting:

info@cosmosyachting.com, though Sunsail and many other charter companies operate in the area. I found Cosmos efficient and easy to deal with and two or three weeks after our return they phoned me in Dublin to enquire if we had any complaints and to offer a discount on future charters.

Papillon is seven years old, but she was spotlessly clean and generally speaking in very good condition. The other RStG boats were much newer, mostly 2004. One of them had suffered some damage which was consistent with wear and tear over a long season, but which did not actually cause any major problems. I understand that a cash adjustment was agreed.

Near horizons

W.M. Nixon

With half a dozen islands, and some handy anchorages along the mainland seaboard, our local coastline north and south of Howth comes into its own in the Autumn as horizons close in. Easterlies seem to be less frequent than in summer, giving us a welcoming weather shore. And when November comes around, the seas are uncrowded – the affluent citizenry are busy elsewhere, deep into retail therapy in the run-up to Christmas.

It's a good time for the Arthritics Cruising Club to enjoy precious hours afloat. We have the choice of several anchorages around Lambay, and if the tide suggests going south, there are snug lunchtime berths in Dun Laoghaire for the day that is in it. Away to the north, Skerries can seem almost exotic. But with easily-managed ground tackle, we have a favourite spot in the cove at Loughshinny, where Malachi O'Gallagher used to keep his Dragon for the summer holidays a long time ago.

Saturday November 15th in any year might not be everyone's idea of the ideal sailing time in Ireland, but it gave us a day of cruising perfection before 2003 slipped away. Brian Hegarty was recently home from the Mediterranean, and as the weekend approached he announced that the annual shepherd's pie was taking shape. The Heg's personal creation at home of a shepherd's pie, and its subsequent deployment afloat, amounts to a Royal Summons. Brigadier Wheeler ICC descended on us

from the plains of Meath, Brendan Cassidy ICC was prised away from writing rude letters to the Minister for Health about the forthcoming smoking ban, and Pat Kerley came down from contemplation of his lands in Louth and Monaghan. In thin November morning sunshine we assembled in good heart, while the weather realised where its duty lay and provided a pleasant westerly, with the tide obligingly flooding in our favour.

Witchcraft reached north with almost indecent haste. Speeded by banter, we soon had Lambay – sleek in the sunshine – on the lee quarter. Beyond Rush, Loughshinny is marked by a little headland topped by a Martello Tower. Long before the tower was built, they say there was a Roman trading post hereabouts. Likely enough. As it is, it's a quaint cove, with a fishing pier and a cluster of house on the north side, and interesting rock strata in the miniature cliffs along the south.

Under main only, we tacked in past the lobster holding cages, and dropped the hook in clear water, digging it in by backing the main – real sea scout stuff. A horse was being galloped along the little beach. The only other sounds were the clinking of the chain as we settled to the anchor, and the sounds of lunch in preparation as The Heg brought the shepherd's pie into its final approach in a saloon that was snug with a touch of the heater.



John Massey's 6-ton *New Moon* – built by David Hillyard in 1935 – is a sister of the Arthur Ransome-created *Goblin*.

Photo: W.M.Nixon



Clear seas and clear skies of late November. *Toucan Do* steps out on the bay. Dave Hopkins and Barry O'Loughlin of Howth completed the Falmouth working boat from a supplied bare hull.

Photo: W.M.Nixon

We were just about to delve into the feast with the support of Brendan's noble *Rioja* when there was a flurry of boat nearby – it was John Massey's *New Moon* ICC in the bay, and himself alone at the helm. *New Moon* is a real charmer, a 6-ton transom-sterned Hillyard cutter reckoned to be a sister-ship of the *Goblin* in Arthur Ransome's *We Didn't Mean To Go To Sea*, which will of course have been read by all well-brought-up cruising children. We soon had her alongside and John aboard for lunch, and an ICC muster of manageable size was immediately under way. The range of topics competently dealt with was vast, while the range of topics incompetently dealt with was even more so.

Then there came that barely perceptible change in the way the boats lie which suggests that high water is near. Time to go. It had become a November evening of lingering lilac skies, but the breeze held. A glorious sail back to Howth on a sluicing ebb. Little *New Moon* was going her gallant best, but our swift lady was in port and harbour-stowed well in time for us to take John's warps as he came to his berth. Then a couple of pints for the de-briefing in The Snug in the Club, and home for supper in front of the fire, and an early night. These November weekends are rough indeed.

Despite that, we went south the following weekend in company with *Toucan Do*, the superbly-crafted Heard 35 fibreglass-hulled gaff cutter which Dave Hopkins and Barry O'Loughlin of Howth completed in 20 months of very dedicated work from a bare hull which is based on the shape of the Falmouth working boats. From our side of the fence, Ed Wheeler and

Harry Byrne went aboard *Toucan* to advise on tuning, while The Heg and I had Neil O'Reilly as shipmate on *Witchcraft*.

Saturday November 22nd was a day of cloudless skies and crystal sunlight, with a crisp sou'west breeze. Crossing Dublin Bay hard on the wind, *Toucan Do* was coaxed up to 6 knots and a little bit more, and looked fabulous. Old *Witchcraft* jogged obligingly along being a photographer's launch, but once the pictures were in the can, she set to her work and was well berthed at the pontoon at the Royal Irish when the gaffer came in. Up in the club, the hospitable Fred Espey had organised Irish stew, and the world had been well put to rights by the time we took the new flood home as the soaring sky darkened from pale gold into starry purple.

Near horizons are not to everyone's taste, but as mobility decreases they become more

precious. Otto Glaser, with whom I sailed offshore over very many miles more than thirty years ago when everyone's juices were still flowing strong, has today's reality well sussed out. Most Sunday mornings, his 44ft Frers ketch *Tritsch-Tratsch IV* departs her berth in Howth at precisely 11.00 hrs for a civilised little sail. On board will be a judicious mixture of the old brigade who used to do the RORC circuit with Otto all those years ago, and a leavening of some new talent. The ICC is well-represented, and the crack is mighty. Sometimes, the enthusiasm is such that the mainsail is hoisted. But that is only about once every five years. For *Tritsch-Tratsch IV* is still a thoroughbred under just genoa and mizzen. Which is quite enough for the day that is in it.



The Boys of the Old Brigade – Otto Glaser and Pat Moore are still sailing together 34 years after the first *Tritsch-Tratsch* appeared.

Photo: W.M.Nixon

Lough Erne reconnoitre

James Nixon, Rear Commodore

The Northern Committee of the ICC will be organising an Autumn Rally on Lough Erne in October 2005. It is some years since Peter Ronaldson organised one there, so we felt that a "Dry-Run" would be appropriate to investigate this area.

I was joined by my wife Katherine, and John the 'Webmaster' and Ann Clementson in a boat hired from Aghinver Boats situated near Kesh on Lower Lough Erne. A second boat was hired by Nikko and Andrena Duffin, with Michael and Babs Hill and Billy and Gina Martin. We collected the boats on 15th October 2004 and explored the Lower Lough, going to Tully Castle and Lusty Beg, where we berthed and had a pint. We felt that this would be an appropriate spot to bring the whole fleet a year later.

In darkness, despite not having navigation lights, we then negotiated the tortuous Kesh River to moor at the pontoon below the bridge in village, and had a good dinner in the Lough Erne Hotel.

On Saturday we explored the east coast of the Lower Lough going inside many lovely islands, and arriving at the Lough Erne Yacht Club. There we met the Commodore, Vice-Commodore and Michael Clarke, Archivist and Historian of this ancient establishment. This spot will be good for a party on the Friday night. We went later through Portora Lock (which is occasionally closed when water levels are low) and on past Enniskillen to the Share Centre at Corradillar beside Lisnaskea. This excellent facility is designed for use by able-bodied and disabled, and has excellent facilities including a swimming pool, climbing wall, go-karting and archery. Some ICC members may wish to take part. A large hall with bar facilities is available and we will hold the Saturday night dinner there.

We were treated royally to tea and scones by the most helpful staff, led by Oliver Wilkinson, Director of the Centre. They are enthusiastic about our visit and will not be charging hotel rates!

We did not visit Crom Castle but we would hope to do so on the Sunday morning during the real event. It is choc-o-bloc with sailing memorabilia and will be of great interest to ICC members.

In the gathering dusk we, went back north as far as Killyhelvin Hotel. On Sunday morning we continued northwards through Enniskillen, and landed on Devenish which is the Ulster equivalent to Clonmacnoise. We hope to have a guide to show us round this historic island next year. In a brisk northerly we made a long passage across the Lower Lough (the so-called Broad Water) and spent the night at Lusty Beg, which we felt justified a second visit. It is an Island served by a ferry, there is no motor traffic and has a particularly peaceful atmosphere and a good pub/restaurant.

The weekend finished on Monday morning when we motored gently back through the islands to Aghinver where we left the boats with the efficient and helpful Liz McCaldin.



Devenish.

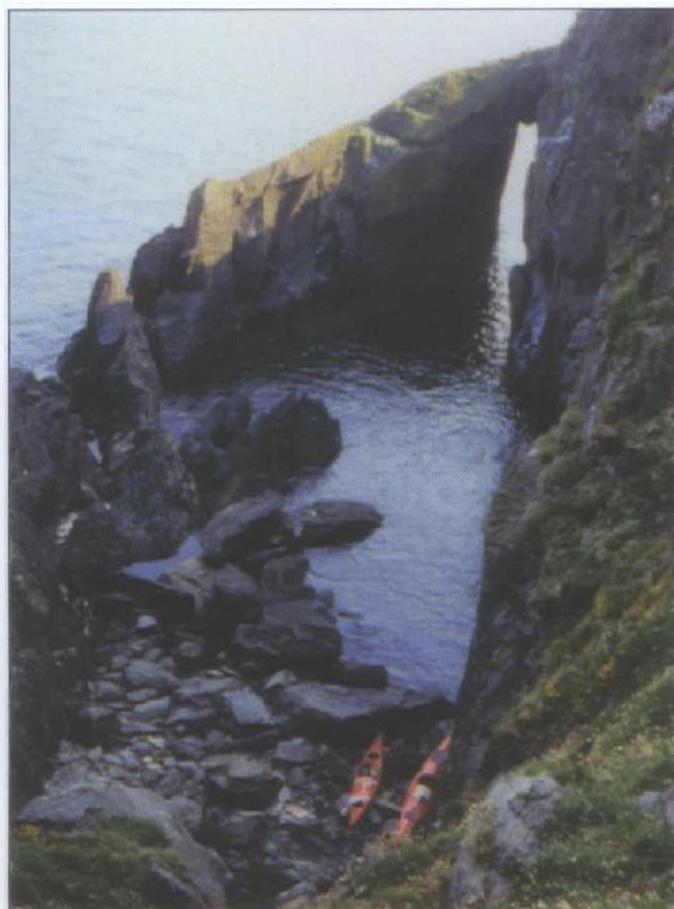
We are now more aware of the distances and time required to undertake the Rally next year and the outline plan is as follows:	
Thursday 6th October 2005	Travel Time
Some participants arrive – collect boats Lunch time and early afternoon – Belleek Pottery Overnight at Lusty Beg – Dinner to be booked 4 weeks in advance	2 hours by boat from Aghinver 1 hour back to Lusty Beg
Friday 7th October 2005	
Other participants check in – collect boats and proceed to Lough Erne Yacht Club, Killadeas Barbeque/buffet at the Yacht Club.	1½ hours from Lusty Beg
Saturday 8th October 2005	
Through Portora Lock and Enniskillen to the Share Centre at Corradillar at Lisnaskea. Possibly Devenish en route. Saturday Night – Dinner at the Share Centre with all boats berthed at the pontoons there.	3½ hours
Sunday 9th, October 2005	
Visit Crom Castle and possibly Devenish.	1 hour
This is a very beautiful part of Ireland and I hope many members of the ICC will join us for the Rally. Please watch the Newsletter for details and booking forms will be sent out in Spring 2005.	

Oileáin – a Guide to the Irish Islands

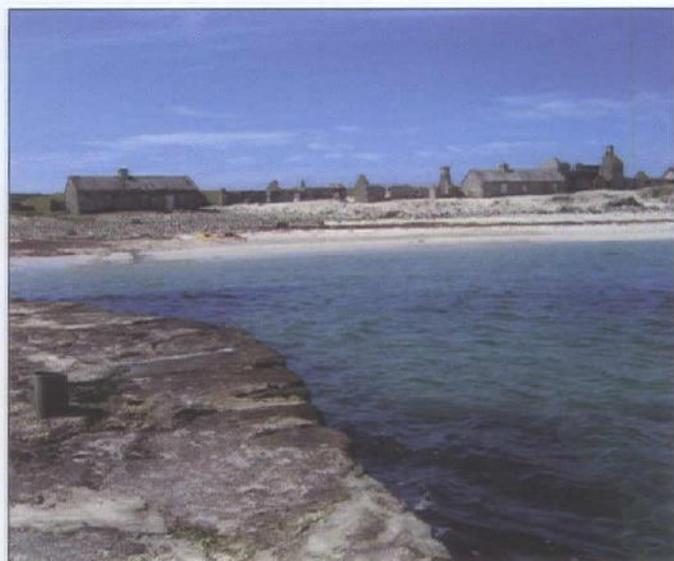
BOOK REVIEW

By David Walsh

Pesda Press, 224pp, many colour photos.
15 maps; €29.99 / Stg£19.99.
Distributed in Ireland by Easons and Argosy,
worldwide by Cordee.



Landing place at Inishnabro, Co. Kerry.



Village seen from the pier, Inishkea South, Co. Mayo.

Beautifully produced in full colour, *Oileáin* is a truly original new perspective on the Irish sea-going scene. Compiled over 14 years of hard labour by a Dublin solicitor and kayaker, it is much more than a book for kayakers. *Oileáin* is the most comprehensive guide to our offshore islands ever written. It covers more than 300, from mighty Achill to small islets that many might consider mere obstructions on the way to somewhere worthwhile. There is even some coastline.

The beautiful colour photographs throughout, many by Seán Pierce, really make *Oileáin*. It is crammed with stunning shots of great variety. Some are of great rocky cliffs seen from uncomfortably close in, others of quiet waters or sunny beaches. While the book understates the effort required to land on the outermost craggier islands, *Oileáin* demonstrates that gentle touring is available all round the coast in the right conditions. Wonder perhaps at the picture of the kayak off the Skelligs, or under a sea arch out the back of Tory, but equally love the cattle on the Connemara beach. Sea going isn't all hard work, even in very small boats.

The level of detail will surely excite the curiosity of all who go to sea in cruising yachts. *Oileáin* tells you where the dinghy landing places are and much other is thrown in – habitation, history, flora and fauna, bird life, rock climbing and hill walking. In 1991 the author began systematically island hopping, and the end result is of great benefit to all who would explore the islands off the Irish coast.

Unusually, the author chose O.S. grid-references over latitude and longitude for denoting position – a radical step. However, GPS will easily convert between the two, and sailors who like to explore will probably have the excellent 1:50,000 Discovery Series maps anyway?

A worthy companion to the ICC Sailing Directions, *Oileáin* belongs equally on any chart table or coffee table, or both. It will be well thumbed on either.

Oileáin is available in mainstream bookshops. The author David Walsh will also sell you signed/dedicated copies direct or by post (P&P €3.00 in Ireland). Send a cheque to "Oileáin" at 109 Ranelagh, Dublin 6. Sounds good for presents? For more detail, visit www.oileain.org.

P.F.B.



The landing, Owey Island, Co. Donegal.

Double crossing

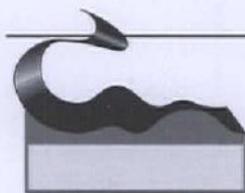
Noel Casey

This is an account of a double Atlantic crossing from November 2003 to June 2004, that coincided with a lifestyle change occasioned by early retirement in April 2004, having sailing west across the Atlantic as crew in 2003 and returning to Europe on the same yacht some four months later in 2004 as owner and skipper. Plus ca change. Which came first? Did the initial crossing in what was a late summer vacation to facilitate a November crossing to the Caribbean as the third hand to the owners of *Kish*, cause me to subsequently buy the yacht and sail it back to Ireland some four months later. Did the passage west, prompt or push the ultimate decision to give up the day job and take to the high seas? The answer is indeterminate, but the change from the day job of well over thirty years to the practicalities of organizing purchase, insurance and crewing for the return trip leaves no time to miss the former working lifestyle and the break was painless and to be recommended.

However to begin at the beginning: In November 2003, I joined the Tayana 37 *Kish* in the Canaries to sail to the Caribbean. This was not the well known Atlantic Rally for Cruisers, commonly known as the ARC, but the alternative NARC or "Not the ARC". I had not heard the term prior to an Englishman saying it to me in a bar in Tenerife, "you're doing the NARC then". This was a conversation stopper as there was the implication of being described by an English colloquialism, think nark, but he hastily explained that he meant not a nark but the ARC for those who don't mind going solo.

Some two hundred yachts enter the ARC, but many more than that make the crossing independently of the ARC, at the same time, as late November is the optimal east to west crossing time. Being part of NARC is usual for those who have been there before and who form up into "crossing groups" for HF radio contact and mutual support. Also there is a not inconsiderable saving in entry fee, for the NARC the entry fee is zero compared to the ARC fee of £500 per yacht plus £50 per crewmember. Of course NARC participants miss the reception, briefings and bunting associated with the ARC, but being individual or forming small groups is the essence of ocean sailing.

Kish is a Tayana 37, a traditional double ended cutter of which there are some 600 built in GRP since 1975. A cutter sets two headsails, a genoa or jib and staysail. Such is the pace of modern information systems that full details are available at <http://www.tayanayachts.com.tw/T37.htm>. It is designed for the American market and very few are in Europe. It is no slouch and has a deceptive turn of speed for a long keeled boat that follows classic design principles. Perhaps a good indication of that is the fact that it has a comparatively small auxiliary engine of only 33HP for an 11 ton boat. Its single spreader rig supports a mast of 15metres and the height of the rig is such that runners are required. Despite this apparent complexity (for a cruising boat), it is easily handled by two people. Provided you don't come within 50 degrees of the wind it fairly flies, but in true tradition of cruising sailors, "Gentlemen don't beat" and we thoroughly disliked when it was necessary. Our best daily runs



THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

FOR THE BEST OPEN SEA PASSAGE
WITH PORT TO PORT AT LEAST 1000
MILES

with a 35 knots true wind and gusting higher (a true gale) were runs of 170 and 168 miles in two consecutive days of broad reaching. Awesome to average over 7 knots and to surf an 11 ton boat at 10 knots with three reefs in the mainsail and a staysail. Cutters are very efficient in setting a comfortable sail plan, however I prayed for the rig when the speedometer hit 10 knots. We can also set a cruising spinnaker which can give 6 knots boat speed in 12 knots apparent wind.

To resume the voyaging, *Kish* came to Cork in 1992 from Boston, its first Atlantic crossing and was sold into Dun Laoghaire in 1993, departed and came back again in 1999. It left there in 2000 and spent three years based in Stockholm and cruised the Baltic extensively with its then owners, who relocated from Dublin to Stockholm.

In November 2003, I joined *Kish* in Tenerife to sail to St Lucia in the Caribbean. The ARC departs from Las Palmas while the NARC departs from elsewhere in the Canaries. There were sizable groups waiting in Tenerife and Gomera, who depart a couple of days after the fleet leave Las Palmas. Departure as an individual is not as dramatic as being on a 200



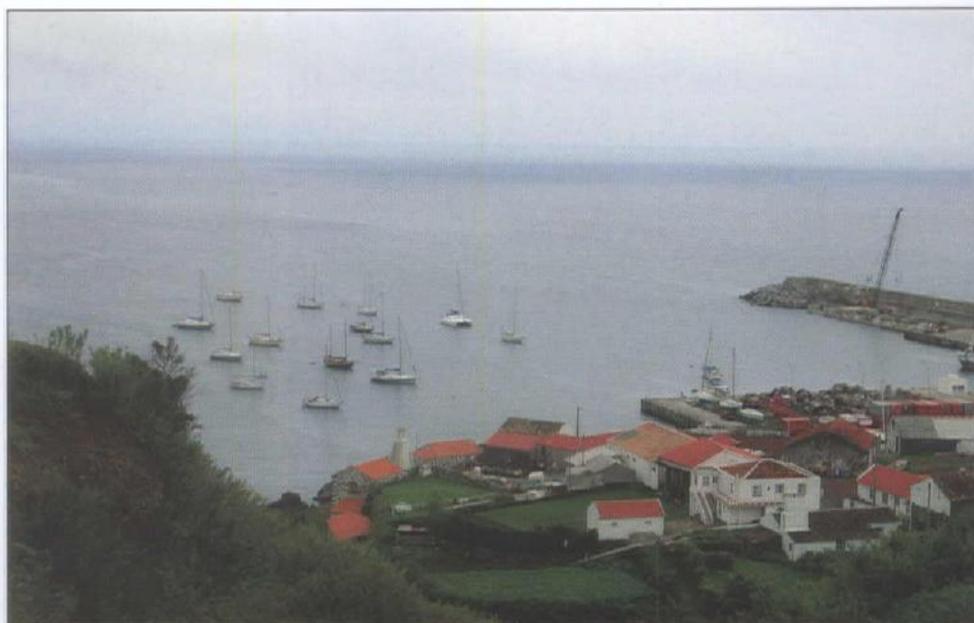
Kish in Saint Georges, Bermuda.



Kish fuelled up.

boat starting line, yet there is a certain buzz as someone else, who are leaving later will give you a noisy send off via air horns. A midday departure for a destination 2800 miles away gives some flexibility as to the course you can set for the first few days at least. The destination lies to the southwest and you can go anywhere in the quadrant between south and west and still make virtually the same velocity made good towards your destination. Shortly after leaving it was noted that we were trailing some polypropylene rope, which was the remains of a short bight of rope that probably had secured a fender- someone else's fender. Rather than heaving to there and then, it was decided to divert to Gomera, the most southerly of the Canary Island group to clear the rudder. This was easily accomplished and we set forth again after a two hour stopover. Subsequent discussion with others revealed that the most hazardous propeller obstruction is a short bight of rope that has been intentionally or otherwise discarded as being of no value on board, as it floats at perfect propeller snagging depth.

Finally underway, our course was broadly southwest with wind from the northeast, force 4 to 5 and seas of two metres every 12 to 15 seconds, a long very regular swell, ideally suited to running downwind with poled-out jib. We continued running like this for days, occasionally taking a reef when wind across deck exceeded twenty knots, true wind of 15 knots. The wind being steady in direction, the racing practice of gybing downwind on a lifting wind did not apply. Having a poled out jib and main with boom preventer rigged makes gybing a fifteen minute manoeuvre for two people. Some twenty four hours after leaving, the classic trade wind cloud pattern of isolated wispy cumulus was seen, and the wind freshened to northeast force five, with a west going stream of nearly



Flores Lajes harbour.

one knot. Clearly it was to be all downhill and no going back against wind and current. Sailing conservatively, we could average some on hundred and twenty miles per day at a steady six knots. Four days out our first and only ship, until the Caribbean was sighted going north. No other yachts were sighted for ten days although we had HF SSB radio contact with a couple of Dutch boats on an informal radio net at 10 UTC each day. The wind eased to force two and our speed fell, so it was time to raise the asymmetrical spinnaker which very efficiently saw us doing 6 knots with 12 knots apparent wind on a broad reach. Then the wind fell away completely on December 7th and the swell died. We sat still, in mid ocean at position 16°N, 38°W, wondering what was happening.

The trades at that latitude don't suddenly switch off. Something was afoot weather-wise.

Weather information on any long passage is problematical. Weather faxes are published by the US coastguard for the western Atlantic and Caribbean and Meteo France and the UK Met. Office does a good job for the eastern and mid Atlantic. This information is broadcast and can be received by weather fax receivers on board, although now most yachts will use HF single sideband (SSB) radio and a laptop computer in conjunction with an SSB radio modem attached. This is a reliable if slow and often problematical way of receiving weather. An expensive way is to use a satellite phone and to download at ultra premium call rates. In our case the radio link for faxes was the only option. It does mean spending time at the radio, dawn and dusk being the optimal times, while getting the radio to receive coherent faxes at times of poor radio reception can be frustrating. At several stages on receipt of smudged faxes, upon which you become dependent on, I thought to myself that we may have to rely on the barometer and the clouds, in the

tradition of the ancient mariners. Who remembers pre-electronic days and not so elderly pre electronic mariners thought that the DECCA navigation chain was magic. In those times of less than 20 years ago, weather forecasting at sea was home brewed. In the next decade it is probable that satellite communication will become sufficiently cheaper so as to allow direct access to the computers of the weather services by ordinary yachtsmen.. The fall back position when the smudged faxes come in, is to seek official weather forecasts by email, relayed via SSB radio email from an amateur radio operator on shore. Other services available are grided binary weather data, (grib files), which are machine produced by the US National Oceanographic and Atmospheric Authority.

(NOAA) and also France Meteo, which are lower bandwidth graphic charts, but have the "health warning", that they are produced by computerized atmospheric modeling, and unseen by human eye!

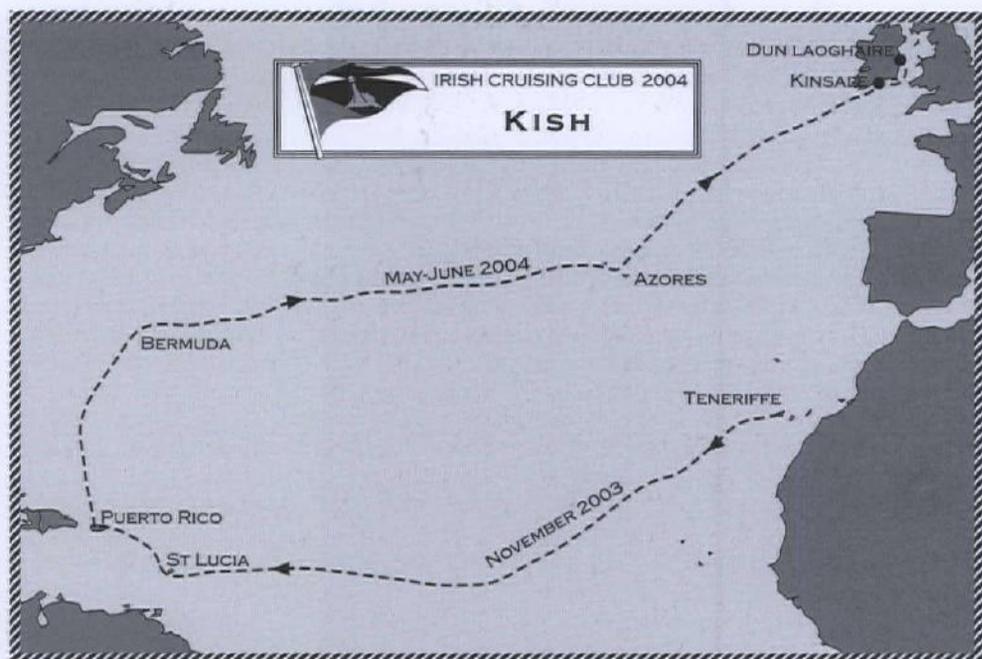
There is so much information potentially available that it can be distracting from the basic task of sailing.

Most yachts that we met used electronic charts, integrated with GPS, in conjunction with a laptop computer, which are great provided that the laptop does not fail and that the electrical system on board is robust. Laptops are surprisingly energy hungry. It is prudent to have paper charts of all landfalls and potential harbours also. I visited one yacht with two computers, both networked together with spare, ready to install, pre configured hard discs, currently the weakest computer link as they are mechanical rotating platters which don't like the shock loads encountered in sailing through waves. The price of computer equipment gets cheaper each year compared to the ever rising costs of sails.

Finally as an alternative or adjunct to all the automated data retrieval and personal interpretation or likely mis-interpretation, there is the human voice of a kindly shore contact with weather expertise.

The most famous of this rare breed is the legendary Herb Hilgenberg, (<http://www3.sympatico.ca/hehilgen/vax498.htm>) who is based in Canada and who provides the human voice of weather for yachtsmen on the Atlantic circuit each day at 2000 UTC.

The conundrum of the vanishing trades and flat seas was explained that evening by Herb, to the effect that a trough some 300 miles to the northwest of had deepened and was now categorised as a developing tropical storm called Peter! Peter had suppressed the dominant system, the north-east trades, clearly a weather system with a punch, and Herbs advice was to go due south. This was timely advice and we reached south for over a day, with a velocity made good towards our destination of less than 0.2 knot!, until we were advised that Peter had not developed into a tropical storm and was now a force seven weakling! Two days later while ghosting southwest under spinnaker, we met a yacht *Lionhart* who had not got the advice to get away from Peter and had headwinds of gale force for several hours due to Peter. On their behalf we sent emails to their families to say that they were OK and we swapped cold beer via boathook.



We heard in St Lucia, that December 2003 was the first year since 1887, that two named tropical depressions (Odette and Peter) had been reported in the month of December. Considering the six named systems in August and September of 2004 and the devastation they have caused raises questions about climate change.

The other advantage of a HF radio, apart from weather information, is the ability to send emails via the radio network to the folks at home, using email to winlink.org. This is a useful safety feature, but it is very slow and typically runs at only one percent of the speed of a land based telephone modem. It also requires patience to get connected. My advice to my shore contact was to regard it as analogous to the telegraph in former times. No repetition, no images no fancy fonts just straight text. The default configuration of all common email programs as supplied on personal computers is unfriendly to email by radio and potential recipients need to be made aware of this. The best system is to send just one email to your shore contact and let this contact circulate copies.

It took a further two days for the trades to reestablish their regular seasonal pattern and conversations with Herb of yachts within 500 miles of us was "Where's the wind" and later "where's the gas station" as people assessed how much diesel they had. Diesel is needed to charge batteries, but judging by the number of jerry cans that some carried on deck, there is a tendency by many to be uncomfortable if they are out of motoring range! We were fortunate, especially on the return trip, to hardly ever have to rely on motor sailing. The wind did come back and never rose above 25 knots always from a free direction. Life under those conditions with 30°C air and 26°C water temperature is extremely pleasant and with a complement of three and an auto pilot, there is little to do except fish, read and eat. The highlight of the fishing was to catch a small 6 kg. tuna, which fed us for two days. A comparative low point was to run out of gin after fifteen days, for the 18.00 happy hour, but we had beer to fall back on.

With three on board, the only formal watch keeping was at night, night being twelve hours long in the tropics. Each stint was three hours with the 19-22 local time shift being the optimum one for HF radio transmission and reception of email. Also Herb at 2000 UTC would happen after dark in our longitude. Of interest is the necessity to change the local time on board to match the time zone so that our time would match

the sun. Effectively an adjustment of clock time of one hour was made every five or six days. This seems basic, but some yachts we subsequently met did not do this. Daylight times in low latitudes are comparatively unchanged over the seasons and is approximately 12 hours of daylight throughout the year.

After twenty three days at sea we arrived in Rodney Bay, St Lucia. On stepping onto the marina, it surprised me on later reflection, that there was no indication of the land apparently moving as often reported by those who have spent many days on a moving yacht and have subconsciously compensated for the yacht's motion. My wife Mary and my sons had arrived via air a couple of days previously and were at the marina to greet us. Contact was made using the ubiquitous mobile phone while in the approach to St Lucia. Isn't modern communication great?, how did we survive in pre electronic era of communication and navigation? Doubtless is the fact that modern systems of communication and navigation have popularised ocean sailing.

Christmas saw us in 35°C with all the traditional fare, a huge contrast to Christmas at home, to where we returned in late December, leaving *Kish*, whose owners intended to sail to Florida over the following months. A certain restlessness accompanied my return to the day job in the new year and the progress of *Kish* through the Caribbean was followed via email and the Winlink yacht reporting system using the HF radio.

In March 2004, I agreed to purchase *Kish*, and started the process of organizing its return from the Caribbean to Ireland. Buying a boat at a distance, arranging a survey is feasible, the time zone differences make for long days, but cheaper phone calls and email is very efficient. The fact that I had sailed over 3000 miles on the boat meant that purchase at a distance was feasible. Organising crew to sail back was initially daunting, but subsequently many more potential crew were interested. So at the end of April, Vincent Espana, a friend who had sailed with me in Brittany and with whom I had sailed to Iceland in 1994, flew to Puerto Rico to be joined there by Michael and John Lennon a few days later. Michael has a boat in the National Yacht Club, Dun Laoghaire and John has a 35 foot boat based in Hong Kong. We were a very rounded and experienced crew.

On May 5th we were ready to sail after some hectic days of preparation. Provisioning in Puerto Rico was about the only pleasant aspect of that American protectorate. At a restaurant

one night, a cockroach was in evidence at the buffet counter. Food was cheap, so cheap that the cockroaches could emerge from the kitchens! Here we were able to buy the staple non perishable items of what was to be 33 days at sea. As befits a blue water boat there is extensive well planned locker space for food storage. Rum is a local product at €5 per bottle. Taking food on board requires that it is examined carefully; discarding all cardboard packaging, not easy when there is the conflicting aim of getting it in out of the searing heat, competing with the need to avoid cockroaches. A further wild card was on the day that we had two supermarket trolleys of food, there was no taxis to get back to the marina due to a one day strike. This meant pushing the trolleys for nearly a kilometer crossing three separate four lane highways, not an easy task in the tropical temperatures of 35°C. Such is the heat and humidity in San Juan, that the air conditioning bills for marina electricity bills of some of the motor cruisers are \$200 per week. The climate is not very pleasant to fair skinned northern Europeans. The Caribbean relies on the, by now quaint imperial system of measure, recalling the inches and gallons of yore, except that an American gallon is not the same as an imperial gallon and an M6 bolt is not exactly a quarter inch thread. Similarly their system of sizing electric cable is quite arcane. Furthermore their buoyage for channel markers is the reverse of the rest of the world. Very tedious!

With some relief we departed San Juan on May 5th for the eight day passage to Bermuda

There were headwinds for two days, a five percent chance according to the routing guide, but sometimes long odds come through. As we were cruising we don't beat and fetching is barely tolerable. However we made good progress and ran out of wind some twelve hours south of Bermuda and motored for our longest spell in the entire passage for this time. The entrance to St Georges harbour, Bermuda is deep but as narrow as the entrance to Baltimore harbour in Cork and is shared by cruise ships, so it is imperative to have port clearance to enter the "town cut". Customs and immigration clearance in the Caribbean and Bermuda is tedious in both the incoming and outgoing directions. It was necessary to tie up at the customs quay to complete the paperwork, following which the search for a berth commences.

St Georges Harbour has two marinas with capacity of fifty and ten berths at the St Georges boat club and Smokes marina!

Most yachts lay to anchor and a lucky few can find a free quayside berth, ourselves fortunately included, but there was to be a downside to this alongside berth. Nothing is cheap in Bermuda and the pint is the same price as in Dublin, with restaurant meals being equivalently priced. On departing we had to buy fresh water at 10 cents per gallon.

As a location, Bermuda is picturesque and a complete contrast to Puerto Rico, which has many of the worst features of industrialised America in what originally a Spanish colony. It is well served by many churches and chapels, a reflection on its discoverers, who were English pilgrims en-route to Carolina.

Our arrival in Bermuda coincided with the ARC Europe, a reverse of the November ARC,



Food Waiting for taxi Michael John and Vincent

which leaves Antigua at the end of April and stops over in Bermuda, restarts in mid May and has further stopovers in the Azores before restarting and having a finish at Portsmouth for boats going north and a corresponding finish at Gibraltar for those who are Mediterranean bound. This event attracts only one tenth (22 yachts posted as finishers in St Georges) of the entrants, that the East to West ARC has.

Time passed quickly, with the inevitable maintenance, which thankfully was minor involving the refastening of a reefing winch on the mast which had come adrift and had been temporarily repaired after failure on our first day out from Puerto Rico. Shane Dillon flew in to join us. There was time for tourism also, but just as we were preparing for departure. John Lennon, while helping Michael to climb up the quayside fell between the quayside and another yacht alongside the quay. In grabbing on to a stanchion to arrest his fall he broke his wrist and Michael and John ended up in the water. This required hospitalisation of John and merely a change of clothing for Michael, but a setting of John's wrist in plaster made his continuing the trip impossible, on the basis of one hand for the ship and one hand for yourself, being inapplicable if one hand is in plaster. The tidal range in Bermuda is not much more than one metre and this was contributory to the accident, as instinctively one pays more attention to getting ashore when the range is similar to home.

If we had been forced to anchor off, in the absence of an alongside berth, this would not have happened. Hospital treatment, however, was excellent with no delay in casualty and meeting with the casualty doctor who had worked in Dublin. The bureaucracy of immigration kicked in, as only Vincent, Shane and myself were to leave onboard and we could not get clearance to leave Bermuda until John and Michael could produce air tickets for departure. Bringing along the casualty did not sway the bureaucracy. At times like that, the credit card is very useful, but short order flight booking is very expensive. So Vincent, Shane and I departed after a bureaucratic delay and had our own minor trauma when 50 metres from the quay we touched a small sandbank, which had been formed by the scouring action of many cruise ship propellers, which berth nearby. Yes it was marked by two posts but the colour of the topmarks had faded and also the buoyage system there is the American system. No excuses, but we had motored off of that quay several times in the preceding days without incident. However by heeling we got going within a couple of minutes with dignity being the only sufferer. A round of applause from the quayside as we got underway completed our trying times in Bermuda.

Our passage plan as filed with the Bermuda coastguard was for a sixteen to eighteen day passage to the Azores, but after fourteen days we anchored in Lajes harbour in

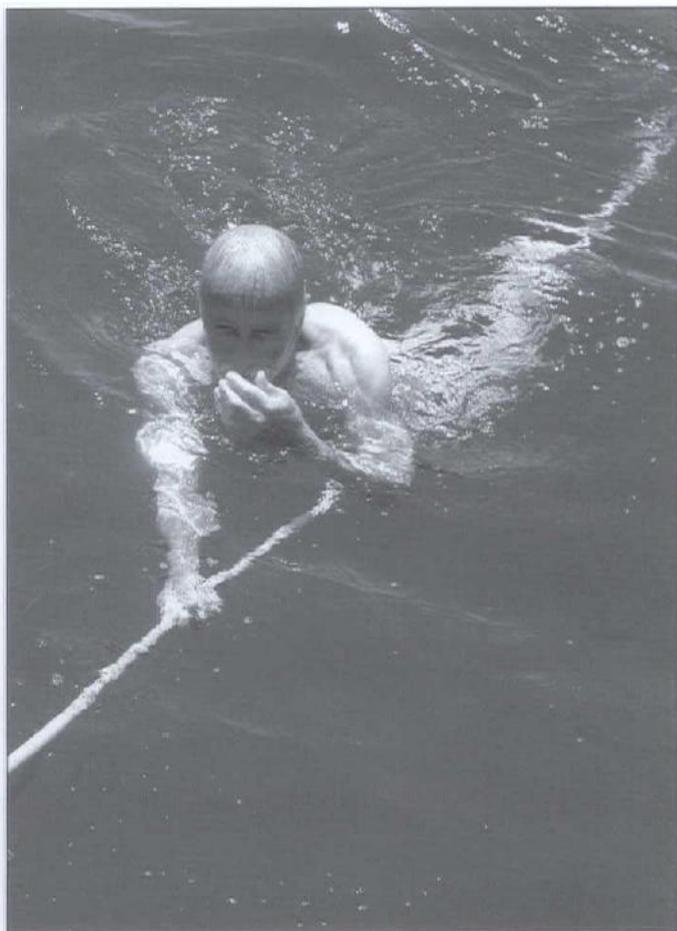
Flores. The Azores are broadly north-northeast of Bermuda. The recommended track is to go north to near the 40th parallel when the prevailing westerlies kick in. The east going gulf stream is prominent but less than 1 knot at that point and there are many cold eddies encountered of recirculating water going west. Regularly we had half to three quarter knot counter currents, west going when we were

east going. The rhumb line course will bring you through the Azores high and light and fickle winds. The disadvantage of going too far north is the possibility of encountering depressions which form regularly on the Atlantic seaboard of the USA. Weather routing is essential and once again we logged in with Herb Hilgenberg, weather forecaster via SSB, extraordinaire. Herb said that the north Atlantic in May 2004 was more akin to April of previous years due to the continuously unsettled nature of the weather systems. It is fascinating to look at weather faxes and their interpretation was facilitated by study of a book on weather at sea, while at sea. Almost every day we were in contact with Herb, who operates from 2000 UTC every day as a free information resource to yachts on the Atlantic circuit. He provides information, not advice. If you ask him for advice, he will point out that he provides information, not advice. However on one occasion he told us to make a radical course alteration to avoid a west going counter current, as revealed by satellite imagery to Herb, of over one knot, which was ignored by me as we had a good speed and direction. Two evenings later on discovering that his information had been ignored, he proceeded to bluntly give out to me. "Information, not advice", but be aware that he does not like his "information" to be ignored. Listening to the traffic on the radio with other yachts will give a fair picture of the weather situation and is probably more reassuring than the one to one that will come from use of a satellite phone. Also using radio, you can get to know other yachts and is more sociable than a one to one conversation. We greeted several yachts as old friends in Flores, having only had contact with them by listening to their radio conversations with Herb. Having said that, a satellite phone, which we did not have, is more time efficient in that dealing with SSB, you have a propagation window due to the reception of SSB radio signals, which commits you to sitting for at least an hour in the morning and evening also, per day at the radio. What else would you be doing except reading novels?

Some two weeks later we caught up with *Macanudo* in Faial, who said he enjoyed the evening soap of the "*Kish* and Herb show". Presumably he meant the certain edge in Herb's conversational advice to *Kish*. Also we had an informal radio network with three other yachts including *Pacifico*, *Deliverance* and *Macanudo*, whom we met up with in Bermuda and we had a prearranged radio network exchange at 1000 UTC



Azores Pico.



Vincent washing at sea.

each day. Because we were all within four hundred miles of each other, propagation was not as difficult as in speaking to Herb, far away in Canada. As in greeting on the land, conversation about the weather was always the first exchange followed by discussion of solutions to gear difficulties, thankfully all ours were minor. Weather is a basic for sailors as it was to our land based ancient forebears, so perhaps that is why conversational topics on land often feature the weather? Electricity and refrigeration are the chief culprits for gear difficulty. We had an interesting topic for a few days, as there was a vigorous depression behind us and was moving our way? Also there was a deep low to our north-east. Others on the radio, behind us to the south reported to Herb that they had 40 knots continuously, some were hove-to, one lost his dinghy and life raft when a big sea came on board. *Pacifico* and *Macanudo* were some two hundred miles to the north of us and thought that they could escape, but our position was more uncertain. For the next two days we had our best daily runs of 170 and 168 miles, which is an average of 7 knots, occasionally surfing at 10 knots with a steady thirty five knot true wind as we broad reached with three reefs and staysail. Exhilarating if in coastal waters, but it is nerve racking when 1000 miles off. Prayers were said for the rig when we had double figures on the speedometer and the apparent wind indicator in excess of forty knots. Had we delayed our departure from Bermuda, we would have been caught badly by the low to our southwest. *Kish* behaved beautifully and the option of reaching with staysail only was not needed as the speed seemed correct for the 12 second three to four metre swell, as we never took a drop of water over the top.

Our plan as filed with the Bermuda coastguard was for a 16 to 18 day passage to the Azores, but after fourteen days we

anchored just after dark in Lajes on the southeastern corner of Flores, which is the most northwesterly of the Azores group, to be greeted by *Pacifico*, who kindly came out from their beer ashore and ferried us ashore also, saving for beer drinking, the time that it would take to pump our dinghy.

Suddenly the euro was the currency, after the American dollar which was the daily currency up to then. The beer was welcome and very cheap considering that it has to be shipped from mainland Portugal some 600 miles to the east.

Flores, which translates as the island of flowers is a lovely place, with as the name suggests, an abundance of flowers. Like all Atlantic island groups they are volcanic in origin and their height above sea level gives them their own weather systems with mist and drizzle, just like home. Flores is a very well developed island. There are no hotels and tourism is virtually non-existent except for the month of August for mainland Portuguese tourists, in my mind analogous of Inisboffin. There are basic harbour facilities with free showers and a supermarket at one kilometer from the harbour. The standard security of three layers of policing and customs are present as in mainland Portugal. However the border police and customs wait on the quayside each morning and will examine papers without you having to go to their base. It was not necessary for us, to go to the third arm of authority, the civil police, but he was to be seen in the local coffee shop, where he examined the papers of a Canadian yacht. Here there was no charge for transiting, unlike Bermuda, where \$10 per person was levied. Food as served in a guest house restaurant was the least expensive seen in many years. A group of ten of us from four yachts had an excellent meal with much wine for €12 per head including tip.

After three days we upped anchor and sailed to Horta on the island of Faial some 140 miles to the east. Faial is also volcanic and has a promontory on its southeastern shore of several hectares that has been deposited there by volcanic action within the past 30 years. Horta is a busy port with a marina, which was full and it was necessary to raft up with others at the fueling berth on arrival in late evening until the next morning when on check-in with the authorities, a berth would be assigned based on who was leaving that day. Clearly a case of first up best dressed. Marina charges in Horta are only one fifth of the cost of a berth in Dun Laoghaire or one quarter of the cost of a Kinsale berth. Horta itself is vibrant and cheap for everything except chandlery. A replacement fender here was nearly twice the Dublin price. At the famous Peter's pub there was standing room only, being full of sailors each evening, as the Azores are a popular stopping off ground for Atlantic sailors. Of course nobody leaves Horta without doing some painting on the harbour walls or platform, if you can find the space. By comparison to some of the artwork, our memento, I wouldn't call it art, was modest indeed on the borders of two larger works.

In Horta, Shane Dillon departed to the day job back in Dublin and we were joined by Damien Bradley, who was disappointed that he had so little time to do tourist things prior to our departure.

In port one tends to meet like minded cruising folk, the most common setup is a couple, followed, surprisingly to me at least, by solo sailors. The most common boat size based on my unscientific survey is for these individuals to have a 38 to 45 foot yacht of 10 to 15 years old and the people to be aged fifty plus. The yacht types most commonly seen are Halberg Rassy, Moody, Oyster and Westerly. Only one other Tayana was seen over my 7000 mile circuit. Surprisingly there was a dearth of the popular French makes of Jeanneau and Beneteau. It is possible to conclude that, more modern designs, based on IOR design parameters are perceived as being less comfortable for

ocean crossing. Discussion of boat design, or "my keel is longer than yours", tends to replace football as a topic of conversation when visiting other boats for the evening drinks.

One could spend a long time in the Azores as there are numerous islands that are worth visiting. We did only two, Flores and Faial, but will return and so we left Horta and sailed north to Kinsale, where we arrived after ten uneventful days at sea. In the last few days there was an intense high over Biscay and we were fortunate that we were able to stay on its western edge, as if the rhumb line course were sailed we would have run out of wind for two days. It is recommended to stay far west, initially pointing to pass up the Irish west coast to avoid the continental shelf and to keep clear of Biscay, though this is hardly a consideration in settled June weather. However staying in very deep water makes for long slow waves as distinct from the shorter seas to be found in shallower water. Twelve hours southwest of Mizzen Head, the high pressure system, declining and moving west, found us and we motored for some hours towards Galley Head. On closing the coast we found wind and sailed for Old Head. The wind died again at dusk and motoring became necessary. In the still night air west of Old Head, we could smell silage at three miles off the coast! We had a very serene entrance in flat calm just after daybreak.

After one night in Kinsale, Vincent and I sailed for Dun Laoghaire, arriving twenty six

hours later on the evening of 18th June 2004, to find that the pre regatta reception was in session at our home club, the National Yacht Club, to be greeted by the commodore and the inevitable champagne.

In total the double voyage had been 57 days at sea, covering 7062 miles.

This consisting of 2850 miles in 24 days in November/December 2003 on the crossing to the west, while the return trip was 34 days at sea covering some 4200 miles in May/June 2004.

		Distance Miles	Days	Motorsailed in Hours
Canaries to Caribbean				
Canaries, Teneriffe	November 27 2003			
St Lucia, Rodney Bay	December 20 2003	2850	23.5	50
Puerto Rico - Ireland				
Puerto Rico, San Juan	May 5 2004			
Bermuda, St Georges	May 13 2004	861	8.2	13
Bermuda, St Georges	May 17 2004			
Flores, V. das Lajes	May 31 2004	1889	13.5	10
Flores, V. das Lajes	June 2 2004			
Faial, Horta	June 3 2004	141	1.1	5
Faial, Horta	June 6 2004			
Kinsale	June 16 2004	1166	10	12
Dun Laoghaire	June 18 2004	155	1.1	7
Total		7062 Miles	57 Days	97 Hours motoring

David Whitehead writes of Portuguese waters

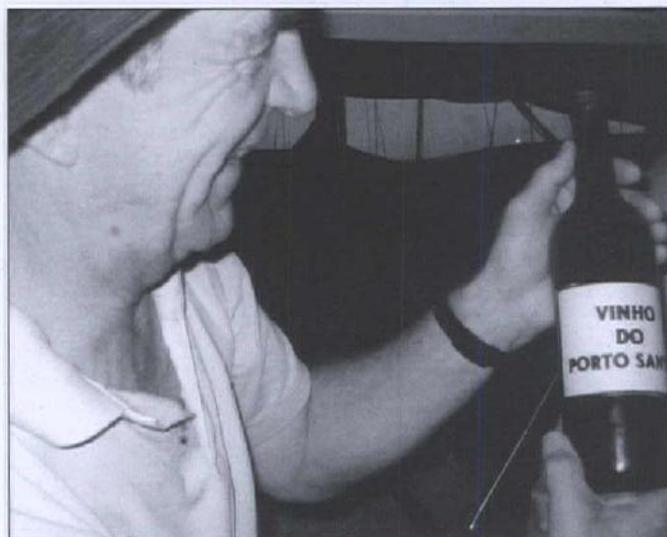
Joyster is now into the third season of our exploration of the Atlantic seaboard of Europe. In 2002 we cruised the south coast of England, South Brittany and

the Bay of Biscay, Asturias, Cantabria and the Rias Altas of Galicia. We had all sorts of mechanical and electrical problems and an engine room fire and only middling weather - a season not remembered fondly. We laid up ashore in Sada close to La Coruña.

Last season we confined ourselves to Galicia and *Joyster* visited Camarinas, the last of the Rias Altas, and the remainder of the Rias Baixos down to Bayona and the Islas Cies with the Woodward's taking her from Sada to Bayona and the Whitehead's enjoying the July and August heatwave in the Rias. We laid up afloat in Vilagarcia. Marie and I then sailed on the ARC on a friend's yacht and spent two weeks on a Moorings charter boat in the Grenadines.

After the tribulations of 2002 it was a great season with no boat or engine problems and it renewed our faith in *Joyster*. This season we had an ambitious plan to visit some of the Atlantic Islands and Marie and I cruised from Vilagarcia to Cascais visiting Bayona, where we again met up with the Woodward's (on *Moshulu* this year). Then we visited Viana do Castelo, Lexioes, Foz and Peniche on our way to Cascais. Duncan joined us for a planned passage to Madeira but the weather was out of sorts and I was short of time so we based *Joyster* in Cascais for ten days and did the tourist thing in and around Lisbon, Estoril, Mafra and Cascais. As this was during the final stages of the Euro 2004 soccer championships in Portugal we had a lively time. Cascais marina is superb and easily accessible - but expensive. We met up with *CU Two* and Sean Barnes told me about a new marina in Madeira where the boat could be left (I was expecting to have to carry

on to the Canaries to lay up) so I returned with Keith Hunt and son Duncan in early September and we had a memorable passage - a beam reach in 15-20 kts of wind - to Porto Santo (3days 20 hrs for 506 miles) where we spent a couple of days and left our mark among the hundreds of others on the harbour wall. Then on to Madiera - another fabulous sail - where we left the boat in the Marina Quinta do Lorde only 15km or so from the airport. I can't over enthuse enough about Porto Santo and Madeira - they are fabulous places and we are looking forward to exploring the rest of the Arcipelago (Islas Desertas and Islas Selvagens) before moving on next season. I seriously recommend all members to consider keeping the boat away from home in the sun for a few years!



Last relics of old dacency? Keith Hunt samples the local vintage.

Cork to Balamory

Dianne Andrews

We just love to get as many young people aboard *Amethyst* each season as possible and I think 2004 was a record. *Amethyst* is an Elan 40 cruiser/racer, 8 berths, 7/8 rig, 40hp yanmar with folding propand draws 2.4 metres.

Our plans included a cruise to Crosshaven and taking part in Cork Week. A quick turn around and a cruise back north to Bangor. A few days to sort the boat out and then off again to Scotland

With the number of very enthusiastic young racing crew, we have managed to gather up, there was no shortage of offers to come along and join us. Our eldest granddaughter Catriona joined us in Scotland for her first cruise, which was a great thrill for us. To make it more fun for her, we also had our niece Nicola and a friends' daughter Celeste.

These three young ladies all slept in the fo'c'le top to toe like peas in a pod! and had a ball! We soon had them licked into shape as a super mini crew. More about the girls later, first we have the boys cruise south to Cork. This was to be Andrew's first cruise and Richard a university student wanted to build up some sea miles towards his Yachtmasters certificate.



Celeste, Nicola and Catriona enjoying life on board.

Tuesday 6th July – Wednesday 7th July. Ringhaddy to Arklow 100 NM. The forecast was good with an outlook of NE 3 - 4, so we set off from Ringhaddy in Strangford Lough at 16.15 hours. As we motored out towards the Narrows we fitted a new jib halyard and the boys were keen to learn about the mousing techniques. At this stage it was nice and sunny and the barometer reading was 1027.

Once outside the lough we hoisted the mainsail but there was barely enough wind to fill it and what wind there was, was on the nose. There was a bit of excitement south of St John's Point at 21.00 hours, when two large pilot whales were sighted.

The autopilot had been steering us well in the calm conditions but around midnight it began to play up and I went down below to investigate to find that, Andrew had gone to sleep in one of the quarter berths and placed a portable radio on the locker above the fluxgate compass!

In the early hours of the morning the wind turned in our favour and we picked up the tide at Lambay and started to romp down the coast under full sail. The wind was increasing all the time and the sky became very black. At around 02.30 hours there was a spectacular lightening storm visible over towards Wales. Luckily we escaped any danger from it.

The VHF radio came alive with gale warnings just as we were approaching Arklow at 08.45 hours. The tide was too low for us to get into the marina so we tied alongside a ship *Red Wolfe* at the entrance to wait for enough water to get through the marina entrance. The gale was building as we eventually got a berth in the marina and we knew we were going to be stormbound the next day. There were several other boats waiting for a window in the weather, so the showers were busy but most welcome after nearly 16 hours at sea. We enjoyed the delights of Kittys restaurant and tried a different one the next evening where, Richard had a crab dish which had a drastic effect on him the next day.

Friday 9th July. Arklow to Dunmore East. 69 NM. During the gale the barometer had dropped to 1018 but to leave in the early hours of the morning seemed the best option. It was a dry cool morning as we left Arklow at 04.45 hours along with half a dozen other boats. We were rather a miserable crew; I had developed a terrible cough and probably a temperature while Richard was being physically sick over the side at regular intervals. Andrew had decided that getting up before dawn was not an option, so Tom was left in sole charge. However things gradually improved and by 08.20 hours we were sailing under main and no 3 jib, making 7-8 knots inside the banks. As we turned inside the Tusker the wind was NNW force 4 and we had a good sail to windward in bright sunshine, arriving into Dunmore East at 14.45 hours.

There was a sailing course at the yacht club with masses of young people just in off the water and having showers. Consequently the club ran out of water! However the very kind hotel owner offered us showers. My cough seemed to be getting worse and I had not been able to sleep, so I tried to see the local Doctor, only to be told that, he was off duty and the nearest Doctor was in Cork City. In the late afternoon there was a bit of

excitement in the harbour when the lifeboat towed in Harold Boyles' boat *Gentle Spirit*. Apparently he had got a fishing net tangled around his propeller.

Saturday 10th July. Dunmore East to Crosshaven. 54 NM. Another early start on a calm bright morning, although there had been some rain in the night. At 06.00 hours we picked our way through some small fishing vessels and hoisted a jib. Soon we were making 6.6 knots close hauled.

We arrived into Crosshaven marina at 15.00 hours. Everywhere was buzzing with activity in the tented village surrounding the Royal Cork Yacht Club. It was all systems go for Cork Week. There were boats from all over the world and more arriving all the time. Richard and Andrew were very excited, as this was their first Cork Week.

The rest of the racing crew were coming by car and would be meeting us, at the house we had rented along the shore near the boatyard. We started to get the cruising gear off the boat and changed to a racing mainsail. John Weir got his car to the gate ready to transport all the extra gear up to the house. The owners of the house were very welcoming and explained how everything worked. As soon as they left I just collapsed into bed with a Lemsip!

The crew all went off in search of friends in the tented village. Luckily Tom met up with James Nixon who when he heard that I was ill and unable to find a Doctor, wrote me a prescription. A couple of hours later Tom returned with some antibiotic pills for me. I was delighted as I knew I wasn't going to recover without them. I stayed in bed on Sunday hoping that I would be fit for racing on Monday.

Monday 12th - Friday 16th July. Cork Week. 160 NM. Over 500 boats divided into 17 classes set out each morning to compete in the various race areas, on a variety of courses. It was quite a spectacle and fun for our two young newcomers to the crew. The weather was mixed and never too extreme except for the Thursday when there was a heavy sea mist with driving rain. Our class IRC 2 with 42 entries were sent off on a coastal race starting off with a 17 mile beat towards the Old Head of Kinsale. It was misery with a force 5 and no visibility. It was almost impossible to see any of the other boats and the crew were very cold and wet. Pete was very seasick and we had to hold on to him at every tack in case he fell overboard. However things improved dramatically when we found the windward mark and only six boats ahead of us. The run back to the finish cheered us all up.

The crew all thoroughly enjoyed the week and made lots of new friends who, they were encouraging to come to the New Strangford Race Week next July.

Saturday 17th July. Crosshaven to Kilmore Quay. 69 NM. The whole crew were kept busy for a couple of hours on Friday evening getting *Amethyst* back into cruising mode. There was diesel and water to be filled up, racing mainsail to change, reefing lines fixed and stores to be stowed.

We said goodbye to most of the crew and set off at 08.45 hours with Richard and Robert PP. It was a wonderful sunny day with a favourable SW wind. We motor sailed making 6/7 knots. A very careful watch had to be kept as there were lots of lobster pot flags

dotted all over the route. I had always wanted to go into Kilmore Quay but Tom had always been too cautious, making up excuses that our boat drew too much and the navigation was too tricky. However I had armed myself with a large scale chart and the tide was going to be high at our time of arrival. Richard was keen to help with the navigation and stop Tom from getting anxious! We made it! arriving at 19.30 hours. The harbour master was waiting to welcome us on the pontoon because we had given him a call on the VHF. Kilmore Quay is a quaint little place and was buzzing with activity, as there was a seafood festival on and the streets were full of people. Some friends of ours from Dun Laoghaire arrived in shortly after us in their Sigma 33 *Pippa*. They invited us to go up to Kehoe's pub for a meal with them which involved walking up the hill to the right of the Marina. We passed an impressive newly built pub with a thatched roof on the way. We had a great night catching up with all the news from Kevin, Alison and Joe in Kehoes'. Later on we heard that the Lifeboat had been called out to pull a boat off St Patricks Bridge. Tom of course said "I told you this was a difficult place to navigate into!" I was just so happy to have got there at last.

Sunday 18th July. Kilmore Quay to Dun Laoghaire. 83 NM. Another early start but it was certainly worth it, to experience the beautiful sunrise as we motored out of Kilmore at 06.00 hours. The tide was high, so there was no problem getting over St Patricks Bridge.

Around 09.30 we were motoring in calm sunny conditions inside the banks near Blackwater Head. The sky began to cloud over and some wind picked up, so we hoisted the sails and although there was tide against us we were making 5.1 knots. It was a very pleasant sail and to keep us amused we listened to the radio commentary of the golf at Troon. We arrived into Dun Laoghaire marina at 19.20 hours and enjoyed showers in their excellent facilities. However visitors are given a pass key and if you are leaving early next morning there does not seem to be anywhere to leave the key back as the office is closed.

Our friends had told us about an excellent Italian restaurant, on along the seafront, beyond the National Yacht Club. We got a table upstairs and enjoyed the almost continental view out over the bay. The meal was great!

Monday 19th July. Dun Laoghaire to Bangor. 93 NM. It was a dry, bright, calm morning as we motored out of the marina at



Board games below.

06.10 hours. It looked as though it was going to be a headwind but we hoisted a mainsail and motorsailed for a while. There was a bit of excitement when Robert saw some dolphins off Lambay Island. By 10.00 hours the wind had gone SSE, so we hoisted the No 3 jib which seemed very smelly since it had not been used since that very wet coastal race.

We soon found that the wind was force 4 southerly and we were scampering along at 7 knots under full sail. It was a memorable sail as we approached Clogher Head around 13.30 hours. Our speed had increased to 7.5 knots and although, it was sunny, it was cool. We passed through a fleet of fishing boats off St John's point and continued this wonderful sail until we reached Donaghadee sound at about 18.20 hours. We took the jib down and motorsailed through the sound.

We arrived into Bangor Marina at 19.15 hours having averaged 7 knots all the way. What a sail! but of course the tide was with us nearly all the time.

20th - 29th July. Bangor Marina. A few days to clean the boat up and load on extra cutlery, dishes and bedding as we were going to have full house for the next trip to Scotland. I also had a promise to keep with my fiddle playing friends. I had always told them that we would have an Irish music session on board the boat and share a bit of 'craic'. On 24th July they came on board *Amethyst* - five fiddles and a banjo - we had a great wee night with plenty of tunes down below. We even attracted another fiddler from a neighbouring boat to come and join in. It was a night to remember!

Friday 30th July. Bangor to Ardfern. 103NM. Off again but north this time. Robert Price joined us again to help us to get to Scotland where the crew were meeting us for West Highland Week. On a dull grey morning we motored out of Bangor at 06.15 hours and we hoisted the main near Muck Island. The

wind was on the nose of course. We spotted some porpoises near the Maidens. The day cheered up as we motored north and it was lovely and sunny by the time we were west of Gigha. At the north end of Gigha we saw a whale and our first Caladonian McBrayne steamer. It was a beautiful evening and as the wind died the sea went glassy calm. We watched a most impressive sunset over Corryvreckan. as we motored towards Ardfern arriving at 22.10 hours.

Saturday 31st July. Ardfern to Croabh Haven. 9 NM. On beautiful sunny morning, with not a breath of wind, we left at 10.15 hours after a leisurely breakfast. The Scottish scenery was at its best. It really is awe inspiring to think that it has remained virtually unchanged for thousands of years.

We arrived into a buzzing Croabh marina at 12.15 hours. Now it was all systems go for West Highland Week. It is five years since we had taken part in this event and we always felt that it was a family event and a wonderful introduction to living on board, getting to know the west coast of Scotland, and the excitement of learning to be part of a race crew. We wanted to share these experiences with some family members.

My sister Julia and husband David arrived from Edinburgh with, their two daughters Jenny and Nicola and our granddaughter Catriona. Also some friends from Dorset, Ian and Jenny with their daughter Celeste. We now had a full house/ship so Robert said his farewells and headed for the ferry home from Troon.

Sunday 1st August. Croabh to Oban. The marina suddenly emptied and everyone was on their way to take part in a passage race to Oban. The girls were all very excited as they had never been such an important part of the crew before. Luckily it was not too windy and Nicola, after some brief instructions given before leaving, was willing to have a go at putting up the spinnaker should it be needed. She did very well when the time came. It was an unforgettable race as it was rather like a menagerie race with all the slower boats starting first. It was spinnakers all the way up the Sound of Luing in a light breeze and brilliant sunshine. We had great fun passing at least 100 boats and even went through Pladda with the spinnaker still flying to finish at Kererra.

After the finish we went into Dunstaffnage marina and the girls went ashore to explore. They had heard that there was a prize for the best family boat so they went around looking for other boats with children on the crew. Later in the evening Tristan arrived on the train and this meant we now had nine sleeping aboard as David and Julia had booked a B & B. On Monday and Tuesday we had two races in the Firth of Lorne and the girls were really on their metal and beginning to work as a team although Nicola was disappointed that Tristan had taken over the spinnaker job on the bow! However we spotted a puffin to cheer her up. It was quite a different experience having such a young crew because we couldn't take them into pubs so we took them out for a few meals with plenty of chips! and lots of walks along the shore. They also enjoyed playing card and board games on the boat.

Wednesday 4th August. Oban to Balamory. Although the girls were too old to be regular viewers of the childrens' TV programme Balamory set in Tobermory, they all knew about it and were very keen to visit the Isle of Mull for the first time. The passage race was to windward all the way up the sound of Mull and we seemed to pick the right side and finished second in our class of over thirty boats. The girls were delighted. We managed to share a visitors mooring and Tristan did ferryman in our little rubber dinghy.

That evening we met up our friends the Swinbanks who live in Tobermory. Their daughter is the chef in a restaurant there, so she cooked us all a great meal and we all browsed around the Balamory souvenirs. The next day there were two short races



Tristan chasing Nicola up the mast!

at the north end of the Sound of Mull. The wind was increasing all the time and our light crew found it all rather exhausting and were almost in a state of collapse by the end of the second race!

However the evening fun ashore made up for it, as first we all sat on the steps of the town clock eating fish and chips and then the three girls went to the prizegiving, which was held outside near the new pontoon to receive a couple of prizes for the races we had done well in. Finally we took them along to the céilidh in the Aros Hall. They loved this and were soon dancing around and taking part in the Dashing White Sergeant, Gay Gordons and Strip the Willow. What a revival of energy!

Friday 6th August. Tobermory to Oban. Sad to leave Balamory, we set off down the Sound of Mull on the final passage race. There was a good breeze to start with and we got well up with the leaders. Then the wind died away and all the boats bunched up together and the race was shortened. We got our worst result as we hadn't got enough time on the slower boats. Even so the crew were delighted to finish 6th overall in our class which had been very competitive. We had sailed 168 NM with our young crew. In the evening we all went along to the prizegiving in the Corran Halls and the girls found out that the family prize had gone to a boat with some very much younger children. That didn't seem to bother them at all because they had really enjoyed every minute of West Highland Week and there was another céilidh coming up after the prizegiving. We could hardly drag them away at bedtime or even find them as they danced around the crowded floor.

Saturday 7th August. Dunstaffnage to Ballycastle. 83 NM. It was quite a job to get everyone out of their bunks early that morning as we had to leave at 06.20 hours to catch the tide. We said our goodbyes to everyone, who had come to meet us at Croabh and to the girls who were still giggling on the pontoon as we motored away. There were only three of us on board now, Tom, Tristan and myself. The boat felt deserted. It was a lovely sunny morning as we motored through the Sound of Luing. The wind was picking up and we had a short sail with main and number 4 but it was a headwind of course as we approached Gigha.

There was a gale warning coming on the VHF for a SE gale, so we lowered the headsail when the wind began to increase and motored with the main as close to the wind as possible. We

thought of stopping off at Gigha but decided that there would be no shelter there, so we decided to make for Ballycastle marina. The wind was steadily increasing but there was bright sunshine. We saw four Puffins near the Mull. We eventually arrived into Ballycastle at 20.30 hours.

The gale came through during the night and on Sunday morning we were recording force 9 gusts in the marina! We were stormbound but safe, so we decided to get a train home from Ballymoney.

Wednesday 11th August. Ballycastle to Bangor. 43 NM. Gales abated, we returned to Ballycastle with Tristan and set off in dense sea fog at 10.30 hours. The banks of fog lifted occasionally and we were making less than 3 knots before the tide turned in our favour after passing Fair Head. The dense fog eventually cleared as we approached Muck Island and we motored into calm waters and sunshine. We had a nasty incident with a Norseman merchant ship called *Lagan Viking*, which was on a collision course at the mouth of Belfast Lough. We tried calling on the VHF and it came closer and closer even though we had a radar reflector and mainsail up. As we came close we could see no-one on the bridge deck so we took avoiding action.

This upset us a lot, as if the earlier fog had not lifted, he might have run us down. We did however arrive unscathed into Bangor marina at 19.00 hours.

Thursday 12th August. Bangor to Ringhaddy. 31 NM. Our last crack of dawn start at 04.30 hours. We enjoyed watching the sunrise and hoisted the mainsail off Donaghadee. There were heavy showers and the wind was increasing to NE force 5. We experienced a nasty lumpy sea off the Butter Pladdy and rain became persistently heavy. The visibility was bad, the barometer was falling and another gale was on the way. We had just got home in time as the summer seemed to end in mid August. At 10.15 we were alongside Ringhaddy pontoon ready to unload our gear. Maybe when you read this log you may wonder why we didn't just stay in Cork for the ICC Rally – Well we always get great pleasure out of introducing young people to racing and when they were so keen to give it a go, how could we refuse! We wanted to encourage the next generation.

David Taplin writes of *Jelena* in the Dalmatian Islands of Croatia

Jelena is an Elan 40 launched 2002 and chartered from Dubrovnik ACI Marina from Ocean Blue by Mike Lewis, David Taplin (ICC), Richard Morgan, Helen Lewis, Frances Tudor and Ceri Morgan for September 18-25 2004. We had a magical week visiting variously Lopud, Korcula, Polace, Dubrovnik in fine weather and warm waters. On the last day or so the famed Sirrocco blew a steady southerly gale from the Sahara, which enhanced the experience for us all. Two main points are that we were up part of one night sipping local Slivovica and re-anchoring several times – and we recommend a CQR for the weedy/muddy seabeds encountered, rather than a Bruce type anchor which gave difficulties in holding even with 50m of chain in 5-10m depth. Secondly one of the fore engine mounts sheared (classic clamshell fatigue failure of the bolt) giving some concern getting back to harbour on the last day into the warm SE Sirrocco gale – and so we would recommend checking engine mountings on these heavily used charter yachts and bringing along a small scanning electron microscope for full structural analysis. *Jelena* is a well designed, spacious yacht (two heads

and showers) with excellent performance. The Dalmatian Islands of Croatia must be one of the finest cruising grounds for 1-2 week charters anywhere. We visited some fine restaurants in Korcula and Dubrovnik with interesting Slavic dishes lubricated via very good local wines and were delighted with the outstanding recent post-war restoration work and the friendliness and energy of these Venetian walled cities and their peoples, at the tumultuous cross-roads of Europe.



Jelena.

Cruising western shores on *Agivey*

Terry Magowan

My first year as an ICC member has been full of boating of various types and although I possess various odds and sods of smaller boats, not being a yacht owner but having the great luck of having some good and generous friends who are, allows this vagabond crew the luxury of unforgettable and very different sailing experiences. First of all my apologies if this narrative does not follow the usual log format with frequent and accurate references to ETAs, weather conditions and various technical data of a navigational kind – they are all contained in other documents which faithfully accompany each vessel and its skipper every time the lines are slipped or a mooring dropped. Boatmen and women are a varied lot and although the sea and the vessels which ply it demand a high degree of discipline and attention to detail we all are driven by different forces within us.

“She shivers she moves she seems to feel the thrill of life along her keel”.

Like these lines by Longfellow it is the anticipation of adventure, the unknown, the feeling of wind blown freedom and the promise of different experiences, people and anchorages beyond the horizon which lures many of us back on the water time and again and although satisfaction with a boat well fitted out and a journey well planned can be a reward in itself for many, for others there is a more primeval force within which takes us to sea again. Many Irish sailors no doubt experience that deep connection within, reaching back to our pirate-like forbears who plied the Atlantic seaboard of Ireland and Western Scotland for many centuries. That’s my excuse anyway for my less than expert ways with many of the trickier techniques of modern sail cruising. My wife Mary laughs every year at my near knot dyslexia which my Sea Scout Master many years ago singularly failed to rectify. I therefore stick fairly rigidly to my three main knots, the life saving bowline, the round turn and two half hitches and the reef knot which all too often turns out to be a granny knot.

Despite my nautical crimes and deficiencies a few hardy skippers over several decades have risked me as crew and possibly recognised something within which could be put to use. First and most important, my late father in law Norman Hughes, ICC member and skipper of that marvellous 38 foot wooden sloop *Taitsing* out of Ring Haddy. Not a bad apprenticeship on a 6 foot draught keel boat, up and down, and in and out of Strangford Lough. What a joy at 7 knots to feel the wind and tide through the rudder and along the tiller to your hand from this beautiful graceful lady as she slipped through biggish seas raking the decks from stem to stern. *Taitsing* is still owned by Rosemary and with Anne (ICC Member), her daughter as able skipper, can still be seen up the Western Isles – may time be kind so that Mary and I too might still be plying familiar old cruising grounds as we enter our ninth decade.

Should this ever make print, apologies again for this wordy perambulation but my next skipper Tony Redmond can no doubt justifiably bemoan over twenty years written blether in his logs from my pen. We have had the privilege of calling Tony and Sandra our friends for more years than any of us care

to remember and their generosity has enabled us to have sailing experiences never to be forgotten. His three boats, 26 foot *Slemish* with outboard, 34 foot *Rathlin* and recently the powerful 38 foot Dufour sloop *Murlough* have provided ourselves and our family with memories from Cherbourg to St Kilda and almost all points in between. *Rathlin*, I can testify to being one of the few keel boats to enter Trawbreagha Bay (Strabeggy in local tongue) in north Inishowen Donegal and successfully? anchor – but not without incident. Our Donegal bolt-hole overlooks this very tidal lough and in twenty years we recall only one other yacht put in here, a Norwegian boat with Malin in its name. Carefully watched by ourselves from shore we quickly launched our Dory and zoomed out to retrieve them from waters no yacht should venture and guide them to a safe anchorage – but more of navigating these waters later, once featured prominently on the front of the ICC Journal.

And so to my third and not least Skipper, Wallace Clark.

“...what joy to sail the crested sea
and watch the waves beat white
upon the Irish Shore”

These words attributed to St Columba c563 AD appear in the ICC Sailing Directions of South and West Ireland of 1962 when Wallace was Commodore and capture the atmosphere so well that resulted in Mary and myself spending as much time as we could in small boats off the Donegal coast. There is beauty but there is also threat and no man in Irish sailing has contributed more to keeping fellow sailors safe in these Northern waters than Wallace. For a decade Wallace and I bumped into each other at various mutual friends in north Inishowen and once I was privileged to cast an eye over the old lady herself *Wild Goose*, while she lay alongside the pier at Bunagee. The next day as we sped out to Inishtrahull on our Dory we passed *Wild Goose* in the sound and we heartily waved to each other.

Some years later our next door neighbour in Donegal, Ros Harvey, enquired about helping out as crew for Wallace on *Agivey*, the ketch he now sailed. They were collaborating on a book “Donegal Islands” and were due to sail round from Sheephaven to Burtonport. Somewhat apprehensive at my potential failings as crew under such an esteemed skipper, Mannanan McLir himself might be less daunting, I need not have worried as the next few days were passed in idyllic weather exploring Inisdooney, Inishbofin, Gola and Aranmore. I quickly learned he skippered by example and one had to volunteer to take on tasks which he was about to perform himself and one was invariably met with “Oh thank you very much, you’re very kind!” There was also a youthful almost boyish adventurism and as I took the wheel of *Agivey*, motorsailing into a bumpy 5 to 6 towards Blood Foreland, he mischievously announced “Going for a kip for an hour or two Terry, you take her round. I’ll be below if you need me” – an interesting crew-building tactic I was to meet later! Anyway our mutual love of sea birds, wild flowers and serendipity soon cemented an easy going bond that was well laced with good humour and bonhomie. His habit of dispensing a ration of rum

either neat or thinned with whatever came to hand, to celebrate the rounding of a famous landmark was one which became welcome but was luckily well interspersed with long passages, otherwise disorder might have broken out below decks.

I suppose I had better return to the task in hand and make a fist of narrating some of my cruising adventures of 2004. This involved crewing for both Wallace and Tony, the main cruise being for two weeks in the middle of June on *Murlough* up the Western Isles to Rona. But more of that later – I cannot totally confine any description to one memorable cruise alone, as the season was so full and eventful. Last season ended with spectacular sailing on *Murlough* with Tony and Sandra over the 2nd weekend in December. We left Strangford on a Friday in the gloaming at 4.30pm in flat calm and apart from an initial small anxiety when we lost all power in Strangford narrows we had some of the most exhilarating sailing for years, on a reach for all of 3 legs, Strangford to Peel IOM (wind gusting 35kts); A highlight at Peel was a silver band playing carols in the main street as Tony and Mary trawled the local antiquaries to satisfy their addiction to the old and dusty. Peel to Port Patrick the next day (mal de mer off the southern tip of Galloway!) and then another reach the next, day Port Patrick to Carrickfergus, rarely dropping below 8 knots. What a difference not to be turning into the teeth of the wind each time but for once it followed us round and allowed us to savour the Irish Sea at its best. Not another sail spotted until we entered Belfast Lough where the boats of a local Yacht club were racing in the setting sun as it descended behind Mammoth & Goliath, these now redundant enormous monuments to a once mighty shipyard.

But I suppose that doesn't count, so I have to begin on New Years Day 2004 – hardly a cruise but nevertheless an early taster of Donegal waters. My nephew Robbie was over from studying Medicine in Bristol and he joined Mary and I with our daughter Katie on a trip round Strabeggy. This was in my 100 year old Achill curragh which I had restored the previous winter in a shed at home in Broughshane. Curragh's had become a bit of an obsession and I doted over my fragile but graceful craft. Jim Robson of Clifden House Corofin Co Clare had given her to me 2 summers ago when Mary and I had booked into his and Bernadette's excellent hidden Ireland retreat during one of our trips to gaze at wild flowers in the Burren. She had lain upside down under a large Sycamore in the garden for many years and was in danger of returning into the earth. Jim must have recognised a certain mad glint in the eye because when I enquired about her he declared that I could take her away provided I could minister the appropriate love and attention required. I jumped at the chance and the opportunity of returning to this beautiful spot on Lake Inchiquin later in the year taking down my mirror dinghy trailer. Despite my fears she did not disintegrate to match-wood on the long 200 mile haul back to Broughshane and amazingly neither did the trailer! I smiled to myself with pride as I neared home and wondered how long it had been since an Achill curragh was seen in Ballymena! She occupied my time beautifully on many a chilly evening and I relished going out to the draughty shed instead of watching the latest rubbish on Telly. The following summer I was also proud to take Wallace out on Strabeggy in her, another curragh man if ever there was one!

The first few days of 2004 were spent mirror sailing and curragh boating on Strabeggy Lough – as civilised a way to spend a few hours as you could wish. Strabeggy imposes her own disciplines however and one has to be careful not to get impaled on the expanding oyster cages or to judge the tide wrong and end up being swept towards the Bar. Ebb tide at the Bar is not a place to be in any boat and several years ago I learned all too closely how true that was – but that is a story for

another day! Suffice to say we survived, dogs and all but big green breakers still occasionally start me out of my sleep!

I first visited Inishtrabull about twenty years ago courtesy of Seamus Stephens and his crew Eamon Gallagher in the fishing boat *Malin Star*, both men I'm sad to say no longer with us. Eamon having suddenly passed away just a few weeks ago. They liked the men who liked "The Island" and would smile now I'm sure at the new names attached to two of the deep inlets to the west. If you ever risk these waters the wee Pier, Portmore, on the north side gives good shelter in all but northeasterlies, but stick closely to Wallace's directions or risk touching the rock which guards the middle of the channel just off the pier: Small colonies of Kittiwakes, Fulmars and Eider Duck nest to the east of the island in the southern cliffs not far from the poignant wee graveyard. One can get surprisingly close to the birds but approach exceedingly carefully on your belly or risk the wrath of Seamie's ghost if you put the colony at risk. Walk more easily amongst the wallsteads and breathe the atmosphere of a departed community, the remnants of a hardy people who clung to this most Northerly of Ireland islands eking out an uncertain existence. Cast your eyes upon the piles of limpet shells dug up by the rabbits near the doors of the cottages, evidence of many winters of only limpet soup and stew and be thankful.

A lot of work completed and not a few tasks still ongoing the appointed weekend arrived and Mary drove me down to Coleraire on the evening of Friday 14th May to join ship. My daughter Katie and her boyfriend Keith were arriving later that evening from Edinburgh and we were hoping to slip our lines at about 4.30am as the sun rose. Mary departed and we turned in rather earlier than some opening cruise nights I've seen. The following dawn saw a calm but greyish morning as Wallace and I prepared *Agivey* for departure and we tried to be as quiet as we could as we eased astern from our pontoon. A rattle of the tender davits against the pontoon pole spoiled the effect a bit but soon we were chugging quietly out into the mid channel of



Author at wheel of *Murlough* leaving Scavaig, Skye.



Wallace on *Agivey* at Erris head.

the Bann. The light grew as we made our way downstream with Wallace at the wheel – I felt proud to be part of a crew for this tough old mariner and took a photograph of him as he steered carefully through the marking poles towards the Bar Mouth, a place no doubt of very mixed emotions for Wallace as this was where he finally parted company with his beloved *Wild Goose* ten years earlier as she returned from an epic but fateful voyage round Russia, under the direction of his talented son Milo. Painful memories never fade but although I never met Milo I felt many times afloat that he was with us as his father pointed out various anchorages around the Irish coast they had shared together as a family.

Soon Katie and Keith joined us from below as we made our way out to the open sea and set a course for Malin Head; *Agivey* rose and fell in the increasing swell and what breeze there was of course was from ahead. This was Keith's first voyage on a sailing boat but he was from an outdoor background and soon settled in; it was a novel experience having to explain what a fender was however. Soon the high cloud dispersed and intermittent sunshine broke through as we chugged at about 42 kts towards the Head; *Agivey* seemed to relish her return but not half as much as her Skipper. Old familiar landmarks ashore passed by and we waved to Chris Tinne's house in Bunagee in case he was having an early breakfast. My memories of wind direction, tides and other log details are to say the least, vague, so I will refer little to them. Needless to say the lighthouse of Inishtrahull soon gleamed white on the Horizon as it opened out from behind Glengad and we prepared for our passage through the Garvan's. There are literally reams of information and directions written about Garvan Sound and Inishtrahull sound, most of it of a foreboding variety but I felt at home approaching these familiar waters but all boatsmen should pay due respect.

Familiarity brings its own dangers and I have witnessed a couple of local fishing boats requiring to be salvaged off hidden reefs. By this time I was at the wheel as Wallace took one of his quick kips and as we passed the distinctive green topped dark stack of Stookaruddan I set a visual course towards Saddle Rock or Lackgolana to give its real title. Approaching Saddle Rock to about 1½ cables one then bears NW to leave the large flat rock Rossnabarton to port fairly close in: Depending on the tide this is where the fun begins and a small wall of water

sharply demarcated the calm seas we were leaving to the lumpy seas we were approaching around the head. Old *Agivey* pitched and rolled a bit in the cross seas as we changed course to go inside Blind Rock which occasionally revealed itself with frothy large breaker. One can continue NW if you want leaving Blind Rock to port then taking a suitable bearing on the Lloyds Signal station to turn safely to the Head. Although I have dived in these waters they always command your attention and Wallace had instinctively appeared to supervise my passage through the Sound. Progress along the shore is straightforward with no dangers 1½ cables off and we steadily bumped our way along peering into Hells Hole on the way. Local folklore has it that any boat that has ever entered has never been seen again. The seas are such that rarely would any sane boatsman consider approaching never mind entering the chasm. We rounded the head avoiding the Scart Rocks but the bumpy seas frustrated all determined attempts to celebrate with a ration of Captain Morgan as glasses and rum scattered around the cockpit. The approaches to my own Strabeggy Lough lay to Port and Wallace updated his knowledge on the Bar entrance as we sailed past. I showed him his drawing in the ICC Sailing Directions and pointed out that there was now a sand bar exposed at low tide extending from the south shore almost nine tenths across the entrance towards the north at Dutchman's Rock "Draw it in Terry, like a good man and add any notes in the margin that might be useful". So I dutifully drew in the new hazard and wrote: "Strangers enter at their peril. Only local experts or fools, preferably both, attempt this entrance". Perhaps over dramatic but with someone in the pulpit giving signals on a clear calm day with little swell about two hours before high tide its easy enough, but it could be a while before you're out again!

And so bumpily on past Lough Swilly, over the gold bullion ship, the Laurentic, past Frenchman's rock to port and inside the Limeburner, Horn Head straight ahead and Tory making shape off the Starboard bow. Seven million euro has been spent on a new pier at Tory bringing I hope a balanced but environmentally manageable economy to the islands which will improve life during long winter months without too much tourist blight. But we were headed for other shores if we were to make Killybegs on schedule. We dropped the hook for lunch in Toberglassan Bay on the north of Inishbofin and marvelled at the aquamarine and torquise colours of the sea and the silver sheen of the long empty beach. When I put into this island with my family on a Dory ten years earlier on an eventful trip from Malin Head to Tory we were met at the pier by four curly red headed children who wanted to pat our three dogs called Tory, Glashedy and Holly. It was a glorious day but we were somewhat damp and bedraggled after a few bumps round Horn Head. "Right off to the Bar!" I proclaimed. The children giggled. "There's nooo barrr!" they shyly intoned. "Oh well the shop then!" I tried. "There's nooo Shoopp!" they giggled. Their four heads went together in a huddle and at last one of them looked up and ventured "But we have two beaches. And one of them's a secret!" Magic and better than a pint after closing time! After consultation they deemed us worthy enough to reveal the position of their secret beach and we thanked them and marched off to the north tip of the island and what a beach! Toberglassan bay in a broad arc of silver sand beneath us with Tory framed to the north on the Horizon and Inisdooney just across the sound of crystal clear blue water. Not a soul nor a boat insight. Needless to say we now have a cat named Inishbofin and a horse called Inisdooney so it obviously made an impression.

Hon. Ed. notes that the log continues, but, unfortunately, space does not.

DUNN'S DITTIES

Harold Cudmore writes

As in previous years, this year I spent a few short weeks cruising in different areas. I took an Oyster 62 for four days from the Virgin Islands cruising around the BVI with a friend and the crew. For the ICC Cruising-in-Company I took my family for their first cruise in the same boat. And in late September I joined friends in the Northern Ionian Sea for 9 days on a Jeanneau 52.

Anne Woulfe-Flanagan writes of *Beowulf* sailing the sunny islands – Mallorca and Menorca

On Thursday June 17th, Jean and Derek Jago met Elizabeth Seigne and me at Palma Airport with a hire car. We drove to Porto Cristo where Bernard Corbally had left *Beowulf* in the Club Nautical Marina. We had a pleasant dinner with very friendly service in Sassecados in the square. Next morning it was coffee and pastries. As we still had the car we set off to explore inland, heading for Felanitx and up a very steep winding road to the 14th Century Puig de San Salvadore Sanctuary, an old monastery and worth a visit. Portocolom then beckoned for lunch and a swim before heading back to look around the Cuevas del Drach.

We sailed/motored the 12M up to Cala Ratjada, yachts were departing and we secured a prime spot on the quay wall. We spied a large Irish flag on a yacht, *Bloody Mary* and Kevin O'Regan with Snowy his white Cockatoo tied up beside us – in harbour to watch a football match. He is an honorary member of the RCYC and has lived on his boat in Mallorca for over 14 years. Ratjada is a pleasant German influenced town with good clothes shops and many nice restaurants. There is also a lovely beach a short walk from the Harbour. Elizabeth had to go home from here and she took the bus to Palma.

On Wednesday we sailed for Menorca with landfall to be Ciutadella, but being warned in advance about the Festival of San Juan where horses are ridden through the streets, we headed for Santandria. It was a 22M crossing with 18M of good sailing in S.S.E. Force 3/4 to arrive in this lovely Cala. Derek and I rowed ashore and tied a long warp to a large rock. We then anchored and Jean handed us the warp, from the dinghy, as we reversed to the rock face. Some of the other yachts sent a swimmer ashore. Following a long walk across the rocks to the head of the inlet we had an enjoyable dinner in the Bahia Restaurant and Hotel thus rounding off a good day.

On Thursday morning we tried Ciutadella but every spare inch of quayside and rock face was occupied. Being already very hot we anchored in Cala d'es Frares at the entrance for a quick swim and then 8M to Cala Morell on the North Coast. This is a delightful small Cala and we were the only visiting yacht until early evening.

Although well dug in we put out a stern anchor for the night. There are some ancient caves to look at before an enjoyable dinner in a cave restaurant overlooking the inlet and *Beowulf*.

Our second attempt at Ciutadella was successful and we secured a spot on the quay wall belonging to the Yacht Club. This is an old cathedral town with a long restaurant waterfront. We had a pleasant stroll around this interesting city. Derek was filling the water tanks at 4.00am on Saturday as some youngsters insisted on talking all night on the quayside. I washed the decks while Derek and Jean found a distant

supermarket and our neighbour *TeaBerry* managed to find camping gas.

Our lunch time spot was a small indentation Cala Parejals on the south coast some 7M away – managing 4M under sail to swim in turquoise water. It was some 5M on to Cala Santa Galdana. This is a resort area with two high-rise hotels. We found a snug spot amongst a clatter of yachts and small motorboats. The afternoon was spent people watching followed by a good dinner on board and a row ashore to hit the high spots – some shopping and a football match.

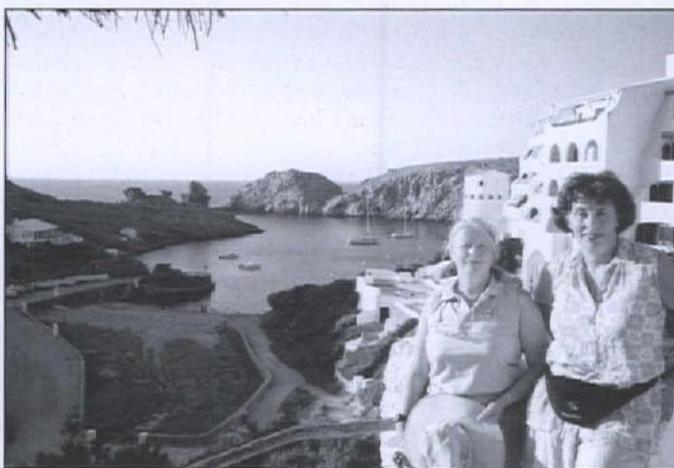
Cala Coves 10M on is magical, one of the most beautiful inlets with caves, which are of archaeological interest, in the high surrounding cliffs. The holding was poor and with not much swinging room we laid out a stern anchor even for our swimming/coffee break.

The days were flying by and this being Sunday 27th the decision was made to take a long hop past Mao to Es Grau. Following some 30M miles (under horse power) we anchored in a large bay beside Ilsa Colom for swimming and later re-anchored off the small village for the night and rowed ashore. There is a little harbour at the edge of white lime washed houses and some good shops, bars and restaurants. We had an enjoyable dinner at Tamarindos right beside the shore where we watched everyone wade, knee deep, back and forth to their moored boats.

Again with time in mind we made the long passage, all of 12M, around to Fornells with a quick stop for the ever necessary swim in the small crescent Cala d'en Tosquet.

On the third time of asking we got the hook to bite opposite the Port of Fornells which looked rather a tight fit for us. This was confirmed by Bernard a few days later, although he did manage to get in. It is a linear town with some quaint back streets, small good quality shops and restaurants – Ca'n Digus on the sea front near archaeological excavations was one of the most enjoyable meals. Breakfast ashore, a good Spar supermarket and on our way. The Port D'Addaia drew us in through a slightly tricky sandbank maze but well worth a visit and we slipped thankfully into the last space in a small marina, €38 per night. To find a restaurant we ended up walking the scenic route and found Addai (very pleasant) next to an Irish Bar and a supermarket.

Wednesday 30th June saw us departing for Mao and change over. Our last swim was in Cala Tamarells Sud and we ended the cruise stern to at Nigel's Boat Yard quite near the centre of



Anne with Jean Jago.

town which we found time to visit. As we prepared to leave on Thursday afternoon Bernard and his crew arrived to take *Beowulf* on to Sardinia.

The cruise was great with good company and many lovely anchorages although care is needed as some are very open to some wind directions. The weather was mostly kind, but the wind was fickle at times, either asleep or blowing against us.

In all we covered 146 miles - 30 under sail.

Jeffrey O'Riordan writes of Cruising in British Columbia

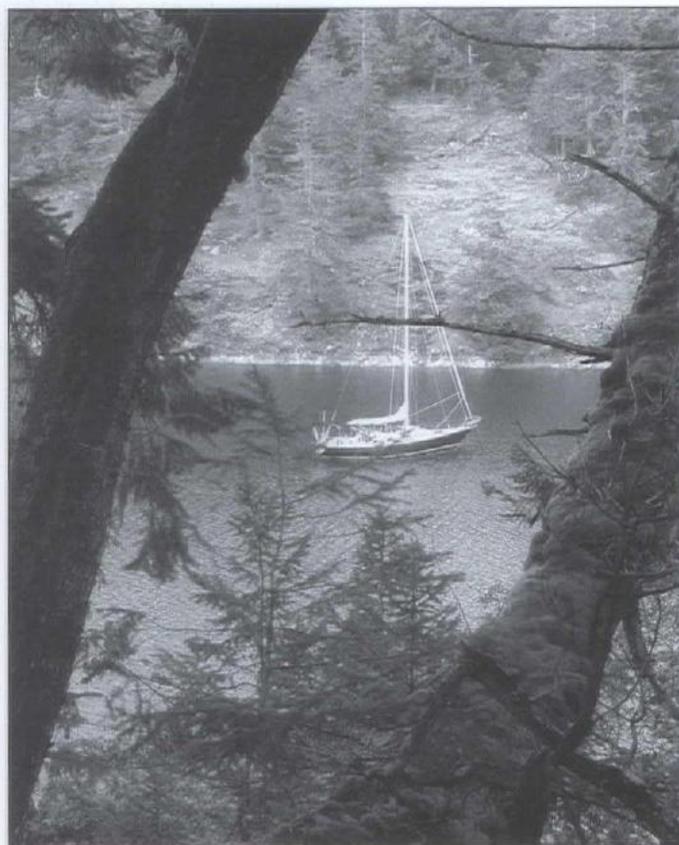
In September Sal and I left Cork for Canada to join a CCA/OCC cruise in company inside Vancouver Island. This was to turn out to be a mini ICC meet as well.

We were lucky to be invited to be there by Tad and Joyce Lehman, in their Alden 44, *Lyric*, starting from Seattle.

We had been warned that the prevailing winds were from the north so wondered about the idea of heading 130 miles direct north to Vancouver. What we did not know was that this was the ideal part of the world to go, to avoid our normal September equinoctial gales, because there is seldom any wind at all there at this time of year. So we had a leisurely motor to Vancouver, a spectacular city.

We were delighted to find there another boat with an ICC member's flag proudly fluttering at the crosstrees. David and Joan Nicholson, Stuart and Janet Nairn and Doreen Player had chartered a boat so we had a series of ICC, North Pacific musters over a couple of weeks and of course many a good party ashore.

We headed off amongst the islands for a couple of weeks to a wonderful wood studded cruising ground with anchorages and docks available everywhere and mountains in the distance to complete the scene. The pattern of the tides were interesting - as the little sample graph shows they are very different from what we have.



Lyric at anchor, Prevost Island, BC, Canada.

There was an oceanographer on the cruise who explained that this had to do, in part, with the great size of the Pacific basin. The currents, particularly in the passes between islands can be formidable, for example between 7 and 14 knots. It is important to know when slack water is expected and to try to get through a pass then. The trouble is that large timber barges or massive log rafts under tow like to go through at slack water as well. All this added to the interest.

If you get a chance this is a wonderful cruising ground and would be excellent for children, with calm seas, lots of landing spots and well marked walking trails. As the Americans would say "These adults sure loved it too".

Sean McCormack writes on *Marie Claire* in the Clyde

As only 2 weeks were available a return visit to the Clyde seemed right as John Ahern had not sailed this part of Scotland before. We were joined for the first

10 days by Jim Cullinane, a friend of John's and John's wife Emily, who did the last 6 days joining us in Largs.

Our first leg on Saturday 24th July was Howth to Bangor marina in moderate west and then north westerly winds. This 90 mile passage was completed in just over 15 hours arriving at 23.00 hours.

Sunday was spent relaxing in Bangor including a visit to the very impressive Royal Ulster Yacht Club which on a Sunday afternoon was rather quiet.

Monday saw us in Campbeltown and we spent Tuesday night in a windless Loch Ranza on Aran. We were not complaining about this as the Pilot warns of severe downdraughts from the hills surrounding the anchorage. We then spent nights in Tarbert, Tighnabruaich, Rothesay and a new anchorage for me, Holy Loch marina which was recently constructed around the former Admiralty pier.

Sunday night 1st August was spent on a visitor mooring in Lamlash and by morning we were happy to leave as the anchorage was living up to its rolly reputation. The next night was spent in Largs marina where Emily Ahern joined us and Jim left next morning to explore Glasgow before catching an evening flight to Dublin. Tuesday saw us make Troon marina. The next day *Marie Claire's* spinnaker was set for the first time since I gave up racing a year ago and this helped to get us to Portpatrick's little harbour for the night. As it was midweek the harbour thankfully did not have its weekend "sardines" packed look.

Thursday 5th August gave us a good sail to Peel on the Isle of Man where we tied up outside a large unoccupied yacht at the outer pier under Peel Castle on St. Patrick's Island. A new bridge and cill at the river entrance will, when complete, transform this west coast port of call.

The next day we set sail for Port St. Mary. We planned to go through Calf Sound as John and Emily had unpleasant memories of a rough passage in their own boat some years ago. As we approached the Sound a local fog reduced visibility to under 100 yards. This proved a good test for my new Chart Plotter which got us safely through the Sound and into Port St. Mary. No sooner had we secured our lines than the fog lifted and a new world unfolded.

It is about five years since I was last here and in the meantime two pubs have closed and the whole place was very quiet. A local in the Yacht Club that night told us that most people from the area are now working in Douglas with resulting traffic problems and decay and stagnation in the local area. We had a fast sail to Howth on Saturday.

In conclusion we had a great two weeks but a lot of motoring in the Clyde area due to the good weather. In addition

to the overnights mentioned we had a number of lunchtime/swim stops which were enjoyed by us all.

We rounded off the season with a two week charter in Croatia. John and Emily Ahern joined Mary and myself for two weeks of easy sailing and motoring in late September from Dubrovnik to Split. We loved the country and people and the Islands in particular.

I met George Ralston (ICC) in Dubrovnik marina where he was bedding down his magnificent yacht *Insouciance* for the winter.

Joan Nicholson writes of *White Shadow's* lazy days in the Bay of Cadiz

White Shadow had spent the winter in the marina at Ayamonte on the eastern side of the border between Portugal and Spain, in the Bay of Cadiz. Now it was time to start cruising again.

David, with Eddie Sheehy's help, commissioned her for sea and when Jack Forde, Alan Rountree (both ICC members) and Mahon Lee arrived they set sail westwards to Portugal as far as Vilamoura and the narrow winding waterways, which lead to Faro and Olhaõ.

Having changed crew in Vilamoura, and relaxed for a few days in Olhaõ, *White Shadow* journeyed eastwards back to Ayamonte and on to Puerto de Santa Maria where we always get a very friendly welcome at the Yacht Club.

Leo Conway and the skipper visited Cormac McHenry on *Island Life* in Puerto Sherry and enjoyed a most pleasant meal on our vice-commodore's new boat. It is little known that Cormac can serve up a fine repast, though he has little experience in group catering as he usually has only one mouth to feed!

On 9th May, Joan and Phil joined the crew, having flown from Dublin to Jerez. Early the next morning we took the boat to Puerto Sherry where we were having the auto helm serviced.

As we still had the hired car and it was raining and cold, we drove to Seville – an hour's drive away, and enjoyed a few hours in Alcazar, the Palace of Royalty with its Moorish architecture and tiling and many beautiful small gardens. The cathedral next to it was also worth a visit. We were expecting warmer weather at this time but it was only 16°C and did not warm up considerably until our second week in this region.

When the auto helm service was complete we left for Rota and then Mazagon, the port for Huelva, and finally Villa Real de San Antonia on the Portuguese border of the Guadiana River. A fiesta was taking place and we wandered amongst the stalls and listened to music. We were joined by our Swiss/German friends who had previously spent many months in Kerry living on their catamaran, and were now anchored up the Guadiana River.

Our next stop was Tavira, which we reached after four hours of very uncomfortable motoring. We anchored for the night in this lovely spot, which is busy with small ferries from the mainland to an island, which gave access to a large beach with big rollers.

Another four hours of rolling motor sailing brought us to Olhaõ where we anchored in Portecais in Canal d'Olhaõ and



Liza Copeland accepts the champagne while David Nicholson in feathered spider hat gives a vote of thanks for the whole OCC Cruise Vancouver.

went ashore to the island. Fishing and shell fishing at the low tide are the sole occupations in this area. We had to wait for the flooding tide to make the trip to Olhaõ marina, up a very narrow twisting channel. The marina is half completed and was free of charge but there were no facilities. It is very full with long-term live-aboards, going nowhere. There is no word of it being completed in the near future!

The town was busy with locals – few tourists – and the wonderful fish and vegetable market had us buying many varieties of shrimps and shellfish straight from the sea. Meals were very reasonable and the bird watching by the disused salt pans gave us much to enjoy.

We had to return to the Spanish port of Isla Cristina where we intended leaving the boat for an extended period. It turned very windy so we delayed our departure twenty-four hours, but even so the open sea was very rough.

With plenty of wind we had a great romp eastwards under sail – as far as Villa Real. We could not enter Isla Cristina (just a short distance away in Spain) because the tide was by now too low. The harbour entrance is silting up and there is very shallow water on the bar. At the next high tide, *White Shadow* returned to Isla Cristina where she was hauled out till next year. We did not cover many sea miles on this trip but it was thoroughly relaxing.

Since the Spanish-Portuguese trip, we have taken part in the ICC Cruise-in-Company on the south coast of Cork, in July, travelling on *Silver Shadow*, a Beneteau 317, borrowed from our son Eddie and with crew of Margaret and David O'Morchoe.

Following that memorable cruise we then took part in the Ocean Cruising Club rally in the Gulf Islands between Vancouver and Vancouver Island, British Columbia. We chartered a Beneteau 393 with Janet and Stuart Nairn and Joan's cousin Doreen, a native of Vancouver. Having our own tour guide made that trip especially interesting. That cruise, which was great fun, has already been written about in this journal by Jeffrey O'Riordan. All together we have had great boating in 2004!

List of Past Officers of the Irish Cruising Club

Commodores

1929	H. M. Wright
1942	A. W. Mooney
1950	M. A. Sullivan
1953	J. B. Hollwey
1954	R. P. Campbell
1958	F. Cudmore
1960	H. W. S. Clark
1963	P. H. Greer
1966	R. L. Berridge
1969	J. D. Faulkner
1972	R. H. O'Hanlon
1975	D. N. Doyle
1978	J. H. Guinness
1981	P. J. Bunting
1984	C. J. FitzGerald
1987	J. Gore-Grimes
1990	H. P. Kennedy
1993	D. Nicholson
1996	L. McGonagle
1998	M. McKee
2000	D.H. Fitzgerald
2002	A.R. Baker

Vice-Commodores

1929	H. P. F. Donegan
1941	A. W. Mooney
1942	H. E. Donegan
1947	P. O'Keefe
1948	M. A. Sullivan
1950	J. B. Hollwey
1953	R. P. Campbell
1954	B. C. Maguire
1956	F. Cudmore
1958	H. W. S. Clark
1960	P. H. Greer
1963	C. Riordan
1965	W. H. D. McCormick
1967	J. D. Faulkner
1969	D. N. Doyle
1971	R. H. O'Hanlon
1972	P. J. Bunting
1974	G. B. Leonard
1976	J. M. Wolfe
1977	A. D. MacIlwaine
1978	P. J. Bunting
1980	G. Kenefick

1982	C. J. FitzGerald
1984	L. McGonagle
1986	J. Gore-Grimes
1987	H. P. Kennedy
1989	D. H. B. FitzGerald
1990	Arthur S. P. Orr
1993	Brian Hegarty
1996	Michael O'Farrell
1997	Arthur Baker
1999	T.C. Johnson
2001	Donal Brazil
2002	Peter Ronaldson
2004	Cormac McHenry

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. Wolfe
1976	A. D. MacIlwaine
1977	J. M. Wolte
1978	G. Kenefick
1980	M. McKee
1981	J. Gore-Grimes
1983	L. McGonagle
1984	M. McKee
1986	H. P. Kennedy
1987	M. R. Sullivan & D. H. B. Fitzgerald
1988	B. Hassett & D. H. B. Fitzgerald

1989	B. Hassett & A. S. P. Orr
1990	Clayton Love Jnr & D. J. Ryan
1992	Brian Hegarty & David Nicholson
1993	Michael O'Farrell & David H.B. FitzGerald
1994	Michael O'Farrell & P. Walsh
1995	L. McGonagle & P. Walsh
1996	Arthur Baker & Jarlath Cunnane
1997	J. Cunnane & P. Ronaldson
1999	P. O'Sullivan & J.C. Bruen
2000	J.C. Bruen & P. Ronaldson
2001	P. Ronaldson & P. Killen
2002	T. Clarke & P. Killen
2003	T. Clarke & C. McHenry
2004	J. Nixon & G. McMahan

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
2001	A. Baker
2002	B. McManus

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
2003	R. Cudmore

* 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 2004

THE FAULKNER CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1931	Keatinge & McFerran	<i>Marie</i>
1932	A.W. Mooney	<i>Nirvana</i>
1933	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1934	Mrs Crimmins	<i>Nirvana</i>
1935	H.D.E. Barton	<i>Dauntless</i>
1936	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1937	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1938	H.P. Donegan	<i>Gull</i>
1939	Miss D. French	<i>Embla</i>
1947	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1949	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1950	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1951	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Zamorin</i>
1952	P. O'Keefe	<i>Mavis</i>
1953	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1954	B.C. Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1955	C. Love	<i>Galcador</i>
1956	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1957	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1958	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1961	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1962	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1963	R.H. Roche	<i>Neon Tetra</i>
1964	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1966	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1967	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1968	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1969	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1970	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1971	R. Sewell	<i>Thalassa</i>
1972	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1973	A. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1974	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1975	J. Eves	<i>Aeolus</i>
1976	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1977	B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1978	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1979	M.P. O'Flaherty	<i>Cuilaun of Kinsale</i>
1980	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1981	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1982	E.P.E. Byrne	<i>Beaver</i>
1983	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1984	O. Glaser	<i>Verna</i>
1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	B. Bramwell	<i>Tor</i>
1987	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1988	Terence Kennedy	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
1989	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1990	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1991	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
1993	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1994	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
1995	Peter Killen	<i>Black Pepper</i>
1996	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1997	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1998	John Waddell	<i>Heather of Mourne</i>
1999	Brian Black	<i>Caelan</i>
2000	John Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>

2001	Paddy Barry & Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Northabout</i>
2002	John & Ann Clementson	<i>Faustina II</i>
2003	John Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
2004	Máire Breathnach	<i>King of hearts</i>

THE STRANGFORD CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1970	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Clarion</i>
1971	M. Park	<i>Kitugani</i>
1972	R. Gomes	<i>Ainmara</i>
1973	J. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1974	J. Guinness	<i>Sule Skerry</i>
1975	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1976	W. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1977	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1978	J. Villiers Stuart	<i>Vinter</i>
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980	M. Villiers Stuart	<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>
1981	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1982	W.A. Smyth	<i>Velma</i>
1983	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1984	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1985	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1986	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1987	Brian Dalton	<i>Boru</i>
1988	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1989	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1990	Tommy O'Keefe	<i>Tir na nOg</i>
1991	David Fitzgerald	<i>Peigin Eile</i>
1992	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1993	W. M. Nixon & E. Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1994	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1995	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>
1996	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1997	Brian Black	<i>Cuillin</i>
1998	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1999	Peter Mullins	<i>Cuilaun</i>
2000	Michael Balmforth	<i>Greenheart</i>
2001	Bernard Corbally	<i>Lazy Day</i>
2002	David Fitzgerald	<i>White Heather</i>
2003	Eleanor & Brian Cudmore	<i>Ann Again</i>
2004	James Nixon	<i>Scilla Verna</i>

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1978	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1979	A. Doherty	<i>Bali Hai</i>
1980	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1981	M.H. Snell	<i>Golden Harvest</i>
1982	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1983	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1984	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1985	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1986	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1987	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1988	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilaun</i>
1989	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1990	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1991	Ronnie Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1992	David McBride	<i>Deerhound</i>
1993	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>

1994	Jonathan Virden	<i>Twayblade</i>
1995	Henry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
1996	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1997	Brendan Bradley	<i>Shalini</i>
1998	Adrian Spence	<i>Madcap</i>
1999	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>
2000	Henry and Ivy Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
2001	Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
2002	Not awarded	
2003	Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
2004	Noel Casey	<i>Kish</i>

THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1941	E.J. Odium	
1951	Brendan Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
From 1954 the Navigation Cup awarded for the best cruise around Ireland.		
1954	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1955	Dr. R.N. O'Hanlon	<i>Ancora</i>
1956	R.C. Arnold	<i>Maid of York</i>
1957	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1961	C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>
1963	W. & B. Smyth	<i>Wynalda</i>
1964	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1967	C.H. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1968	J.D. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1969	R.E. Mollard	<i>Osina</i>
1871	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1973	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1974	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1975	J.B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1977	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1978	R.P. Campbell & J.R. Osborne	<i>Verve</i>
1979	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1980	P. Gray	<i>Korsar</i>
1981	Ronan Beirne	<i>Rila</i>
1982	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1983	A. Doherty	<i>Svegala</i>
1984	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1985	T. O'Keefe	<i>Orion</i>
1986	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1987	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1988	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1989	Tony Morton	<i>Lamorna III</i>
1990	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1991	Robert Barr	<i>Ar Men</i>
1992	No Award	
1993	G. Nairn & M. D. Whelan	<i>Lola</i>
1994	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
1995	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1996	Michael McKee	<i>Isobel</i>
1997	No Award	
1998	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1999	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft</i>
2000	Harry Byrne	<i>Alphida of Howth</i>
2001	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
2002	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
2003	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Brandon Rose</i>
2004	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>

THE FORTNIGHT CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1958	L. McMullen	Rainbow
1960	R.I. Morrison	Vanja IV
1961	J.W.D. McCormick	Diane
1963	W.M. Nixon	Ainmara
1964	W.M. Nixon	Ainmara
1965	W.M. Nixon	Ainmara
1966	H.W.S. Clark	Wild Goose
1967	Miss E. Leonard	Lamita
1968	P. Dincen	Huntress
1969	R.C.A. Hall	Roane
1970	N. St. J. Hennessy	Aisling
1971	J.R. Olver	Vandara
1972	C. Green	Helen
1973	M. Tomlinson	Pellegrina
1974	J. Wolfe	Gay Gannet
1975	J. Gore-Grimes	Shardana
1976	A. Morton	Sung Foon
1978	R. Dixon	Oberon
1979	B.J. Law	Sai See
1980	R. Paul Campbell	Verve
1981	S. Orr	Den Arent
1982	D.J. Ryan	Red Velvet
1983	C.P. McHenry	Ring of Kerry
1984	B.H.C. Corbally	Puffin
1985	R. Barr	Joliba
1986	W.M. Nixon	Turtle
1987	Dermod Ryan	Sceolaing
1988	John Ryan	Saki
1989	Brian Hegarty	Safari of Howth
1990	Seamus Lantry	William Tell of Uri
1991	Brendan O'Callaghan	Midnight Marauder
1992	Clive Martin	Lindos
1993	Brendan O'Callaghan	Midnight Marauder
1994	Frank Larkin	Elusive
1995	Dick Lovegrove	Hobo V
1996	Donal Walsh	Hobo Kate
1997	Michael d'Alton	Siamsa
1998	Jim Slevin	Testa Rossa
1999	Jim Slevin	Testa Rossa
2000	No Award	
2001	Gary Villiers-Stuart	Winefreda of Greenisland
2002	Andy McCarter	Gwili 3
2003	W.M. Nixon	Witchcraft of Howth
2004	Roy Waters	Sundowner of Beaulieu

THE WYBRANT CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1933	J. B. Kearney	Mavis
1934	Dr. L.G. Gunn	Albatross
1935	J.B. Kearney	Mavis
1936	Leslie Chance	Britannia
1937	A.W. Mooney	Aideen
1938	Dr. O.P. Chance & R. Storey	Saphire
1939	J.B. Kearney	Mavis
1940	K.McFerran & Dr. O'Brien	Hazure
1941	D. Keating & R. O'Hanlon	Evora
1942	J.B. Cotterell & J.F. McMullan	Minx
1943/45	No Award	
1946	J.B. Kearney	Mavis
1947	H. Osterberg	Marama

1948	Dr. R.H. O'Hanlon	Evora
1949	P. O'Keeffe	John Dory
1950	A.W. Mooney	Evora
1951	P. O'Keeffe	John Dory
1952	H. Osterberg	Marama
1953	No Award	
1954	T. Crosby	If
1955	R.P. Campbell	Alata
1956	S.F. Thompson	Second Ethuriel
1957	Col. W.S. Knox-Gore	Arandora
1958	D.N. Doyle	Severn II
1959	G. Kimber	Astrophel
1960	J.C. Butler	Happy Morning Fenestra
1961	S. O'Mara	Severn II
1962	D.N. Doyle	Severn II
1963	Lt. Com. T. Sheppard	Greylag of Arklow
1964	T.F. Doyle	Elsa
1965	S. O'Mara	Oisin
1966	D.N. Doyle	Moonduster
1967	P.H. Greer	Helen of Howth
1968	D.N. Doyle	Moonduster
1969	R.I. Morrison	Querida
1970	Hugh Coveney	Dalcassian
1971	J.A. McKeown	Korsar
1972	J.C. Love	Fionnuala
1973/77	No Award	

From 1978 onwards the Wybrant Cup was awarded for the best Scottish cruise.

1978	Chris Green	Norella
1979	D.J. Ryan	Red Velvet
1980	D.A. McMillan	Goosander
1981	W.M. Nixon	Turtle
1982	Ronan Beirne	Givusa Kuddle
1983	M.M.A. d'Alton	Siamsa
1984	R. Barr	Condor
1985	B. Hegarty	Freebird
1986	M.M.A. d'Alton	Siamsa
1987	Paul Butler	Arandora
1988	Paul Butler	Arandora
1989	Roddy Monson	Mazara
1990	Roddy Monson	Mazara
1991	Dermod Ryan	Sceolaing
1992	Bernard Corbally	L'Exocet
1993	Sean McCormack	Marie Claire II
1994	James Cahill	Riczak
1995	Paul Butler	Red Velvet
1996	Brian Black	Cuillin
1997	James Nixon	Ardnagee
1998	Peter & Evie Ronaldson	Scotch Mist
1999	No Award	
2000	Adrian & Maeve Bell	Réalta
2001	Sean McCormack	Marie Claire II
2002	Paget McCormack	Saki
2003	Adrian & Maeve Bell	Réalta
2004	Norman Kean	Xanadu

THE FINGAL CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1981	Robert Barr	Condor
1982	W. Walsh	Carrigdown
1983	J. Gore-Grimes	Shardana
1984	R.M. Slater	Tandara
1985	P. Barry	Saint Patrick
1986	B. Corbally	L'Exocet
1987	Frank McCarthy	Scilly Goose
1988	Robert Barr	Joliba

1989	Bernard Corbally	L'Exocet
1990	Michael d'Alton	Siamsa
1991	W.M. Nixon	Witchcraft of Howth
1992	David Park	Alys
1993	Stephen Malone	Symphonie
1994	Wallace Clark	Wild Goose of Moyle
1995	W.M. Nixon	Witchcraft
1996	Richard Lovegrove	Shalini
1997	Alan Rountree	Tallulah
1999	Peter Killen	Black Pepper
1999	David Park	Alys
2000	Tony Clarke	Veleva
2001	Michael Balmforth	Greenheart
2002	Dianne Andrews	Great Escape
2003	Grainne Fitzgerald	Mountain Mist
2004	Michael & Alison Balmforth	Greenheart

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	Sea Pie
1994	Robert Barr	Pen Men
1995	Bill Rea	Elysium
1996	Maeve Bell	Réalta
1997	Máire Breathnach	Romist
1998	Brendan Travers	Sea Maiden
1999	Máire Breathnach	SeaDance
2000	Paddy Barry	Saint Patrick
2001	No Award	
2002	Brendan Travers	Seodín
2003	No Award	
2004	David Beattie	Schollevar

ROCKABILL TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1959	P.H. Green	Ann Gail
1960	R.I. Morrison	Vanja IV
1961	R. O'Hanlon	Harmony
1962/63	No Award	
1964	J.D. Faulkner	Angelique
1965	J.H. Guinness	Sharavogue
1966	P.H. Greer	Helen of Howth
1967	No Award	
1968	P.H. Greer	Helen of Howth
1969	No Award	
1970	J.P. Jameson	Ganiamore
1971	R. Courtney	Bandersnatch
1972/73	No Award	
1974	J.P. Bourke	Korsar
1975/78	No Award	
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	Shardana
1980	J. Wolfe	Deerhound
1981	No Award	
1983	K. & C. Martin	Estrellita
1984	No Award	

From 1985 onwards the Rockabill Trophy was awarded for 'A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship.'

1985	J. Gore-Grimes	Shardana
1986	John Olver	Moody Blue
1987	J.B. Law	Redwing/Spirit of Shell
1988	No Award	
1989	Colin Chapman	Deerhound
1990	Colin Chapman	Deerhound

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>
2002	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
2003	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
2004	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Northabout</i>

THE GULL SALVER

Awarded for the highest placed Irish boat in the Fastnet Race.

Year	Winner	Yacht
1971	Otto Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>
1973	Mungo Park	<i>Tam o' Shanter</i>
1975	Otto Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch II</i>
1995	Donal Morrissy	<i>Joggeraut</i>
2001	Denis Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
2003	Dianne & Tom Andrews	<i>Amethyst</i>

THE PERRY GREER BOWL

Awarded for the best first ICC 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>
2001	Noel Casey	<i>Chartered</i>

2002	No Award	
2003	Paddy McGlade	<i>Sabrone</i>
2004	Sean Fergus	<i>Estrellita</i>

THE WILD GOOSE CUP

Awarded at the adjudicators discretion for a log of literary merit

Year	Winner	Yacht
1995	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>
1996	James Nixon	<i>Ardnagee</i>
1997	David & Joan Nicholson	<i>White Shadow</i>
1998	No Award	
1999	Ray O'Toole	<i>Lotophagi</i>
2000	Bill & Hilary Keatinge	<i>Rafiki</i>
2001	Robert Barr	<i>Oyster River</i>
2002	Peter Fernie	
2003	Paddy Barry	<i>Ar Seachrán</i>
2004	Peter Fernie	

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, Editor Annual
1996	No Award
1997	"South Aris' team. Shackleton escape from Antarctica
1998	Malachi & Evelyn O'Gallagher. Sailing directions
1999	No Award
2000	David Burrows: Olympic performance
2001	Carmel Winkelmann. Services to Junior Sailing
2002	Tom McSweeney. Services to Maritime Ireland
2003	The Jeanie Johnston Project
2004	David Tucker - 75th Anniversary Cruise

THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

Year	Recipient	Yacht	Race
1950	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	
1951	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	Islands Race
1956	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	Islands Race
1957	S.F. Thompson	<i>Ithurial</i>	
1958	J. Ronan	<i>Wye</i>	Islands Race
1959	J. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>	Pollock Race
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>	
1961	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1964	A.E. Pope	<i>Susette</i>	
1965	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1967	S.F. Thompson	<i>Wye</i>	
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1969	F. Cudmore	<i>Setanta</i>	
1970	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1971	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1972	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1973	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1974	G. Radley	<i>Cecille</i>	

1976	J.C. Butler	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	
1977	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1978	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1979	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	
1980	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1981	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1982	C. Love Jnr	<i>Rebel County</i>	
1983	S. Mansfield	<i>Luv Is</i>	
1984	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1985	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1987	T.E. Crosbie	<i>Senta</i>	
	C.J. Fitzgerald	<i>Mandalay</i>	
1988	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1989	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	

From 1992 awarded by the Southern Area Committee:

1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>	
1993	Kevin Dwyer	S. and W. Coast Aerial Photography	
1995	Arthur Baker	S.W. Coast Rally Organiser	
1996	Donal Brazil	Services to ICC as Hon. Treasurer	
1998	Gary McMahon	<i>Ilen's</i> return from Falkland Islands	
1999	Vincent O'Farrell	<i>Fastnet Dancer</i>	
2000	Clayton Love Jnr.	Services to sailing	
2001	Andrew Curtain & Gerry Sheridan	Channel Cruise	
2002	Donal McClement	Services to Irish sailing	
2004	Colin Chapman		

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

Year	Race	Yacht	Recipient
1966	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Fionnuala</i>	R. Courtney
1969	Cork-Fastnet-Castletownshend	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1972	Dun Laoghaire-Arklow	<i>Tryphena</i>	F. Ryan
1973	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Cecille</i>	G. Radley
1974	-	<i>Korsar</i>	J.P. Bourke
1976	ICC	<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

Year	Recipient	
1993	J. Russell	Service to Sailing
1995	Adrian Spence	
1998	Adrian Spence	Greenland cruise
1999	Brian Black	Greenland cruise
2000	Roy Waters	
2001	John & Ann Clementson	Caribbean Cruise
2002	David Park	Atlantic Islands
2003	James Nixon	Round Ireland
2004	Wallace Clarke	Ireland West Coast & The Hebrides

DONEGAN MEMORIAL TROPHY 1940

Year	Yacht	Recipient	Race
1945	<i>Evora</i>	R.H. & D.M. O'Hanlon	
1946	<i>Mavis</i>	J.B. Kearney	Kingstown/Cork
1947	No Award		
1948	<i>Aideen</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1949	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1950	<i>Sonia</i>	D.J. & P.M. Purcell	Clyde Race
1951	<i>Minx of Malham</i>	B. Maguire	Clyde Race
1952	<i>Viking O</i>	Col Hollwey	Clyde Race
1953	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Beaumaris-Week
1954	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Clyde Race
1955	<i>Glance</i>	F.C. Hopkirk	Puffin Sound Race
1957	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1958	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Dun Laoire/Cork
1959	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1960	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Dun Laoire-Cork
1961	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Irish Sea Race
1962	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Irish Sea Race
1963	<i>Fenestra</i>	S. O'Mara	Morecombe Bay
1964	<i>Susanna</i>	J.C. McConnell	Irish Sea Race
1965	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Morecombe Bay
1966	<i>Orana</i>	P.D. Pearson	Irish Sea Race
1967	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1968	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1969	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1970	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Cowes/Cork Race
1971	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1972	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>	O. Glaser	Irish Sea Race
1973	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1974	<i>Assiduous</i>	C. Love	(1st ICC Boat)
1975	<i>Dictator</i>	D.M. Irwin	Morecombe Bay
1976	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler	Irish Sea Race
1977	<i>Red Rock III</i>	O. Glaser	Morecombe Bay
1978	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1979	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mollard	Morecombe Bay

1980	<i>Standfast</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1981	<i>Bandersnatch of Howth</i>	R. Courtney	Morecombe Bay
1982	<i>Joggernaut</i>	D.J. Morrissey	Irish Sea Race
1983	<i>Imp</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1984	<i>Little Egypt</i>	R.B. Lovegrove	Irish Sea Race
1985	<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race
1986	<i>Rob Roy</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1987	<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race
1988	<i>Red Velvet</i>	M. O'Rahilly	Irish Sea Race
1989	<i>Comanche Raider</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1990	<i>Woodchester Challenge</i>	H.R. Gomes	Round Ireland
1991	<i>Finnabar 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	Distributor of Publications
1996	Evelyn O'Gallagher	Sailing Directions
1998	Bruce Lyster	Tall Ships Committee Chairman
1999	Susan & Peter Gray	Pacific cruising
2000	Arthur Orr	ICC Publications
2001	Mungo Park	Sailing into his 80s
2002	Cormac McHenry	Holland to Dun Laoghaire
2003	Susan & Peter Gray	Capetown to Dun Laoghaire
2004	Bill Rea	Trophy & Annual distribution

TRANS OCEANIC PENNANT

Awarded by the Committee - on application

Auchincloss, Les	Espey, Fred	O'Farrell, Kevin
Barnes, Sean	Glaser, Otto	O'Flaherty, Michael
Barnwell, Henry	Gore-Grimes, John	Osborne, James
Barry, Paddy	Gray, Peter	Osmundsvaag, Arnie
Bradley, Brendan	Gray, Susan	Petch, John
Bramwell, Barry	Greer, Perry	du Plessis, Hugo
Bunting, Peter	Hogan, Peter	Smullen, Brian
Cahill, Bernie	King, Heather	Smyth, William
Cahill, James	Leonard, Alan	Snell, Michael
Chapman, Colin	McBride, Davy	Virden, Jonathan
Coffey, Jack	McClement, Donal	Whelan, Michael J.
Coleman, Michael	McHenry, Cormac	Whelan, Pat
Corbally, Bernard	Mullins, Peter	White, Lawrence
Cudmore, Ronald	Nicholson, David	

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
2001	Roger Bourke
2002	Dave Fitzgerald
2003	Frank Larkin
2004	Dick Scott

BEST DUNN'S DITTY AWARD

2001	Brendan Travers
2002	Wallace Clarke
2003	John Bourke
2004	Fergus Quinlan

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.

! Denotes Committee and officers.

Corrected to 20th October 2003. To amend an entry, email Ron Cudmore.

We invite members who wish to have their partner's name included in future listings to advise the Honorary Secretary, Ron Cudmore.

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
Adair, Stanton S, 2002 (Patricia)	Villa Le Bas, 62 Ballyholme Road, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5LA. (028 912 70998/Office: 028 90321313)	<i>Enigma</i>
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 4363092/Office: 021 4295011)	
Alexander, Mike, 2004 (Janice)	3 Newtown Villas, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (01 288 6522)	<i>Katielok II</i>
Anderson, Terry S., 1991 (Maureen)	37 Bayview Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 6TW. (028 9754 1625/Office: 028 9045 1541)	<i>Rosemarie of Cuan (PO)</i>
Andrews, Dianne M H, 1988 (Tom)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5NP. (028 9187 2233)	<i>Amethyst (PO)</i>
Andrews, Tom M, 1988 (Dianne)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5NP. (028 9187 2233)	<i>Amethyst (PO)</i>
Aplin, Roger, 1972 (Jane)	Romanesca, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (01 280 0434/Office: 01 475 6426)	<i>Passe Partout</i>
Aston, Alan, 1997 (Irene)	1 Marino Station Rd., Holywood, Co Down, BT18 OAH. (028 9042 6497/Office: 028 9042 8424)	<i>Golden Nomad</i>
Auchincloss, Leslie, 1992 (Marie)	Beau Manoir, Rue Maindonnaux, St Martin, Guernsey GY4 6AH, Channel Islands. (44 1481 39840/Fax: 44 1481 39845)	<i>Morning Calm 3 of Sark</i>
! Baker, Arthur R., Commodore ICC, 1990 (Marjorie)	Shournagh Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co Cork. (021 487 0031)	<i>Irish Mist I</i>
* Baker, Marjorie, (2001) (Arthur)	Shournagh Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co Cork. (021 4870031)	
Ballagh, John B, 1998 (Rosemary)	"Camelot", 19 Seafront Road, Cultra, Co Down BT18 0BB. (02890 428335)	<i>Simon Den Danser</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>
Barker, Robert George, 2004 (Patricia)	Karibu Sana, Broomfield, Malahide, Co. Dublin. (01 846 0919)	<i>Alchemist</i>
Barnes, Sean, 1998 (Brioni)	Lynwood, Cunningham Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 8088)	<i>Cu Two</i>
Barnwell, Henry, 1990 (Ivy)	Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 6254)	<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>
Barnwell, Ivy, 1990 (Henry)	Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 6254)	<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>
Barr, Hazel, 1971 (Ronnie)	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 4TB. (028 9181 3369)	<i>Maimoune</i>
Barr, R.G.M., 1973 (Hazel)	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 4TB. (028 9181 3369/Office: 028 9182 0880)	<i>Maimoune</i>
# Barr, Robert, 1969 (Mary)	Heather Lodge, Kerry Mount Avenue, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 289 3269)	<i>Aven</i>
Barrington, Desmond J., 1983 (Helen)	37 Ballinlea Heights, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 5732)	
Barry, Frederick, 1990 (Elaine)	59 Nutley Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4.	
Barry, Hugh, 2004 (Christine)	Clonkellure, Clashavanna, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork. (023 49488)	<i>Black Pepper</i>
* Barry, Mary, 1986 (Paddy)	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (01 280 0820)	
Barry, Paddy, Hon. Editor ICC Annual, 1984 (Mary)	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (01 280 0820)	<i>Ar Seachrán</i>
Barry, Tim, 2001 (Judie)	Innishannon House, Innishannon, Co Cork. (021 477 5333)	<i>Daedalus</i>
Beattie, David, 1999 (Mary)	Abha na gCarad, Derry, Ballymahon, Co. Longford. (090 643 8088/Office: 01 664 4201/Fax: 01 664 4300)	<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. (01 284 0759/Office: 01 867 1888)	
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. (028 9066 8435)	<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>
Blaney, Patrick, 2004 (Camilla)	Castletown, Portroe, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary. (067 23128/Office: 067 23136/Fax: 067 23247)	<i>Maelduin</i>
Bohane, Liam A., 1990 (-)	Hillside, Aghada, Co. Cork. (087 220 2877/Office: 091 876030)	<i>Nina</i>
# Bourke, J. Roger, 1940 (Norma)	Corbiere, Ashbourne Avenue, S. C. Road, Limerick. (061 300671)	<i>Iduna</i>
# Bourke, John P., 1965 (Margaret)	Parkwood, Carrickbrennan Rd., Monkstown, Co Dublin. (01 280 1657/Office: 01 280 1657)	<i>Hobo Six (PO)</i>
Bourke, Dr. Michael Paget, 1975 (-)	Linden, Brighton Rd, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 289 2133)	
Bourke, Philip, 1983 (Ann)	Avon Wood, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 288 7491/Fax: 01 283 6329)	<i>Fiacra</i>
Boyd, Kenneth M., 1987 (Hilary)	Coolbeg, 23 Seafront Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0BB. (028 9042 4422)	<i>Nimrod of Down (PO)</i>
Boyle, Harold C., 2002 (Vivienne)	59 Malone Heights, Belfast, BT9 5PG. (028 90 610896)	<i>Gentle Spirit</i>
Bradley, Brendan, 1980 (Pamela)	Blue Rock, Killough, Kilmacanogue, Co Wicklow. (01 286 9645/Office: 01 456 9444)	
Brady, William, 1985 (Eileen)	Mahonville, Castle Road, Blackrock, Cork. (021 435 7963/Office: 021 455 3042/Fax: 021 455 3048/Office Fax: 021 455 3048)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
Branagan, Michael, 1989 (-)	14 Blackberry Rise, Portmarnock, Co Dublin. (01 846 2554)	
Branigan, Brenda, 1990 (Pat)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandyford, Dublin 18. (01 295 6273)	<i>Maximizar (PO)</i>
Branigan, Patrick M.C., 1982 (Brenda)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandyford, Dublin 18. (01 295 6273/Office: 01 269 6000)	<i>Maximizar (PO)</i>
! Brazil, Donal P., 1990 (Clare)	Killard, John's Hill, Waterford. (051 875636/Fax: 051 874504)	<i>Ruinette (PO) & Kilpatrick (PO)</i>
Breathnach, Maire, 1997 (-)	4 Gate Lodge, Castle Road, Blackrock, Cork. (021 435 7753)	
Brogan, Dr. Michael, 1997 (Laura)	Doctor's Road, Ballyhaunis, Co Mayo. (0907 30992/Office: 0907 30016)	<i>Mac Duach</i>
Brown, Robert, 2004 (Linda)	4 Green Row, Castleward, Strangford, Co. Down BT30 7LR. (028 44 881636)	<i>Sapphira</i>
! Bruen, J. Chris, 1990 (Maureen)	Calypso, Fairy Hill, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 4863510)	<i>Somethin' Brewin'</i>
Bryce, Robert G., 1969 (-)	St Benedicts, Thormanby Road, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 832 2829)	
Buckley, Michael, 2004 (Rosemary)	14, Stillorgan Wood, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (01 288 4938/Office: 01 288 4147/Fax: 01 288 4992)	<i>Barintha</i>
Bunting, Christopher J., 1986 (Claire)	27 Sheep Cottages, Amersham Road, Little Chalfont, Bucks. HP6 6SW. (01494 762907/Office: 0181 966 2491)	
Bunting, Peter J., 1962 (Elaine)	Keeper's House, West Tytherley, Salisbury, SP5 1LY. (01794 341521)	<i>Gauntlet (PO)</i>
Butler, Maurice R., 2000 (Margaret)	274 Sealcliffe Rd, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5HS. (028 9146 5066)	<i>Leemara of Howth (PO)</i>
Butler, Paul, 1987 (Noirin)	32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 288 4393)	<i>Muglins (PO)</i>
Butler, Pierce, 1995 (Vivienne)	Rosenallis, Barnaslingan Lane, Kiltiernan, Dublin 18. (01 295 5166)	<i>Moonshine</i>
Byrne, E. Philip, 1982 (Rosemary)	Sunnydale, 4 Nugent Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14. (01 298 1951)	
Byrne, Harry E. O'C, 1974 (-)	Lismoyle, Coast Road, Malahide, Co Dublin. (01 845 0498)	<i>Alphida of Howth</i>
Cahill, James J, 1978 (Katherine)	Ellison St, Castlebar, Co Mayo. (094 25500)	<i>Ricjak</i>
Casey, Noel, 2001 (Mary)	19 Rostrevor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6. (01 497 9611/Office: 01 604 2977)	
* Casner, Truman, Commodore CCA, (2004) (Cynthia (Cinnie))	54 Fairgreen Place, Chestnut Hill, MA 02467, USA. (/Office: 617 951 7382/Fax: 617 951 7050)	<i>Astral</i>
Cassidy, Brendan, 1982 (-)	Dunluce, Strand Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 2254)	
Cassidy, Liam, 1978 (Vera)	5 St. Helens North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (01 280 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)	Gortead Cottage, 115 Kilrea Road, Upperlands, Co Londonderry, BT46 5SB. (028 7964 2737/Fax: 028 7964 3693)	<i>Agivey (PO)</i>
Clarke, Deirdre, 2002 (-)	Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co Limerick. (061 229035/Office: 087 836 0775)	
! Clarke, Tony, 1985 (Eileen)	Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co Limerick. (061 229035/Office: 061 414852)	<i>Veella</i>
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.	<i>Gold Leaf T</i>
Clow, John W., 1991 (Joan)	Mid Linthills, Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, Scotland, PA12 4DL. (01505 842881)	<i>Capercaillie</i>
Coad, Geoffrey, 1991 (Catherine)	Pine Cottage, Ballinakil, Dunmore Road, Waterford. (051 875651)	<i>Touchstone</i>
Coleman, Michael C., 1988 (Eileen)	Mount Carmel, High Road, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co Cork. (021 4811397)	<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. (01 286 8109)	
Condon, K. Cal, 1988 (Peg)	Montana, Crab Lane, Blackrock, Cork. (021 4294165/Office: 021 4543102)	<i>Mashona</i>
Conlon, Jimmy, 1996 (Kathleen)	9 Avondale Crescent, Killiney, Co. Dublin. (01 235 1869)	
Connor, Brendan J., 1980 (-)	Unit 14, Kinsealy Business Park, Malahide, Co Dublin. (087 255 4013)	
! Conway, Leo, 1991 (Phil)	Windrush, Killiney Road, Co Dublin. (01 285 1870)	<i>Delphin</i>
# Cooke, K. L., 1959 (-)	Salia, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 2348)	<i>Kumaree</i>
Cooke, Tom, 1996 (Stephanie)	Fortal, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 5797/Office: 01 667 0685)	<i>Sandy Ways</i>
Cooper, Paul D., 1983 (-)	3 Bayside Park East, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 4289)	
Corbally, Bernard H. C., 1984 (Erica)	Gilspear, Kilmacanogue, Co Wicklow. (01 286 3261)	<i>Beowulf (PO)</i>
Costello, Walter F., 1980 (-)	11 Blenheim Street, Queens Park, NSW 2022, Australia. (/Office: 00 61 2 9248 5901)	
Cotter-Murphy, Maeve, 2000 (Patrick)	Hop Island, Rochestown, Cork. (021 4894161/Office: 021 4272783)	<i>Setanta</i>
Courtney, Peter, 1982 (Helena)	Seamount, Balscadden Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 2008)	<i>Oona</i>
Craughwell, Michael, 1997 (Anne)	39 Threadneedle Rd., Salthill, Galway. (091 52118/Office: 091 568222)	<i>The Orchestra</i>
Crebbin, John F., 1992 (Jennifer)	3 Eaton Brae, Corbawn Lane, Shankill, Co Dublin. (01 282 4468)	<i>Alannah</i>
Crisp, Graham D, 2000 (Patricia)	5 Percy Place, Dublin 4. (01 668 1560)	<i>Euphazel</i>
Cronin, Kevin, 2003 (Suzanne)	13 Grange Park, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 289 5102)	
# Crosbie, T. E., 1957 (-)	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork. (021 4501963/Office: 021 4272722)	<i>Excuse Me</i>
Cross, Dan, 1986 (Jill)	Woodhouse, Aghamarta, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 4831521)	<i>Ocean Sapphire (PO)</i>
Crowley, Peter D, 2001 (Marie)	47 Lindville, Blackrock Road, Cork. (021 4916747/Office: 021 432 2444)	<i>Spartime</i>
Cudmore, Anne L, 1979 (Ronald)	Aghowle Upper, Ashford, Co Wicklow. (0404 49925)	
Cudmore, Brian, 1966 (Eleanor)	"Cloudhill". Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 489 3625/Fax: 021 489 3625)	<i>Ann Again (PO)</i>
Cudmore, Denis, 1986 (Brid)	The Anchorage, Harbour View, Kilbrittain, Co Cork. (023 49665)	<i>Auretta II</i>
! Cudmore, Eleanor, 1997 (Brian)	Cloudhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 489 3625)	<i>Ann Again (PO)</i>
Cudmore, Fred Jnr, 1966 (-)	Ocean Approach, Myrtleville, Co Cork. (021 4831541)	
Cudmore, Harold, 1959 (Lauren)	4 Queen's Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight, PO31 8BQ. (44 1983 280466/Fax: 44 1983 291771)	
Cudmore, Dr John, 1977 (Aideen)	6 The Garden Village, Talbots Inch, Kilkenny. (056 7765838)	<i>Setanta</i>
Cudmore, Justin R, 1966 (Kate)	Southcourt, South Douglas Road, Cork. (021 4892242/Office: 021 4274019)	<i>Toirse</i>
Cudmore, Peter F, 1966 (Claire)	18 Willowmere, Rochestown Road, Cork. (021 4364257/Office: 021 4503726)	<i>Oneiro</i>
! Cudmore, Ronald, Hon. Secretary, ICC, 1964 (Anne)	Aghowle Upper, Ashford, Co. Wicklow. (0404 49925/Fax: 0404 49925)	
Cullen, Maurice, 1971 (Elizabeth)	"Grianblah", Palmerston Park, Dublin 6. (01 497 7002)	
Cullen, Peter C., 1999 (Kerri)	Tedburn, Claremont Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin. (01 285 2774/Office: 01 230 0711)	<i>Koala (PO)</i>
Cullen, Stephen, 2001 (Maryvonne)	5 Montevella, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 284 8098/Office: 01 285 6906)	<i>Fearic</i>
Cunnane, Jarlath J, 1988 (Madeline)	"Terra Nova", Spencer Park, Castlebar, Co Mayo. (094 9025231)	<i>Northabout</i>
Cunningham, Dr John, 1998 (Patricia)	Bridge House, Tuam, Co Galway. (093 24155)	
Currie, Christopher, 2004 (Susan)	3 Glendhu Manor, Belfast BT4 2 RJ. (028 90 806366/Office: 028 90 551607/Fax: 028 90 551608)	
Currie, John D., 1985 (Wendy)	4 Shore Street, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0DG.	<i>Carna</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
Curtain, Dr. W. Andrew, 1971 (Helen)	"Riverview", 47 Sundays Well Rd., Cork. (021 4393862/Office: 021 4342080)	<i>Pilgrim Soul</i>
Curtin, J. Leonard, 1993 (Mary)	Springmount, Carrigrohane, Co Cork. (021 4871508/Office: 021 4545222)	<i>Karena</i>
# Dalton, Brian, 1967 (Lise)	89 Rockport Shores, Rockport, ME 04856, USA. (207 596 2959)	
# D'Alton, Michael M. A., 1956 (-)	Kilda Lodge, St. George's Ave., Killiney, Co Dublin.	<i>Siamsa (PO)</i>
Daly, Dominic J., 1968 (-)	Pembroke House, Pembroke Street, Cork. (021 4505965/Office: 021 4277399)	
Daly, John E., 1990 (Marion)	The Glade, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 4362833/Office: 021 4277911)	<i>Wave Dancer</i>
Davis, Helen J., 1980 (Samuel)	8 Glenmachan Drive, Belfast, BT4 2RE. (028 9076 1417/Office: 028 9754 1294)	<i>Jacana</i>
Davis, Samuel M., 1980 (Helen)	8 Glenmachan Drive, Belfast, BT4 2RE. (028 9076 1417/Office: 028 9754 1294)	<i>Jacana</i>
# Deane, Douglas, 1965 (Liz)	Churchbay, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 4831002)	
* Deignan, Owen M., (1999) (Terry)	72 St. Lawrence Rd, Clontarf, Dublin 3. (01 833 9594)	
Delamer, David, 1994 (-)	Baily Cottages, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 839 3634)	
Devenney, E. K., 1973 (-)	4 Vernon Park, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 4PH. (028 9146 1410)	<i>Moonshadow</i>
Dick, J.R. William, 1971 (Heather)	Redboy, Blessington, Co Wicklow. (045 65233)	
Dickinson, William B., 1979 (Elizabeth)	2 Victoria Terrace, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JB. (028 9146 8772)	<i>Tertia of Lymington</i>
Doherty, Anne, 2000 (-)	Castlebar Road, Westport, Co Mayo. (098 28607/Office: 098 26633)	<i>Coco</i>
Donegan, James D., 1983 (Deirdre)	Carrigmore, Glounthaune, Co Cork. (021 4353137/Office: 021 4277155)	<i>Mischief</i>
Donovan, Gerald, 2004 (Barbara)	The Orchard, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork. (021 477 3033/Office: 021 477 3033/Fax: 021 477 3221)	<i>Winterlude</i>
Doonan, Francesca, 1988 (Paul)	Boothill, Durrus, Co Cork.	
Doonan, Paul S., 1986 (Francesca)	Boothill, Durrus, Co Cork.	
Dooney, Martin, 2000 (-)	Greenstones Hall, Glandore, Co Cork. (028 33271/Office: 087 280 7186)	<i>Rambler</i>
Doran, John, 1997 (Anna)	Drisoge, Baily, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 1709/Office: 01 830 9533)	<i>Moonstruck</i>
Doyle, D. Conor, 1966 (Mareta)	C/o D.F. Doyle Ltd, 1 Connell Street, Cork. (021 4772348/Office: 021 4275235)	
Doyle, Frank, 1966 (-)	17 Barnstead Drive, Church Road, Blackrock, Cork. (Office: 021 4275235)	
* Drew, Robert E., (1997) (Mindy)	47 Fair Street, Guilford, CT 06437, USA. (203 453 5474/Office: 203 623 1933/Fax: 203 453 2028)	<i>Knight Hawke</i>
du Plessis, Hugo, 1978 (-)	29 Greenway Close, Lymington, Hampshire SO41 9JJ. (01590 673631)	<i>Samharcin an Iar</i>
Duffin, Nicholas S. R., 1990 (Andrena)	11 Grey Point, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co Down, BT19 1LE. (028 918 52688)	<i>Rathlin</i>
Duggan, John P., 1986 (-)	Edificio "As Caravelas", Rua Dr. Eduardo Neves., 9-6., 1069-053 Lisboa, Portugal. (01 791 4000)	
# Dunn, Aidan, 1963 (-)	2 Nutley Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4. (01 269 1158/Office: 01 283 8947)	<i>Eblana</i>
Dunphy, T. Austin, 1990 (-)	Sealawn, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 2853)	<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>
Dwyer, David M., 1993 (-)	32 Radcliffe, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 4910)	<i>Medi-Mode (PO)</i>
Dwyer, Kevin F., 1966 (Fiona)	Blue Cottage, Ballycrenane, Cloyne, Co. Cork.	
Dyke, Stanley W., 1965 (-)	Benwell, Crosthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 280 7918)	
England, Liz, 1967 (Fred)	Eastwood, Donaldson's Brae, Killeeggan, Dunbartonshire, Scotland G84 0LA. (01436 842175)	<i>One Timee</i>
Ennis, Francis, 2002 (Orla)	Green Ivies, Thormanby Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 3287/Office: 01 817 1650)	<i>Hideaway</i>
Escott, William P. (Perry), 1980 (Pat)	70 Thornleigh Gardens, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 4NP. (028 9146 1881)	<i>Wheesh</i>
Espey, Fred J. K., 1978 (-)	4 Myrtle Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 280 5160)	<i>Hibernia (PO)</i>
Eves, Alastair R. W., 1984 (Janet)	"Mariveg", 32A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 3RD. (028 9146 9838)	<i>Zanf</i>
Eves, F. Maitland, M.B.E., 1967 (Eva)	Loughside Farm, 57 Ringdufferin Road, Toye, Downpatrick, Co Down BT30 9PH. (028 4482 8923)	<i>Cephas</i>
Eves, Jeremy R. F., 1975 (Heather)	30A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 3RD. (028 9127 0460/Office: 028 9145 4344)	
Eves, Roland E., 1982 (Elizabeth)	Carrig-Gorm, 27 Bridge Road, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co Down BT19 1TS. (028 9185 3680)	<i>Lutanda</i>
Fannin, Robert J., 1981 (-)	48 Lodore Road, Fishponds, Bristol BS16 2DH.	
Fasenfeld, George, 1997 (-)	3 Elgin Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4. (01 660 9488/Office: 01 660 3255)	<i>Wild Bird</i>
Faulkner, Sir Dennis J., C.B.E., D.L., 1960 (-)	Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 6TU. (028 9754 1114)	<i>Kariat</i>
Fergus, Sean G., 1985 (Karen)	"Abbingdon", 56 Grosvenor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6. (01 496 5653)	<i>Estrellita</i>
Fernie, Peter J, 2002 (Louise)	Tawin Island, Maree, Oranmore, Galway. (091 794350/Office: 091 790693)	
Fielding, Christine M., 1971 (Raymond)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 484 1428)	
Fielding, Dr. Raymond J., 1956 (Christine)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 484 1428)	
Fisher, J.D.F., 1969 (Susan)	Rathurret, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RX. (028 4177 3667)	
FitzGerald, Aodhan, 2001 (Zoe)	Glens South, Dingle, Co Kerry. (066 915 1540)	
# FitzGerald, C. J., 1944 (-)	28 Richmond, Blackrock Road, Cork. (021 4292210/Office: 021 4270095)	<i>Mandalay</i>
FitzGerald, David H. B., 1966 (-)	The Quay, Kinvara, Co Galway. (091 637290)	<i>White Heather</i>
! FitzGerald, Grainne, 1993 (Chris)	78 Whitworth Road, Drumcondra, Dublin 9. (Office: 01 449 6073)	<i>Mountain Mist (PO)</i>
Fitzgerald, Jack J., 1986 (-)	27 Hyde Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin. (01 285 0490)	
Fitzpatrick, Thomas J., 1985 (Mary)	Kincora, Deerpark, Howth Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 5554/Office: 01 660 9566)	<i>Boojum</i>
Flanagan, Dr. Jack, 1980 (Eta)	7 Offington Avenue, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 5277)	<i>Rockabill III (PO)</i>
Fletcher, Gillian, 1996 (-)	12 Greenmount Square, Dublin 12. (01 453 1612)	
Flood, Sean, 1994 (Joan)	Roskeen, Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 832 3188/Office: 01 295 3333)	<i>Rhapsody</i>
Flowers, Maurice H., 1983 (-)	42B Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (028 9146 5157)	<i>White Hatter</i>
Foote, Thomas S., 1996 (Hilary)	"The Moorings", Tonabrocky, Bushy Park, Galway. (091 522833)	<i>Picnic</i>
Forde, John B., 1990 (-)	Elmford, Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork. (021 4291299)	<i>Roaring Water</i>
Fowler, Robert J., 1969 (Tiggy)	Mont Alto House, Sorrento Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 8529)	<i>Cadenza</i>
Freeman, F. David, 1986 (Valerie)	Knollycroft, Coliemore Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 9439/Office: 01 676 0261)	<i>Twocan</i>
Furney, Sarah, 2004 (John)	82 Ward Ave., Bangor, N. Ireland, BT20 5HX. (028 9146 2067/Fax: 028 9146 2067)	
Gallagher, Benignus N., 1980 (Mary)	4 Carrickbrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 3755)	<i>Sparkle</i>
Gallagher, Dr. Jack, 1992 (Meg)	Weir House, Woodstown, Co Waterford.	<i>Ruinette (PO) & Natian (PO)</i>
Gallagher, Patrick, 2000 (Kathleen)	Seskin West, Bantry, Co Cork. (027 50128/Office: 028 28400)	<i>Muirneog</i>
Garrard, Natascha, 1990 (Simon)	The Shack, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 833 3670)	
Geldof, Robert, 1968 (-)	18 Crosthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 280 42633)	
Gibson, Richard Y., 1992 (Sue)	Kimberley, Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 4831408)	<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)	
Glaser, Dr. Otto E., 1972 (Patricia)	Thalassa, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 832 4797)	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
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 (Maggie)	Drumadaragh House, Ballyclare, Co Antrim, BT39 0TA. (028 9334 0222/Office: 028 9334 0422)	
# Glover, Dr. W. E., 1961 (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 4774189/Office: 021 4274236)	<i>Elixir</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 4772390/Office: 021 4772300)	
Gore-Grimes, Anthony, 1978 (Katharine)	Roxboro, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 832 2449/Office: 01 872 9299)	<i>Dux</i>
* Gore-Grimes, John, 1973 (1990) (Katie)	Shack, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 832 3670/Office: 01 872 9299)	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
Gray, C. Peter, 1980 (Susan)	45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 3911)	<i>Waxwing (PO)</i>
Gray, Susan D., 1990 (Peter)	45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 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. (01 832 3731/Office: 01 839 1586)	
# Guinness, A. Peter, 1963 (Sue)	Toad Hall, Little Missenden, Amersham, Bucks. HP7 0RD. (1494 862322)	
Guinness, Ian R., 1979 (Mary-Paula)	Censure House, Ceanchor Road, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 846 4088)	<i>Hera</i>
Guinness, M. Jennifer, 1966 (-)	Censure House, Ceanchor Rd., Baily, Co Dublin. (01 832 3123/Fax: 01 839 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 (-)	The Cider House, Belmont Farm, Hatch Beauchamp, Taunton, Somerset TA3 6AA. (01823 480877)	<i>Baily of Howth</i>
Hand, Frank, 1985 (-)	Pf. 19 Strassganger Str 207, 8028 Graz, Austria. (00 43 316253626)	
Harris-Barke, Michael L., 2001 (Marie)	Mizzen Cottage, Chapel Pass, Blackrock, Dundalk, Co Louth. (042 932 2100)	<i>Aeolus</i>
Harte, Edward D., 1969 (-)	Glencar, High Street, Schull, Co Cork.	
Hawthorn, George S. N., 1985 (-)	4 Carnesure Mews, Comber, Co Down BT23 5TA. (028 9187 4489/Office: 028 9754 1774)	<i>Fidem III</i>
Hayes, J. Colin, 1992 (Freda)	"Woodley", Rochestown Road, Cork. (021 4891948/Office: 01 670 0633)	<i>Saoirse of Cork</i>
# Heard, Ruth, 1967 (-)	Stone Cottage, Claremont Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 2258)	<i>Arcady</i>
Hegarty, Betty, 1986 (Brian)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13. (01 832 3421)	<i>Oleander of Howth (PO)</i>
# Hegarty, Brian, 1957 (Betty)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13. (01 832 3421)	<i>Oleander of Howth (PO)</i>
# Hegarty, Dermot, 1959 (-)	30 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 4080/Office: 01 649 2000)	
Hegarty, Neil, 1990 (Angela)	6 North Mall, Cork. (021 430 0807/Office: 021 4962027)	<i>Shelduck</i>
Hegarty, Paul M., 2002 (Nualla)	38 Henry Street, Cork. (021 425 4493/Office: 021 455 0322)	
Hill, Eric A. G., 1995 (Margaret)	164 Glenageary Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (285 4310)	
Hill, Dr. Michael J., 1980 (Isobel)	86 Rashee Road, Ballyclare, Co Antrim, BT39 9HT.	<i>Juffra</i>
Hilliard, Clifford E., 1961 (June)	Araglen, Proby Square, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 283 6760/Office: 021 452 2180)	<i>Nancy</i>
* Hogan, Peter St. J., (1993) (-)	153 Strand Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4. (01 260 1233)	
Horan, Paddy, 1998 (Maria)	21 Fairyfield, Parteen, Co Clare. (061 340831/Office: 061 361757)	<i>Doran Glas</i>
# Horsman, Henry F., 1952 (-)	Westwind, Raheen, Arklow, Co Wicklow. (0402 39804)	
Hosford, W. K., 1974 (-)	Rockcliff House, Blackrock, Cork. (021 4291009)	
Hughes, Anne E., 2003 (-)	169 Ballylesson Road, Belfast BT8 8JU.	
Hughes, John W., 2002 (Helga)	1 Rannoch Road, Holywood, Co Down BT18 0NA. (028 90 42 4640/Office: 028 90 79 9393)	
# Hunt, C. K., 1963 (Poppy)	Bawnavota, Summercove, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 4772534)	
Hutcheson, Thomas C., 1990 (-)	18 Chaine Memorial Road, Lame, Co Antrim, BT40 1AD. (028 2827 7284/Office: 028 9086 4331)	<i>Tieveara</i>
Hutchinson, Alan, 1991 (Maureen)	27 Glenbroom Park, Jordanstown, Newtownabbey, Co Antrim, BT37 0RL. (028 9086 3629)	<i>Suaeda</i>
Irvine, Terry, 2002 (Yvonne)	23 Seskin Avenue, Straid, Ballyclare, Co Antrim BT39 9LG. (028 93 352109)	<i>Stealaway</i>
Irwin, John, 1982 (Diane)	12 Spires Crescent, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6UQ. (028 9754 2801)	<i>Dundrum</i>
Jameson, Kieran J., 1998 (Daire)	23 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 839 0649)	<i>Changeling (PO)</i>
Johnson, Terence C., 1960 (-)	Frazerbank, Strathmore Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 1439)	<i>Nyabo</i>
Johnston, Denis B., 1979 (Margaret)	Kilburn, 33 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0PD. (028 9188 3951)	<i>Trininga</i>
Johnston, Guy B., 1995 (Helen)	8 Leeson Park Avenue, Dublin 6. (01 636 2000/Office: 01 676 7666/Fax: 01 678 4001)	<i>Sirikit III</i>
Jones, David, 2003 (Patricia)	26 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 839 1210)	<i>Rosemary</i>
Kavanagh, Gerald P., 1980 (Ann)	11 Redford Rise, Redford Park, Greystones, Co Wicklow. (01 287 2476)	<i>Grand Slam (PO)</i>
Kavanagh, Liam F., 1994 (Elizabeth)	Kaduna, Maryborough Hill, Douglas, Cork. (021 4893560/Office: 021 4274461)	<i>Voyageuse</i>
Kean, Norman, 1991 (Geraldine)	Burren, Kilbrittan, Co Cork. (023 46891)	<i>Xanadu (PO)</i>
Keane, Barry, 1975 (Brenda)	55 Wyvern, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 5569)	<i>Elysium (PO)</i>
Keating, John E., 2003 (Ann)	'Carinya', 69 Abbeyview, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 477 4613/Office: 021 436 2506)	<i>'O mare E Tu</i>
Keatinge, Hilary J., 1996 (William)	3 Alexandra Road, Lymington, Hants S041 9HB. (01590 672426/Fax: 01590 670561)	<i>Rafiki (PO)</i>
Keatinge, William D., 1988 (Hilary)	3 Alexandra Road, Lymington, Hants, SO41 9HB. (01590 672426/Fax: 01590 670561)	<i>Rafiki (PO)</i>
Kellett, William P., 1999 (Pam)	8 Elizabeth Court, Mystic, CT 06355, USA. (860-572-7788)	<i>Jura (PO)</i>
Kelliher, E. Brenda, 1983 (-)	157 Ridgeway Circle, Arnold, MD 21012-2433, USA. (1 410 349 1822)	
Kenefick, Neil G., 1985 (Iris)	"Waterside", Corrabinn, Co Cork. (021 437 8024/Office: 021 489 2813)	<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)	<i>Tosca V</i>
Kenny, Brian P., 1997 (Anne)	"Alderbrooke", Ballard, Tralee, Co Kerry. (066 712 6590/Office: 066 712 1426/Fax: 066 712 7827)	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>
Kenworthy, Marilyn, 1990 (-)	2 Brandon Lodge, Mount Ovel, Rochestown, Cork. (021 436 1860)	<i>Flica</i>
Kidney, John, 1991 (Zsuzi)	Caragh, Gordon Avenue, Foxrock, Co Dublin.	<i>Merette</i>
Kidney, Noel J., 1986 (Rita)	Littlefield, Glencullen Road, Kilternan, Co Dublin. (01 294 2053/Office: 01 618 2400)	
Kilgrew, Cyril L., 1995 (Ann)	Rushanes, Glandore, Co Cork. (028 33446)	<i>Juno</i>
Kilkenny, Joseph A., 1971 (-)	The Hatch, Gray's Lane, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 3442)	<i>Moonshadow (PO)</i>
Killen, Peter R., 1994 (Beverly)	3 Killeen Terrace, Malahide, Co Dublin. (01 845 3019/Office: 01 616 2212)	<i>Pure Magic</i>
Kilroy, Howard E., 1989 (-)	Rarc an Ilan, 22 Colemore Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 284 0952)	
King, Heather R., 1989 (-)	The Cabin, Rathdown Road, Greystones, Co Wicklow. (01 287 4944)	<i>Seareign</i>
* King, Cdr W., DSO*DSC. RN. Retd., (1987) (-)	Oranmore Castle, Oranmore, Co Galway.	
Kirby, Myles, 2004 (-)	72 Marlborough Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4. (Office: 01 678 9089)	
Kirby, Tom, 1971 (Eileen)	Park Road, Clogheen, Clonakilty, Co Cork. (023 33553/Office: 023 33240)	<i>Yami-Yami</i>

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Knatchbull, Michael W., 1986 (Rhona)	Gambles Lodge, Upper Mountown, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 280 1420)	
Knatchbull, Patrick W., 1999 (Mary)	16 Seafront Road, Cultra, Co Down BT18 0BB. (028 9042 2240)	<i>Murlough</i>
Lantry, Seamus, 1990 (Eileen)	3 Fr Mathew Street, Cork. (/Office: 021 4270789)	<i>William Tell of Uri</i>
Larkin, Frank J., 1982 (Caroline)	San Jose, North Circular Road, Limerick. (061 453267/Office: 061 361555)	
Laurence, Dr. David T., 1975 (Madeleine)	31 Sutherland Avenue, Jacobs Well, Guildford, Surrey, GU4 7QX. (01483 539876/Office: 01483 594264)	
Lavelle, Pat, 1991 (-)	30 The Green, College Road, Galway. (091 67707/Office: 091 57707)	<i>Colla Voce</i>
Law, J. Brian, 1975 (Rosemary)	Cherry Hill, Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 6PR. (028 9754 1386/Office: 028 9266 7317)	<i>Ocean Blue</i>
Layng, Capt. Brian, 1988 (Joann)	51 Corr Castle, Howth, Dublin 13. (01 832 4104)	<i>Leigh Mary</i>
Lee, Adrian F., 1992 (Irina)	17 Wellington Place, Dublin 4. (01 667 8012)	<i>Trisha</i>
# Lee, Reginald, 1961 (Denise)	Sydney Lodge, 93 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 288 9486)	
* Lennane, Sue M., Hon. Sec. RCC, 2004 (2004) (Stephen)	Orchard House, Gunton Park, Hanworth, Norfolk NR11 7HJ, UK.	
Leonard, Alan G., 1964 (Elizabeth)	28 Knockdene Park South, Belfast, BT5 7AB. (028 9065 3162)	<i>Ariadne</i>
Ley, Angela, 1986 (John)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JW. (028 9145 4937)	<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>
Ley, John E., 1986 (Angela)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JW. (028 9145 4937)	<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>
Lindsay-Fynn, Nigel, 2003 (Heleen)	Lee Ford, Budleigh Salterton, Devon EX9 7AJ. (1395 443632/Office: 1395 445894)	<i>Eleanda</i>
Long, Norman, 1991 (Kay)	20 Mapas Avenue, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 9847)	
Love, Betty, 1992 (Clayton)	Waterpark House, Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 451 2611)	
Love, Clayton Jnr., 1971 (Betty)	Waterpark House, Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 451 2611)	<i>Royal Tara & Jap</i>
Lovegrove, Richard V., 1981 (Heather)	"Corrig", Convent Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 9782/Office: 01 677 0335)	<i>Lady Avilon (PO)</i>
Lovett, Dermot, 1995 (Margaret)	High Water, Coast Road, Fountainstown, Co Cork. (021 483 2142/Office: 021 429 3604)	<i>Lonehort</i>
Lovett, Raymond, 2002 (Mary)	Southcliffe, Lovers Walk, Montenotte, Cork. (021 450 0797/Office: 021 427 1971)	<i>Belladonna</i>
# Luke, Derek, 1959 (-)	Seafield, Ballure Road, Ramsey, Isle of Man IM8 1NL.	
Lusty, Trevor, 2004 (-)	The Annex, 21, Ringdufferin Road, Toye, Downpatrick, co. Down BT30 9PH. (028 4482 8255/Office: 07803 020888)	<i>Sorcha of Down</i>
Lynch, Brian R., 1988 (Onora)	Geevagh Lodge, 85 Devon Park, Salthill, Galway. (091 522214/Office: 091 563131)	<i>Ionion</i>
Lynch, Donal, 1996 (Sheila)	"Clara", Orchard Road, Cork. (021 4542826/Office: 021 4545333)	<i>Melisande (PO)</i>
Lyons, Pat, 2004 (Ann)	Fairwinds, 3 Riverview Terrace, Glenbrook, Co. Cork. (021 484 1085/Office: 021 486 3275/Fax: 021 486 3275)	<i>Stardancer (PO)</i>
Lyster, W. Bruce, 1985 (-)	Huckleberry, Knocknackee Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 2620)	<i>Caprice</i>
# Macken, J. J., 1949 (-)	White House, Dalkey Avenue, Co Dublin. (01 285 9585)	
! MacMahon, Gary, Rear Commodore, 1992 (Michelle)	Analore House, St Nessans Road, Dooradoyle, Limerick. (061 227778/Office: 061 400620)	
* MacMahon, Michelle, 2004 (Gary)	Analore House, St. Nessans Rd., Dooradoyle, Limerick. (061 227778)	
! MacManus, Brian, Hon. Treasurer, 1999 (Heather)	Shelmalier, Victoria Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 284 7724/Office: 01 603 5361/Fax: 01 662 8956)	<i>Voyager</i>
* MacManus, Heather, (2002) (Brian)	Shelmalier, Victoria Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 284 7724)	
Magee, John R., 1990 (Mary Lou)	c/o James Cahill, Ellison Street, Castlebar, Co Mayo. (401 245 6400/Office: 401 351 6000)	<i>Sea Fox</i>
! Magennis, Conna, 1975 (Geraldine)	Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RU. (028 4177 2237)	<i>Starfire</i>
Magowan, Terence D., 2004 (Mary)	26 Aghnadore Rd., Broughshane, Co. Antrim BT42 4QB. (028 25 861266/Office: 028 25 639399/Fax: 028 25 639398)	<i>Mairi</i>
Malcolm, John, 1991 (-)	Willow Cottage, Langley Upper Green, Essex, CB11 4RU. (01799 550884/Office: 01279 658412)	
Malone, John, 2000 (-)	Glenavan, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co. Cork.	
Markey, Jimmy, 1984 (Marie)	18 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 2906)	
Marrow, John C., 2001 (Angela)	237 Seapark, Malahide, Co Dublin. (01 845 2003)	<i>Chardonnay</i>
Martin, Clive C., 1978 (Mary)	3, The Ticket, Hainault Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 289 3565)	<i>Lindos</i>
# Martin, F. Derek, 1954 (Oonagh)	Woodley, Eaton Brae, Shankill, Co Dublin. (01 282 4457)	<i>Lively Lady</i>
Martin, J. Kenneth, 1982 (-)	Greenwood, Brighton Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 289 3981)	<i>Jaded</i>
Massey, John, 1992 (Susan)	7 Glencarraig, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 5636/Office: 01 864 9002)	<i>New Moon</i>
Maxwell, Cdr. RN J. David, 1982 (Carolyn)	50 Old Court, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co Down, BT30 7NG. (028 4488 1205)	
McAnaney, Eugene, 1975 (-)	18 Willowfield Park, Goatstown, Dublin 14. (01 298 2381)	
McAuley, F. D., MCh. D.O.M.S., 1961 (-)	45 Upper Leeson Street, Dublin 4. (01 660 4580)	
McAuliffe, Philip, 2001 (Sheila)	2 Kiltegan Lawn, Rochestown Rd, Cork. (021 489 1054)	
McBride, Edward D., 1970 (-)	14 Sutton Grove, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 5527)	
McCann, Jack, 1999 (Moya)	Boroondara, Gortacleva, Bushy Park, Galway. (091 526691/Office: 091 568353)	<i>Mary Lee</i>
McCarter, Andy, 2000 (Paddy)	Carnamaddy, Burt, Co Donegal. (077 68697)	<i>Gwili 3</i>
McCarthy, Francis, 1985 (Foinnuala)	3 Ardbrack Hts, Kinsale, Co Cork. (/Office: 021 4277338)	<i>Atlantic Islander</i>
McClement, Donal J., 1983 (-)	7 Sunset Court, Ballinrea Road, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 437 5638/Office: 021 483 1161)	
McConnell, John H., 1965 (-)	Breeoge, Ardmhuire Park, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (/Office: 01 781 544)	
# McConnell, Maimie T., 1959 (-)	27 Knocknacree Park, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 8725/Fax: 01 284 0822)	<i>Kala</i>
McConnell, Stafford C., 1971 (Mariana)	Killaloe, Co Clare. (061 376908)	<i>Marula</i>
McCormack, Paget J., 1991 (Andrea)	24 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 288 4382/Office: 01 872 5566)	<i>Saki</i>
McCormack, Sean, 1990 (-)	15 The Avenue, Woodpark, Ballinteer, Dublin 16. (01 298 4120/Office: 01 836 4399)	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
McElligott, Liam, 2002 (Anne)	6 Monaskeha, Clonlara, Co Clare. (061 354194/Office: 061 316833)	<i>Storm Boy</i>
McFerran, Neil V., 1965 (-)	65 Marlborough Pk S, Belfast BT9 6HS. (02890 667208/Office: 02890 272115)	<i>Whitefire</i>
McGettigan, Alan E., 2003 (Natalie)	Ard Sonas House, Torca Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 8321)	<i>Wolfhound</i>
McGlade, Patrick P., 2003 (Olga)	Ballinvoultig, Waterfall, near Cork, Co Cork. (021 488 5286/Office: 021 432 8240)	<i>Sabrone</i>
! McGonagle, Barbara, 1981 (-)	Carrigoona, Ceannchor Road, Baily, Co. Dublin. (01 832 2823)	
* McHenry, Barbara, (1993) (Cormac)	8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14. (01 288 4733)	
! McHenry, Cormac P., Vice Commodore, 1980 (Barbara)	8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14. (01 288 4733)	<i>Island Life</i>
McKean, William W., 1986 (Rosemary)	27 Fotheringay Road, Glasgow, G41 4NL. (0141 423 6370)	<i>Solta</i>
McKee, Michael, 1962 (Anne)	52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (028 9147 2692)	<i>Carragheen</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
McKenna, David C., 1964 (-)	G 102 Marina Bay Homes, Aisaworld City, Paranaque, Manila 1703, Philippines. (63-2-879-8166/Fax: 63-2-879-3339)	<i>Rapparee II</i>
# McKinley, Fergus, 1953 (-)	Beechfield, Sydney Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 288 8376)	
McKinney, John J., 1975 (-)	3 Balally Drive, Dundrum, Dublin 16. (01 295 6305/Office: 01 497 8490)	<i>Zubenubi (PO)</i>
McMahon, Brendan, 1988 (-)	Moyarta, North Circular Road, Limerick. (061 453934)	<i>Salar</i>
McMillan, Alastair M., 1968 (-)	Treborth, Corbridge, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 4042)	
McMordie, H. M., 1972 (-)	Avenue Cottage, Old Court, Downpatrick, Co Down BT30 7NG. (028 4488 1356)	<i>Anolis</i>
McMullen, Colin P., 1975 (Alison)	31 Oakdene, Ballinclea Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 2630/Office: 01 289 3941)	
Meade, Eamon, 1992 (Olivia)	Fiddown, Piltown, Co Kilkenny. (051 643311/Office: 051 855034)	<i>Mouflon</i>
Meagher, Niall, 1992 (-)	Gleann na Greine, Naas, Co Kildare. (045 897728)	<i>Zuben'ubi (PO)</i>
# Mellon, D. E., M.D., 1947 (-)	Glaslaken, Bunclody, Co Wexford. (054 76103)	
Menton, James F., 1986 (Margaret)	Tuskarville, Ballylucas, Ballymurn, Co Wexford. (053 38965)	<i>Caranja</i>
Metcalfe, Peter, 1989 (-)	Harrysgarden, V. Virestad, 231 91, Trelleborg, Sweden.	
Michael, Robert S., 2004 (Rose)	Everest, Grove Rd., Malahide, Co. Dublin. (01 845 0280/Office: 01 855 6000/Fax: 01 855 6011)	<i>Mystique of Malahide</i>
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. (01 285 4317)	
Monson, Roderick G., 1983 (Valerie)	2 Castlehill Road, Stormont, Belfast, BT4 3GL. (028 9065 6051)	<i>Family's Pride</i>
Monson, Ross S, 2001 (-)	2 Castlehill Road, Belfast, BT4 3GL. (028 90656051/Office: 07718 907735)	
Moore, John S., 1985 (-)	C/o Ulster Cruising School, The Marina, Carrickfergus, Co Antrim, BT38 8BE. (028 9336 6680/Office: 028 9336 8818)	
Moore, Nelson J, 2001 (-)	Oakwood Farm, Rochestown, Cork.	
Moore, Sam, 2001 (Lily)	5 The Rookery, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 6SY. (028 9754 2433)	<i>Narnia</i>
Moran, Desmond, 1991 (-)	Stephen House, Stephen Street, Sligo. (071 42886)	
# Morck, Patricia C., 1962 (Peter)	Lowertown, Schull, Co Cork.	
Morehead, Peter, 2004 (Eleanor)	2, Glandore Villas, Blackrock, Cork. (021 435 9989/Office: 021 463 1821/Fax: 021 463 1602)	<i>Giggles</i>
# Morehead, R., 1950 (-)	Leeward, Marina, Blackrock, Cork. (021 4357714)	
Morrison, Hugh F., 1997 (Sue)	"Ambleburn", Broom Rd., Newton Mearns, Glasgow, G77 5DN. (0141 639 3639)	<i>Quaila</i>
Morrissey, Donal, 1982 (Brenda)	Clarenbridge House, Clarenbridge, Co Galway. (091 796306)	<i>Joggernaut (PO) & Rebound (PO)</i>
Morrow, Ian, 2002 (Helen)	Ballylin, Ramelton, Co. Donegal. (074 51268)	<i>Genesis of Drumbuoy (PO)</i>
# Morton, Admiral Sir Anthony GBE, KCB, 1970 (-)	Flat 6, Amhurst, 90 St Cross Road, Winchester, Hants SO23 9PX. (01962 56393)	<i>Lamorna III</i>
Mulhern, James, 1958 (-)	Struan Hill, Delgany, Co Wicklow. (01 287 4785)	
Mullins, Peter J. D., 1971 (-)	1625 S.E. 10th Avenue, Apt 710, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316, USA. (954 462 6945/Office: 954 695 7509)	
Murphy, John W., 2004 (Katherine)	4 Prospect Villas, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co. Cork. (021 481 3797/Office: 021 431 4155/Fax: 021 431 4264)	
Nairn, George E., 1980 (Peggy)	3 St Helen's North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (01 280 8765)	
Nairn, W Stuart, 1987 (Janet)	The Penthouse, Point Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 483 1859)	<i>Maximum (PO)</i>
Nicholson, David, 1980 (Joan)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 484 2160)	<i>White Shadow</i>
Nicholson, Eddie, 2004 (Susie)	Cuan D'Or, Harbour View, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork. (023 49807/Office: 021 427 3000/Fax: 021 427 5768)	<i>Silver Shadow</i>
Nicholson, Joan, 1991 (David)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 484 2160)	
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. (01 832 3929)	
! Nixon, James, Rear Commodore, 1971 (Katherine)	1 Hamilton Villa, Ballyholme, BANGOR, N Ireland BT20 5PG. (028 91 474015)	<i>Scilla Verna (PO)</i>
* Nixon, Katherine, 2004 (James)	1 Hamilton Villa, Ballyholme, Bangor, N. Ireland BT20 5PG. (028 91 474015)	
Nixon, W. M., 1963 (Georgina)	14 Evora Park, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 3929/Fax: 01 832 1902)	<i>Witchcraft of Howth (PO)</i>
O'Boyle, Donal, 1974 (Liz)	Drake Lodge, Drake's Pool, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 483 1028/Office: 021 483 2422)	
O'Brien, Daniel D., 1978 (Rose Marie)	126 Harold's Cross Road, Dublin 6W. (01 490 7731/Office: 01 497 9423)	
O'Brien, James, 2004 (Derna)	Woodview Cottage, Passage West, Co. Cork. (021 484 1491/Office: 021 488 9922/Fax: 021 488 9923)	<i>Tremlett</i>
O'Callaghan, Brendan, 1990 (Majella)	"Cashelbeg", Laurel Walk, Bandon, Co Cork. (023 43077)	<i>Brandon Rose</i>
O'Carroll, Cormac, 2002 (Frances)	Duncan, Holly Mount, Lee Road, Cork. (021 430 0189/Office: 021 428 4276)	<i>Phoenix</i>
O'Connor, Daniel, 1971 (-)	The Pines, Westminister Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 285 8012/Office: 01 676 4661)	<i>Leprechaun</i>
O'Connor, Gilbert J., 1987 (Hilda)	36 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6PT. (028 9754 1345)	<i>Freycinet</i>
O'Connor, Patrick, 1996 (Christine)	12 Hawthorne Terrace, Cobh, Co Cork. (021 4811442)	<i>Pegasus</i>
O'Donoghue, Dr. R. F., 1971 (June)	Halyards, Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 4831734)	
O'Donovan, Adrian, 1986 (-)	Leaves of Grass, Point Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 483 3033)	
* O'Farrell, Kevin C., (1989) (-)	c/o Post Office, Killaloe, Co Limerick. (061 376565)	
O'Farrell, Michael, 1975 (Anne)	Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co Down, BT34 3RU. (028 4177 2620)	<i>Cuchulain</i>
O'Farrell, Phillip V.J., 1990 (Caitriona)	15 Drumreagh Road, Rostrevor, Co Down, BT34 3DS. (028 4173 9830)	
O'Farrell, Vincent J., 1981 (Maureen)	Eldon Hotel, Skibbereen, Co Cork. (028 22000)	<i>Shangaan & Fastnet Dancer</i>
O'Flaherty, Michael P., 1968 (-)	Le Fainel, Le Vallon, St Martin's, Guernsey, GY4 6DQ. (01481 237650/Office: 01 660 5011/Fax: 01481 237651)	<i>Cuilan (PO)</i>
O'Flynn, Dominick, 1990 (Mary)	2 Woodview, Wellington Bridge, Lee Road, Cork. (021 4348038/Office: 021 4543505)	<i>Cavatina</i>
O'Gallagher, Malachi, 1968 (Evelyn)	12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin 6W. (01 490 5800/Fax: 01 490 5940)	<i>Aoibhne (PO)</i>
O'Gorman, Kyran, 2003 (Trich)	85 Westbrook, Knocknacarra, Galway. (091 590133)	
O'Hanlon, Andrew, 1969 (-)	8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6. (01 269 8117)	<i>Harklow</i>
* O'Hanlon, Barbara, M.D., 1962 (1984)	(-) The Mews, 8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh Road, Dublin 6. (01 269 8560)	
O'Keefe, Mary, 1994 (-)	Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork.	<i>Tux</i>
O'Keefe, Dr. Maurice, 1972 (-)	"Scilly", Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 477 2458)	
O'Kelly, Brian C., 1991 (-)	Grange, Co Sligo. (071 63197)	
O'Leary, Archie, 1990 (Violet)	Strand Lodge, Currabinny, Co Cork. (021 4378526/Office: 021 4277567)	<i>Irish Mist</i>
O'Mahony, Bill, 1991 (Brenda)	6 Castlerock, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 4372588/Office: 021 4312755)	
O'Mahony, Patrick J., 1996 (Clare)	"Willowhill", Ballyfoulo, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 4842387/Office: 021 4329330)	<i>Clarebelle</i>
O'Morchoe, The David N. C., 1981 (Madam Margaret)	Ardgarry, Gorey, Co Wexford. (055 21803)	

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O'Neill, J. Russell, 1964 (-)	59 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0PQ. (028 9188 8609/Office: 028 9188 8088)	<i>Miss Molly of Hamble</i>
O'Rahilly, Dr. Michael, 1979 (Frances)	38 Dornden Park, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 269 5285)	<i>Mystery</i>
O'Riain, Gearoid, 2001 (-)	82 Glenageary Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin.	
O'Riordan, Jeffrey, 2004 (Sally)	Owenmore, Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork. (021 437 8531)	<i>Adrigole</i>
Ort, Arthur S. P., VRD* DL FRIN, 1970 (Jane)	Evergreen, 11 Old Holywood Road, Belfast, BT4 2HJ. (028 9076 3601)	
Osborne, James R., 1974 (-)	Glenbrook, Enniskerry, Co Wicklow. (01 286 3509)	<i>Hibernia (PO)</i>
# Osterberg, Paul, 1949 (Valerie)	The Old Manse, Hillsborough, Co Down, BT26 6HW. (028 9268 2226)	<i>Bibi</i>
O'Sullivan, Jeremiah, 1964 (-)	Doire Loin, Clogherbrien, Tralee, Co Kerry. (066 718 1084)	
O'Sullivan, Patrick J. F., 1984 (Phyllis)	Castle Demesne House, Ivy Terrace, Tralee, Co Kerry. (066 712 1435/Office: 066 712 1522)	<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>
! Park, Dr. David S., 1969 (Hilary)	Yew Cottage, 34a Carrowdore Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, BT22 2LX. (028 4278 8625)	<i>Alys</i>
# Park, J. Mungo, M.B.E., 1955 (Amanda)	Carraig Breac Lodge, Baily, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 2210)	<i>Twiga</i>
Park, Jonathan 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 4831128)	
Pearson, Alan J., 1983 (Claire)	35 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13. (Office: 01 830 7727)	<i>Halloween</i>
Pendleton, Robert, 2001 (Emily)	Winterwheat, Margaretstown, Skerries, Co Dublin. (01 849 4419)	
Petch, John A., 1987 (Libb)	Seaview Farm, Kilbrittain, Co Cork. (023 49610)	<i>Seadrifter</i>
Phelan, Joe, 2002 (Trish)	33 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. (01 832 3876)	<i>Skua</i>
* Pilling, J. Ross Jr., 1987 (1996) (-)	1400 Waverley Road, Apt. A, Gladwyne, PA 19035, USA.	
Powell, James, 2004 (Fifi)	Chetwynd, Myrtleville, Co. Cork. (021 483 1265)	<i>Blue Oyster</i>
Predeville, Neil J., 1990 (Felicity)	73 Clevedon, Lower Kilmoney Rd, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 4375219/Office: 021 4328219)	<i>Mary P</i>
# Pritchard, Maura G.M., 1966 (Marshall)	The Coach House, 36 Craigdarraugh Road, Helen's Bay, Co Down, BT19 1UA. (028 9185 2237)	<i>Blue Lady (PO)</i>
# Pritchard, P. Marshall, 1966 (Maura)	The Coach House, 36 Craigdarraugh Road, Helen's Bay, Co Down, BT19 1UA. (028 9185 2237)	<i>Blue Lady (PO)</i>
Quinlan, Fergus, 2003 (Kay)	Dooneen, Burren, Co Clare. (065 707 8929)	<i>Pylades (PO)</i>
Ralston, George L. D., 1986 (Lynne)	Island Cottage, Reagh Island, Comber, Co Down BT23 6EN. (028 9754 1431)	<i>Insouciance</i>
Rea, Bill, 1977 (Eithne)	7 Verona, Queen's Park, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (01 280 7987/Fax: 01 280 7987)	<i>Elysium</i>
Revell, Reginald G., 1979 (-)	11 Burrow Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 5544)	
Richardson, Cecil, 1989 (Lily)	52 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 3800)	
Riordan, S. William, 1985 (-)	3 Carrickmines Dale, Carrickmines Wood, Brennanstown Road, Dublin 18. (01 289 1252)	
Roberts, Grattan d'Esterre, 1989 (Mairead)	Riverwood, Currabinny, Co Cork. (021 4374444/Office: 021 4378383)	<i>Splashdance</i>
Roberts, Rex, 1974 (Pat)	90 Ballinclea Heights, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 4352)	
Robertson, Alan, 2001 (Joyce)	22 Dumyat Drive, Falkirk, Scotland FK1 5PD. (01324 624430)	<i>Jomora</i>
Rogerson, Fred J., 1983 (Janet)	113 Lakelands Close, Stillorgan, Co Dublin. (01 288 6437/Office: 01 660 9155)	<i>Happy Return</i>
Rohan, John, 2004 (-)	Ros na Laoi, Richmond Wood, Glanmire, Co. Cork. (021 482 2588/Office: 021 437 4761)	<i>Volare</i>
Ronaldson, Evie, 1997 (Peter)	The Shepherd's House, 72 Whinney Hill, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0HG. (028 9042 6459)	<i>Seascape of Down (PO)</i>
# Ronaldson, Peter, 1967 (Evie)	The Shepherd's House, 72 Whinney Hill, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0HG. (028 9042 6459)	<i>Seascape of Down (PO)</i>
Rooney, John W., 1994 (Penny)	28 Park Drive, Ranelagh, Dublin 4. (01 497 7004/Office: 01 676 6167)	
Rountree, Alan H., 1995 (-)	Ballylusk, Ashford, Co Wicklow. (0404 40156/Office: 0404 40156)	<i>Tallulah</i>
Russell, John F., 1965 (Joan)	34 Killinakin Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, BT23 6PS. (028 9754 1562)	
Ryan, David F., 1973 (-)	PO Box 11082, Manama, Bahrain.	
Ryan, Dermot J., 1971 (Sheila)	Ashdale, Castle Close, Castle Park Road, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (01 280 3585)	
Ryan, Paul J., 1984 (-)	17 Arkendale Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 235 0546)	
Ryan, Peter, 1988 (Margaret)	44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co Armagh, BT66 7QD. (028 3888 1418)	<i>Nicu</i>
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>Sairse</i>
Sargent, Gerard M., 1996 (Barbara)	49 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. (01 832 5392)	<i>Pip (PO)</i>
Scanlon, Bryan, 2004 (Margaret)	Whitehall, Parteen, Limerick. (061 327328/Office: 061 417451/Fax: 061 417663)	<i>Confusion</i>
* Scott, Clive, Commodore, CCC, (2004) (Elizabeth)	11 Hillhead Drive, Falkirk FK1 5NG, Scotland. (01324 622481/Office: 01324 637654/Fax: 01324 635678)	<i>Paloma</i>
Selig, Ivan I., 1965 (Daphne)	Bree Lodge, Craigavad, Co Down, BT18 ODE. (028 9042 4361)	
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 4541816)	
Sheil, Leonard, 1968 (Hazel)	Portlet, 24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 1878/Office: 01 280 7838)	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
Sheil, Leonard Jr., 1988 (-)	Copse Cottage, Ballyhad, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow. (0404 43896)	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
# Sheppard, Lt. Comm. Thomas, RN (Retd), 1957 (Judith)	Derrybawn, Military Road, Ballybrack, Co Dublin. (01 282 4413)	<i>Greylag of Arklow (PO)</i>
Sheridan, Gerry A., 1995 (Terry)	Swiss Cottage, Newtown, Waterford. (051 870847/Office: 051 334700)	<i>MegaHertz</i>
Siggins, Brian, 1985 (-)	Tyrone, Kilcolgan, Co Galway. (091 796848/Office: 091 751706)	<i>Ausoba</i>
Simms, Robin J. A., 1969 (Nan)	80 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (028 9147 3563)	<i>Moonstream</i>
Sisk, Hal B., 1973 (Rosemarie)	Waterstown House, Sallins, Co Kildare. (045 876268/Office: 01 409 1600)	<i>Cotton Blossom (PO)</i>
Slater, Ronnie, 1977 (Denise)	39 Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co Down, BT19 1LB. (028 918 52373)	<i>Tandara</i>
Slevin, James, 1986 (-)	Arenal, The Mall, Ballyshannon, Co Donegal. (072 51379/Office: 072 51177)	<i>Testa Rossa</i>
Smith, Noel T, 1998 (Helen)	Lyndhurst, St Vincents Road, Greystones, Co Wicklow. (01 287 4583/Office: 01 679 1201)	<i>Laragh</i>
Smullen, Brian P., 1968 (-)	21 Seabank Court, Sandycove, Co. Dublin. (01 280 7350/Office: 01 660 5011)	<i>Cuilain (PO)</i>
# Smullen, John D., 1961 (Helen)	11 Connolly Square, Bray, Co Wicklow. (01 286 2679/Fax: 01 286 2679)	
Smullen, John A., 1987 (-)	122 Richmond Park, Herbert Road, Bray, Co Wicklow. (01 274 5955)	
Smyth, Douglas D, O.B.E., 2002 (Lillian)	2 Oldstone close, Shore Road, Greenisland, Co Antrim. (028 90 854557/Office: 028 90 400999)	<i>Jig Time</i>
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>
Somerville, R. Andrew, 1980 (Sue)	Sally's Bridge House., Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co Wicklow.	
Somerville, Sue M. G., 1989 (Andrew)	Sally's Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co Wicklow. (01 281 8253/Office: 01 608 2733)	

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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. Ian James, 1991 (-)	55 Churchtown Road, Ballyculter, Downpatrick, Co Down, BT30 7AZ. (028 4488 1798)	<i>Raptor</i>
Stevenson, John C., 1984 (-)	Ardmore, 1 Seaforth Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HV. (028 9147 2779)	
Stevenson, John A., 1964 (Clodagh)	22 Baring Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks, HP9 2NE.	<i>Morene</i>
# Stewart, Alan C., 1959 (June)	Cul na Mara, 9 Meadow Bank, Moffat, Dumfries & Galloway, Scotland DG10 9LR. (01683 220814)	
Stillman, Chris J., 1985 (-)	3 Thomastown Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 285 2084/Office: 01 677 2941)	
Stokes, Adrian, 1990 (Deirdre)	Summer Lodge, Wellington Road, Cork. (021 4502464/Office: 021 4277622)	<i>Dom Perignon</i>
Stokes, Mandy, 1997 (Patrick)	"Summerville", Summerhill North, Cork. (/Office: 021 4277622/Fax: 021 427 3228)	<i>Clipper</i>
Stott, Andrew R., 1992 (-)	9 Ferry View Cottages, World's End, Kinsale, Co Cork.	<i>Dalua</i>
Sullivan, Richard A., 1992 (-)	Eglantine, Crab Lane, Blackrock Road, Cork. (021 4292734)	<i>Running Wild (PO)</i>
* Taggart, A. G., 1970 (1987) (Christine)	8 Whistlefield Court, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 1PX. (0141 942 0615/Office: 0141 248 7158)	
Taggart, John I., 1999 (Gail)	Cuan Farm, 13 Ballydrain Road, Comber, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 5SR. (01247 870265/Office: 01232 669537)	<i>Pascal</i>
Taplin, David M. R., 1986 (-)	Coliemore House, Down Thomas, Plymouth, PL9 0BQ, England.	<i>Zebedee</i>
Taylor, Alan J, Commodore OCC, (2002) (Jenny)	Four Winds, Stoneyfields, Farnham, Surrey GU9 8DU. (01252 737007)	<i>Bellamanda</i>
Taylor, Gregg, 2003 (Helen)	Ballymacormick House, Ballymacormick Road, Bangor, Co Down BT19 6AB. (028 9146 7955/Office: 078 5059 8223)	<i>Blue Squirrel</i>
* Thornhill, Christopher J.H., Commodore RCC, (2000) (Valentine)	55 St. Charles Square, London W10 6EN. (020 8969 1736)	<i>Sai See (PO)</i>
Tierney, John, 1960 (Sally)	Aisling, Knapton Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 280 4391/Office: 01 676 7998)	
Tisdall, Patrick, 1992 (-)	Firlands, Glengarriff, Co Cork. (027 63106)	<i>Speedbird of Throne</i>
Titterington, Ian H., 1989 (-)	12 Marino Park, Cultra, Holywood, BT18 OAN. (028 9042 2280)	
Toher, Tony, 1992 (Ray)	"Eos", Upper Rosses, Rosses Point, Co Sligo. (071 77216)	<i>Kioni</i>
# Tomlinson, Molly, 1965 (-)	Moel-Y-Don Llanedwen, Llanfairpwll, Isle of Anglesey, LL61 6EZ. (01248 714 430)	
Travers, Brendan, 1993 (Evelyn)	14 Castle Lawn, Tulla Road, Ennis, Co Clare. (065 682 2440)	<i>Seoidin</i>
Traynor, Frank, 1985 (-)	34 Rathdown Park, Terenure, Dublin 6.	
! Tucker, David E, 2000 (Meta)	Coonlocken House, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 477 2468/Office: 021 470 2122/Fax: 021 477 3252)	<i>Intrigue</i>
Turvey, Desmond E., 1980 (Margaret)	2 Abbey Terrace, Cuan na Mara, Abbey Street, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 4241/Office: 01 676 3914)	
Tyrrill, Aidan, 1971 (-)	Adelaide Cottage, Adelaide Place, Gardiners Hill, Cork. (021 450 8419)	
Tyrrill, Dr. Declan G., 1985 (Margaret)	Hillside, The Hill, Glengageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 0362)	
Villiers-Stuart, Gary, 1992 (-)	Burnlaw, Whitfield, Hexham, NE47 8HF. (01434 345349/Office: 01434 632692)	<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</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. (028 28814)	
Walsh, Anthony, 1979 (-)	Red Island, Skerries, Co Dublin. (01 849 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 4831483)	
Walsh, Patrick J., 1982 (Peg)	Beaumont House, Woodvale Road, Beaumont, Cork. (021 4292556/Office: 021 4292195)	
Walsh, William, 1968 (Enda)	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 4831483/Office: 021 4502358)	<i>Carrigdown</i>
Waters, Capt. L. Roy, 1985 (Susanne)	15 Ballymullin Road, Crawfordsburn, Bangor, Co Down, BT19 1JG. (028 9185 3249)	<i>Sundowner of Beaulieu</i>
Watson, Barbara N., 1993 (Bill)	6860 Gulfport Blvd. S, #750, South Pasadena, Fl 33707, USA. (727 345 3933)	<i>Strathspey (PO)</i>
Watson, Patricia, 1966 (-)	29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 2472)	
Watson, Richard R., 1962 (-)	29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 2472)	<i>Ursula</i>
Watson, William R., 1979 (Barbara)	6860 Gulfport Blvd. S, #750, South Pasadena, Fl 33707, USA. (727 345 3933)	<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 (Jan)	The Riggins, Dunshaughlin, Co Meath. (01 825 6643)	<i>Witchcraft of Howth (PO)</i>
Whelan, Geoffrey F., 1985 (Valerie)	The Stables, Nashville Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 3536/Office: 01 677 7532)	<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>
Whelan, Michael J., 1985 (Maureen)	8 Longford Terrace, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (01 230 4972)	<i>Maunie</i>
Whelan, Patrick, 1980 (-)	Wellington Mews, 9A Patricks Hill, Cork. (021 4501966)	
Whelehan, Harold, 1979 (-)	Treetops, Claremont Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 8324139)	<i>Witchcraft of Howth (PO)</i>
Whitaker, D. Mark, 1991 (Liz)	Orchard House, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 436 2773/Office: 021 428 1143/Fax: 021 428 1140)	<i>Rascal</i>
Whitaker, David J., 1988 (Valerie)	Ashkirk, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 4292542/Office: 021 4281100)	<i>Wayfarer</i>
! White, Derek F, 1999 (Vivienne)	The Mallard, 4 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Co Down BT30 7LP. (028 4488 1331/Office: 028 4488 1323)	<i>Ballyclaire</i>
White, John N., 1974 (Sarah)	3 Marlborough Road, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 8364)	
! Whitehead, David, 1972 (Marie)	Glebe, Kinvara, Co. Galway. (091 638195)	<i>Joyster</i>
Whitehead, Duncan, 2001 (-)	7/6 Sheriff Bank, The Shore, Leith, Edinburgh EH6 6ES, Scotland. (0131 553 2907)	
Williams, J. David, 1984 (Ena)	24 Middle Road, Saintfield, Co Down, BT24 7LP. (028 9751 9060/Office: 028 9070 5111)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
Williams, W. Peter, 1968 (Anne)	The Whins, 25 Ballykeigle Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5SD. (028 9752 8360)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
Winkelmann, Franz C., 1984 (Carmel)	12 Anglesea Road, Dublin 4. (01 668 4082/Fax: 01 668 4082)	
# Wolfe, Jack M., 1959 (-)	3A Dunbo Hill, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 839 4154)	<i>Benbow</i>
Wolfe, John W., 1978 (-)	Reena Dhuna, Church Cross, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.	<i>Kylie</i>
Wolfe, Peter C., 1974 (Jill)	Inglewood, Gilford Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4. (01 269 4316)	
Wood, Trevor R. C., 1987 (Angela)	Rostynan, 1 Haddington Lawn, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 0471/Fax: 01 280 5178)	<i>Misty</i>
Woodward, Joseph B., 1990 (Mary)	Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 429 1215/Office: 021 427 3327)	<i>Moshulu III</i>
Woodward, Mary, 1999 (Joe)	Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 4291215)	<i>Moshulu III</i>
Woulfe-Flanagan, Ann, 1996 (-)	60 Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 3979)	<i>Beowulf (PO)</i>
Wright, Nick, 2003 (Marwyn)	11 Brackenrig Crescent, Waterfoot, Glasgow G76 0HF. (0141 644 4253)	<i>Talisker</i>
Wylie, Ian E., 1971 (-)	Flat 1, 2 Clanbrasil Terrace, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0AP. (028 9042 1515)	

List of Yachts

To amend an entry, email Ron Cudmore.

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<i>Adrigole</i>	J. O'Riordan		Sloop F. 1987	P. Brett	Rival 36
<i>Aeolus</i>	D. Beattie	8	Sloop F. 1974	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Aeolus</i>	M. Harris-Barke	7.4	Sloop F. 1971	M. Dufour	Arpege
<i>Agivey</i>	W. and S. Clark		Ketch F. 1975	Colvic	
<i>Alakush</i>	M. J. Guinness		Sloop F. 2004	Jim Taylor	Sabre 426
<i>Alannah</i>	J. Crebbin	12	Ketch F. 1979	A. Buchanan	Neptunian 33
<i>Alchemist</i>	D. & N. Sheil	6	Sloop F. 1978	L. Giles	Westerly Centaur
<i>Alchemist</i>	R. Barker		Sloop F. 1999	Norlin / Ostmann	Sweden 37
<i>Alphida of Howth</i>	H. E. O'C. Byrne	14.4	Sloop F. 1986	Jacques Fauroux	Jeanneau Sunrise 34
<i>Alys</i>	D. Park	11	Sloop F. 1984	David Sadler	Sadler 34
<i>Amethyst</i>	T. & D. Andrews		Sloop 2002	Rob Humphreys	Elan 40'
<i>Andromeda</i>	S. Gray	4	Sloop W. 1962	Johan Anker	Dragon
<i>Anita</i>	B. Cassidy		G. Sloop W.	Howth 17 O.D.	
<i>Ann Again</i>	B. & E. Cudmore		Sloop F. 2000	J & J Designs	Bavaria 42
<i>Anolis</i>	H. M. McMordie	15	Ketch W. 1900	E.H. Hamilton	
<i>Aoibhne</i>	M. & E. O'Gallagher	1990	Stevens	Stevens 1040	
<i>Aoife</i>	R. O'Toole	11.6	Sloop F. 1978	John Sharp	Dolphin 31
<i>Ar Seachrán</i>	P. Barry		Sloop A. 1979	German Frers	Frers 45
<i>Arctic Fern</i>	J. Gore-Grimes		Sloop F. 1998	Najad	Najad 440
<i>Areté</i>	T. Toher	10.4	Sloop F. 1977	Laurent Giles	Westerly Berwick 31
<i>Ariadne</i>	A. G. Leonard		Sloop F. 2000	Stephen Jones	Starlight 35
<i>Askari</i>	P. O'Sullivan	7.6	Sloop F. 2002	J & J Designs	Dufour 30 Classic
<i>Astral</i>	T. Casner		Block Island 40		
<i>Atlantic</i>	F. McCarthy		Ketch F. 1980	Walter Raynor	Atlantic Power Ketch
<i>Aven</i>	R. Barr	12	Sloop F. 1977	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>Baily of Howth</i>	M. J. Hall	33	Ketch F. 1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 46
<i>Ballyclaire</i>	D. F. White		Sloop F. 1976	Finot	Fastnet 34
<i>Barintha</i>	M. Buckley		Ketch S. 1978	P. Ibold	Hedonist 44
<i>Belladonna</i>	R. Lovett		Sloop F. 1999	Marc Lombard	Privilege 37 Cat
<i>Bellamanda</i>	A. J. Taylor		Bowman 40		
<i>Benbow</i>	J. M. Wolfe		Motor Sailer F. 1979	Colin Mudie	Hardy 20
<i>Beowulf</i>	B. Corbally / A. Woulfe-Flanagan	17.7	Sloop F. 2001	German Frers	Hallberg-Rassy 42
<i>Bibi</i>	P. Osterberg		Sloop W. 1960	B. Bringsvaerd	BB11
<i>Big Boots</i>	D. Greenhalgh	15	Sloop F. 1976	D. Peterson	Contessa 35
<i>Black Pepper</i>	H. Barry		Sloop F. 1984	D. Thomas	Sigma 36
<i>Blue Lady</i>	M. & M. Pritchard		Motor Yacht F. 1979	Halmatic	Weymouth 34
<i>Blue Oyster</i>	J. Powell		Sloop F. 1979	Holman and Pye	Oyster 37
<i>Blue Squirrel</i>	G. Taylor		Sloop F. 1989	Daniel Andrieu	Jeanneau Sun Magic 44
<i>Boojum</i>	T. Fitzpatrick		Sloop F. 1988	David Thomas	Sigma 33
<i>Brandon Rose</i>	B. O'Callaghan		Sloop F. 1988	Martin Sadler	Sadler 34
<i>Busy Bee</i>	J. Ley / A. Ley	10	Sloop F. 1990	J. Berret	Beneteau First 32s5
<i>Cadenza</i>	R. Fowler		Sloop F. 2004	Marc Lombard	Jeanneau Sun Odyssey 35
<i>Caelan of Strangford</i>	B. Black		Cutter / Ketch F. 1973	Luders	
<i>Capercaillie</i>	J.W. Clow	24	Bmu Ketch F. 1978	Nicholson	Nicholson 48
<i>Caprice</i>	W. B. Lyster	16	Sloop F. 1995	German Frers	Hallberg-Rassy 39
<i>Cara of Quoile</i>	P. Gillespie		Sloop F. 1972	Van de Stadt	Contest 33
<i>Caranja</i>	J. Menton	22	Sloop F. 1981	A. Primrose	Moody 40
<i>Carna</i>	J. Currie	10	Sloop F. 1980	Ed Dubois	Westerly Konsort
<i>Carragheen</i>	M. McKee		Sloop F. 1980	Ed Dubois	Westerly Griffin
<i>Carrigdown</i>	W. Walsh	22	Sloop F. 1991	Philippe Briand	Sun Magic 44
<i>Cavatina</i>	D. O'Flynn	11	Ketch F. 1990	J.A. Bennet	Colvic 31
<i>Cephas</i>	F. M. Eves		Sloop F. 1985	Ed Dubois	Westerly Corsair
<i>Changeling</i>	K. J. Jameson	15	Sloop F. 1989	D. Thomas	Sigma 38
<i>Chardonnay</i>	J. Marrow	10.3	Sloop F. 1986	Fauroux	Sunrise 36
<i>Clarabelle</i>	P. J & C. O'Mahony	17	Sloop F. 1999	Groupe Finot	Beneteau 40 C.C.
<i>Clarebelle</i>	T. Irvine		Sloop S.	Van de Stadt	
<i>Clipper</i>	M. Stokes		Sloop F. 1990	—	Wauquiez Amphitrite MS45
<i>Coco</i>	A. Doherty	1985	Groupe Finot	Jeanneau Sun Fizz	
<i>Colla Voce</i>	P. Lavelle	6	Cutter F. 1982	R. Harris	Vancouver 27
<i>Confusion</i>	B. Scanlon		Sloop F. 1999	Neils Jeppesen	X3625
<i>Cotton Blossom</i>	H. B. Sisk		Sloop W.W. 1964	Sparkman & Stevens	One off
<i>Cu Two</i>	S. Barnes		Ketch F. 1989	Sparkman & Stevens	Nauticat 40
<i>Cuchulain</i>	M. O'Farrell	11	Sloop F. 1971	P. Brett	Rival 32
<i>Cuilain</i>	B. Smullen / M. O'Flaherty	28	Ketch W. 1970	G.T. McGruer	McGruer One Off
<i>Daedalus</i>	T. Barry		Fractional F. 2000	Van de Stadt	Dehler 41
<i>Dalua</i>	A. Stott	16	Sloop F. 1988	Holman & Pye	Rustler 36
<i>Deerhound</i>	C. A. Chapman	18	Ketch F. 1970	Ted Hood	Hood 50
<i>Delphin</i>	L. Conway	12.3	Sloop F. 1976	R. Holland	Nicholson 345
<i>Dom Perignon</i>	A. Stokes		Sloop F. 1970	L. Giles	Salar 40
<i>Doran Glas</i>	P. Horan	11	Sloop F. 1980	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35
<i>Dundrum</i>	J. Irwin	15	Sloop W. 1967	McGruer	
<i>Dux</i>	A. Gore-Grimes		X302		
<i>Eblana</i>	A. Dunn	14	Sloop F. 1989	Bill Dixon	Moody Eclipse 33
<i>Eleanda</i>	N. Lindsay-Fynn	30.3	Sloop F. 1996	Carl Beyer	Najad 520
<i>Elgin</i>	M. O'Rahilly		Lugger F. 1999	Nigel Irens	Romilly
<i>Elixir</i>	J. Godkin		Sloop F. 2001	J & J Designs	Dufour 45 Classic
<i>Elysium</i>	W. T. Rea	7	Sloop F. 1988	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Enigma</i>	S. Adair		—	—	Oceanis 411

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<i>Estrellita</i>	S. Fergus		Sloop F. 1979	J. Cisiers	Noray 38
<i>Euphanzel</i>	G. D. Crisp		Bermudan W. 1938	A. Milne	Dublin Bay 24
<i>Evolution II</i>	T. Dunphy / G. Whelan	12	Sloop F. 1987	P. Briand	First 345
<i>Excuse Me</i>	E. Crosbie		Fractional F. 1998	N. Jeppesen	X 332
<i>Family's Pride</i>	R. G. Monson		Ketch W. 1932	Fife Ring Netter	
<i>Fastnet Dancer</i>	V. O'Farrell		Cutter F. 1991	German Frers	Hallberg-Rassy 45
<i>Faustina II</i>	A. & J. Clementson		Cutter F. 1991	Chuck Payne	Bowman 40
<i>Fiacra</i>	P. Bourke	6	Sloop F. 1979	L. Giles	Westerly Centaur
<i>Fidem III</i>	G. Hawthorn	15	Sloop F.	A. Primrose	Moody 36
<i>Finavarra</i>	F. Sheridan		Sloop F. 1980	R. Holland	Nicholson 345
<i>Flica</i>	M. Kenworthy		Cutter F. 2001	Rob Humphries	Oyster 54
<i>Flight of Fantasy</i>	N. L. Smyth	14	Sloop F. 1986	B. Dixon	Moody 34
<i>Freycinet</i>	G. J. O'Connor		Sloop F. 1995	Bill Dixon	Moody 44
<i>Gauntlet</i>	P. Bunting		Sloop F. 1988	D. Sadler	Contessa 32
<i>Gay Gannet</i>	L. Sheil	7	Sloop W. 1963	C.R. Holman	Sterling
<i>Genesis of Drumbooy</i>	I. and H. Morrow		Cutter F. 2000	H. Johnston	Island Packet 420
<i>Gentle Spirit</i>	H. Boyle		Sloop F. 1979	Olle Enderlein	Hallberg-Rassy
<i>Giggles</i>	P. Morehead		Sloop F. 1996	Bill Dixon	Moody S31
<i>Gold Leaf T</i>	T. Clifford	-	Nicholson 35		
<i>Golden Nomad</i>	A. Aston	7	Ketch F. 1981	R. Dongrey	Pilot Trader
<i>Grand Slam</i>	G. Kavanagh		Dufour 41 Classic		
<i>Greenheart</i>	M. B. & A. Balmforth	18	Bermudan F. 1999	David Alan-Williams	Dawn 39
<i>Greylag of Arklow</i>	T. Sheppard	12	Sloop W. 1961	Laurent Giles	
<i>Gwili 3</i>	A. McCarter		Sloop F. 1997	Stephen Jones	Sadler Starlight 35
<i>Halloween</i>	A. Pearson		Sloop 1971	Oliver Lee	Squib
<i>Happy Return</i>	F. J. Rogerson	5	Sloop W. 1965	Holman	Stella
<i>Harklow</i>	A. O'Hanlon	12	Motor W. 1963	J. Tyrrell	Motor Cruiser
<i>Hera</i>	I. R. Guinness		G. Sloop W. 1899	-	Howth 17 O.D.
<i>Hibernia</i>	F. Espey / J. Osborne	22	Yawl F. 1976	Holman & Pye	Bowman 46
<i>Hideaway</i>	F. Ennis		Sloop F. 1983	David Thomas	Sigma 41
<i>Hobo Six</i>	J. P. Bourke		Sloop F. 1974	Ollie Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Hylasia</i>	H & I. Barnwell	17	Sloop F. 1985	German Frers	Hylas 42
<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>	B. Kennedy	15	Sloop F. 1980	A. Primrose	Moody 36
<i>Iduna</i>	J. R. Bourke	4	Sloop W. 1939	L. Giles	Lymington L.
<i>Imagine</i>	N. Kenefick		Sloop F. 2000	Bruce Farr	Jeanneau 45.2
<i>Insouciance</i>	G. Ralston	27	Ketch A. 1983	Van Dam Nordia	Nordia 58
<i>Intrigue</i>	D. E. Tucker	14	Sloop F. 1984	David Thomas	Sigma 41
<i>Ionion</i>	B. Lynch		Sloop F. 1990	Ed Dubois	Westerly Seahawk 35
<i>Irish Mist</i>	A. O'Leary		Motor F. 1994	-	Nelson 40 TSDY
<i>Irish Mist 1</i>	A. Baker	19	Sloop F. 1973	D. Carter	Carter 37
<i>Island Life</i>	C. P. McHenry	12	Cutter F. 1998	Bob Johnson	Island Packet 40
<i>J'ablesse</i>	H. Beck	-	-	-	-
<i>Jacana</i>	S. Davis		Sloop F. 1965	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Jaded</i>	J. K. Martin	5	Sloop F. 1982	Johnson	J24
<i>Jap</i>	C. Love Jnr		Gaff W. 1897	Fife Design	Cork Harbour One Design
<i>Jig Time</i>	D. Smyth	14	Sloop F. 1996	Stephen Jones	Bowman Starlight 35
<i>Joggernaut</i>	D. Morrissy	10	Sloop F. 1993	Ed. Dubois	33' One Off
<i>Jomora</i>	A. A. Robertson		Sloop F. 1996	Stephen Jones	Starlight 35
<i>Joyster</i>	D. Whitehead	17.5	Ketch F. 1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35
<i>Juffra</i>	M. J. Hill		Sloop F. 1966	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Juno</i>	C. L. Kilgrew	11	3/4 F. 1986	Ed. DuBois	Westerly Fulmar
<i>Jura</i>	W. & P. Kellett		Sloop F. 1984	Holman & Pye	Pretorian 35
<i>Kala</i>	M.T. McConnell	4	Motor F. 1974	Derek Stukins	Downcraft 21
<i>Karena</i>	J. Curtin	12	Sloop W. 1976	Bruce Farr	Farr 37
<i>Kariat</i>	D. Faulkner		Steam (!) W. 1897	-	LFE, Cowes
<i>Katielok II</i>	M. Alexander		Cutter S. 1988	G. Carof	Albion 36
<i>Kilpatrick</i>	D. P. Brazil	13	Sloop F. 1986	Holman & Pye	Oyster Heritage
<i>Kioni</i>	A. A. Toher		Sloop F. 1981	Laurent Giles	Westerly Konsort
<i>Kirmew</i>	D. McCleave	5	Sloop W. 1947	Robert Clark	YW 5 tonner
<i>Knocknagrena</i>	Lord Hemphill		Ketch F. 1980	Laurent Giles	Conway
<i>Koala</i>	P. Cullen / M. Crotty		Sloop F. 1983	David Thomas	Sigma 41
<i>Kumaree</i>	K. L. Cooke	6	Sloop F. 1970	Dufour	Safari
<i>Kylie</i>	J. W. Wolfe	1984	Kelt 8.5	-	-
<i>Lady Kate</i>	D. Walsh	10	Sloop F. 1986	Dixon	Moody 31
<i>Lamorna III</i>	A. S. Morton	7	Sloop F.	Holman & Pye	Twister
<i>Laragh</i>	Noel T. Smith		Cutter F. 2003	Bruce Farr	Farr 56
<i>Leemara of Howth</i>	M. & M. Butler	17	Sloop F. 1990	Stephen Jones	Sadler Starlight 39
<i>Leigh Mary</i>	B. Layng	12	Ketch F. 1980	J. A. Bennet	Victor 34
<i>Leprechaun</i>	D. E. O'Connor	4	Sloop W. 1962	Peterson Thuesen	Dragon O.D.
<i>Lindos</i>	C. C. Martin	7	Sloop F. 1977	Van De Stadt	Prospect 900
<i>Lively Lady</i>	D. F. Martin		Sloop F. 2004	Bruce Farr	Benetau First 44.7
<i>Lonehort</i>	D. Lovett		Sloop F. 1971	Laurent Giles	Salar 40
<i>Lutanda</i>	R. E. Eves		Ketch F. 1977	Olle Enderlein	Halberg Rassy 35
<i>Mac Duach</i>	Dr. M. Brogan	15	G. Cutter W. 1979	Colm Mulkerrins	Galway Hooker
<i>Madcap</i>	S. Spence		Cutter W. 1875	-	Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter
<i>Maelduin</i>	P. Blaney		Sloop F. 2000	G. Frers	Hallberg Rassy 46
<i>Maimoune</i>	R. & H. Barr	2.5	Sloop W. 1902	Linton Hope	Fairy
<i>Mandalay</i>	C. J. FitzGerald		Sloop F. 1974	Saltalia Finland	Nauticat 33 Pilot House
<i>Marie Claire II</i>	S. McCormack	10	Sloop F. 1980	A. Mauric	First 30
<i>Marula</i>	M. McConnell	15	M.Y. S. 1982	Bederbeke	Pedro 35
<i>Mary Lee</i>	J. McCann		Cutter F. 1984	Borealis Yachts	Reliance 44
<i>Mary P</i>	F & N. Prendeville		Sloop F. 1990	German Frers	Grand Soleil 42

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<i>Maunie</i>	M. J. Whelan		Cutter F. 1997	T. Taylor	Vancouver 38P
<i>Maximizar</i>	P. M. C. Branigan		Sloop F. 2001	Berret Racoupeau	Oceanis Clipper 393
<i>Maximum</i>	S. & J. Nairn		Sloop F. 1995	Pelle Petterson	Maxi-1000
<i>Medi-Mode</i>	D. M. Dwyer		Sloop F. 1979	A. Primrose	Moody 39
<i>MegaHertz</i>	G. Sheridan		Sloop F. 2000	J & J Designs	Dufour 32 Classic
<i>Melisande</i>	D. Lynch		Sloop W. 1965	Johan Hanker	Dragon
<i>Merette</i>	J. Kidney		Sloop F. 1998	Johan Hanker	Dragon
<i>Mischief</i>	J. Donegan		fractional F. 1988	J. Berret	First 32S5
<i>Miss Molly of Howth</i>	J. R. O'Neill	9	Sloop F. 1979	David Sadler	Sadler 32
<i>Misty</i>	T. R.C. Wood		Sloop F.	—	Oceanis 411
<i>Modus Vivendi</i>	P. & G. Adams		Cutter F. 1991	Holman & Pye	Oyster 55
<i>Moondrifter</i>	M. J. Webb	10	Ketch F. 1978	J. Roy	Macwester Seaforth
<i>Moonshadow</i>	E. K. Deveney		Sloop F. 1977	W. P. Brown	Ruffian 23
<i>Moonshadow</i>	J. Kilkenny / E. Fitzgerald		Sloop F. 1984	—	Moody 29
<i>Moonshine</i>	P. Butler	7	Sloop F. 1990	D. Thomas	Sigma 33 OOD
<i>Moonstream</i>	R. & N. Simms	21	Ketch F. 1982	Ian L. Anderson	Seastream 43
<i>Moonstruck</i>	J. Doran		Cutter F. 1995	Bruce Farr	Beneteau 44C
<i>Morene</i>	J. A. Stevenson	—	S. 1974	—	—
<i>Morning Calm 3</i>	L. Auchincloss		Cutter F. 2002	Ron Holland	Trintella 65
<i>Moshulu III</i>	J. B. & M. Woodward	17	Sloop F. 1976	Laurent Giles	Salar 40
<i>Mountain Mist</i>	G. FitzGerald		Sloop F. 1979	Bruce Kirby	Trapper 300
<i>Muglins</i>	P. Butler		Sloop F. 2003	J & J Designs	Bavaria 36
<i>Muirneog</i>	P. Gallagher	9	Sloop F. 1985	David Sadler	Sadler 29
<i>Murlough</i>	P. W. Knatchbull		Sloop F. 1998	Dumas	Jeaneau Sun Odyssey 42
<i>Mystique of Malahide</i>	R. Michael		Sloop F. 1983	Phillipe Briand	—
<i>Nancy</i>	C. E. Hilliard		Etap 22i	—	—
<i>Narnia</i>	S. Moore		Sloop F. 1999	Najadarvet	Najad 441
<i>New Moon</i>	J. Massey		Cutter W. 1935	David Hillyard	6ton Hillyard
<i>Nicu</i>	P. Ryan		Sloop F. 1976	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 31
<i>Nimrod of Down</i>	K. M. & H. Boyd		Sloop F.	David Thomas	Hunter Pilot 27
<i>Nina</i>	L. Bohane		Sloop F.	—	Beneteau Oceanis
<i>Nisha</i>	F. Sadler		Motor sailer W.	—	Fairy Fisherman
<i>No Sense</i>	M. H. Flowers		Sloop F. 2000	Bruce Farr	Beneteau 40.7
<i>Northabout</i>	Jarlath J. Cunnane		Bermudan cutter A.	Caroff-Dofloss	Nadja 15
<i>Nyabo</i>	T. C. Johnson	16	Sloop F. 1994	Dick Zal	Contest 46
<i>o mare e tu</i>	J. Keating		Sloop F. 2002	J & J Designs	Gib 'Sea 33
<i>Ocean Blue</i>	B. Law		Sloop F. F.	Sparkman & Stevens	—
<i>Ocean</i>	D. & J. Cross		Fractional F. 1998	Judel / Vrolijk	Dehler 41
<i>Oleander of Howth</i>	B. Hegarty / B. Hegarty	15	Ketch F. 1981	L. Giles	Westerly Conway 36
<i>Olessa</i>	T. Fitzpatrick		Sloop F. 1983	Van de Stadt	DB2
<i>One Timee</i>	E. M. England	11	Sloop F. 1980	Peter Boyce	O-Day 37
<i>Oneiro</i>	P. F. Cudmore		Sloop F. 2001	Phillipe Briand	Sun Odyssey 32
<i>Oona</i>	P. Courtney		Sloop W. 1909	Walter Boyd	Howth 17 Footer
<i>Paloma</i>	C. Scott		Contest 46	—	—
<i>Papageno</i>	P. D. Haden		Sloop F. 1985	Ed Dubois	Westerly Seahawk
<i>Pascal</i>	J. I. Taggart	18	Sloop F. 1983	R. Holland	Swan 391
<i>Passe Partout</i>	R. Aplin		Sloop F. 2003	Mortain & Mavrikios	Dufour 36 Classic
<i>Pegasus</i>	P. O'Connor		Sloop F. 2000	J & J Designs	Dufour 32 Classic
<i>Phoenix</i>	C. O'Carroll		Sloop F. 1980	Johan Anker	Dragon
<i>Picnic</i>	T. S. Foote		Cutter F. 1983	Harry Becker	Vagabond 31
<i>Pilgrim Soul</i>	Dr. W. A. Curtain	8.9	Sloop 2003	Leif Angemark	Malo 39
<i>Púcabán</i>	G. E. McGuire	11	Sloop F. 1980	Ed Dubois	Westerly Fulmar
<i>Pure Magic</i>	P. Killen		Ketch F. 2004	Amel	Super Maramu
<i>Pylades</i>	F & K. Quinlan		Cutter S. 1997	Van De Stadt	Caribbean 12m
<i>Quaila</i>	H. F. Morrison	15	Sloop F. 2000	W. Dixon	Moody 42
<i>Rafiki</i>	W. D. & H. Keatinge		Ketch F. 1987	Carl Beyer	Aphrodite 42
<i>Rambler</i>	M. M. Dooney		Sloop F. 1990	German Frers	Swan 53
<i>Rapparee II</i>	D. McKenna		Sloop F. 1981	Yamaha Group	Yamaha 36
<i>Raptor</i>	I. J. Stevenson		Sloop F. 1994	Bruce Farr	Beneteau First 42s7
<i>Rascal</i>	M. Whitaker	1	F.Motor 1991	Hardy	Hardy 19
<i>Rathlin</i>	N. Duffin		Sloop 1990	Ed Dubois	Westerly Riviera
<i>Realta</i>	A. and M. Bell	14	Sloop F. 1992	Stephen Jones	Starlight 35
<i>Rebound</i>	D. Morrissy		Ketch F. 1986	Georg Stadelujr	Mayflower 48'
<i>Reiver</i>	J. D. Williams / W. P. Williams	12.5	Sloop S. 1988	A. Mylne	—
<i>Rhapsody</i>	S. Flood	10	Sloop F. 1979	Ron Holland;	Club Shamrock
<i>Ricjak</i>	J. Cahill	22	Cutter S. 1982	Cahill	One off
<i>Roaring Water</i>	J.B. Forde	14	Sloop F. 1978	A. Primrose	Moody 33
<i>Rockabill III</i>	J. Flanagan		Sloop F. 1998	Berret / Racoupeau	First 33.7
<i>Rockwell</i>	R. Gibson, H. Kaiser, D. McWilliam		Fractional F. 1996	Castro	1720
<i>Rosemarie of Cuan</i>	T. Anderson		Sloop F. 1984	Van Der Stadt	E & A. 40
<i>Rosemary</i>	D. Jones	3	Gaff Sloop W. 1907	Herbert Boyd	Howth 17
<i>Royal Tara</i>	C. Love	50	Ketch F. 1979	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 70
<i>Ruinette</i>	D. P. Brazil / J. Gallagher	11	Sloop F. 1971	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Running Wild</i>	R. Sullivan		Sloop F. 1980	David Thomas	Hunter Impala
<i>Sabrone</i>	P. McGlade		Sloop F. 1991	Bill Dixon	Moody 44
<i>Sai See</i>	C. Thornhill		Yawf F. 1979	Sparkman & Stephens	—
<i>Saki</i>	P. J. McCormack	11	Sloop F. 1979	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 31
<i>Salar</i>	B. McMahan	6	Sloop F. 1970	White & Hill	Cutlass
<i>Samharcín an Iar</i>	H. Du Plessis	16	Ketch F. 1977	L. Giles	Westerly Conway 36
<i>Sandy Ways</i>	T. Cooke	15	Ketch F. 1979	Holman & Pye	Oyster Mariner 35
<i>Saoirse</i>	S. Salmon		Sloop F. 1985	J. Berret	Beneteau First 37.5
<i>Saoirse of Cork</i>	J. Colin Hayes	24	Cutter F. 1996	Carl Beyer	Najad 520

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<i>Sapphira</i>	R. Brown		Sloop F. 1980	John Sharp	Halmatic 30
<i>Schollevaer</i>	D. Beattie		Gaff cutter S. 1913	Lemsteraak	
<i>Scilla Verna</i>	J & K. Nixon		Ketch F. 1983	Holman & Pye	Oyster 435
<i>Sea Fox</i>	J. R. Magee	65	Ketch W. 1940	W. M. Hand	Motor Sailer
<i>Seadrifter</i>	J. Petch	14	Ketch F. 1975	Van de Stadt	Victory 40
<i>Seareign</i>	H. R. King	12	Sloop F. 1973	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>Seascope of Down</i>	P. & E. Ronaldson		Ketch F. 1981	Westerly Conway	
<i>Seoidin</i>	B. Travers	5	G. Cutter 1978	Roger Dongray	Cornish Crabber 24 Mk 1
<i>Setanta</i>	M. Cotter-Murphy		Sloop F. 1996	Johan Hanker	Dragon
<i>Setanta</i>	J. Cudmore		Sloop F. 2000	J. Fauroux	Jenneau Sun Odyssey 37
<i>Shangaan</i>	V. O'Farrell	—	—	—	Norseman 40
<i>Shelduck</i>	N. Hegarty		Sloop F. 2003	Umberto Felci	Dufour 34
<i>Siamsa</i>	M. M. D'Alton / L. D. Latham	5	Sloop F.	W.P. Brown	Ruffian 23
<i>Silver Shadow</i>	E. Nicholson		Sloop F. 2002	Beneteau	First 31.7
<i>Simon Den</i>	J. Ballagh		Ketch S. 1991	Holterman & De Vries	44' Motor sailer
<i>Siolta</i>	W. W. McKean	11	Cutter F. 1998	Koopmans	Victoire
<i>Sirikit III</i>	G. Johnston & W. Colfer	9.8	Sloop F. 1968	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Skua</i>	J. Phelan		Sloop F. 1975	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Somethin'</i>	J. C. Bruen		Sloop F. 2002	Groupe Finot	Open 5.7
<i>Sorcha of Down</i>	T. Lusty		Sloop F. 1984	Malo Yachts	Malo 38
<i>Sparetime</i>	P. Crowley		Sloop F. 2004	—	Jeanneau 43DS
<i>Sparkle</i>	B. Gallagher	11	Sloop F. 1986	Martin Sadler	Sadler 34
<i>Speedbird of Shrone</i>	P. Tisdall	7.9	Sloop F. 1989	Woods	Banshee Catamaran
<i>Splashdance</i>	G. Roberts		Sloop F. 2003	U. Felci	Dufour 40
<i>Stardancer</i>	P. & A. Lyons		Sloop F. 2001	J & J Design	Dufour 32
<i>Starfire</i>	C. Magennis		Sloop F. 1998	Stephen Jones	starlight 35
<i>Stealaway</i>	T. Irvine		Sloop S.	Van de Stadt	
<i>Stella Maris</i>	M. C. Coleman	29	Sloop S. 1986	Bruce Roberts	Roberts 45
<i>Storm Boy</i>	L. McElligott		Ketch F. 1978	David Freeman	Fisher 37
<i>Strathspey</i>	B. N. Watson / W. R. Watson	18	Sloop F. 1980	Bill Shaw	Pearson 40
<i>Suaeda</i>	A. Hutchinson	12	Sloop F. 1973	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>Sundowner of Beaulieu</i>	L. R. Waters		Bmu Ketch F. 1980	Holman & Pye	Oyster 39
<i>Taiscealai</i>	McConnell & others		Sloop F. 1977	Ron Holland	Club Shamrock
<i>Talisker</i>	N. Wright		Sloop F. 1998	W. Dixon	Moody 40
<i>Tallulah</i>	A. H. Rountree	13	Sloop F. 1987	Van de Stadt	Legend 34
<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	B. Kenny	8	Sloop F. 1972	Britton Chance	Chance 37
<i>Tandara</i>	R. Slater	16	Ketch F. 1977	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 39
<i>Tertia of Lymington</i>	W. Dickinson	15	Sloop F. 1978	Doug Peterson	Contessa 35
<i>The Lady</i>	R.V. Lovegrove		S. 1935	—	Canal Boat
<i>The Orchestra</i>	M. Craughwell		Sloop F. 1986	Olle Enderlein	Hallberg-Rassy
<i>Tieveara</i>	T. C. Hutcheson	19	Ketch F. 1979	G.L. Watson	Colvic Watson 35
<i>Toirse</i>	J.R. Cudmore		Sloop F. 2001	J. Fauroux	Sun Odyssey 37
<i>Tosca V</i>	H. P. Kennedy		Sloop F. 1980	Sparkman & Stevens	She 36
<i>Touchstone</i>	G. Coad	10	Sloop F. 1977	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 32 MK X
<i>Tresillian IV</i>	J. Clapham	16	Ketch F. 1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 39
<i>Trininga</i>	D. B. & M. D. Johnston	15	Ketch F. 1979	W.F. Rayner	Atlantic 40
<i>Trisha</i>	A. F. Lee		Sloop F.	—	Beneteau 47.7
<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>	Dr. O. Glaser	20	Ketch F. 1981	German Frers	F & C 44
<i>Tux</i>	M. O'Keefe		Fractional F. 1997	N. Jeppesen	X 332
<i>Twayblade</i>	J. Virden	9	Sloop W. 1961	A. Buchanan	Norman
<i>Twiga</i>	M. Park		Ketch F. 1973	Holman	Super Sovereign
<i>Twocan</i>	F. D. Freeman	7	Sloop F. 1973	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 29
<i>Ultimate</i>	R. Sharp		Ketch F. 1975	Laurent Giles	Carbineer
<i>Ursula</i>	R. Watson	11	Sloop F. 1985	—	Hallberg-Rassy 312
<i>V.S.O.P.</i>	J. Godkin		Sloop F. 1986	Humphries	Sovereign 400
<i>Valhalla</i>	S. Adair		Sloop F. 1995	J. Berret	
<i>Veella</i>	A. Clarke		Sloop F. 2000	Groupe Finot	Oceanis 411
<i>Voyager</i>	B. MacManus		Sloop F. 2004	Norlin	Sweden 42
<i>Voyageuse</i>	L. Kavanagh	5.5	Sloop F. 1978	Angus Primrose	Voyager 35
<i>Wave Dancer</i>	J. E. Daly		Sloop F. 1989	Bill Dixon	Moody 376
<i>Waxwing</i>	P. Gray / S. Gray	15	Cutter F. 1980	Peter Brett	Rival 41
<i>Wayfarer</i>	D. Whitaker		Sloop F. 2000	German Frers	Hallberg-Rassy 36
<i>Wheesh</i>	W. P. Escott	12	Sloop F. 1974	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>White Heather</i>	D. H. B. FitzGerald	15	Sloop F. 1988	D. Thomas	Sigma 362
<i>White Shadow</i>	D. Nicholson	13	Sloop F. 1988	Holman & Pye	Oyster Heritage 37
<i>Whitefire</i>	N. V. McFerran		Ketch F. 1985	Van de Stadt	Rebel 42
<i>Wild Bird</i>	G. J. J. Fassenfeld		Cutter F. 1997	Tony Taylor	Vancouver 38
<i>William Tell of Uri</i>	S. Lantry	23	Cutter F. 1988	Chuck Paine	Bowman 40
<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>	G. Villiers-Stuart	13	Cutter W.	Admiralty	
<i>Winterlude</i>	G. Donovan		Sloop F. 2002	Mortain & Mavrikios	Dufour 36 Classic
<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>	W. M. Nixon / E.M. Wheeler / H.A. Whelehan	15	Sloop F. 1976	Doug Peterson	Contessa 35
<i>Wizard</i>	W. E. Glover		Sloop F. 1983	J. Kaufman	North Shore 33
<i>Wolfhound</i>	A. E. McGettigan		Sloop F. 1987	R. Holland	Swan 43
<i>Xanadu</i>	N. Kean		Ketch S. 1982	German Frers	Frers 48
<i>Yami-Yami</i>	T. Kirby	6	Sloop F. 1978	D. Sadler	Sadler 25
<i>Zarafa</i>	A. Eves		Sloop F. 1980	Don Pye	Gladiateur
<i>Zebedee</i>	David Taplin		MG Spring 25		
<i>Zuben'ubi</i>	W. J. Cotter / J. McKinney / N. Meagher	10	Sloop F. 1973	Nicholson	Nicholson 32

THE CHALLENGE CUP AWARDS

Every year the Flag Officers appoint an Adjudicator to award the Challenge Cup Awards.

The following are the Challenge Cup Awards:



THE FORTNIGHT CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE UNDERTAKEN
IN A MAXIMUM OF 16 DAYS



THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

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



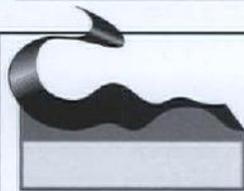
THE FINGAL CUP

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



THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY

FOR THE BEST CRUISE IN IRISH WATERS



THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

FOR THE BEST OPEN SEA PASSAGE
WITH PORT TO PORT AT LEAST 1000
MILES



THE WILD GOOSE CUP

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



THE WRIGHT SALVER

AWARDED BY THE
NORTHERN COMMITTEE



THE DONEGAN MEMORIAL CUP

AWARDED BY THE
EASTERN COMMITTEE



THE FAULKNER CUP

THE CLUBS PREMIER AWARD



THE STRANGFORD CUP

FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE



THE WYBRANT CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE IN
SCOTTISH WATERS



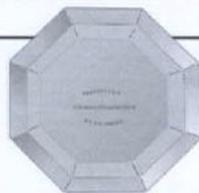
THE ROCKABILL TROPHY

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



THE GULL SALVER

FOR THE HIGHEST PLACED IRISH
YACHT IN THE FASTNET RACE



THE PERRY GREER BOWL

FOR THE BEST FIRST ICC LOG



THE JOHN B KEARNEY CUP

FOR AN OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION
TO IRISH SAILING



THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

AWARDED BY THE
SOUTHERN COMMITTEE



THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

AWARDED BY THE
WESTERN COMMITTEE

BEST DUNNS DITTY WILL BE AWARDED A MINIATURE REPLICA OF THE WYBRANT CUP



This monument on the Chukotka, Russian shore marks the exact point through which longitude 180° degrees passes. This was formerly of navigational importance.

Photo by Dunaev Yuri Alexangro, Mys Schmidt