

"All At Sea" on Passage to Iceland: A Personal Journey

Dick Lovegrove



THE WILD GOOSE CUP

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

The simple fact of the matter is that I have always loved being at sea. My late father-in-law used to say that I was "all at sea" most of the time! Of course, I love cavorting around the buoys on Dublin Bay on a Thursday night and having a pint afterwards. I love dropping the anchor of the barge in a quiet backwater of the Shannon, particularly on a fine winter's day. But most of all, I love being out of sight of land. Even the sixty miles from Dun Laoghaire to Holyhead is magical because there is that bit in the middle where you cannot see land and then there is the anticipation of the landfall when you first catch sight of the mountains of Snowdonia or Wicklow. For many years I was one of that happy band of enthusiasts who set off from Howth, Dun Laoghaire, Holyhead, Abersoch or Pwllheli on seven weekends during the summer and headed for Howth, Dun Laoghaire, Holyhead, Abersoch or Pwllheli only to turn around again and race back. Later, I loved the challenge of Fastnet Races or Round Ireland Races. Paradoxically, these major "offshore" championships are mostly raced in sight of land, but it was the prospect of being at sea (if not actually out of sight of land) for five or six days at a time which really appealed to me.

And when I gave up racing, for the first time, I was lucky enough to still have opportunities to go to sea. I collected Richard Hooper and John Bourke's *Hobo* and brought her back from The Solent and with Brian MacManus delivered Brendan Bradley's *Shalini* to Spain. I was lucky in other ways too. In the course of a lot of offshore and coastal sailing, I never had a really bad experience. I remember a couple of summer gales all right. One in particular, off Kerry, during a Round Ireland Race on Nick Thistleton's boat, but in fact, I slept through most of it

and my main memory is of waking very briefly when I hit the underside of the deck as I went up and the boat came down! However it is still a disappointment that I have never done a really long passage. Five or six years ago I was set up to help Brendan bring *Shalini* back across "The Pond", but a routine medical check-up ultimately ended in what was to be the first of three visits to the Blackrock Clinic and the cessation of all sailing.

These things take a while to get over. In particular, it took me a while to build up my confidence in the strength and permanence of the surgeons' handiwork but three years ago, I bought a half share in a Sigma 33 and took up capering around the cans again. Nothing popped out or caved in, so I began to think about going back to sea. Over last winter, rumours started to emerge from the Sailing Committee of the Royal St George Yacht Club about a Club cruise to Brittany and also a Club cruise to Iceland. Although not top of my holiday destinations' list, Iceland quite appealed to me, but it was only when I worked out that it would take at least five days to sail there, that I became really interested. On a quiet night at the Royal St. George bar I "wheedled" ICC member Brian Craig into asking me if I would like to join the *Vivace* (Bavaria 44) crew and project "All at sea...again" was launched!

The people who organise these things in "The George" are nothing if not serious minded and thorough. Over the winter, monthly meetings were convened, and every conceivable topic from first aid to provisioning and modern communications systems was covered. The honorary Icelandic Consul, John Gore-Grimes and the Royal St. George's part-time Icelandic resident, Michael O'Neill, and his full-time Icelandic wife, Halldora, were all called upon to address us on subjects such as the price of the Icelandic pint and where to drink it. In addition, courses were organised and it was while participating in a "Survival Training Day" that I experienced the most frightening event of the entire trip. The five crew of *Vivace* and a couple of others were asked to jump in full oilies into a swimming pool, which was flat calm and all of six foot deep. We then had to climb into a liferaft, which had just been inflated. I was the fourth person to make my entrance and with the aid of a surreptitious push off the bottom of the pool, I made it reasonably easily to a position where I was lying on my stomach across the top ring of the raft, half in and half out. The first surprise was that the hand lines, which are designed to enable one to pull oneself all the way in,



The crew: Hazel Ruane, Jonathan Craig, Brian Craig, Des Thorpe.

had not been attached by the "professional" who had serviced the liferaft and were missing. Fortunately, those already inside got a firm grip of me and hauled me in the rest of the way. The next surprise was that there was already six inches of water on the floor and as I landed face down in the cramped and dark surroundings I became pinned with my face under water. For a moment I thought I was actually going to drown there and then. With all my clothing saturated, my initial struggles were of no avail but with a major wrench, I pulled myself free and was able to roll on my side and get my nose above the surface. The most valuable lesson, which I learned that day was the oldest one: "It is only as a very, very last resort that one gets into a liferaft".

Much more enjoyable, and maybe equally life-preserving, was the course on the proper use and interpretation of the radar. But it is a long way from such undoubtedly wonderful items of safety equipment we were reared. Who else remembers going to sea with a dinghy on the foredeck for a liferaft, and with a compass, parallel rules and that singularly useless piece of equipment, the RDF, for navigation?

As the day of our departure drew closer, my luck held. The four yachts of the Royal St. George fleet were all leaving from different ports at slightly different times and the other three all had uncomfortable starts to the passage. Because Jonathan Craig (Brian and Anne's son) had final exams to attend to, and less importantly because I had the Sigma 33 National Championships to attend to, Brian and Anne undertook to deliver *Vivace* as far as Ballycastle on the north coast. They had a pretty rugged trip up the Irish Sea and it blew 35 knots or more on the nose in the North Channel. However, by the time Jonathan and I had joined by car, and we had all had an excellent meal in the hotel adjacent to the marina, the wind had backed and moderated. Anne had decided to fly up to meet us in Iceland. So, in addition to Brian, Jonathan and myself, the crew consisted of Jonathan's girl friend Hazel Ruane and Des Thorpe, giving an ideal mix of youth (Hazel and Jonathan) to do the work, experience (Brian and Des) to make the decisions, and a curmudgeon (me) to comment on how the others were performing!

And so it was that at midnight on Monday 13th June, we left the intimate little marina at Ballycastle and, with the usual mixture of nervousness and eager anticipation, headed to sea. The direct course to the southwest corner of Iceland is about 315° true. Paddy Blaney (I.C.C) was a couple of days ahead of us in *Maelduin* (Hallberg Rassey 46) and he radioed back to say that he was experiencing quite strong northeasterlies, so our plan was to head to the northeast of the rhumb line. Truth to tell the weather for the first twenty-four hours was rather dreary. As we cleared the land, it became obvious that, although we had a free wind, it was grey, overcast, and pretty miserable. At first it merely drizzled, but as the day wore on it turned to steady rain which was, at times, torrential. Never mind, we were off!

One of the things that I like about long distance-passage making is the watch system. In the days when the off-watch racing crew went below and got into bunks, however rudimentary, I never felt better than I did two days after the start. By then I had got rid of the pre-race party hangover and was probably getting close to ten hours sleep in twenty four, more than I would ever get ashore. With regular meals, however basic, no alcohol, and fresh air, why wouldn't one feel well? Of course, the wheels always tended to come off as the end of the passage or race approached. Then, the watch system would break down and by the time we had actually finished, celebrated our safe return (or successful result) in an appropriate manner, and made it home, I usually felt knackered! Brian and Anne had devised a sophisticated watch-keeping system of rolling staggered watches. There were always two on watch and a watch lasted

four hours, but by staggering the start of the watches, your watch partner changed after two hours, with the other advantages that the time of your watches changed each day and you had six hours off. In addition, one person was nominated each day to clean, cook and wash up.

As we settled into the system on the first day, in spite of the murky weather, it really did feel marvellous to be heading towards an empty horizon. The wind varied between 5 and 17 knots and a lumpy sea and the rain made it a bit uncomfortable, but nevertheless, I was very glad to be there. Much later in the voyage, in glorious sunshine and with the snowclad mountains of Iceland in the background, the two younger members of the crew admitted that during the first twelve hours, they had wondered why they were there. At some time or other we have all known that feeling, but not me this time. The forecast was for stronger winds in the next 48 hours followed by several days of light breezes, which decided us to conserve diesel for the time being to ensure that we would have enough for the latter part of the trip and our landfall. As a result, for some hours we persevered with sail even when boat speed dropped to two knots.

During the day, the wind backed further to the south and the cruising 'chute was made ready, but just when it was about to be hoisted, the wind freshened and luncheon was served, putting all thoughts of sail changes on hold. Ah, the joys of cruising! Between bouts of watch-keeping and sleeping the conversation ranged from the Lions tour, to the state of sailing in Dun Laoghaire, and some mutual friends were largely approved of. It is something of a tradition of Royal St. George Yacht Club cruises that someone sets the first line of a limerick and that, while on passage, the rest complete the verse. In the past, the airwaves of the VHF have been jammed because some



Des Thorpe and Brian Craig on watch, 02.00.

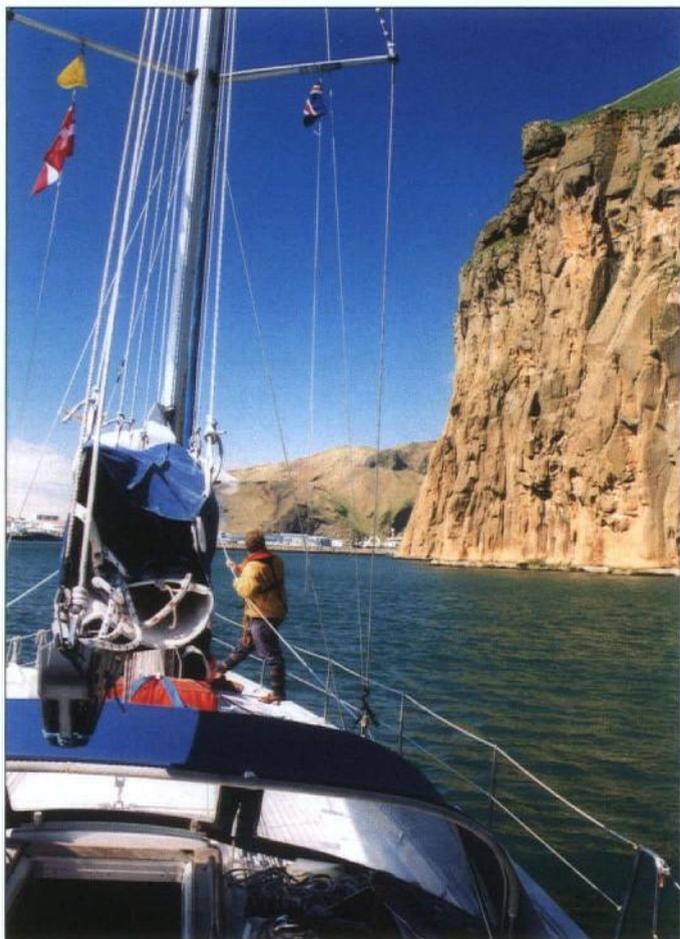
of our members do not appreciate that a limerick has only five lines! On this occasion, I decided that there should be a "Crosaire" and a "Simplex" competition and set two possible starters:

Crosaire: "A gushing old geyser from Grimsey....."

Simplex: "An Icelandic maiden called Bjork....."

ICC members may like to make their own suggestions, but as I recall, prizes were awarded late at night in a restaurant in Reykjavik! However, the real purpose of mentioning all of this is to highlight the communications transformation, which has taken place in recent times. All the boats, which didn't have them before, hired, at very reasonable cost, Immarsat C phones. With these and e-mail we were all able to communicate not only with each other but also with "home base" at "The George". The Club's wonderful sailing secretary, Pauline Power, co-ordinated all communications and also up-dated the web site on a daily basis, so that members could follow the progress of each boat and read the latest gossip from on board. It was in this way that we learned that Dodger (Michael O'Neill and David Bagnall's Maxi 1100) had encountered very unpleasant weather. Sensibly they had decided to retrace their steps by forty miles to Colonsay in The Hebrides, where they had gone ashore, had a few pints and a good meal, and set out again, refreshed and reinvigorated the following day.

With the morning of Wednesday 15th, the weather started to improve. Of course, even at this latitude there wasn't much darkness. It was bright at 03.00 and sun-up by 04.45. And what a change! It was a beautiful sunrise so that the decks started drying, the top layer of oilskins came off and sitting in the cockpit became a pleasure. The humans' reaction was instantaneous. The spirits of those who had been a bit down before soared visibly. And the avian kingdom also seemed to come to



The spectacular entrance to Heimaey.

life. Suddenly, we were surrounded by puffins, shearwaters, arctic skuas, storm petrels, gannets, fulmars and kittiwakes. A whale surfaced nearby. As forecast, the wind went north-easterly, but with our little bit of "weather" in hand, for most of the day we were able to lay our course, close-hauled on starboard. In the evening we were headed again until we were laying a course for the Caribbean. There were some suggestions that we should keep going, but at 18.05 we completed the first tack of the cruise and with it went our chance of drinking Mount Gay rum or seeing the "Green Flash" in Jamaica.

In celebration of the good weather there were pink gins at lunchtime, and at supper, for the first time the whole crew sat down together to eat a marvellous meal prepared by Hazel (and some of us succumbed to the temptation of just one more pink gin!). That night I was on watch from 20.00 to 24.00, and again from 06.00. I have tried to remember without much success what one thinks about in the middle of the night when conversation is lulled and one is not putting on the kettle or filling in time by putting a "mark on the chart". I remember that when we cruised together in earlier years, my long-suffering wife, Heather, used to get furious with me when I left her alone in the cockpit and went below for a "quick look at the chart" and didn't re-emerge for forty-five minutes! On this occasion I also recalled a phenomenon from night sailing years ago. Sometimes, if I looked up quickly, I would see a flash on the horizon. This would start me searching for the South Stack, The Rockabill or the Fastnet. Out here, in the North Atlantic I quickly remembered, it is an optical illusion or maybe I need my eyes tested!

When I came on deck at 06.00 on Thursday 16th, it was already obvious that we were in for another lovely day. There was a pair of fulmars wheeling around *Vivace* like fighter pilots. It is hard not to believe that they have excellent communication skills when you watch their close formation flight patterns, and observe the way that they look at you with those wise eyes, like owls of the sea, as they approach from astern at high speed and then shear away at the last minute.

By now the crew had well and truly settled in and the day was spent reading, sleeping and watch-keeping. There was some cloud cover but in between, there was warm sunshine and the west-southwest, occasionally southwest, breeze allowed us to make up to 7.5 knots more or less in the right direction. It was a gentle day and not one for the engine. Des was on duty and for lunch we were treated to cold crab, ham, turkey and salad washed down with a bottle of fine white wine and followed by cheese and biscuits. What could be nicer? Messages came through from *Maelduin* that they were almost there and getting excited. Given the lack of darkness, would there be "day clubs" and would Lambay Rules apply? We also heard from the fourth boat of the flotilla, Michael Holland's magnificent Dubois-designed seventy-one footer, *Celtic Spirit*. She had also left ahead of us and had initially encountered some head winds, but now she was well on her way and planned to sail north of the Arctic Circle to Isafjorder, before meeting up with the rest of us in Reykjavik. It seems that they had picked up a passenger in the form of a bird alternatively known as "Lucky" or "Yummy" depending on how hungry the speaker was!

The afternoon was whiled away in enthusiastic games of "snakes and ladders" and "cheat" interspersed with idle speculation as to "Lucky's" future. Our reverie was rudely disturbed by the approach of a large fishing vessel (one of very few commercial ships, which we encountered) on the port bow. Remembering our winter classes we watched it on the radar as it altered course to avoid us and steamed very slowly for three or four hours, on a course parallel to ours, until eventually we overtook it! Ah, the heady excitement of it all! But there was to

be some small excitement in store for us. Des had predicted that the rapid rise in barometric pressure, which we had experienced would surely be followed by a corresponding fall and of course he was right. During the evening the wind speed built to more than twenty knots and there was a confused sea. *Vivace* was loving it and bustling along at nearly eight knots. Down below, the games were put away and the off watch crew got into their bunks. All boats have their noises. I remember falling asleep on many occasions to the sound of low moaning coming from *Little Egypt's* starboard shroud. On *Vivace*, I lay awake for a while listening to an extraordinary noise like the crackling of an old-fashioned wireless, or eggs frying, which I eventually traced to the starboard jib fairlead. When I came on watch at 02.00 (Friday 17th) it was to find beautiful, brisk sailing conditions. Des had put in one slab and a couple of rolls and *Vivace* was going like an express train but she was perfectly snug and well within herself. The "night" passed busily putting in slabs and rolling out reefs as the wind came and went. When Jonathan came on watch at 04.00, we had time for a cup of tea and at 06.00, in the course of preparing a light repast, I dropped a full packet of Cocopops all over the saloon floor so that when Brian emerged from the forward cabin, he found me on all fours with a dustpan and brush! Such are the minutiae of life aboard a yacht at sea!

When I woke again, it was to the best day yet. The wind had dropped and the sun was shining and, what is more, there was the smell of rashers, eggs, baked beans, sausages and freshly baked bread rolls, all prepared by Brian, who was grinning from the galley. And the day just got better and better. What we all really like doing is playing with our toys and Brian, Des and I played all morning. With the aid of an article in "Yachting Monthly", we set up the gear for the new cruising 'chute. But when we went up to the foredeck for the final hoist, we found that two bolts had fallen out of the Furlex and that the foil was sliding up the forestay. When this was fixed, we returned to the 'chute which was eventually hoisted and "unsnuffed" with much ceremony. *Vivace's* speed increased and we all took turns in helming while discussing the relative merits of "Yachting World" and "Yachting Monthly". Then we decided that the increased speed didn't compensate for the loss of "point" and we took it all down again. It had taken three hours but it was great fun and in the middle of it all Brian announced his decision that instead of making directly for Reykjavik, we would detour and make The Westmann Islands our first port of call.

It was my turn to cook supper. I would love to tell you of the hours I spent slaving away in the galley, but Heather reads these logs, and she would know that all I had to do was boil some rice and heat up the savoury lamb casserole which she had prepared and frozen prior to our departure. It had been a special day with warm sunshine, easy sailing, and good wine. When the meal was over, the entire crew moved back up to the cockpit where we sat in the sun until after midnight and chatted lazily. We even managed a little "daycap" and saw our second pod of whales.



The entrance to Heimaey from the top of the world's newest mountain..

My next watch was at 06.00 and as I came up the companionway, it was easy to sense the excitement of Hazel and Des in the cockpit. The snow-covered mountains of mainland Iceland were clearly in view and looked magnificent in the sunlight. Soon the Vestmannaeyjar (Westmann) Islands themselves appeared. They are so named because the Irish (or West men) who had been captured and brought back to Iceland around the turn of the first century, had been exiled to these islands after attempting to overthrow their captors. Heimaey is the only one of the group of islands to be inhabited, and the entrance to its harbour is spectacular. In 1973, a volcano created a new mountain and the resulting lava flow obliterated the breakwater on the south side of the harbour. For a time it seemed as if the whole harbour might be closed off from the sea, but the townspeople took to boats and with fire hoses cooled the lava sufficiently to stop its progress. In the process, they created an even more sheltered deep water port, where, to much celebration, *Vivace* tied up at 12.30 on Saturday 18th June 2005 after four and a half days of being "all at sea"! Champagne popped, photos were taken, and there was much texting home. Anne Craig came walking down the dock, having just flown in from Reykjavik and lunch, consisting of smoked salmon and more champagne, was served in glorious sunshine in the cockpit. It had been a truly wonderful passage. Not, of course, particularly earth-shattering either in its difficulty or duration, but a very happy voyage on a well-found yacht in good company. For me, stepping ashore at the quay in Heimaey seemed like the end of a journey, which started all those years ago when the doctor told me that I wouldn't be part of Brendan's crew on *Shalini*.

And what about Iceland? Heimaey has a real frontier town feel to it. You rapidly realise that Iceland is a very prosperous (and expensive) country. Fine houses are set well apart but the roads and footpaths are empty and it would not surprise you to see balls of tumbleweed come bowling down the highway. When a car does appear it is likely to be a top of the range 4x4. Fishing is the major occupation and the harbour, which provides excellent shelter and berthage for yachts as well as deep draught vessels, has a fish factory, which is bustling and not a little "nifty". We climbed "the world's newest mountain", had an indifferent meal at one of the two restaurants and were returning to *Vivace* when we saw the mast of *Dodger* moving



Brian opens the champagne.

behind the breakwater. We were delighted to see them and had great pleasure in taking their lines.

The following morning, with Anne now joining the crew, we set off on the 120 mile coastal passage to Reykjavik. It was as miserable as the previous day had been beautiful. It was blowing old boots, drizzling, and a low mist reduced visibility to a couple of hundred yards. Brian and Des shaped a course to pass close to the recently created volcanic island of Surtsey, but, in truth, the visibility was so bad that we could see little more than its silhouette. The final approach to Reykjavik is easy and the harbour itself is substantial, providing excellent shelter and all facilities. Brokey Yacht Club is to port as you enter. They have a small marina suitable for yachts up to about forty feet and beside it is a similar marina operated by the Harbour Company. We chose to berth at the marina enclosed in an inner harbour to the starboard side of the main harbour. The principal reason for doing this was that *Maelduin* was already there and even though it was 02.00 when we arrived, her crew was all out on the pontoon to catch our lines and to press liquid refreshment into our outstretched arms as we jumped ashore. The celebrations lasted for some time and we only remembered that it was the middle of the night when we saw the Dorade vents on a nearby Polish yacht rotate silently (like submarine periscopes) so that they pointed away from the source of the noise!

Reykjavik is a fine city, with everything that one could possibly want within easy access. A pretty and well-stocked salmon river runs close to the city centre. There are luxury shops as well as supermarkets for staples and restaurants to suit every taste, and the following day, after doing some routine maintenance and tidying up *Vivace*, we set out to explore. We found "The Dubliner" bar and with unashamed national pride, we donned our leprechaun hats, hoisted our shillelaghs over our

shoulders and went to work for "Ould Ireland". Once again it was 04.00 when we emerged victorious! So it was with slightly knocking knees and ringing ears that at breakfast time on Summer Solstice Day, Tuesday 21st June, we boarded an off-road vehicle organised by Tony Linehan of *Dodger*. Tony had organised an amazing day-long journey taking in lava deserts, hot springs, breathtaking waterfalls, the site of the oldest parliament in the world and, perhaps best of all, a snowball fight on a glacier. It was a tired but happy band of about thirty sailors that finally mustered at the Einear Ben Restaurant that night for the "official cruise dinner" and, of course, the Grand Final of the limerick competition. The food was much better than the verse!

Talking of going to work for "Ould Ireland", I must give credit to Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dermot Aherne. On our last night, we were enjoying, with the crews of the other three boats, what had become the customary evening dispersal of duty free products at the marina, when he arrived. It seems that he had espied the Irish flags from afar and had come to investigate and press the flesh. He made himself very agreeable and was welcomed to the party, so I thought better of tackling him on the issue of Ireland's failure (unlike Iceland) to ban drift netting for salmon.

Unfortunately, time didn't permit me to make the return passage on board *Vivace* and I flew home via Stansted. My place on board was taken by ICC member David Freeman and I am glad to report that despite some very "mixed" weather all the Royal St. George boats made it back to Dun Laoghaire safely. My very sincere thanks to Brian (and Anne) Craig for inviting me to join *Vivace* and also to Michael Holland, Patrick Blaney, David Bagnall, Tony Linehan and all the others who put so much work into the organisation and planning of this very special cruise. Where are we going next year, lads? I am hoping to be "all at sea" again soon!

Vivace's entries for the Limerick Competition

Crosaire: *A gushing old geyser from Grimsey
Told his wife that her reasons were flimsey
For riding away
With a toy boy named Shay,
On a white horse.....that's really just whimsey.*

Simplex: *An Icelandic maiden called Bjork
Of Reykjavik town was the talk.
For she was flathuleac,
With her favours took pot luck
And now she just met with the stork.*

Cuilaun Atlantic round again

Brian Smullen

Cuilaun is a 55 foot ketch designed and built at McGruer's yard in Clynder just across the Gareloch from the atomic submarine base on the Clyde. Sadly the yard is no longer there and in its place stands a small village, but traces of the original launching ramps still remain in the water as a reminder of its former glory. Launched in 1970 she is built of 1¼' inch teak (varnished) planking on laminated mahogany frames and 35 years later is still as good as new.

Over the years she has enjoyed nine trans Atlantic crossings and in that time has introduced many people to the joys of long distance companiable sailing. Nevertheless she is no slouch and in 1979 managed to win two classes in that year's trans-Atlantic race from Marblehead (Mass.) to Cork, to celebrate the ICC 50th Anniversary on a diet of roast turkey, vintage port and in those days fat cigars, and at the end, a couple of prizes in the bag.

That heady trip was followed by many years of extended cruising from the Caribbean northwards to the east coast of the USA, to Nova Scotia, Labrador and a circumnavigation of Newfoundland. Chipping ice from passing icebergs makes the evening Martini taste all the better.

Having taken part in the 50th Anniversary cruise we came back from Maine in 2003 to celebrate the 75th Anniversary last year. The odds are good that the boat will be there for the centenary but I don't hold out any great hopes for myself!!!!

At the end of last year's celebrations we continued westward around Ireland and on up the Clyde for a nostalgic visit, and had the great pleasure of entertaining her designer and builder George McGruer on board for a wee dram or three and an evening of "d'ya remember".

After that it was back to Dun Laoghaire and on to the south of England for some work on the boat in readiness for her trip back across the pond. This included fitting a water maker, and the idea of being able to wash on passage reminded me of a doughty New England sailing matron who advised her grand children that on passage they should wash up as far as possible and down as far as possible and if there was enough water they could wash possible.

Next stop was Coruña in northwest Spain and then on to Tenerife. Sadly for the first time ever I was not making the passage across, but I flew down to see the off and as I stood on the pierhead waving I have to confess a little tear came to my eye, but the old girl looked magnificent as she reached out to the horizon eager to get back to her old stomping grounds in the "New World".

The following spring, Bill Riordan and friends collected her in Antigua and sailed her down to Bequia Island, just south of St. Vincent where Michael O'Flaherty and myself flew in, to take over for a nostalgic cruise down memory lane. Starting at Mustique, which we first visited in 1978 and is still just as uncomfortable and expensive as ever, although they have now installed some moorings which is helpful, as the holding is not too good.

Then on to Tobago Keys, a magnificent coral atoll fully exposed to the Tradewinds but providing a great lee and a paradise for kite-boarders, of which breed we had two on

board. Petit St. Vincent, Canouan, and Union Island followed in short order but sadly Sandy Key, a favourite anchorage, has been almost wiped out by a recent hurricane, the first to hit the area in 45 years, so most of the vegetation has been destroyed and just some bits of broken coral remain of what was once a classic tropical islet.

We had entered for the Antigua Classic Series, so it was time to head north, but not before we visited Wallilabou Bay on St. Vincent which has been taken over totally as the set for the film "Pirates of the Caribbean", very impressive with its re-creation of an 18th century town complete with harbour and ship wrecked galleons. We didn't stay long as they were shooting a sequel and time was running short for us.



Cuilaun at the mark just ahead of "J" boat Ranger.

The islands form a great crescent from Guadelupe to St. Vincent so to save time we took the direct route across the inside of the curve. We were far enough offshore to avoid the wind-shadow of the islands, and had one of the best sails I have had in years to English Harbor, the sort of stuff we come to sea for.

The Classic Series was stunning with a huge entry that ranged from the 109-year-old *Ibis* through *Ticonderoga*, the "J" class *Valsheda* and *Ranger*; the 139 foot *Noordstar* and on up to the 237 foot *Fleurtje*; altogether more than 180 boats and each a gem in its own way, every one of them beautifully restored and loved by their owners. With two firsts and a third we managed to win the Classic Division and also collected first in the "Concours d'Elégance" Our first trip to Antigua was in 1978 in the days when Sailing Week was fun and it was very nice to finally come away with something to show for it.

After the celebrations *Cuilaun* went on – again without me – to Bermuda and at last arrived in Maine in June. In July we joined the New York Yacht Club cruise in Maine in which they race every day from anchorage to anchorage, and as there was almost no wind it was back down to earth with a bump, but the social side was good, especially towards the end, when we at last got the hang of the dress code. It's not done to turn up for the skippers briefing, held in a local boatyard, in tee shirt and jeans, however we hid discreetly in the background and a kindly barmaid who thought we were staff kept slipping us beers on the house, so it wasn't a total disaster as I think we had more fun than most of those present that evening.

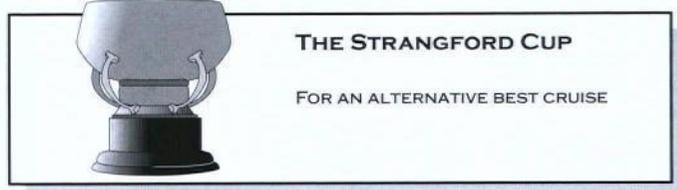
So ends a great adventure and *Cuilaun* is now laid up for the winter in Camden, Maine, and if all goes well we plan to cruise the north side of Nova Scotia and the St. Lawrence Seaway next year.



Power reaching at Antigua classic races.

Ann Again in the Midnight Sun

Brian & Eleanor Cudmore



During our cruise in 2003 we had briefly touched the south coast of Norway, and this whetted our appetite to see more of this amazing country. This year we decided to go back and explore the west coast and the wild and beautiful Lofoten Islands, north of the Arctic Circle. This coast is truly spectacular and very well protected from Bergen to the Lofotens, a distance of 600 miles.

The coast of Norway has hundreds of miles of sheltered waters protected by islands and skerries, where you can enjoy sailing in strong winds through smooth waters. This is the "skjaergard" which means 'the waters protected by islands'. An amazing fact is the total coastline, including the islands, would be long enough, if straightened out, to encircle the continent of Africa four and a half times.

Once you have crossed the notorious North Sea you enter these idyllic sailing conditions. In fact from Bergen to the Lofotens one has to go out into the open sea only on two occasions. Firstly, around the Statlandet, a peninsula which the Norwegians refer to as the Cape Horn of Norway. This headland is so rough and dangerous in winter storms that there are talks of making a tunnel through it, big enough for ships, as a large portion of goods on the west coast is transported by coastal steamers, which can often be delayed for several days due to the many winter gales. The second 'outside' passage is the Hustadvika, where the skerries are too sparse to give good shelter and navigation among them is exceedingly intricate, one has about 17 miles of confused sea to contend with. At first glance at the charts, it looks quite impossible and we were told that the Coast Patrol runs an escort service across this dangerous stretch of water for small pleasure craft during the summer. To really appreciate and get the full value of this coast, two things are essential, a strong and reliable engine and one must be prepared to spend at least three months away from home.

We left Cork on 10th May and stopped in Dun Laoire to collect fellow ICC member Cliff Hilliard who joined us for the trip as far as Bergen. We stopped at Carlingford Lough and Ardglass before heading across the North Channel to Gigha arriving at 03.00 14th May where we quietly picked up a visitor's mooring. Our plan this year was to visit the Outer Hebrides, and then on around the north of Scotland to the Orkney Islands. However with the forecast giving strong to gale force northerly winds we opted for the easy way out and sought the shelter of the Caledonian Canal.

We exited the canal on 19th

May at the first lock opening. The eastern end is tidal and the locks only open 4 hours either side of high water and you need to contact the sea lock to tell them your departure time, as they have to open a railway bridge as well as the lock. We motor-sailed out into the lumpy Moray Firth in thick fog and a bitterly cold northerly wind and headed for Wick, arriving at 23.30. We had a couple of hour's sleep and left again in similar conditions but the day improved and we ended up having a cold but fine fetch to Kirkwall in the Orkney Islands. Here there is a good marina and one can use the facilities at the very friendly local boat club. The forecast was bad for the following day so we decided to stay in the shelter of the Orkneys and had an exhilarating sail in through the many small islands to Westray, the most northerly of the group. Again a small well-protected marina greeted us. The Scottish government is putting money into these islands hoping to encourage visitors to these lovely challenging waters.

Next morning early we set off on a 50 miles hop to Fair Isle, a small, high-cliffed, barren island with a population of 68. The islands main income comes from sheep farming and ornithology tourism. There is a small harbour on the north of the island, aptly named North Harbour, behind a man-made breakwater which gives good protection in all but easterlies. Here we had eider ducks for company and were greatly amused by them whooping noisily around us in the harbour. The weather conditions here in the winter are so bad that the 100-ton ferry, the *Good Shepherd* is hauled out after every trip.

The tides and currents are very strong between Fair Isle and the Shetlands, especially around Sumburg Head on the southern tip of the group, so, on the advice of the ferry skipper we left at

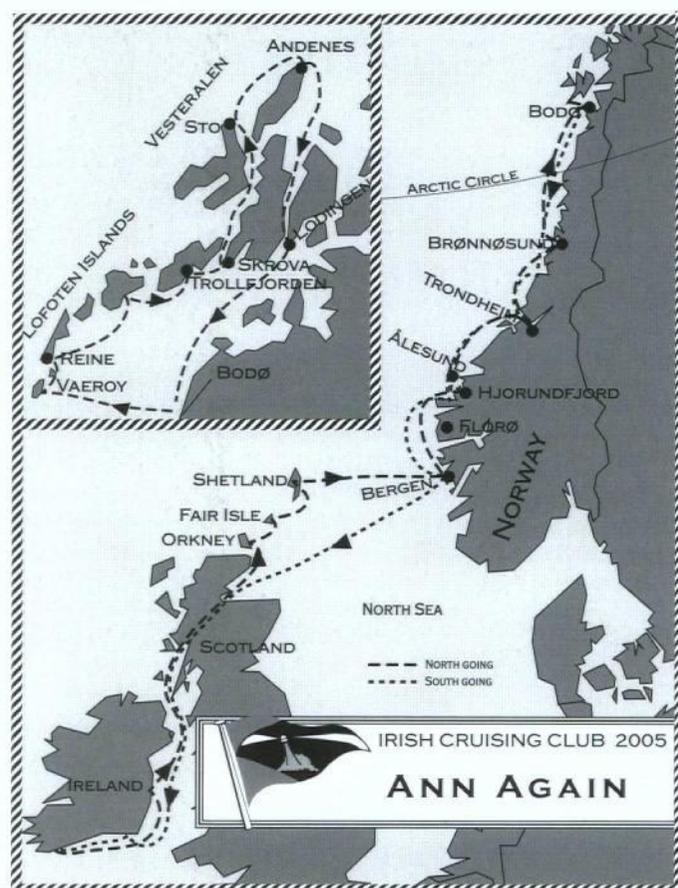


Eagles on Varde at Renag.

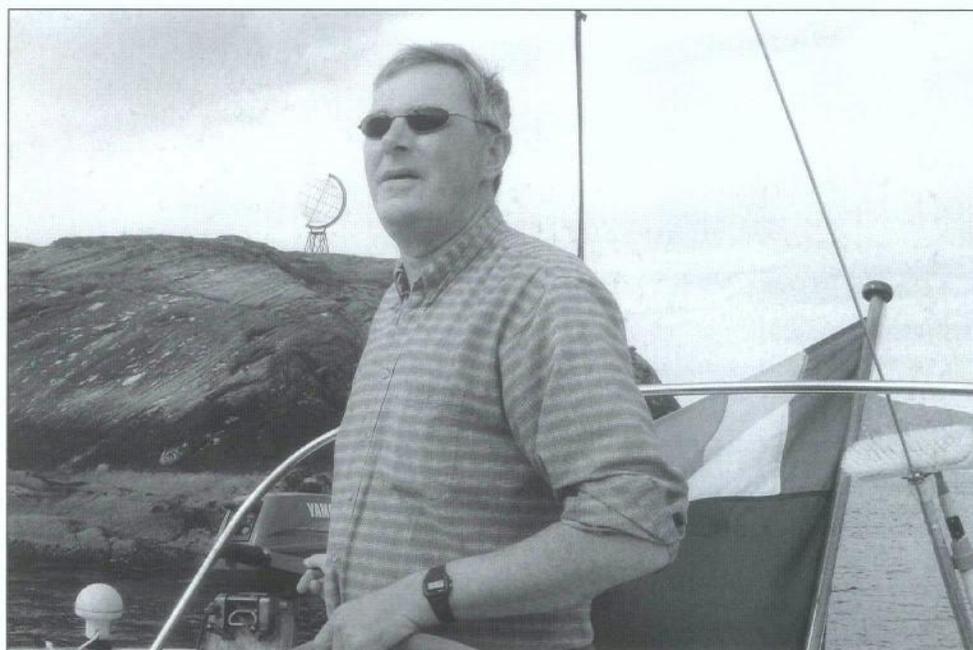
13.00, to get the best of the tide, and had a speedy but foggy sail arriving at 21.00 Monday 21st in Lerwick, which is an important port for the North Sea oil fields and a port of call for many cruise liners.

Lerwick has a nice little pontoon with shore power and water in what they call the Small Harbour at the very reasonable cost of 50p/metre/night plus £10 for 5 days shore power, payable at the Harbour Office. On Wednesday 25th we were up at 05.00 for a 06.00 departure but on hearing the forecast northwest force 6-8 backing northeast we went back to bed and decided to wait for the next weather window, which didn't come for another 5 days. The locals told us that in winter they get an average of 12 gales a month. It was still winter and bitterly cold in May! On Thursday 26th the lifeboat, which was berthed near us, was called out to assist a French Open 60, *Bonduelle*, which was dismasted off the island of Unst during the Round Britain race. After cutting her rig she was towed into Lerwick. We spent the next morning watching as a large crane lifted her 2 metres out of the water and her crew in a rib went under her and replaced her 2-bladed racing prop with a 3-bladed fixed prop as she had to go back to France under engine. Cliff found us badly-needed thermal underclothes and warm woolly hats, silly-looking but we never stopped thanking him, even when he had left us!

Lerwick was a busy port this week with 10 boats from 8 different countries all waiting for the weather to abate before heading off to different destinations. Included in this bunch were two boats from the CCA who had crossed from the States last summer to join us for our 75th Anniversary cruise to Glengarriff, *Canty*, a J40 and *Threshold*, a beautiful 54ft Chuck Payne-designed aluminium sloop. It's on occasions like this that being a member of the ICC has its advantages as we three immediately bonded. All the others who did not appear to be affiliated to any club had little communication with one another. We used the internet in the local library (open 10.00 to 16.00, free) to look up weather sites and on Friday 27th it looked as if the earliest we would get away was the following Monday. As it was a bank holiday that Monday and the library was closed we walked up to the coast Guard station for a weather forecast. They said they expected strong northerly winds but they should be well north of our rhumb line to Bergen and blow over in front of us and decrease. We gave it a



few hours and at midday on 30th May, the two CCA boats and ourselves set out. Seas were big but we were reaching across them. *Canty*, who was trying to go further north to Ålesund, turned back after 4 hours as she wasn't making any headway. *Threshold* and ourselves pressed on but unfortunately the further we got from Shetlands the fresher it got and we eventually ended up with a steady force 8 gusting 9 in a horrible confused sea. We had given Shetland Coastguard a TR before we left and it was very comforting when about 20 miles out from the Norwegian coast, we got a call on the VHF from



Skipper crossing the Arctic Circle.

Rogoland radio enquiring about our progress and our position. Our landfall was the Marstein Light at the entrance to Korsfjorden and we were very happy to enter the calm of the 'skjaergard' and had a lovely smooth sail the remaining 10 miles to Hjelystad marina where we stayed for the night. We joined *Threshold*, who had arrived an hour before us, and we tried to outdo one another with stories of an atrocious crossing. There were no winners, we had it equally bad! The 205 mile crossing took 32 hours with an average of 6.2 knots.

Early next morning 1st June in nice sunny conditions we sailed the remaining 15 miles to Bergen and tied up on the quay wall in front of the pointed gabled, wooden warehouses of the Bryggen. The sailing season had not yet started so we more or less had the quay wall to ourselves. We spent days here

doing the usual touristy things before Cliff had to return home. We visited some of the many museums and galleries and we took the cable car up Mt. Viriken and got a panoramic view of the city and of our passage in from the North Sea and here we were also treated to a piano recital of concertos by Norway's foremost composer, Edvard Greig. We were berthed near the wonderful market, the Torget, with its mouth watering array of fish and other delicacies. Owing to our delay in the Shetlands, Cliff saw very little of Norway which he had been looking forward to. We logged 996 miles from Cork to Bergen.

We were on our own again as we headed off on Friday 3rd June through the inshore coastal passage for Bodo 600 miles further north. We had had two days of lovely weather in Bergen but we woke to wet, cold, windless, miserable weather and we set off in fog and drizzle motoring all day in very poor visibility through the very narrow Byfjorden, meaning city fiord. We had arranged to meet Eleanor's brother in Bodo on 12th, and were under pressure now as it gave us only 9 days to get there. Navigation on this passage is very intricate with many unlit marks so we considered overnight sailing a bit foolhardy, however with the days getting much longer the further north we progressed, we managed to get in some good daily runs, some of over 100 miles. The visibility was poor but the low cloud lifted every now and again giving us a glimpse of the scenery we were missing. The beauty of these inshore passages is that they give reasonably good wind in sheltered and flat waters. That said, one has to be constantly vigilant as we experienced that the wind can go from 5 knots to 40 knots in a matter of minutes in the fjords and crossing them. The further north we went the more beautiful the scenery became with spectacular snow-topped mountains and high waterfalls cascading down to the sea.

The one thing Norway has plenty of is rock and they have put it to good use making mole harbours in every little inhabited island. As a result one seldom has to travel more than 15 miles to find a good overnight sheltered harbour, complete with pontoons. All of these pontoons reserve 2 or 3 guest berths with shore power and water and are run on an Honesty Box system.

On our departure from Bergen the Autohelm started to act up, probably as a result of being thrown around so much on the North Sea crossing. Every so often it would get a mind of its own and wander off course. On enquiring, we were told there was a very good Raymarine agent in Ålesund, 130 miles further on and we managed to get there on Sunday evening. We phoned him early next morning and he came to the boat within a half hour. After some tinkering he felt he had solved the problem and we went out for a run to check it. It seemed to work all right and we paid him and gave him a bottle of Jameson as a thank you for attending to us so quickly. He gave us his mobile number, and told us to call if we had any more trouble.

Ålesund is very different from any other Norwegian town. It was originally built of wood and was completely destroyed by fire in 1904. In just three years it was rebuilt almost entirely in the Art Nouveau style so it has no timber structures now, only pastel

coloured, lavishly decorated buildings topped with turrets and towers, all paid for by Kaiser Wilhelm II.

As the weather was horrible, with sleet and hailstones, we stayed again that night turning on the Webasto heating and battening down. Next day shortly after our departure at 07.30 the autohelm threw another wobbly. We phoned the agent and again he came immediately, and on describing the problem he decided to replace the fluxgate compass. Luckily he had one in stock and we were off again in a couple of hours. It has been working perfectly ever since. When we finally got away we had a super sail, under genoa only, outside the Hustavika in a fresh southeasterly averaging 7.2 knots in the 96 miles to Kristiansund. We had early morning starts and long days sailing, to make sure we would be in Bodo on our arranged day, always aware that we could get stormbound again. Knowing we would be coming back down this same coast, and could take our time then, we didn't mind the rush.

On the way north we stopped at Utang where an interested local seeing the rarity of a yacht, came to talk to us. There was one big building here in this wilderness, in which, he told us, the Germans housed Russian POWs in World War II, brought in to build fortifications. Rorvik, interesting only in the amount of traffic we encountered going through the narrows. A big Hurtigruten coastal steamer bearing down on us going north and two south-going coasters passing close livened up this dull part. And lastly Indre Kvarøya where we saw our first bit of sunshine since Bergen, 8 days ago, and our first glimpse of the midnight sun. This was a very unspoilt little harbour, with the old fishing huts and houses just sitting on bare rock. Most of these houses had grass roofs, grass being a readily available source of insulation in these tiny islands and a much used form of roofing in 'old' Norway.

Next day we crossed the Arctic Circle, where there is a monument on the tiny island of Vikingen marking it, then we continued on past the island of Renga, about which the pilot says you might be lucky to see a sea eagle perched on a Varde just off the west side of the island waiting for a passing yacht to throw a fish. Unfortunately we didn't have any fish, but there he was and as we were taking a photo another one came and flew in a circle around us and then landed next to it. Amazing, seeing these majestic birds so close and in flight. From here north the eagles became a familiar sight.



Fish drying on Lofoten.

Excited by that bit of nature and the great milestone of crossing the Arctic Circle, we sailed on to Bodo arriving at 20.30 and after dinner went for a stroll around the town. This far north, at this time of the year, one never worries about arriving at a new place late, as it's always daylight. Bodo has a population of 40,000 and is known as the capital of the north. It has a large airport which is the hub for many smaller airports in the north and it handles 1.4 million passengers per year.

Monday was a lay day just tidying up, refuelling and shopping in preparation for Eleanor's brother Tom's arrival that evening at 19.00. Norwegians are great fishermen, every free moment seems to be spent fishing and a big motor launch behind us on the pontoon arrived back after two hours line fishing with a huge catch. They had some very big fish called "sei" and we watched as they skilfully filleted and skinned them and divided them up between them. They gave us some, with the recipe to cook it, and we had a delicious dinner. Then at 23.00, as many of the locals were doing, we went for a stroll along the harbour wall, and satisfied we had shown Tom the midnight sun walked back and went to bed as it was rising again at 01.00.

Next morning 14th June we breakfasted in the cockpit, what a change in the weather, two days ago we were frozen! We bought some shrimp from the just-returned trawlers and headed out to visit the Lofoten Islands, an archipelago with dramatically high peaks, stunning scenery and an abundance of wildlife, stretching southwest and out to sea. In the lee of these mountains, sheltered from the North Atlantic, is the Vestfjorden, the world's richest cod ground. We set out to Vaeroy the second most southerly island of the group. It was a beautiful sunny morning and as there was no wind we had to motor across a mirror-like sea. Visibility was amazing, we could see the wall of the snowy mountains clearly, 50 miles away from us. We arrived into the quaint little port in Vaeroy and tied on to a trawler whose owner came on board for a 'cuppa' and told us of life in this small island. From January to April the cod leave the Arctic Sea and come to the Vestfjorden to spawn in the warmer waters provided by the Gulf Stream. In the winter, he told us, you could walk across the harbours on the fishing boats, in fact in 1947 the year of the 'great catch' 20,000 fishermen took part. Beneath the harsh mountain peaks are narrow strips of land where farming is

possible in the summer months. Being summer and out of season for cod, we had the islands and their few inhabitants all to ourselves. Here we encountered our first whaling ship with a large harpoon gun mounted on its bow and a crow's nest high up in the mast. The Norwegians reckon that there are still 150,000 minke whales in existence and they issue permits to catch 700 per year, which they feel will not endanger the species.

We woke to another windless day and we engined to the south of the island which we were told was very good for bird watching. Puffins, guillemots, razorbills, kittiwakes, fulmars, arctic terns, shags, shearwaters and seagulls were all busy around us. We enjoyed an hour or so watching the activity and then sailed north to the next island, Moskenes, to the very picturesque harbour of Reine, voted by the Norwegians themselves as one of Norway's most beautiful scenic areas. The tiny, lagoon-like harbour is surrounded by high snowy peaks, their images reflected in the still water. It was here that we first came across the dried fish for which the islands are famous. In the height of the season, on this island alone, there is about 40,000 square metres of wooden frames full of cod, hanging out to dry. We were berthed on a pontoon belonging to a fish factory, which packs these dried fish for export, mostly for the Italian and African markets. The owner showed us around the factory, which was very interesting, but it took at least a week to get rid of the smell from our clothes. Reine is also beginning to turn to tourism and has renovated many of the old fishing houses perched on stilts around the shore for holiday rental. They are extremely pretty, some of them still have their original grass roofs. Everywhere we went the locals were very helpful, telling us places to go, and good places to fish, etc. We tried to take in everything, we went to Nustfjord for coffee, Henningsvaer for lunch, one of the busiest fishing harbours in the Lofotens, filled wall to wall with fishing boats during the winter, and now with just *Ann Again* and two Swedish yachts, and we stayed overnight in an old whaling harbour on Skrova. Both Henningsvaer and Skrova are outlying rocky archipelagos now linked to the mainland by bridges. Each place was more spectacular than the one before.

Next day we had a quick visit to Svolvær, the capital of the Lofoten Islands, before heading up the Raftsundet to the Trollfjorden, where we berthed at a pier outside a small hydro-electric generating station and walked up the hydro pipeline to get the most breath-taking views of the fiord. Trollfjorden, a famous tourist attraction and only accessible by boat, is impressively narrow and deep and has high jagged peaks rising straight up out of the water, from which waterfalls have a sheer drop thundering down to sea level. While here we were entertained by one of the big Hurtigruten coastal passenger ships entering the fiord and going bow in to within 30 metres of the large waterfall to give the passengers a spectacular, if slightly wet, view and then turning a very tight circle to go out again. Later that evening we continued up the Raftsundet and went into a new marina near the high bridge at Sortland on the island of Langoya. This bridge joins the islands to the mainland. It is possible to drive, a



Ann Again at the Svartisen glacier.

couple of hundred kilometres, all the way down to the tiny old fishing harbour of Aa on the southwest end of Moskenes. One needs to take a boat to visit the other two islands of Vaeroy and Rost. We had left the Lofotens now and were in the Vesteralen group just north of them. At the bridge a shopping centre has built a pontoon to facilitate customers and we tied up there and bought an English paper and some fattening treats before heading north to Sto, on the northern tip of Langoya where there is a Museum and Whale Watch Centre.

Even though it rained quite heavily all day, we had a lovely sail in a 15/20 knots southwesterly, 35 miles to Sto. It is hard to describe the remoteness of Sto, except to say that its next door neighbour is Greenland about a thousand miles away and it is virtually uninhabited during the summer when the cod season is finished. They don't expect any yachts to call here, and the small marina is really for small fishing boats but there was a free place so we chanced our luck on an outside berth. Here again here there were acres of fish-drying frames, all empty as we were out of season.

The following morning, Eleanor's brother, who is a PP in Kilbrittain, near Courtmacsherry in west Cork, said Mass on board before we went whale-watching for the day. The weather was so settled that we had decided to go outside into the Norwegian Sea to Andenes, on the northern tip of Andoya, an area renowned for whale-watching. The ocean floor suddenly drops dramatically around here to 600 metres and along the shelving contour humpback, sperm, minke and killer whales migrate. There are many whale safari boats based around this area, one in Sto and many more in Andenes. We spoke regularly on the VHF to them, and they reported their sightings. We did manage to get to see a huge sperm whale, blowing and flipping his tail in the air before diving, but from a half mile away. We also saw the other kind of whaling boats with a man in the crow's nest and harpoon at the ready, but thankfully didn't see them catch anything. That evening we put into Andenes for the night and being on the northern tip of the island we had an uninterrupted view of the midnight sun over the sea. It is quite amazing to see the setting sun making an arc over the horizon. It sinks down to the sea and rises again without touching it. This was as far north as we went at 69°23' north. Our log reads 1,958 miles.

We were extremely lucky to have been able to go outside the islands whale watching as it is usually a most inhospitable coast. This part of Norway has stunningly beautiful cruising waters and we were sad leaving Andenes because now we were heading home again. As we were sailing south along the Andoyfjord we saw two minke whales rolling along northbound. We saw many sea eagles and Brian, seeing fish breaking, put out the line and caught more lovely sei. The eagles when in flight were being constantly harassed by black headed gulls. We had planned on going to Harstad, the largest town of the Vesteralen islands, but not wanting civilisation just yet we decided to keep sailing through the narrow and picturesque Tjelsundet 84 miles to Lodingen. This is a major shipping route to the north of Norway but we didn't meet any traffic. The scenery here is very different as there is farmland right

down to the water and very close behind the very high, still snow-topped, mountains begin. We were late arriving in Lodingen as we had come across a yacht with a broken forestay and engine problems so we towed them into port with us. We didn't go ashore as it was 23.30 by the time we got there and we had to get ready for the passage back across the Vestfjorden next day.

We set out in thick fog which changed to a dull mist, and deteriorated to heavy rain and high winds on the nose as the day wore on. We motor sailed with just the half main unfurled just about making 5 knots. It was not a pleasant crossing in short steep stopping seas and we got back into the shelter of the islands as soon as we could, 25 miles later. It put about 10 miles onto our planned trip but we don't do hardship! Plans are made to be broken and as the weather changed again and we were having a nice sail in the evening sunshine, we decided to keep going on to Bodo, instead of the old trading post of Kjerringoy and arrived at 02.00 in glorious sunshine. What a way for Tom, who left us here later that day, to finish his cruise.

We were on our own again now, and south of Bodo there is a glacier we wanted to see. The Svartisen glacier, Norway's second largest, tumbles down almost to the sea at Enga in the Holandsfjorden. We berthed alongside a rickety pontoon at the top of the fiord and a lovely walk of about an hour through the woods brought us to the spectacular and amazingly blue ice snout. On our return to the boat a nasty swell had built up so we sought the shelter of Halså, near the entrance to the fiord, for the night. Halså is a good spot if the weather is bad and one is waiting to visit the Holandsfjorden. The following morning it was raining so heavily that we stayed put until it started to ease about 11.00 and then sailed out the Skarfjord, catching a 5 kilograms sei on the way, into relatively open sea, and retracing our north-going route, we crossed the Arctic Circle again and passed the varde at Renga, but there were no eagles on it this time, back to the lovely little mole harbour at Indre Kvaroya, arriving at 18.30. Here we met one of the other boats we had met in the Shetlands still on their way north.

We had an interesting sail next day in 25 knots southeasterly really experiencing the gusty conditions you get passing the high islands. One minute you're sailing along nicely and next, you're suddenly flattened by a savage squall. It was like this for 35 miles to Sandnessjoen which itself is surrounded by the



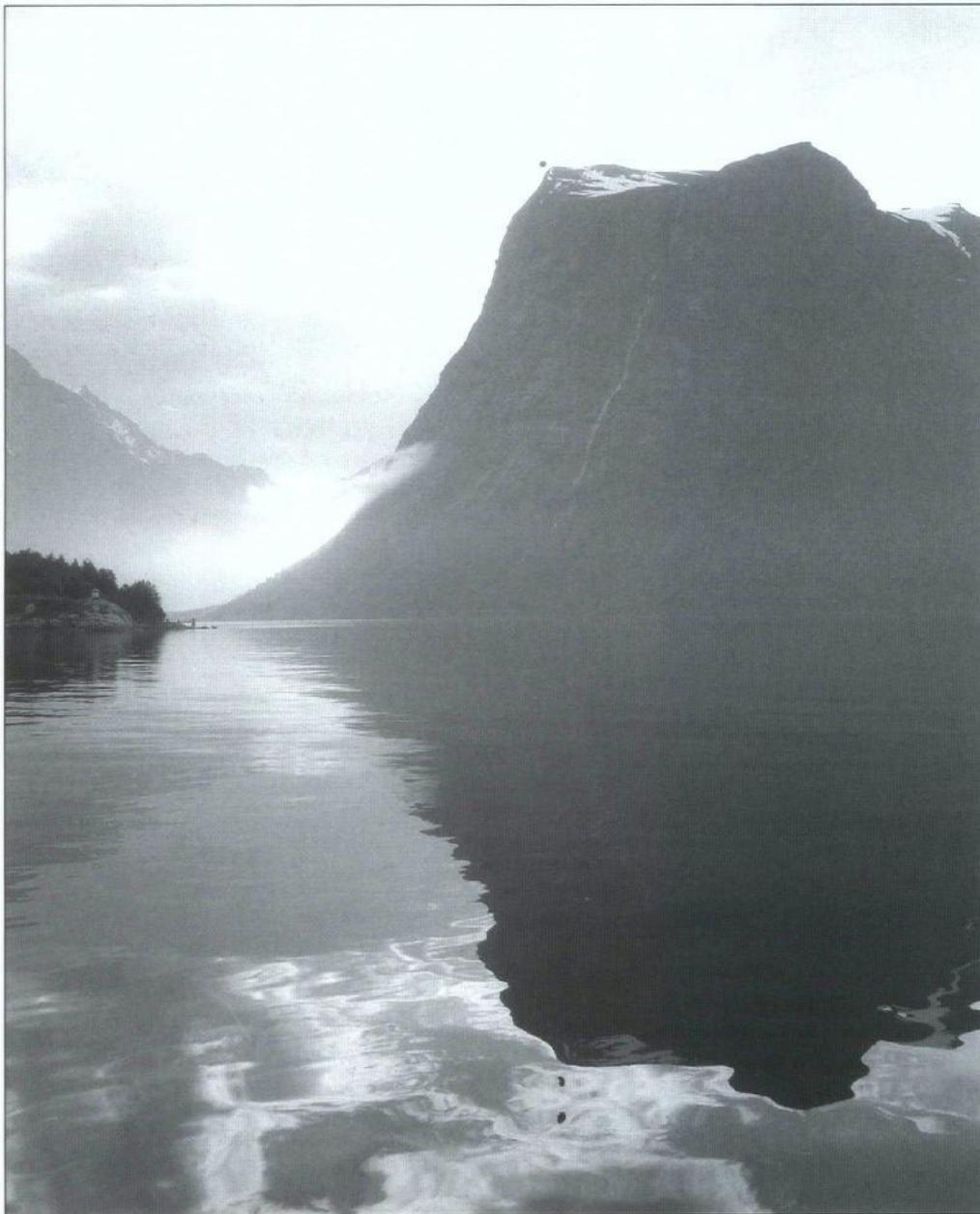
Bryggen, Trondheim.

Seven Sisters towering 1000 metres over the harbour. Continuing south we went under a very impressive high 'S' shaped bridge, part of the Atlantic Highway which winds its way across the islands and sounds at Bronnsund. We stopped at Leka, an island formed of an unusual red rock found only here and in Cyprus and New Zealand. Here the sons of kings, reputedly, were sent to learn to become Vikings. Anxious that we had the two notorious 'outside' passages still ahead of us we hurried on south 100 miles to Stokksund, where on leaving next morning we spotted a tall brown mast, which looked too modern to be timber, in a small harbour at Harsvika and on investigating we found our suppositions confirmed, it was *Moonduster*, once owned by the late esteemed ICC member Denis Doyle. It was nice to see her looking as splendid as ever in her new home. Then we had an invigorating sail in a 15 knot southeasterly and sunshine, 73 miles to Trondheim. Once the capital of Norway, it is now the third largest city. We wanted to berth in the canal in the old part of this medieval city, and to do so one has to call on VHF74 for the railway bridge to open, which it does on demand when there are no trains due. We tied to the pontoon at the Bryggen, where old wooden warehouses

and wharves line the canal and river mouth. Many of these have now changed to more modern uses but have kept the antique timber buildings intact. The town centre is almost totally surrounded by the fiord and the meandering Nidevla river making most of the sights within easy walking distance of one another. Trondheim Cathedral, a mixture of Norman, Romanesque and Gothic styles was magnificent and it was very pleasant walking along the waterfront and wide tree-lined boulevards. Our log now reads 2535 miles.

Having spent two lazy days in Trondheim it was 1st July and time to move on again. We got the bridge opened and had some lovely sailing back out of the fiord and into Trondheimleia to Margeroya, an important trading port 400 years ago. Next day we had very little wind so motored to Ringholmen and Grip and then hoisted sails and had a pleasant trip outside the now harmless Hustivika to Bjornsund. All of these were very important fishing ports in their day, both for cod and herring, but then the inhabitants were subsidised to move to the mainland and now there are only summer residents. They are all quaint and extremely pretty outlying islands with brightly painted old timber houses and visiting them was like taking a trip back in time.

All the brochures and guide books tell you the Geiranger fiord is the most picturesque in Norway, but the locals told us go down wild and beautiful Hjørundfjord instead. "It is just as spectacular" they said "and has all the same to offer in just half the length" This fiord is narrow, sheer and rugged with depths of 400 metres and some peaks reaching 1500 metres. It was breathtaking as we motored along, in blue hazy mirror-like conditions, seeing these peaks reflected in the still water. It was interesting to see how much snow had disappeared from the mountains since we made our way north a few weeks earlier; they were practically all green now. In this fjord, even though the snow had gone, the many waterfalls were still frozen right down to the sea level. We overnighted in Saebo on a pontoon belonging to the hotel whose roof had the old traditional grass covering. After dinner we went for a walk and saw an angler land two big salmon in 30 minutes on the river Hustad which flows into the fiord. We woke to a beautiful calm, crisp morning and as we engined out through the wisps of fog the wind came up. We set sail and had a magical day beating our way through the many islands and sounds and leias to Bringsinghaug, an uninteresting but good hopping off port for the outside passage round



Hjørundfjord.

the Stattlandet. The forecast was good and we had an easy sail around the headland to the tiny uninhabited islet of Selje to see the ruins of a Benedictine monastery built in the 10th century. The legendary St Sunniva, an Irish princess who refused to marry the pagan her father had chosen for her, fled here and lived hidden in a cave. With only 1.5 metres depth at low water we moved on to the nearby islet of Silda, to the recommended 'transit' port to the south of the Statt.

We stopped next at Floro, a very pretty place we only got glimpses of in the fog on the way north. It was Saturday and the place was lively! We then went to another outlying group of 365 islets, aptly named Bulandet, "end of the land". It was of great importance to the fishermen of old as it saved the boats a long trip to the mainland with their catch. A big boat would come and buy the catches from the various islands and bring it ashore to the markets. To encourage the people to remain in the islands, Norway has, in the last two years, built 21 bridges joining many of the islets together, and there is a daily car ferry to Askvoll on the mainland. Next we went to another outlying island, Faero where one could get fresh bread, nothing else mind you. It was 12th July now and the Norwegian holiday time so we were meeting other boats, mostly motor launches and in these tiny places, our 42ft boat was very big. We found that when we arrived at a pontoon people went out of their way, and sometimes to a lot of trouble, moving boats to make sure we could fit in. Here in Faero they even gave us presents of crab they had caught during the night.

On the way north we planned on visiting the Songefjord but with the weather delay we didn't have time. Now on the way south we had seen so much beauty in the smaller fjords that we decided the wide open expanse of this 100 mile long fiord looked uninviting so we motored back down the more interesting, intricate and extremely narrow passages through the Radsundet and the Byfjorden back to Bergen, arriving as the QE2 was leaving. Passing coastal shipping on this narrow passage was a hair-raising experience!

What a change, seven weeks ago on our way north we more or less had the Bryggen to ourselves, now it was crowded, with boats three-abreast. We had to go all the way to the top to the Torget to find a space. We went to a nice restaurant and were looking forward to spending a few relaxed days in Bergen before venturing out into the North Sea again. Next morning, Friday 15th July, we went to the fish museum, interesting since

we had seen the remains of the old ways on the islands. We wandered into an internet café to check the weather and saw that there was a low to the west of Scotland and that if we went immediately we would get across to Inverness before it, otherwise we would have to wait for days. We hurriedly left Bergen and sailed to Hjelystad, to the marina where we had stayed overnight on our arrival to Norway, to top up with fuel and water and at 15.30 we were under way again bound for Inverness. As forecasted, the wind stayed from the northwest for the whole passage which we completed without having to tack. We never had more than 20 knots of wind and for long periods we had as little as 5 knots. We are great believers that on these passages if we don't make 5 knots we turn on the iron topsail, and we ended up doing quite a bit of motoring. The crossing was quite uneventful apart from seeing oil rigs and some shipping. What good timing; we arrived into Inverness just as the wind picked up. With impressive thunder and lightening, the heavens opened and at 00.30 Monday 18th we quietly crept into the Longman Yacht marina. Our crossing of 407 miles took 57 hours.

Later that morning at 11.30, Clachnaharry sea lock opened and we entered the Caledonian Canal westbound this time. This time we had a great sail in fresh conditions the length of Loch Ness. On leaving the canal we went back to Kerrera for the night and left early next day to catch the south-going tide through the Sound of Islay and headed for Port Ellen. Next day was lifeboat day and the place was buzzing. One of the events was a trawler race which we watched before we sailed down the North Channel to the marina at the charming seaside town of Glenarm. Next stop was Portaferry in Strangford Lough where the tidal streams, eddies and whirlpools absolutely fascinated us. The 'wall' of water we met on the way out was amazing. We then sailed south to Howth, keeping away from the Navy busy doing firing practices. With a northerly wind next day we had a lovely downwind run under main and poled out genoa to Carnsore Point, gybed and arrived into a very full Kilmore Quay where we had to tie up outside four boats. We finished our cruise in style with a great sail in a 25 knot easterly with the same rig, main and poled out genoa, to Crosshaven arriving at 20.30 on Wednesday July 27th.

In total we had travelled 3,996 miles and visited approximately 60 different harbours in 79 days.

*This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction*

(Byron; Childe Harold)

Autumn Rally Lough Erne

6-10 October 2005

This proved to be a very friendly and convivial event though the number attending was less than at recent Shannon rallies. Fifteen boats appeared and 80 people dined in Lough Erne Yacht Club on Friday night and at the Share Centre on Saturday night.

Harold and Vivien Boyle, with Doug and Lillian Smyth, came five days in advance and enjoyed some very pleasant cruising on the lakes and Peter and Jack Wolfe arrived in their own boat from the Shannon, with Jennifer Guinness aboard. Nick and Marwyn Wright came with a Scottish crew, and Alan and Joyce Robertson came across the North Channel too. From Devon, John and Rosie Clapham joined Ronnie and Hazel Barr.

Some berthed at Lusty Beg on Thursday night for an entertaining evening. Katherine Nixon and John Clementson went bathing on Friday morning. James and Ann looked on and helped these two cold stalwarts aboard. Berthing later at the very welcoming Lough Erne Yacht Club was a test of sea – or lake-manship. The Combined Commodorial vessel (Commodore Cormac McHenry, ex-Commodore Arthur Baker, and ex RCC Commodore and new ICC member Christopher Thornhill, with Barbara, Marjorie and Valentine) got lots of advice from those already berthed. The Friday evening dinner in the Club was very relaxed and we enjoyed learning of the history of this ancient Club founded in 1818.

On Saturday morning we were entertained to a guided tour of Devenish by local historian Breege McCusker and the sun shone all that day! The long voyage southwards through Enniskillen to the Share Centre near Lisnaskea was very restful. Some members, including Antarctic voyagers Peter and Bev Killen with multiple offspring, enjoyed the sauna and swimming pool at that Centre. None, not even Derek White, was observed attempting to scale the climbing wall. The staff at the Share Centre looked after us very well and we presented a Club burgee to that organisation, as well as to the Lough Erne Yacht Club, to mark our visit. The Barbara McGonagle boat with Brendan and Pamela Bradley, and Peter and Evie Ronaldson aboard seemed to need no sleep that night.

The Rally ended nearby with a Sunday morning tour of the Visitors' Centre at Crom Castle, which proved to be an appropriate end to a lovely weekend. At this stage a southerly gale with rain had moved in and later many of the participants bowled northwards at great speed.

Those attending were unanimous in finding that the smaller number was more intimate, but the cost was higher than in other years. The boat hiring companies are now extending their season so that reduced rates no longer apply in October.

Perhaps a Spring Inland Rally in the future?

*James Nixon
Vice Commodore*



Many of the crews who attended the Rally.

Photos by Kevin Dwyer



Erne Rally October 2005

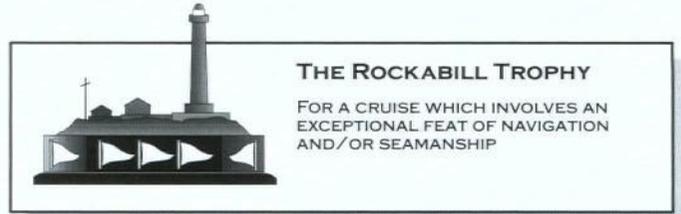
*Congratulations to
James Nixon
Vice Commodore (North)
for a well organised most
enjoyable weekend.*



Photos: Kevin Dwyer

Greenland Again

Brian Black



It was hard to believe we had almost reached our goal, as we lay off the frozen coast of East Greenland, trapped in the ice and waiting for a lead to open that would let us reach the shore. I was fairly confident we would eventually break out but, surrounded as we were by pack-ice and with a horizon reduced to fifty yards by fog, I was feeling nervous. I had been to Greenland several times before – by boat and plane – but it had always been the west coast. My only attempt to reach the ice-bound eastern side had been in 2001 but this had to be abandoned when we hit impenetrable ice just three miles off the coast. Two more Arctic seasons in and around Spitsbergen since then had contributed to my knowledge of what goes on in the ice-bound regions of those latitudes, so this year I felt ready for another attempt.

As a general rule, the best thing to do when beset by ice is to wait. Conditions vary along the east coast and we had encountered light concentrations to begin with. These were mostly around 1 to 3/10ths cover – the sort of ice you can work through without any major alterations of course, and in a density that is relatively safe for small boats that are not ice-strengthened. By the time it reaches 5/10ths you can start to worry, 6/10ths is a problem, and 8/10ths is something you should avoid – we spent a lot of time in 8/10ths. The ice is carried south on the East Greenland current which runs at about a knot, and although there are often gaps of several miles between the ice-fields, there is no way of knowing how dense the next one will be. The best guess came from interpreting the egg charts I had downloaded from the Danish Meteorological Institute's ice-chart web site. These are updated weekly and the 'egg' refers to the way the information is formatted, telling you

where the ice is and the various degrees of density. Because the current keeps it moving, the probability is the ice will open again within a few hours, so generally speaking, when you are beset it should only be a matter of biding your time until fresh leads appear, then making your escape.

With the benefit of previous experience and much consultation with old Arctic hands such as John Gore-Grimes, it was clear that the optimum time for East Greenland was around the end of the first week in August. That is when the ice break is expected to peak, and before the onset of the depressions that typically sweep around Cape Farewell and up the Denmark Strait by the end of the month. So as we sat there, moored to an ice-flow, these were the thoughts that were going through my mind – stay calm and wait and it will open again, or so my advisers had all assured me. And sure enough, things did change. There was no sensation that the ice was moving but suddenly gaps started to appear and soon we were on our way again.

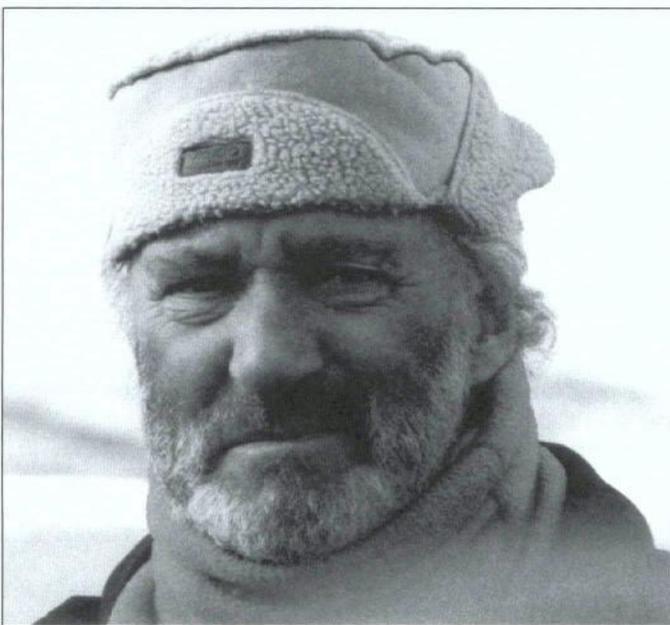
My passage plan had been devised to keep us outside the main concentration of the pack, on a course of almost due north, bound for the romantically named Cape Hold With Hope which sits close by the Peak of God's Mercy – irresistible as a concept when sitting by the fire during the long winter nights. That is, when the planning is done, and the problems for which one is volunteering are minimised by the bravado-encouraging glow that comes from a bottle of good wine. The reality is more about a cold feeling in the pit of the stomach that has nothing to do with the temperature, and a growing awareness that a 36 foot cockle-shell should not be anywhere near conditions like this.

By 70°30' north, ice conditions were such that further progress north was both unlikely and unacceptably dangerous, so we went west towards Scoresby Sund where others had been before, particularly James Nixon in 2001. As ICC members voyage far and wide in the polar seas, their logs have developed into a valuable resource for Arctic sailors. Time and again I have referred to Nixon/Gore-Grimes/ Barry *et al* as sources of information and general wisdom.

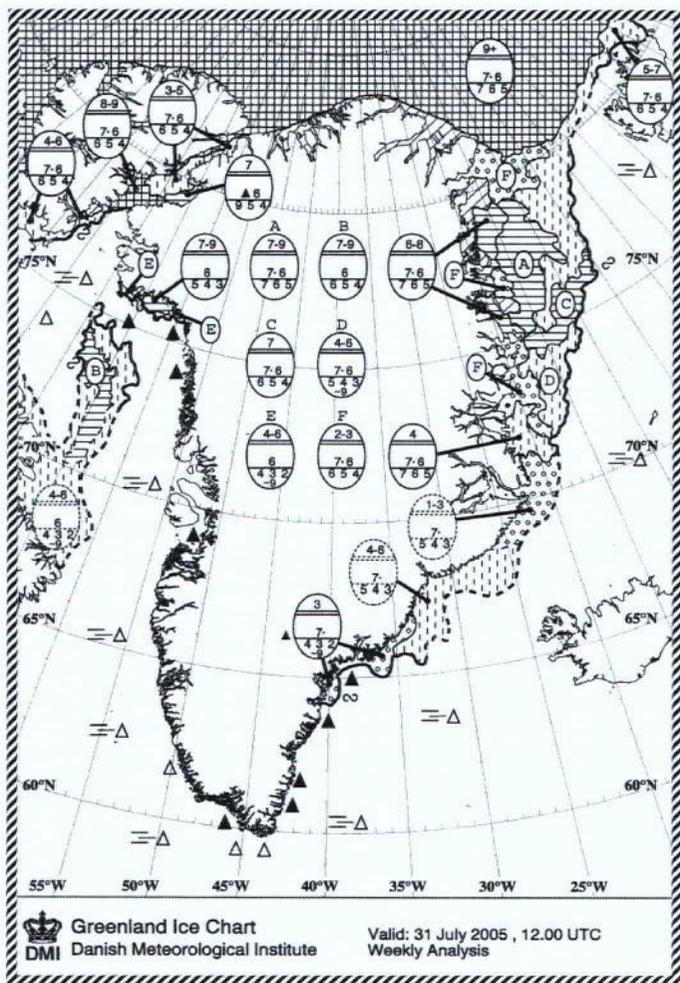
Scoresby itself is one of the biggest and most spectacular fjord systems in the world and it was new territory for me. According to conventional wisdom it is generally open at this time of year, but getting in was hard enough, as the glacier ice coming out of the fjord met the south-going current.

Almost certainly this was evidence of dramatic and possibly irreversible climate change as more ice is now being released from the Arctic Ocean and into the East Greenland current, merging with the shore ice resulting from calving glaciers. Clearly this was why we had been having such difficulty making further progress north, and why at Scoresby much of the entrance, stretching some fifteen nautical miles from Cape Brewster to Cape Tobin, was blocked by large fields of floes, growlers and bergy-bits.

On the way north, the last port on this coast where you can be sure of getting diesel is Ittoqqortoormiit, an Inuit



Brian Black.



Egg Chart showing ice concentration off East Greenland.

settlement of some 500 people, and this is also where I expected to complete the temporary immigration formalities. Feeling virtuous, I therefore made my way to the harbour-master's office, with a file of forms and permits officially approved by the Danish authorities responsible for Greenland's foreign affairs. I was introduced to Moses – who clearly had a great deal more to attend to than a small boat from Ireland. I presented my passport, RYA Yachtmaster's Certificate, confirmation of SAR (Search and Rescue) insurance, personal insurance for each crew member, my radio licence, my expedition permit, my gun licence and my permit to visit the East Greenland National Park. All of these had been secured as a result of massive form-filling and e-mail correspondence with the Danish Polar Centre, who had insisted that unless the regulations had been strictly adhered to and all formalities completed at least three months before departure, serious penalties would be incurred.

Moses however, wasn't interested. No amount of explanation and waving my documents in front of him had any effect. Once he had established we were not a commercial vessel and I was not bringing fee-paying passengers into his territory, we ceased to have any relevance. The conclusion I have drawn from this is that while the Danes take the rules seriously, the Greenlanders themselves have other things to be concerned about. I suspect though, that if things did go wrong and one needed assistance, there would be serious grief if one's papers were not in order. It should be stressed that the formalities are essential for anyone planning to visit the East Greenland National Park.

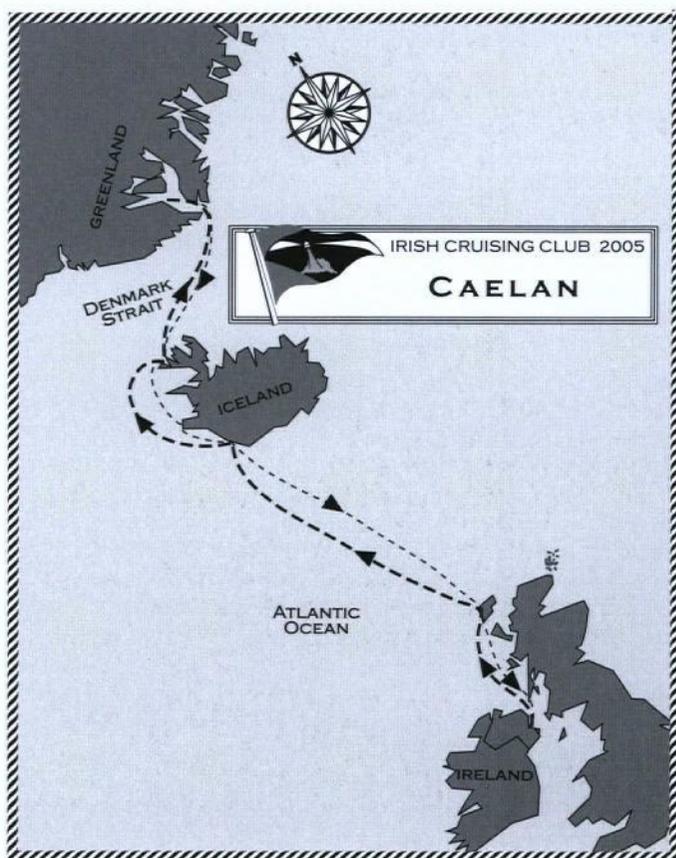
Ittorqortoormiit in summer is a settlement at rest. There

seems little purpose to the place and people appear relaxed to the point where there is a lot of falling down. Every man you speak to claims to be a hunter, which may account for the fact that there seems to be nothing left to hunt – no bears, no musk-ox, no wolves, no whales, and even the seals are scarce. However, that does not prevent every man and boy from wandering around with a rifle tied to the family quad, or speeding around in small boats, similarly armed.

Danish subsidies are generous and the settlement is well provided for, with comfortable housing, free medicine and education, along with an exceptionally well-stocked general store. But it seems that this does little to equip the settlement's young people for life in the outside world. We were told that of the pupils who attend school, on average, only one per year will go on to higher education in the capital Nuuk. In winter, however, all this inactivity changes, when the sled dogs are harnessed and the serious hunting starts. These people are only two generations away from a nomadic way of life and one gets the impression that the change to becoming a settled community has not been an easy transition.

Exploring Scoresby was a delight. Huge mountains seemed to burst from the fjord. Glaciers swept majestically down from the ice-cap. Cloud bands came and went as the air temperature changed. Katabatic winds roared off the mountains, and occasionally vicious fjord winds would spring up, fuelled by the temperature gradients, quickly reaching gale force by mid afternoon but then dying again when the air and sea came back into harmony. We all felt the pull of this ancient landscape, completely untouched by the puny hand of man.

It was something we all acknowledged – a sense that we had got to somewhere that was beyond the range of ordinary experience, and while we revelled in the solitude, we also felt humbled, aware of a depth of feeling that struggled for expression but was eloquent in its eternal truth. And while the simple basics of survival in this merciless environment were never forgotten, there was also a thrill at our own self-reliance



which bore no relation to the conventions of modern life that we had left so far behind.

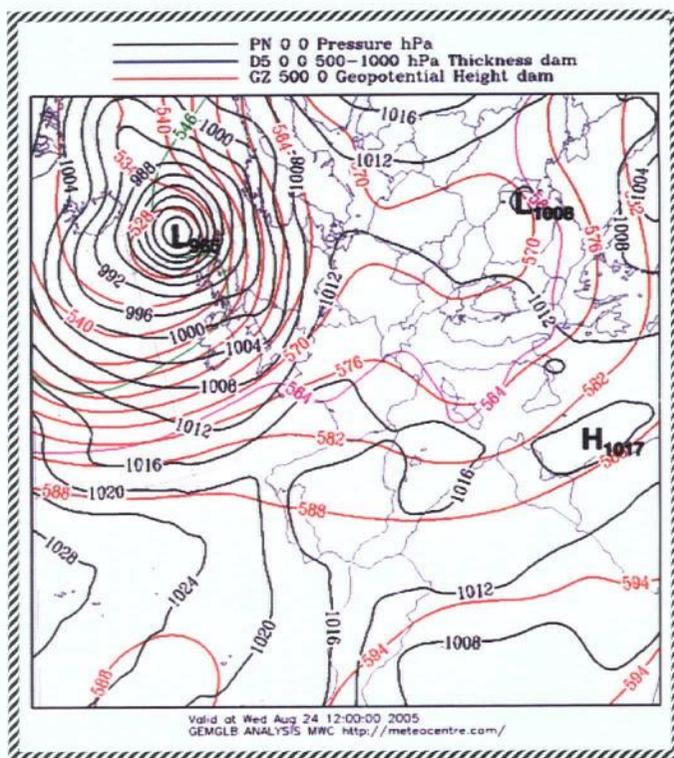
This reverie was shattered by another kind of truth when we became trapped again. We had put into Ittoqqortoormiit to refuel and get fresh supplies for the passage back to Iceland. When we anchored we had seemed secure in a reasonable stretch of clear water but, without warning, the ice had surrounded *Caelan*. Now there was only the tightest of gaps between us and the shore – we were literally between a rock and a hard place. Frantic levering of the winch released the anchor from beneath a floe just moments before I was ready to give the order to abandon it, along with sixty metres of chain. I did a three-point turn that would have put a dinghy sailor to shame and we squeezed out past a huge floe into an open pool.

I had learned earlier that the *Clipper Adventurer*, an expedition ship which had been lying off, was intending to leave Scoresby that afternoon so I called on the R/T to enquire if this was the case. The Danish captain said that was the plan but advised me in the strongest terms not to follow in her wake as it was too dangerous. "This is not for you," he repeated, as I told him of my plans.

And so I faced a dilemma – we could stay where we were and risk being holed against the ice face or the shore, or take our chances in the wake of the *Clipper*. I decided to take the risk – and it was only after the first burst of her bow thrusters that I realised why the captain was unenthusiastic about us following in hot pursuit. As the *Clipper* used her full power to break the ice ahead, her propellers sent big chunks of solid ice whistling back directly at *Caelan's* bow.

Clearly, this was not the place to be – one danger was now replaced by another. The icy missiles, each the size of a small car, could easily have damaged *Caelan's* hull so after the first near miss, we began a bizarre but necessary dance routine, positioning our craft first to one side and then the other of the ship, and sometimes lurking behind growlers readying ourselves for the moment when we could slip into her wake. Mostly the leads were so narrow that both sides of our hull were touching ice at the same time, and frequently I had to put all of *Caelan's* ten tons onto an ice tongue, hoping her weight would snap it off.

And so it went on, inching our way forward until, after twelve hours of hard graft and with only seven miles run, we



Synoptic Chart showing depression of 965 millibars, which generated wind strengths of force 11.

saw open water ahead – and earned a round of relieved applause from an attentive audience aboard the *Clipper*.

We crossed the ice-fields to the east of Scoresby and eventually settled in for the passage to the Horn of Iceland, about 250 miles away. There was a crew change coming and I was keen to keep a couple of days in hand in case the weather turned foul, so we had time to explore the stunning beauty of the Horn and the western fjords. This was cruising at its best – at last the emphasis was more on enjoyment than survival as we fished and walked and simply enjoyed the place. Now we were below the Arctic Circle again, there were real nights with sunsets and proper dawns and anchorages where there was no danger from ice. True, it was a bit of an anti-climax after the adventures of Greenland, but to us it was pure joy.

The crew change was scheduled for August 13th and we made Reykjavik in time. Imagine our surprise however to find that the *Clipper Adventurer* had made port just ahead of us. Having cut short the Greenland trip due to a damaged propeller, she was discharging her passengers prior to making for the repair dock – in Belfast! It's a funny old world.

Iceland is an amazing country and its people have always given Irish boats a great welcome. I think this is due to their strong sense of history and a knowledge of the sagas which relate how Irish monks influenced by Brendan taught them to read and write. Indeed, many Icelanders maintain that if it had not been for those



Caelan in the ice.



The mountainous Lock Wall

early Irish tutors they probably would not have a written record at all. The rape and pillage bit is passed over quickly, and the fact that many Irish people were brought here as slaves is conveniently overlooked. To us it was obvious that the affection was genuine.

While there are many stalwarts who have shown great friendship over the years to birds of passage like myself, I will name but two – Magnus Johnsson in Reykjavik and Siggi Johnsson (no relation) in Isafjordur – quiet, unassuming but extraordinarily competent people, who just seem to be there when they are needed, and simply share their company and knowledge with you in that serious and polite way that typifies the Iclander.

The crew change having been achieved, there were now three of us to bring the boat home and we left Reykjavik on Sunday August 14th with an encouraging forecast. It held good for all of four hours. Just as we were preparing to round the north end of the Reykjanes Peninsula we got the first of what was to be a series of gale warnings. The nearest port of refuge was Keflavik so that was where we went and, sure enough, it blew hard that night and much of the following day.

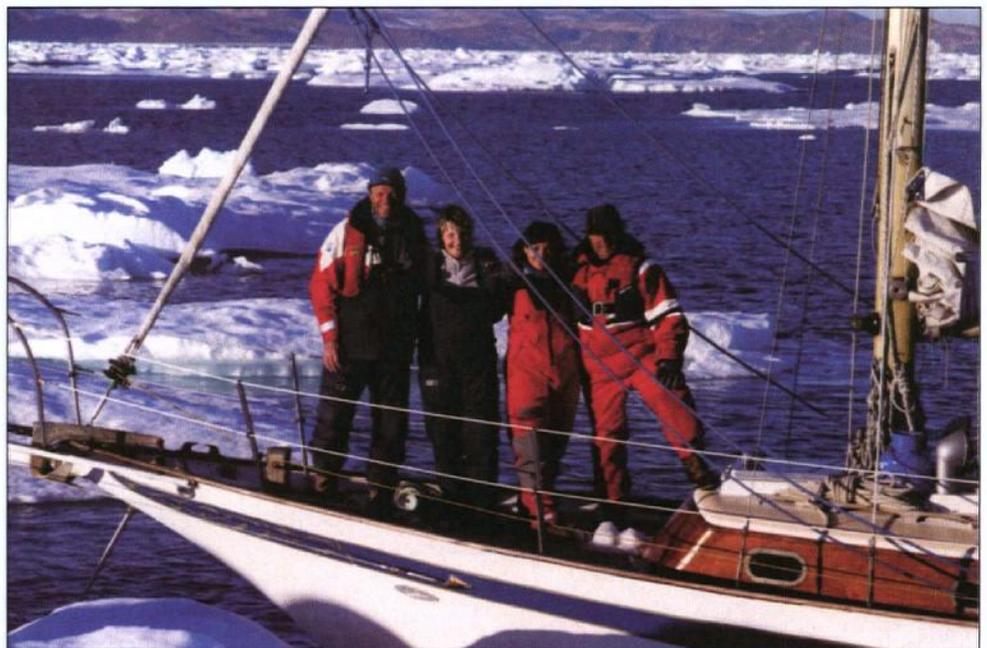
Finally, the lull came and off we went again, pausing only for a brief re-fuelling stop in the Westmann Islands. However, just as the last supplies were loaded and we made to cast off our mooring lines, the lifeboat crew called over and warned against this idea. A check on the Navtex and sure enough, there was another strong gale warning, so we lay alongside the pontoon in Heimaey watching the clouds race across the sky while we enjoyed the perfect shelter of what is probably one of the best natural harbours in the world. According to the RCC pilot, the Westmann Islands (Vestmannaeyjar) got their

name from a bunch of Irish slaves who did murder most foul and were then put to death by the victim's half brother. The surprising thing is how they thought they'd get away with it. Once you are on the islands there is nowhere to go and it didn't take long for the vengeful Ingolfur to track them down and impose justice.

A couple more days passed with little let-up in wind strength but time was starting to press and I was keen to get away, so perhaps I reacted with undue optimism when eventually the synoptic charts started to show a more settled picture for the north Atlantic. We downloaded these at Café Kro, an internet café close to the pontoon in Heimaey, where the staff were typically helpful. By this stage we were comparing the forecasts offered on Iceland Met, Bracknell and a site favoured by surfers

which I have found accurate in the past, THEYR. They all agreed, the prognosis for the next week was for southwest/northwest winds of acceptable strength with no hint of deterioration. So by 12.30 on Sunday we were on our way, bowling along under mizzen and jibs with the Aries steering vane doing the work. Our rhumb line would take us to Rathlin, over 500 miles away and it looked possible we could lay that course.

Through Monday and then Tuesday we sailed, using the engine to keep an average of 5/6 knots. The wind went light and at that point the autopilot died. It had been giving trouble on the earlier leg, but Eric had done wonders and we thought it might keep going. Just in case, Dave had brought out a new one so it was clearly time to put it to work. The trouble was installing it. That involved removing the wheel while someone held on to the emergency tiller, but a couple of demanding hours later it was all wired up and working well. Through the night the wind



The Greenland crew.

came up again. I'll never forget that watch. I took over at midnight and it was one of those rare occasions when everything seemed perfect. The boat was happy, a full moon rose from slightly to port, crossed the forestay and slipped away off to starboard. And then I just happened to look astern. At first I thought it was the moonlight playing tricks and then suddenly I realised it was the Northern Lights, dancing, flaring in great stair-rods, lighting up the northern sky. With *Caelan* whooshing down the seas, the moon lighting the ocean and the heavens ablaze with light, it was a night to remember. But thinking back now on the next twenty-four hours, I wonder if that massive charge of elemental power was actually a warning of what was to come.

The following afternoon the barometer started to drop. It began at 988 millibars – nothing unusual at that, but by 18.00 it was falling as you watched. Then the wind increased, accompanied by that note in the rigging that tells you it is going to get worse. And it did. By 22.00 it was well up, maybe force 7 hitting 8. At the midnight change of watch there was no doubt we were in for a hard time. By this stage I'd had the boat made ready for heavy weather with the sea-anchor tied on to 150 metres of rope, the mizzen reefed and all sails stowed. I paid out the sea-anchor which had worked well in the past in conditions up to force 9, and lashed the wheel to leeward.

But something was wrong, the sea-anchor was being thrown back towards the boat letting *Caelan* yaw across the seas. Then the mizzen sheet tore away and could not be fixed, the gale making it too dangerous to work on the after-deck. The air was full of spray, the wind so strong it was difficult to breathe but to my amazement, *Caelan* seemed to be doing fine.

It was very violent on deck but I had to marvel at how the boat was dealing with those great breaking seas. I felt her go light on a few occasions – was this a sign that she was about to roll? I didn't know – what was happening was way beyond anything I'd ever experienced before. I thought about streaming warps. After all, that's what the books all say but in those conditions it seemed the boat had taken over and was coping fine without my help. Dave and I sat in the cockpit and watched for a while, but when it was obvious that it was all in the hands of fate, the only thing left to do was go below where Malcolm

was getting ready to go on deck, and let *Caelan* get on with it. So I put Malcolm in the picture, made sure the flares were handy and the emergency gear ready for use, uncoupled the EPIRB and went to my bunk. At this stage the barometer had steadied at 965 millibars. I never want to see it that low again. I learned later from my daughter Sarah who, at home in Yorkshire, had worked out our track and realised that we must have sailed straight into the gale, that we had survived a storm force 11.

By midday, the wind had moderated. It was down to what I assume was about force 9 but after what we'd been through, that didn't seem such a big deal so I sorted the boat out and ran off under bare poles with the engine at low revs on a southeasterly course. The seas, however, were still mountainous. The original swell was discernable as a wave pattern in its own right, but on top of that was the wave train set up by the southwesterly component of the gale and then the more recent northwesterly set. *Caelan*, however, seemed in her element and Dave helmed her with comparative ease with Malcolm sharing the steering. Every now and then she would start to broach but then steady up and come back on course, shrugging off the water that came aboard.

To our relief, the moderation continued and by next day we were surging along with the new auto-pilot doing its stuff and the Yankee foresail drawing us closer to home. By this stage I had decided to ease our course round more to the east, and dawn found us bearing down on the Butt of Lewis light. By midday we were tucked up in what has now qualified as the most beautiful port in all the world, Stornoway. There was plenty of chat around the marina, most of it to do with the 70 knot winds that had battered Lewis a couple of days before. "A good job ye wasnae oot in that," they said. Oh, how true.

Crew:

Strangford/Iceland – Cormac Dillon and Dave Farnan

Iceland/Greenland/Iceland – Mary Fitzsimmons, Malcolm Moffett, Eric Degerland, Fiona Grogan

Iceland/Ireland – Malcolm Moffett, Dave Daltry

**Richard Cudmore
writes of *Toirse* to
West France**

Once again *Toirse* left Crosshaven at the June weekend, with the usual suspects as crew, Tom Kirby, Tony Casey, Brian Dowling and skippered by myself.

Our first port of call was Wexford to join the East Coast June Rally where we had a very enjoyable night. We also picked up another crew in Wexford, Hon Sec Ron Cudmore. We had week and half to get to Lorient. We used Lorient for crew changing as there were flights from Waterford to Lorient. I also arranged to leave *Toirse* there for the winter. From the middle of June various crew came and went and had an absolutely wonderful time sailing up and down the coast taking in the beautiful islands and ports on the French coast. At the end of July my brother John and his wife Aileen and four kids took the boat for three weeks and I went home. My wife Kate remarked that they will never sail in Ireland again. The final cruise was at the end of August where my brother Fred and I and good friends Liam and Evelyn McFeeley brought *Toirse* back to Lorient to her winter berth. In the end of September Kate and I and our three kids went out to Lorient to put *Toirse* to bed for the winter and wish her well until next year.

Lumbrellyn (Umbrella) in Croatia

Denis Cudmore

Pat and Adrienne Kennedy, myself and my wife Brid, with our three junior crew of Aodh and Iarlaith Kennedy and our son Eoghan, decided to revisit Croatia and head north from Split to the Kornati islands, following a highly successful cruise here just two years ago, in idyllic conditions. We were to discover that much had changed over this period and the weather was not as kind on this particular occasion.

Sunday 10th July: We motored out of ACI Marina in Split – a beautiful, clear sunny morning after a night of heavy rain, thunder and lightning. ACI marina had been very noisy the previous evening with parties at various points causing sleep deprivation for some of the more easily roused among us. Initially we headed on a course for Otok Drvenik Veli and anchored in a bay between Krknjas Veli and Drvenik Veli and had our first swim of the holiday – it was gorgeous! More boats in evidence than our previous trip in May 03. We motor-sailed around Drvenik Veli and on towards Drvenik town and harbour. It was lovely and sheltered with plenty of room, although obviously a popular stopover point. The weather improved and we lunched on our standard fare of fizzy wine, cold meats, bread and tomato/onion salads. While there were many boats about there was space for all. There appeared to be a new breakwater on the northern approach with tying-up facilities. Few shops are open at the middle of the day. We left shortly after lunch and made for Primosten, passing by Rogoznica. Weather was good but the wind was from the north-northwest and straight on the nose, hence we motored most of the way. All the crew made the most of the sun (at last) and Iarlaith overdid it, burned his back and was sore for the next few days! Arriving late in Primosten, we made immediately for the last visible mooring and made fast. We were thankful for this as the winds picked up and many other boats motored around in circles, seeking safe holding for the night. Primosten is a very pretty little place – an old town built on a peninsula with a gate at the “neck” through which one can enter from the landward side. Great social activity in the streets during the evenings with street markets, music and plenty of tourists. The locals were very friendly and helpful. There are lots of good-looking variably-priced restaurants in old town, with views in all directions. We ate in the Mistral Roof Garden which provided good tasty squid and pizza for the boys. Restaurants near the waterfront looked more interesting though. Poor sleep for some of those in the bow, due to frequent passage of the fishing boats throughout the night causing irritating swells.

cold and misty, although visibility was good. We steered for Otok Zlarin and then to Kanal Sv. Ante to access the way up river for Krka falls. There was thunder, lightning and heavy rain in the distance, out northwest to sea; however we were reasonably comfortable with sprayhood and Bimini. The weather significantly deteriorated as we reached the kanal; we had to put on a second layer of clothing and oilskins as it got so miserable, whilst the sun was splitting the stones back in Ireland. We entered the Kanal Sv. Ante between the old fort and block lighthouse, and motored past Sibenik (very built up) and under two spectacular arched bridges (complete with castellated viewing platforms for weary motorists). We passed what appeared to be obsolete gunboat pens built into the cliffs on our right as we approached Sibenik – a throwback to former more militaristic times. We moored at the ACI marina in Skradin, a very pleasant anchorage, arriving just in time for lunch and to sort ourselves out before catching a local water taxi upriver to Krka falls.

A water taxi took us up through the lower part of Krka gorge. The weather picked up and became very hot; the wind on the upper deck of the taxi was very welcome. Krka falls were “infested” with people – tourists and locals who had driven to the large car park in Skradin. Vegetation was lush and almost sub-tropical, certainly the most fertile and varied area seen so far in Croatia. The boys went swimming in the lower pool, which is cordoned off and small when compared with the large crowd. We had the impression that we could swim under all the falls, however this was not the case. The falls themselves are a series of cataracts with a good flow through and quite spectacular to view. We went on a circuitous route along walkways and bridges and viewed the old turbines. The place



Monday 11th July: It was grey, *Lumbrellyn* in Sali Harbour, Dugi Otok.

was wonderfully shaded and cool on an otherwise very hot day. As we returned we noted that it should be possible to anchor further up the river and away from the ACI marina at Skradin and then walk to the National Park at the falls.

We arrived back at Skradin and toured the little town to find the necessary tonic and ice. We ate in a well priced restaurant outdoors under trees; the place was busy with local families and flotillas; menus were from between €8 and €11 for 3 courses with great seafood. The bar close to the marina had music – Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Steve Millar etc., which entertained the crew well into the night.

Tuesday 12th July: We left Skradin and headed back down the river after a very peaceful night. Motoring again – the wind was on the nose between Zlarin and Lupac, and then through the Zmajanski kanal. We put up sail just north of Kaprije Island, sailed into Uvala Potkucina, northeast of Otok Kakan and picked up a mooring in a sheltered inlet with a few boats around but not crowded. Mid-day brought the greyer, colder weather but this did not stop the festive lunches. Following a quick exploration expedition to Borovnjak Mali by punt, we set sail for the Kornati islands. Navigating with a northwest breeze between rain clouds and Otok Cavlin and Otok Tetovisnjak

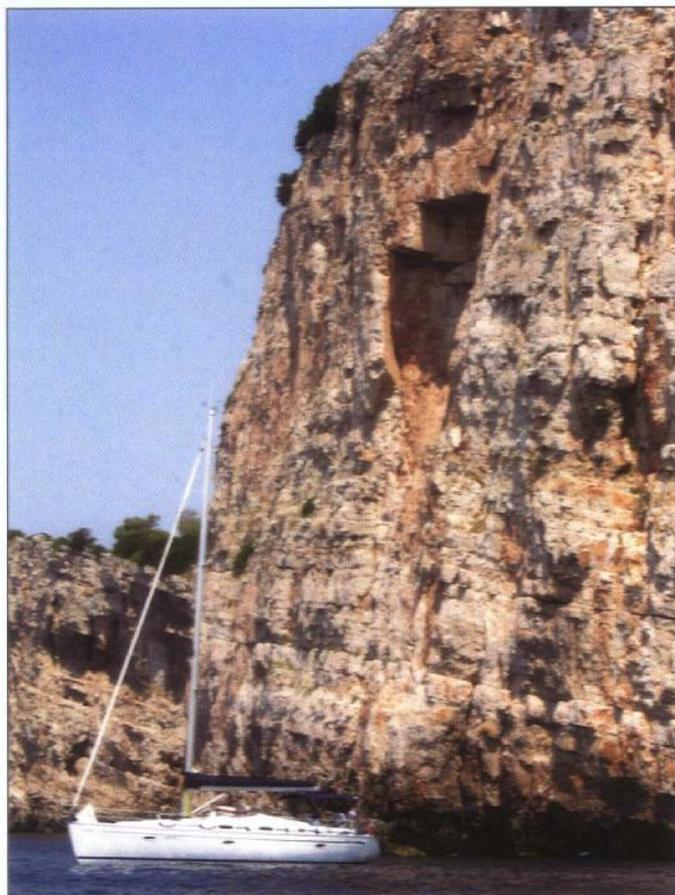


Busy port of Vis, Otok Vis.

and, we close-reached across to the southern end of the Kornati chain of islands, clipping Otok Smokvica and beating up the channel between it and Otok Skulj. We motored the final few hundred metres into Uvala Opat at the southern end of Otok Kornat as the breeze died off altogether.

Uvala Opat was a good anchorage, facing southeast, deep and sheltered with the possibility of lines ashore to bollards. No public moorings as we had been led to believe, so we anchored in the middle of the bay, as all of the shore spaces had been taken. The place was lovely and quiet and the sun smiled upon us while we had our evening refreshments, with the bimini and sprayhood down for the first time that day. There were few or no facilities ashore. Iarlaith and Eoghan ferried the crew into the primitive jetty and we dined in the more basic of the two restaurants (no menu available). We had an excellent meal of varying fish starters and other larger fish for the main course, with cheap local wine and beer. There was a great atmosphere, overlooking the bay and all the boats at anchor. Unfortunately it turned out to be one of the most expensive meals of the holiday due to the lack of a menu and loss in translation. It appears that the further one is removed from centres of civilisation, the costlier the meals become. This is particularly true for fish, though one would have thought that the Adriatic would be more bountiful.

Wednesday 13th July: We motored out of Opat and up the Kornati Kanal. It was cold and grey and with the wind on our nose, we continued to motor-sail hugging the coast of Otok Kornat. It was very interesting to observe the limestone contours of the islands as we passed. One had to keep a close eye on the charts and GPS as we had little opportunity to differentiate one island from another. The place looked very similar to the Burren in Clare, with grey-white limestone with very sparse sharp grass and isolated trees. We stopped off in Vrulje for coffee. This was a very pleasant, sheltered oasis with a number of moorings, a restaurant and basic supermarket. We anchored while the ladies went ashore, but as the weather was still grey, overcast and cool, we did not dally. For lunch we slipped across to Otok Levrnaka and the boys went off to snorkel for the sunken wreck, but it was too deep. The place looked interesting, but having had lunch, siesta and paid for our visit to the Kornati National Park (€10 per adult per day), we headed further north. The weather appeared to be better both to the north and south of us, so we continued to our plan and headed north.



Cliffs southwest of Dugi Otok.



Awaiting our turn at Prolaz Proversa Mali.

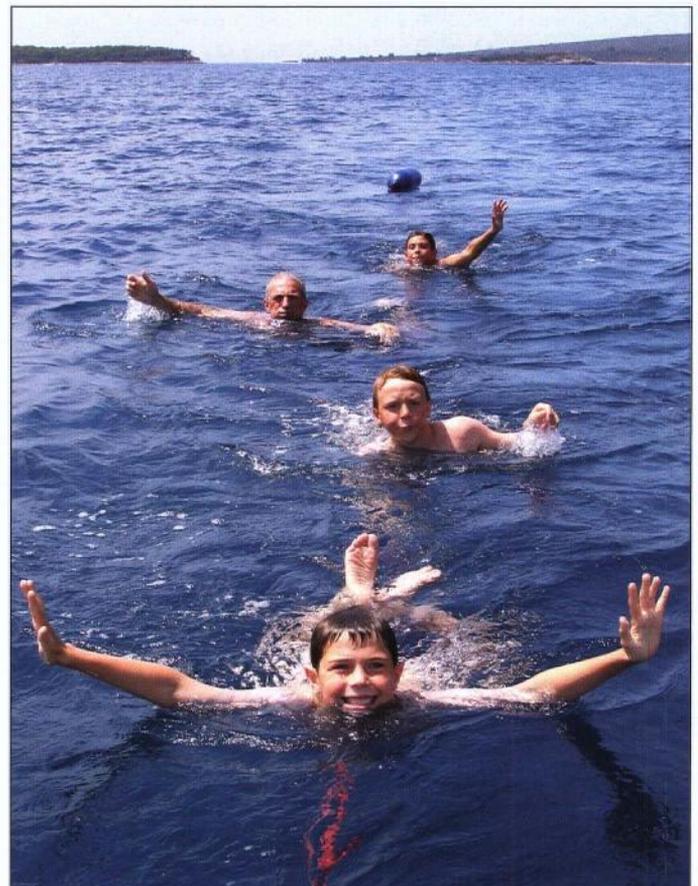
By mid-afternoon we sailed out between Otok Obrucan and Otok Sestrice (a beautiful lighthouse). The skies finally cleared as we sailed through Prolaz Proversa. We anchored off the southwest shore of Luka Telascica for swimming, snorkelling and sunbathing. It was great to have the sun at last – this is the sun we remembered from the heat-wave of 2003. We moved to a more sheltered bay that evening, Uvala Mir, with plenty of mooring buoys and two restaurants ashore, but we were too late to get a table.

Thursday 14th July: We breakfasted and swam in the crystal clear waters of beautiful Uvala Mir. After breakfast we went up the cliffs on the western edge of Dugi Otok and then down to Mir Lake. This is a salt-water lake formed by water bubbling up through the limestone. Adrienne finally decided to have her first swim of the year as it was “only just” warm enough, her decision helped by the beautiful clear blue sky. Mid-morning, we motored-sailed out of Luka Telascica looking wistfully at the anchorages at the northernmost end of the large bay. We travelled east through Prolaz Proversa spotting lovely sheltered anchorages for lunch at another time. The narrowest part of the transit brought us through a short busy channel, with each boat (mostly pleasure craft) taking its turn to negotiate the 200 metre stretch. There was a restaurant on the shore of Otok Katina which looked like a great place for a cold beer to watch the world go by. By midday we had arrived in Sali – a lovely sleepy looking port on the eastern shore of Dugi. It looked great despite the fish-processing plant at its southern approach. We moored side-on to the harbour and waited for half an hour for the water to be turned on, while other crew members explored the town and bought the necessary provisions. We agreed it was worthy of another visit on the way back and left to go north once again. We lunched in the lee of Otok Krknata in beautiful aquamarine seas. The weather continued to bless us and we had a great time snorkelling, swimming and lounging about in the water. Dugi is much more forested, bushy and cultivated than Kornat and looks a lot more like the southern areas of Hvar and Lastovo. Our afternoon involved a motor-sail into the teeth of a good northwesterly blow and we eventually tied up stern-to the jetty in Brbinj, in excellent shelter for these conditions. Other anchorages were available, but we again were too late for these and had to pay €28 for the privilege of the jetty and 50 litres of water.

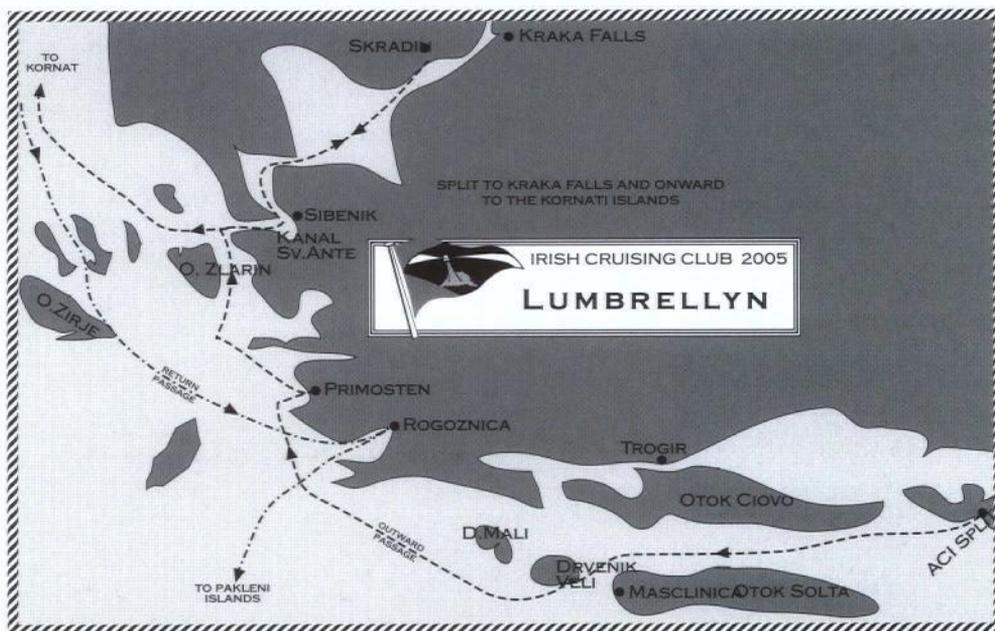
Friday 15th July: Left Brbinj early and went to Otok Sridni

at the northwestern end of Otok Iz. We anchored in Uvala Osiljinac, where there was a small fish farm and nothing much else around. We had a leisurely breakfast and swim and decided to stay put for the morning. After lunch we made the decision to sail back south, tired of pushing north against the prevailing winds all the time. We had a long leisurely run down the Iski Kanal (between Otok Iz and Otok Rava) and caught a great breeze, with speeds recorded at 10.4 knots at times. However as the breeze died, we decided to revisit Sali on Dugi Otok. We tied up stern-to the wall of the harbour right in front of the Maritimo bar. The place looked lovely, with a Sunsail flotilla tied up on the other side of the harbour wall and many other boats in harbour. Following refreshments on board, some

members of the younger crew ventured up to the Maritimo bar for alcohol-free cocktails and we all dined in the Kornat restaurant. The place was full with sailors and local wealthy Croatians over for the weekend. The atmosphere was great, music in the restaurant and bars and the weather a great accompaniment. We switched to the ice cream bar next door for dessert and coffees – the boys able to wander freely along the waterfront. Unfortunately when we arrived back at the boat we had not bargained for the loudness and proximity of the Maritimo bar – it was 10 metres from our stern! Sleeping on



The crew as shark bait!



deck became a nightmare for Pat and Iarlaith as the music kept going till 01.30 and the crowd was in such great form that they continued singing loudly for another hour. Very little sleep was had by most, as the ferries started to arrive at 06.00 that morning

Saturday 16th July: Pat was not in great form and joined with Boris, the skipper of the adjoining yacht to voice their opinion and make their protest public. However as the chairperson of the community council was conveniently away, they had to protest to the owner of the Maritimo bar and the man responsible for collecting the harbour dues. It was a token protest, but had to be done. There was no intention to seek a refund for the bad night's sleep but at least we left on good terms. As we departed, Adie dropped her bikini over the side, and Boris snorkelled down to get it and had it ready for us as we departed, so we left on an upbeat note. We continued our passage by motor southwest along Dugi Otok and cut in again through Prolaz Proversa Mali between one of Dugi Otok's southerly headlands and the northern head of Otok Katina. We motored up to the cliffs on the southwest coast of Dugi Otok – which we had climbed earlier that week when moored in Uvala Mir. They were very spectacular from seaward and we were able to get very close to the base of the cliff in approx 85 metres of water. We motored back to a secluded sandy inlet (the first one seen), Uvala Lojisce, just south of the cliffs, and anchored for lunch. These beautiful anchorages seem to present themselves all over these islands. We had a fabulous sail in the afternoon outside the smaller Kornat islands and motored into Piskera to check out the ACI marina and the other local anchorages. Otok Luzca, which is south of Piskera and more sheltered, is extremely pretty and despite a diligent prow around the inlet we did not succeed in identifying a safe anchorage as it was too crowded and we were too late. We returned to the ACI marina and tied up with a resultant financial double whammy – it cost €45 for the marina and a further €40 for the visit to Kornati National Park (4 adults on board). However, we enjoyed our sundowners and relaxed in the only restaurant in relative peace. The boys played soccer with the local children and lost with good grace – away games in Europe are always tough!

Sunday 17th July: We decided to make the most of the facilities and had a leisurely exodus from Piskera after all members had showered and washed clothes etc. We then had the best full day's sailing yet. The wind had turned to the

southwest and we had a lovely reach for the morning down the Kornatski Kanal. Eoghan and Iarlaith took turns to helm the boat under supervision, but were well up to it. We pulled into Otok Smokvica Vela off the southern tip of Otok Kornat for lunch. While it was very pleasant and sheltered, it was very popular and it was Sunday lunchtime after all. There were many places to tie up to – mostly bollards on the three walls of the jetty, but as they appeared to imply that one had to dine at the associated eateries we anchored in the bay. The traffic consisted of more motor cruisers than sailing boats – looked like locals coming over from the mainland for a jolly. There appeared to be more pollution in the water here than at other lunchtime spots – mostly

plastic bags, paper litter etc. As it was open to the southwest it gave us a very pleasant cooling breeze. We sailed on a close reach for the whole afternoon – a magnificent sail between Otok Mrtovnjak to the north and Otok Skrizanj to the south, and then onward to the southernmost Kakan Otok. We motored up between Kakan and Kaprije to anchor in the busy port of Kaprije. We anchored in the middle of the bay as we again were late and missed the opportunity to tie to the jetty. We ate in Café Espresso where we had good service, reasonable prices and a pleasant atmosphere. They even played Abba for Brid upon request of Iarlaith. There appeared to be lots of locals around milling back and forth along the seafront walls. The boys amused themselves playing boules against the local children. The adults were forced to endure Abba but the wine softened the blow.

Monday 18th July: We left early to head to Rogoznica for supplies. The seas were busier outside the harbour with more large and luxurious craft than we had been accustomed to up in the Kornati. The weather was very sunny, however we had strong wind on our nose (east-southeast) again. We anchored off Rogoznica and let some of the crew ashore for supplies, however as the winds increased, we moved to a mooring close to the new marina. We departed after lunch for Solta. Unfortunately the winds continued east-southeast, so we had to motor-sail most of the way to the village of Maslinica. We had visited here on our last visit when we pronounced it ripe for development – we were right! There had certainly been a plethora of new construction but little enough had been added to the marine facilities. The harbour is small and pretty and we had to tie up bow-to the harbour wall in a tight squeeze. There were two restaurants and a café bar opposite us, which the children swam to on a regular basis that evening. The most striking new addition was the re-furnishment and development of the convent overlooking the harbour wall. It was very expensively and tastefully restored to become an upmarket hotel, but we were unable to confirm this. It did have a functioning outdoor restaurant, Marino Marchi, and we all were impressed with it. Aodh (age 9) was absolutely bowled over by it and decided it was time for his first meal on his own in a posh restaurant, so dressed in his best T-shirt and with his life savings (100Kn) left the boat for dinner. As the rest of the crew dined on board, Aodh returned 40 minutes later pleased with his fare of starter and main course for €10. We all enjoyed this port of call – however it did get crowded early.

Tuesday 19th July: The rains returned and the sky was grey as we left Maslinica and the wind was on our nose as we headed towards Pakleni Otoci at the western end of Hvar. We had also been here in 2003 and had been very impressed with the area, however that was May 2003 and it was now the middle of July 2005. Things were much busier, as we were to discover immediately. Our first attempt to anchor at Uvala Duboka Vela on the northern coast of Sveti Klement ended in failure, as the best locations had been taken, and a plague of wasps descended on our lunchtime preparations. We moved to the next bay Uvala Palmizana and anchored outside and away from the ACI marina, which was rapidly filling at midday. There was a procession of boats going directly into the marina as we were at anchor. As the afternoon breeze picked up, we departed Palmizana and headed to Uvala Vinogradisce where we had stayed in the past. However the place was packed and even though we spent ages looking for a suitable anchorage (even tying up to the shore with a line) it was not to be, and we headed off yet again. We ended up with our anchor lying across someone else's and a crowd of noisy youths on a catamaran on the other side. As a storm was due we departed to find refuge for the night. We moved down the coast to Luka Soline in the recommended anchorage and the lee (as we thought) of Otok Dobri. We put a line ashore and made tight for the night. We ate in a restaurant Grand Paradiso – this was a fortunate find with a most panoramic view southwest over the whole of the bay. A party of Australians took the neighbouring table and we shared much conversation that evening – especially as they described their yacht and I asked if it was the one dragging its anchor just in view. Our Australian pals had to mobilise their crew at this stage and before long a second yacht had dragged anchor as the winds picked up.

We returned to our boat later that evening as the winds continued to rise and we organised an anchor watch as the winds had turned and were blowing us onshore. While we had chosen the best location to anchor from a ground-holding standpoint, we were too close to the lee shore for comfort. The engine was on the ready at all times. Soon after midnight a boat began drifting onto us and we had to resort to our air-horn to awaken the crew on board. While they finally got things under control, the night got worse and we observed several boats close by taking up their anchors and moving elsewhere, and we certainly considered this when we lost our dinghy at 1am in the morning. We stood by our original decision and though we had another boat drifting onto us later that morning, we held tight. We were fortunate to discover a local fisherman touring all the visiting boats that morning with our dinghy and had it returned to us without any serious damage.

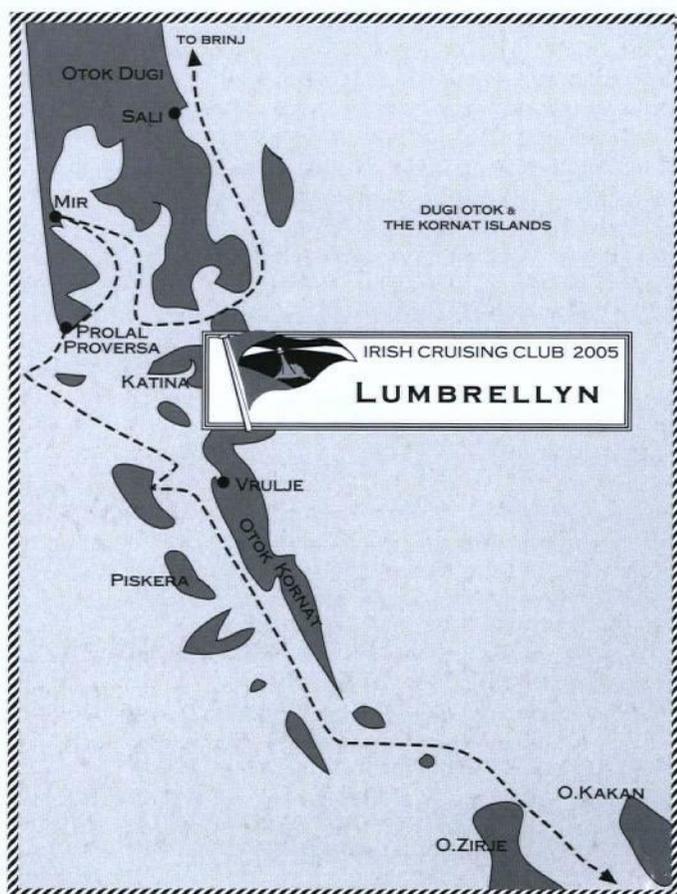
Wednesday 20th July: We set off early for Otok Vis as all the crew were awake. The sky was still grey and threatening, but cleared up quickly. Great breeze and a good sail, we arrived in Vis and took the opportunity of refilling our diesel tanks. The town was much busier than we remembered it and we were assailed by exiting yachts making their way back to Split as we entered the harbour. We decided to tour some of the neighbouring harbours (Uvala Stoncica) that day and returned later to Vis harbour which provided great shelter that evening as winds picked up again. The visitors' quay was completely full, but we had no difficulty with an anchor just inside the Privora peninsula opposite the ferry terminal. There are excellent ice-making facilities for visiting yachts beside the quay tower (2 kilograms for 5Kn).

Thursday 21st July: Following a leisurely breakfast ashore at the Hotel Tamaris on the waterfront, we decided to return to Uvala Soline on Otok Sveti Klement, much more peaceful than the one we had left the previous day. We anchored between two elegant Italian 65ft sloops, and we savoured our first decent cup

of coffee (Kenyan Bewleys) which had been donated by Charlie and Eileen McGrory, whom we had met the previous night walking the promenade of Vis. Croatian coffee was very different and while we tried several local varieties, they all tasted somewhat of bleach.

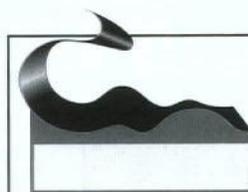
Later that day we left the Pakleni's and headed for Uvala Lucice on Otok Brač. The last time here we were the only boat. This time round, there were thirty other boats in the bay and taking a line ashore was essential. Unfortunate for our crew, in their haste to take the lines ashore, both Pat and Iarlaith suffered from sea-urchin spines in their feet which were later surgically extracted by Adrienne. The only restaurant is run by Leo Lemesic, a former footballer who played for Hajduk Split and Yugoslavia. While his English is rudimentary, he was most welcoming, and delighted to show the children all his football memorabilia. The food is simple (catch of the day) but beautifully prepared.

Friday 22nd July: Departed for Milna on Otok Brač to get the all important ice for drinks that day. We anchored in the middle of the harbour and all the boys rowed ashore to check out the town. Milna is a very busy harbour with an ACI marina and various marine related industries. Too busy for our liking, hence we departed relatively quickly, sailed up the coast to Uvala Bobovisce, and as the day drew to a close we made for Split ACI marina. It was busy, as a lot of charter boats were returning that evening and teams of charter organisations were checking out their boats as the clean-out commenced. Divers were utilised to check the rudder, keel and the entire hull underwater. We ran into some difficulty over responsibility for items not on the checklists, and this got difficult for a while until our agent came to our aid and sorted out the matter. Once again the weather deteriorated and we had explosive lightning and thunder all evening, which was still visible well out to sea at 05.00 as we departed by taxi to the airport for home.



Flica odyssey: Part 2

Marilyn Kenworthy



THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

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

Last time I wrote we had just finished the Oyster Rally in Palma and I came home for three weeks to prepare for the ARC, to put all my personal affairs in order and get my house ready for some alterations whilst I was away for the winter.

I rejoined *Flica* at the beginning of November after Debbie, Debbie's father Bob, and Douglas Deane (ICC), brought the boat to Las Palmas after a pretty uneventful trip.

The set-up prior to the start is such that boats are allocated to a particular pier of the Marina. I think we were very lucky in that Pier 17 seems to have been the 'Party Pier'. I met and made very good friends with several owners and their crews in the two-week lead-up period and I am certain that this pier will go down in history due to the wonderful party atmosphere.

World Cruising are, by now, very well organised, and the various seminars, which were well attended, covered every aspect of the crossing, including Weather, Victualling, Safety, First Aid, Dinghy Drills, Communications and general Boat Maintenance. These seminars and the opportunity to meet other participants were a great help in giving confidence and setting one's mind at ease about the trip.

Debbie and I were joined by Brian and Eleanor Cudmore (ICC) a week before the start and also by Donal McClement (ICC) some three days later. The social whirl was in full swing but my nerves were beginning to work overtime when not partying!

Last minute preparations kept us all fully occupied and our farewell dinner on the Saturday night was a fairly tame affair with the apprehension building for all of us even though the weather forecast was for fairly gentle conditions for the early part of the voyage.



Donal McClement, Debbie Johnson, Brian Cudmore, Marilyn Kenworthy, Eleanor Cudmore

Sunday morning had us up and about early on and we finally left the pontoon about two hours before the start. Conditions were extremely light and the actual start had over 200 boats drifting aimlessly on the glassy ocean. We had agreed amongst ourselves that we wanted to complete the trip in a reasonably quick time so had no concerns about using our engine. We were not the first to switch on the motor, but we ended up motoring for about five or six hours before a breeze filled in.

The boat routine was extremely demanding, in that, for the first few nights we always had two people on watch. Appetites were almost non-existent (other than Donal's), interest in booze was nil and it was not until Day 3 that most people got their sea legs.

Our tactics were to head fairly far south because of the advice from the weathermen and the conditions were just a little too light for *Flica* to really show her paces. We changed our watch system after two days to an incredibly difficult one where we did two hours on and eight hours off! No more than two showers a day were allowed, only six lumps of ice in each drink and the Bimini was working overtime. 'George' our trusty Autopilot was just fantastic in that he didn't get tired, needed no food and never got cross. All told a 'Hell Ship'!

We quickly got into a great routine where we ate, drank, fished, played dominoes and last card, read, went to the beach on the foredeck or the swimming pool on the aft-deck and generally enjoyed ourselves. Still the wind was light and aft of the beam so our progress was aided by the 'Iron Genoa' at times.

We had to report our position each day and we used e-mail for this. An SSB network also operated and this was one of the highspots daily when we talked with several of our sisterships and other competitors and were able to keep tabs on them. We also received position reports by e-mail daily and it was nice to know how our friends from Pier 17 were doing.

The wind picked up a bit on Day 4 and we were able to use the Cruising Chute to good effect. Our average speed improved significantly for the next few days. We had lots of sail changes (very difficult with in mast furling and electric winches!) because we went from 8 knots to 18 frequently and at short notice. We were caught out one night when hit by a squall that blew out the MPS. At this stage we were half way across but had to be careful with the Chute after a six to eight hour repair job.

The fishing, masterminded by Brian, was good and Dorado



Marilyn.



Finished! Number down.

featured on the Dinner Menu more than once. We stopped for a mid-Atlantic swim, where I got the biggest fright in my life. With the excitement, I forgot that we had rigged a safety line and after I dived in I looked up to see *Flica* disappearing away from me.

To date the sun had never stopped shining, the sunrises and sunsets were more and more spectacular, the night sky was fantastic and the temperature, even during darkness never dropped below 22 degrees. We only had one short rain shower during the crossing and most hatches were left open all the time. The last four days were without doubt the best, as the Trade Winds had finally arrived and we were able to sail, very comfortably, with a boomed out genoa and a preventer on the main. We never quite made 200 miles in a day but the last three days were over 190 in perfect sailing conditions.

Making landfall we had three other boats in sight, and we eventually crossed the finishing line at just after 21.00 on Thursday 9th December after seventeen and a half days. The welcome from the Organisers was excellent and included Rum Punches as soon as we hit the dock. We went ashore for a few beers, but a wonderful feeling of satisfaction mixed with a little tiredness meant we were in bed before too long.

Flica was the 49th boat to cross the finishing line and for the

next 10/12 days more and more boats arrived. It would surprise most of us to see the wide range of boats and people who compete in the ARC. Many boats are crewed by families with children as young as one year old, some are two-handed and others have a full racing crew. The boats range in size from 30' to 120' and the first to finish took 12 days with the last taking 29.

The Prizegiving had a few surprises for me in that we got an award for the help we gave the ARC Radio Network, and we also won a prize for the most imaginative proposal and menu for a virtual Dinner Party organised by *Assolare*, crewed by a father and daughter who were awarded the premier Trophy, 'The Spirit of the ARC' later that evening. It was also nice to see that all the children who competed, got special recognition during the ceremony.

The boat behaved wonderfully (we broke a bulb, a shackle parted and the MPS blew out!), the crew are still all talking to one another (really they are some of my best friends) and there were no fights other than small ones?

I have to say that despite all my reservations and apprehensions before the start, I found the whole experience to be totally amazing, really enjoyable and I am sure will remain one of the major highlights of my life.

Eleanor's version of the ARC 2004

To sail the Atlantic Ocean
Marilyn got a notion
With 3 friends from her club
And Debbie at the hub
We'll do it and cause a commotion.

Off to St. Lucia are we
On *Flica* our home on the sea
The wind doesn't blow
The going is slow
But we're all extremely happy.

Marilyn was in a quandary
No man in her life had she
But when she gets ashore
There'll be black men galore
From Barbuda right down to Bequi.

But maybe Donal will be the winner
If he diets and keeps getting slimmer
She said she would have him
In the aft cabin
If only he was 3 stone thinner.

On watch in the quiet of the night
Without another boat in sight
Gives a calming emotion



THE DUNNS DITTY SALVER

AWARDED FOR THE BEST
DUNNS DITTY SUBMITTED

Out on this ocean
Sailing, alone in moonlight.

Some said this trip would be boring
But games we've been playing and
scoring
Dominoes and Last Card

continued next page

Our nerves are all jarred
From the shouting and screaming and
roaring.

Brian caught a fish from the sea
Which, with vodka, Debbie killed
humanely
Which Donal prepared
While Marilyn ran scared
And Eleanor she cooked him for tea.

Donal, he had a hair cut
But his hairs he didn't sweep up
Brian thought they were feathers!
So we decided together
He'd not cook – just do the wash up.

Asolare invited all to a virtual dinner
With a bottle of champagne for the
winner
Of the airwaves best banter
Donal was off on a canter
Oh, the lies that he told, the ol' sinner!

Our watch system was one of the best
2 on and 8 of a rest
One night we did 4
'Cause we had wind galore
And we left up our MPS.

Flica responded in haste
With a knot or 2 more to the pace
The very next day
We crossed over Half Way
The champagne was on ice just in case.

The sun's hot at 8 in the morning
Even then you'd get a terrible burning
Rub on your skin to be kind
The highest SPF you can find
You'll still get the tan you've been
yearning.

Brian got 2 feathered pets
2 lovely snow white egrets
Flying fish he them fed

After a night's rest, they fled
I hope that they have no regrets.

Fish fly on the deck at night
Giving Marilyn a hell of a fright
She closed her hatch fast
In case they got past
For flying fish, what a terrible plight!

The wind it's all over the place
Making things tough in this race
Sail changing all day
Doesn't really pay
We need a Force 5 to give pace.

Oh, where are these winds we call
trades?
We've been waiting them 14 days
If they don't arrive quick
We'll get quite sick
Of this flopping around always.

We went for a swim mid-Atlantic
'Cause Donal is driving us frantic
Lack of wind had him ranting
He was huffing and panting
And carrying on with such dreadful
antics

Debbie, she was pulling out her hair
She had a craving for a chocolate eclair
We then found some cream
And satisfied her dream
Its calming effect, we were all aware.

We celebrated Christmas at sea
With a ruddy great big turkey
We sang some hymns
And toasted with gins
OK... we were 3 weeks early!

That night the trade winds they came
Bringing 20 knots wind but no rain
The radar it showed
Clouds about to explode
But they missed us again and again

Boxing Day the trade winds stayed
With genoa and stay sail we played
With a little bit of luck
We'll keep this speed up
Our arrival in St. Lucia not delayed.

It's Eleanor who's writing this ditty
On *Flica's* crew she has no pity
She has controlled
The stories being told
For a small fee, she's got lots more
gritty.

Her copy is never out of sight
So her thoughts she immediately could
write
But she kept her cool
Obeyed Roche's Point rule
On watch, in the midst of the night.

'Twas Donal came out tops, give him
his due
For it's length, it's width and it's hue
NO she didn't have him
In the aft cabin
He'd caught a 201b Wahoo.
(clean version)
How, oh Lord above
With the fingers of a glove
Can you catch a 201b Wahoo?

We've reached the Caribbean safe and
sound
Our passage was easy all found
With lots of back slapping and kissing,
Saw a Rum Punch Party we were
missing
So we quickly put our feet on the
ground.

We had a great time, hadn't we?
Brian Donal Debbie Marilyn and me
The fun and the laughter
We'll remember ever after
For 17 and a half days at sea.



Katherine Nixon and John Clementson enjoy a swim at the Lough Erne Autumn Rally.



Boats at the Lough Erne Autumn Rally.

Croatia with a Nautical Walking Stick

Clive Martin

I was delighted to receive an invitation from Bernard Corbally and Ann Woulfe-Flanagan, for my wife Mary and myself to join them for a cruise in Croatia on their delightful Halberg Rassy 42 *Beowulf*. We were to be joined by Peter and Noo Wallis who had cruised with us on the same boat in Brittany in 2002.

I had always heard of the delights of the coast and islands of the Adriatic off Croatia, and we were really looking forward to two weeks in these waters. A direct flight from Dublin to Dubrovnik made life much easier for us and we had booked a local flight from Dubrovnik to Split, as *Beowulf* was on a marina berth at Trogir, not far from Split Airport. While we were waiting for this connection, which was coming from Glasgow, the weather deteriorated and winds increased to very strong, making it almost impossible for a plane to land at Dubrovnik. However, although there was considerable delay, the connecting flight did land and we flew on to Split. A taxi ride of ten minutes brought us from Split Airport to Trogir, where we arrived about midnight, in time to settle in for the night. Unfortunately during the night we were struck by a German boat trying to get into the berth next to us, but



THE FINGAL CUP

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

fortunately it was only a glancing blow which slightly damaged our starboard navigation light.

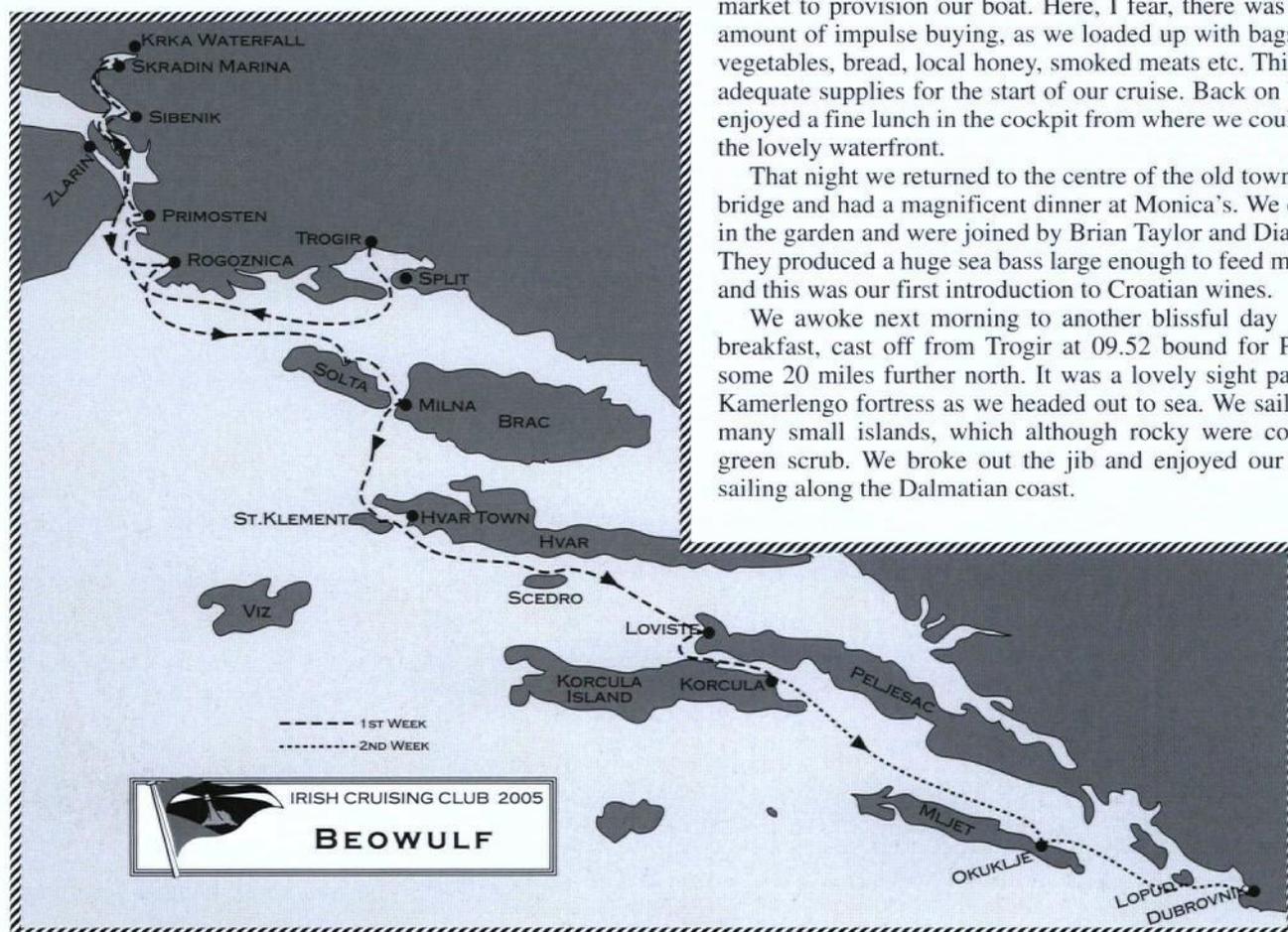
Trogir is built on an island, so in the morning we decided to cross the bridge into this very picturesque town to join Diana Allen, Brian Taylor and David Radnor, who had been crew on *Beowulf* the previous week, for breakfast. After a sumptuous breakfast of omelettes, and plenty of chat, we visited the fortress tower at Kamerlengo which dominates the waterfront. From here there are magnificent views of the countryside. This fortress, originally built by the Venetians in 1420 to fend off Turkish attacks, together with the ramparts, make a very impressive waterfront.

From the fortress we headed back to the centre of the old town, which is very picturesque with many attractions and lovely narrow streets full of character. The Cathedral of St. Lawrence which was built in the 13th century as a Romanesque basilica was definitely not to be missed. The interior of the cathedral is breathtaking with its level of adornment. We were fortunate to gain admittance to the treasury to view their collection of silver, which was explained to us by a very knowledgeable guide. Outside in the square the loggia was equally impressive.

It was necessary for us to go to the very substantial open air market to provision our boat. Here, I fear, there was a certain amount of impulse buying, as we loaded up with bags of fruit, vegetables, bread, local honey, smoked meats etc. This gave us adequate supplies for the start of our cruise. Back on board we enjoyed a fine lunch in the cockpit from where we could admire the lovely waterfront.

That night we returned to the centre of the old town over the bridge and had a magnificent dinner at Monica's. We dined out in the garden and were joined by Brian Taylor and Diana Allen. They produced a huge sea bass large enough to feed most of us, and this was our first introduction to Croatian wines.

We awoke next morning to another blissful day and after breakfast, cast off from Trogir at 09.52 bound for Primosten some 20 miles further north. It was a lovely sight passing the Kamerlengo fortress as we headed out to sea. We sailed inside many small islands, which although rocky were covered by green scrub. We broke out the jib and enjoyed our first day sailing along the Dalmatian coast.



Our plan for the next two weeks was to see as many places of interest as possible without sailing too far each day. As two of our ladies were keen all year round early-morning swimmers, it was important that we found nice quiet and sheltered bays for a daily swim. Our skipper skilfully brought us to 17 different locations and we found seven isolated spots for swims.

Before we reached Primosten it was time for a swim, and so we went into Luka Peles a sheltered bay on the mainland just south of Primosten. Here there is a marina but we went into the Southern Bay where there is a fish farm, but we were able to pass inside this and drop our anchor in 6 metres of crystal clear water. This was a fabulous location, with a few holiday homes on shore and we all thoroughly enjoyed a long swim with some snorkelling, before lunch and local wine in the cockpit.

It was only a short distance to Primosten where we arrived at 15.43 and were fortunate to get a good berth inside the breakwater, taking a lazy line and berth stern-to. We were there well before the charter boats. The town is a little gem, situated on an island now connected to the mainland by an isthmus; it rises in a high mound of colourful orange roofs.

There is a beach beside the breakwater where we were moored, but like all beaches in this part it is stony and difficult to bathe from without proper swimming shoes. We all managed to swim and explore the town with its many lively cafes and restaurants, and narrow streets leading up to a delightful church and cemetery on the very top of the island, from where there are magnificent views.

We returned to the boat for a very fine dinner of coq-au-vin prepared by our ladies and accompanied by suitable local wines. As this part of the world is famous for its liqueurs, we went ashore again to sample a variety, including grappa (grape based), Slivovitz (plum based), cherry brandy and a walnut liqueur.

Before departure next day we purchased proper swimming shoes and some fresh fish for our lunch. We also availed of the shore facilities which were very convenient on the front. We cast off at 09.45 and sailed north bound for Skradin, about 18.5 miles away, as we planned to visit the Krka National Park. This passage brought us close to a number of islands and east of the island of Zlarin before we reached the entrance to the Sibernik Channel at 11.20.



Noo collects rosemary for roast lamb dinner at Scedro.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

In front of us was a large building with traffic lights but these are for shipping only and do not apply to yachts. Turning hard to starboard we rounded the big fort, continued into the Sibernik channel and were met by a swarm of yachts making their way home at the end of the charter week. This was a very scenic and sometimes narrow part of our passage, and we were fascinated by the rock formations which would have been of great interest to a geologist.

Leaving the large city and port of Sibernik to starboard, we still had to pass under the span of the Sibernik bridge and the electric cables. As usual it appeared that we were not going to make it but of course there was ample clearance. Passing under a further new bridge we caught our first glimpse of Skradin and at 13.08 picked up our lazy line and moored stern-to in a practically empty marina. Peter prepared the fish we had purchased that morning and we had a hasty lunch on board, as we had to catch the free ferry to the Krka National Park and Falls at 15.00.

It was a nice trip up-stream, with reeds and rushes on the banks and gradually thickening forestry ahead. We had to pay 50 kunas to enter the Park which is a karstic phenomenon with diverse flora and fauna. The waterfalls are quite spectacular, cascading down 17



Fortress Tower at Kamerlengo, Trogir.

Photo: Clive Martin

steps and a drop of 242 metres in travertine curtains, sills and beards. The waters of the falls were harnessed at an early date and became the first hydro/electric power plant to be put to commercial use, providing electricity to Sibernik. We spent two hours in the park climbing to the top and Noo swam in the lower pools under the falls.

The writer had sprained his ankle earlier and found the climb too much, but here is where the nautical walking stick gave great assistance. Folding in three sections it was easy to stow on board and the hollow end provided a flask which we filled with Rosemary brandy! We had two hours in the Park, visiting the Folk Museum and admiring the magic of the falls and woodlands.

Returning to Skradan we were saddened by the destruction to the town caused by the recent civil war, and sorry for the people as it was so recent in their memories. We found a reasonable restaurant in which to dine but then spotted another with a whole lamb roasting on a revolving spit. When we enquired we were told it was booked out by locals but on hearing that we were Irish they welcomed us in with large plates of chunks of lamb, prosciutto ham and cheese as starters, while we waited for the lamb on the spit to cook. This was washed down with an abundance of wine. Cleavers crashed down on chopping blocks in the background as they dealt with the roast lamb. No delicate carving here. It was a very jolly evening, the locals seemed to enjoy our company, and as we departed the owner presented us with his home-made liqueur which he poured from a vast container into an empty Jack Daniels bottle. It kept us going until the end of the trip and nobody went blind!!

The facilities on this marina were excellent and as we cast off at 09.40 we decided that Friday was a good day to visit Skradan as most of the charter boats were heading home. Our next destination was Luka Rogoznica some 22 miles to the south. Having cleared the Sibernik Channel and Kanal St. Ante, we called into a little bay on southeast of Zlarin Island for our daily swim. It was an ideal spot and we enjoyed a couple of hours in glorious weather conditions, hot sun and sheltered from wind. Perfect for bathing, except for the sea urchins on the rocky bottom, which were spotted by those with snorkels.

Anchor up by 13.50 we motored slowly to finish lunch, heading southeast along roughly the same track as the previous day but in the opposite direction. At 16.25 we arrived at Marina Frapa, Luka Rogoznica, and tied up in a very tight berth close to the first class facilities. Marina Frapa is very up-market with marble WCs, showers etc., smart shops, cash machine, tennis courts and large swimming pool. Obviously vast sums of money have been poured into this development.

A short walk for a coffee and beer gave us our bearings and we booked into Croatia Grill Restaurant for dinner. This we thoroughly enjoyed in a lovely courtyard garden setting. The delightful and friendly owner, who had visited Dublin in his seagoing days, waited on us; his wife did the cooking and produced excellent Wiener Schnitzel and squid. This was the best dinner we'd had so far and I definitely recommend a visit.

Shopping for provisions was

essential in the morning but was completed in time to cast off at 10.40 and head further south to Milna on the island of Brac, some 25 miles away. We passed between Movar and the mainland to Smokvica Vela Island bearing south. As we passed outside Prvenik Island we noticed lots of stone walls, paddocks and ruined dwellings.

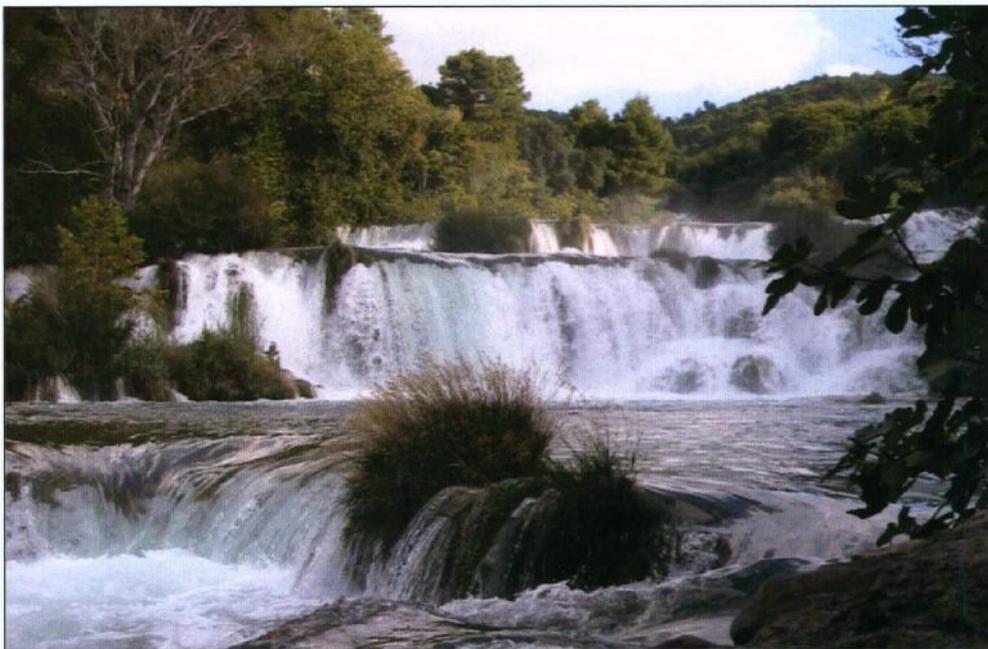
By 12.40 we were unfurling sails and attempting to sail but alas the winds were heading us. Yesterday when sailing northward the winds were on the nose and today heading south the wind had gone right round again. Murphy's law! However, we found a lovely anchorage at Ovala Necujam on the north side of Otok Solta. There were only two other yachts and the weather was still wonderful so we dropped anchor, swam and enjoyed lunch with local wines. We thought the Malvazija Croatian white wine was excellent.

The anchor was up by 16.00 and in just over an hour we reached Milna on the island of Brac, which is the largest island in this district. It is famous for its limestone from which many of the world's illustrious buildings are constructed, including the White House, Washington D.C. By 17.06 we were moored on the Marina Vlaska, a lovely situation with excellent facilities. The crew walked into the town and much admired the architecture as most of the buildings were stone, some in mansion style. We dined well that night on board, on delicious roast lamb prepared by our ladies.

On our way into Milna we had noticed crowds having their Sunday swim from rocks and bathing platforms, so in the morning the Vico girls, Ann and Noo, went for their swim before breakfast. We then motored into the Bay to Boat Yard Quay, to get our gas cylinder filled, and finally left at 10.25. There was the usual sprinkling of yachts motoring in every direction and a few white sails crawling slowly with the wind.

By 12.30 we dropped anchor in 9 metres in Uvala Suva bay. There was only one other yacht close in so we swam and had lunch and by 14.30 were ready to weigh anchor again to sail to St. Klements Palmizana marina, our destination for the day. As we moved from our lunch time stop, we kept well clear of dangerous submerged rocks north of the entrance to Uvala Patja.

We made good time and had a lovely trip between Hvar and the small islands, arriving at the ACI marina on St. Klement by 15.35, finding plenty of room as we were in well before the rush. We only travelled 13 miles that day.



Krka National Park and Falls.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

This marina is in a heavenly and tranquil spot, surrounded by trees, and reminded me of East Ferry in Cork Harbour. Once again, as in all ACI marinas, the facilities, showers etc were excellent and there was a small shop, café and restaurant. Our crew walked over the hill and down to the beach on the other side for a swim, and we thought this would make a good alternative anchorage in certain weather conditions.

We booked into the Menechello Place Restaurant at the top of the hill for dinner. As this is a good walk the writer again needed the assistance of the nautical walking stick, but without filling the flask. One would be advised to bring a torch. We got a great reception from the owner and a fabulous dinner. The owner's father had been a keen diver and had recovered pottery and other items from the Adriatic, which are on display, together with many paintings for sale.

The next day, Tuesday 27th September, we took a water taxi to Hvar Town. On account of crowds, mooring in Hvar harbour can be extremely difficult but one could not miss a visit there as it is a magical place. On arrival one is greeted by a shining array of fine yachts moored to the quay wall, tour boats, cruise ships anchored off, and a small inner harbour for small fishing boats. Sveti Stjepana, known as the piazza, is a wide boulevard or square buzzing with life, with its many cafes and lively bars. Here we had to take a break with coffee and beer, watch the world go by and admire the 16th century Arsenal. Then along to the other end of the square to see St. Stephen's Cathedral, a Venetian Renaissance style building from the 16th and 17th centuries.

The long climb up to the Spanish Fortress was too much for the nautical walking stick, but the remainder of the crew marvelled at the panoramic views from the ramparts. The fortifications were commissioned by the Hapsburg Emperor Charles V in 1551. A delightful pizza lunch in the square gave us time to explore the town with its tiny narrow streets, shops and market, before catching the water taxi back to St. Klement.

As soon as we returned we cast off the marina at 17.00 and motored round to Marinkovac Island, where twenty five minutes later we anchored on the north side of the island in 6 metres. There were three other yachts but others joined later. It had been a hot and sunny day but the evening became overcast with a chill in the air.

The morning of Wednesday 28th September saw a barograph reading of 1024 with overcast skies, which did not deter us from our early morning swim. We weighed anchor at 10.45 and headed out through the south passage with the wind west-northwest. As we passed the island of Jerolim, a naturist reserve, we noticed that nobody was moving around. Not the weather for that sort of thing – long trousers and sweaters would be more appropriate!

In the distance, the coast of Hvar Island was hilly and attractive, with scattered villages, and we could scent the lavender growing on the hillside. We headed for Scedro Island, which was green with trees, but we could see no sign of habitation as we approached. We found the entrance and went well up into Monastir Bay. Ann, Mary, Peter and Noo swam ashore and found the ruin of a 15th century Dominican Monastery. There were a few locals who were trying to run a little restaurant, and there were signs that wine making, pressing grapes with their feet, had just finished. Only one other yacht came in to the bay which was blissfully quiet.

At 15.40 we moved to Uvala Lovisce, the next bay on Scedro. Here we dropped anchor again and Peter and Noo swam ashore to make a stern line fast to a tree ashore. It was a beautiful place with three coves, each with a restaurant. Skipper and Ann went on a reconnaissance trip in our rubber dinghy and chose 'Ribarsko Vgostiteliski Obit Scedro' as the place to dine. We set off in our dinghy and had a good dinner of local

fish and wine, at the end of which we were presented with a bottle of grappa and six glasses. The owner then ferried us back to *Beowulf* in his smart RIB.

We had our customary long sleep until 07.30 rising for a swim in those lovely surroundings and after breakfast in the cockpit, weighed anchor at 09.40 and joined the mass exodus. The wind was east-northeast force 3 and again on the nose so our SOG was only 5.7 knots. Our destination was Loviste (Uvala Luka) on the mainland Peljesac peninsula, which we had chosen as a good spot for a swim. Approaching Loviste bay the sun was shining on the rolling hills all round us which were very scenic. Passing a pair of nut-brown nudists who had chosen a secluded spot for themselves, we entered the bay and at 12.20 dropped our anchor in 3.9 metres in front of Bali Ovary. Peter and Noo went ashore in the dinghy in search of bread but the shops were too far away. We swam and had lunch and admired the scenery, which was quite different to the islands, with modern white houses with orange roofs.

At 14.30, we raised the anchor and made full speed for our destination, Korcula, via Peljeski Kanal between the peninsula and Korcula Island. This was a lovely scenic trip and we were very envious of the yachts sailing the other way in ideal sailing conditions, as for us the east-northeast force 4 wind was on the nose.

Approaching from the sea, Korcula Town is surrounded by fortifications and ramparts and the town is dominated by 15th century Cathedral of St. Mark. We berthed right in the marina and tied up by 16.07 in beautiful sunshine.

We had raced here to meet up with my brother Norman and his wife Valerie, who were cruising in the Noble Caledonian ship *Island Sky*, which was berthed right beside us. We knew from their schedule that they would be on a walking tour at that time so wrote out a note to the purser announcing our presence. At the moment we arrived at the gangway, they returned from their walk and as a complete coincidence we met up, miles from home. They had time to show us over their accommodation and the *Island Sky* but were sailing early, so did not have time to visit *Beowulf*.

A cheerful party of people, mostly Scottish, had chartered a few Sun Sail boats tied up beside us. They visited *Beowulf* and invited us back aboard their boats for a lively drinks party. We returned to *Beowulf* for an excellent dinner on-board of roast pork. We were lucky to have Peter Wallis, a wine expert, on-board, as he chose some special wines for us. That evening he returned with Kvaliteno Suho Vino 2004 Rukatac and also Matusko Postup Potomie (Black Label) 2003. They were both excellent and completed a great dinner.

That night we had a most dramatic storm with thunder, lightning and torrential rain. Bernard and Ann were up checking our lines and unplugging the electric connection. A certain amount of sleep was lost.

We decided to go ashore for breakfast and to seek a proper forecast. This was not good, east-northeast force 6, possibly force 7. It looked very gloomy and the seas were whipping up, with water cascading over the marina breakwater wall. An excellent breakfast in the marina café, of omelettes and bacon and eggs, and a friendly chat with our waiter who explained that conditions would improve the next day, made us decide to stay.

Korcula town is an ensemble of orange-hued roofs and spires, surrounded by medieval fortifications. The impressive St. Marks Cathedral stands at the top and houses formidable pikes, which were used to stave off the Ottomans. These are really brutal and savage looking weapons. It is an easy town to explore, full of character and interest, including the house reputed to be the birthplace of the explorer Marco Polo.

We dined at the recommended Restaurant Marinero which

had a lovely atmosphere, and a delightful host who was very enthusiastic about our party and about mandolin music, and insisted on playing us many tapes. The food was equally good and we would recommend it.

It had been a cooler day, overcast and slightly autumnal, and we wore long trousers and sweaters for the first time.

Friday 1st October and the waiter was right as weather conditions had improved. The engine was started at 07.30 and we cast off immediately. The mountains on the mainland looked glorious, glittering in the early morning sun. By 09.10 we had set the main and jib, slightly reefed. The wind however was not constant and varied from force 1 to force 6 with stronger gusts. Sudden katabatic squalls would come over the mountain ridges, and as we saw see the sea whipping up as the squalls approached us we were thankful of the reefs in the main. We recorded wind speeds between 6 knots to 38 knots. Heavy oilskins were put on for the only time on the cruise but it was a most enjoyable and lively sail.

Beowulf was bounding along between Peljesac Peninsula and the Island of Miljet, with low mountains and green slopes on both sides, but no sign of habitation and not another sail in sight. Any clouds cleared to pure blue skies, and we made a landfall at the entrance to Okuklje on Miljet Island. One cannot see anything from the sea, but it opens out into a large landlocked lagoon. One should be careful of attempting the entrance in the dark. We were met on the wharf by the owner of café Moran who handed us a lazy line. We were fully secure by 12.00 having completed 27 miles from Korcula.

This tranquil spot became quite busy as charter yacht parties came in. The crew decided to walk up the hill to a little chapel and the skipper, Peter and Mary made it to the top. The nautical walking stick remained in the port to mind the boat. We dined at the Moran as we had ordered our dinner earlier. As it was our last night before returning to Dubrovnik, we decided to have a really good three-course dinner, and began with delicious shell fish starters and ended up with pancakes and ice cream. Once again a great selection of liqueurs was presented by our host.

On Sunday morning a little old lady in a rowing boat came around selling us fresh bread and cookies. We cast off at 08.05 on a beautiful sunny morning but sadly there was no wind. By 10.45 we were dropping anchor at Uvala Sunj on Otok Lopud in 4.5 metres beside a large 'gin palace'. This is a large horse-shoe shaped bay with rather a rocky entrance. It seemed to have plenty of deck chairs, wind surfboards, café etc. and a Sun Sail flag. There may have been a camp-site further back, but families played on the western end of the beach and nudists



Mary and Clive with nautical walking stick on the Rampart in Korcula.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

paraded themselves at the other end. Peter and Noo swam ashore and reported that it was a bit grotty.

At 14.30 we weighed anchor after a swim and lunch, and headed straight back to Dubrovnik where *Beowulf* was to be laid up for the winter at the ACI Opatija marina Komalac which we found without too much difficulty, at the end of a long arm of the harbour. This is a large but very smart marina with state-of-the-art showers, toilets etc. a large swimming pool, restaurant and pizza bar. Here we met George and Lynne Ralston (ICC) from Co. Down and they invited us aboard their fine Nordia 58 *Insouciance* for coffee next morning.

The following day we had to ourselves, to marvel at the wonders of the World Heritage old walled city of Dubrovnik, and have a last dinner party at Komalac Restaurant, which is reached by water taxi from the fuel berth.

It had been the very best of cruises. Bernard and Ann were perfect hosts, *Beowulf* most comfortable and the skipper most patient. We noticed how tall the Croatian people were and felt if they had a rugby team they would win every line out! We never saw a policeman until we returned to the airport.

Years ago I was told that cruising the Dalmatian coast was better than the Caribbean, or anywhere else. Now that I have experienced this I fully agree.

Full of history, beautiful scenery, fascinating towns, lonely quiet anchorages and plenty of places to shelter in the lee of islands, it is a cruising man's paradise.

Inland Finland: *Pilgrim Soul* Goes To The Opera

Andrew Curtain

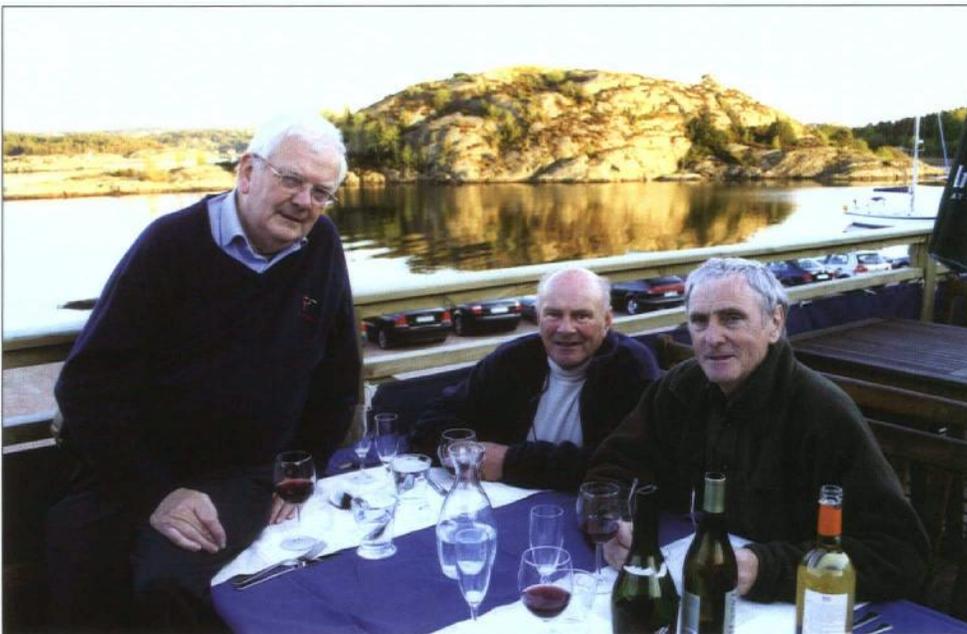
There are few cruises 36 years in preparation. I remember as a young student setting out in my old Anglia after a summer elective in Oslo, to explore the Finnish lakes area and drive to Leningrad. A group of Finnish students reluctantly took me to see the frontier with the Soviet Union. Although only 15 miles from their town, Lappeenranta, they had never before seen it. Finland in those days kept an uneasy relationship with the evil empire. Their watch towers seemed every quarter mile overlooking a wide strip of cleared forest. We chanced upon a canal, at that time little used. Russia was the opposite shore. I snapped away. A soldier rowed towards us in Russian uniform. To cut a long story short we spent four hours in the frontier post waiting for an officer who fortunately was a Finn. Informing us that the area was forbidden he suggested that I leave the country that day. I did, foregoing Leningrad, little imagining that the next time I would return would be with one of my own sons who is older than I was on that day. I have been wondering about that canal, its origins and course ever since. The Saimaa Canal links the Baltic with the extensive Finnish lakes. It commences in a part of Russia, once Finnish Karelia, since taken as a war prize. It was refurbished in 1966, eventually opened to pleasure craft in 1992 and is now leased and managed by Finland. Vessels are allowed to enter Russian territorial waters to travel to and from the canal without visas although until recently a Russian pilot was mandatory. *Pilgrim Soul*, to the best of my knowledge is the first Irish yacht to use the canal and cruise Lake Saimaa. She will not be the last. It is an exquisite and unknown cruising area.

This was an exercise in time management. We all have busy jobs and although this account appears continuous, the 2005

cruise took place in four sections. Immediately after the ICC 2004 cruise in West Cork, *Pilgrim Soul* began its long voyage back to Scandinavia having been sailed from there only three months before. Delayed in Brighton by the succession of 2004 August gales she reached her birthplace Kungsviken on Orust island, West Sweden in late September. We laid her up close by at Martinsson's yard in Svineviken. I have never had a boat looked after so well.

In May 2005 we returned. Ryanair was punctual and cheap at about €5 each from Cork to Göteborg. Udevalla Taxis, regularly used by the boat builders on Orust, ferried us for 800 kroner. The driver seemed used to yachtsmen and waited for us to stock up iron rations at the excellent ICA supermarket in Henan. *Pilgrim Soul* was ready: she looked new and ready to go. Eddie Keating, Noel Kelly, Ray Lovett and I left on a stunning cold clear evening, sailing along the north coast of Orust island about 40 miles north of Göteborg. We were on a high – champagne and caviar/ lumpfish-roe canapés. The evening's shakedown was to a favourite hotel restaurant, Handelsmans Flink – Trader Flink to you and me. The hotel is centred on an old shop preserved as a tourist trap, and owes its fame to a onetime resident, Evert Taube, who was a composer and singer of popular songs about sixty years ago. If one is lucky, in the summer a troubadour wanders the dining room singing these songs, not expecting money. We always stop there. The scenery is pure west Swedish archipelago. Five miles west of Kungsviken one motors through a narrow cutting in the rocks blasted out to allow navigation. The Malo Strommar as the name in Swedish implies has a strong current. Then a 90 degree turn to starboard from the main channel opens

up Flinks. They have a pontoon with 4 metres depth and a warm welcome to visitors – or so we thought. They had forgotten to look at the books when we made reservations and with a wedding reception already booked, they set places for us on the veranda outside. May in Sweden probably equates with April in Ireland, but this cloudless evening was pure March. The waiter was shivering: we wore fleeces. They are so nice there, so hospitable that it is hard to give out, but we half-heartedly did and the management knew that they had screwed up. A complimentary bottle of champagne was flourished and cracked open with the slash of an ancient sabre. A glorious fish consommé was followed by roast cod and boiled potatoes – those wonderful Swedish spuds cooked with dill. Two bottles of Pinotage at colossal



Eddie Keating, Noel Kelly and Ray Lovett at Handelsman's Flink, dinner al frigo. *Pilgrim Soul* in background.

expense had us mellow and forgiving. The owner offered free tumblers of Jamesons which were declined so Aquavit was brought instead. I wish I could do that trick with the sword and the champagne bottle. We peeped at the wedding. It reminded me of a wedding in Bergen, chanced upon while cruising many years ago, when the late Ninian Falkiner (ICC) wrote in the visitor's book, "A unique experience for an Irishman." As then, they were drinking tea.

We surfaced in the morning, used the showers etc., had a careful breakfast and visited the shop. It does a line in memorabilia including slightly naughty Swedish postcards. The bride and groom were first up, taking a brisk morning walk using ski sticks for assistance. It was a cloudless, chilled Sunday morning. The visibility allowed us to touch the horizon. *Pilgrim Soul* rejoined the main channel around the island and we sailed south through the archipelago. The picture postcard village of Gullholmen, where the harbourmaster manages to cram in every boat in mid-summer, was passed. Then past Karingon, of which more later. It was one rock, one island, one fishing village after another. We had the Swedish folio of charts for the area, hard to use at first as they are double-sided and of varying scale. The main channels are marked on the charts and are advised! A cold northwesterly force 4 took us south, stopping at picturesque Marstrand for lunch, past the approaches to Göthborg eventually to the Sound, the narrows between Sweden and Denmark. The ferry traffic there is relentless and without budge. We stopped in Copenhagen, not in the centre at busy Nyhavn where one moors alongside the wall – nor in the main marina, but in Hellerup close by, to pay homage to Elvstom who sailed from its club. The marina is small, *Pilgrim Soul* just about floated and fitted, but the Club, although deserted, had everything we needed and the facilities including a sauna were spotless. Importantly the Texaco filling-station 10 minutes walk away sells camping gas refills. We found them impossible to obtain in Sweden: bottled gas seems neglected in all the EU standardisation. Hellerup has several good restaurants on Main Street. The previous evening's excess forgotten, we fell into the busiest, having steak, chips and a reasonable Chianti for a fraction of the price in Sweden.

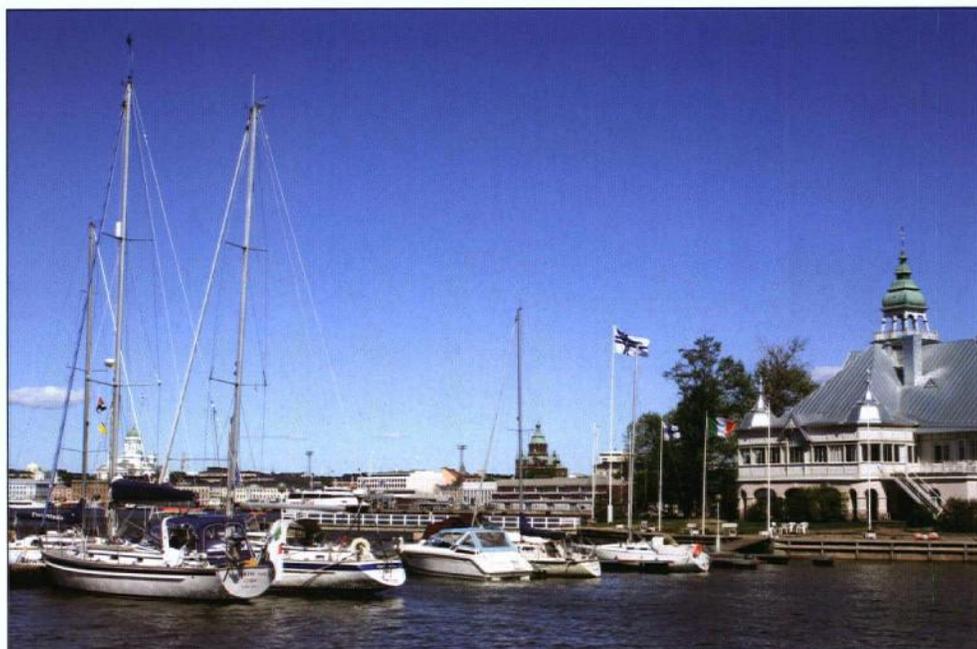
The next morning we took a 20 minute train ride to explore the city. Close to Nyhavn in Tolbodgade we found Tord & Shepps, an old-fashioned dark restaurant specialising in open sandwiches. It is recommended. At the suggestion of a local yachtsman we started with herring and the house chaser, Brannvinn or burning wine, a distant relative of kerosene. This was followed by smoked eel open sandwiches and of course, beer. Worth mentioning is a well stocked chart shop, Iver Weilbachs, a bit further down the street.

We left Hellerup that afternoon sailing past Copenhagen and the ubiquitous cruise ships including *QE2*, past a forest of windmills and the new road bridge from Sweden. We were heading for the Falsterbo canal which bypasses the southern tip of Sweden. On the way, skirting the separation zone, all traffic to the Baltic passed us. The wind was now light so we had dinner in the cockpit in calm seas. Herrings in mustard mixed with local boiled potatoes followed by a Christmas

cake put aboard beyond memory. The approaches to the canal are dredged but well marked and in twilight we entered at 23.00. A marina is promised in the pilot books but it was primitive. There are no facilities, no water nor electricity let alone entertainment. We decided to stay to have a night's sleep. One moors bow-on to a concrete wall between posts. There was a solitary yacht with one man alone with his dog. Unused to Scandinavian mooring methods we fouled up and readers familiar with this will understand. In the cross current we mismanaged the poles, getting a line around one with the other out of reach. The bow had to reach the wall in order to tie up but the stern line to the pole was too short. Meanwhile, Noel had one foot on the bow and another on the wall. The Swede and dog watched. What we would have given for someone to take a line, but he remained static. We struggled on, wishing that Dun Laoghaire seagull that eats coal, on his decks. After the show was over, he walked away. Eddie and Noel also went walking but found nothing. There was no-one to charge us, but lest the reader imagine a bargain, a plague, of biblical proportions, of carnivorous black flies descended on our decks. They stayed with us for days. The cockpit cover was erected and we sat there at midnight with the sky red in the north, thinking of the firmament and such, knocking back a good Rioja. It was freezing.

The Falsterbo canal runs straight for about a mile with one lock that is closed only during storm surges. It saves miles, avoiding the reefs off the southern coast of Sweden. There is a lifting road bridge. We cast off and called as instructed on channel 12 to be told that they open on the hour. It was 05.40 with no road traffic whatsoever. We drifted, froze and waited and could have set the chronometer on its lifting. The canal itself is pastoral, lined by summer houses which because of the plague could only be sold in winter. On May 18th at 06.20 we exited the Kattegat and entered the Baltic.

It warmed up and with the wind now a useful southwest force 3, we comfortably headed for the Danish island of Bornholm. Bornholm has an interesting recent history in that it was the last place in Europe to be liberated after the Second World War. The island lay in the area of Soviet influence but the German commander understandably preferred to surrender to the British who had liberated the Danish mainland. The Soviets bombed Ronne, killing a few Danes, and the Germans



Pilgrim Soul at NJK Yacht Club, Helsinki.

surrendered in July 1945. Talking to the harbourmaster about his parents' experiences, the Russian occupation seemed worse. Women were most unsafe and it was only after a year or so of this, when soldiers were shot for rape, that things settled down. We visited for two reasons. With frequent ferries to Copenhagen it is a good place to change crew and Eddie unfortunately had to leave. Also it is of vague medical interest. Every medical student knows of Bornholm disease which causes chest pain and flu-like symptoms; often asked at examinations but rarely seen. The main town, Ronne, has a small marina in Norrekas north of the main harbour. Access is straightforward but care must be taken to avoid a reef to the south. We arrived finding the marina clean but quiet, with everything closed apart from an automatic coffee machine. Even at this time of year most spaces were taken, so it would get crammed in summer.

The harbourmaster was summoned by phone the next morning. He was extremely friendly charging €12 a day for the facilities. Everywhere euro were accepted because of visiting Germans and Finns. There is a comprehensive supermarket close by called Kvickly, an oxymoron. Walking into the town, a good fish shop was found near the fishing boat quays. We mistakenly ignored the fresh fish, buying frozen cooked prawns and were given a complimentary deep fried fish and potato pattie snack for travelling so far. Next door in a sort of a darkened shack was what looked like a working fishermen's restaurant. Expecting wonders, Ray entered meeting blank stares from about eight men, some in uniform, seriously drinking around a table. Meeting a wall of utter silence, we apologised.

Thus we ate onboard, with a classic tomato salad with chives and a vinaigrette dressing. The prawns were tough and inedible



Noel on *Pilgrim Soul* in the Saimaa Canal.

so a huge bratwurst was boiled up, followed by local strawberries. Then, after a couple of bottles of Tempranillo, we were taken by Noel and Eddy to O'Mally's Irish Pub in Main Square, Ronne. We watched Moscow beat Lisbon on wall-to-wall TV, until it was realised that O'Mally's is Bornholm's gay pub. An aging Hell's Angel uselessly winked at Ray.

The next day we left Eddy to get the ferry home, and set sail for Tallinn. It was one of those rare passages, reaching for three days, a south-southwest 4 on the quarter, in clear skies and ever lightening nights. Stockholm radio broadcasts a weather forecast at 09.30 and 21.30 and the changing radio stations from Swedish to Polish to Russian, to what must have been Latvian and Estonian were the only indications of travel. It was idyllic. *Pilgrim Soul* was sailing beautifully, the seas were calm and although cold at night we were comfortable. Eating well, the "spécialité du bateau", a bean stew with Swedish meat balls in a red-wine-tomato-base competed with various Danish sausages. The local potatoes cooked in Baltic seawater were wonderful. It was one of those memorable passages with calm seas, a favourable wind, good food and company. We were impatient to get to Tallinn, so spurning Riga, sailed the 470 miles direct, in a favourable wind, in just over three days.

The main entry point for yachts at Tallinn is Pirita, the marina built for the 1980 Soviet Union Olympics. The approach by sea is easy, calling first at the Border Guards office in a cordoned off area of the pier. It is well signposted and has the ambience of a building site. They do not work at night but yachts must call there on entry so beware a night on a rough dock with blowing sand. The guards were friendly enough and were the first on the cruise to mistake our ensign for Italy. They were also the first of many to ask for a crew list and the next time in that area we will take along many copies. We were directed to an inner area past the yacht club marina and moored near a large off-licence. The place was empty but for a few visiting Finns, who seem to make the 45 miles crossing, often on tiny motor boats, solely for cheap drink. The quantities loaded aboard are enormous. We bought two boxes of Spanish wine for €35 each only to find another box of a dozen bottles placed at the checkout. "Buy two get one free!" We also bought other delicacies such as Georgian champagne at €3.50 and Russian bear and reindeer pâtés. There is a very good low-priced restaurant at the yacht club. The local taxis are not to be trusted and although there is a fixed rate into town from the marina hotel, on return beware a tiny notice in Estonian on the dashboard indicating an extortionate minimum charge regardless of the meter. After a near violent encounter we took bus rides costing pence from the main road nearby. Near the bus stop is a large supermarket which takes euro and across the road is a ruined convent founded by St. Bridget. St Bridget got around: it was not the only one we found in Scandinavia that summer. Tallinn is worth a visit for a few days. We were joined by wives Leonora Kelly and Helen Curtain, and it was good to see the city before it is spoilt by mass and crass tourism and its rip-offs.

After two days our itchy feet took over and while the ladies took a ferry we set sail in a southerly force 3 covering the 45 miles in just over eight hours. We were fearful of approaching the archipelago of southern Finland as it looks daunting on the chart, but in fact the area is superbly buoyed, the only challenge being to remember the colours on cardinal marks – topmarks are never used. Finnish transits are many and are prominent both at sea and in the lakes, and in case one is really lost, the occasional island displays a large letter of the alphabet, with its corresponding identification marked on the local chart. In addition guest harbours are also identified on the charts with a number which may be looked up in a cruising directory – Kayntisatamat – of which there are volumes for the sea coast



and lakes. The complicated inshore pilotage is made easy by spring-bound folios of charts marking suggested routes of varying depth. We marked the desired route with a highlight pen when passage planning. There are two books of charts for the southern coast of Finland, two for Lake Saimaa, one for the canal and one for the Åland Islands. All of these items and great advice can be provided by Troil Marin Oy in Helsinki.

Arrangements had been made to base *Pilgrim Soul* in the NJK Yacht Club on Bleckholmen Island, close to the city centre, while we returned home to work. Its marina is described in the cruising guides as being uncomfortable from the wash of passing ferries. This is not really so and the activity in the harbour is a constant interest, with huge ferries and Russian hydrofoils coming and going. The yacht club is a Victorian wooden building. There is a decked area outside with a barbeque and of course a sauna. All facilities are there including laundry, water and electricity and moreover the marina manager, Robert, arranges refills for Camping Gas cylinders. A regular ferry ashore runs until 01.00. The yacht club contracts out their restaurant which has high standards, is used for much corporate entertainment and has a scandalously high-priced wine list.

We all made the most of the vibrant city that is Helsinki in summer. Restaurants include Russian and the indoor market, close enough to the yacht club ferry point, is a gourmet must. What was Jacques Chirac thinking about when he declared Finnish food to be the worst in Europe? In the outdoor market at the inner harbour one buys strawberries by the litre. The city occupied about ten days of our cruise; we returned later in June to explore its harbour, including the midsummer celebrations of bonfires on Lautasari Island and a visit to a beached U-boat.

On July 8th, Noel Kelly, James Curtain and I arrived back and the three of us set sail for the yacht's furthest destination – Savonlinna on Lake Saimaa. The Finnish Lakes are extensive and are superb cruising grounds although their inaccessibility to the sea makes them little known in Britain or Ireland. I would predict this will change very soon. They lie 90 metres above sea level and access depends upon a short but inconvenient canal, the Saimaa Canal, which in part passes through Russia. Although pleasure craft may use the canal in its entirety without a Russian visa, there is nevertheless anxiety about security, regulations and documentation. The contrast between Finland where most officials speak excellent English, and Russia, the complete opposite, makes for added nervousness. Their alphabet helps little. We found few problems. A few

words of courtesy – posholsta (please) or spasseba (thank you) made even their customs officials smile. What is certain is that while most of us would think it no trouble to sail for a few days to achieve a modest objective, most yachtsmen cruising the Gulf of Finland know little of, or are nervous of, accessing one of the few unknown cruising areas in Western Europe.

Although about 50 miles into Russian territorial waters, the passage through the canal is regarded by the Finns as an internal Finnish voyage unless one visits Vyborg in Russia, so duty-free is not allowed. Passing by close to Vyborg, we found little to recommend it and anyway a visa is required to visit. One is not allowed

to stop elsewhere. As far as Finland is concerned one is required to exit and re-enter Finland from a border post either at Haapasaari or Santio Islands. Haapasaari further offshore would be better to those arriving from the open sea, while Santio is closer to the canal and is more accessible to the picturesque inshore coastal route along the southern coast of Finland. An application form has to be obtained from the Board of Management of the Saimaa Canal and submitted a week in advance. This application is in two parts, one a general questionnaire about the vessel and the other a multilingual form listing departure dates and destinations along with a crew list. This last form is important to copy. We discovered later that it is what the Russian officials call a "crew list" and if produced it smoothes the way. We did not know this on the way in. A copy of the yacht's registration document should also be brought. Not all of this appears in the directions issued by the Board of Management. The week's notice of application seems unnecessary. The canal office notifies the Russian authorities and the phone number of a Russian shipping agency, Inflat, is provided. They speak English, are helpful and also notify the relevant officials, including organising a pilot if needed. Fees are calculated at Mustola lock on the Finnish segment of the canal and no money is accepted. A form to pay for inbound and return trips at any local bank is given. Honour is assumed.

We sailed from Helsinki directly to Haapasaari choosing the quicker offshore route because of time constraints. This can be done in daylight hours, although being headed had us worried as while darkness hours are few, we did not want to enter the archipelago at night. With mounting excitement at seeing Russian territory we approached Haapasaari. The border station on the south of the island is identified by a high aerial and wooden military looking buildings. We need not have worried about finding it, as an approaching yacht is guaranteed a visit from a high speed Finnish coastguard launch. They looked fierce but were friendly. There is a small basin with pontoons and a clean wall to lie alongside. All the yachts were going to or from St Petersburg, and the pontoons appeared to be in shallow water until a large Jeanneau reversed in. French, they had circumnavigated Ireland five times. Although the border guards are listed as working until 20.00 they cleared us out of Finland at 22.00 in order to allow us to leave early for Russian waters. The formalities are straightforward. A crew list is needed and passports. The crew list is stamped and returned, to be produced on re-entry to Finland in the canal. Instructions for entry into Russian waters were given.

The inshore boundary between Russia and Finland is marked by a series of yellow buoys and, on crossing, Russian Coastguard were called on channel 16, to report position, destination and intentions. Our cooperation was thanked and we heard no more. No gunboats. Mobile phones worked so we called Inflat who told us that we should make our way straight to the canal. That was that. Pilotage was complicated by missing buoys, but what was there was adequate. It was amazing on closing the shore to see how little activity there was. No waterside development, few leisure boats, only a couple of locals fishing out of inflatables. They turned their backs to us. The instructions mentioned needing a pilot but this requirement is now thankfully discarded, as we heard stories of a Vyborg pilot who drank a bottle of whisky while on a British yacht. Also referred to in the instructions is a compulsory stop at Vysotsk island in the approaches, for customs and immigration, but this thankfully has also been abandoned. It appeared to be a large coal wharf. We passed industrial detritus and a rusting naval base with several patrol boats, the state of which would bring tears to anyone familiar with Haulbowline or Devonport. They were identified in Jane's Warships as Pauk class and despite their shabby appearance looked businesslike enough with two double 30mm machine guns on their bows. The guns looked like Daleks. A crew of one boat, sullen perhaps at working on a Sunday, was sunbathing. Shouted at in Russian on their loudhailer, we distanced and did not photograph. The track passes close to Vyborg, which before 1941 was Finland's second city. Once attractive it is now a working city with a fairly industrial waterfront. We had no visas to go in, so passed by. The estuary to the canal is well marked to the first lock, Brustnicnoe. Here at last we could see human activity at close quarters. We were voyeurs, watching ordinary life going on. Small beaches or bathing areas were packed with locals buying ice cream, fishing or just playing in the water, which was then 26 degrees. Ladas were parked next to 4x4 BMWs. The banks were more developed than in the approaches, with the occasional large residence surrounded by security walls. Things seem to be looking up. We were completely ignored.

The first lock was closed, but calling on the VHF on 11 we got instructions in English to moor alongside a jetty. "Come closer" shouted a tannoy. We did and an official was waiting. He refused to take our lines which I suppose was fair enough but that first impression compounded our nervousness. He wanted a copy of the yachts registration document and a crew list. Some day I will find out what would happen if the registration copy was not available. Forewarned, I had asked the Finnish border guards at Happasari. The Russian's demeanour was unsmiling, however a few polite words in the language from us did not quite make him crack up but did produce a thaw. The lock gates opened. We passed through.

The locks are all the same with the occasional associated lifting bridge. There are eight; five in Russia and three in Finland. Inside, one's lines are attached to a floating bollard system in the wall that works well. There are two of these on the working side, but one must be prepared in advance, as their sides are not successively the same. All that is needed is to drop a loop over the hook on the floating bollard, lead it amidships going up and aft going down. Keeping the sides off the rough and rusty wall protects the fenders. As the water level changes the float and its hook rises or falls. There is very little turbulence. It is a very easy and uncrowded canal to use. Once past the first lock we saw a brand-new filling station selling diesel, priced in rouble. We shouted across to the lonely attendant. Yes, they take euro and credit cards. Fuel is cheap.

The last Russian lock, Pallii, has the border inspection. A guard wearing a magnificent military hat was waiting. He wanted passports and the crew list. He seemed to want more than we had and our hearts sank. He went to a telephone to call for advice directing us out of the lock to a waiting area. Our hearts sank further when he produced a copy of the multilingual document used to apply for the canal transit which lists port of departure and planned destination. Simple stuff but we were unprepared from the instructions for the canal. It is strongly recommended that copies of that application be brought. The information was tediously written down in longhand and he seemed content. He stamped our passports both into and out of



Tug pulling a line of logs on Lake Saimaa.



Pilgrim Soul in Lappeenranta on Lake Saimaa.

Russia. He was unsmiling but helpful despite the language limitations. At the close of the encounter we offered a bottle of wine as a gesture. It was politely declined. We motored on past the Russian/Finnish frontier which is marked in the canal with a flashing yellow light. We felt as if it we were coming home.

In retrospect the experience was interesting and difficult to describe. We felt like onlookers, forbidden to enter. But what would we have done if allowed, as we did not speak their language. Their officials were by and large unsmiling, but often so are ours. They were correct and not threatening. We were threatened by the sense of being in a very foreign place; their country. We were the strangers not they, affluent, sometimes appearing arrogant. While there is a great deal to be done in terms of catching up economically it is a hugely sophisticated country. It was wonderful to see Russian yachts cruising in Finland and maybe soon their border might be freer.

The Finnish border post just inside the border at Nuijamaa is one of the few places one may overnight in the canal – Brustnicnoe in Russia being the other, but there were few takers amongst the Finns for that. Nuijamaa is clean, and without facilities, but free. It is best to moor inside the concrete pier because with the canal being open all night, large Russian cargo vessels containing logs come through at all hours. The check point is also on the main road from Finland to St. Petersburg and the traffic is busy and noisy. An official may visit, but more commonly all that is needed is to walk through the waiting trucks to the border crossing and hand in the crew list, stamped at the island frontier post before leaving Finland. We had had enough for the day. In the northern twilight, moored amongst the fir trees and a Christmas tree smell, we cooked a

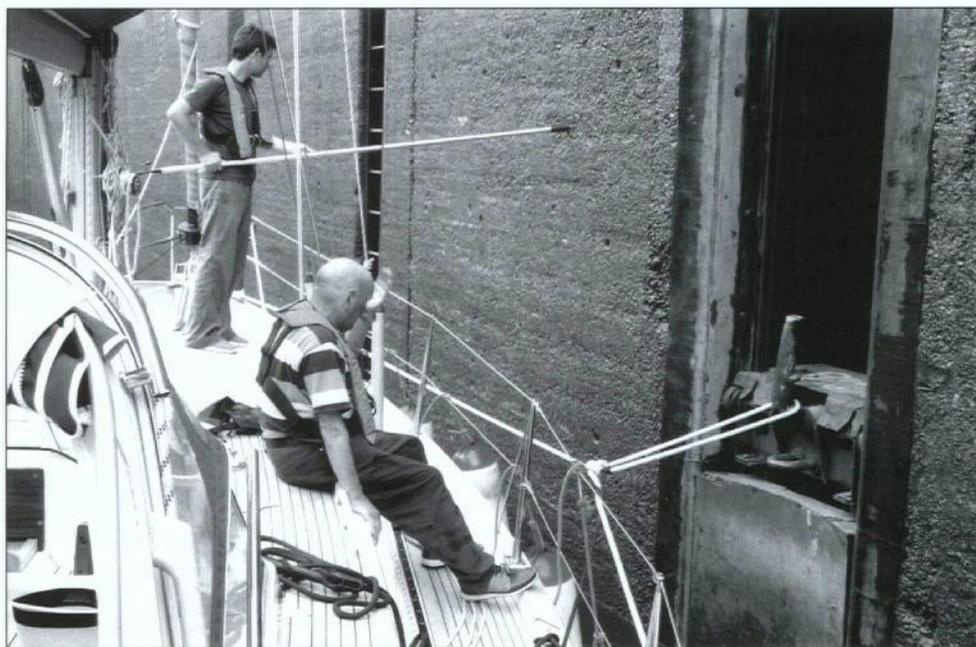
celebratory bean and reindeer casserole, cracked a bottle of Russian champagne and set into a tin of bear pâté. A bottle of Tempranillo had us in the cockpit, ignoring mosquitos, musing about our great adventure. It was quite a changed place since 1969.

Next morning, surprisingly alert, we motored through increasingly prosperous countryside. Horse country it seemed, judging by the old baths in the fields. A large port, Mustola, with little traffic, signalled the suburbs of Lappeenranta and from there we spilled out into the largest lake in Western Europe. It is in fact an enormous archipelago and is one of the most wonderful and beautifully unspoilt cruising areas. As previously mentioned, there are separate folios of charts for both canal and the lakes, and they are more than adequate but at first a

little difficult to read. Navigable passages and the minimum depths are clearly marked. Plainly an ocean-going yacht is limited by draft and mast height but easy passages, to most places in guaranteed depths of 4 metres, can be made. The real difficulty lies in the clearance of power lines and sometimes lengthy diversions have to be made. At first we were puzzled by this but en-route from canal to Lappeenranta soon got used to finding a way which, although about three miles directly to the town, took about ten. It was a remarkable ten. Many islands with fir trees, shades of blue and green, holiday huts with sauna-ing males and females splashing around completely unconcerned about their rather prim visitors. We passed a huge wood pulp mill with another hazard. Passing boats warned of "trees in the water!" Loose logs were floating end up. These were the main navigational worry of the lakes and featured in the Finnish navigational warnings on the VHF. We had sawdust on our decks for weeks.



Pilgrim Soul in marina in Savonlinna. Olavinlinna Castle in background.



James Curtain and Noel Kelly at the floating bollard in the Saimaa Canal.

The detour over, we headed into Lappeenranta, a large town, with a fountain, three marinas and a quay. We stayed with the larger yachts alongside the quay in 5 metres for a night, before moving into the central "Guest Harbour" in 3 metres depth close to the town centre. With all facilities this costs €10 a night. One may leave a yacht at a more distant new marina, again with electricity for €20 a week. This should be pre-booked if possible, at the harbour office, who responds to email by return. Lappeenranta has everything one needs: a good chandlery by the marine filling station and excellent mechanics at the Yanmar agents. The waterfront has an open-air market with bands and floating restaurants making it a unique setting. Open-air fast-food stalls specialise in horrific local specialities such as Vety or Atomi – stodgy pitta-like breads stuffed with ham and egg, popular with the local Garda. Again, strawberries and blueberries are sold by the litre, as are potatoes and the local wild mushrooms. The orthodox church in the nearby Russian fort has to be seen. Visited 36 years ago it has since been spruced up but the same icons are for sale and these and ornate candles make good presents.

We cruised through the islands to the town of Imatra, which is so close to Russia that inhabitants have annual visas allowing them to drive across to buy cheap petrol. There is a huge marina, although with the help of the guest harbour guide, there are hundreds of other places to stop. Many of the islands have a small jetty where one moors bow-on with a stern anchor. A clearing will often be found with a barbeque and sometimes a wood-burning sauna. We found on more than one occasion a pile of logs and an axe. The honour code again: replenish what you use. A main purpose of our cruise was to reach the town and port of Savonlinna to visit their opera festival: we had tickets for 'Turandot'. Joined by Carol Maloney and James and Helen Curtain, the circuitous 90 miles from Lappeenranta took two days stopping overnight at Puumala, a small town with, again, first-class facilities. We lay alongside a quay next to a sauna. On asking the dress code for the sauna we were told "Black Tie!" We met Russian ships carrying lumber, making for the pulp mills, and lines of logs about a quarter of a mile long slowly towed by tugs. There is a wide variety of pleasure craft and the classic wood-burning steam vessels were a joy to see and hear; some having a sauna perched on their aft deck. The transits and buoys, cardinal and

lateral, were so well placed that navigation was circuitous but easy.

Savonlinna is a pleasant spa town with several marinas and an annual opera festival. We arrived at the central marina to find instructions posted to check-in at a local hotel. Using the facilities of the hotel, it cost €10 a day and again operates on an honour code. The Finns seem very honest. A motor or sailing boat may be hired there and those travelling to the opera can stay on one of the elderly sight-seeing boats for €50 a night. The information office has a website in English and can advise. Our opera, 'Turandot', was performed in the courtyard of Olavinlinna Castle and was of world class. There were sub-titles in English. Corporate entertaining seems big in Finland and we inadvertently crashed the Nokia champagne bash in the dungeon. After the performance,

apart from more open-air stodge one can eat well in many late-night restaurants. The local speciality appears to be a small fish called Vendace not unlike whitebait, baked into tarts. The ambience in the warm high-latitude summer twilight with music, crowds, water, islands and the castle was unique in our experience of cruising. The next day Carol, James and I rented a floatplane and from an altitude gazed amazed at Olavinlinna castle and Saimaa, with its archipelago and colours of blue and green, with *Pilgrim Soul* moored amongst it all. The journey there was well worth it.

We left *Pilgrim Soul* in Lappeenranta for three weeks before the return to Sweden. On 9th August with Peter Milton as crew we left the canal with a southeast 6 forecast. We had met Erikki and Pirkko Strom with their Sweden Yachts 370 in the canal and our two yachts set off in company for the more inshore Finnish frontier post just inside the border at Santio island, about 35 miles distant. The weather worsened. We found ourselves in Russian coastal waters heading for the offshore archipelago in a full gale, admittedly on the quarter, but without visas or permission to return. I suppose in an emergency Inflow could be called to try and arrange an unscheduled stop, but the coast was forbidden. We learned later that there is no rescue facility for small craft on that coast and that the Finnish lifeboat service has an unwritten agreement to cross the border if required. At the eleventh hour on VHF, Turku Radio announced a gale warning of 25 metres/second. It certainly was that, with constant 48-50 knots gusting to 57. This inability to easily turn back was an unforeseen problem, and was the reason why Erikki was glad of our company. The Finns in general are very wary of the Russians. We were glad of his company too as being a member of their cruising club he knew the way. *Pilgrim Soul* performed admirably. We followed, surfing into the entrance of Santio where *Pilgrim Soul* was grabbed and tied up by 10 Finns stranded by the gale. The island radar station had lost power and it was too rough for the authorities to come out from the mainland, so no one knew we were there. There was nothing on Santio except an Irish yacht and all came aboard and drank us dry.

The next day in a moderating force 7 we continued, following Erikki, picking our way through the many islands: a fabulous cruising ground. We were delighted to have a guide, stopping at Hamina, a small mainland town with a small marina

where an automatic pump provides diesel if fed money. There is a lovely old wooden yacht club which looks as if designed by the same architect as NJK in Helsinki. It looks the best place to eat in town. The next day our friends promised a hidden gem and we were not disappointed. Lillfjarden is one of the most memorable anchorages I have visited in my cruising experience. A lagoon ringed and protected by several wooded islands, number 214 in the Kayntisatamat guest harbour guide, and on the chart, it is off the coast near Porvoo. The entrance is narrow and open to the southwest, but has tiny transits in 4 metres depth. One may moor at a small pier or anchor in the lee of a small island, but on the north side of the lagoon are several green visitors' mooring buoys near a pier. A path leads to a clearing with a barbeque, sauna, chemical loo and a pile of logs with axe. There is utter silence apart from the wind in the pines and reeds and again that smell of Christmas tree. May I strongly recommend this spot at 60°16'.7N, 26°06'.2E to ICC members.

The return included Helsinki, to allow Peter to see the town, and then a cruise west through the islands to Hanko stopping overnight at another small marina, Dragesviken, numbered 403 in the books. Once again they have everything one needs; the marina shop sells spuds and beer. There is another automatic diesel pump. Interestingly the area was occupied by Russia during World War II and evidence of cyrillic writing can still be seen. Hanko is picturesque and a useful port for an entry or exit to the country. Once upon a time it was a summer residence for the St Petersburg gentry and is worth a stop if only to see the old wooden buildings. From there it was an easy 36 hour passage to Sweden to join the Gota Canal, of which much has been previously written by other members. I should say that if anyone wishes to use this canal at the extremes of the season they should check the operating times. On 17th August we found that it had all-but shut down. Swedish schools had returned on 15th so the summer was over. We were told that we should have made reservations and were taken through in a convoy, unable to stop without losing a day's travel. Moreover, Monday is a day off. No-one using the canal knew of these new

arrangements. All the yachts seemed to be going home and if the schedule is tight at that time of year, the canal cannot be wholly relied upon. We made it in six days in the company of a Danish yacht called *Bat*, the owner of which, Mogens Brinks, knows many ICC members. Their cruise was a constant graze with trays of food and drink appearing from breakfast time until midnight. We could not compete. Their company was absolutely delightful, Mogens, the magician, arranging locks and bridges to open almost at will. Readers should beware: even they had trouble at night in the unlit approaches to Vänersborg, the entry port to the Trollhätte Canal, on Lake Vänern. At midnight we were tired and the shore lights merged with the leading lights. The buoys marking the approaches are unlit and after *Bat* hit two, we can only recommend going in in daylight.

We passed through the 58 locks of the Gota Canal, five lakes and the six locks of the Trollhätte Canal without incident. I suspect it would be easier going from west to east using the ancient Gota locks to go down. Mooring in Göthborg in atrocious weather in the expensive central marina, we found city life to be noisy and intrusive: a long line of Chinese queued to be photographed by *Pilgrim Soul*. We left. The 40 miles passage northward to Kungsviken was made in a westerly gale but by then we were well used to the intricacies of local navigation. We called at Karingon Island for the night, to celebrate. There can be found Peterson's Krog, a famous seafood restaurant which is impossible to get into, unless one says you have sailed from Ireland. It is outstanding and ICC members should remember the name. The old fishing village is picturesque, and shrimp are boiled up on the quay. Peterson's speciality, halibut with horseradish, is not to be missed. Next day *Pilgrim Soul* entered the harbour at Kungsviken finding a massive crayfish-and-Aquavit party at the Malo boatyard. We met many old friends, stuffed ourselves and fell asleep, having visited, in seven fragmented weeks, six lakes, five countries, four canals, three capital cities and two operas, without a single row.

Appendix

Uddevalla Taxis – service from boatyards in West Sweden to Göthborg Airport etc. +46 704585000

Handelsman Flink Hotel and Restaurant
Flaton 47491, Ellos, Sweden. +4630455051
<http://www.handelsmanflink.se/>

Danish and Swedish charts
Iver Weilbach a/s, Toldbodgade 35, Copenhagen DK1253

Finnish, Russian and Estonian charts:
Troil Marin Oy, Wavulinintie 4, FIN-00210, Helsinki
+358 9 6823180

The Board of Management of the Saimaa Canal
Itainen Kanavatie 2, FIN-53420, Lappenranta
+358-5-4585170
Saimaankanavan.hoitokunta@fma.fi

Inflot
Box 40, Vyborg, Russia
+7812 9591483

Border Station at Santio Island
FIN-49900, Virolahti, Finland
+358 204106050

Coastguard station at Happasaari Island
+358-204106050

Saimaa Tourist Association
Puisstokaatu 1, FIN-57100, Savonlinna
+358 15 532508

Peterson's Krog Restaurant
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Speed bonnie boat like a bird... to Skye

The story of *Winefreda of Greenisland's* August cruise to Skye

Edited by Garry Villiers-Stuart

W*inny*, as she is known, is one of Ireland's maritime treasures. She was built by the Admiralty in Cork at the end of the 19th century to carry powder and shot to the fleet. Later she was used by Sir Roger Casement to help in the 1916 gun running effort. Later again she was used by my grandfather to fish lobsters off the coast of Waterford. Gradually, and more so in my father's time, she became a rough and ready yacht and extensively cruised the Mediterranean and North Sea. Over the last few years *Winny* has become a ship of song, her hull may be old but her recent crews have been mainly young, romantic, new age and rich in sonic creativity. Boat, crew and western seaboard have become a magic cauldron from which has come a brew of musical exchanges, creative compositions, and wonderful impromptu performances.

While in past years the music was mainly 'in boat', this year the idea was to go musically public. A crew rich in music dance and poetry (and now more sea-worthy!) agreed to come. By happy coincidence four of the seven were of my family. Concerts were arranged: Holy Island, off Arran; Corrymeela near Ballycastle; the Isle of Erraid (near Iona); Muck, in the Small Isles and Broadford on Skye were all put on *Winny's* songline.

The cruising season warmed up with *Winny* leaving Carnlough, picking up an initial crew at Troon and gently easing away its cares of life ashore through the gentlest of sails round the Isle of Bute.

The musical crew became complete late on the second Saturday in August. By Sunday evening we were anchored off Holy Island. Over the years *Winny* has become an old friend of this Island community. We were soon enjoying supper in their ecumenical centre. Later our music blended joyfully with the

spirit of community. The luminous phosphorescent patterns that framed our row back to the boat spoke of the magic reality of the world we had entered.

This log is written by most of those who were part of our voyage.

Monday morning from the view of Kat

A sky patchworked with deep blue and bright clouds accompanied our morning voyage to Ballycastle. When we arrived in the harbour, we found a nice dock for our ancient wooden vessel, nestled amongst white, giant plastic toys. Instead of racing to the beach or into town after being cooped up in the boat for so long, we all sat on the deck to play some music and prepare for the night's performance. It was fluid and beautiful and I felt that the Irish fairy folk had known we were coming and were already there with others, whispering musical mischief into our ears!

A minibus came to pick us up from the harbour and take us to Corrymeela. The reception room was bursting with a great diversity of youngsters. We went to a spiral shell-like building that was to be our concert hall. In the inner chamber, the centre of the spiral, the acoustics were amazing. Two people could stand on opposite sides of the large room with their backs to each other and talk and it would sound to them like they were speaking into each other's ears!

No sooner had we started when hordes of beautiful bright-faced people arrived with skin in every shade from chocolate to porcelain! What occurred from then on that evening will not be squashed into the confines of verbal description, so heavenly it was! It was so much a taste of the next age of humanity for which our language is not yet adequate...

Wow!!! No space on the floor without a bottom resting on it and all eyes wide with concentration! It made all the sea-sickness, sleeping with a toilet (instead of my purring cat!) in *Winny's* after-cabin worthwhile. My soul began to purr so loud that night I was sure everyone could hear it! My five wondrous companions provided guitar and flute along with Paddy's deep drum beat. The audience sang along with the choruses without coaxing... right from the start with Oran's earth-loving song:

*'This land, this green and pleasant land,
Lay my roots deeply into this fertile ground.'*

Multiple harmonies rang out clear as a bell from our audience of angels. They nodded with smiles of



Winny (with white hull) in snug Muck anchorage.



Balancing act in the Kyles.

recognition and moist eyes, in our laments about the ills of the world and the faith we hold that will heal. Men sang as strongly as the women in the song about the need for harmony of the two wings of humanity – woman and man.

They were singing:

*'Do you know who you are?
Do you know who you really are?
Be who you are! You're a
mine rich in gems!
Inside of you the universe is
unfolding!'*

as though they knew exactly who they were!

Steve whipped them up into a tropical storm with his audience-participation funky number. After all the high-energy ones this one Palestinian guy would leap up and get the audience doing synchronised 'WHOOOPS!' to show their appreciation.

They melted into a pool of love to Poppy's velvety:

*'What are we but notes of
passion in a lover's cry? And
what are we but wisps of
cloud in a sunset sky?'*

and when Steve got everyone singing:

*'Your love is the most
incredible I've ever known!'*



Music as we drift.

to all the prophets of all religions, I thought we might transcend there and then!

Paddy's lament on a 'small portable toaster that you can take with you on holidays to places that don't generally eat toast as a rule' was particularly funny because most of the people there came from such places and didn't even know what toast was!

Poppy and I, separately, were both collecting invitations to exotic and distant locations. When we put them together we had a fair list – Jordan, Palestine, Israel, Sweden and Finland. A tour is in the making.

Afterwards we sipped rooibos (red bush) tea and ate South African crisps and shared stories of home. It seemed that this conference was composed of youth (who were heavily involved in community regeneration and cross-cultural activities) from all over the world. As well as Palestinians, Jews and Scandinavians there were Americans, Canadians, Polish, South Americans, Germans, French, Portuguese, Australians, Indians and many more...oh and Irish of course.

Some Palestinians gave us all a demonstration of the powers of levitation by lifting a large Israeli girl by the tips of their fingers and we would have talked into the night, but the minibus driver had to get home to her family.

As we were driving down the hill we saw lots of little blue and yellow lights dancing on the clifftop – it was our friends from Conference waving goodbye to us with their mobile phones!!! Never before had I appreciated the proliferation of mobile phones...

I went to sleep with the taste of heaven on my lips and a song for the Beloved in my hair.

Tuesday morning from the view of Garry

It is clear, still and sunshiny. There's an hour to slack water, time to get on the right side of the tide. The engine hesitates before firing, this registers as a cautionary sign... but... until the story unfolds let's crack on anyway. The crew kept sleeping as warps were cast. It's flat calm outside, long motoring passage in prospect, destination? well it might be Colonsay, Oronsay, Port Askaig... let us see how and where wind and tide take us. Not very far as it happened; half a mile beyond Ballycastle the engine slows... odd... I increase the revs... engine slows more, splutters and dies. In other conditions it

might have been dangerous, for this is a fierce tidal alley, but today's tide is slack and sea benign. Let's bleed the engine... I use manual pump... hummm, funny diesel this... I smell... it's yellow... and not much of it is diesel... oh dear... dirty diesel or what? I use the lift pump... it gushes yellow... I look at water trap under fuel filter... oh dear that's not diesel either ... what a lot of water ... condensation in tank or bad fuel? after the water comes the bubbles... where are these coming from... I think of leaks I have known... ah bleed-nut... sure enough air streaming through ... thank God for plumber's tape... be generous... it does the trick... we have power... but not for long... let's tweak the bleed again. Go back to harbour... test the engine... and so we did. Another leak on lift chamber is solved with the help of a friendly garage mechanic... he gives me a nut and washer but accepts no payment. Well-being can hinge on such small kindnesses. One hour's trial... no bubbles... we are in business... let's away. By this time the crew are coming-to... a whole small drama has happened while they slumbered... oh carefree is youth...!

It is good to leave Ballycastle. Before us are beautiful wild places and a richness of more musical encounters. We have a music date 24 hours hence on Isle of Erraid near Iona. The passage to Colonsay passed smoothly.

Wednesday morning from the view of Poppy

From Colonsay to Erraid – there was a big storm blowing.

Waking up, soft dream-filled body easing from side to side as I sense the vast shifting and rolling of stormy sea beneath my cabin. I watch as a steady succession of water droplets form on the edge of the window portal and drip down upon my red sleeping bag. I notice the dampness seeping up my right-hand side. But despite the wet, my body is warm and I slip into an ocean doze, my thoughts, passions, vivid morning dreams swilling gently with the rhythm of the waves...I know that any attempt to move against the flow of *Winny* requires firm effort, so I surrender, relaxing into the path of least resistance, melting and rocking with the natural ocean flow.

Later I rise, up the ladder, out into the cockpit beneath the wild grey arch of endless sky, wet clouds wisped by the wind and filling every space in my mind, the full moisture of the day touching my skin as swathes of rain wash down with abandonment. Everyone is up, clad in bright primary-coloured water-proofs. I join them and feel a primal joy and delight amidst the simplicity of red, yellow and blue, defiant daubs of jollity in a thundering iron world. No land can be seen, just endless liquid mountains of ocean power, dwarfing *Winny* as they tower above us, surging up and under with a ferocious mighty glory. Rocking to and fro, we cling on, scared, excited, exhilarated, sometimes speechless, sometimes singing. I gaze on, feeling a sumptuous wonderment at the surge and power of the universe, face to face with the naked force of existence.

We sing ourselves across the sea, wild eighties rock ballads, Leonard Cohen, the Beatles, windswept crooning with rain drops on noses, eventually to arrive at Erraid, a tiny island just off Mull. Our crew doubles the island's tiny community of six. We row past pink rocks, with instruments and bags of dry clothes, yearning for hot dry fire and warm nourishment. We are welcomed by a wonderful Geordie chef, holding a platter of steaming baked marrow dripping with melted butter. Friendly faces greet us as we circle round the food, hands held in a blessing as the feast commences. Chatter and laughter in the golden glow of the dining room, wet clothes steaming before the blaze of open fire, hearts dilating as we share stories of angels, gardening, compost loos and the joys and pains of community living.

Next the instruments come out and we experience a very different concert to those of the previous evenings. This is more



Winny's musical crew: Rosie, Oran, Garry, Steve, Poppy and Kat.

sharing than show, mingling our music and learning each other's songs; the night becomes a jam, the flow of spontaneous melody, harmony and laughter weaving us into a cosy, earthy unity. In fact, so woven together are we that the idea of leaving the community and returning to our (dark damp) cabins becomes impossible! We were absolutely delighted and thrilled to be offered warm beds for the night and porridge made from just-milked milk in the morning.

Thursday with Poem from Paddy

It was early grey and damp, our destination was Muck. Oran wound in the anchor.

On the pier assembled the crew who (surprisingly!?) had forsaken *Winny's* damp cabins for Erraid's warm dry beds. Shortly they were being ferried out by Paul and *Winny* was on her motoring way. Iona, Staffa, Gometra and Mull passed astern and we were abeam of Ardnamurchan. Paddy fished, the sun rose higher and the clouds dispersed. We entered a sunlit deep blueness, the motor was stilled and a benign gentle southerly caressed us on our way.

Muck is an archetype of 'small and beautiful'. It is known to us via Rosie who is a friend of the McEwan family. A few years back she spend a memorable sunny summer week painting here. It was all sunshine. Ashore we found a pure scene from the world of Katie Morag. The 36 island inhabitants support a harbour, a farm, a school, a guest house and a café. Its ruined Pictish fort tells of an ancient living tradition.

Rosie and I went to find some McEwans and the others to explore the island and fort.

When recollecting this time of the voyage, Paddy wrote this, inspired by cartwheeling on the top of the Pictish fort as the sun set:

*'Spinning on Muck
Upside down
Hands grasp the earth while flaying legs turn me upside
downwards
I fall from existence
playing with the pixies in the mountain of the sky
I am seething with joy
And the pixies will seethe also... a little more than
sometimes
while they play with the speckled fingers of my mind
In heaven's mind's eye
There was a splinter
But the splinter didn't mind'*

Later that night we walked under a large waxing moon to the house where an island birthday party was taking place. Finding a song-mix to satisfy children and adults was challenging, but

the children must have been impressed – we left three out of the five playing furious air-guitar.

Friday morning

The next day was another blue sunlit affair with a gentle southerly wind. Having passed Eigg we half sailed half drifted up the sound of Sleat eventually dropping anchor at Isle Oronsay.

Soon we were enjoying a pot of tea and a good meal aboard with our old friend and island host Judy.

Oran takes up the story

The full moon rises slow and shrouded, as Rosie, Judy and myself made our way to the shore of Isle Oronsay. Inspired by the promise of a fine fiddle and guitar duo in the local, I bade the others good night and went in search of the music.

It's a crowded Skye pub, bright with many faces and sweet music flowing. The night unfolded with far-reaching folk styles from Portugal, Eastern Europe, some lilting Breton flavours and lots of jigs and reels. Kat (collected earlier from the good ship) and I sat and absorbed the warm atmosphere of place and people. We enjoyed a good dance. Kat sang a couple of songs. Then back in to the moonlit night well after closing time, with farewells to the friends made. The water was still and bright in that light and the air so full of promise. Sleep was not upon us for a few hours more. We sat taking in the scene from *Winny's* bows, sharing experiences, and in total appreciation of the moment. Eventually I climbed in to the hammock and gazed at the moon as sleep gradually washed over me.

The dawn was thick with a mist that soon vanished under the sun's warmth. After a slow breakfast and the return of Mum from her berth ashore we upped anchor and sails and drifted off on a light southwesterly up the Kyles, to Kyleakin. *Winny* sailed beautifully, with no hand on the wheel needed. The course was maintained with slight adjustments to jib and main. The crew sang and played and reclined in the hammocks, one of which swung from the bow sprit to gunnel, at its lowest, six inches above the water. And so this gentle day of sunlight and soft breezes carried us through the narrows on the highest tide of the year, supposedly 8 knots; the water glossy and shimmering with tidal currents, and just enough wind to keep steerage.

We reached Kyleakin safely, turning into the wind as we approached the harbour. More music. The party went ashore to meet at Judy's place. That evening there was a wonderful feast and a gathering of lovely people. This was our final concert of this cruise. It was hear-felt and poignant, we realised it would be some time before this group of musicians would be gathered again.

Early next morning Steve, Poppy, Kat and Patrick left. Tim came aboard joining Oran, Rosie and Garry.

Sunday morning: Rosie takes up the narrative

Grey and quiet with a little breeze from the south and with a crew reduced to the Serious Sailors – Garry, Oran and Tim – and also Rosie – set off from Kyleakin. Gone with the sunshine, most of the young female energy – feisty but also fluffy – and suddenly sea shanties seem a more suitable accompaniment for rain and rising wind.

We made a wet and windy passage to Rhum, sweeping smartly round the bottom of Sleat and heading into thick mist. A slight darkening of the mist ahead warned us we'd found Rhum, and we nosed into Loch Scresort.

Monday

Morning on Rhum was sunny and quiet, and with an eye to a filthy forecast for Wednesday, we tossed-up where to be storm-bound, reluctantly decided that Canna was too far north, and headed for Coll, on the way to Mull. Yet another fair breeze, on a glorious morning, and we watched Rhum unfold with a

glorious smell of heather coming off the hill and across the water as we sailed south. Once attached to a visitor's buoy at Arinagour we had a great walk across to a beautiful bay on the west side of the island, and then treated ourselves to a huge pot of tea at the hotel, before a hard row back to *Winny* and a very uncomfortable night with a swell sneaking round the corner and into the loch.

Tuesday: Tim continues

From Coll we will try and run ahead of a gale, but can only motor through lumpy seas. Nevertheless, we manage and find others drawn to the same safe anchorage in the Bull Hole. They are moored; we must anchor. This means we will be up most of the night as the horizontal wind, when it comes, turns us about and the anchor drags and drags. We wind it in, motor to resettle, and try again. This is weather to keep you safe because nobody dares venture out. The next day we enjoy not moving from here, nearly snug with our mugs of steaming coffee and plates of fresh omelettes. And as all gales will do, it blows itself out and leaves us with a fresh blue beginning to the following morning, to put up sail and depart the Sound of Iona, south to Oronsay; and further still to be borne between Islay and Jura, and in the darkest night, silent cloud dropping to obscure the moon, to venture out into the Irish Sea.

Garry interjects! Tim did not mention that our guests, Aneas and Minty Mckay of organic Hebridean wool fame and friends including a delightful six months old, who had come for an evening of song, were unable to get ashore, such was the force of the wind. Ten of us stayed onboard that night. The next morning we had unlikely breakfast singsong in *Winny's* sunlit and sheltered cockpit waiting for the gale to blow itself out! Eventually wind abated a little. We made a line long enough to let the dinghy and guests ashore.

Tim continues

When the mast comes down, as it does on our final leg and only night crossing, broken by the struggle between a sudden dynamo of a squall and too much sail, it does so in an almost strange slow motion, a stranger harmony with the raw elements of wind blast and the dark, almost black, roving sea. No immediate fall, but as if the moment is suspended and only announced by a slow collapse of canvas. Leaving me alive to it all at the wheel, with inner tumult: it was my watch and if we had reefed mainsail and jib they might have escaped the outcome. There is a shared calm as the three of us go about the business of bringing her into the wind and saving the situation.

And meanwhile, here and now, leaning over and staring with a long long look into the moment where the future wave rises, to immediately become the wake that trails behind us, we see a teeming of fast, intangible, immeasurable forms streaming through this moment of indivisible quantum physics. Streaming with so many refracted colours, making white, a fierce white, against a mesmerising darkness.

Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is... time past and time future if all time is eternally present.

Garry concludes

We made Carnlough the following morning, bruised but not defeated. Our good friend Graham arrived and helped us make good all the tangle consequent to a broken mast. By the next day all was tidied away. As mast-breaking goes it was a most efficient exercise! Maybe *Winny* is telling me that it is time for her to return to her gaff origins!

So ended a gloriously diverse and eventful cruise!

My thanks must go to Rosie, Poppy, Oran, Patrick Villiers-Stuart, Kat Torrens, Steve Day, Tim Rubidge and Graham Durrant for creating such a wealth of memory.

Alaska: *Jura* in Peril

Bill and Pam Kellett

In 2004, after trucking *Jura*, our 35ft Wauquiez Prétorien from the US Great Lakes to the west coast, we set off to see the best of British Columbia. This year, with Alaska our goal, we planned a “blitz” run through British Columbia to reach the Alaskan cruising grounds with adequate time for exploration, before returning to Anacortes, Washington.

Planning for cruises far from home is part of the fun, and we tackled the task of assembling the necessary pile of charts and cruising guides with enthusiasm. Fortunately, CCA member Sandy Weld lent us his charts, collected over several summers in these waters. At \$20 per new chart this was a welcome saving especially since they were primarily back-ups for the Northstar GPS Chart Plotter. We completed our navigation suite with the latest “Exploring Southeast Alaska” by Don Douglas, the Canadian Tidal Current Tables and Atlas, plus several new charts, as many of Sandy’s were verging on antiquity.

Our primary objective was to explore the shore-side wonders of the enormous 4,400 square-mile Glacier Bay National Park and Preserve with its 20 glaciers, 15,000-foot high mountain ranges, protected coves and plentiful sea and land wildlife. The wonders of Glacier Bay needed sharing and Bryan and Dorothy Collins, longtime sailing friends from Scotland, quickly accepted our offer of a two-week cruise in Alaska. They would fly into Juneau, join us at Auke Bay then depart in Sitka via a high-speed ferry back to Juneau. We hoped to provide a cruise exciting enough to justify their 4,000-mile trip. Unanticipated events ensured that we had no worries on that score. Now, we will begin the story of this leg of the cruise at Auke Bay.

For those who may follow us, Auke Bay not Juneau is the logical jumping off place for Glacier Bay. This marina, with 6,000 feet of berthing, neither takes reservations nor gives berth

assignments; it just maintains a ten-day maximum stay rule. The entire marina is for transients. Yachties, fishing vessels and commercial whale-watch boats all battle for available space. If you do not spot an empty slot on the way in there is a short stay berth where you can tie up while roaming the docks looking for an opening. It’s a real scrum. Seeking the ultimate in comfort and facilities, we moved three times in four days primarily to get in range of an unprotected Wi-Fi internet connection on the fuel dock. During one of these moves, Pam befriended a commercial fisherman, Lew, who not only gave us a large Coho salmon but also went over our charts to point out little known anchorages used by fishing boats along our route to Sitka.

Departing for Glacier Bay, distance, current and wind were such that *Jura* split the eighty-two miles to the Bartlett Cove park headquarters into stops at the Tlingit settlement of Hoonah, and the Pleasant Island Cove anchorage off Icy Passage, a mere 12 miles from Bartlett Cove.

The National Park Service strictly enforces rules for vessels entering this wonderland. Exactly 60 days before your desired entry date (not a day earlier) you must apply for a visitor’s permit stating how many days, up to seven, you wish to stay, provide details of the vessel and crew and give alternate dates in case your first choice is not available. This is a little stressful as the allowance is only 25 boats in the park at one time. Thus, on a normal day, three new boats enter as three depart. With our crew flying in from Europe, we were concerned about locking down our permit dates!

When we entered the bay, two humpback whales breached nearby as a welcome. Landing at Bartlett Cove for the mandatory “where to go and what we might see” briefing, we were told of areas for un-powered vessels only, and navigational restrictions regarding the minimum one-mile distance from shore and a quarter mile from humpback whales, all to ensure that feeding whales are not disturbed.

Perhaps the best way to convey the nature of this National Park and Preserve is to quote portions of the US Coast Pilot description:

Glacier Bay is about 50 miles long to the head of Muir Inlet, 54 miles to the head of Johns Hopkins Inlet and 62 miles to the head of Tarr Inlet. Above Willoughby Island, both shores of the bay are steep and foul and should be avoided. All shoals of less than 6-fathom depth are covered with kelp part of the year, but this kelp cannot be depended upon to indicate danger as the strong current tows the kelp under most of the time.

Currents: The tidal currents from Point Gustavus to Willoughby Island at times can attain a velocity of 6 knots or more. Heavy rip tides and swirls occur abreast Beardslee Islands...

Ice: Numerous discharging glaciers enter the bay and glacial ice is always present, sometimes in enormous quantities in Muir Inlet, Tarr Inlet and Johns Hopkins Inlet... When the ice falls from the faces of the glaciers, it may create waves 30 feet high. Therefore, small boats should not approach closer than 0.5 mile to active glaciers.



Bryan and Dorothy learn high-speed photography.

Icebergs are unstable and should not be approached closely because, if disturbed by swell from the small boat passing, they may roll over or break apart at any time...

Vessels are advised to carry extra propellers aboard when navigating Glacier Bay and single screw vessels should not attempt to navigate the bay at all.

Following the briefing, we walked to Glacier Bay Lodge to see the tiny but interesting exhibit of flora and fauna, before getting underway for our chosen anchorage, North Sandy Cove. The ensuing 37 mile run past South Marble Island offered an amazing collection of wildlife: more breaching humpbacks, Steller sea lions, sea otters, tufted puffins, pigeon guillemots and nesting kittiwakes. To end the perfect day, there were three brown bears and a moose in the meadow by the anchorage.

In our self-allotted five days we could only cover a small portion of this wonderland, so we took the Douglas Cruising Guide 'most picturesque glaciers' recommendations, namely Margerie and Grand Pacific in Tarr Inlet, Johns Hopkins in Johns Hopkins Inlet, Reid in Reid Inlet, and Riggs and Muir in Muir inlet. We visited the first four as they clustered together but gave Riggs and Muir, 40 miles away, a pass.

After a peaceful night in North Sandy Cove, the crew was up early for the traditional *Jura* Sunday breakfast, pancakes and maple syrup, then a timely start for the run to Reid Inlet and its glacier. The usual anchoring problem of water too deep or too shallow once again put us on a narrow shelf close to the beach. Bryan and Dorothy inflated the Avon for a jaunt ashore in spite of the warning by the Bartlett Cove ranger that recent kayakers, camping here for the night, had their camp "tossed" by a bear looking for food. Luckily, the only bear encounter was with bear tracks during their hike to the glacier face.

The following morning, cold air and wet mist hung over our first objective, Margerie Glacier. Intermittent rain and fog added to the arctic feel, a truly miserable day – but no one noticed! The only concerns were keeping the cameras dry and avoiding damage from the ice. When first seen, a calving glacier is a disorderly jumble. Hugh blocks of ice break away from the glacier face and plunge into the sea with thunderous explosions and sizeable waves. Besides the big growlers, thousands of bergie bits float around, requiring a slalom course to navigate the mess without prop damage. Dodging larger pieces of ice kept the helmsmen on their toes and necessitated spotters for both port and starboard sides. As we got closer to the ice face the skipper said, "Enough!" the ice density represented too much risk to the propeller. Just then, we discovered the head's water-inlet pump to be nearly inoperative. After some thought, we realised the cause was extensive glacial silt in the water. Probably hard on the engine-cooling water pump impeller as well, but there was no apparent increase in the engine temperature.

Next on the agenda was a "cruise by" of Johns Hopkins Glacier. Bill, who had fashioned a custom 14-foot pole in Prince Rupert, was eager to practice his iceberg pushing technique on the small bergs in the bay. In the continuing rain, we ran past Lamplugh Glacier before returning to Reid Inlet for the night.

The sun finally appeared as we worked southward looking for our last Glacier Bay anchorage. A

distant view of snow-capped mountains behind Grand Pacific Glacier was breathtaking. We dipped into Blue Mouse Cove, then dismissed it as only marginally attractive and too deep for easy anchoring, settling instead for Fingers Bay with its rock strewn entry, as much more appealing.

The anchor was dropped as close to the south end as possible while making allowance for a few more hours of ebb tide. We were quite close to the mud bank, but this almost-ashore vantage point provided front-row seating. Two black bears soon wandered by searching for edibles in the shallow creek. Early the next morning a black bear was back together with a female moose and her calf. The young moose paid no attention to the bear nor the bear to the moose but nonetheless, mama moose watched nervously.

While going back to Bartlett Cove to clear out, we found the admonition that currents could run 6 knots or more quite true. It was close to springs and we could barely stem the flood while approaching Bartlett Cove; even with the throttle advanced and the speed log showing 6.8 knots, we were going nowhere. Edging closer than the minimum one mile from shore in an attempt to find less current or even a back-eddy, we were startled by a VHF call directing us, in no uncertain terms, to get further off shore. Sheepishly, we moved out into the current again feeling fortunate that we had escaped detection until past the worst current.

Finally, the quiet anchorage at Bartlett Cove, a great dinner at the Lodge and a top off of the fuel tanks at 20% over market price. Over dinner, the consensus was very positive for the Glacier Bay experience. While the glaciers may not be as impressive as those in Tracy Arm, the wildlife more than compensates for this slight failure.

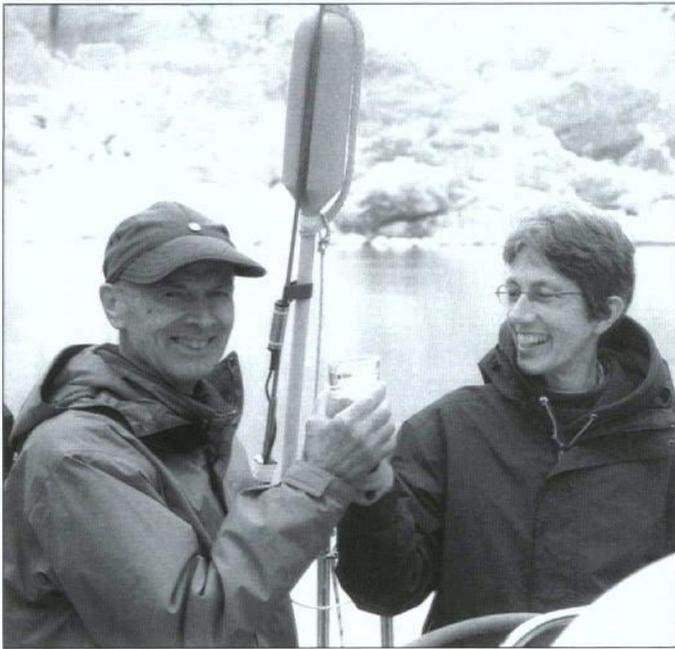
After a very early departure from Bartlett Cove, we headed south down Chatham Strait for Tenakee Springs, in what was predicted to be favorable wind and current. Not true; we copped out at Pavlof Harbour, tired of light-wind motoring. If it had not been for Lew the fisherman, our neighbor in Auke Bay, we would never have realised the existence of this attractive anchorage. The only disappointment was that neither the perfect bear-salmon stream nor the waterfall were in view this day.

Civilisation, Tenakee Springs, known for its hot springs and written up as quaint, looked like a good stop; we did not know what we were getting into. The town, really just a jumble of small, old, and a few new buildings, seemed occupied by escapees who wanted to live the frontier life.

To set the tone for the town, the harbourmaster's floating home, with a Harley-Davidson poster showing dully through a



Lunch time!



A toast with Reid Glacier.

window, was one of the first sights as we walked along the pontoons. Then we met the harbourmaster himself. Special, complete with silver ponytail, tooling around the dirt paths in his mini-vehicle patriotically draped with the national stars and stripes. True to its name, Tenakee Springs has a hot spring located in a small building off the main street. It's a central gathering point for the locals. Ladies hours are mid-afternoon and after dinner, men during the morning and late-afternoon. Inside it looks like something from a horror movie, and smells, well, like sulphur, not too good. However, the townspeople use it regularly to exchange local gossip and bathe – no swimsuits allowed, naked all the way.

All this aside, there is a certain charm about the place. Passage is by a single six-foot wide dirt road through town. Two or three wheeled trail bikes, a couple of small motorised hauling-carts and feet provide transportation. A walk took us past the Blue Moon Café (about as appealing as the hot springs) the general store (quite good) and the tea room-art gallery (nice). Everyone is exceedingly friendly. There is also a path through the woods to a stream crossed by miniature suspension bridge built by the US Army Corps of Engineers. It's really a bridge to nowhere and due to its size looks like a school graduation project.

One night at the Tenakee docks was enough. So, another early start for the 40 mile run to Peril Strait and Appleton Cove. Just as we were turning off Chatham Strait into Peril Strait, we were amused to see multiple seals resting on the Morris Reef bell-buoy. We rolled up the jib to slow enough for picture taking, then saw a group of seven humpback whales milling about. More pictures as we realised they were bubble feeding. This is an individual or group activity where the whale(s) swim around a school of small fish making a net of bubbles to keep them together. When the corralling is complete, the whale(s) rise up in the center with mouths open wide to scoop up their prey. It is an impressive sight to see these enormous mammals simultaneously rise far out of the water in an amazing feat of teamwork before crashing back with a tremendous splash.

After 45 minutes of 'ohing' and 'ahing' over the sights and sounds of the whales, we left the humpbacks, to look at some Orcas further along towards our evening anchorage. We were all jabbering away about what we had seen when Bill exclaimed, "Look at those bubbles!" With horrified fascination,

we watched the line of bubbles head for *Jura's* starboard side. They disappeared under the hull and seconds later all seven whales shot out of the water within a boat length of our port side. Tremendous confusion ensued with whale tails and whale bodies thrashing the disturbed water. Total shock and awe on our part. Imagine a near miss by seven school-bus-sized monsters. With a quiet expletive, Pam put *Jura's* engine into reverse hoping to get clear of the melee. However, the light wind in the mainsail pushing us towards the whales while trying to power backwards made for a slow escape. Finally, surrounded by enormous bubbles, the whales moved off and we shakily recovered, laughing about pictures we did or did not take. Bryan's first picture was of the floorboards while Bill and Dorothy were simply too shocked to press their shutter buttons.

A sighting of two large grizzly bears as we anchored in Appleton Cove for the night, was anticlimactic after our earlier adventure and, not surprisingly, there was no interest on the part of the crew to take a walk ashore.

Peril Strait was not through with us. Sergius Narrows, where the current running up to eight knots can drag the channel marks under, was the last barrier to reaching Sitka. Most boats try to go through near slack, and as first-timers, we thought it prudent to do the same. Arriving early, we anchored for lunch in Annie's Pocket, a tiny cove just out of the current. However, after passing through the narrows at slack water we found the passage so uneventful that we were sorry not to have pushed on while there was some current.

After a day in Sitka, we agreed that it was the most pleasant city visited in Alaska. Unlike Juneau and Ketchikan that receive up to six cruise ships per day, Sitka, with one ship anchored off per day, does not promote heavy tourism, and thus has not built docking facilities for big ships. In addition, just to ensure against inundation by cruise ships, the city constructed a bridge across the waterway with only 50 feet of vertical clearance.

Sitka has a different feel. The harbour bustles with serious sea-going fishing boats, off-loading their catch. Remnants of the Russian fur trading post and early Indian civilisation are still evident. A grand collection of totem poles, both Haida and Tlingit, are displayed along the woodland paths of the National Historical Park. Then there is Murray Pacific Supply, a chandlery from which it is impossible to escape without a few purchases. Lastly, an exceptional small restaurant, Ludwig's Bistro is located on the waterfront road. The owner, a woman, was once a hand on Lew-the-fisherman's boat. Book at least a day in advance, two or three days would be safer. This is a pricy treat, but undoubtedly some of the best food and wine in Alaska!

Well-run by the harbourmaster and his staff, the extensive docking facilities are crowded with fishing boats tied next to glossy 100-foot powerboats and smaller yachts. As the facilities are really for the fishing fleet, cruising boats get berth assignments on a "hot bunk" basis. Thus, when a returning fisherman found us in his berth he graciously found another, rather than have the harbourmaster reassign us.

Sitka was the end of this leg of the cruise. Knowing that the episode with the whales would forever be etched in our memories, we waved good-bye as the Collins' departed for the four and a half hour, 150-mile return trip to Juneau on *Fairweather*, a 40-knot catamaran ferry.

With our crew gone we turned south to cross back into British Columbia and on to Anacortes, Washington, where *Jura* was hauled and put on a truck for the 3,000 mile trip home to Mystic, Connecticut. For us, this was the end of 16 years – four months per summer – cruising in foreign waters. We are now back in our home waters, a first since 1989.

Clockwise around Ireland 2004

Harold & Vivienne Boyle

For the summer of 2004 our cruising plan was to sail round Ireland, taking in the festivities of the Irish Cruising Club's "Cruise in Company" to celebrate the 75th Anniversary of its formation. We needed to be in the Cork area for 17th July and the Cruise would finish in Glengariff on 24th July. Our yacht, *Gentle Spirit*, a 38ft Hallberg Rassy, was well prepared and provisioned for the journey, which was to begin in early July.

On Friday 2nd, daughter Tracey and son-in-law Simon joined us in the morning. They helped us complete the loading of the boat in preparation for our departure on the Saturday. At 15.00 we released our lines from the pontoon at Carrickfergus and slipped out of the marina and into Belfast Lough. We had a comfortable sail/motorsail south arriving at Benders Bay at 21.15 where we anchored in 5 metres at the north end of the bay. The holding was very good, but there was an uncomfortable swell so we had a "rolly" night!

The following day, Sunday, we left the bay at 08.00 in pleasant sunshine with a light westerly wind. Breakfast that morning consisted of bacon butties – delicious; especially when under way! Following an uneventful motorsail, we arrived in Howth at 18.30. That evening we dined in the Wheelhouse Restaurant and afterwards adjourned to the Yacht Club to see the final of Euro 2004.

After a little shopping and walking around Howth, we left the marina at 13.00 bound for Arklow. As the wind was varying southeast to west, we were again motorsailing. Taking advantage of the south-going tide meant that we had a very lumpy, uncomfortable sea for the passage. Although the sun was shining, this was not a pleasant journey at all, as it was difficult to do any activities, and we were relieved to arrive in Arklow by 20.15. An evening meal, accompanied by a fine wine was soon produced, after which we settled for a relaxing few hours.

A pleasant morning in Arklow afforded us the opportunity to further victual the boat from the new Tesco Superstore, which is excellent for supplies. We left Arklow at 12.50 in sunshine with a 10 knot east-northeast wind and calm sea and had a very easy passage round the Tusker Rock. At 19.01 a small craft warning was issued, forecasting east winds reaching force 6 then going north-northeast and increasing to gale force! We had our evening meal underway as we quietly approached the Saltee Islands – magic! With intense searching we found the two buoys marking St Patrick's Bridge, passed between them, turned to the north found the leading marks and motored into Kilmore Quay. The harbourmaster was waiting for us and directed us to an inside berth.

As it was very windy for the next two days we decided to stay put and took the opportunity to enjoy the ambience of the village. There are very good restaurants in the area and the fresh fish is superb. On the second day, we took a bus to Wexford where we spent a most pleasant afternoon. When we returned we invited all the ICC folks that were at the Marina to join us for aperitifs and had a very jolly party! It was great to meet some new people and renew old acquaintances.

We departed on Friday 9th July at 11.30 bound for Waterford, as Tracey and Simon were due to leave from there to start their journey back to Edinburgh. The engine was turned

off at noon and we had a brilliant sail to Hook Head, at the entrance to Waterford Harbour. Since all was going well we kept sailing until we were close to where the bay narrows for the river. As always, we had been keeping a watchful eye for the fishermen and indeed had seen a couple of small boats at the entrance to the river. We furled the headsail, started the engine and were about to lower the mainsail when, unbelievably, we got tangled up in a fishing net!! Since we were at the east end of the channel, on a falling tide, we had to think and act quickly – anchor out and mainsail down. In the meantime we witnessed this screaming, raging fisherman making his way towards us from the west end of the river, bringing his very long net into a small boat. Harold contacted Rosslare Coastguard Radio and they advised us they would raise the Dunmore East Lifeboat to come to assist us. It was soon in our sights and came alongside us. Meanwhile the enraged fisherman, when he saw we were in real difficulties, stood by and offered help. The lifeboat crew secured our bow to their stern, pulled us off the sand, and towed us at 10 knots out of the river. On arrival in Dunmore East harbour, they shunted *Gentle Spirit* alongside another yacht to which they had rendered assistance earlier in the day. What a drama!

Next day, Saturday 10th, Tracey and Simon took their leave of us, travelled by taxi to Waterford thence by bus to Dublin Airport and arrived back home safely. Harold then had to contact Robert Logan, our new crew, to inform him of the change in the arrangements and he duly arrived in the mid afternoon. After our evening meal we walked to the Yacht Club and were joined by Robert and Rose from *Mystique of Malahide* who had heard of our plight and had come to check how we were. Fortunately the coxswain of the Lifeboat was also the local diver and he had cut away the net from the prop



Robert Logan, Vivienne and Harold Boyle prepare for reception at RCYC.

earlier in the day, so we were able to report that we planned to sail next day.

We departed from Dunmore East at 06.50 in a light westerly wind, bound for Kinsale. The reward for making such an early start was a tasty, bacon "butty" for breakfast! At 11.00 an Air-Sea Rescue helicopter hovered for quite a time at our port quarter; the occupants slid open the door and gave us a wave which we enthusiastically returned. With that the door was closed and they bore off – it was the highlight of our very quiet morning. Earlier we had heard a small craft warning and true to form, by 1500 the wind speed increased to 15 knots from the northwest and then gradually went up to 25 knots. However, we had experienced some pleasant sailing on our passage but we needed to move on, and so the engine was started and we arrived in Kinsale at 18.30 berthing outside two boats.

Having hoped to be in Kinsale by 14th July, we were pleased with our progress, and settled ourselves to remain there for the week, and enjoy all that the town has to offer. On Thursday 15th we eagerly awaited the arrival of our next member of the crew, Harry Mussen, who had flown from Belfast to Cork and then shared a taxi with another sailor to Kinsale. His journey was so efficient that he appeared at the boat in time for coffee! During the week we had acquired a single berth on the inside pontoon. Unfortunately, we had to vacate it by the Friday so we moved over to the Castlepark Marina on the other side of the bay. As a ferry service was available it was a convenient place for us to be, for the main Marina was becoming very busy. That evening we got together with some friends from the ICC and had a meal at the Kinsale Yacht Club. The Club were very helpful to us during our stay and we were able to use the facilities without any fuss.

Saturday 17th was a bright, sunny, warm day. It was also the first day of the ICC celebrations. We all "cleaned up well", donned our smart wear and boarded the ferry to take us across to the other shore. Eight buses left Kinsale Yacht Club at 16.00 to take us to Crosshaven, for a reception at Royal Cork Yacht Club. From there we were all taken in eleven buses to Cork City Hall, for a reception and banquet hosted by the Lord Mayor. Nearly seven hundred people attended the function, which was extremely well organised, considering the numbers involved. A group of us from Northern Ireland joined together and had a superb night's craic.

Next day, we left Castlepark Marina at 09.45 to head to Glandore. It was a super day but the wind was in a southerly direction, so we only managed a few hours sailing. As we entered the bay to begin anchoring, the engine wouldn't start so that required some smart manoeuvring, until things were sorted



Gentle Spirit at Baltimore.

out! That evening we entertained the crew of an Irish boat from Dun Laoghaire, among them a guy called Mike Knatchbull.

The following morning we were up early and underway by 0900. We had planned to call in at Castlehaven, but because of a small craft warning, we decided to push on to Baltimore, where we arrived at 12.30. We dropped anchor at a position past the Lifeboat station in Church Strand Bay. After lunch, we went ashore, got showers at the Bushe Bar, and ate at the Mews and paid Dublin 4 prices for the privilege! That night we experienced force 6 – 7 southeasterly winds: however, we were nicely sheltered from the blast. Due to the inclement weather we remained for another day, taking in some shore activities where it was much warmer and more pleasant.

On Wednesday 21st July, we weighed anchor at 11.00 and, in the company of two other yachts, *Genesis* and *Simon Den Danser*, motorsailed through the North Sound entrance of Baltimore. A sailor needs to be cautious when taking this passage as there is a narrow channel to be negotiated. At 12.10 we set a visual course for the Fastnet Rock to which we motorsailed as the winds were southwest 10 knots. At 13.22 *Gentle Spirit*, in the company of twenty-six other yachts, sailed round the Rock. It was a spectacular sight, duly recorded by a photographer on a launch that was positioned some way off the Rock. The occasion caused for a celebration and we popped open a bottle of sparkling rosé. The weather conditions were ideal – favourable wind, moderate sea and no rain or fog. We could not have asked for more.

Once round the Fastnet, we set course for Goat Island Sound and thence into Schull, where we arrived at 15.35. On shore that evening a barbecue had been arranged for 750 people. Again it was a huge undertaking to erect a massive marquee, ferry all the crews ashore and provide food for everyone. It was splendidly organised and all were safely returned to the boats at the end of the evening. It was a tremendous sight to see nearly 180 boats in the bay, all with twinkling lights competing with the stars.

Next day we continued west for the short trip to Crookhaven. We arrived in the early afternoon and went ashore to explore and socialise. This was a spot in which some of us had spent previous holidays and it was interesting to see the effects of the passage of time.

The following morning, we left at 10.00 and motorsailed in light southwest winds, but by noon we switched off the engine and enjoyed sailing past Galley Head. We arrived at Laurence Cove Marina and were fortunate to get a berth. Although it is a small place, the owner is very helpful and reasonable facilities are provided. In the afternoon we walked to the disused army



Harold, Vivienne and Robert relaxing in Baltimore.



Early morning, Blasket Sound.

camp with its massive gun emplacements, and on the way through the village of Reerin, discovered there was only one restaurant / bar, so we ate on board.

We departed the Marina at 08.14 to motor up to Glengariff to join all the other boats for our final raft-up. The idea was to form a sunflower with all the participating boats, but after hours of trying to get the boats together in the increasing wind, it had to be abandoned at 13.00. Despite the disappointment, the plane and the SAR helicopter were able to fly over and take some photographs. In the evening we went ashore for the final reception at the Eccles Hotel, where a plaque commemorating the founding of the Irish Cruising Club was dedicated. As we stood on the balcony of the Hotel and looked across the bay at the boats at anchor in the pleasant sunshine, we felt it was a remarkable sight to witness and we were glad to have been part of such an enjoyable week.

Having completed the Irish Cruising Club's celebrations in Glengariff on Saturday 24th July, we then spent the Sunday morning cleaning the boat in preparation for the next stage of our journey. As we had worked hard and it was a glorious sunny day, we decided to go ashore to have lunch at the Eccles Hotel. There we were able to sit outside in the sunshine and have delicious food at very acceptable prices – to be recommended! We spent a most pleasant time ashore, before, eventually, making our way back to *Gentle Spirit*.

Monday dawned and as Harry Mussen was taking his leave of us, we all headed to Bantry in the local bus so that we could see him off – ah, “parting is such sweet sorrow.” Truly, Harry had been a great member of the crew and we were delighted to have had him with us. However, we had to think of the next stage of our arrangements, as we were to meet Eileen, Robert's wife, who was joining us for the rest of the trip. After a very good lunch in the bar close to the bus stop, we did a massive shopping in the supermarket and hired a taxi back to Glengariff. As soon as we were back on board the boat, we stored all the supplies and made everything ready.



Sunflower raft-up.

At 16.30 the anchor came up and we headed to Laurence Cove Marina, motoring into the southwest wind. The Marina was full but we were able to squeeze in between two boats and remained reasonably comfortable. The rest of the afternoon was spent getting the clothes washed and dried and filling the boat's tank with water.

Next day after breakfast, we took a long walk up to the old barracks area where, from the heights, we had breathtaking views of the whole of Bantry Bay. Returning to the boat, we lunched and then left the Marina at 15.00. We piloted our way from Bear Island and headed for Black Ball Head, then through Dursey Sound, to arrive in Derrynane at 20.00 where we settled down to our evening meal in the most tranquil of anchorages. It had been a warm, sunny day with calm seas and very light southwest winds, and to date we had travelled 452 nautical miles.

The following morning we started out at 08.00 bound for Dingle, so we set course for Bolus Head at 286 degrees. We hoisted the mainsail but the wind was southeasterly at 1 knot so we motorsailed to the Head which we passed at 09.10. By 10.00 we passed Puffin Island and as the wind was now at 10 knots we turned the engine off to sail. After an hour the wind dropped and so did our speed – to 3 knots (!) and we were motorsailing again. The weather forecast was giving us southeast force 2 or 3 increasing to 5 or 6 with a depression approaching from the west in the next 24 hours. By 13.00 the wind was back up to 10 knots, we sailed for an hour, clocking 5.2 knots. At 14.00, we entered Dingle Harbour, but we couldn't see Fungi, the dolphin anywhere. On previous occasions he had always jumped to greet us and we wondered if he was still there. Once we were alongside a berth, Harold arranged to buy 100 litres of diesel, which had to be carried to the boat in cans! Dingle has super restaurants and that evening we joined with the friends on two other boats for an excellent meal ashore.

Thursday saw the depression passing over us and we had a wet, miserable day. At least in Dingle there are shops to visit and a few things to do so we just had to make the most of it. The next morning, we made an early start at 06.00, had bacon butties for breakfast and as we left Fungi jumped to see us on our way. We were now heading for Inishmore, the largest of the Aran Islands, via the Blasket Sound. Once we were through, we

set a course of 035 degrees and headed out into the broad Atlantic. Again we had to motorsail; with wind from the east at only 5 knots and a very lumpy sea, it was the most comfortable way to make the passage. As it was a fairly uneventful day we got quite excited when, at 17.00, we had the company of porpoises cavorting around the boat. At 19.00 we sighted the wind farm on Inishmaan Island and at 21.00 we picked up a mooring in Killeany Bay, in Inishmore. Our passage had taken 15 hours and our average speed was 5.6 knots. It had been a long day. We acknowledged some CCC boats in the Bay and settled down for a peaceful night.

Next morning, Saturday 31st July, we were awakened by glorious sunshine streaming in through the cracks in improperly closed curtains in the cabin. I got up to have a look around and saw wall-to-wall sunshine and a shimmering sea – wonderful! Perhaps the long awaited hot spell had finally arrived. Breakfast was taken in the cockpit with the warm sun beating down on us – things were shaping up for a great day. Days like this make up for some of the poor times in cruising and they are worth waiting for. We were invited for coffee on board *Ellida* and were joined by others from the CCC boats. Later in the morning we went ashore to try to get a jaunting car and jarvey. Ah – how time changes things – now the carts were modern, safer than the old ones, I suppose. Despite our disappointment, we hired the driver and cart and had a jaunt out to Seal Bay and back. It was good fun and well worth doing. We found the Island much busier than the last time we had visited on *Coyne*, some 12+ years ago. There was a regular ferry service from Rossaveal bringing in lots of visitors every time. In the afternoon, viewing from the harbour wall, we saw the blessing of the fishing boats, which were colourfully dressed overall for the occasion. We ate ashore that evening and eventually got back to the boat.

We were very glad to have made the most of the previous day when we saw the weather that greeted us the following morning. So much for the optimism of a warm spell – it was a dull, damp and cloudy. At 10.20 we left the mooring to head to Inishbofin in a southeasterly wind at 20 knots. Our course was 306 degrees going to 300, and we had good sailing for two and a half hours. At 13.30, the wind veered to south and then became southwest at 7 knots. We changed course to 324, furling the jib and started the engine to motorsail, yet again, in a lumpy sea. By 16.00 we passed Slyne Head and at 18.30 we anchored in the bay at Inishbofin in poor visibility and drizzle. We went ashore to eat at the hotel, which was a 15 minute walk from the Jetty. There were plenty of people around and the island clearly remains a very popular place to visit.

At 10.30 next morning, we hoisted the main sail, lifted the anchor and piloted our way out of the Bay and around the Island. By 11.15 the wind was southerly at 10 knots so we set a course of 355 degrees, unfurled the jib, turned off the engine and goose-winged the sails. At 12.15, we changed course to 345 degrees, poled out the headsail and enjoyed some pleasant sailing for the next three and a half hours. Then we had to change course to 330 degrees at 15.40 so the engine was started and headsail furling. Later, we had the company of many dolphins whose antics were watched with much pleasure. At 19.00 we arrived in Blacksod Bay and picked up a visitor's mooring near the new pier. Over the day we had six and a half hours sailing and travelled a distance of 38.6 miles.

Following a very comfortable night, Harold, Robert and I went ashore after breakfast to explore. We tied up the dinghy to the pontoon and then had to climb through netting before we could put a foot on the pontoon – very awkward! We walked to the new harbour and learned that it had only been officially opened on the Wednesday of the previous week. It was a very impressive structure and should benefit the fishermen consider-



Local taxi on Aran.

ably. There was no village here and we walked back to the pontoon where we met a man called Mr. McLavelle who was very helpful to us. He took our rubbish and disposed of it and also offered us water. Unfortunately the water taps on the pier have 1inch fittings and there were no hoses. This man is well known to be helpful to yachtsmen and makes one feel welcome. He operates a fishing and pleasure boat and was taking out a group of students that morning.

We returned to our boat and at 11.30 left the mooring. Again we had to motorsail as the wind had gone into the north and we were facing a confused sea. At 14.10 we got sailing at 60 degrees to the wind, for an hour and a half, and by 15.30 we had passed Eagle Island and set course for Erris Head. We passed the headland, changed the course to go to Broadhaven and again were accompanied by dolphins. On arrival at Broadhaven we picked up a visitor's mooring behind the lifeboat. The Belmullet peninsula is "off the beaten track" and hence there is not a lot there – a very isolated place. After an evening meal on board we had an early night! The next day was to be challenging for we were hoping to cross Donegal Bay.

At 06.00, we left the mooring, and headed out of the Bay bound for Arranmore off Burtonport. The wind was in the north at 15 knots, and by 08.00 our course was 053 and we were punching our way into the sea. We had to motorsail and it was difficult to maintain 5 knots. These conditions remained all morning but by 1330 the wind veered to the northeast and we bore away 15 degrees to try to drive the boat. At 15.30 we tacked and set a course of 354 degrees, which we maintained until 20.00 when we were 2 miles from Arranmore lighthouse. We made for the island and by 21.15 had anchored in 7.3m. At the end of our passage we had motorsailed, on the wind for 15 hours 15 mins, but we had safely crossed Donegal Bay so we were glad to settle down and have another early night.

The following morning Harold contacted the harbourmaster at Burtonport for we needed to top up with diesel. We made our way in through the narrow, winding, picturesque channel, to lie along the harbour wall and wait for him to arrive at the arranged time of noon. However, he was over an hour late, but all was forgiven when he presented us with six fresh crabs straight from the pots he had been clearing. He told us how to cook them and I gave Robert two large pots and let him get on with it! The day was spent lunching, shopping and dining in the town as we had the privilege and permission to remain overnight at the wall. We have always been well looked after in this town.

Next day, Friday 6th August, we departed at 0800 and piloted our way out towards Arranmore, and by 0845 we had the engine off and we were sailing with headsail only on a

course of 040 degrees. The wind was favourable from the southwest at 20k. We passed inside the Stags and were opposite Bloody Foreland at 10.35, tramping on at 5.5 knots under headsail through Tory Sound. We were amazed at the development of holiday homes along the north Donegal coast. At 1400 we changed course to 100 degrees and motorsailed in the 10 knot westerly wind. Harold had been in contact with Richard Black who has a home at Portsalon and he said that he would sail out to meet us. He now owns a classic yacht, 28ft long, built in Lough Swilly and called *Colleen Bawn*. We saw the blue sails of his boat at Fanad Head at 17.15 and it was a most welcoming and heartening sight, if not somewhat emotional as well. On both boats we were all a noisy bunch, shouting greetings and blowing horns. We sailed in together and picked up a mooring in the Bay at Portsalon. That evening we dined ashore at the Golf Club and thoroughly enjoyed catching up with "old friends", Richard and Heather.

Saturday 7th August, the shipping forecast informed us of a strong gale warning for Malin – a southeasterly force 8. We quickly made the boat tidy and decided that the wisest move we could make was to go to Lough Swilly Marina, at Fahan. The tide was ebbing and we had no time to spare. We told Richard of our move and he decided to take his boat to its mooring at Rathmullan. We left Port Salon at 11.00 and with some smart navigating and piloting we were alongside a berth at 12.30. The owner of a very well maintained Ballad didn't make the move and sadly his boat ended up on the rocks and perished.

We kept *Gentle Spirit* in the Marina for three days but during that time we had a chance to learn more about the area. A ferry goes between Buncrana and Rathmullan and although had only been operating since Easter, was proving very popular. We went on the ferry to the other side. Richard met us and took us on tours around the area and generally looked after us very well. With the facilities that are available now it promises to be a good cruising ground for the future.

Richard and some friends joined us on the afternoon of Tuesday 10th August and we left the Marina to head back to Portsalon. It was an unpleasant, wet day, but that didn't bother us too much as we all enjoyed ourselves anyway. Safely back at the mooring, we made the boat secure and went ashore for the rest of the evening.

We had a super time socialising with all the company but all good things must come to an end. For us it meant that we had to press on, so on Thursday 12th August we said our farewells and slipped away from the mooring to head to Leenane Bay to

anchor, remain overnight and await the morning tide. At this stage we had completed 837 miles and so far things had gone very well.

On Friday 13th August we raised the anchor at 06.00 and headed out of Lough Swilly bound for Ballycastle. By 07.00 we cleared Dunaff Head and were able to set a course of 040, but with the wind from the northeast at 15 knots we had to motorsail hard on the wind. At 07.15 we had to move 15 degrees to starboard to avoid *Celtic Explorer*, an extremely large fishing vessel and by 07.25 we were back on course. By 08.00 we were motorsailing at 6.5k and Malin Head was abeam, and by 09.00, course 110 degrees, we were going through Inishtrahull Sound at 6.8k, in a very rough sea. The wind was in the east at 10 to 15 knots and the day was overcast. Once through the Sound, the sea became calmer, the day was brightening and a light northeasterly was starting up. Benbane Head and Rathlin Island were in view at 12.00 but the tide was now against us and in the light wind we were only making about 4 knots. At 14.00 Benbane Head was abeam and by 1600 we were tied up in Ballycastle alongside a boat named *Black Stranger*. We availed ourselves of the very good facilities at the marina and in the evening ate ashore at Wiseners, an excellent steak restaurant.

Next morning, in lovely sunshine, at 08.00 we left Ballycastle to head south. We were on a course of 165 degrees, the sea was calm and the wind was in the southeast – on the bow again! We arrived in Glenarm Marina at 11.45 and tied up, spending the rest of the day quietly, enjoying the walks and the sunshine. The following day, Sunday 15th August, we left Glenarm at 09.00 for the final leg of our passage home to Carrickfergus. We tried a headsail but were beaten, so had to content ourselves until we got to Cloghan Jetty. There are always mixed feelings for us as we approach the end of our journey. On the one hand we are glad to be back safely, but on the other there is a sadness that the journey is over and it is the end of the season's holiday for that year. As we entered Belfast Lough we put the engine off and with the headsail out we were sailing with relish for the wind was 60 degrees off the bow!! At least we were able to finish our trip with a cracking sail and berthed in the marina at 14.00.

Overall this had been a splendid journey round Ireland and we had completed 938 miles.

Despite the fact that much of the journey was motorsailing we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and have started to plan our cruise for 2005.

This log missed the deadline for the 2004 Annual, but the Editor is happy to include it this year.

**Ron Cudmore writes
of a week's sailing
on the Ionian Sea**

In June, I sailed with fellow ICC members Richard Cudmore, Tom Kirby and Tony Casey to Brittany. In September, Anne (wife), Harold (brother), and I joined a friend for a week's sailing on the Ionian Sea. Before joining the boat at Paxos, we hiked up Mount Olympus (2,900m) – a recommended detour.

North East Passage and Polar Circumnavigation, Completed

Paddy Barry & Jarlath Cunnane



THE FASTNET TROPHY

FOR AN OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT
IN SAILING BY A PERSON OR PERSONS
FROM ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD

“Of all routes to China and the fabulous East, the most accessible appeared to be the passage between the northern coasts of Europe and Asia and the Pole. Mercator, the greatest geographer of his age, opined that it was “very easy and short”. He was wrong, on both counts.

Last year, 2004, in *Northabout* we succeeded in traversing about half of the North East Passage, from Alaska westwards. The heavy ice around Cape Chelyuskin proved impassable. We retreated and over-wintered the boat in Khatanga.

As in last year’s description, I draw on our 2005 Progress Reports as we put them on our website www.northabout.com. These, unpolished, tell our story.

As previously, myself, Expedition Leader, and Jarlath Cunnane, Skipper, were in effect a partnership; together with our good friends Kevin Cronin, Michael Brogan, Gary Finnegan, Rory Casey and Colm Brogan. Russian ‘ice-pilot’ Slava Laskevich, again was with us.

May 2005. The Siberian winter had been a cold one. Very cold – a real Russian winter. The Russian ice-men say that that’s a good thing. They say that cold winters are followed by hot summers, and that’s what we need to pour the hot rivers northward to melt the Arctic ice.

We hope that the cold hasn’t damaged *Northabout* in her winter berth within the frozen-in hull of the big river barge. In Nome, Alaska, in 2001 she came safely through a winter which went to minus 40 degrees. Anyway we’ll know shortly because Jarlath and Tom Moran are going out in ten days time to oversee the lift-out and to get the mast back in and the boat

ready. Our friends in Khatanga tell us that the river should be clear of ice and flowing by June 12th.

We’ve had a busy winter fundraising. That end of things is looking OK, thanks to our own cash-call, good friends, including the ICC, and some commercial support. Colm is now working in Moscow and he’s talking to our old friends in the Northern Sea Route Administration. We hope to get the Permit by extension of last year’s, rather than go through the whole process again.

Last year in Khatanga we asked why we couldn’t just lift the boat onto the riverbank for the winter? The answer we were given was that, apart from any security problems, the river rises 10 metres, yes, 33 feet! during meltdown.

What happens is that around May the big melt begins inland, several thousand miles upriver. The melt water begins to run under the river-ice, bulging it upward. Then the river-ice is broken upward by the water-pressure and the ice begins to flow, big lumps the size of houses. A few days later much of this ice gets grounded on the shallows where the river meets the sea. This huge build-up in effect becomes a dam, with the river building up behind it. A few days later, wham, the dam bursts and the river takes off, water and ice fly seaward. By June 12th all should be placid – or so we’re told! And *Northabout* will be launched.

The sea ice won’t start to crack up until the beginning of August, so there’s no point in our getting started before then. At the end of June, Jarlath and Tom will be back home and will tell us how they got on.



Migrating caribou, Khatanga, Siberia, Russia.

Photo: Rory Casey

2 July. Khatanga. Jarlath wrote – A Lufthansa flight took us to Moscow, and from there a five-hour Kras-Air flight to Krasnoyarsk, another four and a half hour flight to Norilsk, and the final leg a two-hour flight to Khatanga. The border guards at Norilsk were not happy with our visitors’ visa and held us while we were checked out. Eventually they were satisfied that we were no threat to the state and allowed us to continue our journey. ‘Welcome to Russia’ said the officer in charge. We had the same difficulty on landing at Khatanga. With the inevitable delays between flights and checks at airports, two very tired crew checked into the hotel in Khatanga on Tuesday 14th June. Showers, hot water or flush toilets were not available in the hotel, which worsened our mood.

The town was in the process of recovering from the severe (minus 57 degree) winter. Heating and water pipes were being replaced, and the dirt roads re-surfaced.

Next morning a visit to the harbour brought more surprises, Valodia, our barge-man, was out of town, nobody knew for how long, or the location of the barge containing *Northabout*. The river was in full spate and the harbour area unrecognisable under an estimated 10 metres of melt water. With the help of our friend Vladimir and the assistant harbour master, we were assured of assistance in the morning. "Maybe tomorrow" was a phrase we were to hear many times over the next two weeks.

It was 16th June before we saw *Northabout*, still snug in its barge which was moored downstream. The harbour tug brought us out for a quick look, with a promise to bring us out to work on her in the morning. The engine started immediately, despite the on-board min / max thermometer recording a lowest winter temperature of minus 36 degrees.

The only casualties to the frost were Colm's celebratory cache of champagne and the hot water calorifier, ruptured by ice. No more hot showers on this trip, though we hope Colm will re-stock!

The constant north wind, force 6 to 7, against the river flow of 5 to 6 knots, created a dangerous chop. The temperature generally was in the region of +2 to 3 degrees, with the novelty of 24-hour daylight.

In the morning after a couple of hours work, the tug came back to take us and other ships' crews ashore, concerned for our safety; severe winds were forecast for the afternoon. "Maybe tomorrow ok".

As the days passed, Tom got through the list of work, including fitting the new depth-sounder transducer and other work below the waterline.

Try as we might we could not get any commitment on a launch date. Eventually a contract to launch was signed, and we waited patiently. The lack of communication was frustrating and exacerbated by our lack of Russian.

On 22nd June our barge was moved and moored alongside the floating crane. Tom and I were ready from early morning with slings in place. We waited and waited, and in the evening as we were about to give up hope of a launch, the crane crew swung into action and *Northabout* was in the water, on the ninth day after our arrival in Khatanga. Stepping the mast was difficult in the windy conditions, The only damage was the loss of the VHF antenna.

Northabout is now at anchor on the Khatanga River in the care of our good friend Vladimir Yurchenko. Without his help in dealing with officials and in translation, Tom and I would have literally been up the creek.

Paddy wrote: the fortnight before we left Dublin on Sunday August 7th, was so frustrating as to make you 'burst out cryin', as each morning we waited in vain for the necessary documents from Moscow to get our Russian 3-month visas. When eventually they did come, they were incorrectly dated. Only with the help of the Dept. of Foreign Affairs in Dublin did the visas come right, with five minutes to Russian Embassy 'closing time'.

Our check-in time at Dublin airport was 04.30, so packed bags were left in our car boot, and, you've guessed it, the boot was broken into. Stolen were our Satellite Phone and two computers, one for chart back-up and one for communications, pretty fundamental kit, and a heavy hit.

The flight to Moscow, via Warsaw, was uneventful. Our Moscow 'Partner' met us with a minibus and painlessly conveyed us to a high grade hotel. They knew the Irish! 400 soccer supporters had stayed there and were well remembered!

The phone and email began to hum as Rory Casey, with us in Moscow, and Brendan Minish, back in Castlebar, did Trojan



In the wake of *Sovietski Soyuz*, nuclear ice-breaker, Siberia.

Photo: Rory Casey

work on information transfer. We bought a new phone and a lap-top and 'cybered' all the lost / stolen data into it. Now we're all 'info'd up again, thanks to Brendan and Rory's ability to 'walk the cyber-walk'.

The Northern Sea Route Permit was yet another exercise in heroics and last-minute bureaucracies, despite months of preparation. On Monday afternoon Colm went with our partner to collect the Permit – not a hope! Much changing of documents to be re-provided, and even on Tuesday the issuing of this vital document was far from straightforward. Fair play to Colm Brogan for his Herculean work.

Three time-zones east of Moscow, in the Siberian Republic of Khrasnoyarski, the tundra rose to meet us, green among the lakes, as we flew in low under the cloud. As we touched down, so did some of the plane's ceiling! Khatanga airport and hotel were as ever.

August 14th. Khatanga. For two weeks now the wind has been blowing from the northeast, pulling the sea-ice down onto the Laptev Sea along the Taimur Peninsula, exactly where we want to go.

So here we are, ready to boogie, and sitting tight – no point in leaving the (relative) comfort of Khatanga until there is prospect of at least some clear water.

However impatient we may be, we can't but feel for the crew of the ship anchored out in the river, the *Toliati*. She came in last summer, discharged her cargo but needed her propeller repaired, and is only now ready to go back round Cape Chelyuskin, some of her crew aboard since last year.

We brought *Northabout* in from anchor, where our friend Vladimir had minded her since Tom and Jarlaths visit in June. Alongside, Jarlath and I chose to vacate the hotel in favour of the comfort of the boat, an unusual twist; at least the toilet in the boat has water!

It's about 8 degrees and raining. The night dulls for about three hours, not yet darkening. We're dieselled up, sails bent on, food stores topped up and ready to go. The wind is due to change to the south in about three days time, then we'll be down the river and away – we hope!

August 17th. Leaving Khatanga. "To travel in the Arctic is to wait", and do we know that.

The wind has gone to the northwest along the Taimur

Peninsula, and that's good – but will it be good enough to move the ice?

We're leaving Khatanga tomorrow morning, going down the big river and into the 'Zaliv', the Bay. We may not get very far in the Bay because we're hearing of a tanker coming in from Tiksi making slow going of it, even with the ice-breaker *Kapitan Babicheff* leading.

Anyway it'll be great to be away. The charms of the town of Khatanga have long diminished. Our paperwork is complete; we're dieselled and have taken on water – from the brown river. We're assured that there's no toxic, but by-dad we'll boil it well!

This morning we saw migrating reindeer swimming across the river; a stag leading and the rest closely bunched about 10 metres behind. We followed, not too close, as they stepped out of the river and trotted up the bank and away across the tundra.

The other big animal we saw was the Mammoth, this one long dead, 23,000 years ago in fact. These furry elephant-like creatures with the long curved tusks once roamed these northern lands in great numbers. With the warm up after the ice age they declined into extinction. Frenchman Bernard Buigues has made a lifetime's work of their study and collection of remnants. Here in an ice-cave in Khatanga, hewn into the cliff above where we're moored, he has brought his finds from all over the north.

He showed us his 'centrepiece', a full mammoth, horns sticking out but body still largely encased in the frozen soil in which she has been entombed all these thousands of years. Bernard works in cooperation with Russian academia and French scientists.

This may not seem like much of a 'progress' report, but as they say, 'all journeys begin with one step'. We're taking that tomorrow.

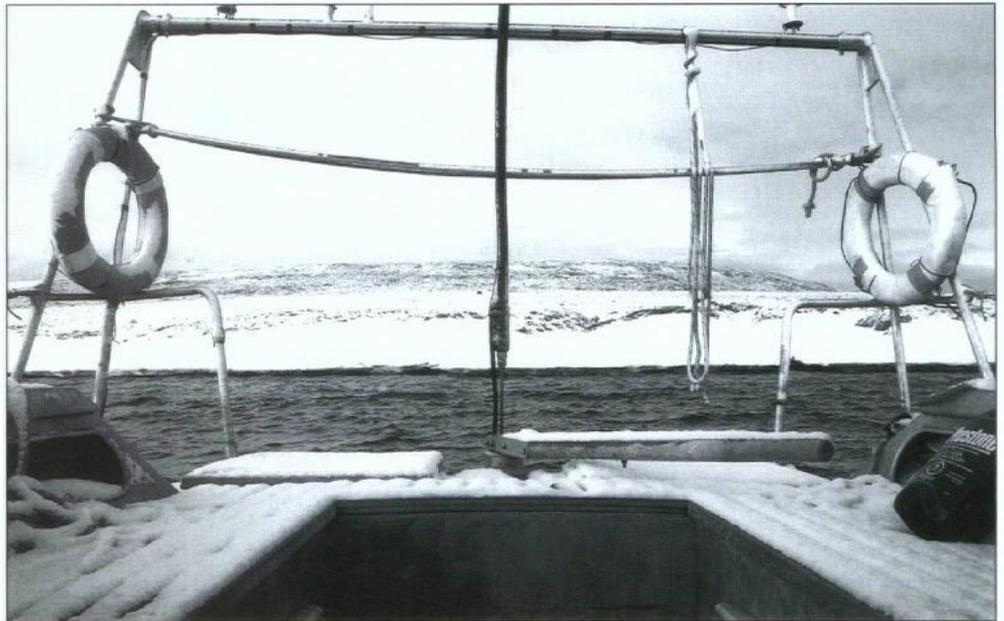
Michael Brogan wrote of the Jarkov Mammoth.

Around this time, a Frenchman, Bernard Buigues, was operating a tourist Arctic business, Cerpolex, doing tours to the North Pole from Khatanga. Bernard heard about the find and immediately took an interest. He delayed his return to Paris in October of that year in order to have a closer look. With a hair dryer he began to melt an area around the permafrost and found hair attached to skin and of course the two large tusks.

He returned the following year with ground-penetrating radar and discovered a completely intact adult Mammoth. A rare find. There was huge interest in the find and over the following two years, he and his team excavated a 23-ton block of permafrost containing the Mammoth and transported it by helicopter, into a cave specially cut into the permafrost under Khatanga.

We were given a tour of the frozen laboratory by Bernard who painstakingly works away on the hundreds of tusks and bones on these extinct animals. At the end of the cave in a separate chamber there was the frozen block containing the

Jarkov Mammoth. Two 9-foot long tusks weighing 100 lbs each protruded from the block. We got to see and feel the skin and hair of this mighty creature that died about 23,000 years ago.



A nice fresh morning; – Sun Bay, Siberia, Russia.

Photo: Rory Casey

At the end of the Ice Age, the denuded marshes and loose sand became a death trap for these huge animals, reaching 9 feet at the shoulder. By the early 20th century the remains of 50,000 Mammoths have been taken from Siberia. The last known Woolly Mammoth to have roamed the Earth was in Wrangle Island a mere 3700 years ago.

We hope the Jarkov Mammoth will indeed bring prosperity to Khatanga.

M.B.

In Khatanga the locals say that it was the Mammoth that put their town on the map.

In autumn of 1997 a local Dolgan boy, Kostan Jarkov, spotted a large tusk protruding from the Tundra near Khatanga.

21st August 2005. The Fire Station siren wailed. A ship in the river hooted as last Thursday morning, we left Khatanga and began our river journey. A half dozen people waved us good-bye. Well might the hooters toot; we had left a lot of money in Khatanga.

The river flowed at 3 knots, each of its twisting sections marked by transit marks on shore, the shallows and blind channels in wait for the unvigilant. With our borrowed River Pilot chart book we ticked them off.

That night we passed a reindeer swimming, and the river ferry *Taimur*, going upriver, old friends. She flashed her lights in salute; we waved our thanks.

In Friday's early light the river widened and grew shallow as, our 31 river sections completed, the 'Zaliv' (Bay) spread northeastwards before us. A brisk wind filled our sails and gave us 7 knots – mighty to be on our way.

All day it blew a fresh force 5 from the northwest. There was going to be ice ahead, but this wind just might blow it out enough from the shore to let us by. It continued through the night. There was a little more light than last night, just dullness for about 3 hours.

Southwest of Bolshoi Begicheff Ostrov (Island) we met the oil-tanker bringing in the annual supply, several days overdue. She, led by a river ice-breaker, had had a hard slow time breaking through the ice.

By Saturday evening we had made great progress up the barren east coast of the Taimur Peninsula. There was ice, but with only an occasional 'fight' for us through bands about half a mile wide. Ice is never (nearly) so bad when you can see clear

water on the other side. By mid-afternoon we were at latitude 75 degrees 50 minutes, only about 30 miles short of last years 'furthest north', so hard won then.

At 16.00 our log reads: "We've just had sat-phone contact with Nicolay Babich (our Murmansk 'Controller')."

Babich says: "There's heavy ice inshore ahead." "The Atomic I/B (Ice-Breaker) *Sovietskiy Sojuz* is stationed 70 miles from us, offshore, outside the ice." He gave us its lat / long and recommends that we should alter course towards it, working as best we can through the ice.

We took his recommendation, but with considerable misgivings as much of *Northabout's* success in getting through ice is due to her shallow draft (with centreboard up), which allows us to scrape along, inshore of ice, where bigger vessels can't go.

Going offshore we fought ice all the way. By 22.00 we had come to a full-stop. We just couldn't make any further progress in what was now 8/10 ice, initially with occasional bands of water, now none. We were faced with the prospect of sitting tight in the ice, waiting out a change, days indefinite. Or going backwards, if we could, to the sheltered area of Martha Island, where we had spent 11 frustrating days last year.

We chose a third option! We radioed *Sovietski Soyuz*, 2nd Generation Nuclear Icebreaker.

"Hello lads, how's it goin'?" "Not too bad in the ice-breaker", is that a fact!

"Not great for us - seein' as how you ask. Any chance of an oul dig out?"

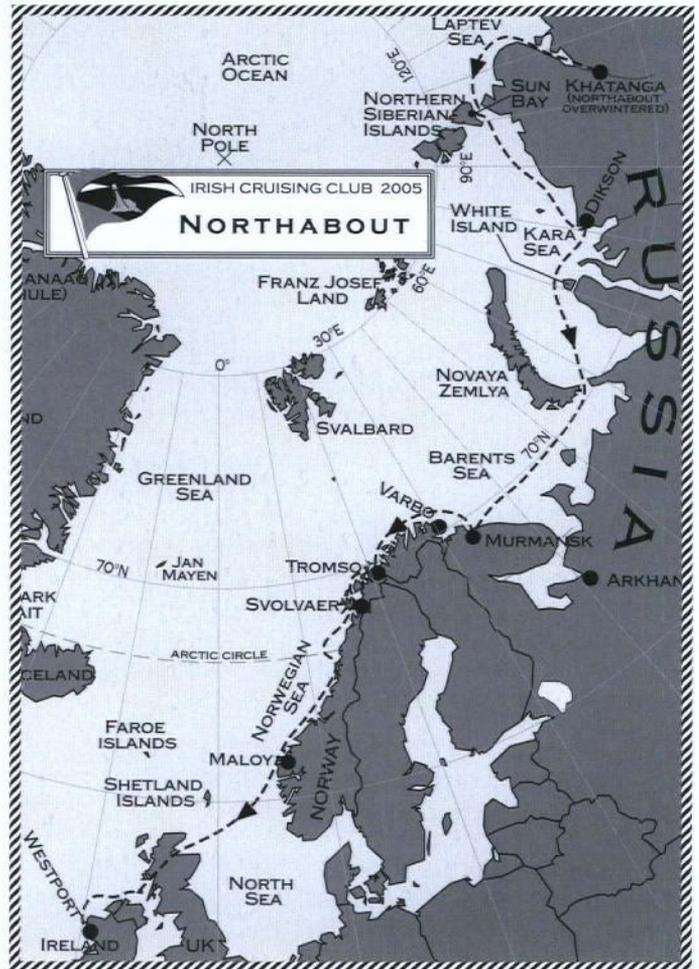
Not a hope, they had never heard of us, had no instructions. Well, we sat-phoned Murmansk, got hold of Mr. Babich (not bad for a Saturday night), and our Slava turned on the charm, and how.

Over the next hour the communication was hot. Tension filled our cabin. Outside, the ice filled-in around us in a light fog. Silence.

Then, midnight, came the word. The I/B would be on its way, at 18 knots, through the ice - what a machine! 75,000 horsepower.

At 03.00 this morning it broke through, did a wheelie, big wheelie, the water churned around us, house-sized ice lumps jumping around us - what had we brought on ourselves? More than we could chew??

VHF radios rat-tat-tatted, her wash streamed back around



us, her beam-jets blew and the ice moved - leaving a clear channel, about 40 metres wide.

And off we went, at 7 knots through the solid field of broken, densely packed, grey ice. Some gulls and a harassing skua appeared, fishing in the churned water.

Our sounder showed only about 3 metres, even though we knew it to be 50 metres deep - the cavitation from the ice-breaker's three propellers was doing that. Her stern lights, 70 metres ahead, burned through the thickened fog. Our engine, 90 horsepower, didn't falter.

At 07.30 this Sunday morning we were out of the ice, into the open calm Laptev Sea. The ice-breaker hove to, we went alongside, diminutive, exchanged greetings and bagged presents, sent down and up on lines, and we were on our way.

It snowed earlier. Now, it's 13.00, the air is minus two degrees, and we're moving fast and hard along the Saint Nicholas Sea-Route, 295 degrees, towards Proлив Vilkitski.

Cape Chelyuskin, Cape Horn of the north, is only 110 miles away.

August 23rd. At anchor. Guba Solnechova (Sun Bay), Bolshevik Island, Northern Siberian Islands. There's a book, 'The Uttermost



The dock at Dikson, Siberia, Russia.

Photo: Rory Casey

Place on Earth', written about Tierra Del Fuego. No it's not! This is. And we're glad and relieved to be here. We're on anchor in this sheltered bay, as the wind rises and the ice thunders down wind outside in Proliv Vilkitski.

Early yesterday morning euphoria reigned. We posed for our cameras, and raised our whiskey glasses. Cape Chelyuskin Polar Station, with its half dozen buildings, antennas and oil tanks was a couple of miles across the broken ice, access possible, but dodgy. We stayed out.

Our information was that the way forward was fairly clear of ice: with confidence we plotted our course, through Vilkitski Strait and out into the Kara Sea. It was not to be. Every direction we turned, we met with dead ends. Even from the vantage of high on the mast you can see only about three miles. Ice, viewed from a distance, always looks impenetrable. Very often, on close approach, the white line is seen to consist of floes with open water between, three-tenths or maybe only two tenths of the sea surface being ice covered. This is called 3/10 ice or 2/10, easily navigated; although it often concentrates in bands, not so navigable. Nonetheless, by the evening of the 22nd we had made about thirty-five miles. Two events then coincided.

We could get no further. And a sat-phone call from Murmansk warned of a rising northwest gale or possibly even storm, and an associated changing ice situation; pack ice, 10/10, sweeping in with it.

They suggested that we make for the shelter of this bay on the south side of Bolshevik Island – more easily said than done, as the ice had already thickened around us. That it was twenty-five miles back-track from whence we had come was now incidental.

Some of the way back was easy enough, but some most definitely was not. We hope that the banging and scraping hasn't done damage to our centreboard and rudder. Several times both were seen to jump as we drove through tight ice, engine revving and ice-poles pushing. The grim prospect of being swept back eastwards into the Laptev Sea lent strength and urgency to our efforts.

At 00.30 this morning we dropped anchor, and here we are in Sun Bay.

Friday August 26th. Sun Bay. Snow on the ground and on the deck; on anchor we've swung in close to the shore as the wind has veered around to the northeast and eased. The sun is shining and visibility is good – a sparkling Siberian day.

The gale is over and the outside thermometer shows it still



Entrance to the banya (sauna) in Dikson, Siberia, Russia. Photo: Rory Casey

minus two degrees. We're on our fourth day here, with messages of encouragement coming in on our e-mail of 'God Speed' and 'downhill'. It will be downhill, but a 100-mile band of ice now blocks our way, where there was none last week.

With the Laptev Sea behind us we think again occasionally of Jerome Collins who died there and particularly appreciate the lovely letter that we got from his great-great-grandniece Amy Johnson.

So we wait. Paw prints, on the snow 30 metres away on the shore, show where our friend the bear was around last night – as long as there are none on the deck!

Gary strums his new song, "Chelyuskin Blues". Initially on coming in here, we considered it no bad thing to have a break from the constant 'bashing-on'. Now we are impatient to be on the go again. One convoy went through westwards yesterday, a nuclear I/B with an ice-class survey vessel. Standing by outside our bay is the non ice-class freighter *Toliat*, awaiting better ice conditions.

Our watches have been stood-down while here on anchor. We lie reading in our bunks and rise at will. Breakfast, ad-hoc, begins about ten and continues to midday, usually a creative nosh-up by Gary of eggs with some of yesterday's dinner leftovers, tea and Kevin's baked brown bread. (We've had no porridge yet this trip). Through the afternoon, crackers or Ryvita with maybe tinned mackerel would keep us nibbling. Real coffee is running low, but there's plenty of 'instant'.

Slava is comfortable and confident about us, and on the radio chats with his colleagues on the ice-breakers. And we with him. As they say in Russian 'bceo kharasho' – everything's grand!

About eight or nine in the evening the galley begins to hop. It could be Michael or Gary or Rory, conjuring up the dinner. Potatoes, or rice or pasta would be the mainstay, with tinned meat, cunningly spiced, dyed or whatever – it always turns out good. About 22.00 we eat, with a beer – and if it looks like there's nothing going to happen, a follower or two, with maybe a vodka for a nightcap.

Email connection with Brendan is a high point of the day. We had a few days of sunspot activity, giving bad radio conditions which put us on 'cold-turkey'. It's grand to get the home emails again. Right now, Friday 24.00, we're waiting to get updated word on the ice conditions and any prospects of getting on our way. In the meantime, here in the high Arctic, we wait.

August 28th. Into the Kara Sea. We're lashin' down the Kara Sea. Yesterday afternoon, as we were about to go 'sightseeing' in our Bay, a call came.

"Let's Go! There's a convoy being assembled". Three hours later, we were back at Cape Chelyuskin, last in line of a convoy led by the I/B *Vaigach*, to break and push the ice, followed by I/B *Sovietski Soyus* with her beam air-jets pushing out the ice to form a channel. Two nuclear icebreakers!

At one stage we passed a mammy bear and her two cubs jumping around on the ice, as we passed. We're through the ice now and goin' gallant for Dikson.

August 31st. Goin' for Novaya Zemlya.

We'll stop into Dikson as planned and the less said about that unfortunate place the better. The dockside scene would hardly have you rushing to your travel agent.

However we got diesel there and filled our water tank, all in very fast order. And come to think of it, the craic we had in the café-bar that opened up especially for us on the Monday night, wasn't at all bad. We'd had a 'banya' in the afternoon and maybe it was the euphoria of being so clean!

Brief history of the North East Passage

Bolshevik Island is midway along this 3,000 mile north coast of Asia. Here we are at 78 degrees, its most northerly latitude, and so on a convenient platform to view it both geographically and with some historical perspective.

Russians call it The Northern Sea Route. Indigenous people have lived here and travelled its shores from time immemorial, 'before the white man came'. Russians came north for the fur. The eastern boundary of the Czars empire extended to the Pacific Ocean, and indeed into northern America. Its western lands into Europe were well known. To the far north, the map was largely blank.

Czar Peter the Great, in 1725, resolved to amend this. His Great Northern Expedition, over the next 17 years, 1,000 men in five detachments, achieved remarkable results. Their methodology was to travel eastward on known inland routes. Meeting the big north-flowing rivers they would build boats and sail to the arctic shores, mapping east and west. The names of their leaders adorn the map, Bering, Dezhnev, Laptev and our own current favourite, Semyon Chelyuskin, who in May 1742 reached Asia's most northerly point by sledge. For four successive summers he tried and failed to sail round it.

Further expeditions over the next 100 years filled in added detail, led by such as Billings, Litke and Wrangel, all involving over-wintering, and with help from native Chukchi, Yakuts, Dolgan and Nenets. In parallel, commercial endeavour brought the Russian Pomors, coastal traders, eastward from the White Sea and into the lower reaches of the Kara Sea.

The British traders Chancellor and Willoughby followed them in 1553, reaching Moscow upriver and overland. Dutchman Willem Barents, trying in 1597 for Cathay through a North East Passage, reached the northern coast of Novaya Zemlya, New Land. He and his men over-wintered there, unintentionally. The foundations of his hut remain.

The first to traverse the North East Passage was the wealthy and well travelled Swedish Baron Nils Nordenskiold. He, in his 300 ton Vega, made from west to east in 1878 and was beset only a short 100 miles north of the Bering Strait. He got through the following summer.

Norwegian Fridtjof Nansen traversed much of the passage eastwards as far as the New Siberian Islands in 1893, before deliberately setting his Fram into the ice for a northern 2-year drift.

In 1899 these arctic seas saw an icebreaker for the first time, the Yermak. In 1914-15 the icebreakers Taimur and Vaigach journeyed from Vladivostok to Arkhangel'sk, the first Russian transit.

They discovered the islands at which we are now anchored, the Northern Siberian Islands. Their leader, Boris Vilkitskiy, took the losing side in the 1917 revolution, but nonetheless his name was given to the strait between Bolshevik Island and Cape Chelyuskin.

The Soviets closed all Russia to foreigners, but before this became effective Roald Amundson, he of the North West Passage and the South Pole, made a west to east transit in Maud in the 3 years 1918-21. Russian icebreakers have since made the transit, the nuclear ones virtually at will. However this is infrequent as shipping needs are taken care of, from the east by their Far East Shipping Company and from the west by their Murmansk Shipping Company.

Small boat passages of note have since been:

Yakutia 1991. Tiksi-Chukotka. 1992 Cargoed back to Tiksi. 1993 Tiksi-Murmansk.

Apostle Andrew (Nicolau Latau) East to West, 1998-99, overwintering in Tiksi.

Sibir (Sergei Cherbakov) West to East, 2000-2002.

Vagabond (Eric Brossier) West to East, 2002.

Dagmar Aaen (Arved Fuchs) West to East, 2002.

Campina (Henk De Velde) East to Tiksi, 2003. Tiksi to Taimur, 2004. Ice damage caused abandonment of voyage. Cargoed to Murmansk.

24 hours after arriving we were at sea again, in the fog. This is a foggy place. All around the mouth of the Yenesei River it's foggy 15 days in the month at this time of the year. With our GPS and Radar and electronic charts the fog is not a problem. Unless of course one of the freight vessels coming down the river from the huge mines of Norilsk happened to be converging! It hasn't happened; the Yenesei and the River Ob are behind us, and it's sunny and warm.

It wasn't so in 1912 for our hero Valerian Albanov. He was first officer on the *Saint Anna*. They intended to traverse the North East Passage to the Pacific Ocean. *Saint Anna* became trapped near here in the ice of the Kara Sea, and drifted northwards towards the Pole for one and a half years. Albanov, leading 13 men, left the ship and made an epic three-month journey over ice and sea to safety in Franz Joseph Land.

His story is in the book 'In the Land of White Death' – charming! Happily ice is no longer a problem for us, just wind and weather now.

It's 800 miles to Murmansk, we'll be passing Novaya Zemlya, but can't stop there. It's high security and all that, and maybe somewhat radioactive too, between nuclear testing and occasional dumping of the bad stuff.

Our current problem, isn't there always something, is that in 6 days time, Tuesday next, there's a forecast for the father and mother of a westerly gale. We are trying to get to Murmansk before it hits. So we're hammering on into headwinds at the moment, using engine and sail, when it helps, trying to cover ground fast. Happy days, if uncomfortable.

White Island. We landed there; you'd have to, this island is at the top end of the Yamal Peninsula and Michael wrote: "White Island is a low lying tract of land about 20 miles in diameter, cut off from the Yamal Peninsula by the narrow Malygin Strait. We went ashore there yesterday. The sandy beach on the north shore was littered with massive driftwood, some of which was washed far inshore by northerly storms and ice. On the horizon to the south we could see the silhouettes of reindeer grazing on the tundra, and to the east, a lone muskox. The birds were agitated as we invaded their territory. Gaggles of geese flew overhead, as ever out of range. To the native Nanty/ Samoyed population, this is their Sacred Ground. We didn't find any evidence of their presence, but there, 200 metres in from the shore, was a Light Tower, constructed of wood, and powered by a small nuclear cell." We stayed well clear.

John Murray, of 'Crossing the Line Films', who is making a film of our expedition, has also made a documentary on the Nomadic People of the Yamal Peninsula.

And Kevin wrote of: Aurora Borealis

Night sky viewing has been disappointing so far. A combination of long Arctic days and fog has allowed us only an occasional glimpse of the moon and none of the stars. Now that we are at lower latitudes and the nights are getting longer and darker we expect to do better.

Last night we were rewarded for our long wait. A clear night, only the thinnest sliver of a moon sitting on the horizon and real darkness setting in after a glorious sunset. All the stars, planets and constellations we are familiar with, slowly flooded into view. At about 01.00 the Aurora started its display. Jarlath and Rory were on watch with Mike and myself below having just finished. They shouted down to us to come and look. Quickly we were all on deck. And it was spectacular.

A white trail arched across the sky from west to east over the top of our mast and sail. It was shimmying and shivering like a curtain in a breeze. Other patterns formed. Streaks of light, white brush strokes lightly daubed in groups on the steel blue sky, circles and whorls and undulations of all

shapes. And within each pattern – a wild pulsing and vibrating. The dominant colour was white but at the fringes there were flashes of reds and greens. It was mesmerising.

We watched for over an hour as the great celestial artist wielded his brush and stroked the sky with wraith-like patterns and curtains of light. We tried to photograph it, but it is impossible to do so from a moving boat.

It stopped suddenly and did not appear again. Definitely the highlight of my voyage!

Sunday, midday, September 3rd. We're 130 miles from the entry to Murmansk Fjorda, and the laptop is bouncing on the cabin table as we're hammering into a force 7 northwesterly. The day is fine up in the cockpit, blue skies and white clouds, the sea whitewashed with scattered foam, fulmars gliding and a strong wake behind us. We're not sparing the diesel or the sailcloth, as we're trying to get into the fjord before a strong southerly hits us, due tonight.

We've had good conditions since we passed Novaya Zemlya and got into the Barents Sea. We were saying "We'll pay for this yet". Then again, maybe we've paid for it already.

Monday September 5th. Last night, in the 04.00 darkness, we were boarded by Border Guard, arrested and *Northabout* was brought back to their mother ship. There our papers were taken. We politely drank vodka with them and cooked breakfast for them, their guns now put to one side, and drank another vodka or two. Six hours later we were free to go.

We're now going up Murmansk Fjord, the North East Passage behind us. Come raise your glass with us, or better still – a bottle.

Thursday September 8th. Murmansk was all abuzz! A lively city of half a million people, working and going about their business. Our heads are now clearing from the mixture of paperwork and alcohol induced euphoria.

Nicolay Babich, who is controller of the Russian icebreaker fleet, is the most impressive of men. And he couldn't have been more hospitable when we visited his headquarters and had dinner later. He, built like one of his icebreakers, is a true Russian man of the north – as I said in *The Toast*, "a direct descendant of 1740 explorer Semon Chelyuskin and 1914 man Valerian Albanov, he who had sailed from the very same Murmansk harbour, we were honoured to be in his company"



Arriving in Murmansk: Michael, Rory, Kevin, Paddy, Jarlath, Slava, Colm and Gary.

Photo: Rory Casey

Slava is gone, back to Moscow. So are Colm, and Rory, flying home.

The Iron Curtain is gone, but replaced by The Paper Curtain. It took a day and a half for us to get clearance for our exit, which happened last night, dark and raining as we left.

Now we're in Norwegian waters off the islands of Vardo. Just spoke to Vardo Radio. "Very welcome, no problem, sail on." What a difference.

September 11th. At anchor in Hamnbukta, south side of Soroya, Norway. Last Friday the wind went easterly, giving us grand sailing along the cliff coast of Finnmark and North Cape. 'Twould remind you of the north side of Achill'.

Going south into the fiords, we spoke to Norwegian 'control'; all very comfortable. Then our electronic chart system crashed.

Islands and fiords all around, our paper chart was on a minuscule scale, intended for passage planning only. Brass dividers, wooden parallel rules, sharpened pencils, the paraphernalia of traditional navigation were brought into play, but on a chart of little detail covering all of Norway. Two hours later, good man Gary, he had our backup electronic chart system working. We would have managed on the paper system, but anxiously.

The lights of Hammerfest called enticingly around midnight – we resisted and kept going. The forecast was poor and we wanted to make ground.

By 06.00 on Saturday, seas were crashing over our bow, as now south of Soroya Island, we were into open sea. A ferry overtook; we were down to two knots, with 40 miles of open waters ahead before we would be into confined waters. A sheltered bay lay four miles away. We made for it. Our anchor chain rasped on the seabed. The anchor must not be biting! It was Jarlath who discerned that the anchor was holding and that the chain was merely dragging across the stony bottom, as gusts swung us this way and that.

Here we lie, while the wind whistles in the rigging. A stream plunges down to the shore 100 metres away. The hills rise around, the tops dusted with fresh snow. The outside thermometer shows 4 degrees. In our cabin the Dikenson stove burns, it's warm and snug. Hammerfest Radio was surprised that, hidden behind the mountains in this location, we could reach them. We wait for better conditions, reading and chess-boarding.

Monday September 12th. We're approaching Tromso. Later yesterday morning we said that the wind seemed to have eased and that we'd go outside and have a look, and we did, and kept going. The emptiness is gone. All night we passed lit up villages and small lighthouses on rocks and headlands. We navigated the twists and turns with care, passing vessels big and small in both directions. Norway lives afloat.

In Tromso, Brendan Minish, Eoin McAllister and Tom Moran are waiting to join us.

September 16th. In Norwegian fiords – again! We hadn't planned on taking the inshore route south – but if you look at the weather map for the Norwegian Sea, you'll see why we're here, and not out there.

The highlight of our one day stop in Tromso was, undoubtedly, the Polar Museum. Housed in the

old waterfront customs building, we were shown around by Nick Tyler, Chairman of Tromsø Arctic Society. We all have our individual highlights but for me they were three:

- The Barent Relics, artefacts brought from the hut in which William Barents had over-wintered on northern Novaya Zemlya.
- Amundson's telegram sending word that his group had reached the South Pole. (It was in English).
- A painting of Amundson's ship Gjoa in the North West Passage. (I have the same picture hanging over the fireplace at home – I now know which the original is!)

Everyone had their own favourite from the exhibits of hunters, trappers and sealers – sounds of dogs and bears – smell inside trapper's cabins.

Prices in Tromsø are something else. We had expected that Irish prices might have caught up with Norwegian, not so.

We left at 13.00 Tuesday September 20th in the rain, it had never stopped. Through channels, until at 20.00 that night we went alongside a pier at Finnsnes, had grub aboard, a pint or two ashore, and our 'dedicated drivers' took us away to sea, about midnight.

Uneventfully, mostly through channels bounded by high mountains, snow above and rain below – on us, we made into the fishing/tourist town of Svolvær in the Lofotens next evening. We'd intended to stay the night, but its end-of-season feeling, the rain and a forecast of good wind had us away to sea by midnight, we're now bound 650 miles southwest for the Shetland Islands.

'Twas not to be. The forecast northwesterly went round to the west, and lifted and blew. "To call a spade a spade 'twas force 9", as Jarlath said afterwards. With small foresail and triple-reefed main we had bashed into it, but revised forecasts were showing even further tightening of the isobars. So we turned shoreward, 30 miles, and lay off to the inside channel route south.

That's us now, in wind but flat seas, as we follow the inshore shipping coastal route. It will be slower as we twist and turn, and occasionally, we hope, stop. The forecast for the next five days is pretty dire, but we'll be grand in these scenic sheltered waters. We're glad we didn't take down our Norwegian courtesy flag when we left Svolvær!

Wednesday September 21st. On anchor, sheltering from a gale. As we had feared – slow going. Jaunting through the fjords, sun on flesh – this is not. The wind hasn't fallen, nor the belting rain, for more than hours at a time, all from the southwest. In between the gales, we make 50 or 70 miles only, before having to agian shelter.

On one shelter stop we were lucky, the town of Rørvik. It could have been another wind swept anchorage. Instead we were in a snug harbour. Lowlights were the continuing frustration of gale after gale. Highlights were Nordveg Museum, with its audiovisual of coastal life from 10,000 years ago down to the fishing and fish farming of today and the play, 'A day in Rørvik in 1902'. Actors and audience moving through original buildings and down to sea shore.

I write this at 06.00, on anchor watch, as a grey day dawns and the wind lifts foam from the sea outside. This gale is forecast to drop in the morning.

Tuesday September 27th. In the fishing town of Måløy. It's 6 days since we wrote, but we didn't want to appear complaining, and wished to send good news only.

The good news is that Måløy is a very nice place and the people we have met couldn't be more obliging. There was one good day, we plotted for Scotland and measured the distance to the Caledonian Canal, and Westport, in days. Not to be.

Gary, Michael and Kevin have, because of time limits, had

to leave at Brekstad. They missed the one good day we had, and also missed:

- Saturday. Gale am. Wind down pm. Made it to Ålesund. 8 miles. PB Birthday.
- Sunday. Gale early. Made 30 miles later.
- Monday. Made 30 miles around Sted, 18 miles in straight line, average 3 knots, into force 6, becoming 8. To Måløy.

Are we becoming paranoid, or maybe weak!

Anyway, we're getting a good look at the scenic fiords and great practice anchoring in darkness and tying up to jetties with doubled lines. And we're getting the BBC forecasts now; a low of 955 over sea area Bailey is giving gales from Biscay to Iceland, with southerly force 9 in North Utsire (that's us).

So we're using the time to work on the boat. We had her lifted this morning, changed the ice-battered prop, which was vibrating, are now back in the water and Tom is rebuilding the gearbox. Eoin ran out of time and had to leave.

We'll be ready to boogie; there's a forecast for a break in the weather.

Tuesday October 4th. We're now in Moray Firth, with about 40 miles to go to Inverness and the entrance to the Caledonian Canal.

We left Måløy, Norway, last Saturday night at 21.00 with a good enough forecast, nothing stronger against us than force 6. And so it was, grand, until the following morning. Then it blew up, force 7 and 8, for 30 hours, in our faces. With engine and small reefed foresail we kept plugging into it, making three knots, sometimes two. No meals, barely a cup of tea.

There were Norwegian Oil Platforms aplenty and at one stage a fleet of Norwegian trawlers who seemed to be greatly blackguarding each other. A Norwegian warship stood by. None took a blind bit of notice of us.

By Monday midday, 30 hours or so later, the wind fell and



Clew Bay, Croagh Patrick behind – home at last!!
October 12th 2005.

Photo: Rory Casey



seas gradually flattened, and so continue. We'll be in Inverness this evening and into the Canal for the two-day transit, starting tomorrow. Then all we need is about 50 good northwesterly sea hours to get to Westport.

However, this morning's UK Met charts show a gale brewing starting on - yes Thursday, and blowing from the southwest. So there is no ETA for Westport yet.

Tuesday October 11th. Off Donegal Bay. We followed the canal, independent of the wind that blew and the rain. In Corpach the mantle of snow on Ben Nevis grew thicker as we waited for better weather. Michael has rejoined.

Yesterday the weather relented and off we flew, past

Glencoe, Oban, Mull and Colonsay, into the night. At 05.00 the lighthouse of Inistrahull off Inishowen, welcomed us home, glorious to behold, flashing its triple every 15 seconds.

Today we've passed Tory, Gola and Arran, with the high ground of Muckish and Errigal behind.

The wind is freshening from the north, a following wind at last. Tomorrow, DV, we'll take the top of the tide into Westport about 13.00.

The journey that began on June 23rd 2001, the North West Passage and then the Russian North East Passage and a Polar Circumnavigation, will be done.

And so it was.

Galway Bay to Galicia

Peter Haden

Papageno is a well travelled Westerly Seahawk, just 34ft LOA. Whilst not especially beautiful or up to club racing, she is strongly built, very comprehensively equipped, has a skipper's aft cabin, and has taken me up West African rivers, the major Atlantic Islands, and most of the usual West European Atlantic ports.

This year a relaxing cruise to northwest Spain was planned. In other years we have often passed through, but now I wanted to explore it as a complete cruising ground in its own right.

Not every cruise starts off well, and after all the planning and preparation it was disappointing to have six days of strong southwesterlies holding us at home in Ballyvaughan. My crew Padraig Kelly and Irene Regan had arranged their holiday dates and return flights from Spain. Padraig races in Dublin Bay and Cork but wanted to get more cruising experience and an international passage.

Eventually we got away on Saturday night 28th May, motoring into a decreasing headwind, and by Sunday night, having passed the Sceilligs we were able to set our waypoint for Cabo Villano 516 miles, and stop worrying about the lee shore. My wife Moira had prepared some excellent dinners, and after the first usual night of abstinence, these were one by one brought out from the fridge and consumed with gusto. The combined professions of hotel keeping, medicine and Irish Rail quality control management ensured a never-ending flow of amusing stories. The remainder of the crossing was a mixture of light airs, mostly from the southwest with warmer weather as we neared the Spanish coast. The only incident was at 06.45 one morning when there was a terrible crash on the deck. I was just coming on watch and found the baby stay had broken at the mast... metal fatigue. A simple jury rig was quickly made up to lighten the strain on the roller jib.

Considerably increased shipping, usually with three or four in view at any one time, kept us busy from about 40 miles northwest of La Coruña, and a small aeroplane circled extremely low overhead. Probably it was some kind of inspection.

Our destination was Camarinas, just north of Finisterre. From the north, entry at night is not recommended, but I know this ria well; the weather was settled, and additionally there is an excellent new three-coloured leading light on Pta de Lago. At 04.00 there was a stream of fishing boats coming out, all of whom gave us a friendly greeting.

There is something special about the informality of Camarinas and there is always plenty of room in the marina. However, new facilities this year for unloading

fish close to the pontoons can cause some wave and noise disturbance for a short time at night, so it is best now to choose a berth on the most northerly of the three pontoons and put out all fenders. The town, famous for its lace making is quite small and worth exploring. Buying bread and a newspaper the next morning I met the ever friendly and helpful Carmen who seems to do everything at the marina, including cooking wonderful fresh fish, (the hake is especially recommended), supplying answers to all our questions, pouring a good cana, and helping to fill in the formulario. As long as she thinks you do not know a word of Spanish, she will speak in English and also French.

Padraig and Irene had enjoyed their first international passage and now had to get home. As with most places in Galicia there are several inexpensive buses on most days to Santiago de Compostela, from where there are now Ryanair flights to Stansted.

In the afternoon, Dan and Jill Cross, ICC, on *Ocean Sapphire*, arrived in from La Coruña and so the first of many summer sundowner parties happened. The good Spanish wine was supplemented by Dan with a feast of fried local sardines continuously emerging from the galley!

He also proudly showed a first copy of the magnificently produced new history of the RCYC. Next day the first of several Yachting Monthly "Rally Portugal" yachts came in gasping for diesel after a windless passage from Portsmouth.

A Dutch yacht in the marina told me how he had lost his rudder 50 miles offshore and had been rescued by the Salvagem Marítimo. The rescue including the long tow back, often at only 2 knots, had cost him only €500. The rescue, fishery protection, and customs services in Spain are very well-equipped with powerful modern vessels. We marvelled at one with a facility at the stern where a RIB could be driven straight up on board with



Traditional fishing boat at Muros.

engine in place. Now that would be an interesting exercise in heavy weather.

After three days sorting things out, the wind had gone to the northeast and was a steady 20 knots. This was exactly what I needed to go around Cabo Finisterre, and so, well reefed, I flew out of the ria on long downwind tacks with a blue sky and warm sun.

This was exhilarating sailing and I wasn't about to allow the autohelm to share even one minute of it. On previous visits I had always continued south towards Muros, but this time I rounded the cape and beat comfortably in more settled waters up to the small fishing port of Finisterre. Finding no facilities there, I sailed on to the little cove at Sardineiro and found shelter close in to the attractive beach, where the anchor immediately found good holding. The water was much warmer now and I enjoyed an evening swim and early night.

Just a short distance east, this most attractive ria narrows, and a short morning sail east and then north between the two guarding forts and pine and eucalyptus woods, brought me to the fishing harbour of Corcubion. Here I found an excellent anchorage just north of the fishing boats on the west side, as the church clocks on both sides of the ria chimed and echoed midday.

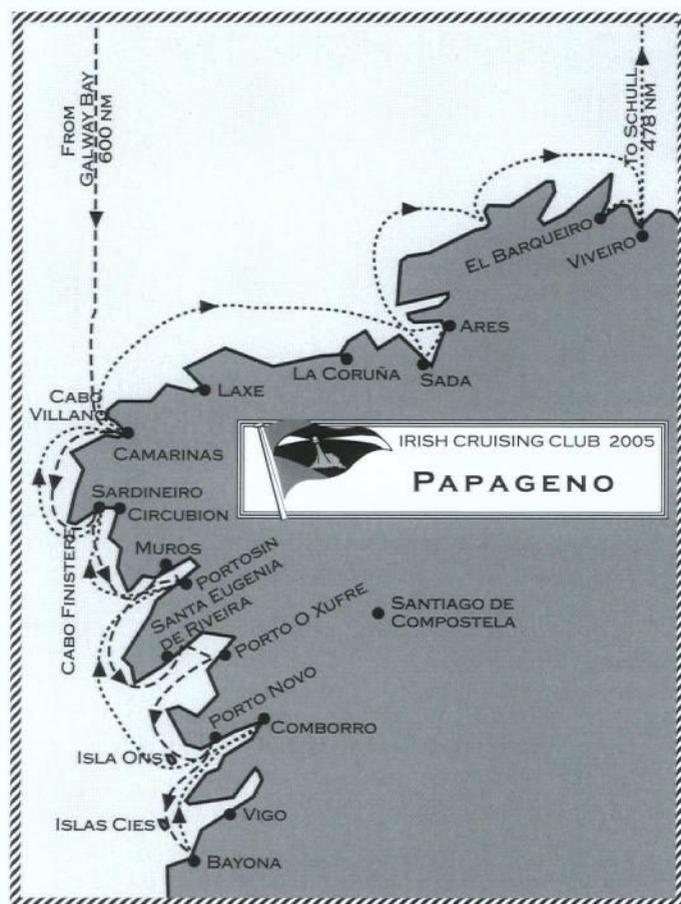
Above the woods the granite mountains sparkled in the sun, and a large comb-shaped peak reminded me of Mount Errisbeg above Roundstone. In fact the coastal scenery of northwestern Galicia is often strikingly similar to that of Connemara and Donegal. Corcubion retains its somewhat faded Galician architecture including colonnaded houses, double windows, horreos and of course vines in every garden. Recent development includes a long promenade to an attractive beach. Five minutes by dinghy takes one to the pier for the small town of Cée. This has recently been most attractively developed with parkland to the shore, a modern four-storey hospital, and a commercial centre with fish market, supermarket and internet café. The pilot book mentions an industrial development, but this is mostly now screened by trees and does not especially detract from the pleasantness of this place. A family of locals rowed out to welcome me, and I was so impressed that I stayed two days and returned later in the summer.

By now, I had become overwhelmed with a strong feeling that it was time to take things a little easier, and a routine set in, of sailing mostly about every second day for about four hours or so, with friendly winds. However, leaving Corcubion was not so easy. I had been impressed with the excellent holding in winds from all directions, and found the reason to be very heavy weed. Motoring slowly out of the ria on autohelm I spent 15 minutes hanging off the bow with the boat hook. This was my first experience of "Galician lettuce", a quite beautiful light green weed that I also saw being used by older ladies on the beach to protect their legs from the sun.

Almost everywhere in Galicia I found good holding either in this heavy weed, or more often in sand over grey mud.

Working my way south, I entered Ria de Muros and picked up the one mooring buoy off the town promenade. This seems to belong to a Spanish yacht owner but is only occupied in July and August. It is a waste of time looking into the crowded harbour, but marina lovers will be pleased to know that a large facility is planned for completion in 2007. This will not interfere with the traditional anchorage. Ashore is a delight, and after exploring the narrow streets and the especially beautiful church, a fish dinner at the Dom Bodegan restaurant near the harbour is recommended.

A pleasing short sail from Muros is over to Portosin. This is only about 5 miles and in the evening the wind is usually abeam. I found a good well-sheltered anchorage off the little beach, north of the harbour wall. Saturday saw me in the



marina enjoying the comforts of the excellent clubhouse and the brand new large shower and laundry block. An engineer was ordered for Monday to repair my own shower pump, but meanwhile I took the bus to Santiago de Compostela. There are schedules for the excellent, frequent and very cheap bus services of rural Galicia, but my experience is that the times given are not when the bus will arrive, but rather an indication that the bus will not arrive before that time!

No one should consider going to Galicia without including a visit to Santiago de Compostela. After Jerusalem and Rome this is designated as the next most important city in Christendom, and is by tradition the burial place of St. James the Apostle. The Cathedral and Praza do Obradoiro are breathtaking. After the morning Pilgrims' mass, I was delighted to meet Sr. Maria Mercedes, the gentle and shy Benedictine nun who every day leads the singing with her strikingly beautiful voice.

A romantic Galician tradition is that the body of St. James was brought to the nearby port of Padron (meaning mooring stone) from the Holy Land, in a boat crewed only by angels. Is there a category of membership in the ICC that would include these creatures?

A friend, Charlie Grattan Bellew, had flown out to join me for a week, and we departed Portosin on Monday 13th June for a leisurely tack over to Muros and next day out of the ria and south, before turning up Ria de Arousa and into the very busy fishing port of Santa Eugenia de Riveira. The marina is just outside the harbour but is well sheltered. Mooring is by pick-up line. We found the town without charm but still worth a visit to see the late night arrivals of fishing boats, queuing up to discharge their wonderful catch and to see the enthusiastic young people boxing and icing. Charlie said that one particularly good-looking young lady, well able to handle a heavy shovel of ice, would probably be working in a boutique or a pharmacy at home!

Next morning we found a small panaderia "Charlis"

opposite the marina with a queue outside, and guessing correctly that the produce must be good, we joined in and were greeted in English by a local lady who earlier in her life had worked on Norwegian cruise ships. She advised us on the best things to buy and told me the names in Galician and Castilian. The delicious traditional tuna tart lasted a week of on board lunches.

Tiring of marinas, we next headed across the ria to the island of Arousa and into the open anchorage of Porto O Xufre. There were plenty of empty and heavy moorings. A local fisherman explained that if there was no pick-up line, these were unused and available. We were soon secure and ashore, but there was nothing to see, only a village overwhelmed by ugly development.

Next morning we were motoring west and again met *Ocean Sapphire* which was turning into the beautiful anchorage and beach at Arena de la Secada. Outside the ria, fog was lifting and falling, but as the morning warmed a slight breeze took us over to the beautiful Islas Ons and a swim off the Praia de Melide. The prevailing wind runs straight down the side of these islands and the sea tends to roll back sharply from the cliff faces. For comfort of a sort, it is best to pick up one of the 16 visitors' moorings near the pier at Almacen. These belong to the bar ashore, but they do not seem to make any charge. The good beach there offers safe swimming, and in the afternoon we were surprised to meet a man walking along playing the Galician bagpipes.

Dan Cross had recommended that we go into Porto Novo in the Ria Pontevedra and with a light northerly we ghosted across from the islands. Here there is a fine new marina with finger pontoons. Shopping the next morning produced superb fresh fish and also an excellent locally made Tarta Santiago, all almond and buttery. An alternative port would be Sanxenxo, close by, where magnificent yacht facilities have just been completed, but all too big and posh to attract me.

Perhaps the most beautiful anchorage in Spain is off the beach on Islas Cies; and next day we were soon secured and properly complete with anchor buoy. As it was the weekend, more and more yachts arrived and also a considerable number of motor boats. Charlie had gone for a walk, and whilst lying on the beach I was astonished to see a Spanish yacht tying onto my anchor buoy. Much shouting resolved the situation, only for it to be repeated twice more. This gave a whole new meaning to "Keeping an anchor watch". One motor boat actually managed to lift my anchor. Later I was advised that the Spanish are not familiar with the use of anchor buoys.

Joe and Mary Woodward, yacht *Moshulu III*, were nearby and came over for sundowners. As they have now adopted Bayona as their place to hold court each summer, they were able to brief me on all the best places to go, and Joe even familiarised me with some local Galician expressions. Our commodore on *Island Life* also attended this court during the summer and I was sorry to miss him.

Islas Cies to Bayona across the mouth of Ria de Vigo is one of my favourite short passages. In warm sunshine the next morning and with a very light wind we made 3 knots under gennicker and on arrival and after bunkering were directed to a good berth at the Club de Yates de Monte Real, beautifully situated below the castle walls and Parador Hotel. This was as far south as I was going and after Charlie departed for home, I planned a few days of little repairs and the replacement of the babystay.

This really is a very comfortable and casually smart yacht club. In the office, Marta speaks good English as she spent a summer studying English in Bray. The head boatswain is Angel, who really keeps the place in immaculate condition. This is the only yacht club I know that has uniformed maids

attending to the services. Dan and Mary Cross as well as Joe and Mary Woodward soon arrived back and then John McCormack from Howth, yacht *Marie Claire II*. It all became very sociable. In fact it became almost impossible to go anywhere without checking out the local vineyard produce at one end of the pontoon or the other.

By Thursday, it was time to start heading back north and I was delighted to find 15 knots of a westerly which brought me smartly up past Islas Cies before fading away. I thought I was going to be made into a glass fibre sandwich by two large ships heading out into the Atlantic from Vigo, but in fact they were very professional and, when close to, altered course to suit me.

I had set aside two weeks to reach La Coruña and planned mainly to revisit the best of the ports I had used on the way down, but first I wanted to see Comborro in the Ria de Pontevedra which is famous for its traditional buildings. The passage in passes the small island of Tamba and a very photogenic small lighthouse with the staircase on the outside. This is opposite the Spanish Naval Academy with its impressive classic buildings and private harbour. Behind the island I anchored off the village and was secure enough to stay two nights. It is well worth a visit, to enjoy the old streetscapes and horreos, but perhaps a bit too touristy in the daytime. The horreos are traditional all over Galicia. They are storage houses for farm produce, built from granite in the south and wood in the north, on mushroom-shaped legs to keep out vermin. It is even possible now to buy small ones in garden centres to put in your front garden as a decoration!

Another yacht shared the anchorage, a beautiful aluminium Ovni 345 *Cherry Picker*, and soon I was invited aboard by Pete and Sandra Wood who later, I heard, met Alan Rountree on *Tallulah*. I was sorry to miss Alan and can only assume that at some time we passed at sea, as I tracked north. Before leaving Comborro, I really wanted to get a good photograph from my dinghy of *Papageno* against the background of the village. The tide was falling and there was great shouting of "baja la marea" from local fishermen ashore, who thought I was about to anchor in the shallow water. They were not happy until the photoshoot was over, and I was back in deep water.

Following the southern shore of the ria I tacked through a fish farm and looked into the pretty and extremely well sheltered harbour of Beluso, close to Bueu. There is a new small marina there. Not much room, but I am sure that they would find a space outside of the peak season. By 28th June I was back in Portosin and dressed overall for Trafalgar Day. Donald and Deirdre Gordon, yacht *Daylight Express*, from Dublin, helped to make up a party, as did a delightful French couple Serge and Dominique who were heading for Martinique. Some English yachtsmen, of the type that have a small very torn and faded red ensign tied on the backstay, enquired what the party was for!

The next night I had a frightening experience in Muros, when awaking at 00.15 I found myself in the middle of a huge and deafening firework display to celebrate the feast of San Pedro. At daylight the remains had to be swept off the deck.

Four days later Camarinas welcomed me and I had the umpteenth visit by Customs, and another formulario to fill in. During this visit the very friendly officers noted my stuffed cat (Spanish "el gato") Later in the club house as the canas flowed, they enjoyed making me laugh with their question "What is it the French eat at the end of dinner?".

Winds fell light and astern for the passage around and past La Coruña. An Irish yacht, *Valiant*, passed going south. Near Islas Sisagas an unmarked drift net passed very close by and the propeller picked up a heavy rope with a football float. Luckily the rope cutter did its job. Passing La Coruña, the afternoon sun



Laxe, looking northeast towards Corme.

lit up every detail and especially beautiful was the Torre de Hercules, oldest lighthouse in the world.

A good night was spent in Ares, a very sheltered harbour with good holding; then next morning we had a great sail across the ria to Sada, a splendid marina with three well-stocked chandleries. Exploring the town I found a children's playground and presented my newly salvaged football to a shy-looking young boy, much to the pleasure of his mother. Further back in the town I found an interesting large communal washing area with about forty tubs all fed from a river. Later I found these in several northern Galician villages, all inscribed "1956 General Franco". They are no longer in use, but most are being restored as municipal monuments. Galicia was always a stronghold of the Nationalist Party, and benefited as a result. Nowadays as a remote region of Spain, it is benefiting from generous EU investment.

The next two days involved some uncomfortable motoring against a rising easterly wind. The north shore of Galicia is much more rugged, rather like Donegal, and when the Atlantic swell meets an east wind and the cliffs, there is an uncomfortable backwash up to at least two miles offshore. Anchorages on the way were 'rolly' and I was relieved to reach my most easterly port, Viveiro, where a canal leads from the fishing harbour to a marina.

My lines were taken by Steve and Julie Ferrero, yacht *Dos Tintos*. We had last met in the British Virgin Islands in 2000. They were now on their way home to Jersey, C.I. having gone the long way! Over sundowners we planned on meeting again in Falmouth at the end of August. Viveiro has to be the bargain marina of Spain. Three days after arriving I wandered up to the office and negotiations brought me the

special price of €75 a week, less one free day less 10% discount! The town is delightful, full of small old-fashioned shops, an excellent fish market, a long safe beach and has good rail and bus connections. Like most of Galicia, outside of Compostela, there are few foreign tourists, and the only non-locals that you will meet are Madrilenas escaping from the summer heat of central Spain. Moira flew out for a two-week tarmac four-wheel cruise, and we were able to explore some other ports, do things like walking out to the lighthouse at Finisterre, and spend more time exploring Santiago de Compostela. We had a wonderful day in Camarinas on the festival of the "Virgen de Carmen". With the local people, two bands and colourful dancers we paraded the statue of the "Virgen" from the harbour to the town church. All the

fishing boat horns, harbour hooter and church bells sounded, and maroons exploded in the sky. It was all great fun. In the church we remembered the local fishermen who had recently been lost at sea. Friends told us that there are some every year.

A harbour I will certainly go to next time is Laxe. The town with its beach and 12th century church is largely unspoilt and there is a good steep walk up to the Capilla (chapel) on the hill. Having come back down in about a quarter of the time we took to go up, we were told by locals "Para abaixo, todolos santos Axudan." In Galician this means that when you are coming downhill, the saints are helping you!

As soon as Moira flew home, my crew arrived to help with the passage to Ireland. Joe Dundon has sailed with me a lot especially around the Canaries and Azores and was on board for the ICC Cruise in Company last year. Stan MacEoin was on his first extended passage. After some shopping we had a gentle afternoon sail across the Ria do Barqueiro and then found the



Celebrating Trafalgar Day in Portosin. Dominique, Deirdre, Skipper, Donald and Serge.

passage in the southwest corner, leading to the beautiful anchorage off the village of Barqueiro. A curving sandbank gives good protection. Ashore, the small village hangs to the side of the hill. We climbed the steep narrow street to the capilla and had fun chatting to some elderly ladies preparing for Evening Mass. Shouting from window to window, some were arguing as to whether the priest would be quarter of an hour late or half an hour late. It was unclear as to whether he was late at all as no-one could agree on what time the service was supposed to start anyway! A French yacht shared the anchorage with us, and we all laughed at the coincidence in this tiny place that both yachts had the same name. During the night I awoke to the sound of a steam train passing on the nearby railway bridge. After lunch and a swim off Puerto de Bares, we headed back into Viveiro to complete our provisioning.

The distance from Viveiro to Schull is 478 miles and almost due north. The winds were slack for the first two days. We saw little shipping but on the second day out Joe saw a pod of whales. They were too far off to identify. As we got past the half-way mark a southwesterly wind gave us a good push overnight but became northwesterly before slackening to 5 knots and we had to motor again for the last 100 miles. On the fourth morning land was seen before disappearing into the mist, but I was able to call home via the ever-helpful Valentia Radio, giving Moira plenty of time to drive down from Co. Clare. As we approached Bull Rock, we were thrilled to watch the *Jeanie Johnson* sailing out from Schull. Calves' Week was just starting, but we were soon secure on a visitor's mooring. It was only 6th August, so there was still more summer sailing to plan.

Looking back now on this cruise the thing that most strikes me is how neglected Galicia is as a complete cruising area in its own right. Most British yachts were just on their way to the Mediterranean. Many French yachts were heading out to the Canaries bound for the Carribean as were some German and other European yachts. In ten weeks we only met a sprinkling of yachts cruising Galicia. Half of these were from Ireland. There are an unlimited number of sheltered anchorages, marinas mostly have plenty of room, prices are reasonable, we never paid any harbour or mooring charges.



Showing the flag at Comborro with traditional houses and hierros behind.

Everywhere we met kindness and friendliness, especially from the fishermen. It is the people, who through their history and way of life, make this such an attractive place. They have always been close to nature and struggling for survival. The sea begrudgingly yields its sustenance, and often at a terrible cost. Many harbours have a lonely statue of a woman looking out to sea, waiting perhaps for a father, husband, son or lover to return. There is a particularly beautiful statue at Muros, where I have often seen a few fresh wild flowers scattered at the base. These are a hardy but gentle people, to whom the sea can mean death and separation, rather than conquest or adventure. Perhaps that is why they show obvious comradeship and friendship to yachtmen.

Papageno will return.

A passage perillus makyth a Port pleasant

(Anon – Graffito, Lake Como)

The “Eleventy-First Season” of a Victorian Beauty

Hal Sisk

After a major restoration over 2½ years, *Peggy Bawn* was finally launched at Crosshaven on Bloomsday, 16th June. In a short first season, she has been very well travelled, initially cruising to Glandore Classic Regatta, and on to Rossbrin and around the Fastnet. Iain McAllister and I then sailed her back to Dublin and, after a 300 mile service and the completion of some crucial bright-work varnishing in Malahide, she was transported in September to Port Grimaud for the Régates Royales at Cannes, followed by the Voiles de St. Tropez.

She is now in Denmark, near Iain’s home town, for a winter makeover which will include the completion of several aspects of the interiors. So “well travelled” could be an understatement, albeit not in the water.

Her racing success in the Mediterranean really surprised us. We already knew from her design parameters (e.g. 48% ballast ratio) that she would be stiff and powerful but that she would perform so well under her 48 year old cotton sails was an eye opener. Other competitors might complain that the 8% allowance for both upwind and downwind cotton sails was too generous, but *Peggy Bawn* was the first yacht ever entitled to be able to claim this under the CIM rule. Even if they choose to respond next year with new cotton sails, we can always suggest an age allowance for our sails, including our perhaps 87 year-old spinnaker!

The only reason why we could sail with these amazing sails was their preservation by the owners since 1919, James MacAsey and his father before him. Jimmy MacAsey just day sailed *Peggy Bawn*, and she apparently was raced on only one well-remembered occasion in 1959.

Her original commissioning owner was the Commodore and founder of the Carrickfergus Sailing Club, Alfred Lepper. When the Belfast Lough correspondent of “The Yachtsman” described the yet-to-be-launched *Peggy Bawn* as a “23 footer”, implying a racing 2½ rater, Lepper’s letter rebutting this attribution was published a fortnight later.

So from this precious record, remarkably, we know the thoughts of the owner:

February 1, 1894

To the Editor of THE YACHTSMAN

SIR, – Your Belfast correspondent is in error in calling my new boat a “23 footer”. She will be 23-ft on L.W.L., it is true, but she will be as unlike that (local) class of boat as one could possibly imagine.

I intend her principally for cruising, and am thinking of only putting the sail area of a 2½-rater over her (although she would stand more), simply that she may be able to enter a few local races in that class, and also for the sake of sport but I fear if anyone were to buy a second-hand long L.W.L. racing, lightly-built 2½-rater, I would not be in it – unless on a fine day, when perhaps my larger sail area would tell. On the other hand, I expect to have a boat which will be dry, handy to work (her rig being mainsail, foresail and jib), and which will keep her shape for more than one season, and be

valuable when I am tired of her. The principal dimensions are to be as follows: – Length L.W.L. 23 feet; length over all extreme, 36 feet; beam, 8 feet; draught, 6 feet.

Yours, etc,

Alfred J. A. Lepper

So while he raced her actively in her first two seasons, he knew already she could not compete with pure racing 2½ raters which were essentially yachts with no accommodation, very much like Cork Harbour One Designs (of 1898) but with longer overhangs.

So *Peggy Bawn* was to be a *cruiser*, and before she ever showed her paces, we cruised her about 300 miles in 19th century style; that is, real sailing, so unlike that often practised by many modern cruisers, who motor into headwinds without tacking, and who have forgotten, or never learnt, what it is like to gently sail at 2 or 3 knots.

Yet in restoring her original interior of 1894 we made one major innovation, but one which is unseen. The original five step companionway (again as described by the Belfast Lough correspondent), had been cut to accommodate a petrol engine, perhaps in the 1920s, but after reuniting the original three and two step parts, we could not allow a diesel engine to intrude into the “Tardis” time capsule of her cabin. So we opted for an electric motor, an 8.5 kW Asmo motor from Denmark with four batteries hidden under the cabin sole on the keel, two under the cockpit, and another two in the forecabin.

These we were able to recharge in marinas at Crosshaven, Kilmore Quay and Arklow and for independent cruising in West Cork, we used a small Honda generator. While we have not yet tested the electric power to the limit, we believe that we can get five knots at full power, and perhaps five hours of three knots at half throttle, on a flat sea. It is very quiet, even disconcertingly so in neutral, when it is wholly silent! On several occasions we have been offered tows because we appeared to be gliding slowly, only carrying way. We are well pleased with this electric power and we have also occasionally used it to dig in an anchor.

But in conserving our battery power, we sailed as much as we could, reproducing the style and reality of the 19th century cruising.

The silence of such sailing is very special. I missed the first slow delivery to Glandore but Iain and our shipwright Brendan Madden reported that in ghosting conditions that they would hear, before they would see, so many sounds of the ocean – porpoises breaching, cormorants crapping, gannets diving.

We had some fine passages on the way back including a memorable four-sail (main staysail, jib and main topsail) sea-breeze reach from Galley Head to Crosshaven. And we set our topsail at the Saltees and lowered it by moonlight before entering Arklow.

Earlier in the season, we had arranged to enlist Paul Power’s new Swift 42 trawler-type motor boat *Caprice* from Howth as an escort yacht but our dates didn’t suit. We were delighted to meet up for an evening with Paul and Brendan in Kilmore Quay

while they were heading to Kinsale. In hindsight the idea of their towing us in a prolonged calm was not really practical. At a maximum 5 knots, it would have been too tedious for a boat which cruises at 19 knots.

A charming moment was meeting up at sea with our shipwright John Colfer from Fethard, halfway from the Hook to Kilmore Quay. He came out in his John Leather-designed sailing/fishing boat with his nephew Conor and his dog Gangster, who gladly hopped on board! John proceeded to take photos of us from his boat.

We were also welcomed into Arklow by Eugene Wickstead, proud owner of Jack Tyrell's own motor-sailer *Eilis of Arklow*. A great enthusiast for the classic yacht scene, whom we had met at Glandore.

Eventually, in a strengthening southerly, for the last leg we decided to partly buck the tide from Bray Head onwards, to avoid a worse forecast. Gybing downwind was hard work, which involved hauling in the entire mainsheet and juggling the running backstays. At a certain point, the entire rig is supported only by the mainsheet!

A weekend of showing her off to friends in Dun Laoghaire, a homecoming to the doyenne of the Dun Laoghaire fleet since 1911, a small reception with photo display in the Royal Irish Yacht Club, all very necessary since she will not be seen back here until perhaps 2007. So after the modest "powdering the nose" in Malahide, off to the Mediterranean.

Quite simply she proved extraordinarily fast, balanced, stiff and powerful with her ancient cotton sails. Truly she was sailing just as George Lennox Watson designed her and John Hilditch built her. So finely balanced was she that in force 3 to 4, one had neutral helm on one tack, and a slight weather helm on the other, resulting from the subtle difference of the topsail lying against the peak halyards.

Our racing results were much better than we expected for a "fast cruiser". By describing her thus we were getting our excuses in early. Thus in Cannes we came second, in a ten boat fleet, to the Italian skimming dish of 1899, *Bona Fide*, with a 3-2-4-1 record in which we discarded the fourth. The last race was spectacular, in that we set our ancient spinnaker which is just like a much larger version of my Water Wag sail – a flattish triangle with a skirt. But it needed crew Fintan Cairns to use all his bulk to sit on the alarmingly bendy pole in force 4 conditions.

Not only did this give us a remarkable and perhaps first ever victory over *Bona Fide*, who previously could not be beaten in a race without windshifts, but we went on to score 2-2-6 at St. Tropez, which was enough to give us 1st for the week, until the organisers retrospectively decided to allow one discard in a three race series! So officially 3rd, behind two local boats. Home town rules OK.

Naturally the series within a series had to be the needle match: Cork – Dublin, *Jap* versus *Peggy Bawn*. To our surprise, with a similar sail area and water line length, but a few ton heavier, we found that *Peggy Bawn* could stick with *Jap* upwind. Our lack of specialist reaching-sails and well-honed spinnaker skills over several seasons told against us downwind,

but we managed to get to the windward mark first on several occasions, and even finished ahead by 8 seconds, boat for boat, in an epic six-hour race.

The rule favours relatively beamy yachts with short overhangs, but in this respect the 1899 Charles Sibbick designed lake yacht flyer *Bona Fide* out-Japs *Jap* and this flawed measurement rule allowed *Bona Fide* to win the first race in Cannes by 35 minutes on corrected time, on a just two hour elapsed time. Even without utilising the 8% cotton sail allowance *Peggy Bawn* showed that even on a simple boat for boat basis, she could compete with *Jap*. After the first race at Cannes where we came third to *Jap*'s second, the result of the needle match over the seven races, including St. Tropez, was a decisive Dublin 6 – Cork 1.

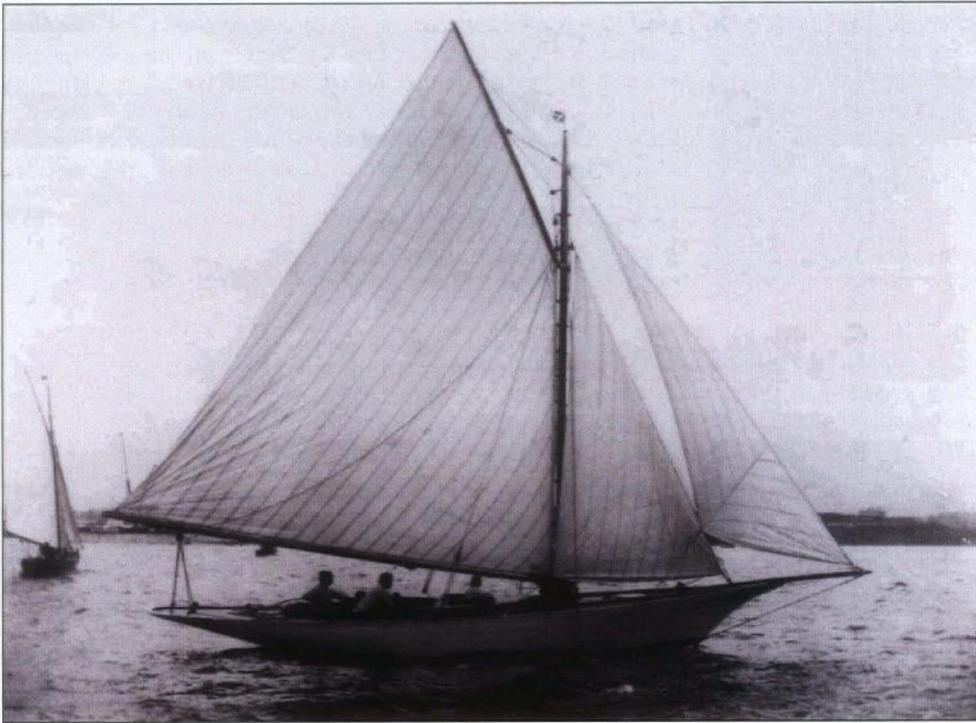
The two delivery passages from Port Grimaud to Cannes and back to St. Tropez showed the contrasting faces of the Mediterranean. The first was a gentle run in flat seas, using the electric motor for the last nine miles. We missed out on Sunday's passage race back, just as well because of the Mistral's 40 knot gusts from the west. The next day brought a curious short breaking swell, now from the southeast, and flaky winds from the south. It was most unpleasant in a lumpy sea. We had no power because we had removed the propeller for the racing and the worst was the heavy boom slatting in a difficult sea. Incidentally, although I report on our racing, I should add that by removing the propeller we completed the exercise of recreating her real sailing and cruising qualities as a cruiser.

Next year, we intend to do the Baltic Classic Regatta scene, in May and June in north Germany and Denmark. A different scene, as I have partly experienced in my *Colleen Bawn* in 2003, and one I'm greatly looking forward to. We will probably use our modern suit of sails, but we will also be racing under the less-flawed German-Danish rule for classic yachts.

But back to *Peggy Bawn* as a cruiser. Only by sailing her and living aboard, does one get the feel of how well she works. She is simply a functionally efficient work of art, "a saucy little cruiser", as *The Yachting World* quaintly put it. Her motion is smooth and easy and the flare in her clipper bow throws off the spray. We barely wet the decks when wearing around, instead of gybing, off the Muglins in a force 4 wind against tide, although for hauling in the main, we will add a double block to the purchase. Of course she carries no winches, above or below



Peggy Bawn close-hauled in force 4, first race Cannes.



Original photo captioned "Royal Ulster Regatta", 17th July 1894. Presented by J. Alfred Lepper.



Nils' photo close-hauled at Glandore Classic Regatta.

Photo: Nils Hofman

decks. We have simply filled the deck cleats back where they were, and it is a delight, as helmsman, to find how easily it is to reach to adjust them. A few inches make a huge difference to the helm. Another special discovery was the view from a wonderful seat on the boom, with one's feet on the skylight and leaning back on the main, enjoying the soft movements of wind and seas.

The cabin works well with its two sideboards aft and two settees, which have hinged extensions (another original 1894 feature) to be wide enough to work as bunks. The forecabin is difficult to enter, past the hinged doors and around the mast. It's just like getting into a car door in a tight car park. Yet it is snug

and works well as a galley, once you are in.

But for me the cockpit has proved to be a revelation, I could not believe how comfortable it could be. I have a keen appreciation of ergonomics, because I design instruments which sell internationally on their ease of use and avoidance of manual handling, but I was most surprised to discover how the tiny and deep cockpit could be so comfortable. The straight coaming is high enough to give good back support, and the rounded horizontal knees connecting the coaming to the cabin top are another perfect support for the small of one's back. Three people could work in a cockpit when racing, not even needing a hatchway hogger.

I could enthuse at greater length and I will, at a lecture tour including the RDS and the yacht clubs. She is not only a restoration project, which may be said to have raised the bar in honest and faithful authenticity and fidelity to the original; she is also the right size for a classic yacht. Thus she can be sailed and cruised by the owner, and family, or friends, not needing the professional crew the larger classics demand. Only 5.5 tons and with just an 8ft beam, and a footprint of less than 40ft, including the mast, she can be easily transported to interesting events with similar competitors, where one can frankly enjoy the admiration she attracts.

But best of all she is simply "drop-dead gorgeous", with her many curves and her gold leaf embellished clipper bow, a feature of racing yacht design of only about six years from 1888 to 1893.

She is a tribute to the genius of the great Scottish designer G.L. Watson, who designed *Britannia* just the previous year, and to the team of craftsmen assembled at Dunmore East, starting with

Michael Kennedy, who first reintroduced me to her in Shane Statham's haybarn/boat store. Of course I was no stranger to Dublin's classic yachts having already restored the 1884 Fife-built *Vagrant* 24 years before, with Jack Tyrell, but this needed a new team, and it was great that all our shipwrights, Micheal, Brendan, John and Graham eventually got to sail in her, either in Glandore, or in St. Tropez.

Finally, I must pay special thanks to my friend, project co-ordinator, and skipper, Iain McAllister who pulled so much together in the project, not only in Ireland but especially in France. I first got to know Iain 25 years ago, when he organised the homecoming of *Vagrant* at Culzean Castle and the Maidens.



Hal, Patrick Carter, Fintan Cairns at the helm, Kate Quinn

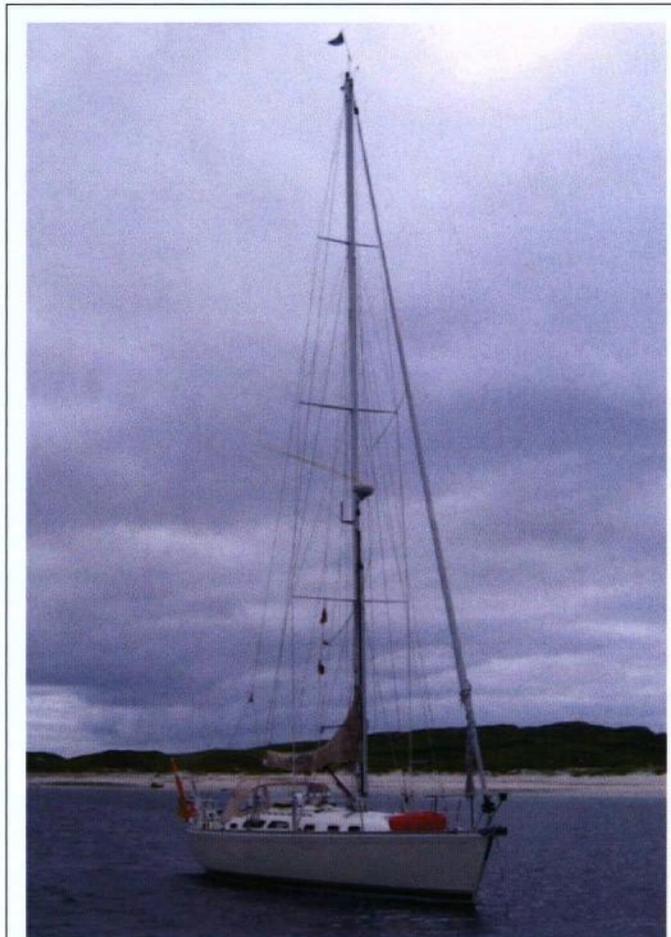
His sympathy for the philosophy of restoration, based on his unrivalled knowledge of the yachts of the period, has helped so much to achieve what I hoped for in this project. He took great trouble to source specialist suppliers, including Eastern White Pine from an old growth forest in western Massachusetts. His early mornings, late nights and conscientious attention to getting her right has made this remarkable "Eleventy-First" season possible.

P.S. Long before we set our old cotton sails, I had one well-remembered image from the past which I hoped we would be able to capture: the luminous effect of sunlight through the saturated canvas of the lower part of the headsails after a hard

beat. It is a sight evocative of my youth, and not seen for perhaps 30 years! Well, we achieved it quite naturally in the first breezy race at Cannes. Even before the racing we also grabbed a brilliant photo of *Peggy Bawn* with the restored old town of St. Tropez in the background. The faintly pink tinge of the cotton sails, the softness and silence of the dry cotton in furling, and the extraordinary colour match of Perry's mainsail of 1957 and the new topsail, made from the 1937 Yankee topsail *Endeavour II*, all magic memories to be treasured from a brilliant eleventy first year of a Victorian Beauty!

Crew:

Crosshaven to Glandore	Iain McAllister and Brendan Madden
Glandore Classic Regatta	Hal, Iain, David Williams, Nils Hofman, Tony Gahan.
Cruise West Cork	Hal, Iain, his son Magnus
Cruise to Dun Laoghaire	Hal & Iain
Dun Laoghaire to Malahide	Hal, Iain, Owen Sisk, Jim Nugent
Port Grimaud to Cannes	Hal, Iain, Nigel Pert, Kate Quinn, Fintan Cairns
Cannes Régates Royales	Hal, Iain, Patrick Carter, Kate, Fintan, Tuffet McWeeney, Owen
Cannes to St. Tropez	Hal, Iain, Tuffet, Tony Gahan
Voiles de St. Tropez	Hal, Iain, Tony, Adrian Gahan, Michael Kennedy, Graham Bailey



Chris Stillman submits this picture of Jennifer Guinness' *Alakush* at anchor in Vatersay Bay in the Outer Hebrides.

Tijdtverdrijf (Killing Time) in The Netherlands

Sandy Taggart

Three years ago when Bill McKean invited me to help bring the new *Siolta* from the Netherlands, Christine and I had a small taste of cruising in the inland waters, before the North Sea Passage.

When the opportunity arose to participate in a cruise-in-company, we both agreed that it would be a nice idea. For us to participate, it was necessary to charter and the boat had to be of course in traditional style. We settled for a Lemsteraack of 10.5 metres with room to take six with comfort. The friends who accepted our invitation to join us were John and Grace Mill and Bill and Rosemary McKean.

Early departure from Glasgow on Friday 1st July saw the advance party of John, Grace, Bill and myself heading for Amsterdam, and onward by internal travel to Heeg to pick up the boat. Bill had researched the local train service and organised our way, with three changes as far as Sneek in Friesland in the north on the west side of the IJsselmeer. It was still a taxi ride from Sneek to Heeg so the opportunity was taken to stop at a supermarket and pick up the basic stores.

An early afternoon arrival at the yard meant that there was sufficient time for the formalities involved in taking over the boat and preparing to head off. The yard of Heech by de Mar is well inland from the IJsselmeer, with a number of small lakes, channels, three bridges and a lock to negotiate before closing time, so we were anxious to get away. Our first deadline was a dinner at Den Helder the following night and the target was to get into the IJsselmeer on Friday night, for an early departure from Stavoren the next morning.

It had turned into a fine sunny afternoon with little wind, but the powerful engine pushed us onward down the well-maintained and clearly marked channels through delightful farming country.

Tijdtverdrijf went well and we were making good time towards that night's destination, but Hilary Keatinge's excellent cruising guidebook had warned of the uncomfortable sea off Stavoren, and she was right. Even in an almost flat calm we learned how the trusty Lemsteraack could roll on the passage round from the canal lock to the old harbour of Stavoren.

There were many traditional boats in the old harbour, where we had a short spell of relaxation after a long day, before heading ashore to the nearest seafood restaurant to satisfy the needs of the starving crew. Even so, the mixed fish platter of about five different types of fish took some coping with.

There was time on Saturday morning to have a look at the old town of Stavoren, before heading northwest to Den Oever and the sluis at the western end of the dijk, out into the Waddensee.

A slightly dull day with sadly little wind, meant on with the engine, and 6 knots to windward. A breeze did pick up as we cleared the lock at Den Oever, but it was not long before a pleasant sail was curtailed by the strength of a foul tide. However progress was being made through the various channels, and on approaching Den Helder the sun came out for the rest of the day and a lovely evening. Our 17.00 arrival

coincided with that of Christine, who was enquiring of our whereabouts as we entered the harbour.

The dinner that evening was a grand affair in the Naval Officers' yacht club, Koninklijke Marine Jachtclub, overlooking the harbour, much of which was taken up by the Dutch Navy, Den Helder being their main base.

Wind was forecast for Sunday up to force 5 maybe 6, so we could really get down to seeing how the vessel sailed. When *Siolta* had taken departure for Rattray Hoad in 2002, we left from Vlieland, the second island north from Den Helder. The plan for the day therefore was to take the channel past Texel toward Vlieland, and then head east to the sluis at the eastern end of the dijk, back into the IJsselmeer from the Waddensee. It was cloudy and windy as we set off up the east side of Texel, but eventually the wind dropped a bit as the sun came up, for an excellent sail with nearly everything up. Certain pressures from the female members of the crew prevented the setting of the flying Jib. The excuse was old men rushing around open decks on a boat with no guardrails!!

The afternoon was spent bowling along happily on a reach, and coming into line with all the Sunday-night traffic heading home from their weekend sailing. It was not quite the local holidays, which were due to take place in the ensuing few weeks, but it was still quite busy.

No hold ups at the sluis as the locks are large and everything very well organised. Once through it was a few miles to Makkum and dinner ashore. Another lovely town, which we walked into after mooring at a new dock off the green. In fact there are so many lovely towns in this cruising ground, with excellent facilities for the visitor, it is difficult to choose a favourite. A warm evening meant that dinner could be taken outside until after dusk.

Some stowing was required on Monday morning and there was no rush, as our destination was under ten miles further south, at Hindeloopen. Departure was set for after lunch, so we invited the Dutch couple from the boat next to us to come for a drink, as they had been most helpful when we appeared the previous evening. In conversation they said that a storm was approaching from the south and that we should wait until it passed through. It took no time at all before the wind got up and a solid downpour chased us all below. The storm did not last long, and soon our guests were up and off to the supermarket wishing us a happy onward voyage. We were half way to Hindeloopen when the same thing happened again with greater ferocity. The first storm was just a warning and this was the real thing. We were already motoring at the time, as on leaving Makkum there was little wind, and our course was direct to windward. The decision was required as to whether to turn and run with it, or plug on for the last few miles. The engine was coping extremely well in a short steep chop, and whilst the odd sea on the bluff bow tended to slow progress, on the whole, headway was being made. There was a bit of banging from the leeboards but there was no danger of damage. Makkum was not far astern and Workum to leeward, so we plugged on. Eventually we came storming into the

narrow entrance at Hindeldopen, and turning to port towards the marina were directed to the fuel quay, as manoeuvring further-on could have been tricky in the gale. Talking to the other people in the group at drinks that evening, we discovered that just after we had left Makkum the coastguards in the area had discouraged boats going out into Ijsselmeer, because of the surprise second storm, and that wind speeds of 50 knots had been recorded in places.

The small marquee for the evening party could not stand the weather and we had all went indoors instead.

Hindeloopen is a real gem of a town with a large marina on one side, on the edge of a nature reserve, and the old harbour remaining in its original form.

The old town itself is delightful and the restaurants first class. Certainly the one we dined in that evening was superb.

The weather had totally cleared the next day for the passage to Enkhuizen, where the second formal dinner was being held. The Ijsselmeer has a number of features to be wary of, including barge channels, exclusion zones, and man-made islands for wild life. On the whole it is quite shallow but hazards and channels are well marked. With our vessel not being too good to windward under sail, although she had shown her worth under power, the tactic was to position her for anything between a close reach and a dead run, before going totally to sail. Probably one of the problems was that in the cruise, we had a few places and deadlines to make. If just cruising in a traditional vessel in these parts, without a fixed itinerary, it would be best to go where the wind took you. That day we headed towards the west shore in a light breeze and sunshine, hove-to for lunch until the afternoon breeze came up, before setting sail for a reach down the coast to Enkhuizen. The nineteen boats in the cruise would all meet there that evening. A number of others had chartered similar boats to us locally, but many had come from England, and one from as far as Dunstaffnage. It made a fine sight with the fleet in the old town harbour, moored right beside the *Drei Harang* (Three Herrings) restaurant, venue for that evening's dinner. Drinks in the cockpit in the evening sun with guests from other yachts, and the town clock chiming away, was just sublime. Amongst our guests were Lauwe and Joki Tervoort who had owned *Siolta* before Bill and Rosemary bought her. Lauwe had sailed to Scotland on that delivery trip so there was some catching up to be done.

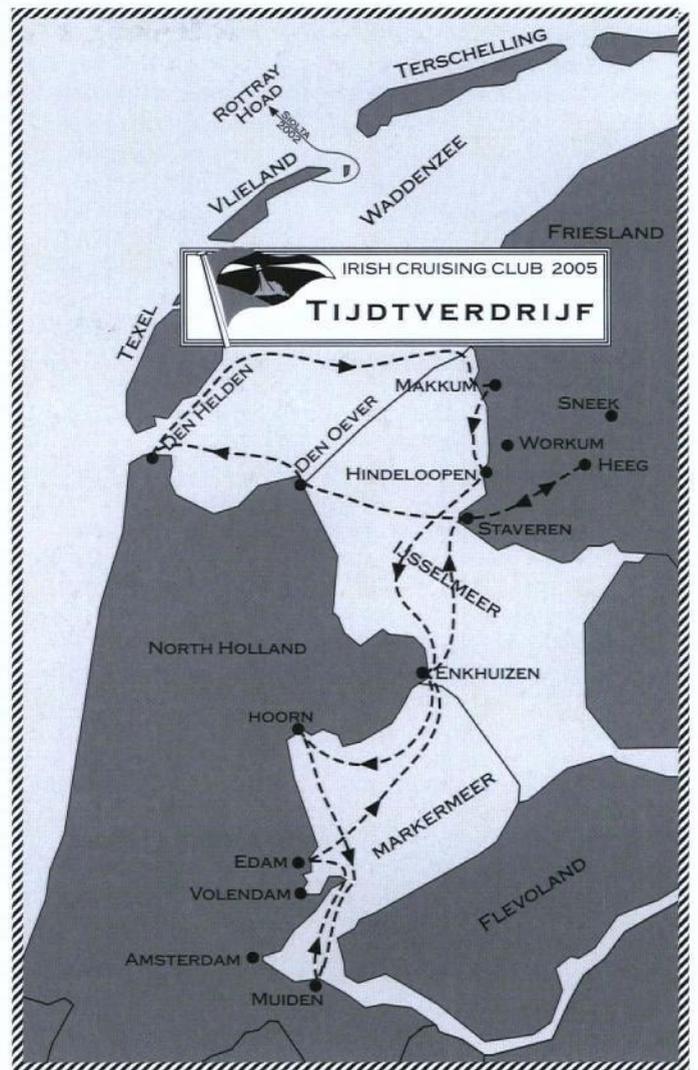
Over eighty sat down to dinner that night, where a variety of local fare was served. A lovely evening, which remained warm until very late.

It had been "all go" since leaving home, so, as there was shopping to be done, cycle tours organised, conducted sight-seeing arranged, a lay-day was declared. There were so many things to do in Enkhuizen that there was something to suit the tastes of everyone. The decision had also been taken to dine aboard that evening, and the ladies fairly pulled out the stops with what they found in the seafood market and cheese shop. The men were also successful at the vintners.

The whole area was enjoying a fine spell of weather. As we did not have far to go, to position ourselves for picking up Rosemary at Hoorn on Friday morning, we made a leisurely departure with the other boats, and headed south for the Jachtensluis into the Markermeer.

Bill knew of a special little harbour for lunch, so after a leisurely sail we headed in towards it. There was already another yacht in the dock, which had a picnic area beside a high dijk and cycle track. The surroundings were delightful and a long leisurely lunch was had in the sunshine, as the wind had disappeared.

It was then a short hop in the late afternoon to Hoorn, where



we found a good spot in the old town harbour, not far from the showers.

We were invited for drinks aboard *Artemis* followed by a pleasant evening ashore.

The weather broke during the night and it was a damp morning for Rosemary's arrival. The assistance of mobile phones helped to get the taxi homed in to the right part of the harbour, and the crew was then up to full strength.

The rain eventually stopped and the weather cleared up, as we headed south past Marken and Volendam towards Muiden and a berth at the Royal Netherlands Yacht Club, where we were made most welcome. Dinner in the Netherlands Maritime Museum in Amsterdam that evening, brought the formal proceedings of the cruise in company to a close.

It was time to start retracing our tracks to the north. John and Grace had made contact with Hine, a fellow crewmember of Alastair Mills on *Equity and Law* in the Whitbread Race, and Edam was suggested as a rendezvous. He found us in the Buten Haven. It had been sorely tempting to take the boat through the locks right up to the town quay, but I was concerned about getting out early on a Sunday morning, in time to get Rosemary and Christine to a train at Enkhuizen, and the boat back to Stavoren and Heeg for an early Monday morning handover. Hine introduced us all to the Dutch pastime of eating fresh young herring whole, then treated us to a shuttle service in his car to Edam town centre, where we all dined together.

I need not have worried about an early departure from Edam town, as the harbour master and lockkeeper were on duty first thing on another fine sunny day. The sail to Enkhuizen was



Tijdtdverdrif – a Lemsteraack of 10.5 metres

lovely, and we arrived in plenty of time to have lunch, before seeing Rosemary and Christine to the train and their journey home. Enkhuizen harbour even had a two-hour free-waiting area for such and similar eventualities.

Back now in the IJsselmeer there was only the leg to Stavoren to do in time to get through the lock and the three bridges before closing time. Our timing was fine, and the Sunday traffic both afloat and ashore not too heavy. It was

pleasant heading back through the lakes and channels, with all the Sunday sailors heading to their home parts from the various inland regattas, anchorages and small harbours.

Our last supper aboard gave us plenty of time to prepare for the hand-back on another fine morning. The return rail journey also left us some time to head into Amsterdam before the flight home, after a most enjoyable cruise.

**Alan Leonard writes
of a week on the
Swan 46 Starwalker**

In June, Elizabeth and I enjoyed a week on the Swan 46 *Starwalker*, owned by Malcolm Kelly (RCC, formerly ICC). We flew to Split, with a plane load of pilgrims, on their way to Medjugorje. We joined *Starwalker* in Trogir, where she was alongside the Town Quay, and enjoyed a walk around the old town in the cool of the evening. Next morning, Malcolm and I spent a couple of hours upside down in the bilge, clearing vast amounts of seagrass from the cooling water intake. After motoring out in a flat calm a breeze filled in, and we enjoyed a beam reach out to Viz, in 15 knots, warm and sunny. Next day, Elizabeth explored the town of Viz while Malcolm and I hired motor scooters, to explore the Island.

From Viz, we tacked downwind to Lovista, on the northern end of the Peljasec peninsula. The local officials requested a modest sum for the privilege of anchoring there, but obliged by taking our gash ashore. We enjoyed a daily

swim, the water warm compared to the rigours of the West of Scotland or the Irish Sea. Next morning we motored down the Korcula canal, and past the town of Korcula. In the afternoon, a light breeze filled in, for a broad reach to Polace, on the Island of Mljet. Malcolm has kept his boat in Dubrovnik for five years, and seemed to have his favourite Restaurant in every anchorage – this was no exception. Next day, we motored to Dubrovnik, in calm conditions. As we motored in under the suspension bridge, we wondered if it had been built by the same engineer as designed the Boyne bridge, so similar did it seem. Our last day was spent putting *Starwalker* to bed for the summer (Malcolm was returning next in September) and sightseeing in Dubrovnik.

We found cruising in Croatia delightful – warm and sunny, light to moderate winds, spectacular scenery, nice restaurants and most of all, charming, friendly and helpful people. However, we were fortunate not to experience the Bora, which had blown the previous week.

Quaila: Hebridean Cruise 2005

Hugh Morrison

In preparation for the cruise *Quaila* had been positioned on the west coast. The skipper and Ian Michie arrived at Craobh Marina in the late evening of Sunday 17th July to get ready for an early start on Monday morning. The marina was very full as the second half of the Tobermory Race was due to start early the next morning.

There was little wind on Monday so *Quaila* left at 07.00 under motor, past the start of the Tobermory Race and through the Cuan Sound at more or less slack water. The main and genoa were set off Easdale, with a light wind astern maintaining 3-4 knots. *Quaila* was joined by between 20-30 dolphins off Loch Spelve. They stayed in company until Loch Aline, playing under the boat and jumping out of the water. The crew later discovered that they were a group that circulated round Mull and were known to the Whale Watchers at Tobermory, but they had never heard of them staying with the same boat for so long. The wind turned into the northwest giving a good beat in 15-20 knots to Tobermory. If *Quaila* had been entered for the race she would have done quite well. The crew enjoyed a good meal in the restaurant with the rest of the CCC cruise participants, both those going to Skye and the others going to Vatersay.

A good wind made it possible to sail in a force 4 to Coll, on two tacks. After first of all going to the north anchorage and not getting the anchor to hold, due to the thick weed, the innermost mooring was picked up, but it was still in the swell. Finally the anchor was dropped off the pier, out of the swell, which allowed the crew to have a pleasant meal at the hotel and a peaceful night aboard.

Leaving Coll early next morning *Quaila* sailed to Canna in near perfect conditions force 3-4 until between Muck and Rhum the wind headed and died. This meant motoring along up the north side of Rhum to Canna. Canna was very busy and many visiting boats made several attempts to anchor, which kept the crew amused for an hour or two.

An excellent meal was enjoyed with others, in the new and very good restaurant and the lobster was out of this world. The meal was enhanced by the sighting of a shark which had come into the bay. Everyone left the table and went out to have a look at the spectacle.

Quaila departed Canna on Thursday, just after 09.00 on a sunny day, in a force 3-4 heading west. About two miles out a group of basking sharks were spotted. They did not cause any bother although they were only feet away from the hull. Arrival in North Bay allowed time enough to top up with diesel and get a bag of ice from the

fish factory pier, as the fridge was not working. A mooring was available in the middle of the bay. The only other boat there was *White Cloud* so the crews had drinks as the sun set, after a good day's sailing.

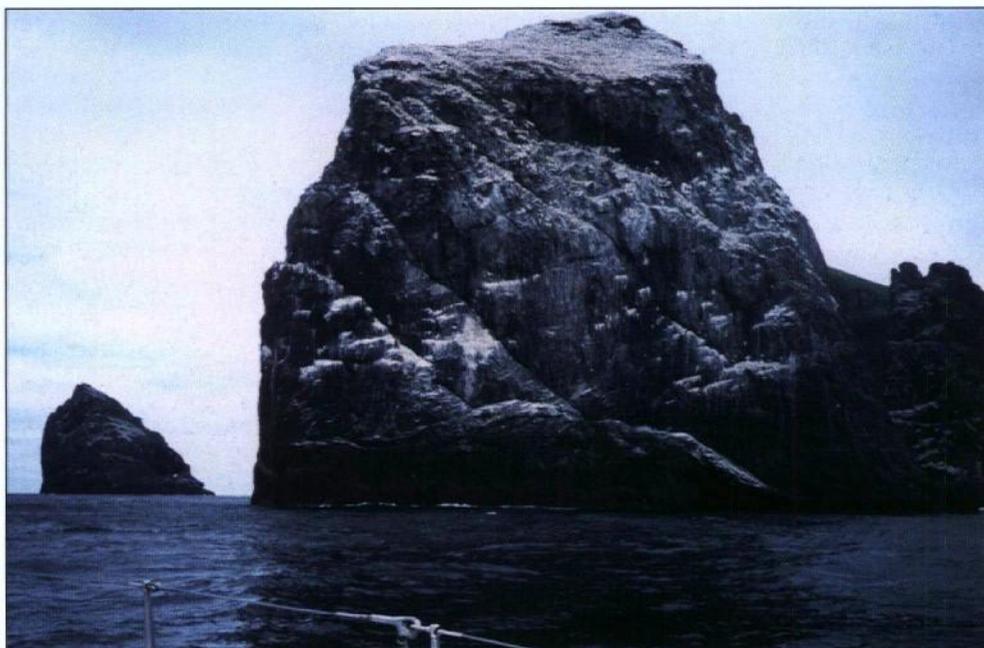
For Friday it was only a short sail to Castlebay on another great sunny day but with a cold westerly wind force 4-5. *Quaila* arrived just in time to get the last mooring.

The easy sailing conditions so far meant that the cruise was ahead of schedule, so the decision was taken to stay on the mooring and replace stores from the village co-op, while waiting for the remainder of the crew to arrive on the ferry the next day. As there was next to no wind it is just as well there were no plans to move that day.

Sunday meant socialising on a lovely sunny day aboard *Bandit* for drinks at lunchtime and *Paloma* at 18.00, where all were entertained to a display by the local dolphin who played around every approaching dinghy. As a result many guests arrived wet. The crew broke off to meet the ferry arriving from Oban with Katie Christie and Sandy Taggart, who were joining for the trip to the barbecue at Vatersay and on to St Kilda.

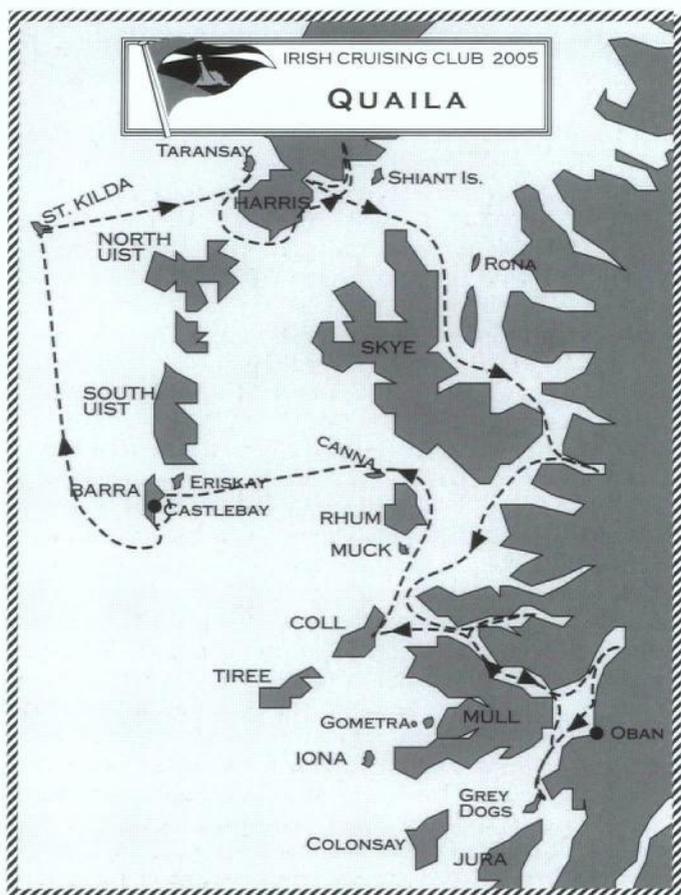
Further stowing and various tasks completed ashore, *Quaila* took water at the pier before heading through the Fisherman's Passage to Vatersay. Preparations for the CCC barbecue were in hand so there was time to go aboard *Alakush* for drinks before heading ashore. The barbecue was extremely well organised by the CCC Commodore, his wife Elizabeth, and other helpers, in a sheltered corner at the north end of the beach. It did not go on too late, which was fortunate as an early departure was planned for Monday morning.

Andrew and Anne Fleck and the girls aboard *Malouine* joined in the festivities as well as Jen Guinness – *Alakush*, Bill



Stac Lee and Stac an Armin.

Photo: Sandy Taggart



and Rosemary McKean – *Siolta* and of course Hugh and Sandy – *Quaila*.

It turned out to be a bit grey with little wind as preparations were made to sail. There was also little or no wind forecast, so the skipper decided on a short leg south and then out between Sandray and Pabbay.

Once the passage to the west was completed the course was set for St Kilda. The sky cleared and the wind almost completely disappeared. The main was left up as a steadying sail, but in fact there was little or no swell. Motoring on in sunshine, watching the Outer Hebrides sink below the horizon astern and to starboard, it was not long before Hirta and the Stacks were spotted. There were a few fishing boats about. It comes as a surprise to find buoys in the middle of nowhere, but it is the tanker route after all.

Good time was made to the St Kilda group, arriving about 17.00. As the sea was slight and hardly any wind, a circumnavigation of Dun Soay and Hirta was undertaken. An evening breeze filled in as *Quaila* passed round the north and east of Hirta and in to Village Bay.

The warden called on the VHF so the evening meal was delayed for a quick trip ashore.

Welcomed at the pier most courteously, the news was broken that the Puffinn was out of bounds but the shop would be open shortly for a brief period. Not only could three members of the National Trust and one of St Kilda Club not get that much prized trophy, a pint in the most westerly pub in Britain, but also it was not possible to use the only pay-phone on the Island as it was out of bounds too, in spite of there being no mobile reception in the area. The shop visit completed, it was the consensus of the crew to repair aboard for drinks and dinner, and hope that the weather would hold to permit time ashore the next day.

There was a bit of swell in Village Bay during the night, but conditions were right in the morning to spend some time ashore

before a noon departure. The whole St Kilda scene is fascinating and once again the warden was most helpful. Apart from the civilian team now manning the base, there were the usual National Trust work parties and a sheep monitoring team doing their periodic count of the Soay sheep.

Time is probably now right for many of the military eyesores to be removed, or at least covered up, or made to blend in with the rest of the old buildings. Most of the native wildlife was spotted in the pleasant sunny conditions.

The wind had got up from the north and was scheduled to increase from that direction. Before heading back east, an attempt was to be made to have a look at Boreray, Stac Lee and Stac an Armin. The breeze was still filling in, so motor-sailing, *Quaila* closed on that group, getting close in to Boreray and Stac Lee. Even after the quiet weather of the previous few days the swell was high.

The wind was increasing all the time, so in the lee of Boreray a reef was taken in the main and the genoa set. Once clear of the land effect *Quaila* stormed along on a broad reach. The options were the Monach Isles, Sound of Harris, or Taransay, so a middle course was taken with the final decision yet to be made. The wind from the north finally settled in at between 25-30 knots, and the latest weather information forecast strong winds from that direction for the next few days.

Half way in, Taransay got the vote, and with a few rolls in the headsail a new course was set. Large black clouds building up over the hills of Lewis and Harris did not come any further south, although the fresher winds were felt. Having left Village Bay at midday and stooed around the stacks for a while, *Quaila* was securely anchored in Taransay off the magnificent white beach before 19.00. All signs of the TV programme paraphernalia have been removed but it is obviously a popular place to visit, by the campers and walkers in evidence. The northerly winds were cold but the evening turned out most pleasant with a lovely sunset.

The wind came up again in the morning as course was set for the Sound of Harris. Although the wind was fresh and cold the skies were almost cloudless and clear. Negotiating the Sound gave no problems in the clear conditions. The Pool at Rodel had been surveyed for the sailing directions by Sandy from *Starletta* in 1964, with a check-up ten years ago, so an inspection was called for. The tide was not right for entry to the Pool, so the anchor was dropped at the head of the bay for a lunchtime break.

After lunch with the tide flooding and the wind well and truly in the north, a bumpy passage was tholed until sheets could be eased after Scalpay, to head in to Loch Seaforth. Surprisingly the land killed much of the wind in the loch and the sea was flat. *Quaila* came alarmingly close to the bottom at one point, before anchoring in the pool just south of the entrance to upper Loch Seaforth. The evening had turned dull, but the sunset to the west, although not visible from *Quaila*, shone on the hills to the east.

No real distances were planned for Friday, as Ian was due to catch the ferry from Tarbert on Saturday morning. Starting slowly from the head of Loch Seaforth, a series of soundings were taken, to help the editor of the Sailing Directions. The new CCC edition to the Outer Hebrides is excellent.

Taking passage down the loch, passing north of the large island, Katie's suggestion of lunch on Loch Claidh was jumped at. Just *Quaila*, some seals, terns, cormorants and another excellent lunch in magnificent surroundings. Cruising at its best.

Crew replete and full sail set, all enjoyed a delightful downwind passage under the bridge to Tarbert, where only one other yacht was anchored.

More stores were acquired ashore and a short walk to the west loch helped to loosen the "muscle-bound shanks".

All was set for Ian's departure on the morning ferry. As it came to view he was put ashore and *Quaila* was prepared for the sail to the Inner Sound. The breeze was still holding strong from the north and *Quaila* was well out from Tarbert, by the time the ferry passed well to leeward. Only three ships were seen in the Minch, on the passage to the north of Skye. It was another fast trip, like the one in from St Kilda, and all the rough tidal spots on the chart and chart plotter came up on cue. Nonetheless it was a super sail, which culminated in mid-afternoon at Acarseid Mhor, South Rhona. Pleasant and peaceful with only one other yacht in until the place was invaded by yachts making many attempts to anchor. It turned out to be the Gordonstoun Summer-School Fleet. Laurie Mill came aboard from one of the yachts with two shivering Japanese girls, who were quickly plied with warm drinks. The evening did turn out to be peaceful, amongst the largest number of yachts seen together since Vattersay. The tide in Kyle Rhea was a factor for Sunday's sail, so a leisurely departure for a downwind sail on another sunny day, made for continued good cruising.

The skipper's calculations were perfect and after a fast sail *Quaila* entered the sound at the first of the ebb. Loch Hourn was the chosen destination, and Arnisdale the anchorage. The light and the shade on the mountains was beautiful and totally belied the many-held opinions that it is a gloomy dark and foreboding place; it could not have been more enjoyable anchored there. So much so that in a flat calm on yet another sunny morning, a short trip was taken as far as the narrows, before heading for Mallaig. Stores and fuel again!!

There were many stags and hinds on Knoydart that morning as a slow passage was made out of Loch Hourn, into a light breeze in the Sound of Sleat. On arrival at Mallaig, the inner harbour was full of fishing boats, so the best spot was in the new fishing harbour, handy for water and fuel. The owner of the classic *Ada and Mary* welcomed *Quaila* alongside as water and fuel were being taken aboard her too.

It was so hot in Mallaig the tar was melting on the roads,

honestly!! The town was buzzing with holidaymakers. Amongst general replenishment of stores some shellfish and fish were purchased for lunch and for that evening's meal. A seafood lunch with wine in the cockpit rounded off with ice cream in the boiling sunshine cannot be better cruising. Could it last? Afraid not.

The forecast was not good for the next few days. Thoughts of overnight in Muck gradually changed to Loch Nan Droma Buidhe, as a pleasant passage was made towards Ardnamurchan. It hardly seemed possible that there could be such a dramatic change in the weather after the past week, but during the night it came in and blew hard.

The morning was still wet but with less wind. It was Sandy's birthday and an invitation had been extended by him to the crew, to join him for dinner in Tobermory that evening. To occupy some time, a jaunt up Loch Sunart to Salen for lunch aboard, was undertaken. By the time lunch was over, the rain had stopped and the day cleared up. Tobermory was busy, before the West Highland Week competitors were due on the following day. A most enjoyable time was spent ashore and an excellent meal savoured in the evening.

More unpleasant weather was due on Wednesday, when the fleet from Oban would be beating up the Sound of Mull. *Quaila* cleared the anchorage in good time and with a strong stern wind, was past Loch Aline by the time the leaders came through. The racing fleet was having a real hard beat up the Sound. Attempting to enter Port Ramsay it was decided that the depth was not right. The next option was Loch Creran where the anchorage at South Shian was comfortable overnight.

The final day of the cruise was windy again from the southwest, with heavy showers. Fortunately there was a short break in the weather when Sandy was dropped off at Oban to collect his car. Hugh and Katie brought *Quaila* to Croabh, pushing the tide for part of the way. Sandy's journey was the more comfortable. Apart from the last three days the cruise had been carried out in excellent weather, but cold at times in the northerly air stream.

"Nice? It's the only thing, " said the Water Rat, solemnly, as he leaned forward for his stroke. "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing - absolutely nothing - half as much worth doing as simply messing about in boats". "Simply messing", he went on dreamily: "messing - about - in - boats; messing - ."

(Kenneth Grahame - *The Wind in the Willows*)

Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica

Len Curtin

August 2004 saw us laid up ashore in Trapani, a town on the northwest coast of Sicily, soon to be the venue for the Louis Vuitton Cup races to decide the next challenger for the America's Cup in 2008.

Over the winter we studied the charts of Sardinia and Corsica, the most likely cruising grounds for 2005. A friend, whom we met cruising in Sicily, had over-wintered in Alghero on the west coast of Sardinia for two years, and had recommended the port and town very highly. Telephone calls to Ser-Mar, a marina in the port of Alghero, resulted in a promise of a berth, so this became the goal and focus for the delivery trip.

Tuesday 3rd May, saw myself and Cyril Kilgrew ICC fly to Palermo to anti-foul the boat and attend to the list of jobs that is the lot of the cruising boat owner. *Chain* was launched on May 5th and shortly after, the rest of the delivery crew arrived. Declan and Roy Tyner had sailed with me in the past on *Karena* but were new to the centre-cockpit Moody 376. Their arrival coincided with a rising wind from the northwest, where else?

We passed the time socialising with others who were preparing their craft for the season in the yard, and looking out to sea hoping for a moderation of the swell built up by the wind. Trapani turned out to be a cross-roads in the Mediterranean, ourselves heading west, all others going east – was this an omen? The received wisdom was that we were going 'the wrong way'.

Saturday May 7th, fully fuelled and stored, we cast off heading towards the southern tip of Sardinia. The swell had not completely gone and our heading made life aboard uncomfortable. After about four hours the seas still had not moderated so as we were quite close to the Egadi islands, the 'better part of valour' took over and we bore off for Favignana, capital of the

island group, tying up alongside a trawler at the quayside. Dined ashore in this quaint town, once the centre of the tuna-fishing industry.

Sunday was spent sight-seeing and lazing. Getting a positive forecast from the fishermen, the decision was made to leave at 07.00 tomorrow.

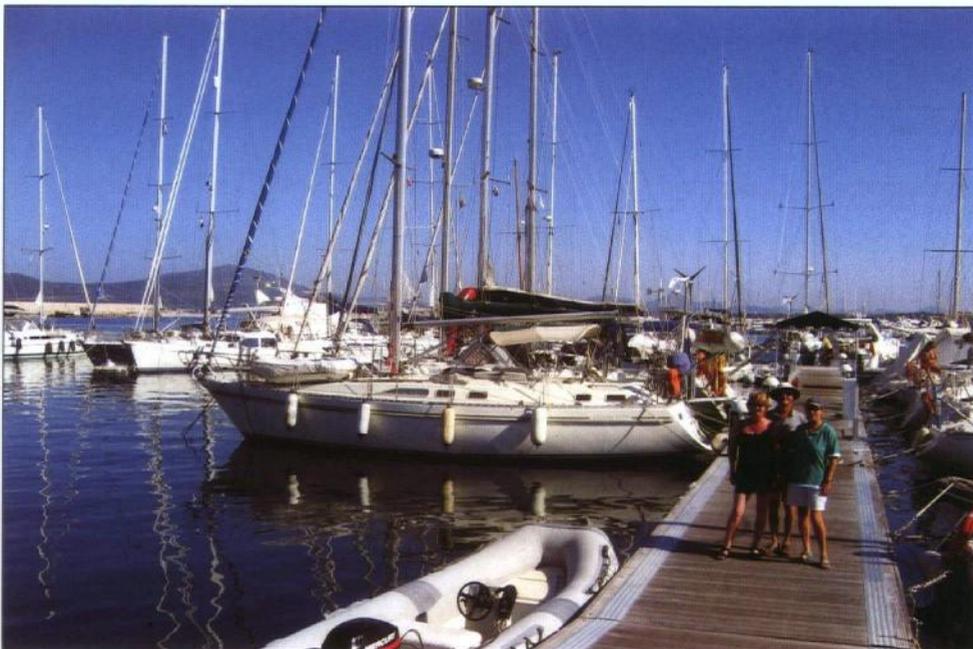
Monday looked a far more positive day so we cast off, motorsailing on course in a slight sea and northwest wind. It was an uneventful voyage, three ships sighted. The only excitement was the surfacing of two whales fifty metres off our starboard beam just before we set the night watches. They were heading east also! A starry night saw us picking up the loom of Capo Carbonara, the south eastern tip of the bay of Cagliari, our amended destination. A dawn landfall never palls. We were also relieved as by now our time was running short.

It was a glorious morning entry into the bay of Cagliari. The town itself is piled up like a tiered cake but my eyes were only to the pilot book. It mentioned four marinas but only showed three! I reckoned the family-owned Marina de Sole sounded the best place to leave the boat, and so it proved. Locating it in the northeast corner of the large harbour, a tough-looking grey-haired man took our lines and disappeared. I enquired of our neighboring boat, appropriately named *Wild Oats* as to the whereabouts of the office. He pointed me in the right direction and filled me in on the correct bargaining procedure.

Arranging to leave *Chain* here for five weeks, we tidied ship, had a meal in the 'Three Arches' restaurant up the road and a good nights sleep. The next day we caught the train to Alghero, overnights in a pension and flew back to Cork via Stansted. So ended the inter-island part of our 2005 cruise.

Thursday, June 16th saw us once more in Alghero, catching the train to Cagliari to join *Chain* and her current crew – our son, Daniel, his wife, Yvonne and eleven-month-old Kate, who had been in Sardinia for a few days, were acclimatised to boat and weather, and anxious to be off on our cruise.

We sailed next day south and west and anchored in the bay at Pula, under the old Roman city. After a very pleasant night, we were away early (thanks to Kate), sailed around Capa Spartivento, the Mizen Head of Sardinia. After a superb sail we were abeam of the southern end of a small island called San Pietro. Here we saw many local boats anchored for lunch and swims, so we decided to join them. At tea-time we up-anchored and motored to Carloforte harbour for the night. Excellent Italian/Sardinian meal that night in a water-side restaurant.



Crew at Alghero marina.



Enjoying the view at Stintino.

Lay-day today for Kate. Failed to have Greek gas bottle filled or exchanged. Hand-filled 60 litres of fuel as fuel berth has been silted-up. Other sailors ruefully doing same! Wonderful island atmosphere here, palm trees, promenading, ferries coming and going and the sun...

Cast off at 05.05 next morning, motoring north. Spectacular sun-rise over Sardinia as dolphins joined us on our way. Entered the shallow Bay of Torregrande and tied up after being guided in by a marina RIB. Eight hours motoring over a flat sea. Daniel booked a taxi so they would have a night in Alghero before their flight home. Farewell dinner in marina restaurant.

Sad to see them off in their taxi mixed with relief to have *Chain* to ourselves at last, we cast off, bound for Bosa. Motored most of the way, arriving at 17.15 at a bay guarded by an Aragonese tower. Nice town a short walk away. On our way back to the harbour spotted a butane gas depot. Greek bottle filled at last! Cool night at anchor. Decided to stay here for a few days, swimming, strolling and general holidaymaking. Really lovely place.

June 25th saw us motoring towards Alghero, our 2005 base. We called up the marina and were met by Frederico outside the harbour in a RIB. We were guided to a convenient berth under the old walls of the town. The RIB proved very helpful in the crosswind berthing situation.

Alghero was an ancient settlement taken over and fortified by Aragonese and Catalans in the past. It still is known as *Barcelonetta*, and its mixture of Sardinian, Italian and Iberian is remarkable. Its old walls and sea defences are almost intact and its narrow, cobbled streets and arches give the place a true mediaeval feel.

We stayed put here for the next five days as the 'Mistral' blew hard

out of a clear blue sky. It was no hardship! We explored the town, socialised and looked at the 'elephants', the swell on the horizon. We also caught up with some routine maintenance. I located an excellent stainless-steel workshop, who agreed to make a set of davits for us as hauling the dinghy aboard each time was beginning to be wearisome.

We sailed to a large land-locked bay called Porto Conte and had a mini-cruise for a week, while waiting for our new crew to join us. Returning to Alghero on 12th July we had a lay-day. Derek and Viv White appeared on the quayside and we had a shakedown daysail to Porto Conte. I had to collect the davits next day and Derek, an engineer to his fingertips, offered to help me fit them. In reality, I helped him do the fitting, and after a few hours,

Mary and Viv returned and declared themselves satisfied with the job. Celebratory sustenance in local Spanish-style restaurant.

The 'White' cruise began with a trip west and north around Capo Caccia and through the Fornelli passage. This is a shallow pass between the prison island of Asinara and the mainland. It saves a detour of nearly twenty miles. There is a shallow bank on the east side of the pass with turquoise water, a very popular day anchorage with local boats. We dropped the hook in 2.3 metres and were soon over the side in Caribbean style surroundings. Dined in cockpit watching picture postcard sunset.

Major voyaging next day as we motored the two and a half miles to Stintino, a very picturesque fishing village now almost totally gone over to tourism. Anchoring inside the mole, we went ashore to find it is still a workaday town, and better-off for it. We braced ourselves here for tomorrow's planned destination, Bonifacio, in Corsica.



Cala de la Chaine, Bonifacio.

07.00 saw us motoring clear of the harbour and beating in a light northwest wind towards a hazy Corsican shore. The wind was increasing all the time and we were pleased to be entering the long winding fjord of Bonifacio, perhaps one of the most spectacular harbour entrances in the Mediterranean. Our relief turned to anxiety when the port launch turned us away, saying the place was full. We eventually found a place to anchor at the head of a small, very crowded cala or inlet, thanks to our shallow draught. We anchored and I swam ashore with a line, the first of three lines ashore as the wind rose to force 7.

It blew a Mistral for the next three days. Bonifacio was very crowded but a wonderful place to be weather-bound. Very interesting places to visit, great food – a unique combination of French and Italian – and a great buzz, mainly due to the number of boats trapped by the weather. We checked the sea state each day from the citadel heights. From this vantage point, one sees a number of architectural features, such as the silos used to store grain in times of siege, and the series of arches connecting the buildings, which carried rainwater from a communal cistern into a system of tanks. Sumptuous palaces contrast with the individual tall, narrow houses in the old quarter. On our second afternoon, an Italian yacht near us dragged her anchor and fetched up on the beach. Every bored yachting in the cala had an opinion as to what should be done and no doubt thought, 'there but for the grace of God and thirty metres of chain go I' Eventually, two harbour launches dragged him to deeper water, highlighting the dangers of cruising in tideless waters.

Time to re-thread our way south again, as our next crew change was to be in Alghero. We motored out into the left-over choppy sea to Castelsardo, a twelfth-century Genoese town dominated by a massive cathedral built on the cliff edge. The marina is a pleasant walk from the town. Yachts over-winter here in perfect safety at very reasonable cost, in this municipal marina, which also has a travel-lift and hard standing.

Away next day towards Stintino on the opposite side of the gulf of Asinara, anchoring in the harbour again for the night. Next day, we passed through the Fornelli passage again, later rounding Capo Caccia with its stunning, wind-sculpted rock formations and tied up in our berth in Alghero. The following day Derek and Viv departed for home. Great crew, great company, it had been a most enjoyable cruise.

After a couple of days in Alghero, Eddie (ICC) and Ann

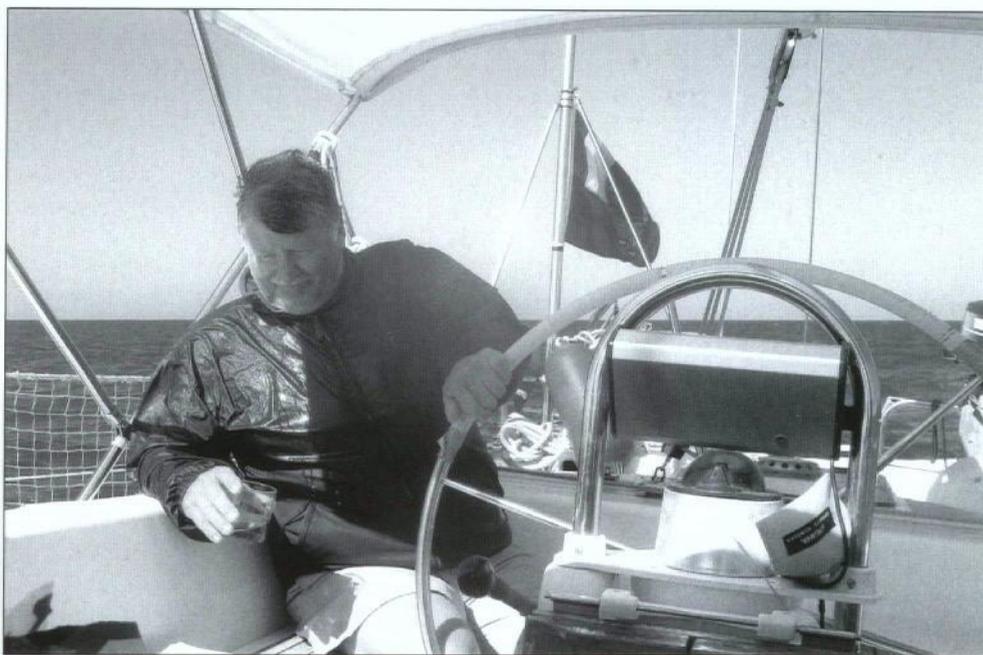
Keating joined ship for some local cruising. We overnighted in Porto Conte, Cala Bola and had a great run south to Bosa. This harbour is connected to the town by a bridge over the mouth of the river Temo, the only navigable river in Sardinia. The town is dominated by the twelfth-century castle on Serravalle hill, built by the Genoese. We were in full cruising mode now, sunning, swimming and cooking in excellent weather. The nights were now noticeably cooler and in this pleasant weather we retraced our track back to base. Eddie had expressed a wish to experience a 'Mistral'. I was glad he was thwarted in that regard. The day after they left the wind came in with a bang from the north west confining *Chain* to port for three days. Be careful what you wish for, you may get it!

When the sea and wind moderated, Mary and I now headed towards a goal of ours – the Costa Smeralda. This is reputed to be the ideal place for sailing, a perfect natural environment combining glorious colours heady perfumes and a rugged coastline full of interesting places to discover. We had a great run north through the Fornelli pass again and on towards Santa Theresa Gallura. Berths were in short supply here but after a while one became available to us. Next day we cast off at noon and reached down to Cala d'Alga on Isola Spargi. Cool, calm night here, we were just hauling the anchor next morning when a severe squall laid us over – 54 knots and white water out of the blue! After that fright we ran northeast to Porto Raphael and anchored in eight metres off the yacht club. We stayed here next day. An Italian yacht, who had the whole bay to anchor in, dropped his hook in front of us, and dragged down on top of us. We untangled ourselves, got the anchor up and bore-away for Cannigione, a lovely town.

Two days later we went to Porto Cervo. It was packed with boats of all sizes and hues and that was only the owners! Not our cup of tea. Crowded, noisy, expensive, the wash in the anchorage had to be endured in very confined conditions. It is the only place I ever saw people putting out fenders to protect their boats while at anchor! We left as soon as possible. Maybe we picked a bad time!

Heading north again we looked into some of the bays on the Maddalenas islands. Much better. This area lived up to its own publicity. Good holding, turquoise water and plenty of nooks and crannies to swim and snorkel; we had finally arrived in paradise!

All too soon we were on our way again, this time north and west around Capo Testa to Castelsardo once again, this time to link up with Kevin and Fie Dwyer (ICC) for our final ten days. It was now 18th August and the weather was taking a turn for the worst. It had been breezy but now it was cloudy as well. After a good sail west to the Stintino anchorage, we were confined to the boat as the 'Mistral' piled in from the north-west. After two days in shallow water with forty metres of chain out and unable to swim from the boat, the novelty was wearing off. A dash was made for the shelter of the harbour so that we could we could get some shore leave. Two more days here had us wondering about global warming, or in our case global cooling! The rain-gear was located eventually after being redundant for the last three years



Derek versus the 'Mistral'!

and pressed into use. West Cork, come back, all is forgiven!

Finally, before the onset of terminal harbour fever, we decided to risk the Fornelli Passage one last time. Getting our anchor at 07.00 on August 24th, we motored towards the leading marks. There is a dog-leg half ways through and as we switched transits we saw, too late, that there were huge seas outside the exit. It would have been dangerous to turn in the channel so we were committed to going on. The seas were as white as our eyes, but with the help of prayer and Mr Thorneycroft's fifty-five horses we came through. Not an experience I would wish to repeat! The rest of the trip to Cala Bola was OK. A relieved, happy crew dined ashore that evening, after swims and restorative beverages.

We shared this anchorage with three German, two American and two UK yachts, one of whom, *Felix*, a catamaran, we had seen many times before on our journeys around Sardinia.

Friday 26th August saw us make our last sail back to base. This gave us some time to allow Kevin and Fie to sample the many delights of Alghero and tidy the ship in preparation for her next crew, our son Alan and his friends, who planned to repeat, more or less, our Sardinia/Corsica cruise.

In hindsight, we had a trouble-free, interesting and enjoyable Three Islands cruise. *Chain* performed all that was asked



Neptune's Grotto, Sardinia.

of her and looked after us when we needed confidence and comfort. We had great company, interesting pilotage and a few anxious moments, in all, a satisfying experience. Many thanks to our varied crews who added greatly to our cruise in 2005.

Trapani Boat Services, Trapani, Sicily.
Contact Pietro Zichichi at 00 39 349 661 8376.

Ser-Mer Alghero, Sardinia.
Contact Federico at 00 39 347 7720544.

Dan Cross writes of the Oyster regatta in Antigua

Marilyn Kenworthy (ICC) kindly asked Jill and I to do the Oyster regatta in Antigua in March. How could I refuse! We met up with the boat in St.

Barths. From there we motored sailed to Antigua, head-wind with 25 knots, not very pleasant. We tied up at Nelson's Dockyard in English Harbour; there to take our lines was Seamus Salmon (ICC), whose yacht *Saoirse* was moored in the bay. Michael O'Flaherty & Brian Smullen (ICC) having arrived on the beautiful *Cuilau* from Bequia called to visit us. The Oyster Regatta is raced around Antigua with fun and games in a different anchorage over 4 days. Superb sailing. Before we left, Liam Bohane (ICC) and Alan Curtin, son of Len (ICC) joined *Flica* to deliver her back to Crosshaven.

On Friday 30th April we had a card school outing to the Isles of Scilly. Two Dehler 41's *Ocean Sapphire* and *Tilly Greig*, Stuart Musgrave (ICC), left Crosshaven at 14.30 and had a great sail to Tresco. We were mooted up for breakfast at 09.00 the following morning. Spent one night on a mooring and in the pub playing 110. Stuart carried on for Brittany and we had another lovely sail back to Crosshaven arriving midday Monday.

On the 25th May *Ocean Sapphire* set off for Cape Finisterre with myself, daughter Jane, Johnny Murphy (ICC) and John McCarthy a friend from Dublin and Baltimore as the delivery crew. We set off into a 24 knot southwesterly

with big seas and a forecast to improve. We had varying weather conditions mostly on the nose for the next 90 hours before arriving in La Coruña. For the next 4 weeks Jill and I had a superb time exploring the Rias to Bayona, with daughters Cathy and Sally and friends coming and going. We met ICC members, Peter Haden on *Papageno*, Sean McCormack on *Marie Claire II* and Jose and Maria Woodward on *Moshulu* who know so much about the area. John Daly (ICC) had just joined *Moshulu* when we left Bayona for Cork. Myself, Jill, Nick Musgrave and Declan Tiernan on board. Again we had a mixed bag of weather with excellent sailing the last 24 hours.

Ocean Sapphire spent the rest of the summer in Baltimore, day sailing, a night in Barlogue a ICC really in Horseshoe Harbour, Sherkin Is. and a single handed jaunt to Lawrences Cove.

At the end of August I was taking the boat, single-handed to Crosshaven, woke to miserable weather and postponed departure. The mobile rang sometime later, Jill wanting to know why I had not left, I said because it was foggy and miserable, she said it was a beautiful morning. I was looking through the companionway at the bottom of a rubber dinghy hung up at the transom! Fool! I left and had a wonderful reach all the way.

As I write *Ocean Sapphire* is going to another ICC member and has been replaced with a beautiful Sweden Yacht 45 *Yoshi*.

Wallace Clark writes of a voyage out of Sligo with Des Moran

As I arrived by car at Rosses Point Des Moran and his nephew Ian had gone down to the shore below Wheatrock House and started loading. The regular crew members' labrador, and terrier plus a large cold box of provisions went into the inflatable on the pebbly shore. Sligo Harbour gleamed like quicksilver below a blue sky. The wind was light easterly and the tide at full.

By 10.30 we were off in the 25 foot immaculate Sloop *Nanette*. Her name made me feel nostalgic. It was earlier given to a converted *Lusitania* lifeboat by Dr John Moran and Jan and Gerry Eccles, who converted her for cruising. They made many visits to Inishmurray and Ballysodare and other parts of Donegal Bay. Thirty years later, Jan, doughtiest of lady sailors, sailed with me round Ireland and talk often came round to *Nanette* and to Milk Harbour where we were bound.

As we were passing Oyster Island the yachts on moorings couldn't make up their minds which way to swing. The ebb had begun in midstream while a counter current seemed to be running east along the island shore. The red triangles of racing Mirrors enlivened the scene ahead as they dodged around *The Man Who Never Told a Lie*. That's a Naval Petty Officer cast in iron who stands with his arm pointing to our correct channel. The row of white houses on Coney Island looked well cared for. To their left was the hump of a stone-age fort and probably later a Cromwellian one. The island has often been a base for invasion from the sea. Sligo Bay is cut off in dramatic style by Benbulbin to the north and Knocknarea to the south. That makes it a place of short prospects for the eye but long ones for the imagination. This is Yeats Country

And don't you forget it. Memory Harbour of Yeat's poem has fallen to the bulldozer, its place now taken by Jackson Pier, named for a Yeats relation. It looks well used, jam-packed with yachts and small fishing boats.

The Cluckhorn, joining Coney to Black Rock, was covered. Des pointed out the gap marked by a stake at the west end giving access to the landing.

Then from inside the Wheatrock we looked into the drying boat-harbour on the south east tip of Raghley Point in the lee of which Des once had a summer mooring.

From here the western face of the Eagles Rock in the Dartrys appeared like breaking wave high up to the east. Lissadell House peeped from its trees as if looking for the

coaster that used to go up to it, via the Drumcliffe Channel, with coal.

Horse Island is more rocky than its name suggests. Drawing four feet we nosed inside where the chart shows a metre at LWS. We touched something at the entrance. That came under the heading of *Hydrography by Impact*, a means of improving one's knowledge of inshore waters at low speed in good weather. I share a taste for it with Des. We turned and went outside.

Seal Rock and Ardboline with their numerous outliers soon slipped astern to port. The wind had backed to give us a close-haul north up the coast. This is one of Ireland's most scenic bits of coastline with a low island-studded foreshore backed by the dramatic saw-edged mountains; it tends to be missed by round-Ireland sailors.

Des was busy below and I was dozing in the cockpit, sleepy after a three hour morning drive when I was startled by what looked like the bad white train of a speedboat's wake on the starboard bow. Ian spun the wheel and turned quickly seaward as the Black Bull Rock slid past. We would have been clear anyway but its long tail, covered 7 metres, spreads wickedly northwest. It must have caught many a ship in the past. Perhaps an Armada one, but local memory is that three came in on Streedagh Beach a little further on.

More rocky islets loomed ahead off Dernish Island and the entrance to Milk Harbour. Carrick na Spania appeared as two separate tilted slabs with an occasional spot of white foam showing between them.

"If doubtful about entering," Jan Eccles used to say, "watch out for a pause when the swell isn't breaking on Spania and time yourself at the right interval after that to cross the Bar"...

The outer beacon shown on the metre chart has disappeared. The inner one is still there but no longer painted white. There was little swell that day and no moaning on the bar as we entered a bit before low water. A menacing curve of sand showed to port and to starboard the Carrigeen, a rocky ridge below the oak trees from which Dernish gets its name. There was about four feet under us and two knots of ebbing tide.

Once inside Milk Harbour offers delightful peace. Yachts rarely visit and only a few small fishing boats lie on moorings. The surface can look milky at times which may account for the name but Des suggested that the Vikings a few thousand tides ago found it ideal hiding for their shallow-draft galleys and handy to farmyard supplies like beef and cream. Talking of which, Des produced three superb steaks for a gourmet lunch as we anchored off the mainland pier below McCann's farm.

Then we visited Ron, the only inhabitant of Dernish, apart from a black bull and his harem, (the black bull's, that is!). Ron is a deep water sailor of great experience. He showed us a picture of the ferro-concrete boat he built himself, now in Borneo where he commutes to sail the Pacific when winter comes to Dernish. In any location he is a man worth listening to.

In the afternoon we sailed five miles north to Mullaghmore and picked up a bow and stern mooring that Des had laid in the harbour. Moorings are a DIY job and close packed. Lord Palmerston built the harbour about 1846. As an improving landlord he'd be pleased to see it now fuller than ever.

There Jock the terrier decided to have a swim and led us on a Tally Ho around the harbour until we were collected by Siobhan and taken back to a tasty supper at Wheatrock. The drive home afterwards didn't seem long with my body refreshed by sea air and scenery and my mind full of craic and the spirit of the islands. Thanks Des, Ian and Siobhan for a perfect day's sailing.



Wallace Clark's *Nanette* in Armadalie, June 2005.

**Hugh Kennedy writes
of two weeks on
Royal Tara on the
Costa Dorada, Costa
Brava and the French
Riviera**

Clayton Love's well-known dark blue Nicholson 70 had been taken from its winter quarters at Malta, and had been berthed at the Port Vell marina at Barcelona. Clayton had planned to sail along the Mediterranean coast of Spain and France towards the Italian Coast, and to leave his ship at Villefranche,

where he was due to participate in a series of one-design races in his 30ft traditionally rigged racing boat *Jap*. This boat would be delivered overland in its well-equipped trailer: it is truly an international participant in racing regattas.

The cruise in *Royal Tara* had been planned to take approximately two weeks; Clayton had invited his one-time "505" racing crew: Neil Hegarty, and his wife Angela flew out from Cork; Aoife and I flew from Belfast and, because of differing flight times, we arrived at Barcelona before the main contingent from Cork.

We taxied from Barcelona Airport Port Vell marina and arrived at the main gate precisely at the same time as the skipper and mate from *Royal Tara*, David and Jill, approached from the other side. We were shown to our cabin and, in due course, Clayton and the Hegartys arrived and together we enjoyed a beautiful dinner aboard. *Royal Tara* is a classic Nicholson-designed yawl with ample accommodation for the owner and his guests: the Hegartys and the Kennedys each enjoyed the luxury of twin cabins complete with showers. Next day (Sunday 4 September) we cast off from our accommodation pontoon and motor-sailed gently up the coast towards the Port de San Feliú de Guixols. This is about 4 miles past the Cap de Tossa and about 15 miles southwest of the Cap de San Sebastian (not to be confused with San Sebastian in the Bay of Biscay!).

And so *Royal Tara* proceeded steadily, mostly motor sailing and driven by two powerful engines, along the French Riviera, stopping each night and sometimes stopping for lunch. We enjoyed a short stop at Palamós, which is just south of San Sebastian, under anchor, and then proceeded around the Cape of San Sebastian and north to Rosas, which is a sheltered spot north of the Gulf of Rosas. Next day we moved around Cape Creus, adorned by a lofty lighthouse, and proceeded a short distance, travelling northwest for a change, to Port-Vendres, where we moored "stern-to" the quay. We experienced a short period of very heavy rain there: fortunately it did not last long! Having our usual rest and meal there, we departed again under main and engine and proceeded north Sete, which was about 50 miles north-east. We tied up alongside the quay there. This made it easier to inspect the town which was very attractive. Our next port of call was planned to be Marseille, which was about 80 miles due east across the upper part of the "Gulf of Lions" and then to Toulon; so we proceeded southeast around Cap Croisette and then Cap C.Sicie, rounded Cap Cepet and anchored off Toulon. On this north coast of the Gulf of Lions, parts of the coast were sand dunes with large lagoons inside, and other parts, particularly at the various points described as "Capes" or "Cabas", there were very high cliffs; we moored for lunch in one place (the exact name of which, at the moment, escapes me!) where the cliffs were at least 300 feet high. There were at least another four yachts also taking the benefit of the very sheltered anchorage to rest and enjoy lunch or dinner as the case may have been. We left Toulon on Tuesday 13th and set off to round the southern arm of the Gulf of Lions towards Port Grimaud. On this journey we passed through magnificent rocky islands, tall and forbidding, the "Iles d'Hyeres", and having then rounded C. Camarat we turned west and took up our berth at Port Grimaud. Nearby (we were told) is the seminary where our patron saint, St. Patrick had received part of his education.

At Port Grimaud, Clayton berthed *Royal Tara* between two fairly commodious motor cruisers moored "stern-to-quay". It was again very convenient to be able to explore something of the town and to eat ashore: one very polite passer-by enquired what flag the ship was wearing and I was able to explain it was the Royal Cork ensign - so that he then accepted that the flag was not of Italian extraction!

On Friday 16th we left Port Grimaud and headed northeast towards Cap d'Antibes. Our termination was to be Villefranche, which was immediately to the west of Cap Ferrat. We anchored off here and used the rib with its efficient engine to move towards the quay. The quay was very lively with a number of excellent restaurants overlooking the bay, which was very picturesque.

We enjoyed a magnificent dinner in a restaurant (where Clayton had prudently, as always, reserved a table) and we were able to admire the boats moored in the bay and watch the traffic move slowly backwards and forwards on the road and promenade in front. In actual fact, we had bypassed Nice, from which Aoife and I were due to fly the next morning, because Clayton was anxious to visit Villefranche where the mooring was more secure and where the town was more interesting.

It had not been planned to visit Monaco in *Royal Tara*, but there is a very modern and efficient rail service along the coast, so we had a very interesting trip into the Principality, and returned to finish our very interesting cruise with yet another magnificent meal on the quayside. The forecast, persistently gloomy, promised heavy rain on the next morning. Because Aoife and I were booked to fly back to Belfast from Nice, we decided, in order to avoid travelling ashore from the mooring in the rib, to catch a taxi to Nice (and perhaps to risk travelling back to Belfast in damp clothes!), we would, after our meal ashore, take a taxi to Nice and stay the evening there. We secured a room in the Hotel at the Airport and said goodbye to Clayton and the rest of the crew. All in all, it had been a very interesting two-week cruise and Aoife and I especially enjoyed the swims before breakfast and lunch and, despite the cautious weather forecast, the sun shone brightly, both on the sea and ashore, and the food and wines were tremendous.

One could not help but enjoy the trip enormously because, regularly at 11.00 each morning, David would invite the crew to have a glass of "the ship's drink" a beautifully presented orange and champagne cocktail which I believe is, or used to be, called "Bucks Fizz".

Clayton was able to point out where he had visited with his father in his yacht many years previously; and I could not help but remember visiting Tossa del Mar for my first "sun, sea and sand" holiday with three senior medical students (I was a newly qualified lawyer) and I am happy to say that, while two of them have gone to America, one has remained a close friend and fellow sailor to this day.

For me personally, the trip was a great success because, while previously Aoife had been prone to seasickness, and although she does like swimming and the sea and boats, she is rather guarded about spending a long time afloat, on this occasion she had only a minor bout of seasickness very early on and enjoyed the rest of the holiday as much as the rest of us, and I hope that this successful cruise will have put her lingering doubts to rest permanently.

Royal Tara is a magnificent yacht and she will now become even more admired and cherished because, very recently, Messrs Camper & Nicholson have announced that henceforth they will cease to build sailing yachts and will confine their building to power driven boats only. Having owned a Nicholson-designed boat myself at one time (a "Jolina") I have always had an admiration for their design and it is sad that they are going to cease to produce any more of their beautifully designed sailing yachts.

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. Wolfe
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. McMahon

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

THE FAULKNER CUP

Winner	Yacht
1931 Keatinge & McFerran	<i>Marie</i>
1932 A.W. Mooney	<i>Nirvana</i>
1933 D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1934 Mrs Crimmins	<i>Nirvana</i>
1935 H.D.E. Barton	<i>Dauntless</i>
1936 A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1937 D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1938 H.P. Donegan	<i>Gull</i>
1939 Miss D. French	<i>Embla</i>
1947 A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1949 L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1950 H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1951 H.W.S. Clark	<i>Zamorin</i>
1952 P. O'Keeffe	<i>Mavis</i>
1953 H.W.S. Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1954 B.C. Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1955 C. Love	<i>Galcaador</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>
2005 Peter Killen	<i>Pure Magic</i>

THE STRANGFORD CUP

Winner	Yacht
1970 R. O'Hanlon	<i>Clarion</i>
1971 M. Park	<i>Kitugani</i>
1972 R. Gomes	<i>Ainmara</i>
1973 J. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1974 J. Guinness	<i>Sule Skerry</i>
1975 G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1976 W. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1977 J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1978 J. Villiers Stuart	<i>Vinter</i>
1979 J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980 M. Villiers Stuart	<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>
1981 J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1982 W.A. Smyth	<i>Velma</i>
1983 J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1984 J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1985 A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1986 Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1987 Brian Dalton	<i>Boru</i>
1988 Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1989 David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1990 Tommy O'Keeffe	<i>Tir na nOg</i>
1991 David Fitzgerald	<i>Peigin Eile</i>

1992 Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1993 W. M. Nixon & E. Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1994 David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1995 Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>
1996 David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1997 Brian Black	<i>Cuillin</i>
1998 David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1999 Peter Mullins	<i>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>
2005 Brian and Eleanor Cudmore	<i>Ann Again</i>

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

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 Dermot 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 Peter Killen	<i>White Magic</i>
2003 Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
2004 Noel Casey	<i>Kish</i>
2005 Marilyn Kenworthy	<i>Flica</i>

THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

	Winner	Yacht
1941	E.J. Odum	
1951	Brendan Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
From 1954 the Navigation Cup awarded for the best cruise around Ireland.		
1954	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1955	Dr. R.N. O'Hanlon	<i>Ancora</i>
1956	R.C. Arnold	<i>Maid of York</i>
1957	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1961	C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>
1963	W. & B. Smyth	<i>Wynalda</i>
1964	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1967	C.H. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1968	J.D. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1969	R.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>
2005	No Award	

THE FORTNIGHT CUP

	Winner	Yacht
1958	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	J.W.D. McCormick	<i>Diane</i>
1963	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1964	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1965	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1966	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1967	Miss E. Leonard	<i>Lamita</i>
1968	P. Dineen	<i>Huntress</i>
1969	R.C.A. Hall	<i>Roane</i>
1970	N. St. J. Hennessy	<i>Aisling</i>
1971	J.R. Olver	<i>Vandara</i>
1972	C. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1973	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1974	J. Wolfe	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
1975	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1976	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1978	R. Dixon	<i>Oberon</i>
1979	B.J. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1980	R. Paul Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1981	S. Orr	<i>Den Arent</i>
1982	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1983	C.P. McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1984	B.H.C. Corbally	<i>Puffin</i>
1985	R. Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1986	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1987	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1988	John Ryan	<i>Saki</i>
1989	Brian Hegarty	<i>Safari of Howth</i>
1990	Seamus Lantry	<i>William Tell of Uri</i>
1991	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>
1992	Clive Martin	<i>Lindos</i>
1993	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>
1994	Frank Larkin	<i>Elusive</i>
1995	Dick Lovegrove	<i>Hobo V</i>
1996	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
1997	Michael d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1998	Jim Slevin	<i>Testa Rossa</i>
1999	Jim Slevin	<i>Testa Rossa</i>
2000	No Award	
2001	Gary Villiers-Stuart	<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>
2002	Andy McCarter	<i>Gwili 3</i>
2003	W.M. Nixon	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
2004	Roy Waters	<i>Sundowner of Beaulieu</i>
2005	Bill Rea	<i>Elysium</i>
THE WYBRANTS CUP		
	Winner	Yacht
1933	J. B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1934	Dr. L.G. Gunn	<i>Albatross</i>

	Winner	Yacht
1935	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1936	Leslie Chance	<i>Britannia</i>
1937	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1938	Dr. O.P. Chance & R. Storey	<i>Saphire</i>
1939	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1940	K.McFerran & Dr. O'Brien	<i>Hazure</i>
1941	D. Keating & R. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1942	J.B. Cotterell & J.F. McMullan	<i>Minx</i>
1943/45	No Award	
1946	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1947	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1948	Dr. R.H. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1949	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>
1950	A.W. Mooney	<i>Evora</i>
1951	P. O'Keefe	<i>John Dory</i>
1952	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1953	No Award	
1954	T. Crosby	<i>If</i>
1955	R.P. Campbell	<i>Alata</i>
1956	S.F. Thompson	<i>Second Ethuriel</i>
1957	Col. W.S. Knox-Gore	<i>Arandora</i>
1958	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1959	G. Kimber	<i>Astrophel</i>
1960	J.C. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>
1961	S. O'Mara	<i>Fenestra</i>
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1963	Lt. Com. T. Sheppard	<i>Greylag of Arklow</i>
1964	T.F. Doyle	<i>Elsa</i>
1965	S. O'Mara	<i>Oisin</i>
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1967	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1969	R.I. Morrison	<i>Querida</i>
1970	Hugh Coveney	<i>Dalcassian</i>
1971	J.A. McKeown	<i>Korsar</i>
1972	J.C. Love	<i>Fionnuala</i>
1973/77	No Award	
From 1978 onwards the Wybrants Cup was awarded for the best Scottish cruise.		
1978	Chris Green	<i>Norella</i>
1979	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1980	D.A. McMillan	<i>Goosander</i>
1981	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1982	Ronan Beirne	<i>Givusa Kuddle</i>
1983	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1984	R. Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1985	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1986	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1987	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
1988	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
1989	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1990	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1991	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1992	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1993	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
1994	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1995	Paul Butler	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1996	Brian Black	<i>Cuillin</i>
1997	James Nixon	<i>Ardnagee</i>
1998	Peter & Evie Ronaldson	<i>Scotch Mist</i>
1999	No Award	
2000	Adrian & Maeve Bell	<i>Réalta</i>
2001	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
2002	Paget McCormack	<i>Saki</i>
2003	Adrian & Maeve Bell	<i>Réalta</i>
2004	Norman Kean	<i>Xanadu</i>
2005	Alan Leonard	<i>Ariadne</i>

THE FINGAL CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1981	Robert Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1982	W. Walsh	<i>Carrigdown</i>
1983	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1984	R.M. Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1985	P. Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1986	B. Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1987	Frank McCarthy	<i>Scilly Goose</i>
1988	Robert Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1989	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1990	Michael d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1991	W.M. Nixon	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1992	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1993	Stephen Malone	<i>Symphonie</i>
1994	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose of Moyle</i>
1995	W.M. Nixon	<i>Witchcraft</i>
1996	Richard Lovegrove	<i>Shalini</i>
1997	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>
1999	Peter Killen	<i>Black Pepper</i>
1999	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
2000	Tony Clarke	<i>Veleva</i>
2001	Michael Balmforth	<i>Greenheart</i>
2002	Dianne Andrews	<i>Great Escape</i>
2003	Grainne Fitzgerald	<i>Mountain Mist</i>
2004	Michael & Alison Balmforth	<i>Greenheart</i>
2005	Clive Martin	<i>Beowulf</i>

THE GLENGARRIFF CUP

This Waterford Glass trophy which had not been presented since the Jubilee Cruise in 1979 (see 1979 Annual) and is now awarded by the adjudicator for the best cruise in Irish waters.

Year	Recipient	Yacht
1993	James Nixon	<i>Sea Pie</i>
1994	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>
1995	Bill Rea	<i>Elysium</i>
1996	Maeve Bell	<i>Réalta</i>
1997	Máire Breathnach	<i>Romist</i>
1998	Brendan Travers	<i>Sea Maiden</i>
1999	Máire Breathnach	<i>SeaDance</i>
2000	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
2001	No Award	
2002	Brendan Travers	<i>Seodín</i>
2003	No Award	
2004	David Beattie	<i>Scholleva</i>
2005	No Award	

ROCKABILL TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1959	P.H. Green	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1962/63	No Award	
1964	J.D. Faulkner	<i>Angelique</i>
1965	J.H. Guinness	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1966	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1967	No Award	
1968	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1969	No Award	
1970	J.P. Jameson	<i>Ganiamore</i>
1971	R. Courtney	<i>Bandersnatch</i>
1972/73	No Award	
1974	J.P. Bourke	<i>Korsar</i>
1975/78	No Award	
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980	J. Wolfe	<i>Deerhound</i>
1981	No Award	
1983	K. & C. Martin	<i>Estrellita</i>
1984	No Award	

From 1985 onwards the Rockabill Trophy was awarded for 'A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship.'

1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	John Olver	<i>Moody Blue</i>
1987	J.B. Law	<i>Redwing/Spirit of Shell</i>
1988	No Award	
1989	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1990	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1991	Wallace Clark	<i>Aileach</i>
1992	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1993	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1994	Peter Hogan	<i>Molly B</i>
1995	Brian Smullen	<i>Zaberda</i>
1996	Tom Foote	<i>White Heather</i>
1997	Paddy Barry/ Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Tom Crean</i>
1998	No Award	

Year	Winner	Yacht
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>
2005	Brian Black	<i>Caelan of Strangford</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>
1977	Otto Glaser	<i>Red Rock III</i>
1995	Donal Morrissey	<i>Joggernaut</i>
2001	Denis Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
2003	Dianne & Tom Andrews	<i>Amethyst</i>

This Trophy is now awarded for distinction in an international event by a member sailing his/her own boat.

2005	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilau</i>
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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>
2005	Robert Barker	<i>Alchemist</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	
2005	Dick Lovegrove	<i>Vivace</i>

JOHN B. KEARNEY CUP

Winners

1983	P. Campbell: Compiler of ICC Directions
1984	J. Moore: Skipper of S.T.Y. <i>Graine</i>
1985	Jennifer Guinness: <i>ICC Publications Officer</i>
1986	Harold Cudmore Junior: Yachtsman
1987	Cap. G.F. 'Eric' Healy: Captain of S.T.Y. <i>Asgard II</i>
1988	Capt. Tom McCarthy: Captain of S.T.Y. <i>Asgard II</i>
1989	Sail Ireland Project: Round the World Race in <i>NCB Ireland</i> .
1990	Ursula Maguire: Secretary of Irish Yachting Association
1991	The Southern Cross Team Winners: H. Cudmore, J. English & J. Maguire
1992	Denis Doyle: Yachtsman
1993	Arthur S. P. Orr: Compiler of ICC Directions
1994	Daphne French: Yachtsperson
1995	Ronan Beirne, Editor Annual
1996	No Award
1997	"South Aris" team. Shackelton 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
2005	Paddy Barry – 10 years as Honorary Editor of the Annual

THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

Year	Recipient	Yacht	Race
1950	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	
1951	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	Islands Race
1956	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	Islands Race
1957	S.F. Thompson	<i>Ithuriel</i>	
1958	J. Ronan	<i>Wye</i>	Islands Race
1959	J. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>	Pollock Race
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>	
1961	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1964	A.E. Pope	<i>Susette</i>	
1965	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1967	S.F. Thompson	<i>Wye</i>	
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1969	F. Cudmore	<i>Setanta</i>	
1970	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1971	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1972	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1973	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1974	G. Radley	<i>Cecille</i>	
1976	J.C. Butler	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	
1977	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1978	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1979	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	
1980	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1981	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1982	C. Love Jnr	<i>Rebel County</i>	
1983	S. Mansfield	<i>Luv Is</i>	
1984	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1985	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1987	T.E. Crosbie	<i>Senta</i>	
	C.J. Fitzgerald	<i>Mandalay</i>	

Year	Recipient	Yacht
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	
2005	Bill Walsh	

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>Euphazel</i>	N. Falkiner
1955	Whit	<i>Suzette</i>	A.E. Pope
1956	I.O.M.	<i>Zephyra</i>	S. Cresswell
1957	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1959	Cork-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler MC
1960	I.O.M.	<i>Harmony</i>	R.H. O'Hanlon
1961	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1962	Howth-Port St. Mary	<i>Cu-na-Mara</i>	D. Barnes
1963	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler
1964	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Twayblade</i>	E. Tweedy
1965	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1966	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Fionnuala</i>	R. Courtney
1969	Cork-Fastnet- Castletownshend	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1972	Dun Laoghaire-Arklow	<i>Tryphena</i>	F. Ryan
1973	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Cecille</i>	G. Radley
1974	–	<i>Korsar</i>	J.P. Bourke
1976	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. Mollard
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	Service to Sailing
1993	J. Russell	Service to Sailing
1995	Adrian Spence	

Year	Recipient	Yacht
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 Clark	Ireland West Coast & The Hebrides
2005	Brian Black	Greenland Cruise

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>Joggeraut</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>Finndabar of Howth</i>	P. Jameson	Round Ireland

From 1993 Awarded by the Eastern Area Committee

Year	Yacht	Recipient	Race
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	
2005	Hal Sisk	Restoration of a Classic Yacht, <i>Peggy Bawn</i>	

TRANS OCEANIC PENNANT

Awarded by the Committee – on application

Year	Yacht	Recipient	Race
	Auchincloss, Les	Glaser, Otto	O'Farrell, Vincent
	Barnes, Sean	Gore-Grimes, John	O'Flaherty, Michael
	Barnwell, Henry	Gray, Peter	Osborne, James
	Barry, Paddy	Gray, Susan	Osmundsvaag, Arnie
	Bradley, Brendan	Greer, Perry	Petch, John
	Bramwell, Barry	Hogan, Peter	du Plessis, Hugo
	Bunting, Peter	Killen, Peter	Smullen, Brian
	Cahill, Bernie	King, Heather	Smyth, William
	Cahill, James	Leonard, Alan	Snell, Michael
	Chapman, Colin	McBride, Davy	Viriden, Jonathan
	Coffey, Jack	McClement, Donal	Whelan, Michael J.
	Coleman, Michael	McHenry, Cormac	Whelan, Pat
	Corbally, Bernard	Mullins, Peter	White, Lawrence
	Cudmore, Ronald	Nicholson, David	
	Espey, Fred	O'Farrell, Kevin	

THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

Awarded by the Western Area 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
2005	David Fitzgerald

BEST DUNN'S DITTY AWARD

2001	Brendan Travers
2002	Wallace Clark
2003	John Bourke
2004	Fergus Quinlan
2005	Eleanor Cudmore

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 2005. 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. (048 912 70998/Office: 048 90321313)	<i>Enigma</i>
Adams, Peter J., 1970 (Gillian)	Ballyholme, Manor Bourne, Down Thomas, Plymouth, Devon PL9 4SP. (01752 269705)	<i>Modus Vivendi</i>
Ahern, Michael J., 1990 (Ronnie)	Belmont, Rochestown, Co Cork. (021 4363092)	
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. (048 9754 1625/Office: 048 9045 1541)	<i>Rosemarie of Cuan (PO)</i>
Andrews, Dianne M H, 1988 (Tom)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5NP. (048 9187 2233)	<i>Amethyst (PO)</i>
Andrews, Tom M, 1988 (Dianne)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5NP. (048 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. (048 9042 6497/Office: 048 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., 1990 (Marjorie)	Shournagh Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co Cork. (021 487 0031)	<i>Irish Mist I</i>
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. (048 9181 3369)	<i>Maimoune</i>
Barr, R.G.M., 1973 (Hazel)	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 4TB. (048 9181 3369/Office: 048 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 Ballinclea 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, Paddy, 1984 (Mary)	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (01 280 0820)	<i>Ar Seachran</i>
Barry, Tim, 2001 (Judie)	Innishannon House, Innishannon, Co Cork. (021 477 5333)	<i>Daedalus</i>
Beattie, David, 1999 (Mary)	Abha na g-Carad, 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. (048 9066 8435/Office: 048 9066 7914)	<i>Realta (PO)</i>
Bell, J. Alan, 1994 (Gillian)	The Coach House, 1A Carnathen Lane, Donaghadee, Co Down BT21 0EH. (048 9188 8949/Office: 048 9042 8136)	
Bell, Maeve, 1996 (Adrian)	1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast BT9 5EG. (048 9066 8435)	<i>Realta (PO)</i>
Black, Brian, 1981 (Lesley)	137 Shore Road, Strangford, Co Down BT30 7NP. (048 4488 1678/Office: 048 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 (Gabi)	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 Seaford Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0BB. (048 9042 4422)	<i>Nimrod of down (PO)</i>
Boyle, Harold C, 2002 (Vivienne)	59 Malone Heights, Belfast, BT9 5PG. (048 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)	
Branagan, Michael, 1989 (Noreen)	14 Blackberry Rise, Portmarnock, Co Dublin. (01 846 2554)	
Branagan, Owen, 2005 (-)	14 Blackberry Rise, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin. (01 846 2554)	

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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. (094 963 0992/Office: 094 963 0016)	<i>Mac Duach</i>
Brown, Robert, 2004 (Linda)	Rathmullan House, 3 Orchard House, Downpatrick, Co. Down BT30 8 TA. (048 4485 1255)	<i>Sapphira</i>
* Browne, Anthony, Commodore RCC, (2005) (Monique)	Matravers House, Uploders, Bridport, Dorset DT6 4PH, England. (00 44 1308 485222/Fax: 00 44 1308 485514)	<i>Quiver</i>
! Bruen, J. Chris, 1990 (Maureen)	Calypso, Fairy Hill, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 4863510)	<i>Somethin' Brewin'</i>
Bryans, Paul M. A., 2005 (Ruth)	Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork. (021 437 8595/Office: 00 44 1483 282697/Fax: 00 44 1483 281998)	<i>Odysseus</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 Seacliffe Rd, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5HS. (048 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, Kilternan, 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)	
Casey, Rory, 2005 (-)	2 Knockthomas, Castlebar, Co. Mayo. (/Office: 094 902 7822/Fax: 094 902 7811)	
Casey, Dr. Tony, 2005 (Margaret)	Brooklodge, Blackwater, Co. Clare. (061 344658/Office: 061 454666/Fax: 061 454666)	
* 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>
Clandillon, Paul K., 2005 (Patricia)	Belmont Lodge, Ballinclea Rd., Killiney, Co. Dublin. (01 235 2791)	<i>C'est Formidable</i>
Clapham, John F., 1965 (Rosie)	Mertoun, Cliffside Road, Torquay, Devon TQ1 3LB. (01803 324726/Office: 01803 297337)	<i>Tresillian IV</i>
## Clark, Wallace, M.B.E., D.L., 1951 (June)	Gorteade Cottage, 115 Kilrea Road, Upperlands, Co Londonderry, BT46 5SB. (048 7964 2737/Fax: 048 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>Veleva</i>
# Clementson, Ann, 1969 (John)	Ballyreagh, Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 8SN. (048 9181 2310/Office: 048 9065 6612)	<i>Faustina II (PO)</i>
Clementson, John, 1997 (Ann)	Ballyreagh, 84 Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 8SN. (048 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, Ballinakill, 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 (-)	Westgate, Drogheda, Co. Louth. (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, 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>Jabberwock</i>
Craig, Brian, 2005 (Anne)	Colhugh, Kilmore Ave., Killiney, Co. Dublin. (01 285 7278/Fax: 01 235 2055)	<i>Vivace & Crescendo</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>Euphanzel</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>Sparetime</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>Aurette II</i>
! Cudmore, Eleanor, 1997 (Brian)	Cloudhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 489 3625)	<i>Ann Again (PO)</i>
Cudmore, Fred Jnr, 1966 (Mary)	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)	The Garden Village, Talbot's Inch, Freshford Road, Kilkenny. (056 7765838)	<i>Setanta</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
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, 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>Feeric</i>
Cummins, Desmond, 2005 (Angela)	37 Eglinton Rd., Donnybrook, Dublin 4. (01 283 9567/Fax: 01 269 5233)	<i>Merlin</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. (048 90 806366/Office: 048 90 551607/Fax: 048 90 551608)	
Currie, John D., 1985 (Wendy)	4 Shore Street, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0DG.	<i>Carna</i>
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>Chain</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 (-)	The Glade, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 4362833/Office: 021 4277911)	<i>Wave Dancer</i>
D'Arcy, Patrick N., 2005 (Eileen)	Barrow View, Crossneen, Leighlin Rd., Carlow. (059 913 1050/Fax: 059 913 1945)	<i>Piper of Dart</i>
Davis, Samuel M., 1980 (Helen)	8 Glenmachan Drive, Belfast, BT4 2RE. (048 9076 1417/Office: 048 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, Ernest K., 1973 (Anne)	4 Vernon Park, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 4PH. (048 9146 1410)	<i>Nerina</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. (048 9146 8772)	<i>Tertia of Lymington</i>
Doherty, Anne, 2000 (-)	Castlebar Road, Westport, Co Mayo. (098 28607/Office: 098 26633)	<i>Coco</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. (048 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>Crimson Rambler II</i>
Duffin, Nicholas S. R., 1990 (Andrena)	11 Grey Point, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co Down, BT19 1LE. (048 918 52668)	<i>Rathlin</i>
Duggan, John P., 1986 (-)	Travessa Das Padarias 3-2, 2765-432, Monte Estoril, Portugal. (01 791 4000)	<i>Hecuba</i>
* Dunbar, Bartlett, (2005) (Lisa)	22 Bridge St., Newport, Rhode Island 02840, USA. (401 849 2243)	<i>Silver Apple</i>
# 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. (021 465 2910)	
Dyke, Stanley W., 1965 (-)	Benwell, Crosthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 280 7918)	
England, Liz, 1967 (Fred)	Eastwood, Donaldson's Brae, Kilcreggan, 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. (048 9146 1881)	<i>Wheesht</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. (048 9146 9838)	<i>Zamfa</i>
Eves, F. Maitland, M.B.E., 1967 (Eva)	Loughside Farm, 57 Ringdufferin Road, Toye, Downpatrick, Co Down BT30 9PH. (048 4482 8923)	<i>Cephas</i>
Eves, Jeremy R. F., 1975 (Heather)	30A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 3RD. (048 9127 0460/Office: 048 9145 4344)	
Eves, Roland E., 1982 (Elizabeth)	Carrig-Gorm, 27 Bridge Road, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co Down BT19 1TS. (048 9185 3680)	<i>Lutanda</i>
Fannin, Robert J., 1981 (-)	48 Lodore Road, Fishponds, Bristol BS16 2DH.	
Fasenfeld, George, 1997 (Eve)	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. (048 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)	
* Fischer, Garry, (2005) (-)	8 Halidon Ave., Newport, Rhode Island 02840, USA. (401 847 0211)	
Fisher, J.D.F., 1969 (Susan)	Rathturret, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RX. (048 4177 3667)	
FitzGerald, Aodhan, 2001 (Zoe)	152 Costa na Mara, Oranmore, Co. Galway. (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)	

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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 (-)	2 Park Rd., Glenageary Heights, Glenageary, Co. Dublin. (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 (Edna)	42B Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (048 9127 4664/Fax: 048 9127 4664)	<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/Fax: 01 285 8527)	<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. (048 9146 2067/Fax: 048 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: 048 28400)	<i>Muirneog</i>
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 (PO)</i>
Gillespie, Dr. Peter J., 1993 (-)	4 Demesne Gate, Saintfield, Co Down, BT24 7BE. (048 9751 0779)	<i>Cara of Quoile</i>
Gilmore, Dr. W. R., 1985 (-)	9 Coastguard Lane, Groomsport, Co Down, BT19 6LR. (048 9188 2410)	
Glaser, Dr. Otto E., 1972 (Patricia)	Thalassa, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 832 4797)	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>
Gleadhill, Diana, 1996 (-)	Lough Hill, 30 Ballymacashen Road, Killinchy, Co Down, BT23 0SH. (048 9754 1815)	
Glentoran, Lord T. Robin V., C.B.E., D.L., 1977 (Maggie)	Drumadaragh House, Ballyclare, Co Antrim, BT39 0TA. (048 9334 0222/Office: 048 9334 0422)	
# Glover, Dr. W. E., 1961 (1998) (Lillian)	2 Coolong Road, Vacluse, 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. (048 4278 8365)	
# Gomes, H. R., 1967 (Deirdre)	Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co Down. (048 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>
Gore-Grimes, Nicholas, 2005 (-)	59 Francis St., Dublin 8. (01 473 8978/Fax: 01 453 4190)	
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. (048 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 ORD. (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, Belmount Farm, Hatch Beauchamp, Taunton, Somerset TA3 6AA. (01823 480877)	<i>Baily of Howth</i>
Hand, Frank, 1985 (Alexandra)	Pf. 19 Strassganger Str 207, 8028 Graz, Austria. (00 43 316253626)	<i>Orion na Mara (PO)</i>
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. (048 9187 4489/Office: 048 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>
Healy, Nicholas, 2005 (-)	8 St. Nessans, Thormanby Rd., Howth, Co. Dublin.	
# 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)	<i>Shelduck</i>
Hegarty, Paul M., 2002 (Nuala)	15 Dundanion Court, Blackrock, 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. (048 90 42 4640/Office: 048 90 79 9393)	
# Hunt, C. K., 1963 (Poppy)	Bawnavota, Summercove, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 4772534)	
Hutcheson, Thomas C., 1990 (-)	18 Chain Memorial Road, Larne, Co Antrim, BT40 1AD. (048 2827 7284/Office: 048 9086 4331)	<i>Tieveara</i>
Hutchinson, Alan, 1991 (Maureen)	27 Glenbroome Park, Jordanstown, Newtownabbey, Co Antrim, BT37 ORL. (048 9086 3629)	<i>Suaeda</i>
Irvine, Terry, 2002 (Yvonne)	23 Seskin Avenue, Straid, Ballyclare, Co Antrim BT39 9LG. (048 93 352109)	<i>Stealaway</i>
Irwin, John, 1982 (Diane)	12 Spires Crescent, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6UQ. (048 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>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
Johnston, Denis B., 1979 (Margaret)	Kilburn, 33 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0PD. (048 9188 3951)	<i>Tringa</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, Capt. David, 2003 (Patricia)	FL 975, PO Box 92, Emirates Flt. Ops., Dubai, UAE. (97143422604)	<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)	
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. (048 9754 1470)	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
# Kennedy, Hugh P., Q.C., 1963 (Aoife)	Edgebank, 16 Deramore Park South, Belfast, BT9 5JY. (048 90 660500/Office: 048 90 669556/Fax: 048 90 669556)	<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. (048 33446)	<i>Juno</i>
Kilkenny, Joseph A., 1971 (-)	The Hatch, Gray's Lane, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 3442)	<i>Moonshadow (PO)</i>
Killen, Beverly G., 2005 (Peter)	3 Killeen Tce., Malahide, Co. Dublin. (01 845 3019/Fax: 01 816 8780)	<i>Pure Magic (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, Acting Hon. Treasurer, 2004 (-)	16 Margaret Place, Bath Avenue, Sandymount, Dublin 4. (/Office: 01 678 9089/Fax: 01 662 2727)	
Kirby, Tom, 1971 (Eileen)	Park Road, Clogheen, Clonakilty, Co Cork. (023 33553/Office: 023 33240)	<i>Yami-Yami</i>
Knatchbull, Michael W., 1986 (Rhona)	Gambles Lodge, Upper Mountown, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 280 1420)	
Knatchbull, Patrick W., 1999 (Mary)	16 Seafront Road, Cultra, Co Down BT18 0BB. (048 9042 2240)	<i>Spirit of Cultra</i>
Lantry, Seamus, 1990 (Eileen)	An Grianan, 8 Fitton Street, Morrison's Island, Cork. (Office: 021 427 0789/Office Fax: 021 427 7319)	<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. (048 9754 1386/Office: 048 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 8505)	<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) (Stephen)	Orchard House, Gunton Park, Hanworth, Norfolk NR11 7HJ, UK.	
! Leonard, Alan G., 1964 (Elizabeth)	28 Knockdene Park South, Belfast, BT5 7AB. (048 9065 3162)	<i>Ariadne</i>
Ley, Angela, 1986 (John)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JW. (048 9145 4937)	<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>
Ley, John E., 1986 (Angela)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5JW. (048 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, Clayton Jr., 1971 (Betty)	Waterpark House, 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 Narrows, 9 Killinakin Road, Killinchy, Co, Down BT28 6PS. (048 9754 1666/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, Jim, 2005 (Bridget)	43 Upper Kensington, Rochestown, Cork. (021 489 2567)	
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 (Gillian)	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, 1999 (Heather)	Shelmalier, Victoria Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 284 7724/Office: 01 603 5361/Fax: 01 662 8956)	<i>Voyager</i>
MacManus, Rachel, 2005 (-)	Shelmalier, Victoria Rd., Dalkey, Co. Dublin. (01 284 7724/Fax: 01 284 7718)	

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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, Connla, 1975 (Geraldine)	Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RU. (048 4177 2237)	<i>Starfire</i>
Magowan, Terence D., 2004 (Mary)	26 Aghnadore Rd., Broughshane, Co. Antrim BT42 4QB. (048 25 861266/Office: 048 25 639399/Fax: 048 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 Thicket, 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. (048 4488 1205)	
McAllister, Eoin, 2005 (-)	High St. House, High St., Westport, Co. Mayo. (098 25813)	
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, E (Davy), 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, Speenogue, Lifford, 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>
McDonagh, Justin, 2005 (Trish)	Artigallivan, Headford, Killarney, Co. Kerry. (064 50468/Office: 066 979 2445)	
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, Bailly, Co. Dublin. (01 832 2823)	
* McHenry, Barbara, (1993) (Cormac)	8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14. (01 288 4733)	
! McHenry, Cormac P., 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>Siolta</i>
McKee, Michael, 1962 (Anne)	52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HX. (048 9147 2692)	<i>Carragheen</i>
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 (-)	Treboth, Corbridge, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 4042)	
McMullen, Colin P., 1975 (Alison)	2 Beeches Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin. (/Office: 01 289 3941)	
Meade, Eamon, 1992 (Olivia)	Fiddown, Piltown, Co Kilkenny. (051 643311/Office: 051 855034)	
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. (048 9188 2577/Office: 048 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. (048 9065 6051)	<i>Family's Pride</i>
Monson, Ross S, 2001 (-)	2 Castlehill Road, Belfast, BT4 3GL. (048 90656051/Office: 07718 907735)	
Moore, John S., 1985 (-)	C/o Ulster Cruising School, The Marina, Carrickfergus, Co Antrim, BT38 8BE. (048 9336 6680/Office: 048 9336 8818)	
Moore, Nelson J, 2001 (-)	Oakwood Farm, Rochestown, Cork.	
Moore, Sam, 2001 (Lily)	5 The Rookery, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 6SY. (048 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>
Morrissy, Donal, 1982 (Brenda)	Fuchsia, Aspen Lane, Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare. (065 707 7981)	<i>Joggernaut (PO) & Rebound (PO)</i>
Morrow, Ian, 2002 (Helen)	Ballylin, Ramelton, Co. Donegal. (074 51268)	<i>Genesis of Drumbooy (PO)</i>

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# Morton, Admiral Sir Anthony G. B. E., K.C.B., 1970 (-)	Flat 6, Amhurst, 90 St Cross Road, Winchester, Hants SO23 9PX. (01962 56393)	<i>Lamorna III.</i>
Mulhern, James, 1958 (Zita) ✓	Riverdale, Templecarrig, 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)	
Musgrave, Stuart, 2005 (Avril)	Ferndale, Raffeen, Monkstown, Co. Cork. (021 437 1640/Fax: 021 452 2290)	<i>Tillygreig</i>
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, Vice Commodore, 1971 (Katherine)	1 Hamilton Villa, Ballyholme, Bangor, N Ireland BT20 5PG. (048 91 474015)	<i>Scilla Verna (PO)</i>
* Nixon, Katherine, 2004 (James)	1 Hamilton Villa, Ballyholme, Bangor, N. Ireland BT20 5PG. (048 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)	83 Brightwater, Crosshaven, Co. Cork. (021 483 1028/Office: 021 483 2422)	
O'Brien, Daniel D., 1978 (Rose Marie)	9 Glenview, Kilgannon Hill, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow. (01 490 7731/Office: 01 497 9423)	<i>Tremlett</i>
O'Brien, James, 2004 (Derna)	Woodview Cottage, Passage West, Co. Cork. (021 484 1491/Office: 021 488 9922/Fax: 021 488 9923)	<i>Brandon Rose</i>
O'Callaghan, Brendan, 1990 (Majella)	"Cashelbeg", Laurel Walk, Bandon, Co Cork. (023 43077)	<i>Phoenix</i>
O'Carroll, Cormac, 2002 (Frances)	Duncan, Holly Mount, Lee Road, Cork. (021 430 0189/Office: 021 428 4276)	<i>Leprechaun</i>
O'Connor, Daniel, 1971 (-)	The Pines, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 285 8012/Office: 01 676 4661)	<i>Freycinet</i>
O'Connor, Gilbert J., 1987 (Hilda)	36 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6PT. (048 9754 1345)	<i>Pegasus</i>
O'Connor, Patrick, 1996 (Christine)	12 Hawthorne Terrace, Cobh, Co Cork. (021 4811442)	<i>Aoife (PO)</i>
O'Donnell, John, 2005 (Dympna)	29 Sea Rd., Galway. (091 584255/Office: 091 544316/Fax: 091 585059)	
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. (048 4177 2620)	<i>Cuchulain</i>
O'Farrell, Phillip V.J., 1990 (Caitriona)	15 Drumreagh Road, Rostrevor, Co Down, BT34 3DS. (048 4173 9830)	
O'Farrell, Vincent J., 1981 (Maureen)	Eldon Hotel, Skibbereen, Co Cork. (048 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, Dominic, 1990 (Mary)	2 Woodview, Wellington Bridge, Lee Road, Cork. (021 434 8038/Office: 021 497 2060/Office Fax: 021 435 9161)	<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'Loughlin, Shane G., 2005 (-)	The Old Post Office, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow. (01 282 8402)	<i>Birmayne</i>
O'Mahony, Bill, 1991 (Brenda)	6 Castlerock, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 4372588/Office: 021 427 0365)	
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)	
O'Neill, J. Russell, 1964 (-)	59 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0PQ. (048 9188 8609/Office: 048 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>
Orr, Arthur S. P., VRD* DL FRIN, 1970 (Jane)	Evergreen, 11 Old Hollywood Road, Belfast, BT4 2HJ. (048 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. (048 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. (048 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. (048 4278 8625)	<i>Alys</i>
# Park, J. Mungo, M.B.E., 1955 (Amanda)	Carrig Breac Lodge, Bailly, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 2210)	<i>Twiga</i>
Park, Jonathan S., 1987 (Deborah)	8 Old Station Road, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0BX. (048 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>

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Phelan, Joe, 2002 (Trish)	33 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. (01 832 3876)	<i>Skuu</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>
Prendeville, 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 Craigdarragh Road, Helen's Bay, Co Down, BT19 1UA. (048 9185 2237)	<i>Blue Lady (PO)</i>
# Pritchard, P. Marshall, 1966 (Maura)	The Coach House, 36 Craigdarragh Road, Helen's Bay, Co Down, BT19 1UA. (048 9185 2237)	<i>Blue Lady (PO)</i>
Quinlan, Fergus, 2003 (Kay)	Dooneen, Burrin, Co Clare. (065 707 8929)	<i>Pylades (PO)</i>
Ralston, George L. D., 1986 (Lynne)	Island Cottage, Reagh Island, Comber, Co Down BT23 6EN. (048 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>
Revill, 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 Ballinlea 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)	1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3SN. (02891 474 131)	<i>Seascope of Down (PO)</i>
# Ronaldson, Peter, 1967 (Evie)	1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3SN. (02891 474 131)	<i>Seascope 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>
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. (048 3888 1418)	<i>Nicu</i>
Sadlier, Frank A., 1985 (Marion)	19 Quay Road, Strangford, Co Down, BT30 7LL. (048 4488 1830)	<i>Nisha</i>
Salmon, Seamus, 2000 (-)	Cloonterriff, Knock, Co Mayo. (094 88662/Office: 094 24488)	<i>Saoirse</i>
Sargent, Gerard M., 1996 (Barbara)	49 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. (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, Craigavon, Co Down, BT18 ODE. (048 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 Jr., 1988 (-)	Copse Cottage, Ballyhad, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow. (0404 43896)	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
Sheil, Leonard, 1968 (Hazel)	Portlet, 24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 1878/Office: 01 280 7838)	<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. (048 9147 3563)	<i>Moonstream</i>
Sisk, Hal B., 1973 (Rosemarie)	c/o Sicon Ltd., Wilton Works, Naas Rd., Dublin 22. (045 876268/Office: 01 409 1600)	<i>Peggy Bawn & Cuileann</i>
Slater, Ronnie, 1977 (Denise)	39 Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co Down, BT19 1LB. (048 918 52373)	<i>Tandara</i>
Slevin, James, 1986 (-)	Arenal, The Mall, Ballyshannon, Co Donegal. (072 51379/Office: 072 51177)	<i>Testa Rossa</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. (048 90 854557/Office: 048 90 400999)	<i>Jig Time</i>
Smyth, Francis G., 1979 (-)	30 Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co Down, BT22 2RX. (048 4278 8214)	<i>Slioch</i>
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)	
Spence, Ralph E., 1988 (-)	40 Castle Street, Killough, Co Down, BT30 7QQ. (048 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. (048 4488 1798)	<i>Raptor</i>
Stevenson, John A., 1964 (Clodagh)	22 Baring Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks, HP9 2NE.	<i>Morene</i>
Stevenson, John C., 1984 (-)	Ardmore, 1 Seaforth Road, Bangor, Co Down, BT20 5HV. (048 9147 2779)	
# Stewart, Alan C., 1959 (June)	Cul na Mara, 9 Meadow Bank, Moffat, Dumfries & Galloway, Scotland DG10 9LR. (01683 220814)	
Stillman, Chris J., Hon. Editor ICC Annual, 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 Pascal)	Cuan Farm, 13 Ballydrain Road, Comber, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 5SR. (01247 870265/Office: 01232 669537)	

- Taplin, David M. R., 1986 (-) Coliemore House, Down Thomas, Plymouth, PL9 0BQ, England. *Minerva*
 * Taylor, Alan J, Commodore OCC, Four Winds, Stoneyfields, Farnham, Surrey GU9 8DU. (01252 737007) *Bellamanda*
 Taylor, Gregg, 2003 (Helen) Ballymacormick House, Ballymacormick Road, Bangor, Co Down BT19 6AB. *Blue Squirrel*
 Thornhill, Christopher J.H., 2005 55 St. Charles Square, London W10 6EN, UK. (00 44 20 8969 1736) *Sai See (PO)*
 (Valentine)
 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) *Speedbird of Throne*
 Titterington, Ian H., 1989 (-) 12 Marino Park, Cultra, Holywood, BT18 OAN. (048 9042 2280)
 Travers, Brendan, 1993 (Evelyn) 14 Castle Lawn, Tulla Road, Ennis, Co Clare. (065 682 2440) *Seoidin*
 Traynor, Frank, 1985 (-) 34 Rathdown Park, Terenure, Dublin 6.
 ! Tucker, David E, Rear Commodore, Coonlocken House, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 477 2468/Office: 021 470 2122/Fax: 021 477 3252) *Intrigue*
 2000 (Meta)
 * Tucker, Meta, (2005) (David) Coonlocken House, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork. (021 477 2468)
 Turvey, Desmond E., 1980 (Margaret) 2 Abbey Terrace, Cuan na Mara, Abbey Street, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 4241/Office: 01 676 3914)
 Tyaransen, Olaf, 2005 (Margaret) Lacklea, Barna, Co. Galway. (091 592 388/Office: 091 566568/Fax: 091 564456)
 Tyrrell, Aidan, 1971 (-) Adelaide Cottage, Adelaide Place, Gardiners Hill, Cork. (021 450 8419)
 Tyrrell, Dr. Declan G., 1985 (Margaret) Hillside, The Hill, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 0362)
 Villiers-Stuart, Garry, 1992 (-) Burnlaw, Whitfield, Hexham, NE47 8HF. (01434 345359/Office: 01434 632692) *Winefreda of Greenisland*
 Virden, Jonathan, 1968 (Joy) The Court Lodge, Yalding, Kent, ME18 6HX. (01622 814509) *Twayblade*
 Waldron, Dr. Oliver C., 1978 (-) Luibeen, Colla Road, Schull, Co Cork. (048 28814)
 Walsh, Anthony, 1979 (-) Red Island, Skerries, Co Dublin. (01 849 0113) *Bluebell*
 Walsh, Donal, 1992 (Mary) Meadowlands, Abbeyside, Dungarvan, Co Waterford. (058 44074) *Lady Kate*
 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) *Carrigdown*
 Waters, Capt. L. Roy, 1985 (Susanne) 15 Ballymulligan Road, Crawfordsburn, Bangor, Co Down, BT19 1JG. (048 9185 3249) *Sundowner of Beaulieu*
 Watson, Barbara N., 1993 (Bill) 6860 Gulfport Blvd. S, #750, South Pasadena, FL 33707, USA. (727 345 3933) *Strathspey (PO)*
 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) *Ursula*
 Webb, Michael J., 1986 (Ruth) 11 The Moorings, Athlone, Co. Westmeath. (090 647 7705) *Moondrifter*
 ! Wheeler, Edwin M., 1975 (Jan) The Riggins, Dunshaughlin, Co Meath. (01 825 6643) *Witchcraft of Howth (PO)*
 Whelan, Geoffrey F., 1985 (Valerie) The Stables, Nashville Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 3536/Office: 01 677 7532) *Evolution II (PO)*
 Whelan, Michael J., 1985 (Maureen) 8 Longford Terrace, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (01 230 4972) *Maunie*
 Whelan, Patrick, 1980 (-) Wellington Mews, 9A Patricks Hill, Cork. (021 4501966)
 Whelehan, Harold, 1979 (-) Treetops, Claremont Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 8324139) *Witchcraft of Howth (PO)*
 Whitaker, D. Mark, 1991 (Liz) Orchard House, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 436 2773/Office: 021 428 1143/Fax: 021 428 1140) *Rascal*
 Whitaker, David J., 1988 (Valerie) Ashkirk, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 4292542/Office: 021 4281100) *Wayfarer*
 ! White, Derek F. 1999 (Vivienne) The Mallard, 4 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Co Down BT30 7LP. *Ballyclaire*
 (048 4488 1331/Office: 048 4488 1323)
 White, John N., 1974 (Sarah) 3 Marlborough Road, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 8364)
 ! Whitehead, David, 1972 (Marie) Glebe, Kinvara, Co. Galway. (091 638195) *Joyster*
 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. (048 9751 9060/Office: 048 9070 5111) *Reiver (PO)*
 Williams, W. Peter, 1968 (Anne) The Whins, 25 Ballykeigle Road, Comber, Co Down, BT23 5SD. (048 9752 8360) *Reiver (PO)*
 Winkelmann, Franz C., 1984 (Carmel) 8 Holmston Avenue, Glenageary, Co. Dublin. (01 280 1212)
 # Wolfe, Jack M., 1959 (-) ✓ 3A Dunbo Hill, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 839 4154) *Benbow*
 Wolfe, John W., 1978 (-) Reena Dhuna, Church Cross, Skibbereen, Co. Cork. *Kylie*
 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) *Misty*
 Woodward, Joseph B., 1990 (Mary) Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 429 1215/Office: 021 427 3327) *Moshulu III*
 Woodward, Mary, 1999 (Joe) Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 4291215) *Moshulu III*
 Woulfe-Flanagan, Ann, 1996 (-) 60 Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 3979) *Beowulf (PO)*
 Wright, Nick, 2003 (Marwyn) 11 Brackenrig Crescent, Waterfoot, Glasgow G76 0HF. (0141 644 4253) *Talisker*
 Wylie, Ian E., 1971 (-) Flat 1, 2 Clanbrassil Terrace, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0AP. (048 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>	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>	J. O'Donnell, R O'Toole	11.6	Sloop F. 1978	John Sharp	Dolphin 31
<i>Ar Seachran</i>	P. Barry		Sloop A. 1979	German Frers	Frers 45
<i>Arctic Fern</i>	J Gore-Grimes		Sloop F. 1998	Najad	Najad 440
<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	Fastnag 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>Birmayne</i>	S. O'Loughlin		Cutter F. 1992	Bruce Roberts	—
<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>Bluebell</i>	A. Walsh		Lugger F. 2003	—	Drascombe Lugger
<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	Bnu 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>C'est</i>	P. Clandillon		Sloop F. 1999	Mortain & Mavrikios	—
<i>Chain</i>	J.L. Curtin		Sloop F. 1991	Bill Dixon	Moody 376
<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>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>Cuilan</i>	B. Smullen/M. O'Flaherty	28	Ketch W. 1970	G.T. McGruer	McGruer One Off

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<i>Cuileann</i>	H. B. Sisk		—	David Thomas	Landau 20 motor cruiser
<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>Eleanora</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	—	—
<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	20	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 Sadlier	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>Hecuba</i>	J. Duggan		Sloop F. 1989	T. Castro	MG CS 40
<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 I</i>	A. Baker	19	Sloop F. 1973	D. Carter	Carter 37
<i>Irisha</i>	A.F.Lee		Sloop F.	—	Beneteau 47.7
<i>Island Life</i>	C P McHenry	12	Cutter F. 1998	Bob Johnson	Island Packet 40
<i>Jabberwock</i>	P. Courtney		Sloop	—	Sigma 41
<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

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<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>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>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>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
<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>Merlin</i>	D. Cummins		Sloop F. 2003	Castro	1720
<i>Minerva</i>	D. Taplin		Sloop F. 1987	—	Jeanneau Sun Dream 28
<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>	J. Kilkeny 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		Sloop 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>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>Nerina</i>	E.K. Devenney		Sloop F. 1977	Holman & Pye	Hustler 30
<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		Sloop F. 1998	Judel/Vrolijk	Dehler 41
<i>Odysseus</i>	P. Bryans		Sloop F. 1997	J. Fauroux	Jeanneau Sun Odyssey

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<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. Cudmore		Sloop F. 2002	Berret/Racoupeau	Oceanis Clipper 393
<i>Orion na Mara</i>	F. Hand		—	—	She 36
<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	Dufor 32 Classic
<i>Peggy Bawn</i>	H. B. Sisk		Gaff Cutter W. 1894	G. L. Waters	—
<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>PipG. & B. Sargent</i>	Sloop F. 1989		L.M. Vitesse 33	—	—
<i>Piper of Dart</i>	P. D'Arcy		Sloop F. 1981	Angus Primrose	Moody 29
<i>Pure Magic</i>	P. & B. Killen		Ketch F. 2004	H. Amel	Super Maramu
<i>Pylades</i>	F & K Quinlan		Cutter S. 1997	Van De stad	Caribbean 12m
<i>Quaila</i>	H.F. Morrison	15	Sloop F. 2000	W. Dixon	Moody 42
<i>Quiver</i>	A. Browne		F. 2005	—	Hallberg Rassy 48
<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		Sloop 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		Yawl F. 1979	Sparkman & Stephens	—
<i>Saki</i>	P.J. McCormack	11	Sloop F. 1979	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 31
<i>Salar</i>	B. McMahon	6	Sloop F. 1970	White & Hill	Cutlass
<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
<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>Seascape 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	5	Sloop F.	W.P. Brown	Ruffian 23
<i>Silver Apple</i>	B. Dunbar		Ketch W. 1966	F.S. Dunbar	—
<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>Slioch</i>	F.G. Smyth		—	—	Westerly Corsair
<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 Throne</i>	P. Tisdall	7.9	Sloop F. 1989	Woods	Banshee Catamaran
<i>Spirit of Cultra</i>	P. W. Knatchbull		—	—	Sun Odyssey 43 DS
<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		Sloop 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>Tillygreig</i>	S. Musgrave		Sloop F. 1998	Judel/Vrolijk	Dehler 41
<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>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>	Dr. O. Glaser	20	Ketch F. 1981	German Frers	F & C 44
<i>Tux</i>	M. O'Keeffe		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>Valhalla</i>	S Adair		Sloop F. 1995	J Berret	—
<i>Veella</i>	A. Clarke		Sloop F. 2000	Groupe Finot	Oceanis 411
<i>Vivace</i>	B. Craig		Sloop F. 2002	J.& J. Design	Bavaria 44
<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>Wheesht</i>	W.P. Escott	12	Sloop F. 1974	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>White Hatter</i>	M. Flowers		Sloop F. 2001	Groupe Finot	Beneteau Clipper 473
<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>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 FASTNET TROPHY

FOR AN OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT IN SAILING BY A PERSON OR PERSONS FROM ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD



THE FAULKNER CUP

THE CLUBS PREMIER AWARD



THE FORTNIGHT CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE UNDERTAKEN IN A MAXIMUM OF 16 DAYS



THE STRANGFORD CUP

FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE



THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

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



THE WYBRANTS CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE IN SCOTTISH WATERS



THE FINGAL CUP

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



THE ROCKABILL TROPHY

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



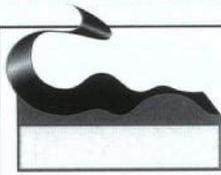
THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY

FOR THE BEST CRUISE IN IRISH WATERS



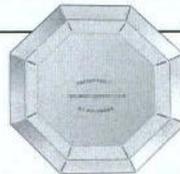
THE GULL SALVER

FOR DISTINCTION IN AN INTERNATIONAL EVENT BY A MEMBER SAILING HIS/HER OWN BOAT



THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

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



THE PERRY GREER BOWL

FOR THE BEST FIRST ICC LOG



THE WILD GOOSE CUP

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



THE JOHN B KEARNEY CUP

FOR AN OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION TO IRISH SAILING



THE WRIGHT SALVER

AWARDED BY THE NORTHERN COMMITTEE



THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

AWARDED BY THE SOUTHERN COMMITTEE



THE DONEGAN MEMORIAL CUP

AWARDED BY THE EASTERN COMMITTEE



THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

AWARDED BY THE WESTERN COMMITTEE

BEST DUNN'S DITTY WILL BE AWARDED THE DUNN'S DITTY SALVER

