

# Cuba – A Brief Visit

## Brian and Eleanor Cudmore

We were delighted to get an invitation from Patrick Dorgan, fellow Royal Cork member, to join him for a trip from the lovely Caribbean island of St. Lucia to Cork, with a visit to see Cuba before the demise of Castro's regime, on his HR42 *Verdi III*. Unfortunately his ETA in Cork was mid-June which would not allow us enough time to have our own boat, *Ann Again*, launched, ready and get down to Spain for the ICC Rally, which we had previously made arrangements to attend. However we did have time to go with him as far as Bermuda. The plan was to sail from St. Lucia to Cuba to Bermuda, arriving there mid-May giving us plenty of time to get home and down to Hondarribia for the rally.

*Verdi III* spent the summers 2004 and 2005 gently working her way south to the Canary Islands to take part in the 2005 ARC. She did very well finishing 60th over the line and coming 7th in her class. After the ARC she was laid up ashore in Rodney bay for 4 months and was launched again on April 2nd for the return trip. We flew out on 5th April, to be met at the airport by John Maher Loughnane, another Royal Cork member, who had done the outward passage from Cork and was now doing the return journey with Patrick. John and Pat had arrived a few days earlier, and had the boat ready, with the exception of victualling. We knew we couldn't rely on provisioning in Cuba, and we had to buy enough stores for the 5 weeks we planned in cruising to Bermuda, so this we decided to do in the French island of Martinique, 25 miles north, where there is a large Carrefour, the familiar French chain of supermarkets, and we could use euros. We had a lively shake-down sail in a northwesterly force 4 to Fort de France and took taxis to and from the supermarket which was only 1km from the waterfront, where we tied up at a disused ferry berth to load the provisions on board.

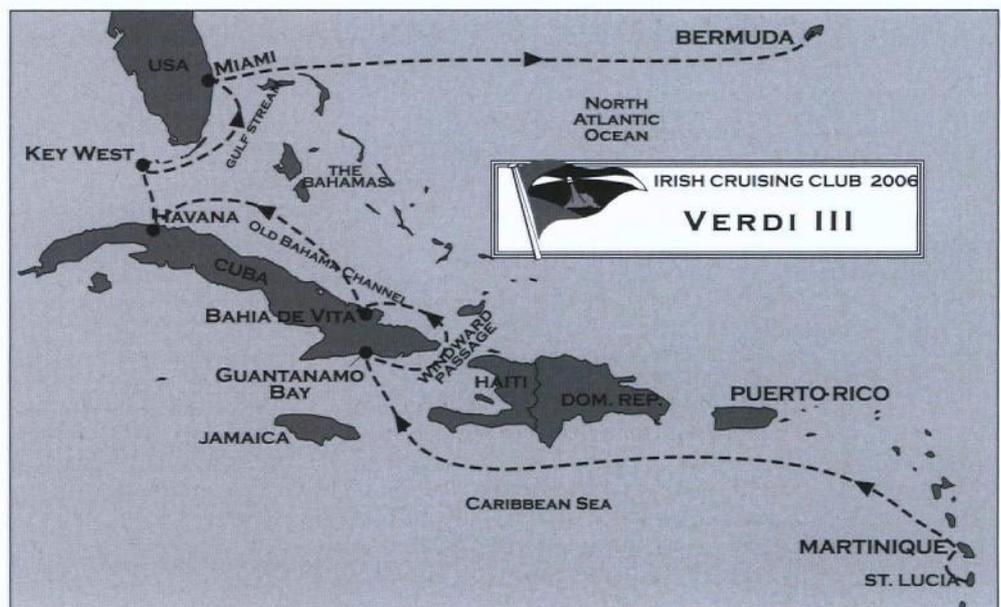
We left Martinique on 8th April and set sail west across the Caribbean Sea bound for Cuba. About 5 miles offshore we saw a pod of whales about 300m away. Unfortunately they didn't come close enough for a good view but we clearly saw the spray in the air as they spouted and tails high as they dived.

We set up a watch system from 22.00 to 06.00 of 2 hours on and 6 off, with the rest of the day on a more casual basis. After 7 days of lovely sailing under full main and poled out genoa, in 10 to 20 knots northeast-east trade winds, we rounded Cape Dame Marie on the southwest tip of Haiti at 18.00 and entered the aptly named Windward Passage. We had a lively night's sail, beating on a starboard tack which we held until we were just 4 miles south of Guantanamo Bay on

the southeast of Cuba, when at daybreak we threw our next tack. We spent the rest of the day sailing into 20/25 knots northeast wind and against the current to get around the headland on the northeast tip of the island, Punta de Maisi. The boat loved going to windward in these conditions and was a joy to sail. We eventually rounded the Punta at 03.30 and freed sheets again. Cuba is the largest island in the Greater Antilles, 650 nautical miles long, with almost 3,000 miles of coastline and about 4,000 Cayo (islands). There are very few ports where a boat is allowed to enter the country. We had hoped to get clearance in Baracoa, one of the recognised ports according to the pilot but we got an e-mail en route from the Commodore of the Havana Yacht Club telling us this was not now possible and we had to sail a further 140 miles to Bahia de Vita to "enter" the country. Off the wind again we weren't too upset and had a very pleasant fast reach along the coast and arriving at midnight on Saturday 17th April and gingerly made our way, with the help of a cloudy half moon, into the tiny port through a channel of unlit buoys. Straying slightly off this narrow channel would have had us hard aground we discovered, when leaving, in daylight. As we were in very shallow water we anchored for the night and found our way into the marina, hidden in the mangroves next morning arriving at 08.30, a gentle passage of 1058 miles across the Caribbean Sea from Martinique.

### Incredible bureaucracy

On our arrival at the marina we encountered the first of the incredible bureaucracy which we would have to endure during our entire stay in Cuba. Clearance took nearly 6 hours and entailed visits by 5 different departments. Firstly, the Doctor came who examined the contents of the boat's first aid box and the fridge and satisfied that all was in order he told us we could now step onto the marina ... but go no further. Then came two



men from Immigration who on inspecting our visas, which we obtained from the Cuban Embassy in London before our departure, told us the watermark on the visas was incorrect and took Patrick off with them and we had to purchase new ones at a substantial cost. Next came two Customs men with a drug sniffing cocker spaniel and they searched the boat from stem to stern. After them we had a visit from the Agriculture Dept. They looked through the fridge again and then examined every packet of dried food, paying particular attention to American labelled goods bought in Martinique, every can, as well as every piece of fresh produce. This was followed by a visit from Security, checking that we had no weapons on board. While we were not asked directly for payment during these visits, hints were dropped and various small items like tubes of toothpaste and soap when offered were readily accepted. That all completed, we still could not go ashore and it was now well past midday. All of this took place under a scorching sun and the careful eye of Ernestina, the gorgeous (male crew went weak on sight) marina manager, whom we invited on board for some respite from the heat and a cold drink, but she told us Cubans are not allowed even put a foot on board a visiting yacht, only the "officials". Finally the Doctor returned with a lady, who asked for €20 payment for his morning visit. She issued us with a receipt and the Doctor told us we could now, at 15.30, step onto Cuban soil.

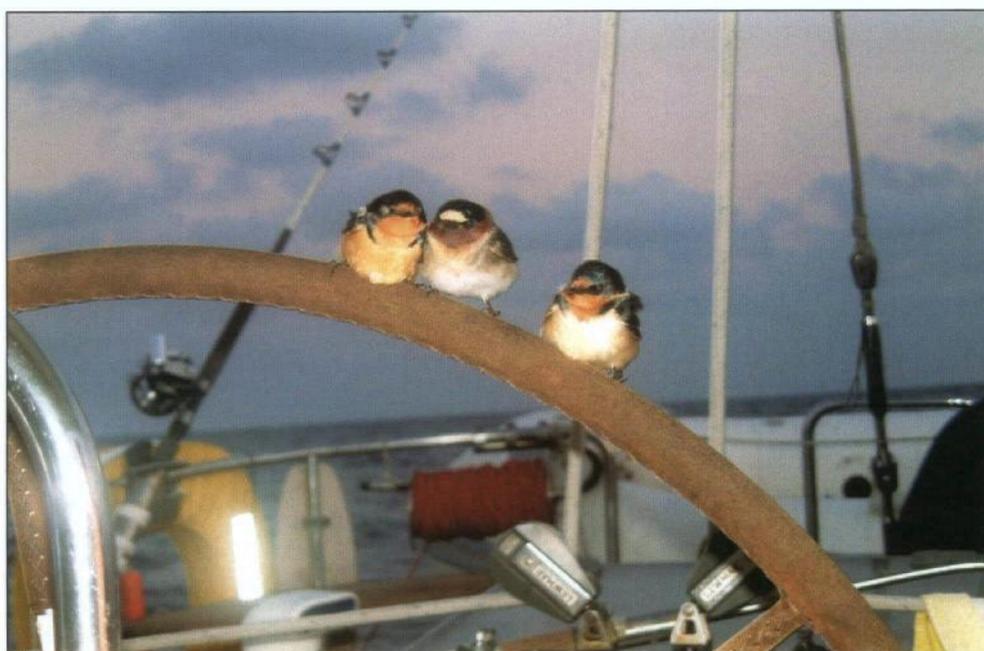
In total there were three visiting yachts on this marina, ourselves and two boats with Norwegian families, also en route home from the ARC. They had hired cars and driven the 600 miles to visit Havana. That evening Ernestina summoned us to join her at 17.30 for a complimentary drink, where she introduced us to Mojitos the Cuban speciality of rum, lime and



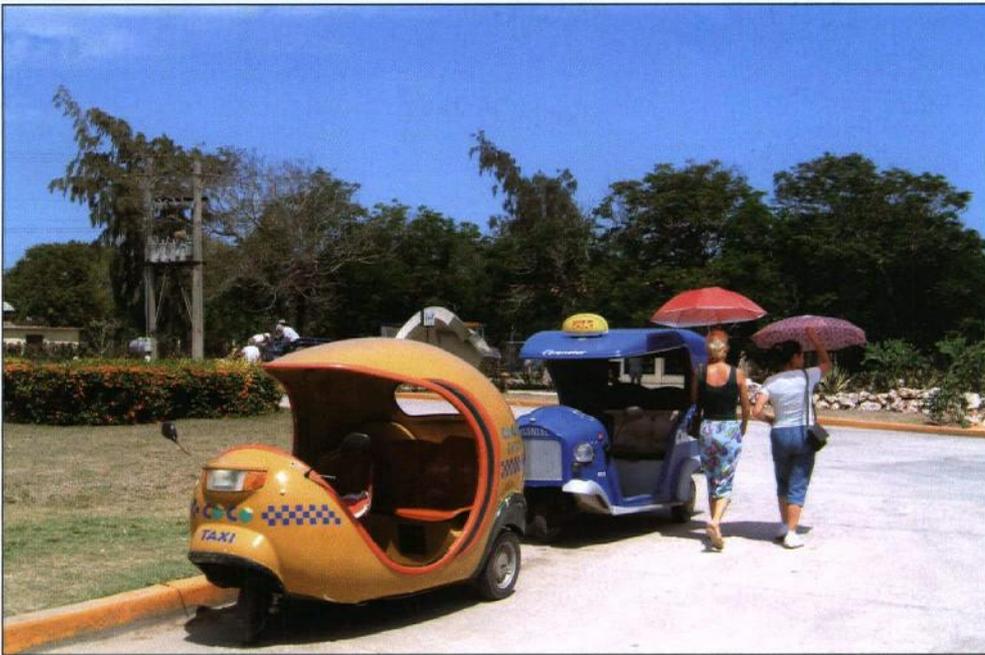
Catedral de San Cristóbal, Havana

loads of fresh mint, and gave us information about Cuba, rules and regulations, the local area and an insight into the way of life in Cuba, as she, her family, friends and neighbours live it. A couple of hours later, exhausted by all our questions she left us to go home, delighted with the small gifts of toiletries we gave her and sweets and chocolate for her daughter. Staying ashore we were the only diners in the marina restaurant where there was only one choice, and that was lobster which seems to be in great abundance around the coast. Gastronomically satisfied we went back to *Verdi III* and spent the rest of the night defending ourselves against the local mosquitoes, who in the morning went back into the mangroves also gastronomically satisfied!

Next day we took a taxi to the resort of Guardalavaca which consisted of a beautiful, picture postcard type, white sandy beach complete with coconut palms and turquoise water. Surrounding it were very faded communistic looking 5 storey high buildings housing a small shopping centre, a bank, a hotel and various restaurants, all very rundown. This part of Cuba doesn't often see a tourist; it's where the locals go on holiday. Our reason for going here was to change money. There are two Cuban currencies, Convertible Pesos and Local Pesos. Local Pesos are used by the Cuban people; Convertibles are used by tourists and by locals for imported items, neither have any value outside Cuba. We had been advised to bring euros as the US Dollar is penalised on conversion. The US government fined the Swiss banks 70 million dollars for exchanging US dollars with Cuba, who in turn passed the cost onto Cuba. In order to recover this fine, Castro simply devalued the dollar adequately to cover the cost. We got 100 Convertibles for 100 euros; John got 80 for his \$100 US. Now with money in our pockets we decided to have



Cuban asylum seekers!



Coco taxis

lunch in a beach front restaurant where the large menu looked good. We ordered tortillas, “sorry, no eggs to-day” was the reply. “Steak”? We asked, “sorry, no steak to-day” and thus it continued. Eventually we asked what could they give us, “Chicken, black beans ‘n’ rice”. We found this peculiarity everywhere. Restaurants have lavish menus at their doors, but can only serve what supplies they can get from the state run stores, and they never know from day to day what is available, so they never change the menu.

After lunch we hired another taxi to take us inland 60km to Holguin, the main town in this eastern province. This was an eye-opener, off the tourist route; it gave a real insight into Castro’s Cuba. It was a step back in time. Driving through the countryside we saw fields being ploughed by oxen. Pigs, sheep and goats tethered at doors to homes, cows and skinny horses, ribs showing, tethered on the grass verges at the road sides. Transport, for the well-to-do, was horse and cart, otherwise bicycle, each having 2 if not 3 people on it. Taxis for locals are in fact tricycles and you would see whole families squeezing onto one. And of course those wonderful old 50’s cars, Chevys, Buicks, and Cadillacs, proudly gleaming. Holguin was a very splendid old colonial town, which played an active part in Cuba’s independence from Spain and was the important commercial centre for the sugar, fruit growing and tobacco industries at this eastern end of the country. Sadly it is now faded and dilapidated. Shopping was a revelation. We got bread, UHT milk and sausages in one supermarket, using Convertibles, but had to search for butter, which we found in another along with fresh milk which we bought with Local pesos, but fresh fruit and vegetables were not to be found. One had to queue to get into these shops and queue to get out

again, bags being searched on both occasions. We noticed this happens in all shops. Cubans who can get Convertibles, for example those working in tourism who get tips, fare better as the shops that deal in Convertible pesos have access to a better range of goods than the local peso shops. Luckily on the way back to Vita we passed a fruit stand manned by about 10 youths, and we were able to stock up well. Back on the marina, everything stowed onboard, we went ashore to the marina restaurant again. Still craving for a simple tortilla, we got the same “no eggs” when we ordered. We had to settle for lobster ... again!

We informed the marina that evening that we would leave next morning and this involved more hours of bureaucracy. Firstly we had to get a cruising permit and advise of all the ports we intended

to visit, and when. The customs came to check that we weren’t taking anything out that we shouldn’t, like Cuban art or black market cigars, then Immigration, and finally a port authority to give us the cruising permit. We headed excitedly out to cruise the north coast of Cuba. Dying for a swim, our first call was a spit of pristine sand on the tip of Cayo Confites, with clear blue shimmering water. On arrival we checked in on VHF, and then we launched the dinghy and rowed ashore to roam the beach, only to be turned back at an invisible line as it was a small military base and we could walk no further. We wallowed and swam in the allowed amount of beach for a couple of hours, and then went back to the boat for lunch. Mid afternoon we decided to leave for the next place on our hastily decided passage plan. As we weighed anchor, we were called on VHF and asked “What are you doing”? We were leaving ahead of schedule! We told them the next place on our plan and had a lovely starry night sail to Cayo Paregon Grande up the narrow



Cigar factory next to decaying apartment block. Restored church in background

Old Bahama Channel along the 10m contour to keep out of the shipping lanes, arriving at 02.00 and anchored close to the Guardia post so we wouldn't have too far to go in the morning. The Guardia were watching us as we came ashore in the morning and we weren't allow to set foot on land there, not even get out of the dinghy! We were told to go to Caiman Grande – 20 miles further on, to check in. En route we got a call on VHF from Cayo Coco checking our progress! On arrival we had a difficult time piloting our way through very rocky and shallow passages and dropped anchor in 2.5m water over half a mile offshore. We repeatedly called on VHF, but got no reply.

The wind had come up now, and to check in would mean a very bumpy and wet half mile dinghy ride, and a long walk to the Guardia post. Fed up with the red tape, the lack of spontaneity and mind changing we are used to when cruising, and the overpowering feeling that big brother was watching our every move, we decided to skip the rest of the coast and head straight to Havana. We had an easterly wind coming over our quarter so we set main and genoa on a starboard gybe and sailed out to sea. We had a steady force 5/6, glorious sunshine and a feeling of freedom. For the first time since coming to Cuba we relaxed, sunbathing, snoozing and reading. Conversation and banter resumed as we got back to normal. We crossed the Old Bahamas Channel, and around midnight we had an awkward cross-sea when close to the Cay Sal Bank where depths suddenly go from more than 1,000 to 10 m, with the unlit tiny island of Cay Sal in the middle of this great expanse of water. We put a preventer on the main and briskly rolled our way along doing 7 knots until we could gybe for Havana.

#### Under the searchlight

Yachts are not permitted into Havana Harbour; they must go to the Marina Hemingway about 10 miles further east. There is deep water almost to the beach on this part of the coast and there is a lit sea-buoy a quarter mile off the marina entrance with raging shoals on either side. It is placed to guide you to a marked channel through the reefs. Arriving at 01.00 we had difficulty in finding it against the bright lights of the city but when we did, there were bright flashing white leading lights showing the transit into the marina. Once through the channel, another bright light, this time a searchlight, was trained on us and shadowed people were shouting at us "last port?, last port?" and telling us to tie up to a clearance dock. Even though we had cleared into Cuba at Bahia de Vita, we had to go through the same procedure again and this time they confiscated our flares for the duration of our stay. Questions were asked about our change of given plan and obviously our answers were accepted, because many beers (mostly taken ashore in pockets), bars of soap, toothpastes, Bic biros, packets of sweets, later we were free to proceed to an allotted marina berth where an electrician was waiting for us. He duly cut the connection from our power cable, and with bare wires we were "plugged" into the shore power.

We had been advised to tip the electrician, which we did but the customs man who told us to do so wanted his palm greased too. It was the only time we encountered this; the ordinary Cuban was only too eager to help at all times. The marina basin is large, well protected and designed to be hurricane proof with a series 4 parallel, 1km-long narrow canals with all boats tying up alongside the concrete walls, rather than finger berths. Built under the Batista dictatorship in the 1950's with funds from the American Mafia, nothing has been spent on it since La Revolution. It could accommodate nearly 1,000 yachts but at the time of our visit there were only 10 visiting yachts (it is off limits to US boats). In its heyday the land between these canals was occupied by plush hotels, condominiums, tennis courts, shops, bars, restaurants, all now taken over by the Health

Service. Castro's Cuba is very proud of its health and education programmes. Everybody is educated, there is no illiteracy and the majority are university educated. Since Russia pulled out, Cuba now has a reciprocal arrangement with Venezuela, trading oil for medical expertise. Hotels are now hospitals, condominiums are for Venezuelan trainee doctors, nurses and their families, tennis courts gone, shops, bars and restaurants closed. The marina is well guarded, and we could safely leave the boat unattended while we visited Havana each day, taking taxis to and from Havana Vieja, the historic heart of the old city. After centuries of neglect, it was declared a cultural heritage by UNESCO in 1982, and some parts are now being slowly restored to their original splendour.

Cuba was one of the first Caribbean islands to be settled by Europeans, and the once proud, ancient Hispanic architecture of cobbled plazas surrounded by colonial mansions, ornate churches and magnificent palaces, off which lead narrow streets of shops, and the once beautiful homes of the merchants, is in a decaying state. The very grand 300 year old apartments and mansions, some with their facades fallen away, now hold multiple families living in the inner rooms, their washing hanging in the "open" rooms. Building was done in a grand scale with lavish embellishments from many styles, Baroque, Neo-Classical and later Art Deco. A symbol of the city, the Capitolio, is an imitation of the Washington DC Capitol, behind which is the Partagas Cigar Factory where we watched Cubans of all ages roll the famous cigars. Mode of transport in the city is very varied, vintage car, rickshaw, motorcycle with sidecar, tricycle taxi, horse and carriage and camello buses that can hold 300 standing commuters. Having walked for hours, we took a Coco taxi (a scooter with a two wheeled fibreglass attachment shaped like a coconut!) to see the outskirts of the old city.



Samba lessons from Ernestina

Pictures of Ché Guevara and Castro were everywhere, as were posters saying 'Socialismo o Muerte'. Sightseeing wasn't all serious, we travelled in a bone-shaking vintage Dodge to see the dazzling outdoor cabaret at Club Tropicana, which boasts "oldest and most lavish in the world", and "a ceaseless flow of girls (under)clad in sequins, feathers and frills". Arriving back to *Verdi III*, this time in a 1950's Chevrolet, we were greeted by marina security guards. We found the watchful eye of security overpowering and uncomfortable. You couldn't leave the boat without a bunch of guards appearing out of nowhere and walking behind you to the end of the marina campus, and meeting you again on return, no matter what time it was.

One day while sitting in the cockpit we heard a voice say "You don't see many Irish flags here". A Kilkenny man, posted to Cuba for 4 years, was out walking his dog. He gave us great advice of what to see and do, and where to eat, and came again before we left with a present of lobster tails, enough for two gourmet dinners.

### Bound for the USA

Having spent 3 days exploring Havana and being 4 days ahead of schedule we decided to visit Key West, on the southern tip of the Florida Keys as it was just a short detour, 90 miles across the Gulf Stream, from our original plan of sailing from Havana straight to Bermuda. Mid-morning on Thursday 27th April we left the marina and headed to the clearance berth, where we went through the whole rigmarole again, including another little spaniel, to make sure we weren't taking any illicit cigars out. Once we were given our flares back, we were eventually cleared at 16.00 and we headed out through the narrow entrance towards the USA. The wind was force 4 on the nose but we had a nice flat sea. We hoisted main and motor-sailed along, happy to be at sea again, and arrived at the Main Ship Channel buoy off Key West at 06.00 next morning. It is very shallow and littered with reefs for 5 miles off the Keys.

We made our way through the dredged channel to Key West, passing little islands with many boats blown ashore onto the beaches and wrecked by the recent hurricane. We were lucky to get the last vacant berth in the overcrowded Key West Bight marina. (\$120 per night). We were slightly apprehensive as to how the authorities would react to our arrival from Cuba but when Patrick diligently went to the office with ship's papers and passports, they had absolutely no interest in us. We spent 3 lovely days sightseeing by day and partying by night. Having driven here a few years ago and done the touristy thing, one of the days we hired bicycles and cycled through streets of lovely wooden houses all with plant filled verandas, pink and purple bougainvillea climbing up most of them, to a beach at the nearby National Park. Meanwhile Patrick and John took a fast catamaran to the Marine Reserve and Fort Jefferson on the Dry Tortugas 80 miles to the west in the Gulf of Mexico, joining the Captain on the bridge on the way back.

As there was a strong northerly wind and the Gulf Stream flows north, we were told that in these winds against current conditions, you get high waves so there would be a nasty sea running and, were advised to stay inside the reef. On our previous visit we had driven from Miami on US 1, the Overseas Highway, through all the Keys and over the bridges joining them (one 7 miles long) and were delighted at the prospect of seeing it now from the sea. We motored out into the very shallow Hawk Channel which runs close to the shore the 100 miles or so from Key West to Miami. At times this channel has depths of just 2m. making it an exciting passage. It was also very spectacular as the colours of the water in the different depths changed from green over the sand in the shallower part, to blue out in deeper water, brown around the rocks and weed, and outlined in white from the sea breaking on the reef outside

us. We had some interesting moments in these changing depths, as some of the buoys had broken away during the hurricane's rampage a few weeks earlier. Not wanting to navigate these changing depths in the dark, we anchored with several other like-minded yachts off Boot Key for the night. We left at first light and had another interesting day negotiating Hawk. From quite far off we could see the dramatic night skyline of Miami, and around midnight about 10 miles to the south of the city, we exited the channel, hoisted the main and motor-sailed into the deeper waters of the Florida Straits and the Gulf Stream. We unfurled the genoa and continued north for another 80 miles romping along, on the wind, doing 8 knots SOG helped by the Gulf Stream, which we took advantage of until we could clear the shoals stretching 45 miles north of the Grand Bahama Island and set a course for Bermuda, glad to be away from the heavy commercial we encountered off Miami.

### Voice from home

Back in the open sea again we quickly fell into our comfortable ways of reading, snoozing, sudoku, sunbathing and fishing. We didn't have a lot of luck in this department ... so many got away but we were eventually rewarded with a huge tuna. None of us ever wants to eat tuna again! We had a swim, one extremely hot windless day. On day 5 we picked up the southwest trade winds and had great sailing to just outside the entrance to Bermuda. We called Bermuda radio for clearance and were answered by an Irish man, from Cork. Midway through chatting to him we got hit by a savage squall which flattened us, and the heavens exploded on top of us. It was the only rain of the 2,800 miles.

Bermuda is a chain of 123 islands entirely surrounded by a reef through which there is only one passage into the islands. All traffic has to go through this passage to clear customs at St. George, before heading to other parts in the islands. We sighted the Spit buoy, which marks the start of the passage through the reef and on through the Town Cut, the incredibly narrow passage cut between two islands into St. George. We called on Bermuda radio again and were given permission to enter the Cut. There were two huge cruise liners moored at the town wall. It was past midnight and the harbour had many yachts at anchor, so we were directed to an anchorage across from where the liners were berthed. In the morning we watched in awe as the liners manoeuvred out through the Cut with just inches to spare at either side. We motored over to Ordinance Island to get clearance, which didn't take long and then having got permission to leave, we headed out again through the Cut and turned to port getting drenched by more fierce rain squalls, to follow the channel to Hamilton, where we had booked a berth at the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club (\$180 per night). We spent 3 days here, cleaning and sorting out the boat for the onward journey to Cork, which Pat and John were doing on their own as far as the Azores. We went across the channel to the old Royal Navy dockyard on Ireland's Island, where we got duty-free fuel and strolled around the well-preserved yard, now a tourist attraction. Tanks full we headed back to the yacht club from where we got a taxi to the airport to catch our flight home.

<i>From</i>		<i>To</i>	<i>Miles</i>
St. Lucia	–	Martinique	25
Martinique	–	Bahia de Vita	1058
Bahia de Vita	–	Havana	570
Havana	–	Key West	90
Key West	–	Bermuda	1063
<b>Total miles</b>			<b>2806</b>

# Concerto cruises while the world plays football

Cruising the Atlantic Coast of France

Dick Lovegrove

Having enjoyed a wonderful cruise to Iceland on Brian and Anne Craig's *Vivace* last year, I was delighted when Heather and I were invited to join them on their new yacht *Concerto* for the I.C.C.'s cruise of the Basque Country this summer. I know that a full account of the Basque Cruise appears elsewhere in this annual, but I thought that some words about our week long "delivery" from La Rochelle might encourage members to explore the Atlantic coast of France, which has a poor reputation, and which is often overlooked or deliberately avoided.

*Concerto* is a brand new Dufour 455 built in La Rochelle, which, thanks to the new route opened up by that nice Mr Ryan and his friend Mr O'Leary, is now readily accessible from Dublin. Anne and Brian had already availed of the service on several occasions to check out progress, and also for a shake down cruise northwards as far as Belle Isle. The only downside from our point of view was that our schedule and that of Derek and Jean Jago who completed the crew, required a 4 a.m. departure from Dalkey! Another minor problem is that La Rochelle airport is typical of many of the small airports used by Ryanair and is staffed by only one man who has to make coffee for the pilot and pump the plane's tyres before he offloads the luggage and puts it on the carousel! Never mind, he did very well and it is only a short taxi ride from the marina, so we were welcomed aboard by Brian and Anne in time for breakfast.

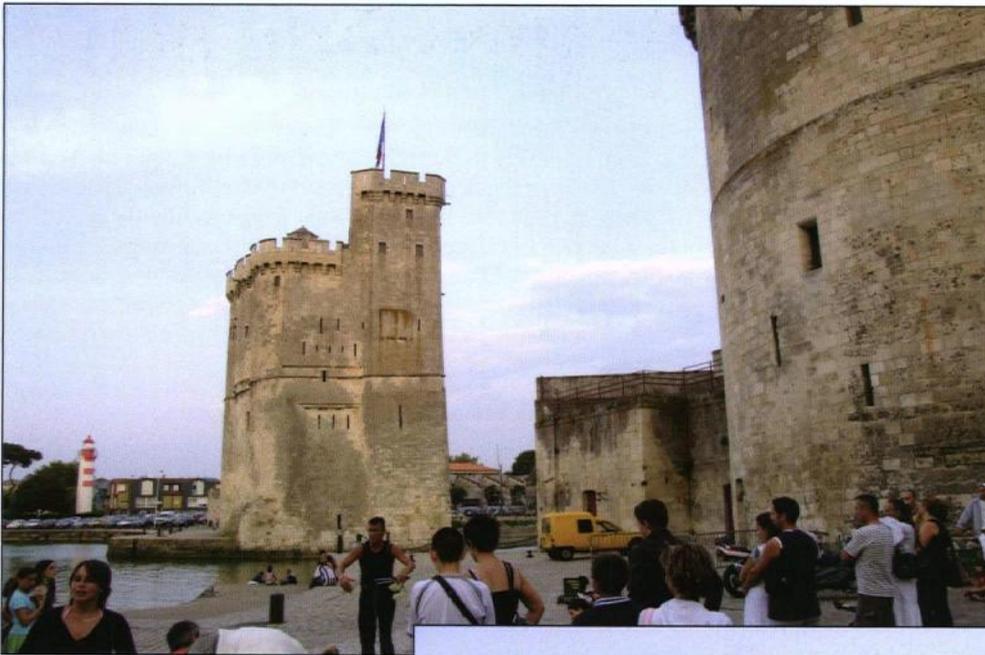
Heather and I had visited La Rochelle by land many years ago, but in recent years its transformation into a major yachting

and marine leisure centre, is a model which should be looked at very closely by Irish local authorities and Dun Laoghaire Rathdown in particular. I am told that there are more marina berths in La Rochelle alone than in the entire of Ireland, and it certainly appears that the economy of the immediate region must benefit enormously from the development of every aspect of the marine leisure industry. Apart from major employers such as the yacht builders, the attendant service industries such as electronics, engineering, and sailmaking, not to mention the boost to the tourist industry from cruising sailors such as us, and racing events, must be an enormous driver for local finances. And of course it is also a beautiful city. That evening we all took the local ferry, called "chou chou", to the old town and had an excellent meal at the very popular Restaurant André, which is right on the waterfront and where Brian and Anne had taken the sensible precaution of booking. With a couple of plats de fruits de mer, washed down by pastis or kir according to taste, there was no doubt that we were back in France again. Afterwards we strolled along the very vibrant waterfront before catching the more modern solar-powered electric ferry back to the Port de Minimes.

We cast off at about 10.00 on Sunday 18th July. Our plan was to hop down the coast in easy stages exploring as we went, and the first stage was the 65 miles to Port Médoc on the southern side of the entrance to the Gironde estuary. From early on it was obvious what a lovely boat *Concerto* is. With a wonderfully spacious and airy interior, she sails like a thoroughbred. She is light on the helm and has a "feel" which would bring a smile to the face of even the most dedicated racing yachting. As we left Ile d'Oléron to port, we were making over six knots in just eight or nine knots of westerly breeze. Around 14.00 we had some modest excitement when I realised, just too late, that the red fishing float on the port bow was attached to the black fishing float on the starboard bow. When they, and several others, started steaming in the same direction as us, we knew we had fouled a long line. We turned through 180 degrees and retraced our steps until the entire procession was steaming north and it was obvious that, far from disentangling ourselves, we had now wrapped the lot completely around the rudder. It was Derek, on the bathing platform with a boathook, (sounds like a game of "Cluedo",



Concerto at La Rochelle



Entrance to the old port at La Rochelle

doesn't it?), who managed to hook the line and bring it on board. I am ashamed to say that some of us simply would have cut it, but Derek, remembering his youth fishing out of Kinsale, and in the interests of international relationships, cut the line in two places and joined the ends together before throwing it back in the water. This left a short length twisted around the rudder, which dropped off before we reached Port Médoc.

The wind increased slightly to bring our speed up to nearly 8 knots, and on a warm and slightly

hazy evening we followed the marked channels around the north side of the Gironde estuary and into Port Médoc. In perfect conditions, we had no difficulty navigating the estuary either on arrival or on departure through the south channel, but there are hazards, and care would be required in poor visibility as the buoys are often well spaced out and not immediately visible to the naked eye. Radar and of course GPS would be important.

The marina at Port Médoc is brand new and still very much a work in progress. The pontoons are finished and so is the "block sanitaire" but the shopping precinct is only about 50%



Concerto at the Visitor's Berth at the new marina at Port Médoc



Meal at "La Siesta", Royan – Dick, Jean, Anne, Heather and Derek

occupied. There were a couple of bars, a bistro, a chandlery or two and an épicerie, but it was all so quiet that one pitied anyone trying to make a living there. Perhaps we had arrived at the end of a very busy weekend; all the rubbish bins were full and there was no loo paper but these were attended to during Monday morning. We chose to eat on board. A good choice as Anne served up a lovely meal of kebabs. Afterwards Brian and Derek had the energy to head for one of the bars, to watch France draw ignominiously with North Korea in the Coupe du Monde while the others, in perfect peace and quiet, finished the wine and

fell to pushing up the heavy ZZZZZZZs. The verdict on Port Médoc was that it is a very useful staging post but not yet a place for your holidays! Maybe next year.

The previous day's trip had disclosed that the autopilot, which had worked perfectly on the shakedown cruise, had apparently not survived the visit by an electronics chappie in La Rochelle to sort out a couple of minor problems. Every time it was switched on, the little bateau on the chartplotter and the big bateau on the water headed off like homing pigeons on a course of 100 degrees. There is a Dufour agent in Port Médoc, and on Monday morning he spent an hour or so staring into the "bush" at the back of the electronics panel, while talking to base in La Rochelle on the mobile phone. Eventually the local man admitted defeat and the decision was made that, as *Concerto* would not be returning to these parts again, we should head back to the north bank of the Gironde and meet the man from La Rochelle, in Royan. We ambled the five miles across to Royan and tied up at the visitors' pontoon on the marina there. After a while the expert arrived and there were red faces all round when it was discovered that the problem was caused by a golf umbrella which had been put in a locker beside the fluxgate compass! No names, no pack drill, (and who would have thought that there was enough metal in a golf umbrella anyhow) but the story is worth repeating to remind ourselves never to overlook the simple solution, and that you just cannot be too careful.

#### **Royan – interesting and attractive**

Anyhow it did give us a chance to have a day in Royan, which is an interesting and attractive place and well worth a visit. It was blitzed during the war and rebuilt largely in concrete and in particular, the church of Notre Dame is fascinating with a dramatic profile and some very fine modern stained glass. Interestingly, it is in quite serious need of maintenance with the concrete cracking away from the reinforcing bars in many places. Our resident architect, Derek, explained that this is typical of 1950's concrete. The covered food market is another interesting post-war building, which is worth a look. Royan is also a good shopping centre and has a large selection of restaurants close to the marina. We selected "La Siesta" and had a leisurely and enjoyable lunch there with the moules farcies deserving a special mention.

At 18.00 with the auto-pilot working again, we decided to head out straight away and sail through the night. It was just before low water, which gave us a couple of hours to clear the main estuary before the flood started in earnest. The entrance to Royan is very shallow and there were times when we probably didn't have much more than a metre under the tip of the keel, but we had no problems and we followed the southern channel until just before the RW whistle buoy, when we turned south.

The pilot refers to the 150 miles of sand dunes and pines, which make up the coast of Les Landes, as being monotonous and dull, but that, of course, is only if you are used to being shot at by rockets and other heavy ordnance. I know there is a firing range somewhere in County Meath, but I have never taken the warnings on the chart too seriously. Apparently, however, the French military are not to be trifled with and they regularly pop away into the sea at distances of up to 35 miles off shore. Brian, being the diligent skipper that he is, had the good sense to check with the Capitainerie in Royan before our departure and was told "Yes, there will be target practice tomorrow from 08.30 to 15.30 between 44° 08' north and 44° 31' north." Of course the dodge is to keep very close to the shore and let them fire over your head. In our case, in a slippery yacht like *Concerto*, the alternative answer was to give her some welly and be well south of the firing zone before battle commenced.

Apart from this, and some distinctly Gallic behaviour by very small fishing boats showing a single flashing light, the pilot is probably right in that there is not much of interest along this stretch of the coast. But that in itself is no bad thing and also means that there are no strong tides and no off-lying hazards. In theory the watch system was one person on for two hours, but in practice spouses tended to overlap a bit, and as we all know it is nice to have someone to put the kettle on for ... you! Our night was uneventful and we arrived off the entrance to Bayonne at 14.00 on Tuesday 20th June having done 130 miles at an average speed of 6.5 knots. There are no major problems to the entrance, although even in the light to moderate winds which we experienced, there was a swell. Our task was made easier by arriving at the same time as a small coaster, which was being showed in by the pilot. Our pilot, Anne, politely stood off to allow them go in first and we followed as far as the entrance to the marina.

At first sight Anglet, (as the port at the entrance is called), doesn't have much to recommend it. The north side of the river has a lot of very heavy industry, and all the time we were there a ship was unloading scrap metal, and the noise and the dust pollution was irritating. The marina on the opposite bank also didn't look much, but the Captain was a friendly fellow with a great grá for West Cork, and the products of Messrs Murphy and Jameson. If his marina looked a bit old-fashioned, particularly when compared with Port Médoc, it had all necessary services, and showers with piping hot water in cubicles large enough to keep your clothes dry. The real reason for visiting, however, apart from its handy location, is that for about €2 you can get a bus, from the stop opposite the marina entrance, to the centre of the lovely mediaeval city of Bayonne. Our crew made it into town at various stages of the afternoon and individually explored the cathedral and the maze of attractive narrow streets in the pedestrianised area. By arrangement we all met up for an aperitif in the Place de la Liberté, followed by a very enjoyable meal in one of the many restaurants which front on to the River Nive. Our meal was made the more exciting by the sight of the very manly crew of a local rowing "thirteen" flexing their muscles in a training run up and down the river. So much manhood moving in unison, whilst all the while being exhorted to even greater efforts by the chap in the back, seemed to have quite an effect on the digestion of one or two of our party!

#### **Mutiny**

After a lie in and a leisurely breakfast, we cast off our lines and headed south at about noon on Wednesday 21st June. It was a beautiful day and we relaxed into one of those really special sails, taking three hours or so to cover the 12 miles to St Jean-de-Luz under genoa alone. In fact there was panic and near mutiny when it was realised that we might arrive before dessert and coffee had been served in the cockpit, and in order to quell the riot we sailed past the more direct eastern entrance to the bay and entered from the west. Again the entrance presents no problems and we were soon made fast, stern-to, in the small marina on the Cibourne side of the Nivelle river.

As we sailed south, each place that we visited was more attractive than the last, and certainly Cibourne/St Jean-de-Luz was the most attractive yet. The bay itself is delightful with good shelter, two or three locations to anchor, several fine beaches for swimming, as well as sailing schools and all the other facilities of a modern seaside resort. St Jean-de-Luz is the smart side of the river with thriving tourism, classy shops, beautifully planted park areas, umpteen restaurants and that indefinable quality of "style" or perhaps French "chic". Our visit happened to be on the longest day of the year, which, apparently, is a national festival of music in France. Again the

crew headed downtown in dribs and drabs, and by the time the last of us made it, the vanguard had found a pavement café on the main square and had already enjoyed a youth orchestra and a Welsh male voice choir as well as several beers! As the night wore on we also experienced a Basque male voice choir, several bands of Basque drummers, a modern jazz band, a heavy metal rock band, and the exquisite choir from the breathtakingly beautiful church of St Jean Baptiste, which dates from the 15th Century.

If Thursday 22nd dawned slowly, that probably had as much to do with the change in the weather as the enjoyment of the previous night. We were met by a dreary day with poor visibility and persistent precipitation, which varied between a soft day in Connemara and genuine fisherman's rain. Our crew ablated and potted but at 12.00, all were aboard, the "gangway came up" and we motored the 10 miles to Hondarribia, where we were welcomed near the marina entrance by cruise organiser Grainne Fitzgerald on board "Joyster", and by Brian MacManus and the crew of "Voyager", who showed us to our berth. Having not heard English spoken during the past week, it was a surprise (pleasant of course) to suddenly be surrounded by familiar accents and faces. That afternoon was spent, according to one's whim, snoozing or exploring and bumping

into people whose names were familiar from the Annual. There were visits to the old town and visits to the shower block, but by 20.00 everyone emerged looking shiny and in their "party frocks" for the pleasant stroll along the seafront to the Alameda restaurant, and the opening reception and dinner.

#### NOW THE CRUISE CAN BEGIN IN EARNEST !

By way of footnote, let me say that we thoroughly enjoyed our "delivery" along the Atlantic coast of France. It may not have all the variety of the coastline north of La Rochelle, but Royan, Bayonne and St Jean-de-Luz are lovely and interesting towns and have that indefinable ambience which I associate more with central France, and which is quite distinct from the delights of Brittany and Normandy. The area is now very well served with direct flights from Dublin into both La Rochelle and Biarritz (which is very close to St Jean-de-Luz), and has the added advantage that in any normal weather there are no unusual hazards to navigation. So, a "stepping stone" route is a viable and enjoyable (if leisurely) option to the more usual non-stop hop across the Bay of Biscay. The thanks of Heather and I go to Brian and Anne for the chance to explore this coastline in *Concerto*, and also to Derek and Jean for making it so much fun.

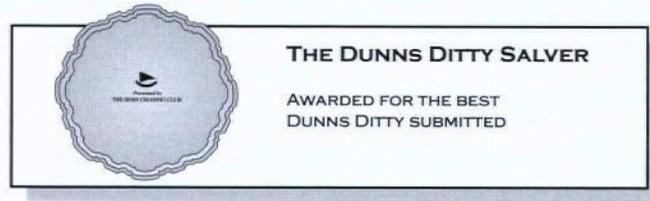
### Dan Cross writes of a tornado on Tormenta in Andraitx

We had left Cork on the 22nd May and cruised France, took part in the Basque Cruise, headed west to Galicia escaping the rain!

We visited Sines in Portugal, Rota in Cadiz, Gibraltar, Duquesa, and Ibiza to arrive in Majorca on the 20th September. We had covered 2,856 miles.

We invited our good friends David and Jan Barry to join us in Andraitx for a few days of "rest and recuperation", visiting nearby beaches and cruising gently around the coastline. Jan is not a very adventurous sailor but we reassured her by saying that to date the weather had been very favourable and was hardly going to change for these few days! They arrived in Andraitx at about midnight on the 23 September. As we were at anchor we took the punt out to *Yoshi* in balmy conditions with other boats anchored around us. We retired to our bunks about 02.00 full of anticipation for the next days cruising.

I woke at about 08.00 to the sound of thunder. I shut the hatches and by the time I got to the cockpit all hell had broken loose. I got the engine started. We were being flattened. The noise of wind and hailstones the "size of golf balls" was unbelievable. (Local Corkman Kevin O'Regan reckons the wind was 95 mph.) David had arrived on deck, we were both being pelted with these hailstones. I wrestled with the wheel which was spinning, the dinghy with outboard was upside down and airborne behind us. There was no visibility as sheets of horizontal water were pounding us. Jill was getting lifejackets. David told Jan to stay in her cabin, and shut her door as he thought she was safer there! The wind caught us on the starboard side and we took off. There was a crash and Jill fell back onto the cabin sole. We thought we were on the rocks. As the wind eased a bit I realised we had hit a drifting *Contessa 48* amidships. We eventually slid off



and as the visibility was clearing we hauled the anchor and headed for the marina and tied up. We discovered that we had a hole in the bow at the waterline; luckily it was in the anchor locker so it was sealed and no water came into the boat. The pulpit, furling gear and the end of the geneker pole were damaged. Other damaged boats were attempting to tie up at the marina and the extent of damage seemed to be rudders and sail drives on the cats, roller sails blown to shreds. There were a number of boats blown onto the shoreline.

I rang Pantenius Insurance on the Sunday morning (on their emergency line) and was impressed that they considered our safety their first concern. Peter Welsh, surveyor, arrived and assessed that we were safe to motor around to Palma where he had organised a lift out at Audax Boatyard, right next to Club Nautico. 15 days later we were back in the water. Pantenius Insurance has been fantastic and is highly regarded with other owners. The yard did a superb efficient job.

We visited the boat we hit, also with Pantenius! It had a lot more damage as the gunwale was broken and got buried under the water resulting in water getting into the saloon.

It was a terrifying experience as it happened so quickly and we were so totally helpless. However, it could have been so much worse, the "mini tornado" was over in 20 to 30 minutes and considering, that the only injuries were bruising from the hail. Jill luckily seemed to have escaped injury. Jan we think will recover in time.

# Reiver 2006 – Far Breton

David Williams

After several years cruising to Scotland and points north, we decided this year to go to North Brittany, hoping for warmer weather. To make such a long trip worthwhile required a lot of planning. In essence, it was a three phase adventure: phase one was the delivery of *Reiver* with one crew to the Channel Islands via Ushant and the North Brittany coast; phase two, the enjoyment of that area with a second crew; phase three, the return trip with a third crew. Intervening crew changes took place via Jersey airport.

#### First Crew

Peter Williams  
Anne Williams  
Bill Perceval-Price  
Norma Perceval-Price

#### Second Crew

David Williams  
Terry Needham  
George Wylie  
Ben Williams

#### Third Crew

Peter Williams  
Anne Williams  
John Hughes  
Sheila Pim  
Robert Perceval-Price

#### Peter writes:

Is it just me or did the wind blow from the north from May to September almost without exception?

We set off down to Audley's Roads from the pontoon at Whiterock at 18.00 on Sunday July 2, having fixed the somewhat recalcitrant engine whose coolant supply seemed a trifle erratic. It was a speedy trip and we picked up a mooring at 19.30. We made an early (06.50) start next morning, and after motoring all the way in a very light northerly, we arrived in Arklow at midnight. It is not at all easy to find the pier heads of Arklow in the dark, very small red and green pinpricks against a huge glare from arc lights behind.

We were up at 05.00 to let the inside boat away, and after buying some lunch to eat on board, we left at 14.55 for the Scilly Isles, and made New Grimsby Sound at dusk next day,

having motored all the way. The following day we visited the Abbey Gardens and Valhalla Museum of Figureheads in Tresco. Later we crossed the Tresco Flats and anchored in the gut between St. Agnes and Gugh, and went ashore to the most southerly pub in Britain, the Turk's Head, for lunch. There we found Frank Smith (ICC) and his crew, including John McKee (SLYC), a meeting which resulted in a delightful and somewhat prolonged meal before our departure for Ushant.

It was hot and sunny, and with a southwesterly wind we actually managed to do without the engine for the Channel crossing, letting the windvane do all the work. Although we sailed across one of the busiest shipping lanes in the world in good visibility, we only saw three ships by the time we arrived off Lampaul next morning. We entered the bay after a tussle with a vicious tide rip. There is actually a notice at the Office du Tourisme warning sailors not to attempt to approach from the Pointe de Pein (the way we came) because of "courants forts": too late! Despite a strong onshore wind, Ushant is remarkably like a warm version of west Scotland. What bliss to have a shower (at €1.60 the cheapest of the entire voyage) and to tuck into langoustines and navarin d'agneau. Weary starving mariners we might have been, and on holiday at that, even so this was more than our budget!

We decided to move all our clocks forward an hour onto French time. Next day we sailed through the Passage du Fromveur at up to 10 knots, and round to L'Aber-Wrac'h, taking the last space on the pontoon. There we met Nick Wright (ICC) from Glasgow in *Talisker*. On Monday July 10 we treated ourselves to a proper French breakfast in the little Café du Port where everything seemed mute and sombre after the previous night's football (result France lost to Portugal), and updated Norma's blog via the café's internet, access was free and the French keyboard a real challenge as a and q are reversed, as are z and w!

Cruising North Brittany was new to me, although I have been on the West Brittany side before. The sheer profusion of rocks everywhere up to 5 miles offshore, together with the swingeing tide, certainly concentrated the mind; also the cardinal and lateral marks even quite far out to sea often turn out to be pillars and posts firmly attached to rocks, which is quite disconcerting.

From L'Aber-Wrac'h we had a nine hour passage inside the Ile de Batz to Morlaix, the pontoon being in a locked basin in the town centre and five miles up the Morlaix river. When we left on Thursday July 13 the engine was extremely reluctant



St. Malo Marina

to start and refused completely to charge, we only just made it out before the lock gates shut. Indeed, engine trouble had loomed almost from the beginning of the cruise, with occasional red lights and signs that it was sporadically not charging. Eventually we had a complete failure at Trébeurden, which involved picking up a mooring under sail outside the marina and getting a tow in. Next day was of course "le quatorze juillet" so no help that day but we watched a band (which made the Orangemen look quite smart and tidy) and fireworks. Next morning true to his promise, a mechanic from Trébeurden Marine Services arrived at 09.00, took away our alternator and arrived back two hours later with, to my amazement, an identical replacement which he had obtained in Lannion (about 10 km away) and told us the old one was "mort". He then found a fault in the starter solenoid which he took back to his workshop for repair, fitted same and finished at 16.00 (on a Saturday!) and we were all ready to go. The sting was €518 but I can only praise the speedy efficient and professional service. The girls had to raid every "hole in the wall" in town (French = le cash machine) as he wanted cash. Our invoice is marked "payé en espèces" to prove it. Altogether it was very taxing for our communal store of French, not much helped by a rather elderly French dictionary.

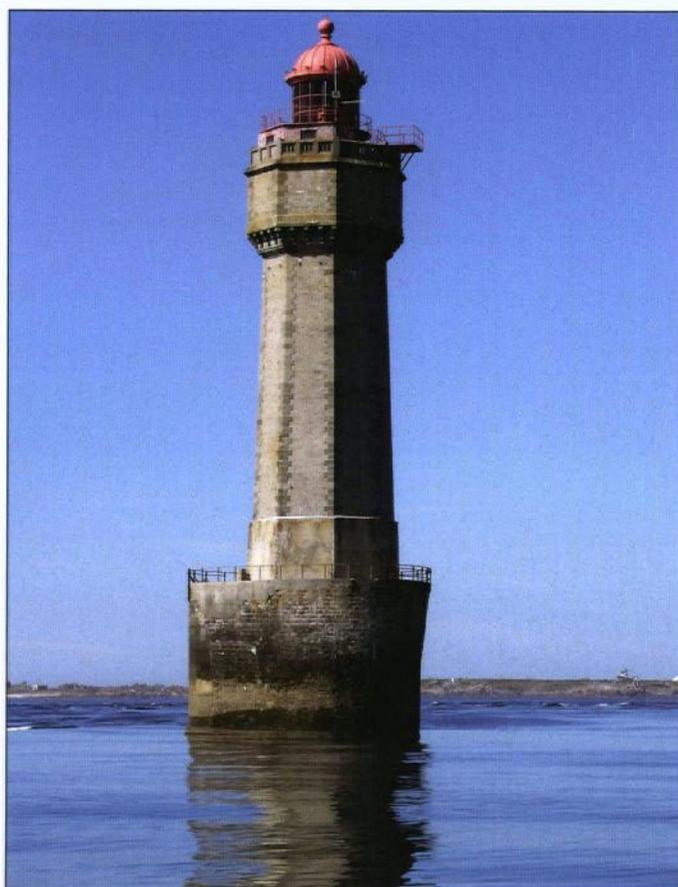


Sunset at L'Aberbe

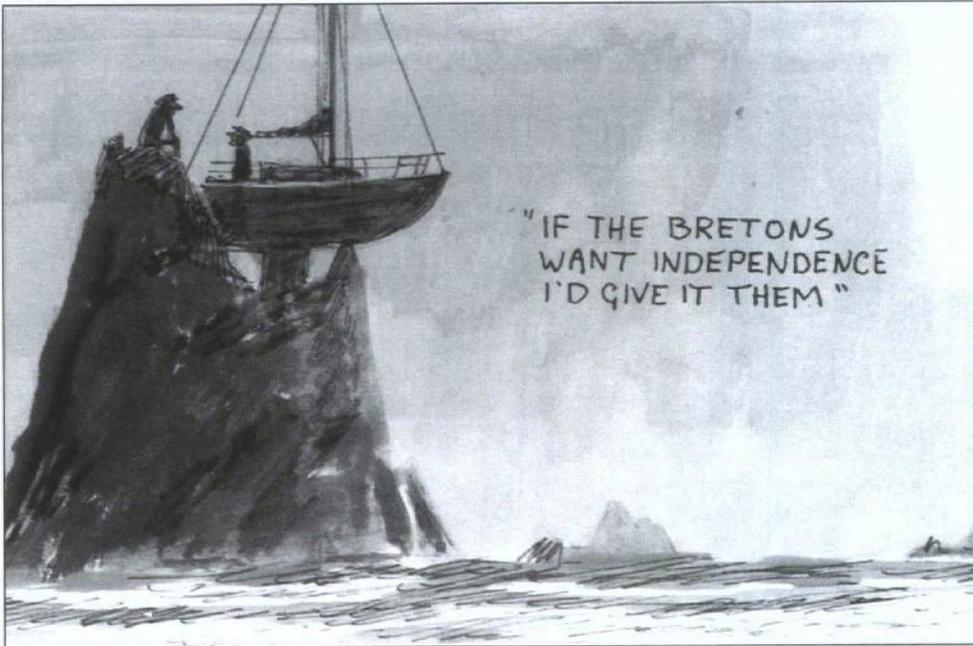
We rounded Les Heaux light next day to Lézardrieux, where we picked up a mooring in the river at Coatmer and, after a delicious meal of freshly caught mackerel, eaten in the cockpit as the sun went down, we spent a peaceful night watching the steep riverbanks appear as the tide left. We went on to town next morning, entering a pontoon berth with three knots of tide under us. All the neighbours were out to watch the fun and protect their property. Later in the day we went to the Ile de Bréhat and anchored off Le Chambre for a swim, yes even me, it was that hot! We went round to St. Quai Portrieux for the



Morlaix



Lajument



Breton cartoon

night; the marina was a baking hot bowl at low water with the piles almost level with the mastheads.

Next morning we motored towards St. Malo. It was already over 20°C at 07.10 but a breeze came up off Cap Fréhel and we had a pleasant sail to St. Malo. We spent a day exploring the town. Anne and I visited a lovely house, called "L'Artimon" (the mizzen), in St. Servan where I had spent an exchange holiday as a schoolboy 49 years ago!

After three weeks we were due for a crew change in Jersey and decided to spend a last night at Les Minquiers. It was dead calm or we would have given up this idea. It is one scary place and very difficult to relate the marks on either the chart or pilot book to what we actually saw, so we bumped our way to the anchorage and spent a quiet night there. I don't feel the need to go back, despite the antics of a not inconsiderable pod of dolphins. On the trip from the Les Minquiers to St. Helier, Jersey there was a thump from the engine followed by much black smoke, but we made it to the marina and met up with the changeover crew.

#### David writes:

For the second leg we flew to Jersey on Thursday July 20, spending over two hours in Southampton airport on the way and transferred by taxi to St. Helier where we found the outgoing crew hiding from the sun under a makeshift cockpit tent, and thought: 'this is rather different from Scotland!' Peter and crew departed to a B&B as their flight was not until Saturday. Peter was worried that something was wrapped around the prop (a Kiwi feathering model, on its maiden voyage) so, after shopping for victuals, we moved round to the Elizabeth Marina next afternoon on the top of the tide, to the only drying out pad that was available. *Reiver* settled on the bottom at about 18.00 and was dry at 20.00 when we removed handfuls of tough Japweed or Wire Weed (*Sargassum muticum*). In 17 years of sailing *Reiver*, I had never dried out before; more later! By now we had lost a day's sailing so after Ben had returned from clubbing with a Jersey girl we departed as soon as the sill released us at 05.00, heading for France. Ben slept throughout the crossing.

Early in the evening we dropped anchor behind the Ile de Bréhat, hoisted the French and Breton flags above the ICC house flag and toasted our arrival in a foreign land with some

Guinness. We were now working with tides in different time zones, so we decided to remain on BST (UT+1) as 'ship's time' and French time was an hour ahead. Next morning we gently ran the fourteen miles up the Trieux river to Lézardrieux where we were guided in by the marina boat. It was still very hot so we rigged a small tarpaulin over the cockpit as an 'asymmetric sun roof'; I don't think that Wee Terry would have survived without this, as his skin objects to the sun. That evening we were introduced to the specialities of the region, cidre, crêpes and Far Breton (a prune custard flan). Our planned early departure was delayed next morning by thick fog in the river, so we went to the supermarket and left at 08.45. Off Basse Crublent we were buzzed by a low flying fighter which did a barrel roll right over the top of us,

it was going so fast that we did not have time to take a photograph. We swooshed inside Les Sept Iles with the tide under us.

We did not want to spend our time in France 'marina hopping' so next stop was Ile Grande. We entered with the intention of anchoring but were attracted to a more sheltered mooring with 8.2m under it. I was looking for at least 10.0m as it was springs but foolishly settled for the mooring. We went to our berths after a game of Breton whist (same as Ballymena whist but played in Brittany) and were soon woken as *Reiver* sat down on the sandy bottom. The next three hours were rather uncomfortable, with the water coming half way up the side deck when she was at maximum list. When George the Chef and Interpreter, (now in full health, having put his troubles of last year behind him), woke next morning he swore that he would never touch Breton cidre again as he had dreamt that he was sleeping at 45° for most of the night!

Glad to leave Ile Grande and a rather unpleasant lesson behind us, it was again rather monotonous; sun hats, shorts and sandals. On the radio we heard a Mayday from a yacht on fire and a helicopter crossed the coast a short time later. A long day's sail brought us past Ile Vierge to L'Aber-Wrac'h (L'Aber is an estuary), the very busy sailing crossroads used as a step off point for going north or south. We were doubled up on a mooring with a German heading for the Mediterranean and moved into the pontoons next morning after a stream of boats left, passing little egrets fishing on the shore amongst the oyster beds. We were surprised with the lack of 'town' and shopping facilities for such a large sailing mecca. The nearest groceries were 2 km away so George set off at speed, on a bike borrowed from a kind hotelier, with 20 minutes to go before closing.

After two nights in L'Aber-Wrac'h we set off for Ile d'Ouessant (Ushant), passing the *Amoco Cadiz* wreck site which is still a restricted area with diving prohibited. Again it was a lovely day so we tried to sail, which made us late for the tide in the Passage du Fromveur and we had to motor at full throttle for over an hour, just squeezing through at 6.5 knots. Ben slept. We were surrounded by all the '-est' lighthouses; Ile Vierge the highest in Europe, Créac'h the brightest in the world, and La Jument the most famous from the photograph of the wave enveloping the light with the keeper standing at the door. Much relieved, we rounded close to La Jument and

picked up a mooring in Lampaul, the main town of Ile d'Ouessant. The island is rather like a Hebridean isle with French bits and hydrangeas everywhere. We went ashore in the evening and sampled the local beer which was like a mixture of creosote and molasses! After more Breton whist, we went to sleep under the loom of Créac'h. We returned next morning to shop and view the town with its pierced spire church and some very un-vertical walls.

We decided not to go further south through the Chenal du Four as we had to be back in Jersey in a week's time, and headed eastwards to L'Aber Benoit where we picked up a tranquil mooring beside Le Passage, such a contrast to L'Aber-Wrac'h about 4 km away. Next day we went through the tortuous Chenal de Batz in driving, heavy but warm rain, the next marks disappearing from time to time in the murk, past Roscoff and up La Penzé river. We anchored in the middle of a rather dismal bay surrounded by oyster marking withies. In the morning Wee Terry learned that it is not advisable to haul the anchor cable with a taller person behind him!

We drifted across the Baie de Morlaix in the morning through pink granite rocks to Trébeurden and were able to directly enter the marina where we were charged €30, the most for any marina on this trip. We knew that it would blow harder next day so we left at 11.30 as soon as there was enough water over the sill. There was a big swell, a southwesterly force 5 - 6, gusting a bit more, and on top of that the sill restriction caused us to have a foul tide. Walter der Windpilot couldn't handle it, as we should have put a third slab in the main, but didn't because we were topping 8 knots from time to time. Ben continued to do his dormouse imitation!

We were glad to enter the Tréguier river and were alongside at the marina by 19.00. Tréguier was the highlight of the cruise along with Ile d'Ouessant. A lot of the town is medieval with a cathedral, again with a pierced spire which appears to be the style in Brittany. Everything was much cheaper from marina to restaurant; a three course meal including Far Breton, in the St. Bernard, was under €14. It blew hard as forecast and we left next morning for Guernsey. It was a fast reach with full sail past Roches Douvres, and Walter did all the steering. There were great rafts of different types of weed everywhere and it was impossible to avoid it all: more evidence of global warming?

In St. Peter Port we were directed in naval fashion, sorted by size to the holding pontoon, at 18.00. The trot behind us was eleven boats wide! After 22.00 about sixty boats were moved into the marina; anyone who did not go in the desired direction was shoved by the dory workboats. Next day was spent sightseeing and shopping, mostly for litres of spirits. On Friday morning many large boats tried to 'run' the sill, getting stuck, stopping small boats from leaving and causing a huge jam. We left in an orderly fashion when the tide gauge showed 1.9 m, bound for Jersey. We passed the German gun emplacements near La Corbiere light and motored into St. Helier, coming alongside the waiting pontoon and finally moving into the St. Helier marina at 23.15 when the sill opened. Next day we queued at the refuelling berth with a number of French motorboats taking advantage of the less

expensive fuel. Peter and incoming crew had arrived, so we handed over and bussed it to the airport.

We had done 400 miles in mostly brilliant weather, with weed and sitting on the bottom being the only problems. Cruising Brittany is not easy, there are rocks everywhere and safe havens are not plentiful; on the plus side it was lovely being warm.

#### Peter writes:

On August 5 we flew back to Jersey with John Hughes (ICC) and Robert Perceval-Price. After our crew was completed when Sheila Pim joined in St. Helier, they went to have a look at the amazing occupation tapestries in the Marina Museum. We sailed to Sark next morning and spent a lovely afternoon and night at Dixcart Bay. There we met Mike and Pat Pocock in their beautiful little yacht *Twilight*, designed by Mike.

Next morning we crossed to St. Peter Port, Guernsey, for stocking up and found it to be very laid back, compared with the businesslike efficiency of St. Helier. We had a pleasant sail next day to the Ile de Bréhat, arriving in the evening, but decided not to anchor there as it was too open. We picked up a mooring at the mouth of the Lézardrieux river, way out at the edge of the fairway at Loguivy, but on looking out at low tide, found we were right on the edge of the mud with all the boats inshore of us sitting at crazy angles, some far above us.

In the morning we went round to Tréguier by the inside passage of the Passe de la Gaine inside Les Heaux lighthouse. Which was fine until the visibility closed in ... we managed, just, to make out all the markers in the river and got into the marina at Tréguier. This was such an exceptional town that we spent an extra day there marvelling at the medieval houses and beautiful cathedral of St. Tudgual. We arrived on the Wednesday and were entranced by the foire in the Cathedral Square. By Friday we were ready to go to sea again and Anne wanted to visit Les Sept Iles, a national park just off the coast. It was bleak and uninhabited so there was no landing; after lunch at anchor we went on to Trébeurden for the night. The wind continued north and west throughout the day so we decided to go down to Morlaix again, and had a lovely sail up the river in the evening sunshine, getting through the lock with perfect timing.

On Monday August 14 (my birthday) we locked out of Morlaix and headed for the Scillies and back to the Turk's Head after motor-sailing into a northwest wind all the way (130



Terry and David

miles), arriving on August 15. After another celebratory lunch we went to cross the Tresco flats to New Grimsby Sound but had to wait half an hour at anchor in pouring rain, while the tide raised enough to allow us over the shallowest part. A wet and windy night on a visitor's mooring preceded a visit by the crew to the Abbey Gardens on Tresco, while the skipper did the shopping. Then special treat time! A visit to Bryher and a walk to Hell Bay Hotel for lunch. Such an amazing place with a truly remarkable art collection at which we all gazed in awe.

Then we really had to set sail for Ireland; although the wind

was now northeast we managed to sail until 07.00 next morning, when we had to have the engine's help to get us into Rosslare for 22.00. We tied up to a fishing boat and spent an anxious and very uncomfortable night with the northeast wind blowing straight into the harbour. We motor-sailed from Rosslare at 09.30 next morning, and kept going for thirty-three hours, arriving at Whiterock on Saturday August 19 at 18.50.

The total mileage was 1,700 over seven weeks and the engine was running for about two thirds of the time, which is a lot more than we would have liked.

### John Massey writes of cruising with the Cruising Club of America in the Pacific North West

Susan and I were invited to join Barbara McGonagle and Bob and Mindy Drew (CCA) on the Cruising Club of America's "Two Nations Cruise" in September. This was to take us through the San Juan and Gulf Islands and on to Vancouver Island in the Pacific North West.

We met up on Sunday 10th September in Anacortes just north of Seattle and joined our very comfortable 50' *M.V. Shibui*. The opening reception and dinner that evening at Fidalgo Bay resort was a very enjoyable affair, where we met up with the Scottish contingent; Katie Christie (ex. Commodore Clyde C C) and Bill and Rosemary McKean (ICC as well as CCC), Ken and Ann Gumley, and Barbara Watson.

We left Anacortes the following morning in glorious sunshine and had a couple of lazy days sailing through the islands before the cruise met up for the Commodore's reception at Camp Four Winds on Orcas Island. This is the largest of the San Juan Islands and with Mount Constitution towering over the very beautiful anchorage we learnt how to eat crabs like the Yanks, great fun!



*M.V. Shibui*

On Wednesday we had to clear customs at Bedwell Harbour before making our way to an anchorage off Ladysmith, on Vancouver Island. That evening we were invited to a "get together" on Seattle Yacht Club's outstation there. Seattle Yacht Club has many of these outstations, but in this case it was on a pontoon off one of the small islands. We brought over our own drinks, and swapped snacks and chat with some of the other boat crews.

The 12m racing which was organised for the next day, during our stop at Ladysmith, was looked forward to with much anticipation. The yachts being used were sailed by USA and Australia in the 1967 Americas Cup, but with light and variable winds and very suspect sails it was decided to call it a draw after just two races.

Ganges Harbour on Salt Spring Island was another stop along the way; Ganges Village is very pretty and known as one of North America's best small arts towns. Our stop

coincided with their weekly Saturday Market, a bustling affair where high-quality arts and crafts are sold. Also that day the Annual Farm Fair was held; an "old-fashioned" event organised by the Island's Farmers, where local prize winning vegetables, flowers and livestock were on view. There were many stalls selling and displaying local produce, and various rides for the children.

The next day we cruised across the Trincomali Channel to Montague Harbour, the most popular anchorage on Galiano Island which is known for its forests, sandy beaches and excellent hiking. It was here that we were introduced to a dinghy raft-up. The idea of the raft-up was originally designed by long-distance cruisers gathering in foreign ports without amenities or club houses to host events. You simply go out in your dinghy with drinks for yourself and snacks to share, and raft up with any other into a big bunch. The raft floats free, and when it reaches an obstruction an outboard is started and the raft is moved back upwind. The food provided by everyone was amazing and the event proved to be good fun.

Our last stop was at Tod Inlet, a beautiful, quiet, sheltered anchorage which is around the corner from the world famous Butchart Gardens, on Vancouver Island. We travelled into Victoria by bus for a bit of sightseeing and then visited the gardens, which are a delight, before the Closing Reception and Dinner held there that night.

Our final passage back to Anacortes on Tuesday 19th wound up one of the best cruise-in-companies I have experienced. The scenery is wonderful, with trees growing right down to the water everywhere we went. The crabs and mussels we ate straight from the sea were huge, and delicious. There were lots of seals everywhere we went, but unfortunately no Orcas (killer whales) were spotted, although there is a resident pod in the area. There were comparatively few birds, which surprised us. But the friendliness and helpfulness of everybody we met along the way more than made up for any disappointments we may have had. Anyone who has the opportunity to go to the Pacific North West and cruise these wonderful islands will not be disappointed.



Mindy Drew, John Massey and Bob Drew preparing the crabs

# Pure Cruising

Robert Fannin

When John Malcolm proposed a voyage that involved little more than pottering up and down some of the rivers of England's east coast, I was intrigued. This would be pure cruising. We'd have all the fun with none of the grind of passage making. For, as we all know, the best part of any trip is getting the dinghy out and heading off, looking for a sail maker, or a fortune teller; any errand that gives you the excuse to browse amongst the hulls and the gulls of a place unfamiliar.

Part of Mr Malcolm's proposal came out of consideration for the fact that Dee, my wife, and I have two children who think of time spent bobbing about on the surface of the sea in much the same way convicts think of chain gangs.

So on Monday August 21st we arrived at the Suffolk Marina to find the tide out and the entire fleet far below us. Somewhere down there was the 33ft *Bloemetje* (Little Flower in Dutch). It was the children who pointed Johnny out. He was standing at the stern of a rather sleek-looking, wooden hull sloop.

*Bloemetje* was build in 1960 on the east coast of England and has been in the Duke family ever since. Tom Duke, its present owner, is a farmer and so is harvesting during the

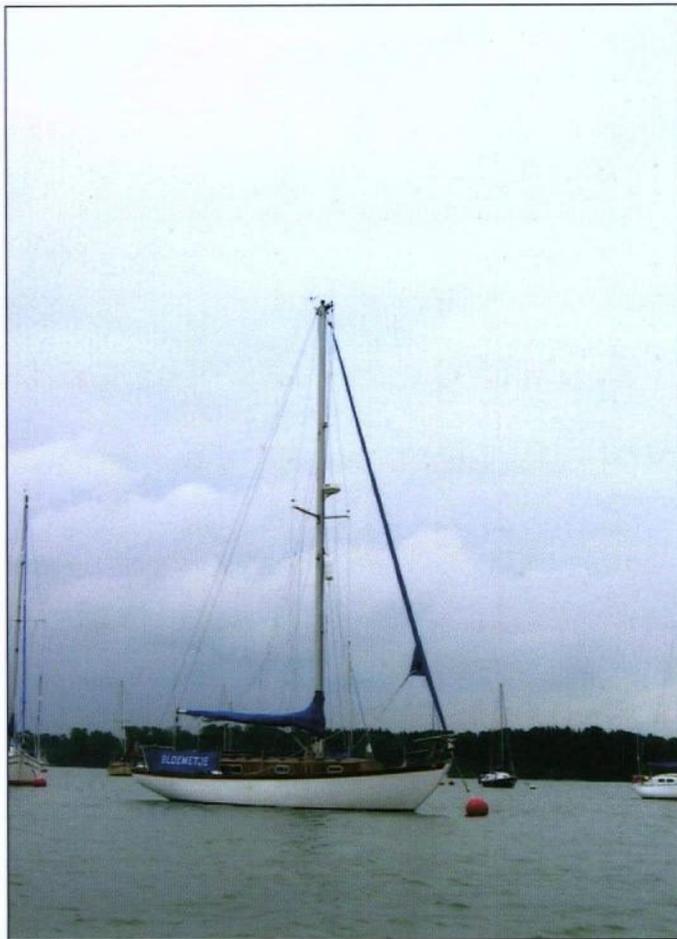
month of August. To relieve his frustrations at this state of affairs, he lends the boat out to certain of his friends figuring that, at least that way, the boat will get used.

It was too late in the day to start any serious sea going, so we settled in, and that night settled down to the series of strange noises that spread through every saloon on the first night of a cruise. The following morning we sailed out onto the River Orwell. The first thing that met the eye was a herd of skeletal dinosaurs that had come down to the water to drink. These giants, blue and bizarre, are the cranes of Felixstowe docks and they dwarf everything – even the giant carrier ships they feed! No matter how fast you sail it's hard to get them out of your wake. Not that we were going that far. Four miles up the coast was the entrance of the river Deban.

And it began. Sailing with land all about you and the smell of grass in your nostrils, (and I mean the kind that cows eat). In here it's half river, half sea. It obeys the tides, but on either of its banks you can watch the curlews and avocet feed, as smaller waders scurry about their ankles. And, because the land is flat, the sky dominates. Big bulbous thunderheads to the north,



Cruising up the River Deben – Bob, Aoife, Dee and Luke



*Bloemetje* (Little Flower in Dutch)

strips of high cirrus above, and cumulus nimbus gathering on the eastern horizon like bubble cars off to a convention. With such skies light is always on the move. It strikes strips of water, dazzling them in silver while beyond the navy grey of a rainstorm sweeps across the landscape.

The ten or so miles up to the town of Woodbridge were absorbing. Navigation is not difficult but as you cruise through the collections of fine craft on their moorings it is easy to get distracted and lose sight of the next buoy. However, the placement of an eleven year old boy at the pulpit, armed with a pair of binoculars, will generally keep you on the straight and narrow.

We stayed at a marina in Woodbridge that night and, of course, investigated the town. It was one of those places that makes you want to see more of it. We settled for an examination of the interior of a pub or two, and the following day drifted down river with the flow of the stream. We arrested our progress with a pub lunch ashore. "The Maybush" runs down to the water's edge, and looked far too nice to pass. That night we anchored near the mouth of the river, ready for the great passage northwards the following day.

That great haul was all of nearly five miles. Just about time for a breakfast. And then it was onto the River Ore. The entrance is truly dramatic. You find the leading mark and then head in and keep heading in, until you can make out individual pebbles on a brown and menacing looking piece of beach. Just before you crash, you make a quick right and slide up into the narrowest of channels. Then once again you are lost in a sea of land. Low lying greenery spreads endlessly before you. Again the clouds are at play and the bird life is raucous.

About a mile and a half into the river there is an island called Havergate, onto which no human is allowed step - a place strictly for the birds. It is also the place where the river Ore is joined by the river Alde. The Ore swings northwards the Alde appears to continue straight on so it was the Alde we took.

Taking the northern route around Havergate, we found ourselves in a channel which, like everything around here, was narrow. And in the middle of it, blasting down on us with great speed and determination, and under spinnaker, was the fleet of the Aldeburgh Yacht Club regatta. It made for an entertaining half hour for John at the tiller, but even better for the rest of us watching. Cutting edge designs like RS400s and 200s mixed



Leaving the River Ore - Aoife, Bob, Luke and Dee

with the classic one-design 'Lock Longs' as well as a host of other classic hulls, making for a spectacular fleet.

John mentioned to Luke and Aoife that in the town of Aldeborough, which we were fast approaching, was a fish and chip shop that always had a queue outside it of at least forty people. This information had the children wide-eyed, and strangely quiet, Forty people, they must be very good chips.

So after we picked up a mooring and got ashore, we walked up through the town. It was quaint, alive with eye-catching architecture and yes, along the main road was a queue, at least forty people. Much to the children's objections we walked past and had a very fine lunch at 'The Regatta'. Not until the following day did we get our mitts on the chips all the people queue for. Fortunately there is a pub adjacent to the chipper, so with John, Dee and I sampling its wares, we allowed Aoife and Luke do the queuing. Their efforts were worth it. These chips were truly magnificent and the cod was the best I had ever tasted.

Later, leaving the antics of the Aldeburgh Yacht Club regatta to proceed without us, we sailed downstream three miles, and picked up a mooring off the town of Orford. Again the dinghy was out and the trip ashore was made. As with the other towns we had seen there was much more here than we could possibly explore, in what was left of the late summer twilight. We investigated the keep of an old castle, had dinner in a pub, and ended up back aboard under Johnny's tarpaulin drinking wine, as the rain fell gently overhead.

The tarpaulin was a piece of inspiration. With sleeping children in the confines of the small saloon, we adults had nowhere to go if it was raining. Johnny's answer was a tarpaulin, cheap as chips and almost one hundred percent effective. Many of our evenings were spent under it, drinking, talking and listening to the raindrops, all in total dryness.

By the following day it was time to leave the rivers. It was time to head out into the open sea, and south for ten whole miles before tucking into the waters of Walton on the Naze. This is the area Arthur Ransome made famous with his Swallows and Amazons stories. John was keen to explore this miniature world of channels and islands. I think he had a vision of anchoring in a small and sleepy inlet far away from the sights and sounds of the present century. It was not to be. The children who had spent the last three nights at anchor were anxious, in fact raring, to spend a night connected to the shore. Dee and I persuaded Johnny that to deny them was probably unwise. The interior of a small boat is not a place to contain riotous kids. So we ended up in a marina, but a most pleasant one. To make matters worse, I convinced John to walk into town with me to pick up a few essentials, and maybe have a pint. It was further than the directions I had got led me to believe. And in our haste a wrong turn or two was taken, my fault, and we found ourselves walking through a thoroughly modern housing estate. Eventually we found what we were looking for, a pub, and once refreshed, returned by taxi.

The following day we headed back to where we started. The wind was southerly and sailing was fast. It was lovely to see this sleek hull do what she was designed to do.

We got back in time for dinner, and the next day, after six days of hard sea-faring, we got into the car and drove home. Although it is not a trip that would ever be recalled for its ruggedness, it will remain in the memory because it contained everything that cruising should, adventure and fun.

# *Jabberwock's Iberian wanderings*

Peter Courtney

It's been a long time since *Jabberwock* featured in the ICC Annual, so here are a few notes to rectify matters. *Jabberwock* is a 1984 vintage Sigma 41, originally designed for the English Channel racing circuit. She was bought in 1990 by my late father, Ross, to provide more convenient accommodation for his ageing bones than *Bandersnatch*, his well travelled and much enjoyed Swan 37. In recent years *Jabberwock* has been optimised for cruising with all the racing kit consigned to the garage.

She was delivered from Howth to the Algarve region of southern Portugal in 2003, by Reg Revill (ICC) with a picked crew of bon viveurs, including John Harbison and Donal O'Boyle (ICC). The trip coincided with the well-documented heat wave in Iberia, that at times covered the decks with ash from the forest fires which consumed much of the world's supply of wine-cork raw material, an event lamented by many ICC wine aficionados, including those aboard. The high temperatures made some sense of Reggie's unusual delivery schedule, which often involves going ashore in a new port in the afternoon, to frighten the natives and have dinner. The next leg started as soon as the crew was back on board, which in the summer of 2003 made for cooler night passages.

The boat was based in Vilamoura, a large modern marina with all facilities, over the winters of 2003/4 and 2004/5. John Pierse, who had sailed on the boat with Ross, now lives close by in Faro. He kept an eye on things and was most welcoming and generous with his time when we were down.

## Winter warmth

The plan was to take the odd week or two in the sun during the winter, when all sensible northern folk are toasting their toes in front of the fire, with a hot whiskey or two. The Algarve coast is surprisingly warm in winter, but occasionally suffers a spell of wet and windy weather. This makes it a Mecca for golfers, as the temperatures are similar to an Irish summer.

Helena and I, and occasionally John, did some modest trips to some of the many pleasant ports within easy reach of Vilamoura. Fifteen miles to the east is the nature reserve of Ria Formosa, which is a quiet delta of winding waterways behind a 20 km chain of long sandy islands. Passages lead up to Faro where you can anchor, and to Olhao where there is a new marina that had not yet started to charge in 2003, and therefore was full of long-stay boats. On the inner side of Culatra, the largest of the outer islands, is a sheltered hurricane-hole populated by more live-aboards, wintering away from expensive marinas. There we found one long-term resident who had hauled his 20 footer up the beach, and built a small hut beside it of immense character, with a back garden embellished with a windbreak made of wine bottles, and an herbaceous border of lovingly tended flowers.

An easy 30 mile sail further east is the Guadiana River, the

border between Portugal and Spain. The entrance could be tricky with strong onshore winds, as the river runs briskly and the bar buoys are reputed to be unreliable, but it was simple for us in a light northerly wind. On the Portuguese side is the pleasant town of Vila Real de Santo Antonio with a marina set into the river. The visitors' berths inside the floating breakwater that runs parallel to the current are no problem, but getting into the internal berths could be a challenge at half tide. The marina in Ayamonte on the Spanish side is easier, but was full when we attempted to enter. There is plenty of room in the outer part, and this may well be fitted with pontoons at some future date. The ferry trip across the river was one euro, making our extended tapas lunch in the attractive old Spanish town even more reasonable.

As the forecast was for a few days of strong winds, we headed up river under the impressive bridge (23m clearance) for 20 miles to Alcoutim, historically the lowest fordable crossing point on the Portuguese side. There are pontoons with power and water at Alcoutim, for which the more relaxed inland authorities had not turned up to collect charges during the previous month. The live-aboards, who passed on this welcome information to us, were not keen for us to wake up the sleeping dogs, so we put away the ship's papers and passports that normally have to be produced at every Portuguese port.

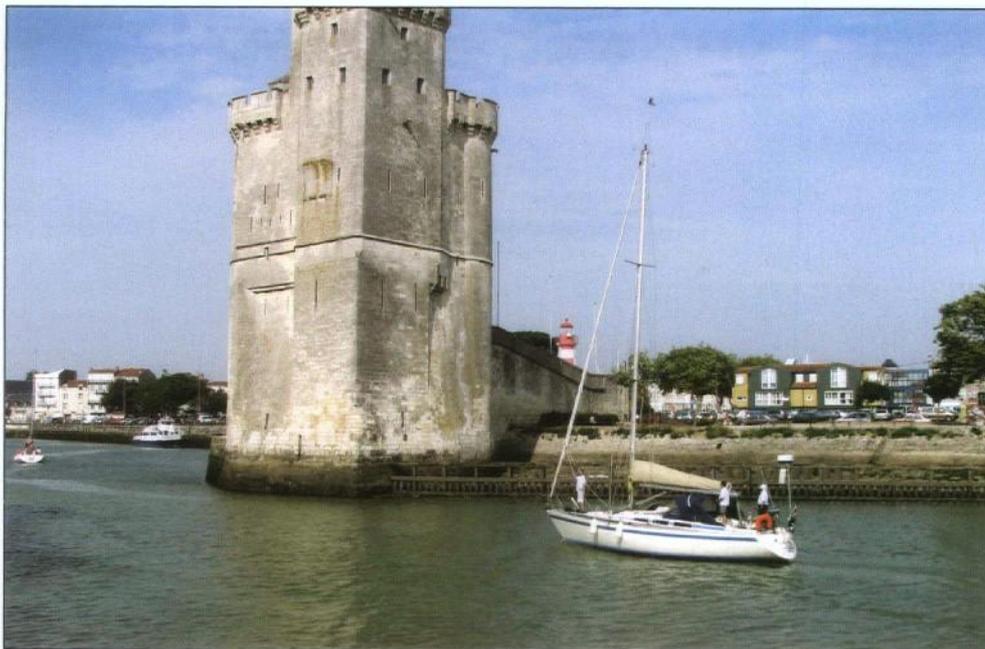
On the other side of the river is the Spanish town of Sanlucar, with a fort somewhat higher than the Portuguese one, but further from the river. In an earlier and more warlike time, the two towns pounded each other with cannon balls from their respective strong points, without being able to affect the location of the border.

As relations are now friendly, we took the ferry across for lunch. The fare was the same, one euro, but the ferry was now a small launch with an outboard driven by an old character who seemed long past retirement age. The lunch, at a popular after-mass café on the far side of town, was an affair of many courses; fried anchovies, salads, beers, etc., and the bill for two came to 14 euro.

Perhaps the remarkably low cost of living was why an Englishman we met, who had delivered a boat to Portugal ten years before, had settled down in Alcoutim and bought one of the local town houses, that consist of a series of connected rooms winding from a narrow frontage to the lane behind. The boat was still there, impounded as security for the unpaid delivery fee, by the friendly local police, and our friend was happy to grow his beard even longer, and ride his improbably large motorbike around the archaeological sites in the district.

## Portimao

Twenty miles west of Vilamoura is Portimao, with two long piers guarding the river entrance. Inside to the east is an impressive beach, off which we anchored. We had a pleasant



Jabberwock entering La Rochelle

Photo: Peter Courtney

dinner ashore with John Pierse, in a beach restaurant he recommended. There is a big marina on the west side, with the start of the mass market tourist accommodation not far away. Further upriver is the attractive town of Ferragudo, John's second choice of places to live in Portugal.

We particularly enjoyed our visit to Alvor, five miles further west. The entrance is through a gap in the sand dunes kept open by rock piers, and the passage winds inside past sandbanks, marked by a few new buoys not in our cruising guide. There is room to anchor off the pretty old town, which has a wide selection of restaurants of different styles and ages. It may be that most of the town's trade comes from the tourist areas between it and Portimao, but it is very pleasant to visit from the sea.

We take up the story again in the summer of 2005 in La Coruña, in northwest Spain, where I joined Reg with some of my Howth 17-Footer crew, to continue the journey back to Howth. On board was Anthony Geraghty, currently commanding the Irish naval vessel *Ciara*, and two Shane O'Dohertys, father and son, who were using the trip to see if they liked offshore sailing. They had a testing introduction, with two days on the wind in the shipping lanes, accompanied by fog and spectacular night-time thunder storms. Day three, as we approached Scilly, made up for all. The sun came out, the spinnaker went up, and we had an alfresco lunch around the cockpit table, with a nice bottle of chilled Albarino. Proper cruising. After a cycle round St Mary's, a swim for the more energetic, and a pleasant dinner in the Star Castle Hotel, we completed a fast passage to Howth,

with the last few hours in a smother of spray from a rising southerly breeze.

This year 2006, we joined the ICC Basque cruise with old friends Shay and Evelyn Moran on board. The excellent time that we all had is no doubt well covered elsewhere, so I will move swiftly on to the return trip, which was commenced from Bilbao with the boat well loaded with cases of Rioja. A new crew joined: Shane the elder, back for a second helping; Conor Turvey, also a past *Oona* crew and son of Des; and Tom Murran, a sort of in-law, fresh from an initial Fastnet race experience.

While in Zumaya, we had met an Irishman visiting his new boat, an engineer who had come to the region 30 years earlier for a project, stayed on and married a

local Basque girl. He told us the story of the east outer breakwater in Bilbao. Apparently, Franco decided on this grandiose project, and started it off at full speed in typical dictator style. Eventually he listened to his marine engineers who pointed out that, if completed, the breakwater would create such a fast tidal sluice at the entrance as to render it dangerous in any strong wind. It would also cause the beaches inside to disappear. The project was therefore abandoned as it stood, with just the outer light in place, the stump of the landward end of the pier, and some foundations dumped on the bottom in between. The charts and cruising guides still show the breakwater as work in progress, even though nothing has been done for 30 years or so. On his advice, we crossed it with some trepidation on the way in, finding plenty of water over it about half a mile off. This saves a detour of two miles or so, out to the ship entrance. When leaving Bilbao, a local regatta was in



Conor boasting

Photo: Peter Courtney

progress and all the boats took the short cut, so we need not have worried.

Our trip up the French coast was planned around the requirement to be in port for the key matches in the final stages of the World Cup, Shane being a keen follower of soccer. The last two quarter-final matches took place while we were on passage to La Rochelle, much to his chagrin.

We bypassed the huge modern marina at the entrance to La Rochelle in favour of the old port, which has 20 or 30 visitors' berths. We were lucky to get one, as the ramp is directly opposite the pubs and restaurants near the formidable entrance towers. We took full advantage of all these facilities and left the following day for Belle Ile.

In Le Palais, we locked into the outer part of the inner harbour, which somehow accommodates a selection of small coasters and tankers that supply the island. There is an extensive inner section beyond a lifting footbridge, but the depth was insufficient for us to get beyond the first trot of boats, just past the coaster. After the fitter crew members hired bicycles, toured the magnificent citadel and swam on a nearby beach, we had a great French meal in an attractive family restaurant, conveniently opposite a small bar with a wide screen TV laid on for the evening. This bar had the Italian supporters upstairs and Germans below, where we were. The atmosphere was great, and the Germans, from a boat in the outer harbour, took their last minute defeat with good humour. Belle Ile is indeed a beautiful island and we will be back for a longer stay.

Next stop was Concarneau, where the town celebrated in an extraordinary fashion for hours, after the French beat the



*Jabberwock in Vilamoura*

*Photo: Peter Courtney*

Portuguese in the other semi-final. We helped the French enjoy their win into the early morning, and as a result were late leaving the next day. All the time spent watching football had used up our spare days, so we were now on a long passage home.

We missed our tide at the Raz de Sein, so picked up a mooring at St Evette for dinner and a snooze until about 05.00. Sean Barnes (ICC) was in Audierne in *Cu Two* and left on the same tide, also for a non-stop trip home. We had been in occasional contact during the passage, mainly by radio, and continued this whenever possible.

*Jabberwock* took all the inside passages – Raz, Iroise, Chenal du Four, Chenal de la Helle, Land's End – so we were some hours ahead of *Cu Two* off the Tuskar, as they went outside Ushant and Scilly. We had planned to stop in Kilmore Quay, but thought better of it as the wind piped up to gale force, thankfully from the south, when we were about 20 miles off. *Cu Two* later reported a gust of over 50 knots where they were at the time, probably 40 or 50 miles further south. We arrived back in Howth in plenty of time for a leisurely breakfast, before the crew departed to rest up in preparation for watching the World Cup final in their usual haunts – so the main target of the final leg was achieved.

Having dealt with the usual list of boat things to fix over the winter, we would be very tempted to go back to Brittany next year, to visit all the places we missed this time. So watch this space.



Peter, Shane and Tom – wrestling with technology

*Photo: Conor Turvey*

# Cruising Sans Sail to an I.C.C. meet!

## Raymond Fielding

On Saturday 12th August 2006, the I.C.C. organised a meet to take place in the middle of the Carthy Islands in Roaringwater Bay off Schull, to be followed by a dinner in Baltimore Sailing Club. Because it was at the peak of the season, attempts to secure accommodation in the area proved fruitless so we decided to take our new boat and go cruising as well, during Calves Week.

Our boat is another "Spellbound" – a new Jeanneau deck saloon – 32ft L.O.A, 265 HP Volvo, bow-thruster and all the usual bells and whistles to be expected on a boat of this type now. She can do 20 knots but for a variety of reasons we prefer to cruise at 10 knots at 2000 revs. One can cover quite a slice of the south and southwest coast in 4 hours. Now, even more so, for calm water we prefer to sail at dawn and get in for breakfast. On Thursday 3rd August, Christine and I departed from our RCYC berth at about 16.00 and two hours later, having inspected the new pontoon there, we secured to Laragh's old mooring in Oysterhaven, in time for a few evening drinks and subsequent dinner. Our cooking is now done in a microwave oven, either largely on shorepower or by 220 volts via an inverter, from an extended battery bank. The latter is more useful when underway for kettle, heaters and oven, as the power is going "for free" at that time.

Next day, away by 05.30, we had a calm, slightly foggy passage, past all the heads to anchor under Sherkin Abbey by 10.00. Later we picked up a mooring off Baltimore Cove but returned again to anchor under Sherkin Hotel for the night. On Saturday morning we steamed over to Schull via the Gascannane Sound to pick a mooring there. We had a week in hand to explore paradise. The weather was good and looked like remaining so, apart from some rain and poor visibility that night. The number of yachts moored in Schull has increased enormously. New 60ft plus motor-yachts are now commonplace there, largely Irish owned – so much for the Celtic Tiger! On the Sunday we motored down to Crookhaven, picked a mooring off O'Sullivan's pub, and returned to Schull in slightly disimproving weather, on the bank holiday Monday. The weather again showed signs of improvement, so at 10.00 on Tuesday, with a fair tide and a flat calm sunny sea, we went down through Long Island Sound and reached the sea via Goat Island sound, and squared away for the Mizzen. Off Barley Cove beach, we passed astern of a French yacht motoring in from the sea, who insisted on maintaining his non-existent rights. Perhaps he thought his mast gave him privilege. In these days of more crowded waters, especially in Cork Harbour, it is just safer to keep out of the way regardless of rights or otherwise.

Once around the Mizzen the wind came in from the northwest producing a little motion. Moving faster than on previous cruises on this coast, I must say that I observed again and again that something that I was told years ago certainly STILL happens – wind direction and strength invariably change at every headland. Steaming for the white tower to starboard of the entrance for Castletownbere, we were soon inside and turned to port to anchor southwest of Ringbolt Rock in Dunboy. Work on the Puxley House is proceeding apace. The main

building walls appear to have been restored and work has commenced on the suites to the south of the building. Later we looked into Castletownbere harbour, where in spite of the fall off in fishing activity, work, including dredging, is proceeding on Dinish Island.

Then to Lawrence Cove to fuel up and meet the late John G's wife Phil and son and daughter, who are carrying on the marina operation which was busy. Having fuelled and secured a berth, we booked a meal in Murphy's at Rerrin. Sadly the seafood restaurant is closed down. The former owner is now building marinas and nautical developments around the Irish coast. Low water springs cause draft problems for keel boats here. We left 24 hours after arrival in the afternoon.

It was reassuring to note that on a tankful we could "steam" from Cork to Bere Island and back at around 10 knots with several hours to spare in the tank. Deciding to get some stores in Castletownbere we anchored in the harbour to northwest of the lifeboat and to weather of a motley collection of older rebuilt yachts and motorboats. The wind later freshened so we decided not to go ashore. We left and tried the Council "free moorings" to the east of the Innish Bridge, but found it even more exposed there so we returned back to Dunboy where we spent a peaceful night in fresh westerly winds. Thursday 10th August dawned clear, so we left early. A moderate to fresh northwest wind calmed away at the Mizzen, and we went into Crookhaven where we picked the same moorings and stayed for 24 hours. We went ashore later for essentials, and a good walk – gusty as usual.

Friday 11th August, we again left early, passed off Goleen, north of the Catalogue Islands, and into Ballyrisode to anchor on clear sand for a stolen hour and breakfast. Later we departed for the western end of Long Island Sound, made a detour into Croagh Bay, and steamed back to the moorings in Schull in time to watch the start of the Crookhaven race. We went ashore later for stores in Brosnan's; who kindly brought them back in their van to the school slipway and our dinghy.

Saturday 12th August, the day of the I.C.C. functions, dawned clear with northerly winds. We left early in the morning and anchored for a while off Trá na mBád before passing down between Castle and Horse Islands to anchor between the East and West Skeams to await developments both visually and on the VHF. About 11.00 Stuart Musgrave, I.C.C. organiser, appeared in his boat steering north for the Carthy's. An hour later he announced that the raft-up was ready to commence. We got underway and got into the Carthy's near low water by the more difficult eastern entrance. Several boats, including ourselves, laid plenty of chain well to weather, in the northerly wind. Later boats filled in the intervening spaces. In all, around a dozen boats attended. Some members swam, as others ate and drank and enjoyed each others company. It was a convivial scene, captured on camera by some. Later as the tide came in and the wind freshened causing some of the western boats to drag, we left the raft and departed the Carthy's through the easier, rockless west entrance, and made our way to Baltimore choosing the same way as we had come a week ago.

We picked up a mooring off the old fishery school at 18.00 in fresher weather; Stuart and his son kindly ferried us ashore and later back to the boat. Baltimore Sailing Club was taken over by the Drascombe luggers, so our meal was served earlier, with a wine-sales bar in a former restaurant across from the club – half of the members dining outdoors. An excellent seafood meal was served by a local catering lady and staff. We had a short sojourn to Bushes Bar afterwards. The Baltimore organisers are to be highly congratulated.

On Sunday we departed at 09.00 and went to Castletownsend, which has not changed very much, for lunch, moving later to a mooring in Glandore, where we watched a rowing regatta. Our last passage-making day saw us away early, inside the Dhulics, off Galley Head and up to the Old Head of Kinsale by 09.15. The wind had freshened from the northeast in Courtmacsharry Bay, so we had a dead punch-up to anchor under the land at the head of Oysterhaven Bay. The anchor was down by 10.00 for an hour's stop and breakfast. With a disimproving forecast we decided to leg it on home against the tide and lightening wind. All secure in the berth by 12.30 in time to hose down, stow and prepare for life ashore again.

What is motor cruising like? It certainly beats beating to weather: force 5 upwind around the coast is more than enough. 3 or 4 hours at the wheel can be tedious, but what with keeping



*Photo:*

a lookout and fiddling with the electronics, navigating as one goes along, the time passes quite quickly. In addition much more time is spent in port.

In a day or two under a fortnight during the past glorious summer, we had been lucky enough to revisit old haunts in PARADISE – almost everywhere – we forgot to call into Cape Clear! We were lucky enough, by 50% chance, to have had fair morning tides both east and west. This is an important consideration when cruising at spring tides on this coast.

At Sundown each evening the guardship at Kingstown, as also the Royal Irish Yacht Club, fire a signal for hauling down all flags. Some uncertainty arose a few evenings ago by the gun going off whilst the sun was still well up in the sky as to which was right. the vessels in the harbour, however, with true loyalty, decided that her Majesty's ship must be right and the sun wrong, so down came the flags.

*The Irish Field, 29 June 1895*

# My best year's sailing

Richard Cudmore

My cruising life took a new turn, when, last year in late August, I received a letter from Les Auchincloss asking me if I would be interested in doing The 'Arc' crossing from the Canaries to Rodney Bay in St. Lucia. Needless to say I said yes, and left for Gran Canaria on November 14, to join Les, Simon who was skipper of *Morning Calm III* and Emma, who was also to be crew.

November 20th was day of departure and it was some sight to see over 200 yachts leave the harbour for the open sea. The trip itself was uneventful with light winds so we had no choice but to motor, with the result we had to call to the Cape Verde Islands for refuelling. From there on, it varied between good long sails with spinnaker, to having the engine on quite a lot.

On November 29th, we had a halfway party, and celebrated with champagne. The next day we had our first 24 hours without engine, and also heard about *Oystercatcher* losing her mast. We heard too, that another boat had hit a whale, and various other incidents.

900 miles to go to Rodney Bay on December 4th. Bets were placed for the finishing time and I said 17.00 for December 7th.

On December 7th we had a big following sea with 24 knots of wind and more when the rain came. It became quite bumpy in the forward cabin. However, we crossed the line at 16.40, so I won the bet. Very welcome showers and champagne followed, then off to the Yacht Club to celebrate!

Then in March 2006, I got a phone call from Les to know would I be interested in bringing *Morning Calm III* through the Panama Canal to the Galapagos Islands. As I was also hoping to do the Irish Cruising Club "Basque Cruise" in June, I was hoping I could fit it all in!

Having a very understanding wife who supported me the whole way, I left for Aruba via Amsterdam, on April 9th, 2006. After stocking up the boat and checking out the computer and water maker, we left Aruba on April 14th in light and variable winds.

On April 16th we arrived at the San Blas Islands just East of Panama itself. These are really amazing islands with a lot of coral reefs, so it was quite tricky getting to our anchorage. The islands are covered in coconut trees and are populated with Kuna Indian people. The correct name for these islands are Kuna Yala (land of the Kuna.) The people are extremely friendly and live on the fish they catch and the food which they grow. They also make "moles" which are brightly coloured mats which they sell to all the visitors. They came out to our yacht, in dugout canoes from trees. It was like going back in time. The water temperature here was 20°C, which made for wonderful swimming.

We stayed at these islands for two days before we moved on to another island where we had a rubbish burning party! The

rubbish was collected from all the various cruisers and burnt in style.

On April 19th, we went to Portabella en route to Colon. Very lush and heavy vegetation was apparent along the coast of Panama. We stopped at another beautiful anchorage and ate ashore. The town itself was quite run down, but there was a superb natural harbour.

Next day we picked our anchor early at 06.15. A bit misty, it could have been West Cork, except it was warm! We anchored at Colon at 09.30, as we had to get the boat measured for the Panama Canal by a specific pilot assigned to us. This was organised by an agent who came on board and arranged all the paper work, payments, visas etc. All carried out with excellent English.



Dug-out canoe from the San Blas islands

Colon itself was like a rundown Wild West town; extremely dangerous, you could not walk anywhere. Everyone carried a gun, even the agents. We discovered that *Morning Calm III* could go through the canal on Saturday 22nd, which was great as smaller boats had to wait for three weeks to get through. I telephoned home to Cork that evening, and discovered that the family were far more excited about the forthcoming eagerly awaited semi-final rugby match between Munster and Leinster at Lansdowne Road!

April 22nd. We were told that our pilot would be ready at the flats at 18.00. He was delayed an hour and had to jump on board. We proceeded up the locks and tied on to the tug. The men on board were from Columbia, and were great at taking our lines, which made it very easy for us. We came out of the top lock at 22.30 and anchored in the lake for the night.

A new pilot came on board at 07.00 next day. It was 27 miles to the next lock; we were hoping to see crocodiles and monkeys but we were disappointed. We got to the locks which go down to the Pacific at 12.30. Again we were tied on to the Columbian tug and at 14.30 we came through the last lock and into the Pacific. We went to Balboa Yacht Club where we got water and diesel, picked up a mooring and slept well for our first night in Panama.

The next two days were spent shopping and preparing the boat for its next trip. I treated myself to a Panama hat (made in Ecuador of course!) Simon, the skipper met up with agent Tina to sort out the final payments etc, and we left for the Galapagos Islands on April 25th at 17.00. Great! 900 miles to go. From there on we alternately sailed and motored in warm damp weather, with very light winds mainly against us.

On the 29th we met up with an 18-foot boat with three men on board, one outboard and plenty of fuel, and nothing else! Out in the middle of nowhere. They came to warn us about fishing nets even though we were still 300 miles from the Galapagos Islands!

On April 30th, Simon woke me at 03.00, as we were about to cross the equator. I took a photo of the instruments as we crossed, and we had a glass of wine to mark the occasion. I saw my first island at 07.40 and we hoped to make landfall at 17.00. I only had two days on the Islands before returning home, so I only got a flavour of them, but they were fascinating and I would hope to return.



Les and myself with some older friends in the Galapagos

I did make the Basque Cruise on my own boat, *Toirse*, which was languishing out in Lorient. I flew home to Cork for a few nights sleep, a quick change of clothes, then headed out to France to make ready the boat for my passage to Northern Spain.

My crew: my wife Kate, brother Peter and wife Claire, and good friends Tony and Margaret Casey had a great two weeks in the very enjoyable company of nearly 30 boats, cruising in sometimes not so nice weather from Hondarribia to Bilbao, but having a great time and enjoying some fine wine along the way!

My brother John and his family joined the boat for three weeks in July. They found it was a great coast to cruise with kids. They are booked for next year when the boat will be in Galicia. I went home while John had the boat, and joined it again at the end of July with my brother Fred and sister Mary. We were bringing the boat west to Galicia. Fred's wife Mary came out for the second week. We got to Camarinas and enjoyed some great sailing and visited some great ports on the north coast. Then Kate, Liam and Evelyn McFeely joined for another two weeks. We went as far as Vigo. For my last two weeks Ron Cudmore and Clifford Hillard came out to me; they enjoyed going down memory lane. I have left the boat in Vigo for the winter.

Now, as I wrap this up for the winter, I have a gleam in my eye as Les has been in touch with me again, and in November, I join him in the Pacific to bring *Morning Calm III* to Auckland. Ah, life is good!

'The other day Mr Vanderbilt's yacht knocked down a lighthouse and suffered no damage'.

*Yachting World*, 6 July, 1894

# Half O'er, Half O'er to Arinagour

July and September in the Scottish Isles

## Wallace Clark

Cruising is damned interesting – old friends to meet, new islands to land on, crewmen to get to know, birds to identify, tidal streams to unravel and food that always tastes much better than ever on shore.

So when *Agivey* set off for Rathlin at the start of a fortnight's run around the Hebrides our spirits were even higher than usual with Graham Kane as Chef-in-Chief and Electronic Navigator, plus Tony Traill as Captain of the Foredeck (and Heads), also Lord Chief Fixit.

The name *Agivey*, since people are still inclined to ask, is pronounced with the emphasis on each syllable, even and short. You should hear a Frenchman say it! It comes from a river near the home of her previous owner Vice Admiral Sir Arthur Hezlet, the ace submariner of all time.

An engine stoppage in May had made havoc with earlier plans. It happened near the exit from the River Bann between the Training Walls, without warning, at the beginning of the east going offshore ebb. A failure at this spot where it is too narrow to turn under sail is something to be wary of. Quite a swell was rearing ahead. Only very smart sail handling by Richard Butler and his crew got *Agivey* out of the river. He reckoned there was less than four feet clearance from the seaward end of the eastern wall.

This scuppered plans for him to sail her south and meet me in West Cork. (I was tied by domestic problems).

The stoppage, as we took some time to discover, had been caused by excessive dead reeds and other debris in the river and the absence of a grill (pocketed and not replaced by a painter) on the cooling water intake. The heat exchanger became gradually, and then totally, bunged up. Ricky McArthur, the most helpful Marina Manager, and my cousin Stephen, were both busy, but in time sorted it out. The good old heavyweight 1500 BMC Diesel which had been ashore for a big overhaul, had suffered no damage.

In July we made Rathlin the first call. Raghery was welcoming and restful as usual. I arranged with Peter at the pub to find room to mount the brass figurehead of *Wild Goose*, among other trophies on his finely decorated walls.

New features by the harbour are toilets and showers for yacht crews, and a justifiable increase in dues. Most of the dozen two-storey houses in Church Bay are already occupied. The Anglican Church of St. Thomas is gleaming after a major roofing and interior restoration. Male eider ducks were diving for crabs in the harbour, and ducks, numerous male guillemots, bored with breeding, lay 'hove to' west of the rock armour on the Bow.

### Ardmore Isles

Next call was the Ardmore Isles. It started to rain hard as we approached. Sunken rocks offshore make this area in low visibility a '*côte dangereuse*'. But inside them shelter is near perfect. We got in with only a teeny weeny bump. Of this anchorage more in September.

Then up the Sound of Islay, as beautiful and inspirational as

when I first saw it in 1944 when scrubbing the deck of an RN ship in bare feet and icy water.

Then to Colonsay where we were welcomed by my cousin Georgina Hobhouse and Alison, her companion. A few years ago she was fishing lobsters single-handed over on the Jura shore and farming as well, now she was looking pale, but determined as ever, back from a long spell in hospital in Oban having treatment for MS. Walking was difficult, climbing down to come onboard impossible. Nothing daunted she was full of fresh ideas for all sorts of island improvements including some for 'House of Lochar', her bookshop, which does an extensive mail order business as well as counter sales. If you want Hebridean books no place is better stocked.

The ten mile passage next day to Iona was fraught. A sketch on the margin of my fathom chart, of the hilltops on Mull, for leaving Ardanish close to starboard was no use, as all was hidden in murk.

As we got closer, Graham steered and produced GPS positions, Tony kept a sharp lookout forrard, while I eyed our 40 year old chart to distinguish rocks from fly droppings on its creased surface. It has survived several open boat journeys as well as use as a tablecloth on the bridge deck and holds much magic. No metre chart will ever be as good.

Visibility remained low as we ticked off the marks. The Monks Stick on Ruadh Sgeir has no cross on top now but it still marks the most easterly of the Torran Rocks. Bogha na Ramfhear (much to be respected – emphasis on the 'fear') was covered with only an occasional break.

### Iona Sound

Eilean a' Chalmain with grass on top and a slit of a cave on the south side, the white foam on the "Ice Cream Cart" at the entrance to Tinkers Hole. Then we slipped in east of "Elephant's Arse" Island (Eilean Nam Muc on the chart) and also of Nautilus Island (from a fancied resemblance). At last the relief of getting into relatively rock free Iona Sound called for a noon balloon to celebrate. A run ashore and a brush with the natives followed, to let Tony look out for talent and view the Abbey.

The holding abreast of the Abbey is always dicey, and true to form *Agivey* started to drag north to the 'wee free' while I was alone on board. Adrenalin got the fisherman anchor up double quick, and the engine going, which punched us clear with feet to spare. The crew ashore hooted at my rapid efforts on the foredeck, after having left all such stuff to youngsters like them earlier. I logged them for 'lese majesty'!

Next stop Lunga, where we wobbled ashore via the curious floating ramp the ferry boats keep moored there. Puffins, being sensible folk, like having humans around; our presence keeps the deadly black backed gulls away, so the wee multicolour beaks come soaring in full of fish, to land beside nest burrows, and settle down within arm's reach. But when one of my crewmen remarked that puffin was a delicacy in the Faroes, and the other said he liked to catch one and train it to sit on his bedpost and bring in fresh sardines for breakfast, I thought it

was time to suggest a walk. A puffin emerged from the nearest hole, when they'd gone, with a look which said 'What poor company you keep'! I tried to get out of it by explaining it was just gulls they'd been talking about.

We had planned to go on west to Barra, but now a look at the long passage, and the ship's strong rule about not drinking at sea before breakfast, (or ever on Sundays), led to a decision to take it easy inshore.

### Coll

We reached Loch Brechacha on Coll about 20.00, and found a comfortable overnight anchorage. The castle at its head stands on a rolling prairie, with only narrow arrow slits for windows, and an iron barred gate. The only modern feature was a bell push. I pressed it, half expecting a shower of boiling oil to come pouring down. But instead we were gracefully admitted to a dining room hung with claymore swords and portraits of McLeans of old. We'd happened to call at the right moment, as Nicholas McLean-Bristol was celebrating over the port the completion of his 500 page history of Clan McLean. He showed us some pages and then the ingenious defences and tasteful modern additions to his little jewel of a 13th century castle. My favourite was the witch's hat roof of the round tower. It looks tight from outside but is poised a few inches above the walls, with a circular glass window so that you can see out below to views of hills and isles.

As on Lambay Island near Dublin, there is no road to the entrance. Cars drive up over the rough but well-drained grass.

Nicholas' lady wife was away on business for the most successful Island Trust, which provides jobs locally and secures suitable places for Voluntary Service Overseas workers in many countries. He is a living example of Napoleon's saying:

*'It is not men but the man that makes great things happen'.*

A call next day at Arinagour, Coll's main village, produced fresh food, camping gas, excellent draft Guinness and the pleasure of a second meeting with Nicholas' daughter and son-in-law.

### Muck

We reached Muck in the afternoon, where great things have been done since my last visit – a new alongside berth for the ferry, and a much improved slip. Walking over to the McEwen's farm, a bit over a mile from Port Mor, Graham and I wondered why Tony had lagged behind. Then found he'd stopped to watch otters playing unafraid in Bagh and Gallanagh. The family gave us a welcome dram in their big moose of a place, where white farm buildings nestle around the snug family home. It lies north of the hills, sheltered from prevailing winds. Jenny kindly gave us a lift back to the slip.

Our way has never been to stop long at any one island but garner a nodding acquaintance with many. There is always another on the skyline, or over the horizon. This mode of travel has its limitations but yields fascinating comparisons. The laird's most attractive home on Muck, facing a beautiful secluded bay, made me think how unique is the position of the Manor House on Rathlin. It is the only laird's abode that comes to mind, which faces unprotected the southwest gales and fronts direct onto the principal harbour. So the Gage inmate could case a benign eye on all comings and goings. Now it is run by the National Trust and offers meals and bunks. The family still come each year to the Old Rectory, which is of more manageable size.

Next day Lawrence McEwen, of bright eye and striking appearance, rowed past us like a Henley sculler, and we watched him discharge furniture from his sturdy fishing boat called *Wave*. She has a high yellow wheelhouse aft. The new

pier has not brought MacBrayne freight rates down much, if at all.

Then it was Eigg, to anchor off Garrisdale, south of the narrows. Tony and Graham heard from the Chairman of the Islanders Association, and climbed the Sgurr. I had a lovey sleepy afternoon on board. It seemed quite strange to find Eigg with a high, boulder, approach road to a new ferry pier.

It was 'Eiggs for breakfast' thanks to Graham the next morning as we set off early to catch the south going tide past Ardnamurchan.

### Tobermory

Tobermory looked such a thicket of masts that we turned east for Loch Drumbuie. But it was crowded too, with a hundred sail at anchor. We filled a bucket with excellent winkles and mussels in the southwest corner, then finding no room at anchor, motored round to find seclusion for dinner in the pleasant Sailean More, on the north side of Oronsay.

Then, sadly, it was time to head south for home, so swished through Cuan and Loch Melfort and tied up for lunch alongside a thousand caged halibut at Kames (these were the ones later killed in spite, by thugs and vandals). The Cannon Family were away so we went on to tie up at Crinan, to the stone pier east of the old disused lock. On the next morning to the McCormick isles for a lunch picnic and Ardminish, to anchor for the night as every guest mooring was full.

*Gigha is a garden. Such gardens are not made by saying "Oh how beautiful" and sitting in the shade.*

I'm afraid we did just that, and enjoyed talking to the National Trust staff about vines in a new greenhouse. Tony was able to advise just how to prune, and was nearly sea-jacked for a permanent job. It was nice not being in one's own garden where there is never nothing to do!

Rathlin in light conditions next day and Ballycastle Marina in the morning. As good a wee trip as any ever made by *Agivey*. The craic never stopped.

### Back to the Hebrides in September

*Agivey* made use of the Marina at Ballycastle, County Antrim, for the first time as a base. She stayed there for all of August with never a bump or a roll. We slipped at noon on September 4th. Early September when the colours begin to change, and late May when the sea birds can be seen nesting, are my two favourite times for the Isles.

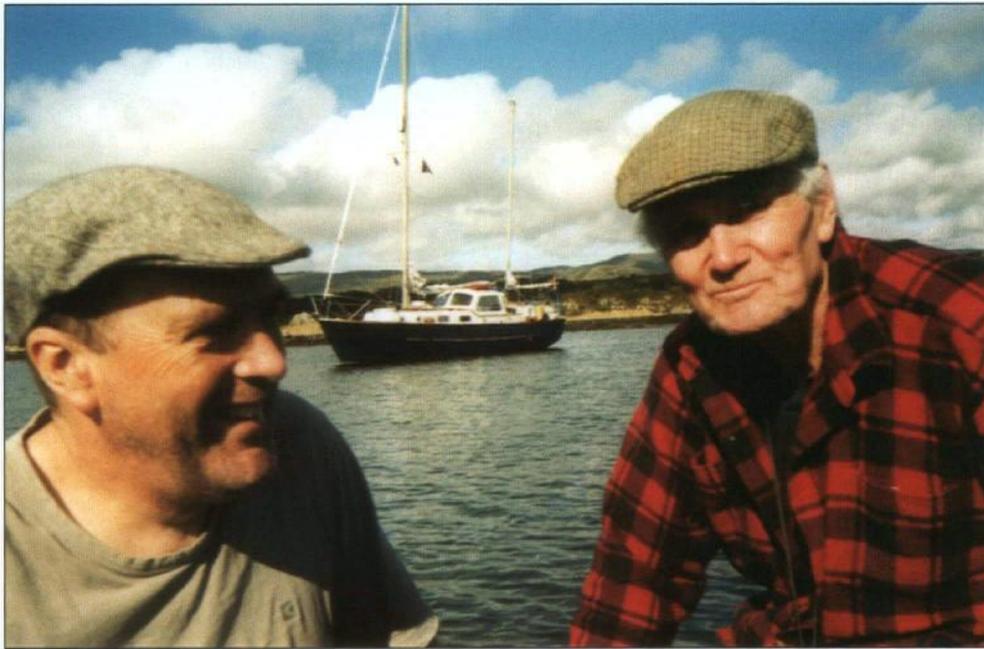
My cousin and co-owner Stephen Clark, Mike Tinne of Culdaff, Donegal, and Des Moran ICC from Sligo, were on board for five days.

Their collective skills gave me a very easy ride as an 80 year old skipper. Ballycastle has the advantage, for a short trip, of being some five hours nearer the Isles than our usual base at Coleraine. It is small and friendly with good security and parking. Post Office and shops, pubs and eating houses are within a hundred years. There is good protection from the swell by massive rock armour.

There was talk of force 6, maybe 7, so we made Rathlin our first stop.

This gave time for a walk to the west end next day. On the way, at Kilpatrick, we called on the island's most creative couple, known as the carvers – Paddy and Penny Burns. They showed us many worked flint stones, and a pair of intriguing castings. In our hands Paddy proudly placed a Bronze Age halberd and spearhead, cast on the island in moulds of his making from Rathlin clay.

With some outside assistance he had built an open-air oven and by dint of a lot of hard work got it hot enough to do the job. Des does similar things in Sligo and the conversation about



Stephen Clark and Wallace with *Agivey* at Plod Sgeirean

Photo: Des Moran

World War II Sunderland flying boats.

Commodore Robby Robson, RNVR, was in charge of her with Sherry as Skipper, and a foredeck hand whose name I have forgotten. He doubled as cook so we fared well as we sailed outside the Bull of Craro to Jura and round the Horlicks kingdom.

In the garden there is always a tangible tranquillity which Para Handy would have called 'chust sublime'. I wouldn't be surprised to meet the embodied spirits of Sir James and Joan. She was from Melbourne, becoming by turns his secretary, mistress, and wife. I can picture them there, joking as they deadheaded Polar Bear and Leo Rhododendrons, and planned a voyage in *Elaine* to Denmark. The house is owned now by a most agreeable young Californian, who derives medicines from the garden

temperatures, bellows and fuel was illuminating, while we had a drink in a neolithic cup which survived for centuries as a road paving stone.

On the next call, Angela Green kindly showed us the caves from which porcellanite stone was extracted in Stone Age days to meet demand for cutting tools all over Ireland and England. It's a curious name for one of the hardest known stones. Rathlin Islanders were not too proud to indulge in trade, and their laden currachs were to be seen in many a creek from Cumbria to Cornwall.

Seventy thousand guillemots had gone to sea three weeks earlier, leaving the bird stacks by the Bull vacant, but a peregrine falcon took over as 'Bird of the Day'. We were munching sandwiches in the lee of a rocky hillock, when over our heads from behind came a biggish bird at nought feet, almost too fast to see. I still recall the powerful whoosh of its wings. It must have been hoping to ambush a rabbit, and luckily didn't pick on my white hair as an albino one.

It was the orange tawneys which made their lunch on me. They infest the grass in parts of Rathlin in autumn and bite like billy-oh, with stings that last a week. Mind where you sit.

Gigha beckoned next day. Tied up on the north side of the pier at Gigulum we were sheltered from the southeast breeze that had helped us along from Raghery. Des and I dandered round my favourite garden, created by Sir James Horlick, our host in the fifties. He dined us like princes each Whit Weekend for years on end. We gave him as a small return a Giants Causeway Stone, inscribed to the Irish Invasions of Gigha. It still sits by the front door of Achamore House.

In some years we acted as additional crew for *Elaine*, his beautiful 50 ton yawl, which lay on moorings that had been laid for

flowers. He has some highly effective ones, as I know. Next day on the moorings at Ardmish we spoke with *Borealis*, David and Moira Vass. The crack was so good that we missed our tide up the Sound of Islay. But all worked out well, as it usually does, for we had more time instead for Plod Sgeirean in the Ardmore Islands.

The Plod is a secure anchorage in shallow sandy water, at the southeast corner of Islay. It lies, protected by reefs and islets as if in a South Pacific lagoon. I apologise to readers who may know it better than I do, for adding a description, but it does rank as my favourite Scottish anchorage, grand for a first stop on the way north from Ireland.

Northeast there is Chraobhach (nicknamed *Square Bash* yonks ago by Marcus McCausland) and Chuirn with its mini-lighthouse. Eilean Bhride stands guard a mile abreast of Plod and another, locally called Heather Island almost adjoins its south end.

A second line of low islets inshore provides more protection, but the three foot wide black mourning-band on rock faces,



Des Moran and Wallace inspecting the cairn at the Plod

shows how a swell can enter in winter. The nearest house is a mile inland from the Plod and one overlooks it. Many triumphant Islay crew must have returned here in laden galleys after a successful raid. Many a man on the run from the mainland crept in to take sanctuary by the High Cross at Kildalton.

We entered timorously, as the highest spring tide for several years, (6.6 metres Dover), covered many of the marks. The Cairn which leads in was almost indistinguishable against the light. The Plod looked as blue as any Mediterranean calanque, as we anchored in a couple of fathoms west of Eilean Mhicaal Mhuire (nick name *Tombstone* from its crenellated crest). A hundred seals lay anyway up on any old rock. The area is an unofficial sanctuary but not for fish. Frank and his son traded us generous quantities of crab and lobsters. After an ambrosial meal cooked by Des, we spent the evening in the ancient Greek pastime of talking and drinking. I awoke at 02.30 for the usual reason men do. The blustery east wind had dropped, the air was totally still but icy in the cockpit. The full moon hung high in the southeast. By its light you could have picked up a pin from the deck. Orion lay on his back clear over Scotland. Our dark blue hull floated foodlit in a black and silver world of rarest beauty.

*'It seemed so still the islands were  
As if the whole world knelt in prayer'.*

A reflection of the moon's orb showed on inky water a few feet away. The moon's track was a silver band, motionless except at one point where a small dazzle of shiny dots shimmered. No movement, no sound of bird or beast broke the silence. Down-moon the sea was a vast silvery-white sheet of polished steel, up-moon a mysterious deep pitch, like a 'Sea of the Dead'.

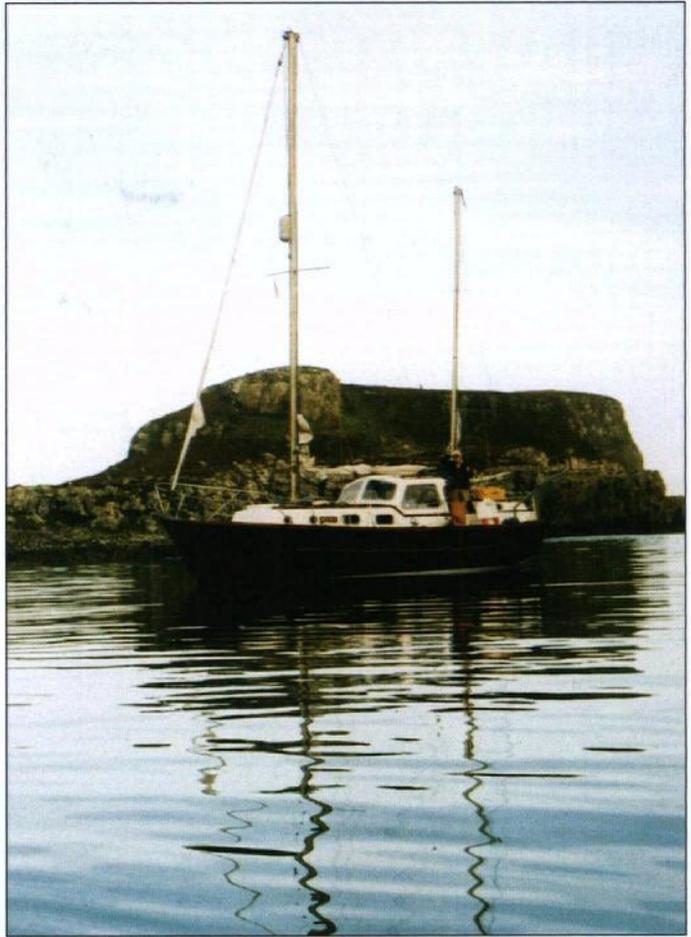
I shivered in pyjamas, fearing to make a sound lest the spell might break. We appeared encircled by the dense black of Kintyre hills to the east, the knobbly Islay shoreline to the west, and the nearer islets which had become a continuous ring, as the overlaps between them could not be seen. A solitary bird flew silently over us to seaward like a departing spirit. The incandescent moon reigned brilliant queen of all.

Returning, better clad, an hour later the lighting effects had hardly changed, but a wee breeze stole in. Bars of light moved overhead across the cockpit roof. They came from ripples of a tiny swell, reflected and magnified. The moon was a little lower but the peace it cast overall seemed as tangible as before. The only sound, the singing of the blood in my ears, in a silence so utter that our boat seemed enveloped as a part of it. A low grey mist was dispersing eastwards, making the sea surface nearby resemble a slowly developing photographic plate. The 'feu flammé' of moon's track, was now fires of glass.

Another look just before dawn, showed the sea white as 'the snow of one night'. Slowly its eastern edge turned to palest pink, which rapidly deepened to rose, until the sun exploded as a huge tawny fireball from behind Kintyre. In minutes we were back in a world of green shores and cobalt seas. The seals had all gone off the rocks but a couple disported themselves beside us, as if playing at being porpoises. As Des remarked they were so lucky not having to put on bathing suits. Some rather common gulls squawked a chorus of disapproval before flying off to seaward.

I was left with a brain haze, which lasted for days, of the most brilliant and dramatic moonscape ever. It might have been a vast chiaroscuro by Rembrandt.

In the morning we touched up the paint on the Cairn on its



*Agivey at Tresh Mish anchorage*

*Photo: Des Moran*

islet, named after two round objects. Then we explored by dinghy Eileen Bride, to locate the circles in the stone I'd been shown by Mike Gilkes. These are where millstones were cut out in olden days, out of eyeshot of landlords who, as a part of the 'droits de seigneur' insisted on charging a premium on the use of their own mills.

We couldn't find the circles but spotted a discarded iron lung of Guinness. There was still some stuff inside but I guess it was past its smell-by-date. What better to take home and cut in half for a pair of barbecue hibachies. Next day, Saturday, a southeaster forecast 4 to 6, gave us a fine six hour reach south.

Somewhere in the 15 mile gap between Rathlin and The Mull of Oa on Islay, the south going Sound of Jura stream fans out, the main part going on south to fill the Irish Sea, the middle one heading for the west end of Rathlin, and the rest running southwest and later due west. If you can stay in the middle one a fast passage to Rathlin results.

We kept a wary eye as we got close to The Bull, in case the bigger than usual spring tide, eddying east against the wind, would throw a monster wave at us, but nothing out of the ordinary came, just jumbly four and five footers.

*Agivey* enjoyed herself, shouldering the waves aside with dashes of spray, while the white caps talked cheerily back to the bow wave. Soon we were in the lee of the land and into Ballycastle Marina.

Then it was lash up and stow, wishing we could all sail together again soon.

# Sailing from South to North Spain via Portugal

Cormac McHenry

This year's cruising programme was determined by the need to move *Island Life* from the south to the north of Spain, for our Basque Country Cruise. I had wintered for the second time at Club Nautico in the heart of Seville, a most convenient location less than half an hour's walk from the centre of that splendid city. The club itself has all the amenities one would want, swimming pools, tennis courts, bar, tapas restaurants and extremely helpful mariners. This year there were only a small number of blue water sailors, for whom Seville has become a favourite place wintering. As it happened, for family reasons I was not able to spend much time there over the winter so that was not a problem for me.

On 31st March at 17.00, Puente de Las Deleacias opened, disrupting rush hour traffic, to let *Island Life* out through the lock into the Guadalquivir. I had booked a lift out, antifouling etc. at the same yard in Puerto Sherry which I had found so satisfactory two years previously. I went straight down, and having to return to Dublin abruptly, left the boat in the care of the yard and the marina. On my return, she was afloat again and so far as I could see (which is not very far when looking at the hull from a pontoon!) all the work had been completed very satisfactorily.

Now the objective was to get to the north coast of Spain as quickly as possible, for two reasons. First so that I could join the Basque Cruise in the second half of June, and second so that Barbara and I could join Bernard and Erica Corbally with Ann Woulfe-Flanagan on *Beowulf*, in Venice at the beginning of that month. The first leg was an overnight to Lagos, where Barbara joined me for a week, and where we inspected an installation of a bow thruster on another *Island Packet 40*. Barbara had made it clear that her nerves could no longer stand my performances in berthing in marinas, particularly when going astern, when *Island Life* with her long keel, and not I, decided just where she would go! We hired a car and spent a very pleasant week inspecting the hinterland as far east as the river Guadiana, the boundary between Portugal and Spain.

## Cabo San Vicente

Leaving Lagos on 22nd April I had wind on the nose to Cabo San Vicente, but staying west-northwest it gave me a good sail up to Sines, where I anchored as usual in the inner harbour for the night, leaving in the morning for Cascais. The first part of that leg was fine but approaching Lisbon the visibility closed in, the wind got up and it was 10.30 after a 24 hour trip, when I anchored off Cascais; not good and not very pleasant.

Two attempts to leave Cascais followed. On the first, in spite of the forecast, I found 30/36 knots of wind outside from the north and seeing a big black cloud over Cabo Rasco I turned tail. When I did get away, I was motoring until eventually the wind got up. It increased and I put in one reef. When I tried later to let it out it jammed, and took an hour of pulling and tugging to get it free. To add to the fun, bits and pieces of grass and straw were coming out from the end of the boom, so I had probably acquired a bird's nest in it over the winter.

My next scare was finding water in the bilge, and

immediately jumping to the conclusion that I had a leak in my water tank. I spent the next few days wondering how I was going to fix that. Finally at 03.00 one morning I started thinking about my stern gland and when I checked it, (for the first time in five years!), I found a nice steady drip. If I had tasted the water I would have known straight away it was not fresh water from my water tank, but I'm afraid it was another instance of Cormac jumping to the wrong conclusion!

My last stop in Portugal was at Figura da Foz. I arrived early in glorious sunshine with no wind, and anchored outside the harbour wall, preferring to anchor when I can because of the difficulty of handling *Island Life* into a marina berth. Also I had been conscious of a level of bureaucracy in Figura da Foz on previous visits there. At 23.45 my sound sleep was suddenly shattered by a Maritime Police rib whose occupant's English was good enough to tell me "You must not stay here. Either go into the marina, or go". I went. Ashore Figura da Foz is very pleasant with a huge, bustling, covered market just across the road from the marina. Unfortunately the police are always most officious at check-in and I well remembered Jim Menton's account of his difficult and expensive visit there two years ago. (See his log in the 2005 Annual). I shall, if at all possible, avoid Figura da Foz on future trips on that coast. Penice has a much smaller marina and town but is perfectly satisfactory for a night's stopover.

Following a night in Povo da Varzim my next stop was to be Bayona. There was no wind. I went close inshore on the way up; too close, because there is a reef with a few rocks showing. It was no problem but I should have stayed outside the 20 metre line. When I arrived at the marina of the Monte Real Club de Yates, Bayona, as always all the staff in the yacht club were very helpful; Marta in the office speaks good English. It is a nice town with good restaurants and I was tempted to linger, but I got myself under way again. With light winds I motored into Camarinas where I anchored. The wind dropped completely and it became a beautiful, calm evening, so peaceful. As I wrote in my log, "Just lovely to be at anchor like this."

## Basque Country Cruise

Away, and past Cabo Villano and Cabo Prior, and into my favourite anchorage in all of Spain, Ria del Barquero. I was around the corner now and felt comfortable having arrived on the north coast. I felt I would make it to join *Beowulf* in Venice, and also be in time to join the Basque Country Cruise. Organiser Grainne FitzGerald had emphasised that she considered it important that the Commodore take part!

On 9th May with the wind from the east, achieving its forecast of 4/5, I set off east. The seas were up, stopping the boat, so it was 03.30 before I arrived into Gijon marina. A day or two later I checked into the marina at Santander, primarily because it is adjacent to the airport, and Ryanair was to fly me directly to Rome and on to Venice in one day. Santander is a reasonably well-equipped marina but expensive, and so far from any shops that my folding bicycle was required even to get a stick of bread.

### Wonderful week in Venice

Having had a wonderful week in Venice on *Beowulf* (see Barbara's Dunn's Ditty), I again headed east, to Bilbao. Over the next couple of weeks I reconnoitred the coast to be covered in the Basque Cruise. In all I had covered about 1,200 miles to get to the rally. From Hondarribia where we started, I and the 29 other participants ended back in Bilbao. It is difficult to speak highly enough of the reception, the facilities and the help that we all got from Real Club Maretimeo del Abra there. From their Presidente down, they could not have been more friendly. Alvarro Basterra, a club member and their marina manager, went out of his way to assist us all in every possible way. We, the Irish Cruising Club, must find some way of returning such hospitality to any of the very few Spaniards who cruise to our shores. (See Ann Clementson's account of the cruise).

Finally, having installed a bow thruster in Bilbao, I went

straight across Biscay to La Rochelle. Arriving in the Bay outside the port I was immediately intercepted and boarded by an "under cover" French Customs Launch. It was a small motorboat with no markings, totally unsuitable and unsafe for the two (uniformed) customs officers to use to board *Island Life*, but after reading my log, right back to my departure from Ireland in May 2005, and apparently being satisfied, they gave me a waypoint for visitors' moorings which they said would be more suitable for me than the anchorage in the bay at the end of Isle de Ré where I had intended to spend the night. There are two white visitors' buoys just inside the La Chancharadon Tower, easy to pick up, and it gave me a quiet night.

Next day, in heavy rain, thunder and lightning I made my way through the twin towers of the Vieux Port, and eventually through the lock gates into the Basin a Flot right in the centre of La Rochelle, which is to be *Island Life's* berth for the coming winter.

### David Whitehead writes of a mixed season

After last season's adventures we laid up at Marina Sada near La Corunna. Marie and I hosted the Cruise Director, Grainne with Chris Curry and

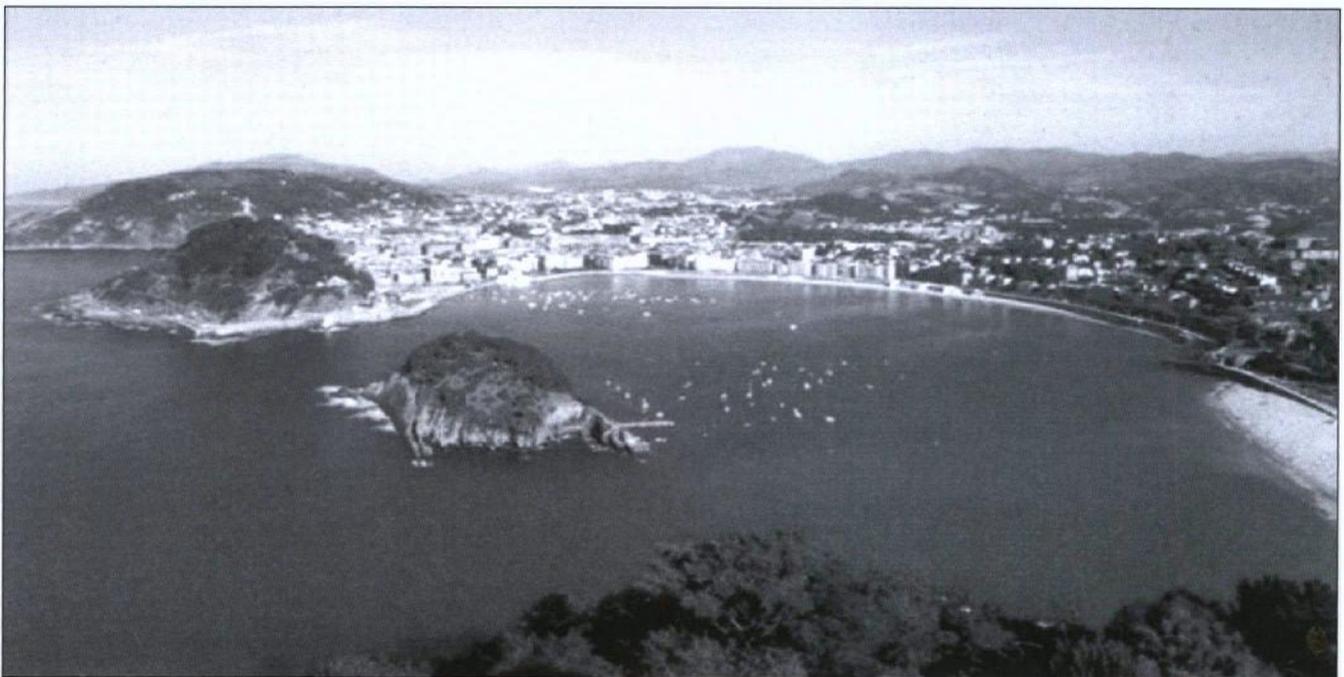
Dave FitzGerald aboard *Joyster* for the Basque Cruise-in-Company but our ventures don't merit a log. The weather was unremarkable – lots of rain, little sun and virtually no wind at all (at all) – we visited a very small number of harbours (only at Castro Urdiales and Lequeitio on the way from Sada to Honaribbia) and there was an embarrassing lack of sailing – we were 180 hours at sea and we motored or motor sailed for 161 of them. We greatly enjoyed the cruise in company – especially the visits to the Rioja and the Bilbo musea and it was grand to have my old skipper aboard for a cruise on his beloved Basque coast.

Jonathan Foley, John Bourke and I brought *Joyster* back to

Ireland over four and a half days in early August. It was an unremarkable passage other than avoiding the large number of tunny fishing boats on the Sole bank. Apart from a couple of sessions of about six hours each with a decent sailing breeze we motor-sailed into light headwinds or motored in near calm all the way to Baltimore.

In late September Marie, Patrick Ryan and I sailed overnight to Valencia and then up the Shannon to Askeaton for the winter lay-up at Ryan and Roberts yard. We were very surprised to find no light on the Bull Rock – a fact Patrick reported to Valentia Coastguard who we later heard obtaining confirmation of this from a fishing vessel in the area. I suppose the automatic back-up system must have failed.

It is nice to be home again but the call of sparkling sapphire seas and the emerald isles of Macronesia will no doubt draw me south and west again!



San Sebastian from the Western Heights

# Arctic Dreams

## John Gore-Grimes

I will sing on the day the 'Celtic Tiger' passes through emigration at Dublin airport, with a one way ticket to some place like Zaunguzskiye Karakumy where the population are in far greater need of its services than we are. It is becoming difficult to find soul brothers and sisters who will take sixty days off. This year, before our departure northwards, I had received twenty-three refusals. If I had been a horse I would have been asked to leave the enclosure at the Royal Dublin Society.

We sailed from Howth at midday on 1st July. Adrienne Roche had signed on, on the day of our return from our last arctic adventure in 2003. The new men, all of whom had signed on just three weeks before departure, included John Massey, Mark Tierney and Oliver Garrard.

Pilot Roche is my first cousin. Her grand-aunt was the owner of Roches Hotel in Glengarrif where, on Saturday evening on the 13th July 1929, the Irish Cruising Club was founded. She may not swim at 81°N but she will spend up to three hours on the second cross-trees in raw arctic winds giving directions through the ice. She is pure titanium.

John Massey and I have known each other since our springtime years. John is an instinctive seaman with an esteemed knowledge of all things mechanical. His great strength is his absolute refusal to be distasteful or offensive on any occasion. He has promised me night classes in the shorter days of December and January.

Mark Tierney is an experienced sailor with an abundant reservoir of enthusiasm. He and I are lawyers but the difference is that he knows when not to say it. Mark was good-humoured and persistent even in the darker hours.

Oliver Garrard is my daughter Natascha's brother-in-law. I am sure that he will forgive me if I tell you that he is a distracted cuckoo. Nevertheless, he is a pre-eminent, distracted cuckoo, who nests right at the top of the tree. He was energetic, amusing and perplexing during our voyage but when we reached Loch Fyne, on the way home, he jumped ship without saying 'farewell'. That is what cuckoos do!

Sailing to the Faeroes was of little account. The wind in the Sea of Hebrides and in the Minchs was light and, from time to time, we passed through grey, moist fog. We quickly settled in to a happy routine and the culinary skills of all five chefs were tested on this passage. Cooking the evening meal is rotated and the cook also does all the wash-up, oven cleaning and hoovering. It is one of those inconveniences which become unavoidable when you sail with a somewhat obsessive/compulsive skipper, a man who, after all, for many years could only walk on the paving stones and never ever trespassed on the seams.

We cleared the Butt of Lewis and headed for the Munken rocks to the south of the Faeroes. Later, when I came on watch I asked Mark if there was any shipping about? He said:

"Just one tanker to starboard".

"Where?"

"Over there".

"That tanker is the rock island of Sula Sgeir".

"Oh!"

Thorshavn is the capital of the Faeroes. The yacht berth is just 54" nautical seconds north of 62°N. The rhumb line distance from Howth is 442 nautical miles and we logged 449 nautical miles in three days thirteen hours and six minutes. We tied up at 01.36 on Wednesday 5th July. Customs came on board and we were cleared without fuss or trouble by 02.00.

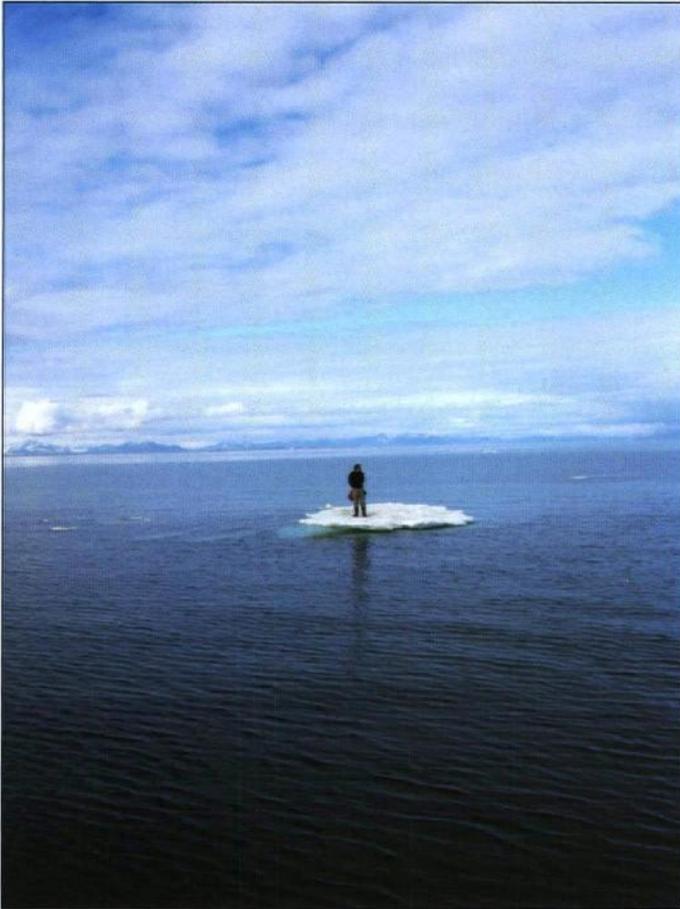
We had first sailed to Thorshavn on the *Shardana I* in 1974. This twenty-six footer was wet both inside and out. It had no bilge. It had a two ring gas cooker. Distance was taken from the Walker log on the hour. I did not know how to use a sextant but the D.F. from Arkraberg lighthouse had a range of 150 miles. It was magnificent.

At that time, no alcohol was sold in the Faeroes but we met good friends, Sigurd Simonsen and his wife Renata, who took us to the Hotel Haffnia in Thorshavn where they had ordered a private room. We wheeled their infant son Bernardt into the hotel but the poor little fellow was crying as the whiskey and wine bottles jingled beside him. It was a great



*Arctic Fern* at anchor in Trinity harbour, Magdalenafjord

Photo: John Gore-Grimes



Mark Tierney in Coventry

Photo: John Gore-Grimes

night and thirty-two years later we recalled that dinner and dined again with Sigurd, Renata and their now thirty-three year old son Bernardt. It was another great night. Sigurd still remembered the visits of Ninian Faulkner and of Rory O'Hanlon in the 60s.

I am always drawn to Brendansvik to revisit the place where Brendan the Navigator called in about 570AD. Brendan and the brothers had dropped in to see Paul the hermit on Rockall as they passed that way. Paul was 140 years old when Brendan met him. Sailing on from Rockall to the Faeroes the brothers came upon a small rock island. They were hungry and the brothers suggested to the Abbot that they should light a fire there and cook the porridge. Abbot Brendan agreed. They landed on the rock island, lit a fire and put the pot upon it. Before the porridge was cooked Abbot Brendan said:

"Brothers I think it is time to leave this island".

The brothers, were still hungry and asked Abbot Brendan to wait, at least until the porridge was done. Abbot Brendan said:

"We should leave this island now, without putting out the fire because the island is starting to submerge".

With that Abbot Brendan and the brothers leapt from the island

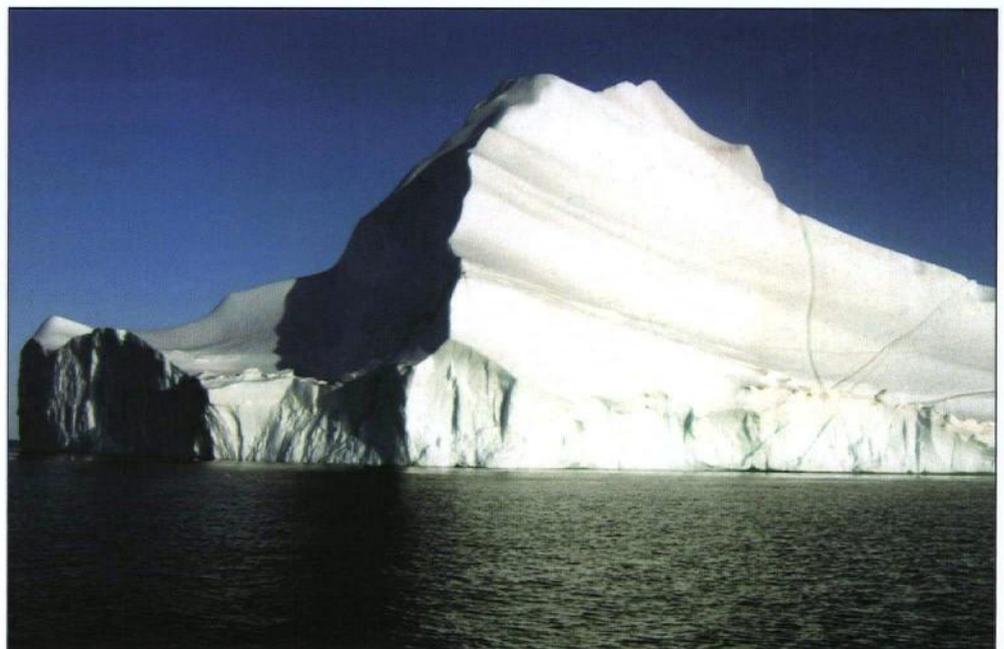
and settled into their curragh just as the fire beneath the porridge pot was extinguished by the sea. They had landed on the back of a whale and the brothers named the whale Jasconius.

The Magnus cathedral at Brendansvik still remains unfinished. It has more or less been in that unfinished state since Bishop Erlind was put to death on its walls in 1306. Work is in progress, albeit the sort of progress that one might favourably compare with the construction of the Dublin Port Tunnel. One day the Magnus Cathedral will be restored and finished to its original design.

All on board *Arctic Fern* would agree that Thorshavn and the Faeroes are an excellent cruising destination. We had a mighty time in the bars, restaurants and dance halls of Thorshavn. There is plenty of good walking and invigorating swimming to restore body and soul after a night of merry-making in the town. The people are universally decent.

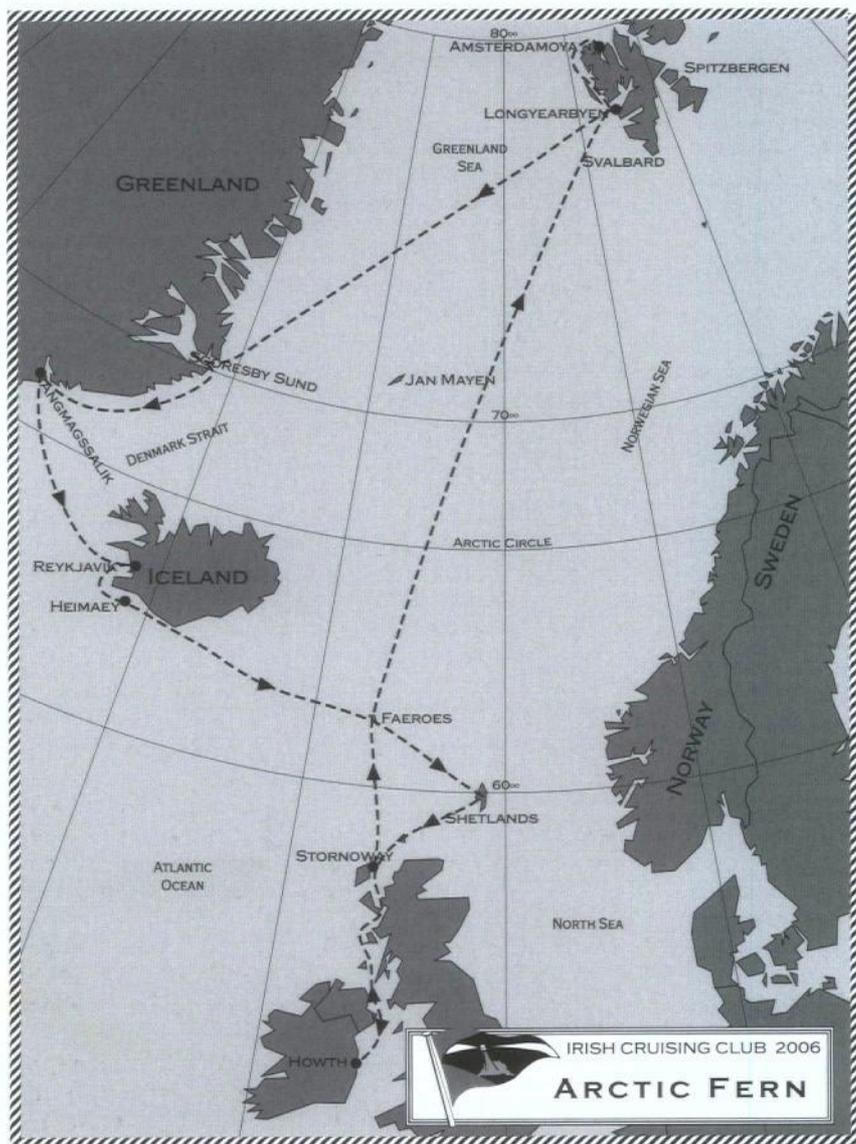
It is 1,035 nautical miles from Thorshavn to Longyearbyen. We logged 1,102.2 nautical miles in seven days twelve hours and twenty-four minutes. That is what obsessive/compulsive skippers do. They keep an hourly log and seldom sleep. They count minutes and seconds and if anyone leaves clothing in the main saloon, it is thrown overboard. On the darker side, when they have finished in a public lavatory they will open the door with the arm of their pullover pulled over their right hand. They are angered by pictures on the wall which are not precisely straight.

There was a lot of light air on the way to Svalbard. Sloppy spinnakers and sloppy boomed-out genoas clanking and banging as the pole hit the shrouds. A roly-poly motion and below the heavy timber furniture of the Njad 441 creaked and groaned like an old sailing ship drifting through the doldrums. Some of the seconds, a quantity of minutes and all of the degrees were counted and noted until eventually we realised that we were within engine range of Svalbard. We motored forward over a heaving, reflective ocean looking at the images of fulmars gliding gracefully and silently overhead. We crossed the Greenwich meridian at 10.53 on 11th July. We were steering "cross-track error" (XTE) with new waypoints at every five degrees of latitude. We seldom look at the compass anymore. I called these latitude waypoints alpha, beta, gamma and delta. Having no knowledge of Greek, I could go no further



A 300 ft high Greenland berg

Photo: John Gore-Grimes



with that alphabet. After delta we went back to alpha again. Each waypoint was deleted once reached and a new one was put in.

At the seventieth parallel I looked into my old 1980 log book to see how we were doing at that time. We were on the way to Svalbard in *Shardana II*, a Nicholson 31. There were six crew aboard and we had stocked up in Lerwick. No provisions were available in Longyearbyen and our next provisioning port would be Howth. We would not need any stores by the time we got back to Howth. It was much colder then. Our feet and hands were cold and, without furling gear, the headsails were frequently changed. We carried five headsails. Work at the mast was cold and sometimes painful. There was more counting then. Counting the pips of Radio Colorado's time checks. Counting and noting the figures from the sextant and then delving into a sea of numbers in the almanac. Checking the mileage on the Walker log and crossing the morning fix with the afternoon fix. Calculating the observed position and moving from one observed position to the next. Waiting again for the sun to come out and counting the time when one could finally get into the bunk.

In 2006, the boat is always dry and warm. We sleep under duvets. The guesswork is gone out of navigation and there is a well stocked supermarket in Longyearbyen with trolleys and all. Most significantly, it is not cold in 2006.

The arctic dreams started after we crossed 70°N. At first

they are shadowy. They are somewhere between grey and black. I recall an image of counting and packing minute bottles of insulin for distribution among diabetic polar bears. Pilot Roche tells me of her arctic dreams. They are all about making wedding dresses which will never be ready on time. Oliver has had some jet-black dreams and although he cannot remember the details, he knows that they will return as soon as his head hits the pillow. He will then try and control them but, in the end, the dreams will wander down their own dark path and take him with them.

It is hard to get information about other people's arctic dreams. It is hard to give details of your own because, although the impressions are there, your memory will not allow you to recall the detail. John Massey is a decent fellow. His dreams are confined to mince pies and brandy butter. Oliver's are bad and I think, Mark's are bad too. Mine are threatening, disordered and uncontrollable. They are frequently dream-visual and erotic. I don't want them but I don't want them to go away.

The arctic dreams started at 70°N and they ended more or less when we passed south of 67°N, twenty-one days later. Many on board the earlier voyages of *Shardana I & II* and the earlier voyages of *Arctic Fern* have experienced arctic dreams on polar journeys. Are they a consequence of poor sleep and a refusal to admit fear or concern? Could it be the twenty-four hours day light? Daylight dreams at night! I do not know.

The speed gathers as the wind freshens. It is far from a storm but we use the excuse to try and work out which is the better storm cake. Liz Massey baked a good one and so did Katharine Gore-Grimes. Susan Massey baked a special flour-free storm cake for John. We are still trying to decide, when second helpings are

sliced. John says:

"I thought you were a diabetic?"

I say:

"I thought you were a coeliac?"

One all! No-one can decide who baked the better storm cake. If the wind holds we will have another go tomorrow.

The wind drops away and engine is on. I am thinking of latitude and longitude and how many numbers are in there. Hum! If you reduce it to hundredths and add one hundred and eighty degrees of latitude to three hundred and sixty degrees of longitude you get one hundred and sixteen billion, six hundred and forty million numbers. That is something to think about next winter. The crew below are reading and some are listening to iPods. Now I am thinking about fuel and power management. *Arctic Fern* is a hungry boat. She needs to be fed by the generator. The fuel looks low and it is quite calm. iPods and books away as we arrange to empty one hundred and twenty litres from cans into the tanks. The job is well done and I scrupulously pour a measure of rum into five mugs. We remember Harold Wilson without much enthusiasm. He cut the British navy's rum ration as a cost saving exercise. How much could he have saved? What percentage of G.N.P was improved that year?

A fulmar flew straight into the mainsail. He fell down on the deck and jumped over the side. Pilot Roche cooked monkfish and pineapple for dinner and it rained and rained. Oliver was a

little grumpy when he came on watch. I think he may have been snared by an arctic dream. After the rain the fog rolled in and we kept an eye on the radar. We were in a very empty ocean but there is an impressive statistic which records that in 1898 there were two cars registered in the State of Ohio. They collided. How did we manage before radar? We did. We went slower in 'narrow waters' and we used an instrument called a 'Marine Radar Check' which gave us the compass bearing on every ship using radar. We did our best to keep clear of a rocky shore when the fog was down.

We sighted the snowy mountain peaks of Spitsbergen at 06.12 on 14th July. We motored up a calm Isfjord and entered Adventfjord to tie up at the small pontoon in Longyearbyen. It was 16.24 on Saturday afternoon. By 18.00 we had fuelled, filled water tanks, cleaned down the boat and cleared the paper work. To sail in Svalbard waters you are now required to obtain permission from the Sysselman prior to arrival. You are required to lodge a passage plan and to post a €25,000 rescue bond. The amount may differ depending on the size of your vessel. You must also give a detailed account of your experience of sailing in high latitudes.

We walked up to the SAS Hotel battling with some dive-bomber arctic terns on the way. We booked a hotel room for washing and for showers and then sank some beer and cider. We ate reindeer, whale and vegetables for dinner. After dinner there was more drinking in several pubs. At midnight we attempted to go to a 'day club' but it was empty. There are no night clubs in Longyearbyen in July. We returned to *Arctic Fern* in what may loosely be described as a 'disarranged' condition. At least the 'disarrangement' overwhelmed the arctic dreams.

### Nasty rocks

We left Longyearbyen at 13.08 on Sunday. It was a damp afternoon and we rounded some nasty rocks off Daudmannsodden which peered at us through the thick drifting fog with a 'come hither' look. Perhaps some hapless bluejackets came to grief when they passed too close, thus giving that 'odden' its mournful name. Then we were into Forlandsundet with nothing to see but drifting mist. The dramatic Prins Karls Forland was to port and the remarkable glaciers of Oscar II Land were to starboard but all were well wrapped up and quite invisible. Ahead were the narrows of Forlandsrevet which we cleared just after midnight with no more than a metre under our keel.

The ice in the glaciers of Isfjord have retreated noticeably but as we passed the glaciers of James I Land and Albert Land the fog cleared and there appeared to be many glaciers with spectacular amounts of solid ice running down to the water's edge. We turned into Magdalenafjord which I had not seen since 1980. The change there is startling. The Hanging glacier no longer hangs and it does not come close to the water. The Waggonway glacier is hugely diminished and the entire mountain landscape is left with just small patches of snow and ice on it. The splendour of Magdalenafjord is curtailed.

We anchored in Trinity harbour as a large cruise liner pulled away. The beach had a thousand footprints in the sand. The temperature was plus 11°C. In 1980 I had written:

"The lonely silence of the mountains around made an impression which we will never forget. A chilled wind drifted towards us from the ice front and occasionally the silence was interrupted by the shrill cry of an arctic tern. The scene was one of timeless and ageless beauty".

This description no longer fits. A house has been built above the beach for the Park Ranger and his partner who are now in permanent residence during the summer months. There is a stone memorial on the sandspit at Graveneset which, as its name implies, is a burial place of the men and women who

perished from disease, injury or sea battles but seldom of old age. The simple inscription reads:

"Svalbard Farere (Svalbard Travellers) 1660-1750".

We moved up to Smeerenberg Sound which remains a beautiful place. Here, the ravages of global warming are not immediately evident but the glaciers are titanic and it is hard to tell how much ice has melted. We anchored off Danskooya for the night and washed down some gruesome Brazilian beef with a modest measure of Faustino I.

It snowed that night and it was still snowing at 06.33 as we heaved up and headed past Amsterdamoya. The temperature was just below freezing. We motored north for eight and half hours to arrive at Moffen which is a low island with a large lagoon inside its narrow shoreline. The walrus were there but landing is forbidden and you are required to standoff three hundred metres from the gravelly shore.

We were north of 80°N. In 2003 our GPS had failed as we approached Ostrov Viktoriya at 80° 09'N. The satellites have improved and on this occasion the GPS was in good order at our farthest north at 81°15'49"N. We came into open drift ice at 81°N and although it closed in it was quite navigable all the way. The wind was the problem. It blew from the northwest and loose ice drifted away from the polar ice cap to the southeast. The arctic winds are fickle and if the direction changed to anything east or west of south, the open ice would compact and come right back on top of us. That is what happened in 1998 and it took five days to break free.

Mark, Oliver and I swam at our furthest north. The swim, as usual, was a cold, shrivelling affair. We could have pressed on to the polar ice front which, according to our ice chart of three days before, was at 81°42'N, but the chance of a wind shift dissuaded us.

We headed south and fourteen hours and thirty-six minutes later we were anchored off Amsterdamoya at 02.50 on Thursday 20th July. We spent just over two hours on this extraordinary island.

The Dutch whaling town on Amsterdamoya was named Smeerenberg (Whale Blubber Town), and at its peak in the 1640s, a community of 3,000 worked through days of low mist and white nights, awakening in the morning to tramp through the mud and dust to the bakery. There they collected freshly baked white bread rolls. The taste of the bread was impregnated with the smell of rotting whale carcasses and hot blubber bubbling in the copper vats.

### Extraordinary society

A Dutch expedition worked on this island during the summer months between 1978 and 1981. They studied the life and times of their whaling forefathers and found the bodies of their ancestors on the surface, rudely pushed out from their graves by the permafrost. These bodies were over 400 years old and still had skin and hair. The Dutch expedition learned about the extraordinary society which inhabited the world's most northern settlement. The empty shoreline which we observed would have been crowded with buildings, some of them two-stories high. There were dormitories and warehouses. There was a church and a fort. There were huge copper vats and furnaces with massive cooling troughs to render down the whale oil. The Dutch took their civilisation with them. Ashore there were saloons where red-faced Zeelanders drank beer and schnapps after long hours of toil. The bay, where *Arctic Fern* lay at anchor, would have been solid with stubby, wooden Dutch boats. Life in Smeerenberg must have been bitter and brief. The Dutch expedition found the bodies of young boys with broken limbs, which suggests that cruelty and brutality were seldom far from the minds of these struggling entrepreneurs, who had travelled to the uttermost ends of the earth to

pursue the whale. There is evidence that this hardy community had found room for a whorehouse in the summer months. The whorehouse must have provided some comfort at least in an otherwise desolate, cold and bitter life on Amsterdamoya. If you pass that way, stand on the soil of this island and feel the history run through the soles of your shoes to the top of your head.

We sailed back to Longyearbyen for more food and fuel. On the way we stopped briefly at Ny Alesund where the Norwegians claim to have the most northern post office in the world. When we were there in 1980 the flat plains between the sea and the mountains were flooded and the terns were hazardous. The lack of permafrost in 2006 allows the water to drain into the earth and the terns have been moved on. I feel sure that there must be a post office in Alert on Ellesmere Island. We had logged 531.4 nautical miles from Longyearbyen to Longyearbyen in four days eighteen hours and forty-seven minutes.

### Scoresby Sund

We left Longyearbyen at 11.16 on Sunday 23rd July. We were bound southwest towards Cape Tobin and just beyond it to the small and barren Greenlandic settlement which is called Ittoqortoormiit – 'a place where there are many houses'. The village is just within the jaws of Scoresby Sund. The ice charts predicted ice off Jameson Land and Liverpool Land. There was ice too across the gap between Brewster and Tobin. By standing 170 miles off Jameson Land it looked as if we could skirt around in 2/10 and 3/10 ice in order to make it into Scoresby. The ice in the Arctic Ocean is shrinking and, at least, one-seventh of the average ice cover has melted since 1986. Nevertheless, the remaining ice is much thinner. When seen from satellite it looks as if it is filled with holes. In fact these are just pools of water lying on the surface. Nuclear submarines now find many more places to surface from under the arctic ice, and that is a direct result of the melt. All in all the melt is expected to proceed at an accelerating pace. Nevertheless, the east Greenland ice is a menacing challenge. As the permafrost retreats deeper into the earth and running water flows beneath the glaciers, what was once unshakeable becomes quaggy. The process hastens the inevitable and unstoppable march of the land ice towards the ocean.



The ice off Jameson Island

Jack Tar and the leathernecks have many blustering tales to tell about the abominable conditions encountered in the bitter ice cold waters of the Denmark Strait and beyond. The whalers pursued the whales with a doggedness and resolution which would see the very last whale harpooned before they would abandon the chase. Nature came to the temporary rescue of the whales in the form of severe summer storms in 1777. The drift ice on the east coast was extensive and a total of twenty-eight Dutch and Hamburg whaling vessels were crushed in the ice off Liverpool Land, northeast of the entrance to Scoresby at latitude 72°N. Three hundred and twenty men were lost and from this appalling disaster comes an extraordinary escape story.

Most of the ships had gone down on the 20th August but some drifted south in the ice to the Denmark Strait. When the last ship sank twenty-four men managed to get hold of a pinnace which they filled with supplies. They hauled the pinnace out on the ice floe. They drifted southwest and as they approached Cape Farewell they were forced to launch the pinnace as the ice broke up. The fact that their supplies had included coal, which they burned to provide heat, hastened the break-up of this sizable floe. They drifted around the Cape and then drifted and rowed to Godthab where they landed on the 1st November 1777. These men had drifted a total of 1,900 miles in two months and ten days. In the spring of 1778 six men from the same fleet were found on an island fifteen miles to the north of Godthab. They had landed there on 24th November 1777 and had somehow managed to survive the harsh winter.

Very little happened as we dropped down the first five latitudes from 78°N to 73°N. We passed quickly across the spider-web longitudes, moving from 15°36'E, through Greenwich and on to 12°27'W. We asked for wind but the wind man failed to deliver. The predominant colour on the sea surface and in the sky was dark grey, relieved only by the silent, gliding, raisin-eyed fulmars. More contrasts came in the form of ice shapes which radiated a bloodless chill through the damp grey mist as we touched the higher numbers of 72°N. We were one hundred and seventy miles northeast off Cape Tobin.

Obsessive/compulsive chefs are slow. They would have to be, because if they use a cooking pot, a plate or even a spoon or fork, those implements have to be washed, dried and put away, even if they are required for other duties in forty seconds time.

By and large they are needed again and again, and that is why the dinner preparation on the 27th July started at 13.57 and finished at 18.58. The meal was served at 19.00 precisely, at which time *Arctic Fern* lay anchored to an ice floe. Small chopped pieces were counted and laid neatly on a dish for starters. The main course was chicken, roast potatoes and spinach for the scurvy. There was chocolate ice-cream and fresh fruit to follow.

After dinner we tried to make further progress through the ice and fog but the onward course was agonisingly slow. We stopped again at 22.08 when the chilled murk and gloom made it impossible to follow the corkscrew corridors which passed between the floes. Early in the afternoon Mark had defeated Oliver, for the first time, in a robust backgammon contest. Shortly after midnight

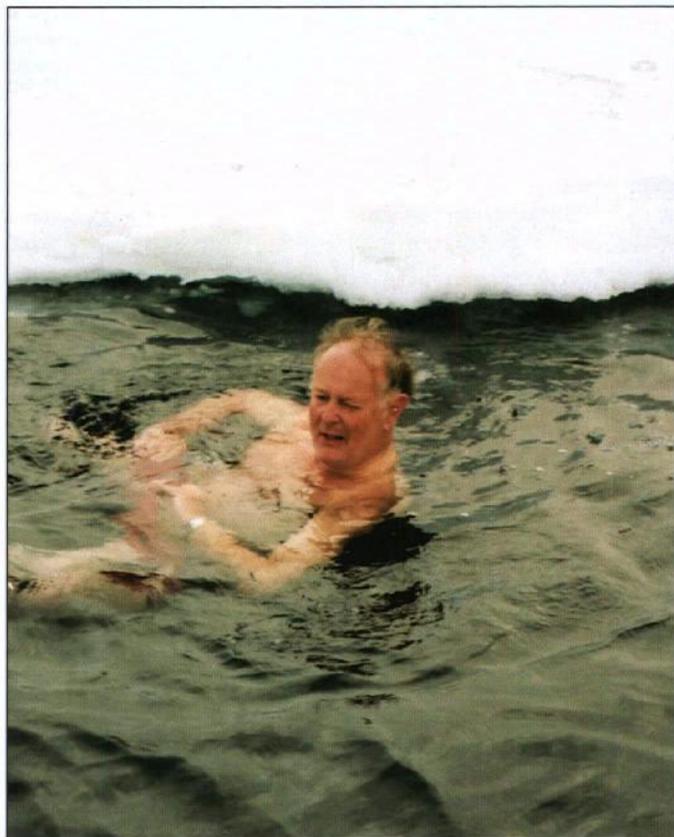
Photo: John Gore-Grimes

Mark challenged John Massey to the final of the world championship. The encounter lasted for almost four hours, but much of the time was spent pushing fast drifting ice away from the hull with kevlar poles. In the end John was crushed when he found he had no more pieces on the board and Mark had scored 960 points.

We moved away from our ever changing ice harbour at 04.00. By 05.20 we had passed to the south of 72°N and there was still plenty of ice about. We came into some serious, high-sided stuff some hours later but at 08.50 we were suddenly out of the fog with clear visibility all around. The ice looked solid to the west and southwest as we tried to skirt around it with plenty of east and southeast heading. As we rounded a corner with high ice to starboard we suddenly saw a polar bear standing on a flow. We did not approach him but rather we drifted slowly and quietly by. The bear was not alarmed. He stamped about on the ice for awhile and then sniffed the water before jumping in. He swam disdainfully with his black toffee-nose held proudly above the water. It is a real privilege to see this astonishing animal in the arctic. This bear was 150 miles off shore.

Pressing or pushing through ice is laborious and disheartening. Those without imagination triumph in ice because they cannot see or feel the peril. For many years I ploughed on merrily, with about as little care as a tightrope walker on the wire one foot above the ground. We were bold and carefree trespassers. Today, the words horror, panic, and dread would come close to describing my involuntary feelings in ice. I have not suddenly become imaginative but I have become more familiar with this erratic and perilous environment. I am seduced by its beauty. I am intimidated by its energy and its potential to do serious damage at very short notice.

For twenty-four hours on 28th and 29th July we had a mixture of good and bad encounters. At times we moved



The arctic swim at 81°15'49"N

Photo: Mark Tierney



The crew of the *Arctic Fern*: Top left: Mark Tierney. Bottom left: Adrienne Roche. Top right: John Massey. Bottom right: Oliver Garrard. Photo: John Gore-Grimes

through well spaced leads. Without warning and without any chance of predicting it, we were suddenly in a cul-de-sac with high sided glacial ice closing in beside us and behind us. It was time to put Pilot Roche on the second cross-trees. There she stayed for the next two hours. In that time *Arctic Fern* moved 1.2 miles towards Cape Tobin. "No more of this", you think. "It will be the Mediterranean next time!" you say. Keep cool. It should be manageable in ice. Talk normally and think before you talk. Do not let your voice betray the sharp sheep-shank knot in your gut. Slow down! Slow down! Hide those little black demons that scoot around inside your head.

We break out. There is a huge berg to the south of east and we head for it, twisting, turning, going backwards and sideways. There are big bangs against the hull as we misjudge a tight turn and hit the ice. The sound is really bad in the fore-peak where John is trying to sleep. We hit a growler and we listen to the bump, bump, bump under the hull down by the keel. A large chunk of ice pops up astern. It must have missed the propeller. It is a transparent and almost invisible growler.

It is 01.00 and there is less ice now. The sun is about three degrees above the horizon and it is drifting to the east. The sky is fiery red and its reflection has set the water alight. The white bergs stand out on this sea of fire. Between 05.00 and 08.00 we are in dense fog. The radar picks up the bergs and Cape Tobin is not far off. The watch on the foredeck peers out at that fearful old alliance of fog and ice but she notices that the ice betrays the fog by reflecting a timely warning to us.

#### Ittoqqortoormiit

As we round Cape Tobin the fog lifts and we are in Scoresby Sund. We anchor at Ittoqqortoormiit on Saturday 24th July at 12.46. We have travelled 812.9 miles from Longyearbyen and we have been at sea for six days and forty-six minutes.

We start the job of cleaning down the boat, and then we hear rifle shots. The Greenlanders fired at us in 1985 on our arrival

but, on this occasion, two narwhals had been driven in to the shore from the bay by a fleet of a dozen or so big-engined speed boats. The narwhals are eventually killed by rifle shot but it seemed to take a long time. Adrienne, Mark and Oliver row ashore to get a closer look. A lot of bullets are needed to dispatch the narwhal, but the Greenland hunters are clearly doing their best not to prolong the whales' agony. The dead narwhals are towed to a large ice floe nearby. They are hauled up on the ice with ropes and flensed with razor-sharp uluks. The entire process of finding the narwhals in Scoresby Sund and driving them back inshore where they are shot, together with the process of flensing and carefully dividing the shares, in accordance with longstanding rules of village tradition, takes between seven and eight hours.

The next day we broke the Sabbath and laboured hard to fill water and fuel tanks. In between, we drank beer and wine from time to time.

In 2003 we were told by the commander of the military base at Daneborg that we were "contrary to regulations". He wished to arrest us. The Greenpos mandatory reporting system had been in operation since the 1st December 2002. It applies to all shipping within the Greenland fishery zone, except for vessels under twenty tons. The system was unclear in 2003. It required mandatory radio reports to MRCC Groennedal every six hours, which would be difficult for sailing boats. Now it is clear that most of us are saved by the 20 ton exemption. *Arctic Fern* only just makes it at 19.2 tons. If they weighed in the obsessive/compulsive skipper we might be a pip over the 20.

We heaved up at midday on Monday 31st July with seven bells of wind racing down from the hills above Ittoqqortoormiit. The sea was flat as we headed towards Cape Brewster. With three reefs and a piece of handkerchief ahead of the mast, we logged our fastest hour at 9.6 knots between 12.00 and 13.00. The wind calmed as we passed some champion bergs which stood grounded off the grim crag of Brewster. I doodled with dreams and numbers at the chart table.

The thought of sipping Paddy whiskey in the hot-spring pool at Unartoq on the west coast was tempting. It was nine hundred and fifty-nine miles away. We would fuel up at Angmagssalik, "a place where there are capelin". We could sail through the grandeur of Prins Christiansund and visit old friends in Nanortalik, "place frequented by polar bears". That is what we would do. When I announced this plan there was no disagreement among the crew, but the ice was lurking close by and the sea that lapped around its skirts whispered a singular caveat. "We will see about that!"

### Mixed fortunes

Our fortunes were mixed over the next three days. There was fog for a time but, for the main part, visibility was clear as we passed by a bleak and desolate shoreline. The ice troubled us and Pilot Roche spent long hours perched on the second cross-trees. Then the whales came by. They stayed with us for just over an hour. There were about ten to fifteen whales swimming, blowing and diving close to the boat. These were Sei whales or, as you and I would know them, they were the *Balaenoptera borealis*. The average length for males is 49 feet with a maximum of 61 feet. The average length for females is 52 feet with a maximum of 66 feet. The average weight of the Sei whale is between 14 and 17 tons, but some of the big ones have been weighed in at 32 tons. They eat about one ton of food per day. In all probability the big ones are compelled to report to Greenpos every six hours!

Ahead of the whales was a large berg and behind the berg was a pronounced line of dark grey cloud. We passed close to the berg and estimated its height to be in the region of three

hundred feet. There were waterfalls tumbling down from this fast-melting piece of land ice.

The wind picked up and when we re-crossed the Arctic Circle, we had been north of it for 23 days. We were back into some hours of darkness with heavy dark cloud cover which emptied its cold watery contents on us. A fresh wind blew from the south. There was plenty of high-sided, jagged ice about and all of it had recently been dumped into the ocean from Greenland's shore.

If you think of this little experiment, it has frightening consequences. Fill a glass half full of water and then add ice-cubes to it so as to bring the level of the water up to the top of the glass. If you let that ice melt the glass will not overflow. If you then repeat the experiment and add one or two big lumps of ice on top of the ice filled glass, when the ice above the water level melts the glass will overflow. If the Greenland ice cap melts completely, the consequent worldwide rise in tidal levels will be forty feet. If the same thing happens in Antarctica, high water will be another forty feet higher. Together Greenland and Antarctica without their ice caps, will contribute enough additional water to raise the tide level by eighty feet. This does not take account of other glaciers in mountainous regions to include a fairly substantial glacier in Iceland. So, it may be coming close to the time when you should measure how high your home is above high water. If it is ninety feet or less you must advise your grandchildren to build their homes further up the hill.

These large, jagged ice floes moved at about 2.5 knots with the wind. We peered into the gloom towards the southwest and there was a lead. We headed for it listening to the growlers thumping along the underwater hull. Then the lead closed as pieces of ice crashed to form an impassable barrier. We looked astern but the way out had suddenly been blocked by another ice pile-up. The ice did an ugly dance on the ocean surface. Its ponderous rhythm was unpredictable. A new lead opened to the west. We took it. The important thing, in these conditions, is to keep moving for as long as you can. If you are forced to stop you will receive a hammering. This ice was no longer whispering caveats. It was in full battle-cry. West was not a good course and there was no sign of a water corridor that way. We used the bow-thruster to turn the boat quickly towards the south. We were head to wind and these ice mounds, which may have enjoyed thousands of years of relative ataraxia in the slow moving glaciers, were making the best of their recent deliverance from the monotony of their former lodgings. They came straight at us.

We said goodbye, to Angmagssalik which was twenty miles to the west. We said farewell to the warming thoughts of sipping Paddy whiskey in the Unartoq pool and thrust our hull through the ice unit it was finally behind us. The ice line stretched out to the southwest and to the northwest, but ahead of us were just a few bergy bits and some growlers.

It had taken five hours to clear that ice. We hoisted the mainsail and unfurled the genoa and started beating our way towards Reykjavik in a windy rainstorm. Later the conditions improved. The wind veered to give us a fast reach to the marina in Reykjavik harbour. We arrived there at 14.25 on Saturday 5th August. We had travelled 729.2 miles in two days seventeen hours and fifty-two minutes.

Customs came on board that afternoon and we would have to say that it was not a welcoming experience. There were six men, which was probably more than enough to clear a 44 foot sailing boat. They were not rude but they certainly were not polite. It took one hour and fifteen minutes to fill in forms which were designed for larger tonnage. We answered questions on such matters as the cubic capacity of our holds. They asked us how many tons of fuel we carried. Your average

Icelander is usually a descendant of a decent old Viking with an Irish mother, but the ancestors of the suzerain in charge of this bunch must have been a Bolshevik from some very sour part of Russia. It took a good hour in the hot springs at the Blue Lagoon to shed the frustration of that encounter.

Sunday was a rest day in Reykjavik. We hired a car in the evening, and on Monday morning John Massey drove us for six hours along the south coast to the town of Höfn. It is a rewarding journey with many waterfalls, glaciers and ice-filled rivers to view on the way.

On Tuesday, we were taken up the mountains to the Vatnajökull Glacier. It is depressing to see how quickly the ice is retreating up there. We rented skidoos and scooted across the glacier for an exhilarating hour. We returned to Reykjavik on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday we filled the water tanks, fuelled-up and completed the shopping.

We cast off at 18.00 on Wednesday 9th August and we tied up in Heimaey in the Westmann Islands on Thursday at 13.42. My last visit here had been in 1978. The fishing boats are bigger and there is a pleasant restaurant called 'Maria's Café'. Otherwise there has been little change. The customs official directed us to a berth when we arrived, but he could not be persuaded to come aboard when we told him that we had already been cleared in Reykjavik.

Oliver had a collision with a marble staircase in Reykjavik and his ankle was badly swollen. He attended the local doctor and matters improved slowly, but the limp remained for the rest of the voyage.

We climbed the world's newest mountain Eldfell, created in 1973 when the island erupted and huge quantities of lava and tefla poured down on the town of Heimaey. It almost blocked the harbour entrance. Four hundred and seventeen houses lie under the vast shoulder of lava which, for a time, threatened to swallow the entire town. There were 5,000 inhabitants in 1973 but the numbers are in decline because of the lack of fishing opportunities and the occasional but unrelenting rumble which comes from the earth, which is an unpleasant reminder of what occurred here thirty-three years ago.

Howth is 801 miles from Heimaey but we logged 1247.12 by revisiting the Faeroes and then sailing on to Lerwick in the Shetlands. We have always behaved badly in Lerwick, and the great thing about it is that none of its citizens seem to notice. This visit was no exception but it might have been far worse. On the way into Yell Sund we heard Kieran Jameson talking on the radio. Kieran was racing *Changeling* around Ireland and Britain and when we called him he was drifting in light winds off Muckle Flugga. We tried to persuade him to join us in Lerwick but, happily for both of us, he declined. He was determined to, and did, cross the finishing line in the Solent.

After Lerwick we sailed down through Scotland and visited some friends. We tied up in Stornoway, Portree, Tobermorey and Oban. Oban is not an inspiring town but it does have one terrific secret. Hidden behind the seafront is the Coast Restaurant, telephone number 016 31 539900. Go there!

After that I had a strong urge to revisit some of the places which my brother Anthony and I had visited with our father in 1953 and 1954 on board the 28 foot cutter, *Moonface*.

At that time, when we passed to the east of Gulf of Corryvreckan, my father warned us of the dangers of that place. He told us that a warship had lost steerage in the fiendish currents of Corryvreckan. He told us how the warship had struck the rocks and gone down. You took a bit of a chance going to sea at all on *Moonface*, but we certainly believed that the Corryvreckan would have been too much for her. Nevertheless, I had been tempted, on many occasions, to go through this Gulf as I passed but the memory of my father's warnings prevented it.

August 23rd was a day of strong spring tides which, as luck would have it, were flowing west to east as we entered Corryvreckan. We spent thirty minutes in our attempt to get through but as we crossed the half way mark, I looked at the chart plotter to discover that we were going 2.6 knots backwards. We turned around and, for a short while, we travelled at 14 knots as we headed towards the Crinan canal entrance. Fifty-three years ago *Moonface* was propelled through the Crinan canal by an 8hp Stewart Turner engine. It was great to see it all again and the memories came flooding back. Those early voyages on *Moonface* had a profound effect on me.

We sailed up to Creegans Inn at the head of Lock Fyne where we tied up on one of their visitor's moorings. Creegans served us a proper Highland feast.

In the morning our feckless cuckoo Oliver flew away. It was a somewhat under-the-table departure. John and Mark took the bus to the Highland Games in Dunoon while Adrienne and I sailed *Arctic Fern* to Rothsay. It was here, in 1953, that *Moonface* dipped her ensign to the Royal Yacht *Britannia* on the occasion of a visit by H.M. Queen Elizabeth to the town. *Britannia* somehow spotted us amid a large flotilla and responded immediately. If Rothsay did not need a coat of paint in 1953, it certainly does now.

My father had started something important for me in 1953/1954 and I am ever grateful to him for it. We visited Ardrossan, Troon and Lamlash which completed the "*Moonface*" ports.

Even if I wished to prolong the return to Howth I could not. Channel fever had taken its grip and we hastened along the way from Lamlash to Lambay. This voyage was my last "arctic dream". When we tied up at Howth on 29th August we had travelled 5055 nautical miles in 59 days.

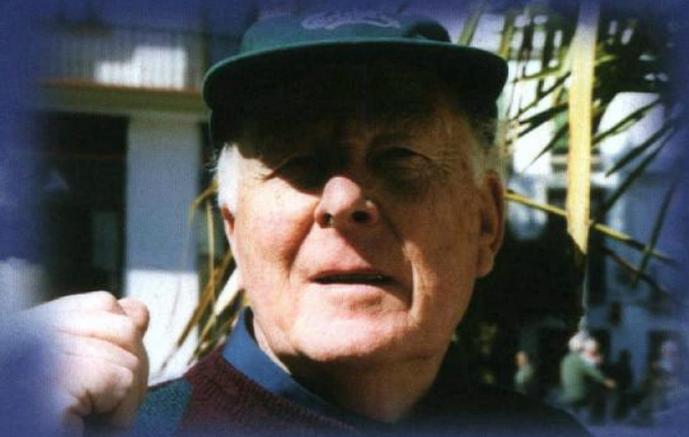


My father, Christo Gore-Grimes on board *Moonface*

Photo: Louis Goor



The fleet in Zumaia



The Commodore on cruise



Anne and Brian Kenny



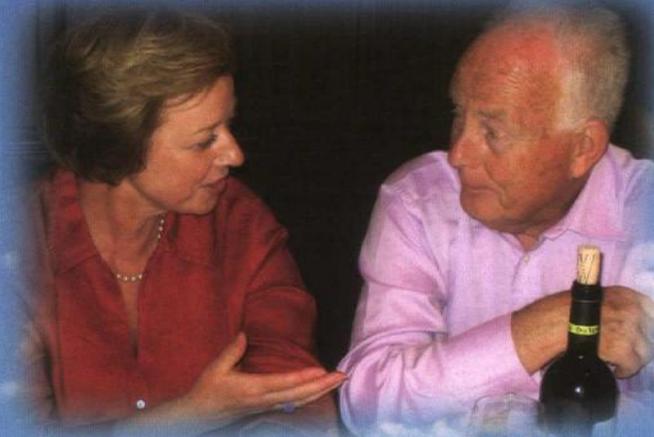
Donal O'Tierney, Ann Clementson and Jack Gallagher



Tasting Rioja wines at LaGuardia



Julie Kenny, Michael Wood and Mary O'Keefe



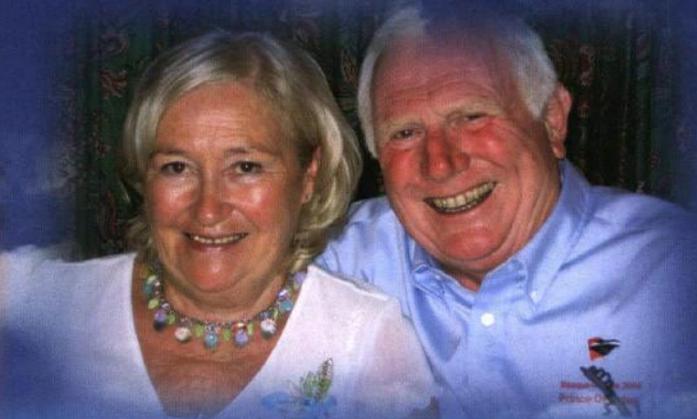
Aoife Kennedy and Cormac McHenry



Stephen Connolly, Adrian Buckley, Brendan O'Callaghan and Philip McAuliffe at Bilbao



Eddie and Brenda Rea



Angela and John Marrow



The Commodore's party on the pontoons at Hondarribia



Dinner scene at the splendid RCMA Bilbao

# THE BASQUE RALLY



More 'expert' wine tasting



Brian and Heather McManus under engine



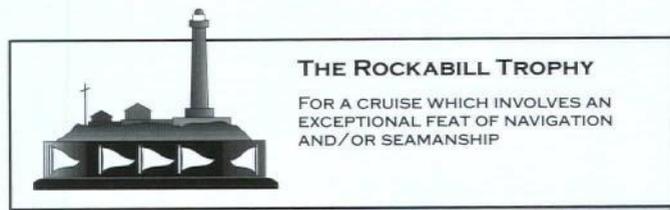
The Commodore presents a burgee to the President of the RCMA



Three Commodores  
David FitzGerald, Cormac McHenry and David Whitehead

# Home alone! Brest to N.Ireland

John Clementson



It's not that I don't like sailing with other people, it's just that I like to sail on my own occasionally. So when Ann announced months ago that she didn't want to come on the boat from France to home, but would rather go and play with her garden, I was quite happy to use the opportunity for a solo sail. She tried hard to get me to recruit a crew and it would not have been hard to do that, but I wanted a bit of 'quality time' with myself! As someone said, 'It's a man thing'.

We had done the ICC's Basque Rally – and very good it was. We had flown to Iceland to join James Nixon (ICC) on the RCC's Lord Dufferin 'Meet' – and very good that was too. We had spent all of August slowly cruising north up the Biscay coast of Brittany with various guests aboard (see Dunn's Ditties). Now I simply had to get *Faustina II* home.

Ann flew home from Brest via Paris on 31st August. I had to wait another day in the 'Moulin Blanc' marina in Brest, until a large tear that I had made in our RIB had been professionally repaired. The RIB was returned on Fri 1 September and half an hour later at 11.30 we (*Faustina II* and I) slipped. 10 minutes later we were alongside again – I had stopped in the marina to lift the fenders, but inadvertently left the engine running very gently in reverse and backed into a small French yacht. Fortunately the very small scratch I inflicted was as nothing compared with the mess the boat was already in. The owner was away so I left a note, which a Belgian couple translated into French for me – and we were away again.

## Frisson gone from sailing?

The wind this year had been nothing if not consistent. It had always been on the nose wherever we went – and so it was now. With one reef in the main (which I usually keep in whenever I am sailing solo, as that is the only one that I have to go on deck to put in), we motored our way west through the Rade de Brest, past Camaret over to port, and on to the Chenal du Four. It was rather foggy with visibility usually about 800m but occasionally dropping to less than 50m. Remember the old days when doing this by dead reckoning would have been exciting, even foolhardy? Then came Decca, and then GPS, and it all became easier, especially if radar was added to the armoury. Now the C-Map digital chart on the laptop, on the chart table, was faithfully plotting our every move. Dare I suggest that most of the frisson has gone? No longer is the navigator 'king' – "shush, the navigator's listening for his null!" Now even the tidal flow is shown, and it was duly shown to be taking us quickly north up the Chenal du Four. There wasn't even an essential need to find the transits that took us from the Chenal through the narrow Chenal des Laz, due west towards Ile Molène. This island lies about 5 miles southeast of Ile d'Ouessant (Ushant to you and me of course). I had chosen to go there as a starting point for my Channel crossing because its harbour faces north and strong southwest winds were forecast. We rounded the

rocky peninsular that stretches a mile to the north of the harbour, and took a Visitor's Mooring as close to the shore as I could get. There was only one other yacht there. It was calm and peaceful.

I had a quiet evening on board and a good long sleep. Next morning I rang home, to get Ann to look up a long range forecast on the Internet. (What if we could have done THAT in the old days!) She consulted with James Nixon and others, and the weight of opinion was that I should stay where I was for at least another 24 hours. The midday UK forecast spoke of Plymouth southwest force 6-7. There was a 'Low' tracking northeast across Northern Ireland to Scotland. I launched the RIB, rowed ashore and walked around the island – it took only 50 minutes. The excellent '8 à Huit' shop (that serves the mere 300 inhabitants) provided me with bread and milk. I had a quick exploration of the fascinating little village, before rowing back to the boat just as the heavens opened. The 18.00 forecast said exactly the same as had the midday forecast. I took the view that the Met. Office was being idle, as surely the weather would be moving northwards with the Low? I made myself a large supper, and took a couple of Stugeron pills with it. Frankly I was getting bored and I'm always aware of harbouritis – where one becomes loath to move while the weather looks anything but idyllic! In my wisdom (!) I felt that the forecasters had probably got it wrong and I decided to set off.

We slipped at 19.45 in visibility of less than 400m. The wind was southwest about force 3. Once clear of the close-by rocks I set the yankee and staysail but left the reef in the main – and we were away in grand style. Only 110 miles to the Isles of Scilly to the northwest with a nice beam wind – happiness! I called the Falmouth CG with a TX – he asked (with a suggestion of anxiety in his voice) whether I had heard the latest forecast. I said that I had, but he read it to me anyway! After about an hour we came out from behind the shelter of Ushant and the wind went up to force 5 and the waves got much bigger. I did consider turning around and going back to my safe warm hole at Molène but the wind was fair and I was making good speed. *Faustina II* is a Bowman 40 and these conditions are just her style. She was enjoying it, all the more so once I had taken in the staysail and added another reef to the main. On the other hand I was beginning to feel seasick.

## Comprehensively sick!

A little while later I saw that the main wasn't setting properly, and realised that the leech reef-line had come adrift from the boom. I had to climb up on to the deck to refasten it, a job that turned out to be easier than I had feared. By nightfall the wind had increased to force 6 at least, and I had added the third reef to the main and taken in half of the yankee – all without any discernable loss of speed. I was sick over the side – compre-

hensively so. All my nice supper went for the fishes. Presumably the Stugeron pills too, for all the use they had been.

The next six hours were not a lot of fun! The boat was happy, bounding along full of the joys of sailing, responding to the autopilot accurately and quickly. Despite the wave size she kept remarkably dry. We cleared the northeast end of the Ushant separation lanes. I wasn't so happy – I kept being sick off and on for hours. I was nevertheless still able to manage the boat and to keep a good watch. The fog had cleared a bit, but the main lookout was by still radar, in order to see the ships coming up and down the Channel. Several ships appeared on screen, and at least one changed course to avoid me. Very comforting! Thank goodness it wasn't too cold, and it wasn't 'til after midnight that I changed and put on a warm shirt and fleece under my waterproofs. I made myself some tea, drank some water and ate a banana slowly. All that came up again quite soon.

By 04.00 I was pretty low. I was of course tired but that was to be expected. I'm not nearly as young and resilient as I was! With the seasickness added I was in poor condition. The wind was southwest 25 knots, gusting to 30 apparent wind – not so very much, but the waves and the swell were quite big. Incidentally the waves, whilst being big and breaking, also laid on a wonderful display of phosphorescence for me, as I sat in the cockpit in the shelter of the spray hood – so much so that a breaking wave in the distance often made me think that a ship was coming.

### **Sleep**

I considered the risks involved of heaving-to for a rest and concluded that they were minimal. We were well out of the shipping lanes and, as it was Sunday morning, most if not all the fishing boats would be at home. I heaved-to and lay down in the wonderfully cosy cabin and promptly fell asleep. I woke an hour later at 05.00 and thought, 'That's lovely, I'll have some more', and fell asleep again. I awoke at dawn. A combination of sail and tide had taken us 5 miles to the east while I slept.

We got back on course. The weather was much as it had been but I was now feeling fine. By about 08.00 the wind began to back a little and reduce to force 4-5. I let out the yankee and then got myself something to eat. A banana, a peach, some orange juice and then a cuppa. They all stayed down! At midday the sun came out. I imagine it's rather how women feel when they give birth and then hold their baby – the pain was all forgotten in the sheer pleasure of a lovely day, with a fair breeze and the destination not far over the horizon. I shook out the reefs in the main and reduced the layers of my clothing. By mid-afternoon I was really hungry, and I cooked up half of a large Corned Beef Hash that I had made in Brest before leaving. Did food ever taste so good?

We reached Hugh Town in the Scillies at 16.30 and took a Visitor's Mooring near the harbour. I sent Ann an SMS, radioed Falmouth Coastguard to conclude my TX, tidied up, had a shower, and made a supper of chicken breasts marinated with olive oil, lemon juice and Mango Chutney (as recommended by Ann). I was in bed by 21.00 and slept very well.

### **Hearty breakfast**

Next morning I made myself a big bacon and egg breakfast (because I was worth it!). There wasn't much wind and it was murky. I felt in no hurry to do anything much, and I didn't do anything much until 16.00, when I thought that I should use the

tide to get over the Flats to Tresco. That would save me several miles when I set off to the north. I took another Visitor's Mooring off Hangman Island between Tresco and Bryher – and had a G&T. I had decided to head for Padstow in the morning – and all was well. I was content with my lot. I ate a Fray Bentos Beef and Kidney pie washed down with half a can of peaches, and then watched a DVD on the laptop. That completed a satisfactorily lazy day.

Next morning (Tuesday 5 September) I woke at 07.00 to find the boat shrouded in dense fog. C-Map got me safely out to sea to the north where the wind was southerly force 2. I raised the main as a steadier and motored towards the north end of the Land's End separation lanes and Padstow, 65 miles away. Several ships went past but one seemed to be still heading for us when he was less than a mile away. I called him several times before he moved off behind us. I could just see him at 400m – a small tanker. (While making these calls a disembodied voice had announced that, 'you shouldn't be out in the fog'!!) The wind freshened a little and I was able to use the yankee and reduce engine revs. At midday the fog dispersed, the sun came out through high clouds and I could see the North Devon coast between 5 and 10 miles to the south. I had actually never intended to call into Padstow but rather to anchor in Padstow Bay a few miles north of the estuary. Having reached the area I thought what a nice day it was and why didn't I just go on to Milford Haven? So that's what I did. We altered course and set off to go the extra 67 miles. The wind was now south-southwest force 4 and we were having a good sail – a rare occurrence this year. We reached The Dale in Milford Haven estuary, and anchored there at 03.20.

I was up again at 08.00 to get the west-going tide along the coast and north-northwest past 'The Bishops and Clerks' islands, and to get a flying start for the 76 miles to Arklow, my next destination. The weather was awful now, foggy with a really penetrating drizzle, but at least the wind was a useful southwest about force 3. I used the engine on low revs to keep up a good speed. The wind was forecast to go to northwest during the day, but happily it didn't. Again the sun came out during the afternoon but the wind died, and by 17.00 it was dead calm and the sea looked oily smooth. We reached Arklow at 21.30, as the wind finally began to pick up from the northwest. We entered the harbour and nosed into the marina where the reception pontoon was empty and clearly waiting just for us!

### **Wind and tide**

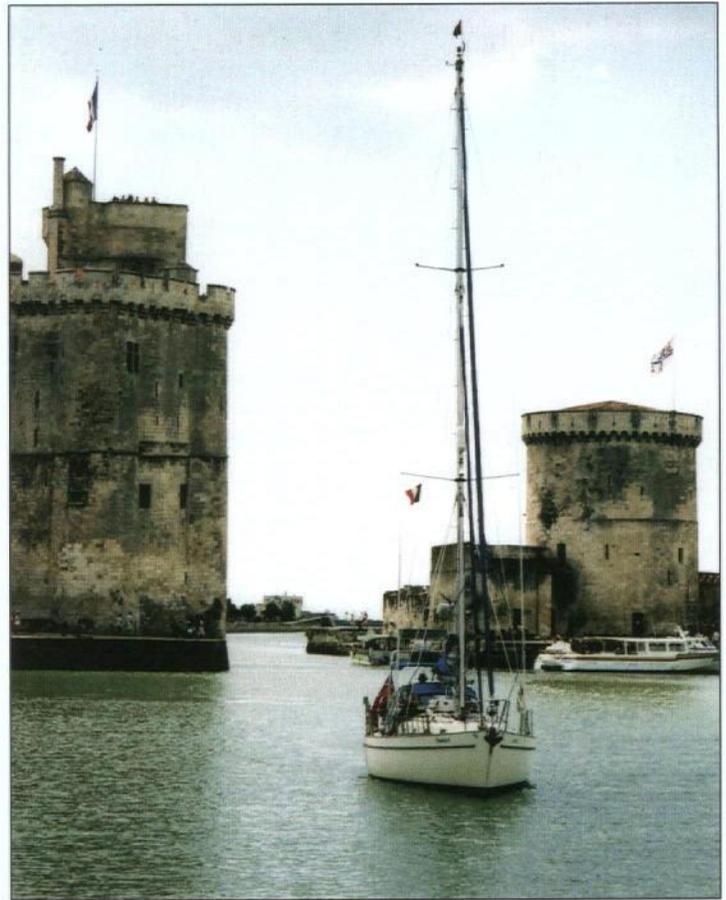
I slept well until 05.00 when we slipped and made our way carefully out of the harbour. It was low water and we were in the middle of some extra large spring tides. I've never seen Arklow look so empty of water. I felt that I was lucky not to take the ground on the way out. We had a nice northwest wind, and made 9 knots or better over the ground as the tide turned with us. However the waves were getting bigger and steeper as the wind-over-tide increased. I had to motor-sail to make way through the water. I called the waves 'boisterous' in my log. They were very 'wet' as wave after wave came straight over the bow. Some of it got under the RIB lashed on the bow and through an open dorade vent, and made quite a lot of salt wet in the forepeak. Nevertheless the tide swept us quickly northwards towards Dublin Bay. We were tacking now. My last tack before starting the engine was from North Kish, across the Burford Bank, right in to near the Dublin harbour entrance. The tide had changed, and so from there I had to struggle hard to get

past Howth to reach Lambay Island. At 13.30 I anchored on the southwest corner of the island in Talbot Bay in wonderful warm sunshine. Later I moved a few hundred metres to the east before settling down for the night.

### Scary at Lambay

The last day of the voyage started at 04.30 so that I could use the big tide to get me well on the way to the north. I went around the inside of Lambay Island in the dark (a bit scary!) and made a course to leave Rockabill a mile or so to port. The huge full moon was setting about 20 degrees above my port quarter, a magical sight. Later, as the moon set, the very welcome sun rose over the starboard bow. There wasn't much wind and so we motored on with the main up to keep us steady. Later a cool slight east wind encouraged me to deploy the yankee, but it didn't do much to help. I spent several hours cleaning the boat, and putting wet clothes from the bow out to dry. Several fishing boats made to intercept us as we neared Ardglass (a game they seem to love to play), but we reached Strangford Bar safely at 12.30. We were sluiced up the Narrows, reaching over 13 knots without trying, and moored in the marina at Portaferry at 13.00.

Home – alone. I expect that I'm just trying to prove to myself that I can still do it. Actually of course the boat does most of the work, bless her! Despite the unpleasant Channel crossing (and of course I should have had more faith in the Met Office), I had once again enjoyed a bit of my own company. It had been another small adventure. I CAN still do it, but I was glad to be home.



*Faustina II* leaving La Rochelle



The lonely sky and sea

# A Piece of Biscay for Everyone

Ian Stevenson



This was definitely the year to do the first long trip in *Raptor*, our First 42s7. In her first two years with us she has never been out of local waters. Crew is always a problem, with limited time, scarce holidays, various levels of experience and expectation. I knew that from the outset a lot of people would be involved. The overall strategy would be to tailor each week to the skills and wishes of each of the ever changing crews, so as to give everyone the best of Biscay.

I had been attending the RYA Ocean Master course over the winter with Captain Peter Robinson in Bangor, and so I suggested that some of the class might like to do the leg from Strangford to La Coruña as a qualifying passage (600 miles, 4 days and sun sights to be taken as required). Ian McCrum (DSC, Otago), his son Mathew, and Alistair Spence (Commodore DSC) signed on for the trip. That would get *Raptor* to northwest Spain.

Bob Brown (ICC, *Sapphira*.) and his wife Linda, offered to crew the return trip from Brittany. All we had to do was fill in the middle part, with folk on a week by week basis. In the end we organised a total of seventeen crew members over a period of eight weeks. This turned out to be like herding cats, but we finally got it all arranged, well provisionally, sort of.

A great deal of maintenance was carried out over the winter and the boat was about as good as we could get her. The mast had been out and all the rigging was new, so we expected few problems. The weekend before departure, John McKee was helming across Strangford on a close reach, when the port cap shroud pulled out of the swage with a loud bang. Quick action by John and the crew saved the mast from total failure, but the mast head was seen to be a couple of metres out of column to starboard. The sails were quickly removed and a jury cap shroud rigged. The rigging had to be replaced again, and we were ready to go with just hours to spare. However, the mast was not quite straight above the top spreader and this remained a concern throughout the trip. The mast is being replaced in November.

This trip was my first foreign use of the Raymarine C180 chart plotter, and the Navionics Gold charts. This was to reveal some interesting features, of which more later.

*Raptor* departed from White-rock yacht pontoon in Strangford on 15 May at 18.00, in flat calms and teasing light winds. With 670 miles to La Coruña we had fuel for about 300 miles, perhaps as much as 400 with care. No point in waiting for the wind with a full fuel load, so we motored south

taking sun sights as we went. Soon we had to reconsider and reduced RPM to stretch our fuel. Just as we were about to reach a sensible minimum reserve of fuel, a good breeze came up from abaft the beam, and with the gennaker set, she took off at a good eight knots. Sadly, the wind soon backed to a close reach, but we were able to sail almost to La Coruña. We had to motor the last few miles, arriving with less than 20 litres of diesel remaining. A total time of 102 hours at an average speed of 7½ knots. The whole crew, except for me, departed via Santiago de Compostela. The airport is well placed to facilitate crew changes at most harbours in Galicia, and has good public transport.

We had planned a run down to the Rias as far as Bayona with another couple, but at the last minute they pulled out of the trip. The next week turned into a lay-over for me in La Coruña. This was no hardship, as La Coruña is an interesting and bustling town. There are many good restaurants that really come alive in the evening with people of all ages. Fast food outlets are finding it difficult to get a foothold in this area; no bad thing really.

On 2nd July we set off again with a fresh crew, Frances McArthur, her daughter Laura and her friend Susan Hunter. These girls were both eighteen and more into horses than water-sports. Susan was not too sure what to expect, as she had only been on a yacht once before. The weather was again calm but a three-metre swell was coming in from the west. We set off for Camarinas at the crack of 10.30, a trip of about 46 miles, with no clear plan other than to explore at whatever pace we fancied.

By the time we had rounded Cabo Villano in the dull and



*Raptor* refuelling at Howth Yacht Club marina.

misty evening, it had become clear that short legs would be preferred, and that we would not go much further south on this trip. We soon tied up at the marina by the Club Nautico Camarinas, to explore the town.

The next day we sailed across the Ria to Mugia, to find a new harbour wall that was not on the Navionics chart, nor in the 2006 edition of Reed's. After a pleasant day of sunshine and swimming, the crew had worked out a fine new plan for the coming week. The idea was to work our way slowly back north to La Coruña, exploring as we went. Because Mugia was more exposed to the north-westerly wind we went back to Camarinas and anchored in the harbour.

In the morning of 4th July, we headed north again to Corme. The harbour there is well sheltered from the northwest wind but is almost filled by an enormous fish farm that is well marked by four yellow buoys. A good anchorage can be found to the north, behind the fish farm, just off an isolated stretch of beach with some caves. The girls decided this was perfect for a barbeque ashore.

Heading north again through the inside passage of the Islas de Sisargas, we reached the fishing harbour of Malpica, protected by the biggest sea wall I have ever seen. It must be at least fifty feet high! Malpica is a little town on the neck of an isthmus, with the harbour on the north and a fine beach on the south. The town gets a poor write-up in the pilot, but is rapidly cleaning up its act and is well worth a visit. Just inside the harbour, we picked up a spare fishing boat mooring, and launched the dinghy for the girls to go ashore. On the way back they provided the local fishermen with some amusement by running out of fuel, for which I got the blame, of course.

We returned to La Coruña briefly on Thursday 6th July, to refuel and to pick up Kirsty McArthur and her partner Russell McGovern, a forty-niner sailor who is doing the Olympic circuit full time. Kristy breezed up to the fuel berth, fresh as a daisy in the full heat of the sun. Incredulous, we watched, as Russell staggered into view with all the baggage, drenched in sweat. "It's good for him, he is in training", Kirsty declared. Frances was wondering if she could learn some man-management skills from her daughter. We decided to go on to Fontan, because Laura and Susan had already seen La Coruña, stopping at a nice beach on way. The new marina at Fontan is huge but the town lacks any character.

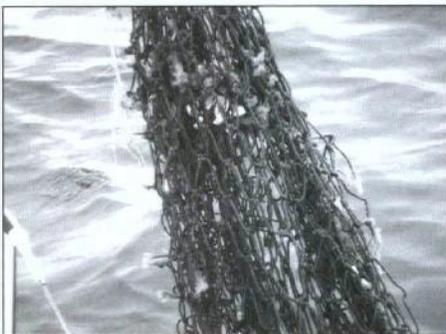
On Saturday 7th July we went back to La Coruña marina to see Laura and Susan off at Santiago de Compostela, and visit the fine cathedral.

We experienced the down side of La Coruña early on Sunday morning, when two lads on a motor scooter tried to relieve Russell of his walkman and phone, when he was out for a run. They picked on the wrong man when Russell knocked one down and continued his run, but much faster.

*Raptor* departed for Brittany on Sunday 9th July heading for Belle Ile, motor-sailing in light winds and the usual 3 metre beam swell. Just after dark I was called. "Engine RPM and boat speed have both dropped suddenly and black smoke is coming out of the exhaust, what do you think it is?" Stopped the engine, went ahead and astern but to no avail, it was too dark to see anything. "We must have a pot tangled around the Maxprop", I grumped. We motored on slowly through the night at reduced RPM.

We looked at the problem in the morning but could see nothing, and it was too rough to dive. However, it was all too clear that we were using a lot of fuel and only doing four knots.

At lunchtime the sea conditions were better, and there was no alternative but to go over the side and have a look. To stop the boat dead, we dropped the main and wallowed to a halt. "Look at that thing", said Russell. Sure enough, on the surface was a huge net of heavy weave. It was so heavy three of us could only lift one corner. It must have wrapped squarely around the front edge of the keel, How it missed the propeller, who can say.



Corner of net we caught around the keel between La Coruña and Brittany.

We tied up to the large visitor's berth in Port Haliguen, at 12.00 on Tuesday 11th July. Frances and I had an excellent evening meal at the last possible minute, in a restaurant under the hotel in Main Square, recommended by John McKee.

The next day *Raptor* sailed across the Gulf de Quiberon in brilliant weather, and into Crowesty for fuel. There is something strange about this place, as we witnessed three near collisions between the entrance and the fuel berth. The keep-right rule seems to be out of fashion here. I had to take violent avoiding action to escape being involved in a

fourth. Quickly away from there and through into the Morbihan, and moored at the south side of the Point de Toulindac on the Ile Aux Moines. The crew were soon swimming off the boat for fun in the strong cool tide. I took the chance to inspect the propeller and shaft and remove some bits of string. Being on a swinging mooring provided a good chance for a barbeque on board.

In the morning of 13th July we set the gennaker only, and drifted back down to Grand Mouton and explored the River Auray up as far as Kerlevarec. This channel was not very interesting, except that some very nice houses were being built here. We headed up towards Vannes, and found that the red can buoy at Lagoden was well out of the position marked on the chart.

We arrived at Vannes to find a medieval festival in full swing with parades of period costumes, bands and horse drawn coaches. Secure berthing, with good food and restaurants, and some of the best fireworks I have ever seen.

Next a total crew change by way of TGV to Paris and flights to Belfast direct.

John and Sally McKee, with Ian (Watchie) and Loraine Adams, came by car to take over *Raptor* to cruise the local area for a week.

Finding things on a strange boat is always hard, and John would say something like, "I wonder if there is a proper coffee pot anywhere aboard? Watchie would reply "First cupboard, high up, aft the main bulkhead." "How did you know that?" "Where else would it be on a yacht?" This went on for quite a while until John discovered that Watchie had found my inventory and stowage map.

John and his crew explored the Morbihan, Houat, Port Haliguen, Quiberon and Quiberon Bay for a week. They experienced sun, strong winds, heavy rain and fog in various combinations, but fortunately, not all at the same time. They looked after *Raptor* with loving care and declared that they had a great week.

Back to Brittany, with Bob and Linda Brown and my daughter Lee, travelling on Saturday 22nd July. Bob is a professional biologist with a strong major in ornithology. To Bob the sky is populated with creatures with long Latin names but Lee sees them mostly as WBJs or "wee brown jobs". Sailing with Bob is like a high quality nature ramble with an expert running commentary.

As usual these days, the Paris flight was delayed for over an hour and we arrived in a steamy 32°C evening, with just 40-

minutes to get to the railway station and catch the last train. We made it to the station with 10 minutes to spare, but were faced with the choice of a 45 minute ticket queue or an intimidating battery of automatic machines. The French ticket machines refused point blank to take British credit cards. So much for European integration?

We gave the train idea up and hired a car instead. This was small and cheap, but was all they had, and lucky to get it. What joy to experience once more the frantic, hot, humid pleasures of the Paris ring road, but soon we escaped the suburbs for the rolling French countryside. Nevertheless we made good time and rolled into Vannes at 00.30. Boat left in wonderful order, with fresh supplies and white wine chilling in the fridge. Forget the journey, we can go sailing again!

Next day, Sunday 23rd July, we arose slowly and carefully, particularly Linda who was like a giant caterpillar emerging from a chrysalis. Bob and Linda had a good look around this lovely old town of half-timbered buildings. The car turned out to be very useful as the Intermarché is well outside the main centre. So we easily provisioned the boat, with a band playing Breton bagpipe music amongst the shady trees. Forced to abandon the car on the pavement outside the closed Avis office, I hope they found it OK.

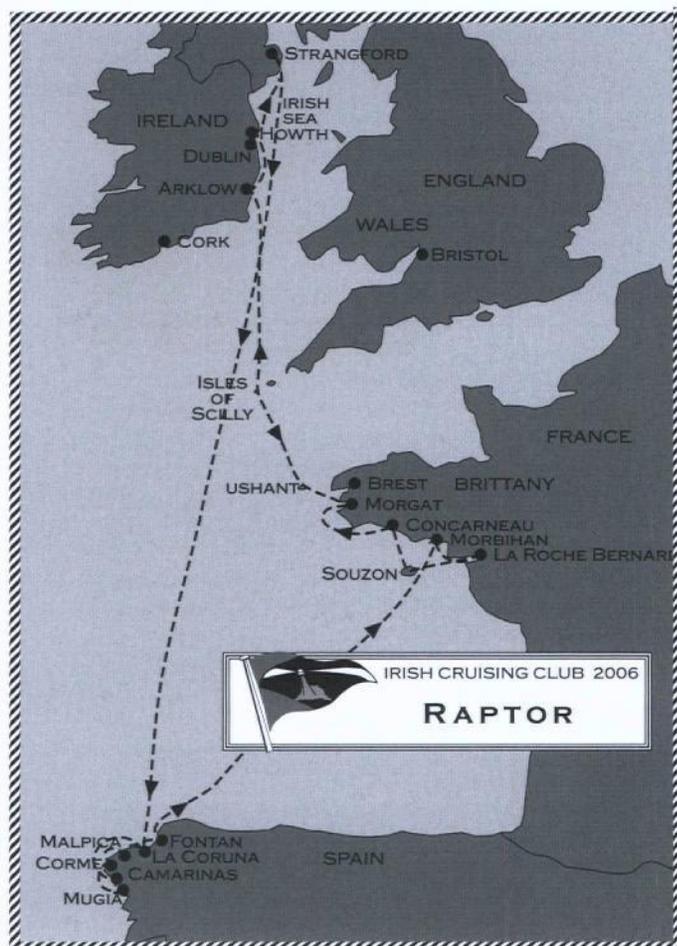
We departed at high water, out of the lock gates and down river, through the narrow passage marked by poles. Bob points out a woodpecker in the trees. Back down through the islands to the larger anchorage at the north side of the Pte. de Toulindac. Ashore we found a restaurant up a little leafy lane of trees and cottages for a wonderful meal of crêpes and wine.

The next day, Monday 24th July, the crew decided to go south to the Valiane River and La Roche Bernard, for no better reason than they had never been there. We departed and rounded Pte. de Toulindac heading for the exit of the Morbihan.

Linda looked apprehensive as she was in command of a boat fifty percent bigger than her yacht, for the first time. A wonderful list of names was ticked off as we went past, Banc de Keigonan, Ile Creizic, Ile de la Jument, Les Tisserands. Finally we reached Grand Mouton with swirling whirlpools of tide tugging *Raptor* this way and that. How like Strangford is the Morbihan, but with more sun.

Out into Baie de Quiberon with Houat and Hoedic in the background. A brilliant sparkling blue sea dotted with drifting yachts. Taking care of the off lying rocks at Basse Saline, we hoisted the sails and beat to the south. Rounding the Pte. du Grand Mont we could see the Vilaine estuary in the distance.

Bob seemed to be falling in love with the Raymarine chart



plotter, could this be a mid life crisis? Care needs to be taken, because of the way the depth information is displayed on these Navionics charts. In some places, an area of depth coloured blue may contain a single sounding of, say 4m, but reveals soundings of lesser depth when the chart is zoomed in. This is important, obviously important, when entering this estuary where the bottom is very close to the top, as they say. A rising tide is a good idea for this manoeuvre. The afternoon haze makes land marks and buoys hard to pick out. Once in the river, the course is straight forward and well marked.

The lock gate at Arzal was chaotic, airless and scorching hot, forcing us crack open a few cold beers. In the cockpit of the boat beside us, a dog was sheltering in the life raft stowage and he looked sad, for alas, he had no beer.

The river above the lock is a beautiful mixture of flood plains, meadows and woods with the river meandering inland. Finally we were tied up at the La Roche Bernard marina, guided by a very cute girl in the town's dinghy, with all the officialdom she needed provided by a clipboard and a sheaf of forms. "Great; we are in now, get the barbeque on the pushpit, start it up and pour the wine". The barbeque was well alight, belching smoke and flame with the lamb kebabs blackening nicely when the actual owner of the berth turns up and demands we



Breton dancers at the folk festival in Lorient



Russell in his usual position at the wheel

vacate now, if not sooner. Quite a sight to see Lee reversing *Raptor* around the marina, belching smoke and flame, looking for another berth to tie up to. So much for cute girls with clipboards.

We decided to stay here for a lazy day. This town has great food and shops and we pigged out on tarts, and did the bars and restaurants.

We wanted to move on early today, 26th July, but the tide was not good for the lock gate until the afternoon. Lee and Bob went off in the dinghy to explore, and did a very detailed nature ramble up side creeks and reed beds where woodpeckers and warblers were seen.

We departed at the right time to be at the head of the queue for the lock. No idea where we were going, as yet. Far out into the estuary, we came upon a capsized dinghy crewed by two girls. We stood by while they righted it. They seemed competent, so we went our separate ways.

We rounded St Jacques, and finally chose La Trinité as our destination. Linda was driving again as we approached the dense forest of masts. Our berth was so tight, we had to use some power to squeeze in and compress the fenders a bit. Linda refused point-blank to carry out that manoeuvre. After a quick look around La Trinité next day, we found it over-crowded, wildly over-priced, and a bit tacky, so we moved on to Souzon on Belle Ile for the evening.

We talked to Dermot Reardon of *Gallanta* on the VHF, who was going up to Lorient for the Celtic folk festival. We promised we would follow him in a couple of days.

Souzon seems to be one giant restaurant, with ferries bringing tourists in by mid-morning and taking them away again by late afternoon, so everything is much quieter in the evening. The town is a cluttered mix of scooters, people, dogs, cycles, rental jeeps and street music. There are many good

places to eat and drink. For dinner we chose a place that was part open kitchen, bar and street restaurant. It was slow, good, friendly and exactly right.

Bob and Linda hired bicycles for the next day, 28th July, to circumnavigate the island. They saw many oyster-catchers and gulls and were happy. Lee and I swam, drank beer in the sun, and watched the manoeuvres of boats coming and going. Lee booked a berth at Lorient by mobile phone for the next day. Other cruising yachts had smugly told us this would be impossible, because they had all booked months in advance.

We sailed for Lorient at 10.30 on Saturday 29th July, in fresh wind and ominous, high, racing cloud. A great sail most of the way to the entrance, where Bob took over the navigation. This thing with the plotter was getting serious. Bob was guiding us in with his new love, and could not be parted from it. Passing the great Napoleonic bastions, we approached the outer marina at Kernevel and the submarine pens. Bob called them "a massive megalithic monument to evil". That sounded about right.

*Raptor* entered the marina in the town harbour, to find the folk festival in full swing. The marina had a square rigged ship, the *Belem* alongside, and a yacht race starting from there that night. All was in confusion. The berthing master had nowhere to put us, so we tied up temporarily, fourth boat out on a hammerhead. Another French boat came alongside, the berthing master said he couldn't stay and walked off, so the skipper ignored him. When he came back, two more boats had pulled in on the outside, so he just gave up, shrugged his shoulders and went away.

John Stewart, a gliding instructor from Shropshire, joined us for the next week via Air Arann from Cardiff. We all set out to explore the town. Lorient knows how to put on a folk festival, and a vast array of tents, bands, stalls and other attractions had been set up.

The expected strong wind and wet weather arrived by the evening. Torrential rain drenched the crowds and shorted-out lots of electrical gear, which didn't look that suitable even for a dry day. No one seemed to care all that much, and just got on with it anyway. The Breton pipe bands were wonderful, very like their Scottish equivalents, but with much more verve, rhythm and sheer joyfulness.

All of us resolved to come back for longer some other year. Lee left us on Sunday to travel home by TGV and a flight from Paris. Timings on this route work out better returning home.

We watched a massive parade of bands and dancers on Sunday morning, 30th July, and got ready for departure in the afternoon, for the short trip to the Belon River. It took us quite some time to get untangled from the marina. Finally we got the boat out into the main channel, and with John driving, we set off. Where was Bob? You guessed it, back at the navigation station.

The wind was fresh and almost on the nose, so we tacked around Pt de Talut. Gradually the Belon River revealed itself, and we motored in over a very shallow bar with Linda steering again. This was a little tricky with not much on the echo sounder. Linda was on a steep learning curve that week! The first visitor mooring is a bow and stern arrangement with huge buoys, no pick-up and a strong flood tide. The only way to fix a rope was to jump onto the buoy and pass an end through the ring. Guess who got that job?

A boatman appeared, took our money, and recommended a good restaurant that actually turned out to be good. Everyone took to the local brew, probably due to the advertising poster of a girl with wind tousled hair, smoking a clay pipe.

We departed for Concarneau early, at 08.30 on Monday 31st July, on a strong flood, for what turned out to be a short, fresh sail. Bob pointed out gulls, terns and gannets, stormy-petrels,

Manx shearwaters and some other WBJs. Had Lee been here, she would have categorized them into seagulls and diver ducks, much to Bob's annoyance. I set off to look at the old town with John. Rain and wind, rather than self improvement, drove us all into the fisheries' museum which is quite interesting.

Rain lashed down, *Raptor* snatched at her warps, and the wind howled through the hundreds of masts. The local lifeboat, blue light flashing, towed in a fishing boat with great speed and verve. Under the circumstances, now was the time to cook up the massive jar of Cassoulet au Confit de Canard, that Bob had been saving since Vannes. Just add a glass or two of wine and happiness was restored!

The weather was still bad so we fixed lots of things, like a blocked toilet. Guess who got that job as well? At 14.00 the weather improved, so we departed into a strong westerly. We found the boat was slamming very hard in the short steep seas, so we diverted to Bénodet. No point in taking the pain when you don't have to!

The Navionics chart had a whole Port de Plaisance missing from the east side of Bénodet, which I have been in years ago, and is clearly marked in the 2004 edition of Reed's Almanac. Not much of interest in Bénodet but we did find a good restaurant on the sea front. Conditions were much better next day, 3rd August, so we departed for the Pt de Penmarch and the Audierne outer anchorage. The intention was to wait there for the best tide for the Raz de Sein. However, we just sneaked through as the tide was changing against us, taking care to avoid the shallows where the tide and developing overfalls seemed strongest. We put into Morgat, where we stayed for two nights and waited for calmer winds. Brittany's Bognor Regis, Bob called it. Still, the shelter from the strong westerly winds was good, so we stayed. Bob and Linda walked and bird-watched.

With better weather, we left Morgat at 09.30 on Saturday 5th August, for the Ile d'Ouessant, in a light westerly breeze. We carefully picked our way between the rocks and reefs of the Iroise. Bob spotted and picked up a horseshoe life-buoy marked *Lively Lady* with broken loops around the edges. It had not been in the water long as there was no growth on it. We decided to hand it in to the port authorities at Ushant, which we did. The entrance to Lampaul is hard to spot, but we soon found the light on La Jument, and from there the entrance begins to open out. We went ashore to explore, and found a small village mostly given over to tourism.

We departed that same night at 19.30 for the Scillies, and set four-hour watches in pairs. There are a lot of ships in the traffic lanes, and they sometimes come at you on converging courses, three at a time. The early hours of Sunday 6th August found *Raptor* in dense fog, with 200m or less visibility, as we approached our waypoint for the islands. Fortunately, visibility cleared to show the channel between St Mary's and St Agnes that leads to Hugh Town, where we picked up a mooring at 10.00.

We went ashore to explore, organise fuel and find somewhere to eat. John discovered he can get a flight to Exeter at 14.00, that will get him home in time for work on Monday morning.

We were rapidly running out of



Ian McCrum found his cheap plastic sextant easier to use than this heavy professional one

time and crew so there was now some urgency to get north towards home. We made an early start, at 06.00 on Monday 7th August with a favourable forecast of southwest-west force 3 then becoming force 4 to 5. This allowed us to sail at up to 9 knots across Bristol Channel for a while, but it soon veered to the north. This leg is always dull with little to see except a small basking shark and some storm petrels. The tide at the Tusker Rock was against us so we came in close to the Fundale buoy and Carnsore Point. Rosslare was no place to be in a northerly wind, so we slipped up inside the banks to Arklow, arriving at 09.00 on Tuesday.

My Silva GMDSS VHF radio has a feature that allows the set to receive and store Navtex messages. At first sight this seemed a great idea, two sets for the price of one. However, there is a snag. To receive Navtex the VHF must be on all the time, and the distress alarm can be triggered by the emergency signal which the Irish coastguard use to prefix many messages. We were not popular with our neighbours who informed us that the alarm was going for an hour. The Navtex was very useful in France and Spain, so this problem requires some thought over the winter.

Linda was now out of time and had to get back to work, so she went off to Belfast by train at 07.30. We were away by



Chaos in the sea lock at Arzal with Linda on the foredeck taking no notice of it all

08.00, Tuesday 8th August, motoring in flat seas for Wicklow Head and Howth marina, just in time to refuel before a strong westerly came through with heavy rain. We were home for sure now and had the weather to prove it.

We left Howth by 09.50 on Wednesday 9th August, to arrive at Strangford bar some time after 19.30. This was excellent sailing in westerly force 6/7 gusting to 8 at times. Our joy was short-lived as the wind veered to northwest and we were soon close reaching in very strong conditions. We saw many flocks of manx shearwaters, skimming over the lumpy sea with effortless ease. Maybe there is something in this bird watching after all.

At 15.45 the long low profile of Lacale appeared on the port bow, and eventually St. John's point light tower could be

picked out. The weather still had a few jokes in store when it backed and dropped away, as if going flat for the evening. We rolled out the jib just in time for the surprise veer and an increase in strength, gusting up to 40 knots. We quickly reefed the genoa right away and shot up under Guns Island for shelter. We motored the last few miles to cross the Strangford bar, just as the tide changed in our favour. *Raptor* picked up her mooring in Audley's roads at 20.20 at the end of a great cruise.

*Crew List:* Ian Stevenson, Ian McCrum, Mathew McCrum, Alistair Spence, Frances McArthur, Laura McArthur, Susan Hunter, Kirsty McArthur, Russell McGovern, John McKee, Sally McKee, Ian Adams, Lay Adams, Lee Stevenson, Bob Brown, Linda Brown, John Stewart.

### John and Ann Clementson write of a grey year

**F** *Faustina II* had a grey year. Her voyaging took her to northeast Spain for the Basque Rally, then north to the River Gironde and a month's cruise along the Atlantic

Brittany coast. The voyage south in June gave just one day of good sailing – that was from the Scillies to Ushant. Before that we had poor weather and contrary winds. Across Biscay we had mostly no wind and a great deal of fog! In north Spain, including the Basque Rally, we had grey on grey with occasional evening thunderstorms. All this while we kept hearing that back home the weather was often fine and sweltering. The weather in Brittany in August was better, but it never settled down to a nice reliable sunny spell. It was one of those years!

However it was still enjoyable. John made the southbound voyage with a couple of non-ICC friends, and everyone enjoyed it despite the often very limited visibility. We reached Spain at Gijon and then motored east along the north coast calling at several ports until we reached Bilbao. Here John was joined by Ann, and by Hazel Barr (ICC) and Di Gleadhil (ICC) for the Basque Rally. The Rally started near the French border and made its way back to Bilbao, and is described fully elsewhere. It was very well organised and great fun. An interesting out-of-Rally experience was managing to squeeze into the inner harbour at Bermeo, where we found that our Commodore had already berthed *Island Life*.

We left *Faustina II* at Bilbao for a month and, after a week at home, we both flew to Iceland to join James Nixon (ICC) on board *Scilla Verna* in Reykjavik for the RCC's excellent 'Northern Latitudes' Meet. This was organised by James who describes his voyage and the Meet in his article elsewhere in these pages. Ann and I left *Scilla Verna* at Isafjordur on the northwest coast and had a wonderful journey back to Rekjavik by small bus over the mountains and by ferry



Ann Clementson and Cormac McHenry at La Guardia wine tasting lunch



La Rochelle at night

across Breidafjord. This fjord is dotted with islands and shallows that would make adventurous sailing.

We left the ferry for 24 hours when it stopped at the small island of Flatey. This was simply lovely, though in fairness that description is helped by the fact that the sun shone for the best part of 20 hours, and barely went below the northern horizon at 'night'!! The island is a bird watchers' paradise. Amongst the many birds we enjoyed watching were the nesting arctic terns (even though they dive bombed us most aggressively with rather unpleasant 'bombs'), and the puffins which we able to get quite close to. They seemed to have little instinctive fear of people. Iceland is a fascinating place. It's expensive but well worth a visit.

Back on board *Faustina II* at Bilbao, we went north to the Gironde and from the new marina at Port Médoc at the mouth of the river we visited the beautiful city of Bordeaux by bus, and returned by train via Royan. In more grey drizzly contrary weather we went on north to La Rochelle and Rochefort, before coming to the Morbihan. We spent about 10 days in that wonderful inland sea with two sets of guests joining us. Those were nice lazy days – and the sun even managed to shine occasionally. We had had to hire a car to go to Roscoff to collect our second set of guests, but we left them at Concarneau with detailed instructions about the bus and trains that would return them to Roscoff and home. We went on northwards, and at Bénédot we went a long way up the River Odet where we anchored for the night in sight of Quimper. We went on to Audierne and next day anchored off Morgat before entering the Rade de Brest. We went about 5 or 6 miles up the river Aulne, and anchored overnight. Several years ago we had been the whole way to Châteaulin, but we didn't have time this year, though it's a lovely run up-river. We then went on to the marina at Brest where, at the end of August, after a visit to the Oceanopolis, Ann left to fly home via Paris. John's story thereafter is told elsewhere in these pages – see 'Home Alone'.

# Papageno goes around Ireland via Helsinki

Peter Haden

From the west coast of Ireland a summer cruise more easily starts by heading south to Brittany, the Iberian peninsular or even north towards Scotland. It is distinctly difficult to get to the Baltic Sea. However, with three months available, and the opportunity to join the OCC Baltic Rally, plans were laid.

In May I sailed my Westerly Seahawk *Papageno* down to Schull, and a few days later, leaving Cape Clear to port, set all sail for The Isles of Scilly. Visibility was poor and it was 30 hours later before I saw any further sign of life: the light at the end of the pier in St. Marys. How did we manage before Radar and GPS?

The next day with a soldier's wind astern, and fair tides, the sailing was good. I always enjoy the passage to Falmouth, and after rounding the Lizard the Manacles buoy is easy to pick up, from where the approaches are a delight. There are always local boats, many of traditional appearance, tacking across the bay, and there is an overwhelming sense of maritime history. The friendly Town Marina is my favourite for ease of provisioning and The Royal Cornwall Yacht Club, where I have many friends is always so welcoming.

Two days later, with 20 knots from the west, wonderful sailing brought me past the Eddystone Light, Berry Head and into Dartmouth. There were a few jobs to be done, and although this really is an expensive place, I have to say that the services are excellent. A delightful extra is the steam train, sounding its whistle and puffing in and out past the marina.

To keep the cost of my summer cruise within manageable parameters, I was anxious to get across the Channel as soon as possible. Pat Waller, who usually crews on Colin Chapman's *Deerhound*, joined ship, and on a beautiful morning, after giving my TR to Brixham Coast Guard we set off for Alderney. At first the wind was fair, but by afternoon we were motoring in slack conditions and were surprised to see hardly any shipping. A pilot whale passed close by. This was the last cetacean we were to see until approaching Scotland three months later. Before darkness fell, we picked up a mooring in Braye Harbour and enjoyed a quiet night, apart from being bumped by a yacht too big for its mooring.

## Alderney Race

An early departure next morning brought us across the top of the uncomfortable Alderney Race, past the huge nuclear power station of Cap de la Hague and into Cherbourg by lunchtime. There is an excellent wine shop in the marina, and generous tastings were offered. However we had really to rely on the recommendations of the manager as our mouths were still somewhat dry from the effects of the Alderney Race! In the event, eight cases of very drinkable wine were delivered, much of which had only cost a little over three euros a bottle.

Anxious to get further east, we had an overnight sail to Dunkerque and the comfortable Port du Grand Large marina. However, it was Whitsuntide and all the shops except a small bakery were firmly closed. The town is not especially interesting, except that I found a richly decorated 12th century



## THE FINGAL CUP

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

church with many model boats and an enthusiastic congregation of French families.

By the next day the weather had become a great deal warmer, life aboard was most pleasant, but the wind had gone to the northeast. By midday we were beating hard and then relying on the assistance of Mr. Volvo Penta, to bypass Belgium. This turned out to be a mistake as we learnt later that it is one of the few places that allows tax free diesel to be supplied to yachts.

Breskens in The Netherlands was our next stop. The entrance is easy and the marina manager welcomed us from the seaward pontoon. This is a friendly little seaside town nestling behind the dykes with all the shops we needed, including internet and a good chandlery. To our great delight, *Miss Demena* from Kinsale, a beautiful old Alden yacht arrived and over a fresh turbot dinner aboard *Papageno*, Flor Long and his crew John O'Sullivan gave us an account of how, under coast-guard instructions, they had had to help rescue another yacht off the Lizard a few days before.

## Reed's Almanac

Sailing along the Dutch and German coastline, in addition to the tides, the two affecting factors are the closeness of the busy shipping lanes and the depth of water. Because the channels change continuously, it is essential to have on board an up-to-date copy of Reed's Almanac. Having said that, the shipping lane is extremely well-marked with numbered buoys, and we found that sailing from buoy to buoy just outside the northeast-going channel was the safest and simplest system, even though it meant motoring except when the wind was just right. Sometimes we had to pass entrances into large ports and wait our turn to cross at right-angles. It is important to monitor the correct radio channel, so that you know exactly what ships are going in and out, and to await instructions on when to cross over. At first this all seems rather daunting, but as confidence grew we realised that the port authorities are able to calculate, right down to the last second, exactly when we should move through the seemingly impenetrable walls of steel.

Scheveningen looked attractive in the pilot book, but it was absolutely packed with yachts waiting to see the Volvo racers, as well as a local regatta. Passing the huge tall ship *Amsterdam Stadt*, we berthed five out, and stayed aboard. The harbour master told us how he had been in Galway 50 years ago, as a boy on board a fishing vessel.

Motoring in light fog the next day we reached Den Helder. This is a delightful very small marina within the main Dutch Navy base. As you would expect, everything is well organised and spotlessly clean with a very good clubhouse. A well-armed patrol ship guards the entrance.

By the next night we were alongside the pier on the island of Bokum. The training wall had been submerged by the tide, so we entered peering at sticks and trying to figure out the mass of lights. On the good side, we did not have to pay any dues.

Leaving early and clearing the large Borkumriff we headed for the nearest channel buoy to find the fog thickening. Pat

stayed in the cockpit listening and watching whilst I glued my eyes to the radar and chart plotter. The fog got very thick but we found our buoys, and also passed very close indeed to a dredger at anchor.

By mid-afternoon, with a clearance, we turned into the marked channel for Wangerooge. It didn't quite match the charts, but as we were following two other yachts we reckoned it should be all right. They must have had lifting keels, as soon our depth gauge was reading zero, and we were churning sand. After two more attempts and seeing another yacht also fail, a course was set for the Elbe River and Cuxhaven.

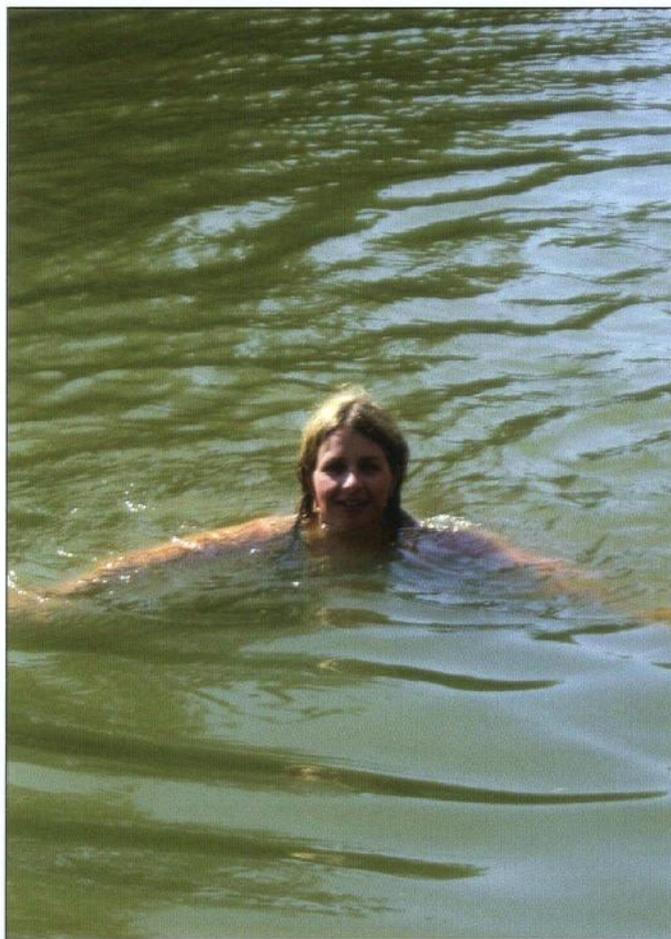
By good fortune, the tides were favourable and with the setting sun astern we found the well-marked but unlit inshore channel. Once into the main estuary the tides are strong and we were swept at 8 knots or more from buoy to buoy, alongside the heavy Hamburg bound shipping, right up to Cuxhaven. The narrow marina entrance is hidden just past the ROR ferry terminal. This is an excellent marina, and bicycles complete with shopping basket are included in the moderate charges.

Because of the strong tides, and heavy shipping I was anxious to carefully plan the short passage to Brunnsbittel, and the entrance to the Kiel Canal. The marina manager advised crossing the estuary south of Buoy 49, and helpfully pointed out the headland "where the rescue boat goes out to foreign yachts"!

In company with a Canadian yacht and an American yacht we made a 10.00 departure and by lunchtime having obeyed the traffic lights, we were inside the huge Kiel Canal sea-lock and tied onto the wooden pontoon. As the floating pontoon was at water level, fenders were of no use, but I hung a heavy warp which sufficed against the softwood. Water movement was not discernible and anyway the fall was only about one metre. Because of the banks, and surrounding low-lying flat countryside there is not much scenery along the canal, but there is plenty of room for the passing ships, and a lot of most attractive bridges, as well as bird life including the almost continuous sounding of cuckoos.

Our first night saw us comfortably tucked up the Eider River canal entrance, with a dozen other yachts. By next afternoon we were at Holtenau and took a small racing yacht in tow for the exit lock. This is where we paid our canal dues, which at €18 (cash only!) seemed good value.

Coming out into The Baltic we passed close to a sandy



Rosie enjoys a swim in delightfully warm water of the Gota canal

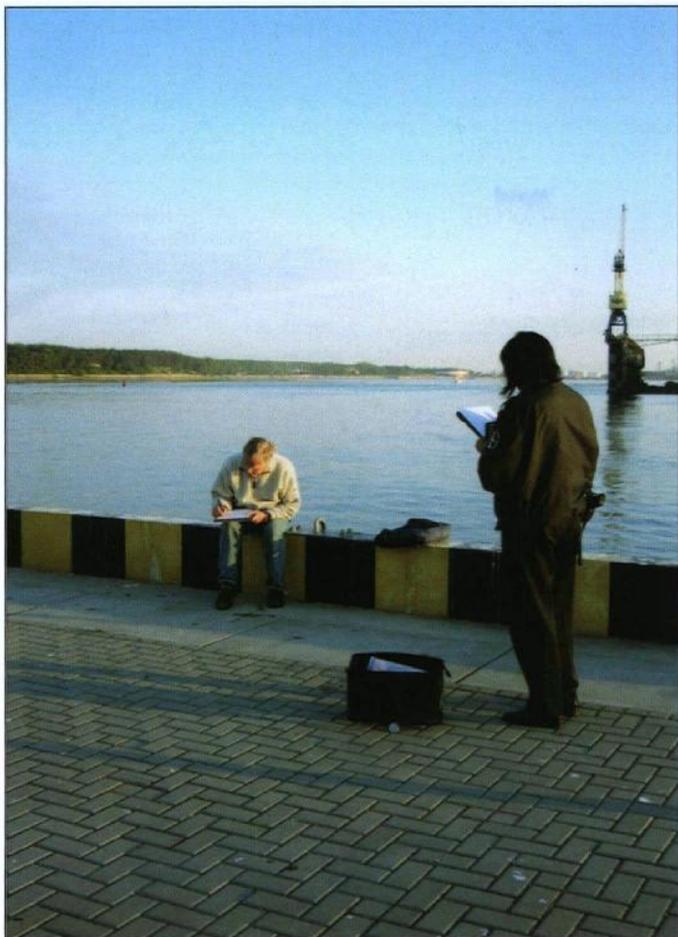
headland which was decorated with a large number of middle-aged and overweight nude Germans. So staying two miles off shore as we headed north. Soon we were hailed by a police boat, and reprimanded for not displaying a motoring cone. It took a while to resurrect this from the bilges where it had slept quietly undisturbed for twelve years. Friends on another yacht were asked for their "driving licence"!

Soon we passed through the narrow entrance into The Schlei. This very popular fjord is a series of interconnected lakes with numerous marinas, boat yards, and rolling farmland scenery. The principal town is Kappeln which has plenty of berths and an attractive lifting bridge. The German Navy has a training establishment here. Local people told us that a large number of Saudi Arabian sailors were presently learning to handle two ships that had been sold to them, but that the training was not going well, and to give them a very wide berth if met at sea! With two days to spare before the start of the OCC Rally, I had a new windlass fitted at a local yard. Good workmanship, but rather expensive.

Then we proceeded to Boknis and seventeen yachts anchored off the home of the mother of Dr. Claus



Miss Demena negotiates one of the larger Trollhatta locks



Peter fills in forms under supervision of armed Customs and Immigration lady

Jaeckel, rally organiser. Six yachts were from Ireland, and others had been on the ICC Cruise in company in 2004, including *Bellamanda*, with owner Alan Taylor, past Commodore OCC, and his charming wife Jenny. That night there was a Spanferkel (piglet roast) complete with a proper German oom-pah-pah band, a marquee and free beer bar. We had to press payment towards expenses on our hosts.

The rally plan now was to visit the Balkan States, and then Scandinavia, passing through the Gota and Trollhatta canals to finish at Goteborg. Pat had gone home, and I was joined by Joe Dundon, who has a holiday home in Schull and has crewed on many OCC and ICC rallies. Tim, a well-experienced sailor from England also came out to sail as far as Helsinki.

With a strong crew, we opted for overnight sailing of 175 miles to the tiny Danish island of Christianso, north of Bornholm. Claus gave us advice on where to cross the shipping lanes. There is not much traffic, but as it is mostly high speed ferries, care is needed. After excellent sailing conditions and a second night at sea our approach was at first light (03.00) and we found ourselves in

company with yacht *Dos Tintos* from Jersey C.I. We had first met Steve and Julie Ferrero in the BVI in 2000 on the start of their slow round the world cruise, and then in Spain last year!

Christianso is not so much an island as a pair of rocks connected together by a small foot-bridge. The old military buildings are finding a new life with the introduction of tourism, and there is even a small hotel with a good restaurant. The tiny harbour is popular with Swedish yachts, which somehow are all crammed in. The harbour master told me that he especially welcomes, and facilitates with preferred berths, any yachts coming from the UK or further afield. We rafted up with friends, and with numerous extension cables even found an electricity connection.

Next day it was 21st June, and with the promise of little darkness we set off on the 200 mile passage to Klaipeda in Lithuania. There was discussion on the traditions of mid-summer, and mention of a local story we had heard, that young unmarried couples are sent off deep into the woods, to spend the night looking for a rare fern.

By late next evening we were making our approach into Klaipeda. We announced our arrival to Border Control Radio and Port Traffic, and requested immigration and customs clearance.

Although this is a huge port, there is very little activity and an air of dilapidation. Klaipeda was useful to the Soviet Block as being an almost ice-free port. The town was the designated centre of the manufacture of ladies underwear for the whole Soviet Union. This project now seems to have all fallen down! Perhaps it was overstretched? The old Soviet ideas about officialdom have survived, and being totally lost in this huge linear port we found ourselves under the very close supervision of a police boat, as we inadvertently headed towards the Russian border. Our instructions were to get clearance at Pier 42. As there were no numbers to be seen anywhere, this was difficult, but the police boat showed us the way into a shallow and dirty oil-filled berth, hidden behind a navy ship and rusting fishing boats. A jeep arrived at full speed and under the light of a flash lamp a very large well-armed lady supervised my form filling, and inspected all documents. She also showed us where there were berths, but two hours later we were woken by bright searchlights and a very loud horn, as we had taken the pilot-boat's berth!



The bunkering service in Klaipeda is all hand pumped

At first light we crossed the waterway to the rural delight of a quiet ex-Soviet sailing centre that now has a small marina. OCC yachts were starting to gather, each with their own story. The marina is inconvenient for town, but relaxing and surrounded by countryside, with no officialdom.

Bob Stewart's magnificent Alden *Tara* from the RIYC was there before us, Fred and Eileen Espey were crewing, and before long the socialising began.

### **Barbeque in the woods**

An expedition by coach had been arranged for the next day to travel down the Curonian Spit. On the 48km journey to the beautiful small holiday town of Nidden, we stopped to walk the famous sand dunes and look across to Russia. This was followed by an enjoyable BBQ deep in the woods, where we dodged enormous midges.

From Klaipeda, after more officialdom, we sailed north to Latvia. When abreast of the border, a sharp call from Border Control Radio reminded us of the requirement to keep in touch with the authorities, and clearly describe our intentions. We were also a little amused to hear a most senior flag officer of a well-known cruising club being severely reprimanded for entering a restricted area, reported later not to have been on his chart. Looking around the horizons at that moment we saw several yachts suddenly turning further offshore!

Wind was slack, but it was getting warmer everyday as we motored on to Liepaja and the next day to Ventspils.

There had been a plan to sail southwest to Riga, but instead, once past the headland of Kolka and into the Gulf we called up Estonia Border Guard for pilotage advice, and set a course for the small island of Rhunu. There is a lot of shallow water around the island, and when entering the harbour at Ringsu, great care needs to be taken.

Once inside we were made very welcome indeed. Formalities were minimal, euros accepted, and good showers provided. The village is three kilometres away, and we got a lift in the next morning to see the old wooden church and farm buildings.

An easy sail then brought us to the island of Kihnu Saar, again surrounded by shoal waters. New leading lights brought us in safely where to our surprise (even though it was my birthday!) we found preparations for a party and a large group of local ladies dancing in their traditional dress. A table of drinks and cheeses was laid out. Estonian TV was in attendance, probably much relieved to see a yacht coming in, as the party was for the opening of the new yacht pontoon by a local politician. Just like home! There was no paperwork and when I said I did not have any Estonian money, there was no charge.

### **Parnu**

The next morning we set sail for Parnu. As usual we had good sailing for the morning and then the wind faded away. Getting into the approaches we carefully followed the marked shipping channel. This we discovered is important, as we nearly hit a heavy net set right on the edge of the channel.

Parnu is a pleasant small holiday resort with a fine beach, a good yacht club and a chandlery. There is a relaxed friendly atmosphere, and a few days could be spent here. By now I realised that my charts were inadequate for the areas we were entering, but on investigation I found that the Estonian maritime authorities have just produced three really excellent chart books covering the whole of their coast. Heading north through the Moon Channel, detailed charts are essential. From Parnu, Joe took the extremely inexpensive bus to Riga to fly home.

A warm sunny day without wind brought Tim and me to the ferry port of Virtsu. This consists of exposed pontoons

alongside a busy ferry berth. Ashore there is a ferry terminal which closes at night. I cannot recommend this place.

Departing next morning at 04.30 we picked our way through the Moon Channel. The channel buoys are small and hard to see, but with our new charts we managed. In the afternoon the wind strengthened and we tacked, making little progress. Overnight shelter of a sort was found in the tiny abandoned and derelict harbour of Nova Sadam. After hitting boulders in the south of the harbour we lay quietly against some old tyres on the crumbling quay. There were a few abandoned houses nearby, lots of old radio masts, but no people.

Next day the destination was Paldiski, as I was interested to see the old Soviet nuclear submarine base. However little remains as US and European money has been poured into this place to clear up the terrible pollution. A modern port has been built, and all that remains are the rows of Soviet-style accommodation blocks in a town that once had a population of 20,000, and was closed to any outsiders.

In the afternoon we sailed round into Tallin, capital of Estonia. Like all the Baltic State ports the entrance is easy and well-marked. Berthing was in the marina that had been built for the Olympic Games, and so facilities were good.

OCC boats were together and soon a large sundowner party gathered on the pontoon. It was a ten minute bus ride into the beautiful old town, bedecked with flowers and packed with tourists. It is said that the Estonians are such admirers of Finland that they now refer to Tallin as Tallinski!

### **Gulf of Finland to Helsinki**

Superb sailing conditions prevailed for the 45 mile passage across the Gulf of Finland to Helsinki, and an early departure gave wonderful views of Tallin with the sun from the east shining on the gold of the Orthodox church domes. As we cleared the bay a fresh easterly wind with a moderate sea sped us on our way. The harbour master had given us a chartlet of the new shipping channels, and we were never near any of the many fast ferries. A Russian ship from St.Petersburg kindly altered course to give way to us half way across.

The approach into Helsinki is quite simple, with a mandatory stop at the Helsinki Frontier Guard Station based in the offshore fortress of Suomenlinna. This is hidden through a very narrow gap in the rocks, but a helpful arrow on the outside rocks just gives you time and room to round up, see if the entrance is clear, and motor in to the pontoon. Formalities were quite serious and an inspection was made. However this was the last time we had to complete a form, or show passports anywhere.

Arrangements had been made for us to berth at the prestigious NJK Yacht Club with its beautiful Victorian club house. The house originally belonged to a Finnish tea and coffee importer, and is built on the island of Blekholmen, in the main harbour area. The yacht club ferry runs frequently and is included in the moderate berthing fees, as is the club sauna.

At this point Tim unexpectedly had to go home, but a call to Jersey brought Pat back on the next plane, and a promise to stay for the rest of the cruise.

My wife Moira had flown out from Ireland, and although not a sailor, she bravely promised to enjoy the 250 mile passage to Stockholm. Helsinki is a beautiful city, and apart from sight-seeing, we enjoyed provisioning from the excellent outdoor and indoor markets beside the main harbour. Large liners swept in and out all day and we were amused to see them charging along the narrowest of channels, between rocks that we had navigated nervously with our eyes always on the depth gauge and chart plotter.

It was time now to interpret the Swedish charts. These seemed puzzling at first until someone pointed out that the long

lines indicated routes with a minimum stated depth for the entire length. Not all the rally boats quite grasped this point on the first day, and there were reports of a number of near misadventures. Luckily we had a beautiful day's sail and found a natural harbour on our route, with a small deck/pontoon belonging to the NJK club, where we moored alongside OCC Commodore Martin Thomas's beautiful yacht *Charm of Rhu*, and after a swim, we jointly celebrated with Ukrainian champagne, the fact that we had not yet hit any Finnish rocks. A large elk came to the water's edge to drink. Finnish sailors told us later that there are several of these decks built onto rocks in the more attractive natural harbours. They are provided by yacht clubs for their cruising members, but that foreign yachts are always welcome.

With no tides to worry about and sheltered water, we made an early departure, bound for Hanko. This is Finland's answer to Cowes, and as the big annual regatta was on, no less crowded. After an abortive effort to find our own anchorage we went into the marina where we had to pay an inflated fee for fewer services. Loud partying went on all night and we were glad to get away early next morning.

### Island of Uta

Searching for somewhere quiet we were delighted to find the little island of Uta. A local yacht told us to drop our anchor astern, and soon they had us tied nose-on to the wooden pier. Until recently this was an army station, but is now mostly a small holiday-home community, with a huge square lighthouse. The local schoolteacher showed us around the lighthouse which, most interestingly, has a surprisingly large church within it, which is now used at Easter and Christmas and for local weddings and baptisms.

By now we had learnt that sailing in these waters requires constant attention to pilotage. We followed two rules: firstly to carefully draw a diagram of our entry into each place, so as to use it in reverse next day. Secondly to plan our next day's route in detail before sundowners were poured, including a list of the charts and relevant page numbers in the pilot book. Pat has a talent for this work and I have to admit that she was always right when it came to arguments about which side we should go of which buoy!

Our next island was Kokar where we turned in to the most northerly harbour near Hellso, entered by a very narrow channel. Moira was delighted with a most comfortable berth alongside with shop, small restaurant, sauna and showers all within 100 metres. This is a very quiet farming community where we were able to enjoy long walks and so stayed three nights ... a sort of little holiday away from passage making!

### Snakes alive!

Seeing our Irish flag, a local lady befriended us, and next morning brought us warm homemade bread for breakfast. Her daughter had been an au pair to Chris de Burgh's family and is now married and living in Dublin. On the second afternoon there was some excitement when a large snake crossed the road in front of the bicycle I had hired. After a quick swerve, I stayed peddling, but a little faster! That evening we had another brush with nature when a seagull swooped down and stole two lamb chops off our barbeque.

We were sorry to leave this otherwise peaceful place, but with a force 6 wind and a flat sea, a wonderful sail brought us to the Stockholm archipelago of 24,000 islands, and a quiet night at anchor.

Next day, whilst sailing and motoring we got surprising enjoyment with our first view of hills, since Dartmouth, and the pleasure of admiring the houses and yachts that got bigger and bigger as we got nearer to the city centre. We were able to pass

close to the island of Vaxholm with its impressive castle. Approaching Stockholm city centre a Viking longship ahead surprised everyone, but this was found to be friendly and carrying tourists.

The Navishammen Marina was very busy but found a berth alongside for us. Facilities are very poor, but new investment has been promised to bring the marina up to normal European standards. Frequent ferries and buses are nearby going to and from the city centre at all hours. Visiting the enormous Royal Palace was most interesting, although the ceremonial guards seemed more like something from Toytown. The really excellent shopping gave us a good chance to provision for the journey through the canals. Moira had enjoyed her two weeks and was going home from Stockholm, but we were privileged to be joined by Mary Barton, Admiral of the OCC, and soon her special flag was hoisted to the cross trees.

The Gota canal starts at Mem, a day's sail south of Stockholm. The friendly all-blond staff welcomed us, collected the substantial fee, sold us the essential canal guide, and within an hour we were through the sea lock. I had rigged up a block at the bow to bring the forward line back to the cockpit. This enabled one crew member to go ashore and walk both lines, whilst those on board tended the fore and aft lines and the engine. The locks are small with room for just four boats. As there is quite a lot of turbulence, everything has to be right.

The staffs are all young blond Swedish ladies, who were always most helpful and most agreeable company. They also control the smaller bridges by remote control and video link, even though these could be several miles away. Progress through the canals is entirely dependent on the lock keepers, and they advise on how far you can expect to get each day. Where there are long flights of locks the delays can be considerable, but electronic signs advise the next opening time, and everyone is careful to take their turn and not push on through. The exceptions are the special commercial cruise boats who have priority. These lovely old boats have been designed to exactly fill each lock.

### No problems with locks

Three days later a new crew member arrived, Rosie O'Neil from Loughrea. With *Asgard*, and *Lord Nelson* experience behind her, as well as having crewed on board our ex-Commodore Dave Fitzgerald's *White Heather*, she was especially welcome. With four of us now on board, and a routine set up, the locks presented no problems. We learnt from the lock keepers that the water quality is monitored and always of a high quality. Swimming two or three times a day in the delightfully warm canal became a real pleasure. The wonderful summer weather continued, lakes were crossed, and many new friends were made. We measured the mast, and by a whisker scraped under 18m bridges wondering if we should have taken down the burgee stick.

Mary regaled us each day with accounts of her historic honeymoon voyage around the world with "Humph" in *Rose Rambler* so many years ago, and made sure all our knots were correct, as well as managing the stern line in the locks and keeping a very sharp and friendly eye on all our procedures.

Meanwhile, throughout the canal, we enjoyed seeing at close quarters the large number of restored Baltic sailing ships that are so popular in Scandinavia.

Entering Lake Vanern we took the shorter route south by Mariestad, and in the evening were thrilled to discover the romantic castle of Lacko, and a comfortable overnight berth beneath the battlements. A concert of Rossini music was being held in the courtyard, but it was possible to explore the outside, and after climbing a wall, look down into the beautiful gardens.

Next morning, in extremely poor visibility, Pat brought us



Admiral Mary Barton at the helm whilst Pat works on the pilotage

safely through the tricky passage into the broader reaches of Lake Vanern, passing a Swedish Naval base, and by lunchtime we were preparing to enter the Trollhatta Canal at Vanersborg. The locks are larger and with less turbulence, especially as we were now going downhill and had the river behind us. Lifting bridges were huge, some carrying railway lines.

After another day we caught up with our friends in *Miss Demena* and discovering a particularly beautiful pool where the canal meets the river overflow, we all spent a wonderful evening swimming, sundowning and dining.

A day later we reached the attractive city of Goteborg together, and squeezed into the overflowing marina next to a superb shopping centre. Chateau Cardboard and spirits were dispensed most of the afternoon on board *Miss Demena* followed by a rather wild night out in which, again, rather too much wine may have been consumed, accompanied by rather small portions of reindeer.



In Kokar the local ladies danced and sang for the official opening of the new yacht pontoon

Mary had to fly home the next day, and Pat, Rosie and I settled down into a comfortable overnight passage across the Skagerrak to Kristiansand in Norway. Rosie was anxious to see the green flash, but despite a perfect sunset it did not happen.

The visitors' pontoon in Kristiansand is somewhat exposed, but the town is a good stop as most facilities are available and there are streets and streets of shops. The area around the marinas has been developed as recreational parkland with artificial beaches and is most pleasant.

The next day was to be Rosie's last, so at her request we went gunkholing, dropping the hook in wonderful hidden places to swim and sunbathe. After the constant passage making, it was wonderful to relax.

Pat and I were left to bring *Papageno* round to Mandal and Farsund, each an easy day's sail with fair winds and simple pilotage. Both small towns are exceptionally beautiful and well-gearred for yachts, with alongside berths. In Mandal we got our ticket from a parking meter. In Farsund everything was free including electricity, water and showers. However, by Irish standards everything else in Norway is very expensive.

Two days later Andreas and Marius arrived to join the crew. These Norwegian brothers, with sailing experience, had been contacted through friends at home, and wanted to make their first North Sea crossing. Making an evening departure from the fjords we were soon romping along towards Scotland, with a course that would avoid the gas rigs. The wind held for 24 hours and came back for the third day. In between we motored. As we were heading for the Caledonian Canal it was necessary to make Inverness at high water. This did not work out, and we tucked into Lossiemouth where weather kept us for three nights. The harbour master could not have been kinder and more helpful, but frankly the town we found seriously dull. Most excitement each day seemed to be centred on the town bowling green.

Friday morning 11th August found us hard on the wind in rough water bound for Inverness, but conditions improved and by mid-day we had the light wind gennicker flying as we passed under the bridge and turned to the Caledonian sea lock.

With formalities and bunkering completed, we soon passed through more locks in which to our surprise, we were the only yacht. A peaceful night close to Urquart Castle was followed by a day of spectacular scenery. Loch Ness was all the better for a rolling mist and occasional very light rain.

At Fort Augustus, it was sad to see the beautiful Benedictine

monastery being converted into apartments, but at least the old cricket pavilion had been left alone, as has the tower, so useful for navigation!

The Norwegians' time was up, but with freely given assistance from the professional lock keepers, Pat and I easily managed the remaining locks, including next morning the descent of Neptune's Staircase in only two and a half hours. Exiting the sea lock we found exceptionally useful tides, and for five hours our speed varied between 6.8 and 8.8 knots, and even more through the narrows. However all advantage was lost when we met a foul tide in the Sound of Luing, our only practical approach to Craobh Haven Marina. Jim Berry, the helpful manager was just going home, but stayed a while to give his usual friendly welcome.

Two days later, with local advice and assurances, we passed through a flat calm Corryvreckan Sound and headed out to Colonsay where old friends Kevin and Christa Byrne waited to welcome us. The long ladder and seemingly exposed berth at the ferry terminal always look problematic, but in all the times I have been here, I have always had quiet nights.

By now home was beckoning and we made good progress west, stopping at Port Ellen and then over to Lough Swilly and a visitor's mooring at Port Salon. Tory Island was most friendly, but we were too late in the season to hear the corn-crakes. However, I did learn that there are now 102 calling corn-crakes in Co. Donegal. A fisherman advised not to take on water from the pier taps, and kindly drove me, with containers, to the well in a field just behind the main street.

Next day we made Portnoo and picked up a mooring in the very well-sheltered Church Pool. Moira drove up, and friends generously put us up in their holiday cottage.

The winds continued to have a northerly factor and Donegal Bay was crossed in 13 hours, followed by an unwise entrance into Frenchport in the dark. The GPS and chart did not entirely agree, and Parsons Rock moved out to hit us! However, no damage was done, and we soon had the anchor holding well, for a good night's sleep.

In Inishturk John and Delia Concannon warmly welcomed me, whilst Pat walked the wonderfully wild Bog Road. We shared the drying harbour with Dave Fitzgerald's first yacht *Pegeen* now sailed by Sean Staunton from Westport.

In Inishbofin we dined in comfort at the new hotel, and then with a good north wind rounded Slyne Head and sped towards MacDara's Island, before turning up into Roundstone, and an



*Papageno* and *Miss Demena* crews. L-r: David, Pat, Mary, Peter, Flor, Caroline, Brenda, Rosie and Sandy on one of the gold Gota Canal lock gates

alongside berth. Nick Tinne came down to lunch next day and we discussed hooker racing and his wonderfully unchanged and engineless 'bád mór': the *Ave Maria*.

Two days later, Sunday 27th August, with perfect sailing conditions, *Papageno's* bow was pointed into Galway Bay and home to Ballyvaughan. With a building wind on the quarter, we surfed home under full sail, mostly at 7 knots or more. This was the best day of sailing of the entire three month cruise, a most satisfactory way to end. As we rounded up in a force 7 wind, Moira was waiting at the pier and took our lines.

It had been a splendid summer cruise: Long lazy sunny days, good sailing winds, compatible crew, and twelve countries visited. A great asset was our Irish flag. This was always seen as a curiosity and attracted visitors everywhere we went. The Baltic really is a long way from the west of Ireland, but is so different, varied and interesting that it really is worth the effort.



Moira enjoys the ferry service at NVK Club, Helsinki. Yacht *Tara* immediately behind

# Island Pottering in Croatia in two stages

Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

## The First Stage

Robert Fowler (ICC) and Deirdre Leonard joined *Beowulf* and me in Zadar at 18.00 via the slow bus coastal route from Split. They had spent the morning sightseeing.

We took the rowboat ferry from the port breakwater to the old town and were just in time (20.00) to sign in the new crew on the all-important Crew List at the Harbour Police Office

It was then a short walk to visit the Sea Organ situated near the new cruiser port on the west side. Music is made by the energy of the waves pumping water through a series of 35 pipes of different lengths placed at the lowest sea-tide level. It is a lovely place to sit and relax. Continuing along the promontory and outside the city walls one comes to the Fosa a narrow channel which once led into the moat and is now a small harbour crowded with small boats. The Fosa restaurant is worth a visit.

Beside this is the Land Gate which leads one back into the old town. It is a triumphal arch and has a very large winged lion of St. Mark, a symbol of Venetian power.

We left in a lovely south-southeast force 4 and had spanking sail up to the north of Otok Ugljan before motoring to Muline on the northeast end, where we anchored, for lunch, off a pier with a small harbour and village behind it. Our night stop was Lucina, the north side of Brbinj on the northeast facing coast of Dugi Otok which is sheltered except from the east. It is generally deep and there are about 35 laid moorings. It is an attractive wooded bay with a car ferry pier. An official comes out in his boat and charged 8kn per metre plus 2kn per person. It is was a very pleasant place to spend an evening but we were too lazy to pump up the dinghy to explore ashore.

We headed to Veli Rat which is located on the southwest side of a narrow channel leading from Zaliv Pantera to Uvala at the northern end of Dugi Otok. There we found a new pontoon for 70 boats, which hugged the coast and it is apparently the start of a new marina. There is an old village – church, post office and shop, and in Cuna cove there are shore-side restaurants one of which VL. Dragan Galosic Tel: 385 (0)23378042 provided us with an excellent fish platter for two, and a good steak. Booking is suggested in high season. It is a short dinghy ride from the pontoon or a 5km walk. There was high drama as a newly acquired passenger excursion boat pulled her moorings as she was being tied up, and nearly clattered onto the quay wall. The marina attendant was very pleasant and is also a diver.

## Sudden change of current

As we were getting ready to leave, the current suddenly pushed the boat to starboard at such a fierce rate that we were pinned against the next boat making it impossible to let go our lines. Our marina friend said it would change in about 15 minutes.

One has to be extremely mindful of the wind direction and anticipated change when choosing an overnight stop. When we were advised that a bora was approaching we had to find a harbour sheltered from the northwest to northeast. The island of

Ist seemed to offer the best protection and we headed for it at maximum speed to make sure that we secured a place in Uvala Siroka at the head of the northwest inlet on the southeast side of the island. We found a snug spot on the north quay wall. It was obvious that care was needed, when we were asked the depth of our rudder. We had power and water, but there were only two showers and no loos! There had been a wooden platform situated on the external side of the breakwater, only the rusted framework remains. By evening every available space was taken and some yachts were anchored. This is a delightful place and highly recommended for a stopover. There were no cars, just winding streets with small tractors and trailers, shops, many restaurants and a bakery. We tried Maestro Tel: 00-385-23372419. There we met Filim Stonesane the son of the owner. He had travelled to Ireland and Dingle to learn how to make the uilleann pipes and honoured us with a couple of tunes on his aluminium whistle. He has become a baker in the family bakery to earn money to continue his wind instrument making.

The wind reached 35 knots north-northwest on Wednesday 24th and rained for a few hours. That evening, we walked across the isthmus and found Uvala Kosiraca, a large bay with a small marina, a very new car ferry ramp and a new road to nowhere.

## Heading for Pula

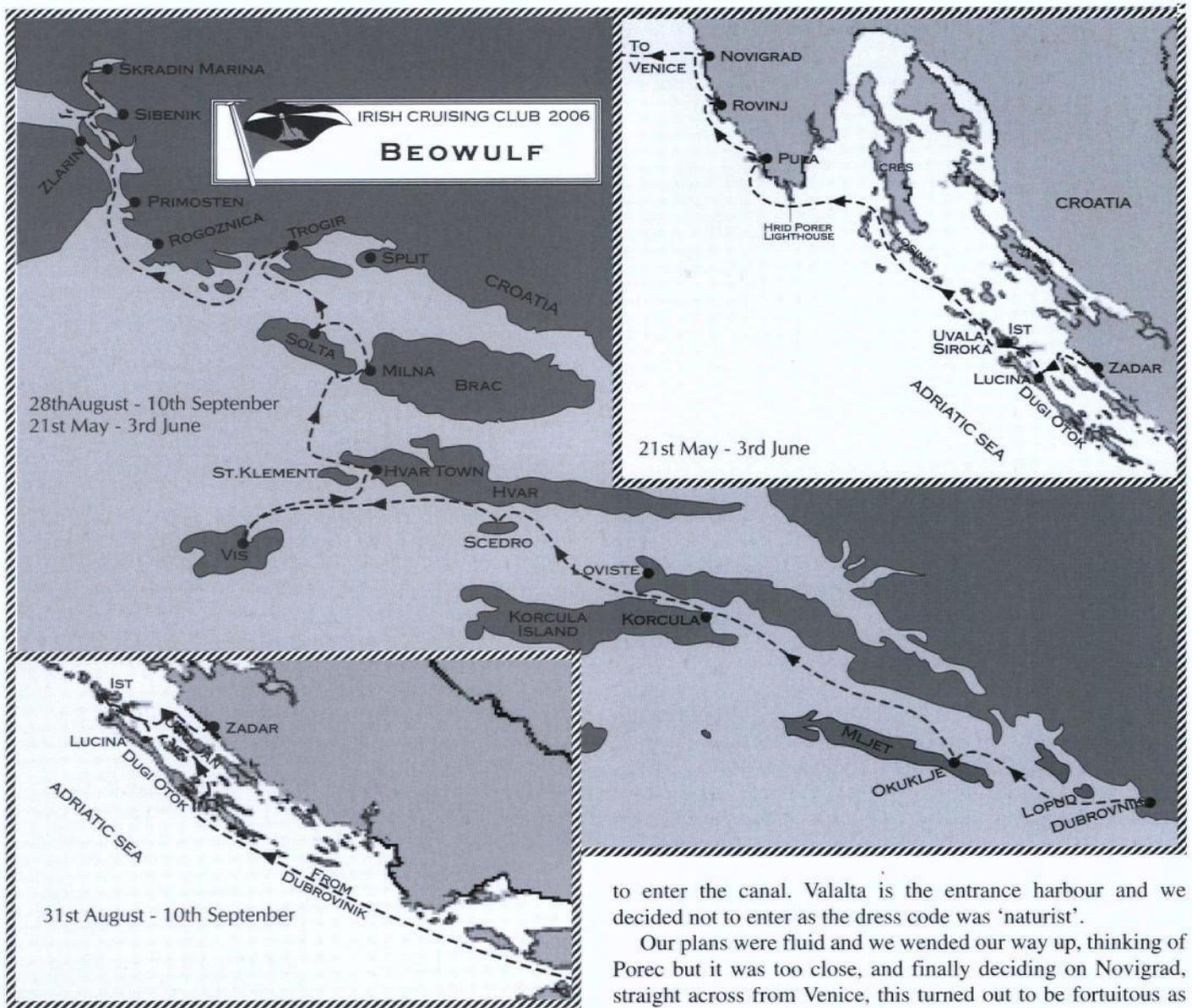
Thursday 25th was a crisp morning with the wind still from the north thus we motored the 68 km up to Pula leaving Losinj to starboard. It was an uneventful passage. Rounding Hrid Porer lighthouse off the southern tip of the Istrian peninsula was quite impressive.

The breakwater at the south entrance to Pula is partly submerged and initially the starboard light at the end looks as if it is on land. The passage in is well marked and we took the port side route between the islands of Katarina and Andrija. As one approaches the marina by the town the amphitheatre is a breathtaking sight. There is a good club house, bar and restaurant. We walked around the amphitheatre in the evening twilight and were very impressed. We spent the next morning exploring the inside. This is a good place to re-fuel.

It was an easy trip up to Rovinj without any problems between Jerdin and Kotez islands. We tied up at the large ACI marina at the south end of the south harbour. There was plenty of room in the mid-afternoon but it filled up by the evening. They were hosting the European Match racing competition. There are good shops, restaurants, a chandler and a super-market along the promenade.

Rovinj is a delightful historic port town built on a peninsular with elegant piazzas and many narrow streets to lead one steeply up to the church of Sv. Eufemija for a beautiful view. There are many Venetian style buildings as the town belonged to Venice from 1283 to 1797.

It is a long walk around the harbour area to the harbour



office, and following a hectic days sightseeing we had an enjoyable fun meal in the Pastrik restaurant by the roundabout at the end of the marina road. The waiter had truly the gift of the Blarney (which he knew all about) and moaned at having to serve Robert 'homeless prawns', (for the uninitiated – no shells).

On Saturday 27th Robert and Deirdre were leaving, but due to their ferry being cancelled, they were brought by minibus from the north side of town to Porec for their trip to Venice to fly home.

In reverse Bruce Lyster (ICC), Monica McWeeney and Elizabeth Seigne arrived from Venice via Porec at 20.00. It is twice as long a long walk with the luggage, and we eventually made 'my restaurant' where very good steaks and banter were enjoyed.

Monica and I hired bicycles the next day, and this took the sting out of the trip to town: a lazy day exploring and an excellent dinner with a fabulous sunset backdrop at Puntulina Rarus, Tel: 11665046, along the south coast from the harbour office.

Monday 29th was a beautiful morning as we headed up the coast and decided to look into the entrance of the Limski Canal, which is designated a protected area and yachts are not allowed

to enter the canal. Valalta is the entrance harbour and we decided not to enter as the dress code was 'naturist'.

Our plans were fluid and we wended our way up, thinking of Porec but it was too close, and finally deciding on Novigrad, straight across from Venice, this turned out to be fortuitous as we lost a day to another storm.

Mooring stern to on to the inner side of the outer breakwater was difficult as there was no one to hand the bowlines. The book says the marina was too shallow although we were told that there was a new one.

There was no electricity or water and the fee was 10kn per metre per night. The wind was at first southerly force 5/6 – then very quickly veered to the northwest force 3 and the downpour came with thunder and lightening. It was batten down the hatches. By 20.00 we ventured out for dinner and splashed our way to a pleasant restaurant 'Mandrac' opposite the inner marina. This is an old town with town walls, battlements etc. and reasonable shops but it was so wet we hardly saw any of this.

By Tuesday the wind was northeast force 5/6 with the odd gust up to 30 knots. Bruce, Elizabeth and I escaped for lunch while Monica wished to stay behind. Just as we finished an enjoyable meal I received a panic text from Monica that a yacht was fouling us. We raced back, and found a yacht had tried to leave and was squashing the much smaller yacht between us, and Monica was fending off her bow from ours. Bruce and I eventually sorted everything out.

Thursday 31st May dawned glorious and following clearing the boat out of Croatia, we headed into a milky/sandy coloured



*Beowulf* at Darko's Restaurant's quay in Uvala Striznja on Otok Kornat  
Photo: Peter Pearson

flat sea for the 42 miles to Venice, motoring all the way with no excitement except avoiding a fishing boat.

The lighthouse with its black and white bands to the west of the Pavia Vecchia river mouth is easy to locate as the surrounding land is very flat. We had to avoid an area of lobster



Bruce Lyster and Monica McWeeney the navigator near Rovinj Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

pots before entering. It is not advisable to attempt the entrance in strong onshore winds as it is relatively shallow. We noticed 2.9m going upriver and 2.1m on the way down.

The depth up-river is over 3 metres and it is a lovely winding trip with marinas on either side. We missed the port and starboard lights for the entrance to Porto Turistico di Jesolo as it looked like lock gates. Once inside, the fuel dock is on the port side where the fuel attendant telephoned the reception office. Our berth was the far side, stern to between piles and right beside the main walkway up to the marina office and the car park.

The reception office is pleasant with extremely friendly and helpful staff. There are good showers, a coffee shop and restaurant and a small swimming pool.

It is a short walk to the linear seaside town of Jesolo. We found some reasonable restaurants and good supermarkets. There is a bus service, which passes the marina entrance to Lido di Jesolo and a ferry service into Venice.

We had an enjoyable time either going into Venice or lazing around the pool.

Bruce, Monica and Elizabeth headed home on Saturday 3rd June, and Bernard and Erica Corbally (ICC) and Cormac and Barbara McHenry (ICC) arrived for our trip to Venice. I returned home on the 10th June following that marvellous trip.

### The Second Stage

On the 26th August I returned to Dubrovnik with Eleanor and Brian Cudmore (ICC) and Peter Pearson. *Beowulf* was waiting for us by the Yard Quay following her hull refit.

Sunday was spent exploring the Old town with its many attractions and walking the city walls gives a great view. We took the Restaurant Konalic ferry from the marina across the river and had an enjoyable dinner. There was spectacular lightning and luckily the ferry was able to take us straight back to the boat as 10 minutes later the wind rose and the rain came down in torrents.

On Monday we set off for Mljet with the wind west-northwest force 4/5 gusting force 6 into what turned out to be annoying crossing seas, making 5 knots to 1 knot. Okuklje, a delightful hidey-hole bay on the east side, awaited us. There are

a few possible mooring places but I eventually decided to yet again take up a laid mooring line, opposite Maran's quay/ restaurant. We experienced a truly warm swim and enjoyed a very good dinner. Korcula was next on the list and again we battled short confused seas but we were able to sail for a quite a while until we were fed up with being knocked off our course by the force 5 northwesterly. There was no room at the ACI Marina, we looked at the town quay in the west harbour, but it was a lee shore so we eventually elected to anchor in a very crowded Uvala Luka, half a mile east of Korcula town. A water taxi took us into the town to enjoy visiting museums and churches and ambling around this mini Dubrovnik. Peter was 'ripped off' by a vegetable seller at the open air market to such an extent that he demanded our money back,

and dumped our meagre 2.00kn shopping beside her! Eleanor rustled up excellent steaks, which were eaten in virtual darkness to the background music of screaming/singing from kids at a camp nearby.

On Wednesday 30th August we motored the 27 miles through short stopping seas with the wind all over the place, to Scedro an island just south of Hvar. Luka Lovisce is popular, and there were yachts using mooring buoys belonging to the restaurant on the southwest inlet and some were at anchor. Although Brian noticed a free buoy close in we decided to anchor, swim etc. During my siesta the wind began to rise from the northwest and when I appeared it was all action stations – we were dragging our anchor with a lee shore close behind us, one yacht did end up at the edge of the rocks.

It was then a mad dash to the last remaining mooring buoy. A short while later the owner of the restaurant arrived and took our anchor and that of another boat's, *Snow Goose*, and dropped them a few metres from the mooring buoys to give better holding.

We went ashore to look at the restaurant, and as we decided to dine, there was no charge for the mooring.

Eleanor renewed her/our acquaintance with cactus fruit, which were delicious until spikes got in our mouths! The very tasty lamb cutlets, cooked on the open fire, arrived along with delicious home made chip-lets and plenty of good wine flowed.

It was now Thursday 31st August, and Vis was next as it was a convenient place for Gail Varian to join us by ferry from Split. *Snow Goose's* owner came over with a weather fax stating that there would still be high winds and they were not leaving. It was only north-northeast 8 knots as we headed out into a lovely flat sea, what a relief! It was a pleasant trip of 24 miles but we only managed to sail 3 miles with the wind barely above 11 knots until near the end. We were whistled in stern to on the town's pier. This is an attractive linear town and cars are not allowed along the quay side in the evening. There is good swimming in the bay north of the church on Prirova Peninsula, which is also safe in a bora; the quay is not safe. The Harbour Office, with a very pleasant receptionist, an ecologist on a holiday job, is on the first street behind the quay near the open air market. There are good facilities next door. As we waited for Gail to arrive we had a great onboard dinner, followed by Peter's stewed peaches à la



Hvar Harbour

Photo: Gail Varian

schnapps and cream. There was a grand reunion as Gail arrived at 22.00 in great form, and she enjoyed a late supper.

Before we headed out on Friday we had to log Gail on the ship's papers at the Lucka Kapetanija Port Authority, situated at the back of a building near the Tourist Office opposite the ferry terminal.

It was a glorious morning with blue, blue sky – Gail brought the truly good weather, and as she was back on board, we enjoyed our first cappuccinos as we headed for the Pakleni Otoki which lie to the west and south of Hvar town. We anchored in Uvala. We visited Stari Stani, on SV Klement, for a swim and lunch, and then motored around Uvala Vinogeadisa – very crowded, before heading through Uvala Zdrilca to Hvar town at the west end of Otok Hvar. The anchorage was virtually empty, very unusual, and we spotted one space on the quay



Inner harbour, Ist

Photo: Robert Fowler



Deirdre Leonard and Ann Woulfe-Flanagan in Rovinj

Photo: Robert Fowler

wall, and with a little bit of pushing we wriggled in. It was great to be at the town quay as there was plenty going on, and Brian found that the skipper of the next boat was able to re-start Eleanor's computer. By early morning our neighbours had left and we had to tighten our bow line.

This is a lovely place to visit and Peter, Gail and myself were up early to climb the 100m above the town to the 16th century Spanjola Fortress. It was at one time the main fortification of the town and there are magnificent views from the top.

On the way down we took in the Archaeological Collection at the Hvar Heritage Museum, which is housed in the unique architectural framework of the former Dominican church of St. Mark, on the west side of the town, north of the harbour. The curator had a DVD of Enya playing, one of her favourites.

14 miles on we anchored in Uvala Livka on Solta, before heading to Brac – Milna for stores. We tied up on the quay wall opposite the shop The ACI Marina attendant arrived and told us in a very unpleasant way that we had "5 minutes, no, 4 minutes to stay, before presenting our papers". We shopped and cleared off up to Uvala Gornja Krusica on Solta to anchor for the night. This was a delightful little bay with a small community of mostly holiday homes.

Trogir was our next port and we sailed 7 of the 13 miles to tie up on the quay with palm trees, water and electricity, in front of the old town. Showers etc. are at the ACI Marina across the channel. There were a number of very large motorboats. This is a smashing place with plenty to see. The Cathedral of St. Lawrence is amazing and some of us climbed the 14th century bell tower to the top; not for the faint-hearted.

On Monday the 4th we set off from Trogir for the Krka Falls in the National Park at Skradin. It was a 42 mile trip up the coast into the Kanal Sv. Ante, along the Krka river and through the lake to anchor in Uvala Vrujle, such a deserted place, and the almost full moon was shining down for us. An early start of 08.00 had us tied up by 09.30 in the ACI marina at Skradin. There was quite a queue for the ferry trip to the National Park. There is a marvellous circular walk to the top of the falls where there is a working blacksmith and mill, a shop and restaurant. One can then swim at the base of the falls – very refreshing.

We left at 16.30 paying 180kn for our short stay, and enjoyed

a cooling breeze. We had spotted mussel farms near Sibenik on the way up and now bought two kilos for 30kn (€4.00). The 14 mile trip took us to Luca Tijascica, a lovely long bay on the southeastern side of Otok Tijat, which became quite crowded by late evening, with around 16 yachts and small boats. Eleanor produced delicious moules à la marinière, and Gail and myself, roast lamb.

On Wednesday the 6th we had a lazy morning, dinghy ashore, to sit, swim and walk over flat crevassed rocks, some like marble. Brian rowed the dinghy and some of us swam to the boat.

The heat in the cabin was 35°C and by the afternoon we dragged ourselves away to stock-up at Kaprije also on Tijat. We were allowed to stay 20 minutes at the ferry quay; the rest of the quay was

over-crowded with yachts and many were also at anchor. The shop was reasonably well stocked, some delicious fresh spinach and frozen stewing beef.

Uvala Potkucina east of Otok Kakan, was chosen for the night, a delightful place but quite crowded with flotilla yachts, some of whom we discovered later were racing to a destination every day. An elderly fisherman was sculling around the boats offering bowls of fresh figs for 10kn; as we were the last in line we got an extra bowl in exchange for a can of beer. He happily put-putted his way up the moon beam, and we had a fig feast with plenty left over for jam. The moonlight stillness was punctuated by songs from some of the rafted boats and a restaurant ashore.

The wind came up during the night, enough to have us out checking all was ok; by morning it was flat calm.

By Thursday 7th time was moving on, and we set our sights on the Kornati Archipelago which have been designated a National Park since 1980.

The stark beauty of the islands is amazing – sailing up the Kornat Canal was magical. The 35-mile long island of Otok Kornat is barren, due to a fire that got out of control and burnt for 46 days at the end of the 19th century. There are pockets of habitable areas, and amazing stone walls that run straight up to the top of the mountains from the water's edge, reminiscent of the Aran Islands. Uvala Striznja eventually looked the most attractive place to stop, and we were helped by the daughter of the house to tie up stern on to the quay wall, opposite Darko's Restaurant, mentioned in the Gourmet Cruising Cuisine guide. This was a most peaceful area, a few buildings, reasonable swimming and endless potential to walk off the excesses of good cuisine. Peter, Gail and I walked a quarter way up the mountain before hurrying back to order dinner which was the catch of the day – calamari, (oh so good) scampi, sea bass and turbot all washed down with good house wine. It was quite expensive 1,750kn, but worth it and I suppose one is paying for the remoteness. We met John and Penny Browett on *Andouin* (Mediterranean Gull) a Sweden 45. It was their fourth year in Croatia. In the morning we spotted some sheep reaching up a tree to eat fresh figs, so we decided to pick some, and also some almonds which are growing semi-wild, unfortunately the grapes and pomegranates were not.

It was another stunning day as we headed on up the coast, avoiding some unmarked rocks. We passed a Granuaile-type boat at a harbour below a barber pole light-house on the island of Sestrica, and then, with regret, passed through the narrows of Mala Proversa and on up to Vodenjak on IZ for a swim. Gail was stung by a very small opaque jelly fish. We observed a few large tourist boats probably from Zadar.

Stores were getting low yet again, as we enjoyed dinners on board in pleasant anchorages. Having neatly tied up in Veli IZ, we said we wanted to go shopping and then leave, but we were told we could not stay, as we would leave a space when we left which might not be right for another yacht! Brian and Eleanor therefore dropped us at the Ferry Quay and

hovered around. It was a reasonable supermarket and we staggered back only to find the ferry arriving, one person disembarked and around 10 people embarked very quickly. I spoke to an Australian couple who had heard that a storm of 40 knots had been forecast from the south but it had been downgraded. I must say clouds had been amassing all day in the south. Whether to stay or leave? Go we did, and went up to Brbinj on the northeast-facing coast of Dugi Otok which provided good shelter except from the east. In Bok cove to the west of Rt Koromasnjak we picked up a laid mooring with a line attached to the shore. The owner of *Verity* an Oyster 49 (OCC) rowed over and gave us a hand to sort out the lines. We were now snug for whatever came – northerly 13 knots some lightning, and a few claps of thunder. I had a text from our friends George and Lynn Ralston (ICC) on *Insouciance* that they had 40 knots in Polace at the northwest end of Mljet, around 100 miles south of us. There is a charge of 8kn per metre plus 2.50kn for each person, and one's rubbish is taken. We had noticed people taking plastic bottles out of bins to get a refund so we then left ours beside the bins.

Saturday 9th was another beautiful morning and Gail and I swam ashore and walked across the isthmus to see a lovely flat sea ahead of us and a stunning view of the mountains on the mainland. We motored around Brbinj and observed a lot of new building, including a tennis court perched on the mountain side.

This was our last day before Zadar and we set off with gusto to see as much as we could. There was a gentle east-northeast force 2/3 and we drifted 10 miles up through the Tunski canal where there was a fish farm off Zverinac, opposite Tun-Veli and on to Uvala Podgarbe on the west of Molat. This is a large bay and we anchored near *Moonshine*, a Victoria 34. The only trouble with the bay was the small jellyfish, so Brian stood jelly watch as we had a quick swim. Uvala Vrulje to the south seemed a pleasant looking village with a ferry.

It was now 16.00 and our main concern was for a safe anchorage from any northerly wind as clouds had begun to appear. We headed for Uvala Kablin on the southwest coast of Otok Sestrunj. This is a deep north lying bay and we tried to get past the works barge by the ferry pier but it became too shallow. It was a very dark place but very sheltered from all but the south. It was now 18.30, and Muline on the northeastern end of



The amphitheatre – approaching ACI marina, Pula

Photo: Robert Fowler

Otok Ugljan was settled upon, and best speed was made to cover the 3.5 miles. There was some space, and we were waved in to inside of the quay wall, to the outer berth as we were a “big boat” – draft wise. Very helpful quay manager, the reception was in the bar at the end of the quay.

With ships stores yet again low, Peter and Gail headed off to find the family run restaurant ‘Stivan’, which is a Pension as well. Tel. 00385-23288388. It was very crowded and they produced delicious meat and fish platters.

In the morning, there was time for Peter to go painting and Gail and I to have a swim before our departure time of 10.00. The bar/reception did not open until 9.45 and we were charged 12kn per metre and no crew charge. Apparently there was a bet by some of the crew that we would not leave by 10.00 – it was lost, as lines were slipped with 1.5 mins to spare. It was a bright still morning, wind south-southeast 0 and the 10 miles to Zadar were completed all too quickly. Being a Sunday we had to queue for the fuel berth on the east side of the port harbour. The Marina Zadar is situated in an inlet on the northeast side of the harbour. The ferries go bow to on the south quay. The old town is reached either by the row boat ferry from the port harbour breakwater, or a 25 minute walk by the footbridge.

We had a very enjoyable time ashore and after watching the sun go down while listening to the sea organ (previously mentioned on my last visit to Zadar) we had a very late but excellent dinner in Trattoria Canzona, Stomorica 8. Tel. 00385(23) 212081 where we tried our musical skills with the wine glasses.

On Monday Peter and myself set off to renew the ship's papers for the coming year, and to find the laundry near the Land Gate. The others did a marvellous ‘spring clean’. A great farewell lunch at Fosa was followed by some exercise – climbing to the top the Cathedral of St. Anastasia's 56m Campanile with the resultant stunning views.

On Tuesday 12th we sadly packed our bags, took a taxi to Split Airport and enjoyed stopping at the bridge over the Krka river, to observe from on high the route to Skradin.

All in all these were two fantastic trips with the weather being mostly kind to us. We travelled 315 miles from Dubrovnik to Zadar and 183 miles from Zadar to Jesolo.

# Atlantic Spain 2006

Noel Casey

This describes a 7 week cruise, encompassing the Basque Country Cruise in Company of June 2006, that continued on to visit the north and west coasts of Spain from Bilbao to Bayona, covering 1945 miles

Although we were booked, Seamus Fitzgerald, Vincent Espana and myself, into the Irish Cruising Club's Spanish rally, starting in Honadarribia, last minute hitches including the loss of another crew member due to illness delayed our departure from Dublin, necessitating a direct hop to Spain. The plan was to leave our home port of Dun Laoghaire on Sunday 18 June 2006, and go directly to the second stop of the rally at Zumaia.

As things turned out our projected Sunday departure became a Monday 06.00 departure. In light southerlies we

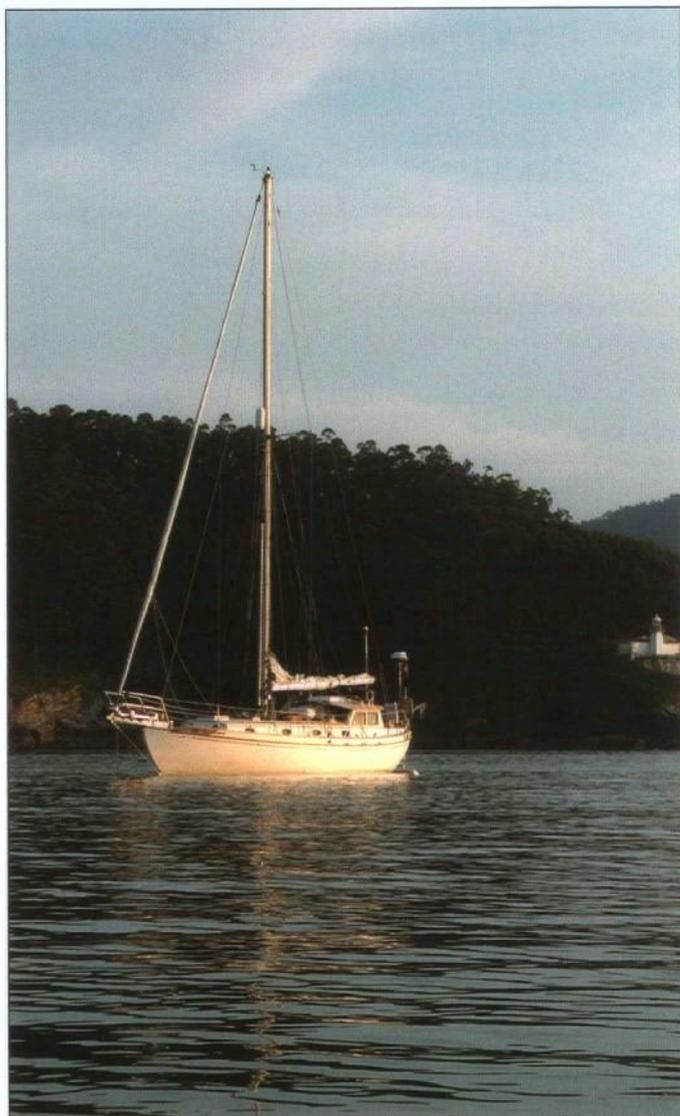
motorsailed south, until at 18.00 a gale warning was received and a diversion to Kilmore Quay was appropriate, arriving there at 22.45. Gales in June are supposedly one day per month, but on the next morning the southwesterly gale arrived and blew all day and then abated only to have warning of a further westerly gale to follow, which arrived on-cue resulting in a further day's loss.

In all we spent over two days tied up in Kilmore Quay and left there at 06.00 on Thursday 22 June, when there was a westerly force 5 blowing, and made good progress south passing close to the Bishop Rock, but there was no time to visit the Scillies, and a course for Zumaia was set. By now we were running late for the rally, having departed late and been delayed further in Kilmore Quay, so since it seemed that we would arrive late in Zumaia, it was decided to alter course direct to Bilbao.

Our passage south had been in moderate wind from a free direction, with some fog as we closed the Spanish coast. Passing west of Ushant was made interesting by the number of ships encountered. We arrived in Bilbao early on Tuesday 27 June, having come 686 miles from Dublin, and taking five days from Kilmore Quay, to be greeted in the harbour approaches by the local Optimists, who practised their conversational English on the "barco irlandés" and who confused us by pointing to the commercial marina rather than our intended club.

The rally was based in Bilbao at the Real Club Maritimo del Arba, and *Kish* was the first of the rally to arrive there. The facilities at this club, both in their marina and also in their clubhouse, are phenomenal, including an underground car park and a tunnel across the road from the shore facilities to the four storey clubhouse. Finally we were not late, as we had been up to this point, and we had two days before the final rally dinner to explore Bilbao. Visiting the Guggenheim museum is a memorable experience, as it is a building sheeted in titanium, with no right angles at all in its structure, this by design, not to be confused with some Dublin buildings which are never fully square by construction, despite right-angles being specified in the design! Bilbao is a very busy commercial port but its facilities for sailing are well integrated, and apart from shipping traffic on entering and leaving, the commercial nature of the locale is not noticeable. The final dinner of the Basque Cruise 2006 was notable for the scope of the menu, the variety and quantity of the wine, the after dinner brandy, and the impromptu musical session, which continued until after three in the morning, with a significant number of ICC members still in session around the yacht club's grand piano, and Brendan O'Callaghan displaying an extensive repertoire. Truly a delightful end to a wonderful rally.

Next day we departed Bilbao with the aspiration to go west, and at 22.45 anchored inside the approaches to Santander, as



*Kish* at anchor



Fossilised hull at Gijon

we figured that it would be too late to party, and we were in need of a quiet night after the dinner on the previous evening. The hook went down off a beach, in 5 metres on a perfectly still anchorage, with only one other boat present. At 04.00 the noise of the anchor chain rubbing in its fairlead, and of beach cleaning machinery 200m away, woke us up to find that we had rotated 180 degrees on the tide and there was no wind. Discussion ensued as to why we had not deployed a tripping line on the anchor, and if the anchor rode had fouled the chain of the other boat at anchor, which did not appear to have swung as much. However with great relief the anchor came up without difficulty, and a resolution was made never to set an anchor again without a tripping line, and religiously followed in the many subsequent anchorages. We departed Santander at first light and arrived in Gijon at 11.30 of a Sunday morning. Here Séamus left us to head south by bus to join another yacht at Cadiz, and Roland and Patrick joined us to bring the complement to four. The first maintenance operation of the trip occurred here with the need to fix a diesel leak at the secondary fuel filter. We met up with John and Angela Marrow along with Brian Layng (*Prince of Tides*) in a restaurant. In our travels we regularly found restaurants that offered a three course lunch with wine in the non tourist locations for less than €10, while the more mainstream restaurants at double that price were good value also.

After two days in Gijon we departed in thundery weather, and little wind despite occasional Wagnerian renditions of thunder, and sailed slowly west. In general the weather in northern Spain is not dissimilar to that of the west coast of Ireland, with fog and mist, except it is 10 degrees warmer. After an overnight sail, on arrival in Ribedia marina, we again met *Prince of Tides* who had got there quicker aided by the iron jib. After a pleasant stay in Ribedia, we next anchored in Ria de Barquero in 9 metres, off a beach outside a small harbour, delightful. Onward and westward to la Coruña, identified easily by the Tower of Hercules, where there is a choice of berths; either the marina nearest the city centre but close to commercial docks, or the marina Nauta Coruña nearer to the outer harbour breakwater, which is described in Reed's Almanac as having

berths for small boats only and being closed to visitors. However three of us were guided to a perfectly suitable berth, and a couple of days doing tourist things in La Coruña passed easily. On leaving, and on hoisting the mainsail, a stress crack some 20mm long was noticed on the gooseneck and a return to La Coruña was necessary, followed by efforts to find somebody who could do stainless steel welding. Crewmember Vincent has excellent Spanish, but despite this the marina office referred us to a chandlery, thinking that we needed a spare part, but this was not so as only repair of a substantial gooseneck was needed. The staff in the chandlery were most helpful and arranged for a pickup of the part, and soon a man on a scooter arrived, examined it, told us that it

would be ready at 17.00 and we should collect it at his premises. At the appointed hour, we found the perfectly appointed small workshop of a sole trader craftsman, who had done an excellent job and who had also strengthened the gooseneck in unbroken parts. His charge €5 was incredible, so a large tip was in order.



West Highland Terrier at Guggenheim Museum, Bilbao

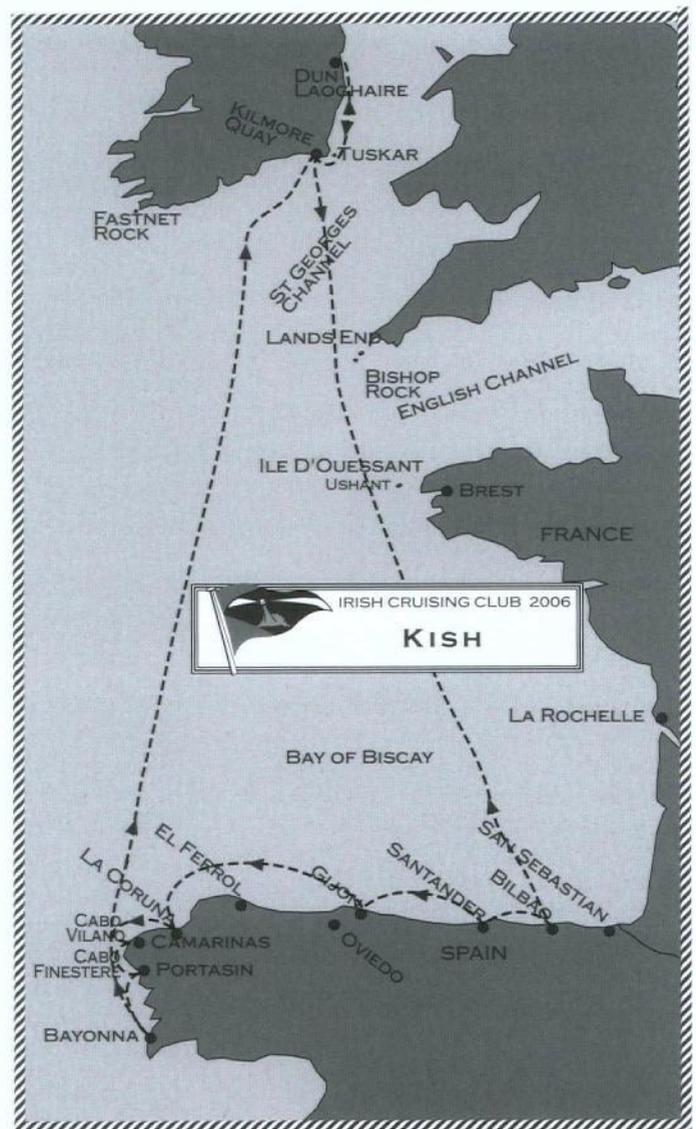
On 11 July we departed La Coruña in a moderate breeze for Cape Finisterre and points south. The breeze freshened continually as we approached, and on rounding Cabo Vilano, there was a northeasterly force 7 as we raced westwards with forecast for gales in Fitzroy. It was prudent to divert to Camarinas. The entrance here is straightforward, using two successive leading lines, but tricky in visibility of a couple of miles, and 30 knots up the transom on one of the leading lines, and at 16.40 on 11 July the hook was dropped. It remained down for three days in a very pretty anchorage, with gales and strong gales forecast for Fitzroy. Even though the anchorage is sheltered from the north, we were unable to get ashore for over 30 hours, due to being cautious about the outboard engine's reliability. The holding in Camarinas is good, but there is a reef in the anchorage which is covered at high water, and is not shown on the Imray chartlets, or on Reed's almanac chartlets nor on the CA pilot book. The expense of buying multiple large-scale Admiralty charts pales into insignificance, when you see a rocky spot that seemed ideal a few hours previously uncovered to show sharp teeth near where you had considered as an appropriate spot to drop the hook.

Camarinas was also a highlight in that during our enforced stay without shore contact, we ran out of wine and spirits. Considering that we could typically consume 2 litres of wine and a few gins or whiskys per day, this was a real hardship. However, spirits were restored and our next leg was to round Cape Finisterre and arrive in Portasin. Our arrival there was greeted by fire-fighting planes that scooped up water and headed inland to do battle with fires. Portasin is a very quiet marina and the atmosphere there seemed to me to be similar to the Connemara coastline. From there, a leisurely sail south saw us anchor on a Sunday afternoon at Ile Cies de Bayona, a delightful and popular anchorage, where for the first time we had crowds of yachts and day-boats from nearby; it seemed more akin to France than to the relatively uncrowded harbours and anchorages of Spain. Early next morning, after raising the anchor we sailed to Bayona marina, where we were greeted by a man in a rubber dinghy who indicated a berth. We later found that this service is designed to get business for the marina, rather than have visitors go to the marina attached to the Real Club de Bayona. A few days passed nicely there, and *Kish* was prepared for the direct sail back to Kinsale.

### Benefit of AIS receivers

This was a largely uneventful five day sail north, apart from having, on two successive nights to dodge groups of 'pair trawlers', who, like vampires, only seemed to appear at night and whose erratic course changes required vigilance. Shipping, on the other hand, while equally scary is more predictable, and the fact that all vessels over 300 tons, are now required to broadcast automatic identification messages (AIS) giving added confidence to a yacht that can receive the AIS broadcasts. AIS receivers are within the budget of yachtsmen now, and combined with expensive proprietary instrumentation, or more cheaply linked to a laptop computer, can show who is out there with far more precision than a radar screen.

The screen capture shows that, as we passed off Ushant, there were nine ships within eight miles of our position. Watching the ships' range and bearing on the AIS is satisfying, and can avoid the need to change course as a precautionary measure "to be sure" that we have not misinterpreted the radar.



Some fifty miles southwest of Kinsale at 14.55, a security message came through from the Irish navy ship LE *Eithne* that they were to commence live gunnery exercises at 15.00 which would last for 30 minutes. At that stage we were 6 miles to the east of them, and a call on the radio on channel 16 seemed prudent. This was instantly acknowledged by a request to change to channel 12 and to stand-by. There was then no further radio contact from the ship until they announced a cessation of the gunnery some 25 minutes later. This was my second encounter with a warship, as in 1997 when east of the Butt of Lewis off Stornaway we, on *Bandersnatch of Howth* were hailed on VHF by a British navy warship, who advised us that we were in a submarine exercise area and that we should alter course to go west.

Having survived the encounter, we proceeded towards Kinsale until a favourable slant in the wind allowed a fast reach to the Tuskar. As often happens our arrival at Tuskar would have been at springs against a southgoing stream, so a visit to Kilmore Quay was a natural choice to be followed the following morning by the trip north to Dun Laoghaire. We rounded Carnsore in fog and sailed carefully north, passing east of the various sandbanks until the fog lifted just south of Arklow, and we arrived back in Dun Laoghaire, having been away for seven weeks and covering 1,945 miles.

# Alys in the Mediterranean

David Park

In the spring of 2004 we launched *Alys* in Lagos in the Algarve. This has to be one of our favourite marinas and town, but first I must relate a politically incorrect tale. Hilary and I were having a drink one evening at a marina bar when the proprietor, an eastern European, said "Where you from?" I said "Irlanda del Norte" He said "Last week an Irishman came up from that pontoon over there and said "Where could I get 5 litres of Domestos" I said "What you want 5 litres of Domestos for? The Irishman said "The people on my pontoon are very difficult and I believe Domestos kills 99.9% of all known germ..." In early May, our regular crew, Aidan Tyrell (ICC) joined us and we sailed into the Mediterranean stopping at Gibraltar for several days. That year we went to Estepona and then overnight to Almeria and Cartagena. We went out to the Balearics visiting Ibiza and circumnavigating Majorca. The northwest coast of the latter island is most spectacular. We returned to mainland Spain and left the boat in Alicante marina for the winter. But not without difficulty, as when each day we enquired at the marina reception for a berth the girl said "Not possible". We eventually thought this was her name. But one day "Not possible" was on leave and we got a berth without difficulty.

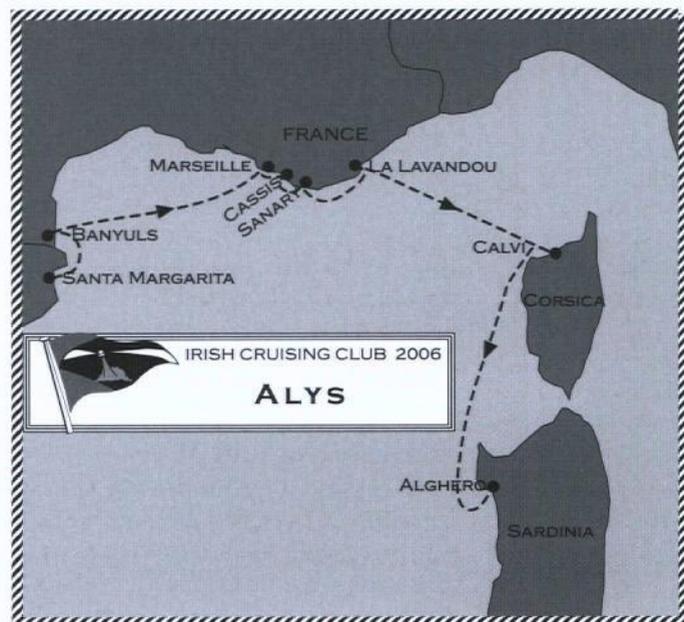
In 2005 we returned to Alicante and we had *Alys* lifted out for a scrub and antifoul. Tom Cooke (ICC) was there and was most helpful in arranging this. I fitted a new loo to the boat and this was my 70th birthday present from Hilary; we had much hilarity over this. Berthed alongside us in the marina was a late middle-aged Norwegian sailor married to a young Filipino girl. He announced one day to Hilary and me - "At my age man cannot do without womans"; sound advice!

Aidan arrived in mid May and we again sailed out to the Balearics visiting Ibiza and then overnight to Puerto Soller in Majorca. We had hoped to continue to Minorca but strong northeast winds set in and we were confined here for a week. Not the worst place to be stuck, as we took the old tram up to Soller itself, and then the steam train down to Palma for the day. We returned to mainland Spain and cruised the coast north of Barcelona (Cala Aiguablava was beautiful), before going to Port Olympic marina in Barcelona, to see this magnificent city where none of us had been before. We now had to find a berth for *Alys* for the winter so we cruised north of Barcelona again as far as the old town of Cadaques on the Spanish/French border. All marinas and yards on this coast seemed to be full up, and with time running short we were eventually lifted out at Santa Margarida, a marina and yard just south of Roses.

In late April 2006 Hilary and I flew Ryanair from Dublin to Girona and spent 2 days in this lovely old city followed by a taxi to Santa Margarida and *Alys*. Aidan Tyrell joined us and on 10th May we sailed around Cap de Creus to Banyuls in France. This was mainly to sample the wines, of which Tyrell is something of an expert. We then had a grand sail overnight across the Golf de Lyon, on a beam reach, to Marseille.(105 miles).We were in the old port marina which was surprisingly cheap, and we enjoyed doing the touristy things here; a very pleasant visit. We continued east along the coast to Cassis, a

marina in a holiday town. Interestingly sitting on the bow of a motorboat, quite close to us, was a large gannet. Apparently it had been there for two years and went fishing each day. From Cassis we motored to Sanary, only 13 miles but the wind was on the nose 18 to 30 knots. Sanary was a lovely small town, with narrow streets and fresh fish sold straight from the boats at the pier. We had a fast run from here, the wind again 20 to 30 knots. to Le Lavandou. Hilary's brother has a beach house not far from here and staying there were 2 friends of his, who collected us by car to watch Munster beat Biarritz on the 20th May. The wind had now gone strongly into the southeast so we were stuck here for a week. But Christian and Alexandra were very good to us, taking us by car to see a beautiful village Gassin which sits on a hill overlooking the Gulf of San Tropez. We barbecued with them and they came aboard for dinner.

Hilary's two brothers then arrived for a long weekend, so we had a minor family reunion. We set sail for Corsica on 25th May and had a gentle motor-sail until 03.00 the next day, when we ran into an unmarked fishing net. We were 40 miles offshore at this stage. Fortunately it was only caught around the rudder and after cutting the main rope I was able to push it down with the boathook and release us. Fifteen minutes later we ran into a similar unmarked net. But this time it wrapped itself tightly around the prop and the engine stopped. No amount of cutting and would release this. I sent out a "Pan Pan" on Channel 16 but there was no reply. If there had been any great amount of wind we would have been in serious trouble. At dawn we saw a fishing boat on the horizon starting to lift the net but it was 07.30 before she was up with us. They were French, a skipper and two young crewmen. "Yes" they would release us, but they demanded 500 euros up front. All we had in cash aboard was 360 euros, which was reluctantly accepted. One of the young

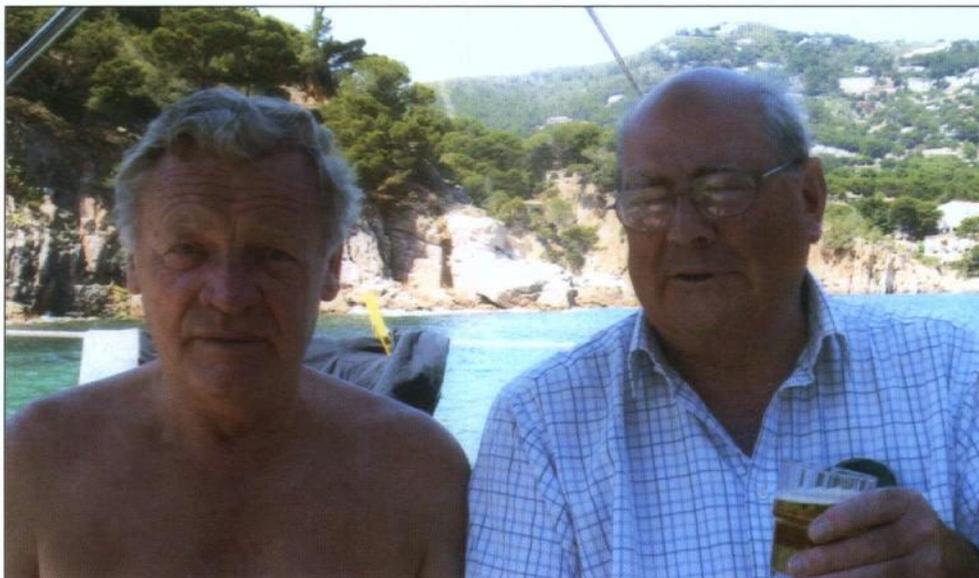




Stephen Garvin (ICC), Lesley Garvin and Hilary Park enjoying dinner on *Alys*

crewmembers then donned a wetsuit and snorkel and armed with a large serrated knife went down to our prop. After ¾ hour he was exhausted and the other crewman repeated the process. It took them 1½ hours of cutting and hacking to free us at 09.00. These were heavy nets and not monofilament nylon. The skipper confirmed there were nets everywhere that night. Are they legal? I doubt it as there is a great decline in the dolphin and tuna populations in the Mediterranean.

We motor-sailed on to Calvi in Corsica without further incident. Here the weather really turned against us. The glass fell 10mb. in one night and a northwesterly gale force 7-8 was followed by a southwesterly gale force 7-8. There was rain thunder and lightning and more snow on the mountains. But Calvi is a lovely town with its narrow streets and prominent citadel; in capturing the latter, Nelson lost his eye. After 5 days the wind dropped and went northwest so we set sail southward but after 10 miles it suddenly went south bang on the nose 20-25 knots. So we retraced our steps to Calvi viewing some spectacular waterspouts on the way. We did not get away from



David Park and Aidan Tyrell

Calvi until 3rd June and as Aidan was to fly home from Alghero in Sardinia on the 6th there was some urgency. We sailed and motor-sailed overnight and arrived at Ser-Mar marina in Alghero where I had booked a berth with the advice and help of Len Curtin (ICC) Aidan made his flight home—just.

On 9th June Stephen Garvin (ICC) and his wife Lesley joined us, and we decided to cruise north again and visit the Maddalena Islands in the Costa Smeralda. We anchored for the first night in Porto Conte, a lovely bay, 7 miles to the west of Alghero and then sailed north through the Fonelli Passage, with its interesting pilotage, to Castelesardo (47 miles). We started that day in a flat calm but ended up 8 miles from our destination fully reefed, a big sea, and 30 knots. of wind on the nose. It was still blowing hard the next day so we took a

taxi up to the castle which had spectacular views of the surrounding countryside. Walking back to the boat, we stopped and had a superb lunch. We sailed on a further 31 miles to Porto Langosardo, but this was a noisy place, with a nearby fishing fleet departing most of the night. From here it was only 10 miles to marina Maddalena on the island of that name. This was a buzzing, noisy, touristy town but not without a certain charm. From a fish shop, just across the road from the boat, Hilary and Lesley bought lobster and prawns, and we consumed these at anchor in a nice Calla on Isolo San Stefano, 9 miles from Maddalena. Here it was amusing to watch a large charter yacht, all of 45 feet, attempting various manoeuvres. First they ran aground astern of us, and then attempted to go alongside the small pier. One of the two men aboard fell on the pier, and then the wind caught the nose of the boat and he attempted to hold on, but to no avail. As the boat left the pier he just managed to jump into the dinghy astern. And then the anchoring started. As soon as the anchor touched the bottom, they went full astern. After much shouting from nearby French and Italian boats, and about 8 attempts, they managed to set the anchor and peace was restored to the Calla.

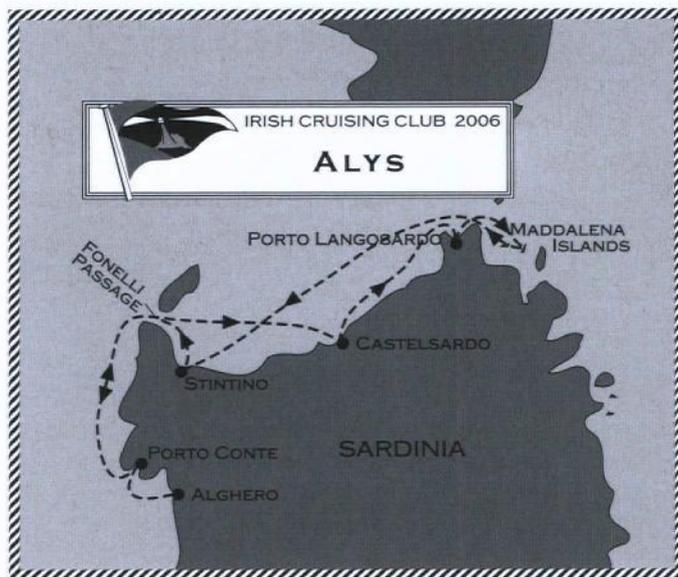
We had one more anchorage in the Maddalenas – Calla Lunga on Isla Razzoli. A rather beautiful place in an uninhabited island.

It was now time to get back to Alghero, and we were away from Calla Lunga at 08.00 on 17th June. Once again we started off with 10-12 knots. of wind but in no time it was 25-30 knots astern. A big sea slowly built up, and with a fully reefed main Stephen and I hand steered to Stintino, covering 55 miles in 9.5 hours. This was another pleasant town and marina, so we stayed several days. We then retraced our steps through the Fonelli Passage and had a grand beam reach south for several hours, but then the wind died, and once

again came on the nose, so we had to motor the last 20 miles to Porto Conte and anchor for the night. We returned to our berth in Alghero and the Garvins flew home on 22nd June and Hilary and I flew home a week later.

But *Alys* will be used in July and August by 3 children and 7 grandchildren – not all at the same time! Mediterranean sailing is not easy. The winds are fickle and unpredictable and, as is well known, either too much or none at all. We seemed to encounter more of the “too much” this season. Marina berths and anchorages are not under pressure in May, June and September but July and August are too crowded and hot and I think best avoided.

Hilary and I flew back to Alghero in September and stayed 5 weeks. Some friends and family joined us. We had 2 gales and 6 or 7 days of thundery weather, but the rest was lovely, and we sailed back and forth to the beautiful bay of Porto Conte to swim nearly every day. All in all, we sailed approx 750 miles; a very pleasant summer and we will keep *Alys* in Sardinia for another season.



Viljuchinsky volcano, Kamchatka

Photo: Diana Gleadhill

# Skua at Derrynane

Joe Phelan

The summer cruise this year, to Derrynane Harbour and back, was special for a number of reasons. It was our first cruise in our own boat, a Shipman 28, which we had been refinishing over the last few years. Also, it was 36 years since our first cruise, in John Russell's *Ismana*. This was a wonderful sail between the various anchorages of the Inner Hebrides from Mull to Gigha, berths care of the Highlands & Islands Commission, where I saw my first Great Skua. In between, we had done a lot of sailing with interesting skippers and crew, but it was nice, at last, to be on our own. Of course, the main reason for going to Derrynane was to play with the grandchildren who would be on holiday there with their parents.

And so, here we were up at 05.00 on Monday 3 July and departing the marina at Howth Yacht Club for Kilmore Quay. As we crossed the Bay we got an excellent forecast of north to northeast winds, force 3 to 5, which was good news as it was then a diesel breeze. When it did fill in we were running absolutely flat before it with full main and no jib, making good time. However, when about level with the Arklow Lanby, the inevitable happened and, surprise, surprise, we gybed. As we lay over on the port tack I realised that it was actually quite fresh. Dropping the main and unfurling most of the jib reduced speed by less than half a knot, again, surprise, surprise, and improved the quality of life. At 19.30, in heavy rain, we were taking the inside route close to Carnsore Point and leaving Black Rock to port. We tied up in Kilmore at 21.00, Trish produced a magnificent fish stew, I produced a nice red and, in no time, we were content for we had done 77 miles in 15 hours and 20 minutes.

After torrential overnight rain we left for Helvick Head at 11.00 with the sun breaking through, a force 2 from the northeast and the new Yanmar throbbing, which it did all the way to Helvick, where we picked up a yellow visitor's mooring buoy at 18.00. G&Ts in the evening sun, dinner in the cockpit and away next morning after the 06.05 RTE forecast. As we passed to the west of the Sovereigns we saw a small boat about a half mile away, inshore, with its two crew languidly waving their oily jackets. Naively, I thought perhaps they were looking for assistance though they were not facing in our direction. I throttled back and began to alter course when Trish pointed to the salmon net reappearing from under our keel. Thankfully, it missed the rudder as the floats took it back to the surface.

We arrived in Kinsale soon after, with lots of pics of Charles Fort but only two hours of sailing to our credit. Joe Nolan of HYC was on hand to wave us into a snug berth on the inside of the Yacht Club marina, having been advised by Gerry Sergeant of our impending arrival. This was quite a stroke of luck as, although we did not know it yet, there was to be a short sharp gale before we left, and the visitors' berths on the outside were

definitely uncomfortable, even without a wind, due to the strong stream.

Old friends Tony and Marita Nolan (no relation to Joe above) were also in Kinsale on their boat *Golden Harvest* and dining and wining took place, first on our Shipman and then some nights later, on their rather more comfortable Bowman. The forecast advised of gales for the coming Saturday, and small craft warnings for some more days after that. However, it was no hardship as there was a Squib championship scheduled for the weekend. Trish and I had owned a Squib for many years, and we could still recognise some of the Howth competitors. It was, therefore, no problem to join in the Squib fleet entertainment for the Friday and Saturday nights. Sunday night, in the KYC bar, we watched Zinadine Zidane head butt the Italian, and some French visitors left without another drink. I thought it was great fun.

08.00 on Wednesday morning saw us abeam the Old Head, motor-sailing to Crook. A short while earlier we had tacked over onto port, to avoid a net, the direction of which was pointed out to us by a more enthusiastic fisherman. Off the Seven Heads we came on some dolphins doing their thing. Light head winds continued to deny us a sail, and we picked up the last yellow mooring in Crook at 18.25. The crew of *Golden Harvest* called on us shortly after in their dinghy, and a splendid evening was had by all in O'Sullivan's. Of course, this being Wednesday night there was music too and it was definitely Thursday before we got back to *Skua*.

Mizen Head abeam at 11.08, doing 8.2 knots over the ground in a diesel breeze, dodging pot markers, cup of coffee in hand, tiller pilot doing its job (as always, when the engine is on), sun shining, and, as Bantry Bay opened up, beautiful scenery; life rarely gets better! We headed for Sheep's Head and then for Roanarraigmore Light at the east end of Bere Island, destination Laurence Cove Marina. That evening we were generously entertained to dinner by Mary and Maeve Killen, Peter Killen's sister-in-law and niece, in the Killen family holiday home.

The plan at this point was to visit our daughter in Galway on Sunday, for her birthday, and admire, again, our new granddaughter. Barry's garage in Bantry had the car but closed at 17.00 for the weekend. The bus for Cork left Castletown at 13.30, Fridays, so we must get to the west end for the 12.30 ferry. It all joined up, and Saturday morning saw us driving around the Ring of Kerry; except that this was the Ring of Kerry as we had never seen it before. Always, previously, it had been partially or totally shrouded in mist or rain or both. But on this July day in the glorious summer of 2.006 we saw the Ring as it was meant to be seen. Now I have been to many strange places with Peter Killen on his various boats, *Pure Magic*, *White Magic* and on the old *Black Pepper* but few can compare

with what we have in our own backyard.

### Spectacular anchorage

Tuesday 18 July and we were up early and gone, heading for Derrynane. Out through the wonderfully named Piper Sound, down to Dursey Head, past Black Ball Head, then Crow Head, inside the Calf, the Cow and the Bull, and then straight for the passage between Two Headed Island and Moylaun Island. Derrynane Harbour is described in the excellent ICC pilot as a spectacular anchorage, sheltered in all winds, except for the entrance which should not be attempted in a heavy swell from the west or southwest. It recommends attention to the leading beacons, and our first time passage through the narrow entrance between the large boulders was interesting. Trish decided that it was better to monitor progress at the chart plotter below.

Our 6-year-old grandson, Finnian, together with his father, paddled out in a canoe to greet us and invite us for swims with his younger sister Cait, and to a barbecue that evening with his Mom. This set the scene for the next ten days at this most wonderful of anchorages. One early morning I heard a strange snuffling sound and stood in the cockpit trying to trace the source; it was an otter fishing for its breakfast. On being successful with a small flatfish, it chose to eat it lying on its back about one and a half metres in front of the boat. I called Trish and we watched, enthralled, as he finished his meal before diving for more.

Of course, a visit to Daniel O'Connell's house was an absolute must. An interesting slide show with voice over is provided, and a tour of the house gave an insight into the lifestyle of this great man. It is interesting to note that it took at least five days for the coach to reach Caherdaniel from Dublin in the 1830s.

The "man in charge" of the visitors' moorings, four in number, provides an excellent service and includes collecting waste and wine bottles in the €6 charge.

### Moving ahead of the gale

We had planned to depart Derrynane on Friday 28th but added encouragement to leave came in the form of a warning for a strong southeasterly gale due on Saturday morning. Not that the anchorage would be a problem, but that in the aftermath of a strong wind it takes some time before comfortable cruising conditions return. We left at midday and crossed the Kenmare River heading for Dursey Sound, timing our passage to take the stream through. There was a big awkward sea outside, the remains of a southwest force 6 from the previous day, but little wind. Having read the pilot carefully I did not anticipate any problems traversing the Sound but I was wrong. Tethers shall be worn next time as the north end is definitely bouncy. We were soon back in Laurence Cove which was beginning to fill up, as word got out of the impending gale.



Derrynane Harbour

Our primary reason for being on the marina was to meet up with Peter and Beverly Killen, who were due to return to Bere Island with their yacht *Pure Magic*. It was from here on 3 August 2004 that the four of us had departed for Spain and points south; hard to believe that it was a mere two years ago. Peter arrived on Saturday morning from Belle Isle in a full southeast force 8 and whistled straight through Piper Sound which, of course, is wide open to the southeast before turning hard right and getting some shelter from the island. Typical! Much partying ensued and we were joined by Arthur and Marjorie Baker who were on a mooring in *Irish Mist I* and, of course, the irrepressible Henry Barnwell with his wife, the gentle Ivy and their yacht *Hylasia*. Peter's brother Michael, wife Mary and daughter Maeve contributed much to the proceedings.

On Tuesday our gas ran out. It was a large Kosangas bottle which I thought would last forever. The spare was at home in the shed. You should know that it is not possible to get refills in west Cork unless, that is, you meet someone you know. We were fortunate to meet with Arthur once more, who was shopping with Marjorie in Castletownberehaven. Thank you, Arthur.

It took until the 3rd for the weather to moderate to our liking, before we continued our journey east. It was another diesel past the Mizen, again in sunshine, but we soon had a good angle on the northwest wind, and had a smashing sail along the coast before deciding to turn into Baltimore harbour. We dropped the sails as we came under Lot's Wife and headed for the jetty at Sherkin Island. It was only half-past one, the sun was shining so a swim was the order, followed by a smashing meal in the "Jolly Roger" pub where all the bar and restaurant staff were French and female and beautiful. Weird! And they could pull a good pint of Guinness!

Next day was the Friday of the August Bank Holiday weekend, and we went to Crosshaven. As we passed the Old Head there was a continuous stream of yachts heading west. The stream never thinned until we stopped at the marina in Crosser. I have never seen the marinas in the Owenboy River so

empty. It must be true, so. Corkonians have to take to the sea in August lest they be seen and suspected of not owning a yacht.

Next day we headed for East Ferry, and on Sunday, in a downpour, for Ballycotton where we pick up a visitor's mooring. We departed early Monday for Kilmore Quay. Once past the Hook Lighthouse we slowed due to a strong east-going spring tide and a strong northeast wind lying over it. The waves were pure stoppers for our little Shipman but otherwise she handled beautifully. At 19.00



Tony and Marita Nolan on their Bowman *Golden Harvest* in Kinsale

ping the Fundale Rock buoy and the Splaugh Rock, and into the North Shear, up the Rusk Channel, turn off the diesel and enjoy a pleasant sail even though the tide was beginning to turn. Abeam Wicklow Head at 18.00 with the diesel back on, torrential rain off Bray Head, wind now in the northwest and into our berth at Howth at 21.40. Gerry Sergeant took our lines, and we went straight to the clubhouse for the sailing supper and a nice red, and were soon feeling quite content at the success of our first cruise.



Nice weather for July!

we tied up outside two other boats as the marina was full.

The 06.05 RTE forecast next morning was for southwest winds to go northerly and remain in that quarter for the remainder of the forecast period. Since we had to be home by the 10th and it was now the 8th, we left. In the early morning calm it was on with the trusty Yanmar, and soon we were rounding Carnsore close in, clip-



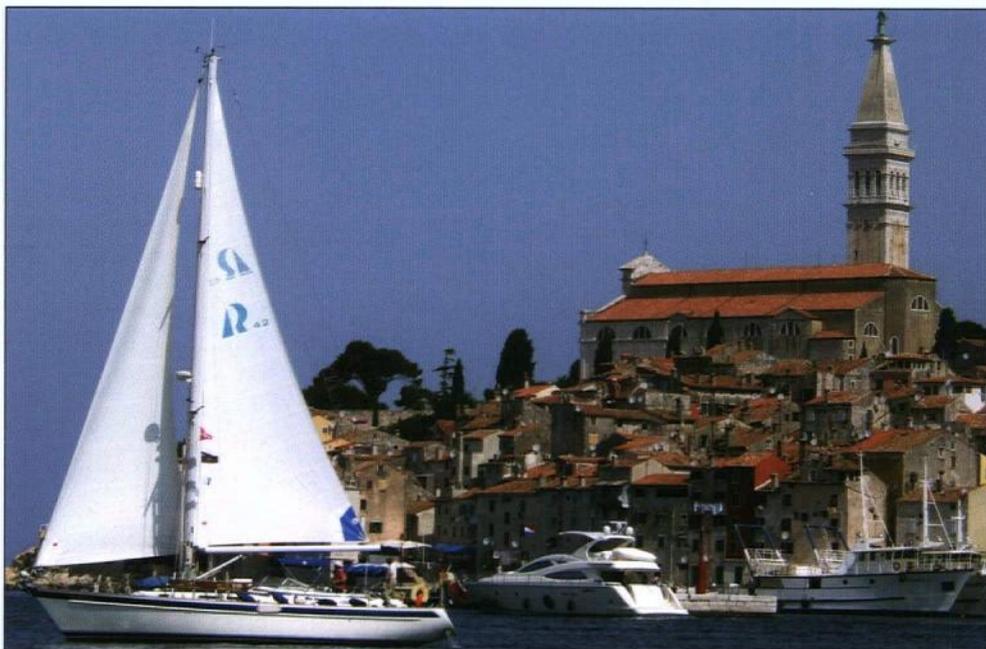
Trish, with St. Colman's Cathedral in the background

# Adriatic Cruise on *Beowulf*

Bernard Corbally

On Saturday 10th June, Peter and Liz Davies and Eamon Duffey joined Erica and I in the delightful marina Porto Turistico di Jesolo, which we had used as a rendezvous place for our sail into Venice with Barbara and Cormac Mc Henry (ICC) the previous week. Although the marina facilities were excellent, including a well-maintained swimming pool and a very pleasant restaurant, we found berthing between piles 4m apart with little turning space to be quite challenging. (Our beam is 3.95m)

Immediately after the Davies arrived by car, Peter drove me to a large supermarket, where he was surprised to hear a Tannoy announcement requesting the owner of his car to report to the office. The front passenger car window had been smashed and Liz's handbag stolen. After reporting the incident to an uninterested officer at the local police station, we were faced with the almost impossible task of find a Skoda agent to repair the window. Trieste seemed to be our best bet. So, Eamon and I started heading that way on Sunday morning, while Peter and



*Beowulf* sails past St. Euphasins Basilica, Porec Bay, Istria

Photo: Bernard Corbally



Hoping for a shareout! Bernard Corbally, Derek Taylor, David Kingston, Stuart Allen

Photo: Allan Cole

the girls drove slowly east. We headed for the huge inland seas of "Laguna di Grado" and Laguna di Marano, which were laced with marked channels and contained fleets of racing yachts and squadrons of small fishing boats. We selected Marina San Georgia di Nagaro, which is located about 3 miles up a river and seemed to be the most readily accessible by car. Having entered the Laguna di Grado via the well-buoyed Porto Buso access channel, we found the channel across the Laguna and up the river was clearly marked for commercial freighters. It was a delightful experience motoring up the river through mostly rural countryside except for a few high-tension cables of indeterminate height, which we safely passed under with considerable caution. We eventually found the marina entrance, which was hidden behind trees. When we found the piles too close together in the berth that we thought that we had reserved, a local suggested that we could tie up alongside the slipway. We were later moved to a proper berth with 4m spaced piles, where the others

eventually found us after an unplanned tour of the locality. There was a delightful rural atmosphere about the marina, despite its closeness to an industrial complex. The facilities in the clubhouse were excellent and included a fabulous swimming pool, which was really tempting. Erica cooked a delicious roast chicken for our dinner, which was accompanied by a selection of good wines, which the Davies had collected at their favourite vineyard in France.

### **Grado Island**

Resisting the temptation to remain another day in San Georgia, we departed after a leisurely cockpit breakfast. Peter was still sorting out a replacement side window for his car, which continued to leave Eamon and the skipper to man the yacht. Retracing our route down the river, across the inner waterways and out through the well-buoyed passages was pleasant and relaxing cruising. We even got in a bit of gentle sailing as we headed for Marina San Vito on Grado Island. Although the entrance channel is buoyed, it was difficult to sight the buoys until we were very close. The depth in the channel went down to under 3m in places despite a charted depth of over 5m and our GPS was about 15m inaccurate. A sharp turn to starboard round Grado Island brought us to the marina approach channel, where Erica and Liz were frantically signalling unintelligible instructions. We were allocated the last vacant mooring post berth, by the boatyard section, and were pleased to find ourselves in a delightfully picturesque and historic place. The skipper was fascinated by the new Minorquin boat moored next to us, which he thought might suit us very well when we eventually admit to growing old! There was a pleasant pool at the yacht club with an adjacent rocky beach for swimming. Grado Island is connected to the mainland by a long causeway, which meant that the girls could park in the extensive grounds of the yacht club. Having explored some prominent historic churches in town, we used the car on Tuesday to visit Aquileia village, where we were fascinated by the recently discovered 6th century mosaic floor in the local Basilica.

We noted 0.2m under our keel as we eased out of the marina at 10.15 on Wednesday and headed out the channel. Fortunately, we were still motoring very slowly when we were very surprised to be brought to a halt by a sandbank in the buoyed channel on the east side. We were greatly relieved to be able to back off easily to find the channel clear on the west side. Our passage to Trieste was uneventful, but one could not but enjoy motoring in flat calm on a fabulous sunny day, with only two other yachts and a couple of freighters sighted in the distance. We were delighted to be allocated a convenient finger pontoon berth on the wharf-side, right inside the Marina. We were even more delighted to be made very welcome in the luxurious yacht club. We had arrived in a majestic city packed with beautiful old buildings.

### **Cathedral of San Giusto**

The well-preserved Cathedral of San Giusto (9th century) and its neighbouring Castello ruins were impressive. Cool beers in a restaurant overlooking a 1st century Roman theatre was a memorable experience. A boat trip to Miramare Castello, a few kilometres up the coast, was well worthwhile. The Maximillans of Hapsburg built this magnificent castle in 1856 on a promontory overlooking the sea, with extensive gardens extending back into the hinterland. Erica surprised us all that evening with delicious roast lamb plus trimmings for dinner on board. On Thursday, we drove further up along the coast to visit the dramatic Duino Castel, which is built on the top of a promontory overlooking high cliffs. It is still the family home of the Princes Von Thurn und Taxis. We also enjoyed a

delightful wander through the beautifully laid out grounds, which were liberally enhanced by monuments and statues.

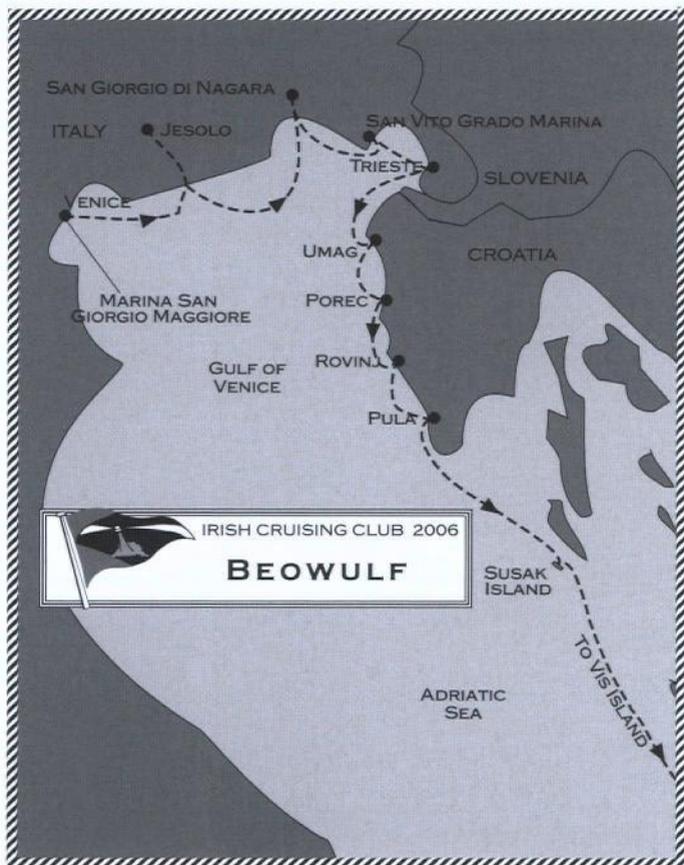
We could happily have spent several days in Trieste, where Peter had managed to get the car window replaced. We were still enjoying fabulous weather and practically no wind. So, we motored leisurely past Slovenia into Croatia waters to arrive at Umag Marina at 18.00. The marina attendants deliberately ignored us for ages and were both surly and unhelpful. Having checked in with the government officials at their dedicated pontoon, we were eventually allocated one of the many empty berths inside the outer mole. There was a huge influx of boats later on in the evening. The office staff and customs officials were all extremely friendly and helpful, which mitigated our initial impression of the place! Umag, which is about a mile from the marina, is an interesting medieval town with narrow winding streets, lovely squares and a town wall with towers that were reinforced in the 14th century. We decided to explore the Istria Region from here and visited the hilltop village of Groznan, which was a derelict village about 40 years ago when the government handed it over to a group of artists. It is now a charming village full of practising artists' shops and a couple of enticing café bars. From there, we drove down to Beram to view very old frescos depicting the life of Mary in a tiny old church, which an elderly lady opened up for us. Her husband was delighted to flog us a bottle of the local gut burning Grappa.

We motor-sailed down to Porec on Sunday and having passed inside Hrid Barbaran, we left Nicola I. to starboard as we headed towards the well-protected marina. It was a pleasant place in a nice location and we were made very welcome. It was here that Peter, while gallantly assisting a luxurious Gin Palace to moor, managed to fall into the water. Whereupon, a very attractive, athletic young lady nimbly leapt ashore and pulled him out single-handedly. A little while later, she brought him over a refreshing drink!

### **Spectacular approach to Rovinj**

We headed down to Rovinj on Monday and managed a little gentle sailing en route. We thoroughly enjoyed dodging through a series of tiny islands off Funtana and Vrsar as we hugged the coast to enjoy the scenery. The approach to the harbour area was quite spectacular with the church Sv. Eufemija, with its tall bell tower topped by a statue of the saint, really standing out on the top of the hill on the north side of the entrance and the wooded island of Katarina on our starboard side. We took the southside entrance to the marina and were promptly allocated a berth with a superb view, on the inside of the outer pontoon. We had arrived in an absolutely delightful old town with lots of Venetian style buildings, dating back to the period when the town belonged to Venice (1283 – 1797). The old walled town, leading up to the church on the hill, was on an island until joined to the mainland in 1763. The Kantonin Restaurant, on the waterfront, provided us with an excellent dinner.

The wind was from the southeast as we reluctantly left Rovinj on Thursday, leaving Katarina I. to starboard and headed out to sea. Our idea was to provide Peter and Eamon with some sailing before we got to Pula, where the skipper was due to change crew. We did achieve a couple of hours gentle sailing before resorting to engine in order to dodge round Gustinja I. There was ominous looking breaking water over Plic Porer, as we headed for the passage inside the Veli Brijun Islands, which are a national park with anchoring restrictions. Passing between Jerolim and Kotez, the beacon marking the outer end of the broken breakwater leading into the Luka Pula Basin, was immediately obvious. We then took the buoyed



passage inside Andrija I., which left us a straight run across to the line of buoys, and brought us safely round the north side of Uljanik. We were allocated a berth outside the south side outer pontoon of the ACI marina, which was very convenient for the marina office and services block. There was an excellent restaurant, with a fabulous view out over the basin, on the first floor of the circular block. Pula is famous for its Roman remains. We were particularly impressed by the well-preserved ruins of the Roman amphitheatre, construction of which was started during the reign of Emperor Claudius (AD 41-56).

On Saturday 24th June, the new crew arrived to bring *Beowulf* back to Dubrovnik.

The following narrative by David Kingston provides an account of this part of the cruise from the crew's point of view.

#### David Kingston's narrative

Picture an evening in late June in the port of Pula, Croatia. On the land side of harbour immigration is the skipper of *Beowulf*, Bernard Corbally, hoping that the ferry which has just arrived is (a) coming from Venice and (b) will disgorge his four man crew. And here they come, dusty and hot after a 31/2-hour journey across the top of the Adriatic.

Pula is the largest town in Istria, the northern coastal province of Croatia. The huge – intact – 1st century AD Roman amphitheatre dominates the rather uninteresting industrial town, full of featureless blocks of flats, typical of the former Communist states.

Immigration is perfunctory and the crew are soon on board unpacking – Stuart Allen and Alan Cole in the forward cabin, with David Kingston and Derek Taylor aft. What the crew lack in knowledge of sailing, they make up in knowledge of each other; they have been playing tennis together for over twenty years. And the skipper (a founding member of the tennis group) knows enough about sailing to compensate for the rustiness of the crew.

#### World Cup sorrow

Time for a late dinner in the circular marina building. This is enlivened by a group of Swedes drowning their sorrows after defeat by Germany in the World Cup earlier in the day. Soon they have taken over the waiting duties, their inebriation reflected in the flourishes with which food is 'served'. We find ourselves presented with more – and more – wine than we need. Is this a portent of things to come?

Up early the next morning to go hunting for bread and an ATM. Neither is easy to find, but eventually a local helps and they are located – Croatia's currency is the Kuna, which is about seven to one euro. OK if your division by seven is good.

After breakfast it is time for serious shopping – difficult with our ignorance of Serbo-Croat and their ignorance of English. Derek has volunteered to cook, and has great difficulty in identifying suitable meat; what he buys as a roast turns out to be smoked pork.

A quick tour of the Arena follows. It evokes memories of all those films where Christians are thrown to the lions and where gladiators fight to the death – but now you can see Jose Carreras and Andre Bocelli in concert.

Finally, at about noon, we set sail. To be truthful, we motor out of Pula, Bernard taking her out of the marina, and then handing over the wheel to David, to pass the shipyards and eventually go past the islands, turning south on the course which Bernard has been setting. We have just over a week to do the 300 miles from Pula to Dubrovnik and have decided (or rather, the skipper has decided, in the proper democratic fashion of running a boat) that we will spend the bulk of our time on the southern part of the coast. So we are beginning with a 24-hour (152 mile) overnight journey, which will put half the distance under *Beowulf's* keel.

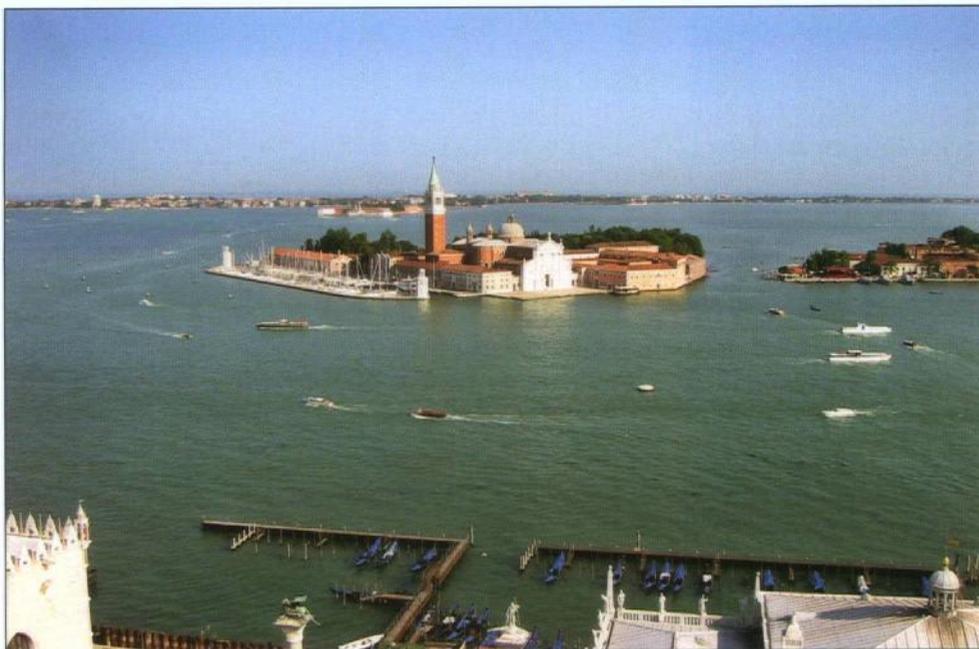
All the crew are keen swimmers, and our ever-thoughtful skipper fits in a stop in Susak, a small island about five hours south of Pula. We anchor in front of a little town, have a quick swim and are off again, sorry to be leaving what looks like a lovely island.

Derek cooks a magnificent three-course meal, setting a standard which no one else can emulate. (which means he gets stuck with the cooking!). The centrepiece is the roast of smoked pork – a new delicacy for all of us and which provides some great meat for our cold lunches, which, with the addition of cheese, fruit and Stuart's tomato salad, are a highlight of each day. (And ensure that the skipper's afternoon siestas have a firm foundation).

There is no wind, so it is motoring all the way south at a steady six-plus knots. The Dalmatian coast has a series of islands, inner and outer, and it is tempting to stop and visit more of them. But this would take months, so we press on through the night, taking turns on watch. Unlike this crew's last overnight (Minorca to Sardinia) there is no moon, just lots of wonderful stars with no light-pollution to mar our view. The Pole Star serves as a guide for those of us not quite sure of the GPS and radar.

The biggest excitement during the night is Stuart seeing what he initially takes to be several large boats, or a fishing fleet, but turns out to be an enormous tanker. *Beowulf* is a sturdy 13 metre Hallberg Rassy but is not quite ready to dispute with a 100,000 tonne tanker so evasive action is taken.

The following morning there is some wind, so we get the mainsail out and unfurl the jib – good practice for the crew under Bernard's thorough control. Alan takes up duty as assistant with the mainsail. Sadly we end up having to motor again as the wind dies; the weather was so settled throughout our voyage that we did very little sailing under canvas.



San Giorgio Maggiore Island, Venice

Photo: Bernard Corbally

### Exploring Vis

Our first island to explore is Vis, and we begin by nosing in to some little coves near Komiza on the west coast, for a swim and lunch. Throughout our journey, these middle of the day anchorages are a star attraction. The Dalmatian islands are full of bays mostly with no more than two or three boats and with excellent anchorage. There are few beaches, and the rocky coast tends to drop quickly into the sea, so that 20 metres out from the shore will usually give 5 or more metres of depth. Very quickly, Stuart resumes his role as anchorman, responding to Bernard's instructions. The only occasional issue is the significance of the number (or lack of) coloured ties on the chain and the corresponding amount of chain which is out. The swimming in these coves is uniformly wonderful and Vis is no exception. Quickly we are all in the crystal clear water and the snorkelling is great. Less variety of fish than in the Caribbean on an earlier cruise, but plenty to keep us busy – and lots of rock formations to study. The rocks are covered in sea urchins as Derek finds to his cost when he is attempting to photo *Beowulf* from the shore and grabs hold of one. Fortunately he is a doctor and capable of needle extraction without being over squeamish!

Our first two nights are spent in Vis town. The island of Vis has only been open to tourists since 1989 – prior to that it was a Yugoslav naval base, having been Tito's HQ in 1944. It is quite typical of the islands – small towns with scattered settlements in the hills inland, and with some agriculture and fishing. Vis town has an old and new part – the new part (Luka) hosts the ferry from Split, about 50 miles away and has facilities for yachts. We, however, tie up on the quayside in Kut, the

old town where Bernard has been earlier in the year. We all quickly take up our assigned roles to tie up, with warps, fenders, lines etc at the ready, so that the skipper can be proud of his makeshift crew.

In contrast to Pula, Kut – and indeed nearly all the towns we visit – is full of character, clean and well-kept, if not exuding prosperity. The quay is paved with stone slabs, polished by use. At one end, the locals meet to swim. Each morning, an elderly retriever makes his way down here for a cooling swim, encouraging us to do the same.

Kut has several good restaurants and we visit two of them. The first, Villa Kaliopa, is very unusual with tables set in a series of open air 'rooms' separated by trees and hedges in a large garden. Bernard is particularly keen that we all sample the shrimp soup – lovely,

although whether it was the shrimp or the cream base which is most memorable is not clear! Here, as in most of the restaurants we visit, we follow the staff's selections. Usually they bring a collection of whole raw fish on a plate, and encourage us to choose one big enough (or too big!) for all five of us. The fish is fresh, excellent and tonight is dorada.

The following night we eat in Pojodã – a similar experience except that the fish is John Dory, there are antipasti instead of soup and France are beating Spain on the TVs, which are in all the restaurants for the World Cup duration.

The intervening day features a 13 mile voyage south to Bisevo, a small island opposite Komiza, our stop of the previous day. We anchor in the tiny port; Derek is first in for a swim and is warned by another boat that we are near to fouling a cable (of which we see absolutely no evidence – perhaps this is a British hoax). More constructively, Derek finds a local



Astonishment in Blue Grotto, Bisevo Island

Photo: Stuart Allen

boatman to bring us to the Blue Grotto for which Bisevo is famous. We are barely half-way through lunch when the boatman appears in a rather battered skiff with a wheezy outboard. We head round the point, negotiating (if charging through at seemingly reckless speed can be described as negotiating) the rocky channel. We understand why the boat is battered as we head into a small cave in the cliff face. The speed at which Bernard ducks is not surprising, given that the entrance is about a metre or so high. We bump our way in, as we negotiate – like dodgems – the narrow twisting channel into the middle of the cave. And then... suddenly we are in a pool of dark blue, the amazing result of light coming from under the water at one side of the cave. The colour is staggeringly beautiful – far better than the more famous Blue Grotto in Capri.

Wednesday morning, time for a swim and a climb up the winding streets of old Kut, before setting off in a flat calm on the short journey to the Pakleni Islands. This extraordinary archipelago of low lying islands is shaped like a series of butterflies standing on each other. Protruding headlands on either side are separated by deep bays, each lined with pines down to the rocky water's edge. We stop in Luka Salina bay for a swim – plenty of fish and sea urchins – and lunch, before anchoring in nearby Vinograsdice Bay. This is a popular spot for day trippers out of Hvar as it has a tiny sandy beach and some cafés. Since we are anchoring for the night, we spend considerable time ensuring that we are not going to swing into one of the other yachts anchored in this busy bay. Eventually we settle into the same pattern as the other boats and are assured of no collisions in the night. We swim ashore with



*Beowulf and crew, St. Klement Island. Stuart Allen, Allan Colle, Derek Taylor, David Kingston  
Photo: Bernard Corbally*

Derek hauling cameras and sandals in a waterproof bag, and walk over the narrow gap to the ACI marina at Palmizana bay on the north side of the island. It is very hot and the beer – Croatian beer is excellent – tastes marvellous, before we trek back for our swim to the boat. Derek is cooking again- although it emerges that he is too sick to eat himself. True heroism which the rest of us admire as we tuck into crostini, pork chops and plum crumble. Delicious!

The following morning we take advantage of being anchored to have a good swim, and then set off round the island (St Klement) to the ACI marina of yesterday. This is a big and reasonably well-equipped marina, at least for showers, shop, bar etc, if not for yachting equipment. It is widely used to visit Hvar town with its red roofs which we can see a couple of miles away across the strait. Later in the afternoon, the crew leave the skipper to do skipper's tasks (including a snooze) and take a crowded ferry over to Hvar. This is the main town on Hvar island, one of the bigger islands and famous for its lavender.

Hvar is lovely, with its red roofed stone houses crawling up the hill behind the attractive port. We land on the quay beside some large ferries and admire the promenade backed by hotels, some of which have sofas outside for rest and relaxation – a sure sign of settled weather! Time to admire the piazza and old cathedral before climbing – and climbing – up to the fortress which dominates the town. We pay our entrance fee and walk round the huge walls, imagining pouring boiling oil on the invaders – generally Turks as this area was under Venetian protection, something reflected in its fine architecture. The view from



*Beowulf alongside in Mali Logo Bay, Lastovo Island*

*Photo: Bernard Corbally*

the fortress walls is spectacular, over the red roofs to the busy harbour and across to the Pakleni islands. Their extraordinary symmetry and uniform greenery make an amazing sight.

On the way down, we stop to buy lavender oil from a Chinese lady (married to a local), who is very skilled in encouraging sales for wives and daughters left at home. She longs for some clouds and rain to alleviate the unending sunshine! On the quay, Alan finds a water taxi to take us back to St Klement. The 'taximan' is definitely more hippy than our own skipper, but turns out to be equally affable.

The next morning is time to leave the ACI marina after taking on water, bottled and tank. We are heading east-southeast with a strong following wind, so we put up the sails – 'goosing' for a while in an attempt to get the best of it without the effort of raising the spinnaker (rather too much challenge for this scratch crew!). After we get past Hvar town we are able to alter course further south and get full value from the wind. The more experienced helmsmen – Derek and Stuart – show how it's done in the choppy waters. Alan learns quickly but David retires after 15 minutes before the skipper's patience is exhausted.

Three hours and 20 miles later after our best sail of the cruise we anchor for lunch in Tri Luka Bay (on Korčula island) where we have a glorious swim. David makes up for his lack of skills at the helm by collecting several intact sea urchin shells – without getting any needles in his anatomy. It is hard to exaggerate the beauty of these almost deserted bays. The water is incredibly clear down to 20 metres or more, and it is fascinating to follow the many types of fish in and out of the rock formations.

In the afternoon we make a leisurely 12 miles in a couple of hours to Lastovo, and Zaklopatica Bay in the middle of the northern side of the island. Lastovo is one of the more remote islands with a population of about 4,000. Like Vis, it was out of bounds to visitors up to 1989 because of military installations, and is still very undeveloped. We tie up on the quay, harassed by a huge 'gin palace' which almost fills the harbour, and finally find a home on the quay attached to the local restaurant. We make our way round to this bar/restaurant – Matina – for a welcome beer – two for those (unlike Derek) who are not cooking. We have a long chat with the son of the owners, just graduated in economics from Dubrovnik University, who tells us of his dilemma. Does he stay and develop the family business or head for Wall Street? It looks an easy choice on June 30, but he tells us that winters in Lastovo are quiet and lonely.

Beers finished, we have a quick swim off the end of the pier, and make friends with the local cats, despite Bernard's warning that they are liable to get on board and steal the chicken which Derek is lovingly cooking. The evening is much cooler and the swell in the harbour lulls us quickly asleep.

Next morning we set off 'round the corner' to the west, stopping in Mali Logo Bay for yet another great swim (is this getting repetitive?!) We have one other yacht for company. We motor deeper into the bay and tie up (this time, fore and aft) at the little dock, and walk round to the Hotel Solitudo (aka Hotel Ladesta) in Ulava Pasadur for lunch. Apart from a few divers and an English couple touring the islands by car, we have the attractive harbour and the view of the little bridge over to the isle of Prežba, to ourselves. We resolve to come back to this idyllic spot and the friendly and well-named hotel.

We leave Lastovo with regret, motoring east along the north coast and on to Mljet. Now we have the Pelješac peninsula with its high mountains to the north – this long peninsula runs west-northwest from Dubrovnik and produces most of Croatia's better wines. We can testify to the quality of Dingac – Postup is also recommended. Mljet like many of the bigger Dalmatian

islands, is long and thin with a mountainous spine as its centre. It is particularly known for its two connected sea lakes which form part of a national park at the western end of the island.

Our rest for the night is in Pomena, a busy little port which is the gateway to the lakes. Several restaurants have their own bits of quay for tying up – quite typical of these islands – and they compete for our custom with gesticulations, and with demonstrations of the availability of lazy lines to tie up. Bernard has been here before and finds an excellent spot near the Hotel Odizej (named for Homer who set part of his *Odyssey* in Mljet). Our meal in the busy hotel is cheap but less memorable than the hotel name might imply – perhaps because it is a buffet and the early diners have made off with the delicacies. We compensate by walking round the quay for a night cap of grappa – serious stuff. We are the only people not watching France knock Brazil out of the World Cup. The French occupants of the boat alongside us can hardly believe their good fortune.

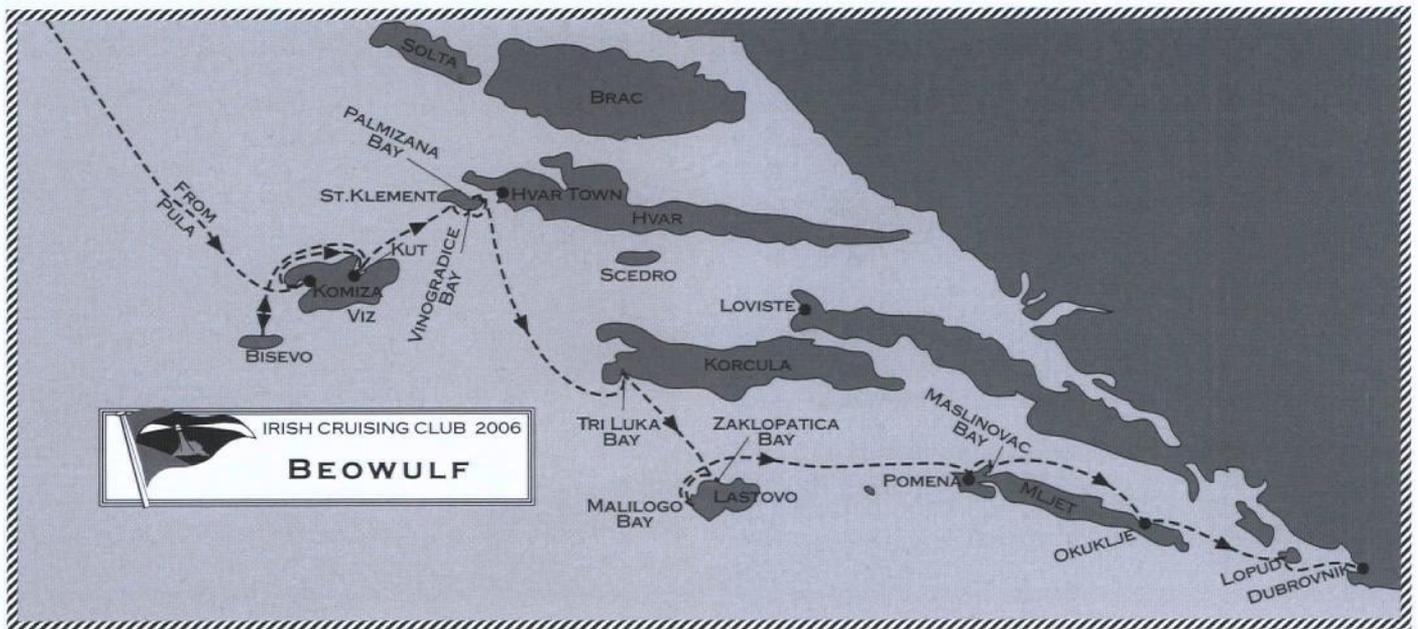
The following day we set off on the walk inland to the ferry, which takes us across the big lake (Veliko Jezero) to Otočić Svete Marije (St Mary's Islet), and the Benedictine Monastery now slowly being restored by the Catholic Church, which has regained possession after years of neglect under communism. The 12th century chapel is lovely – it is a shortened crucifix shape (a Greek cross) with an impressive cupola – but there is a lot of restoration still to be done. The real interest lies in the tranquil situation, only partly disturbed by a boatload of elderly Americans called Elmer, Randy etc according to their name badges.

On the way back, we get off at an earlier point, and have a gorgeous walk round the lakes and back to the boat. Occasional houses are well kept, with bougainvillea in its purple glory prominent everywhere.

We motor round into the next bay – Maslinovac – missing the small port of Polače where some ferries arrive. Again we have the place to ourselves for our swim. We decide to take lunch on the move as we travel along the north coast of Mljet with the Pelješac peninsula ever present to the north. Our destination is 13 miles further east, the awkwardly named Okuklje. This small town is on a long inlet well protected from the Adriatic and overlooked by wooded hills with a small church half-way up. We tie up at the Maran restaurant. The setting is lovely, but the little town is an unattractive contrast of rubble, and what appear to be German owned villas on the hillsides.

We and another yachting group (one of whom has connections to Killarney, and strikes up a conversation with Alan who comes from there) are the only clients of the restaurant – surprising, given the quality of the food. As far as we could gather, Croatian restaurants are either priced at Western European levels – as was the case in Vis – or as here, where they are about half that amount. There is no great difference in service or quality to explain the price gap. Tonight we start with a huge shellfish platter and continue with excellent orhan, another local white fish. All of this washed down with litres of good white wine and finishing with complementary grappa, here flavoured with herbs such as rosemary.

For the first time, that night we have a change from settled weather, with thunder and some rain. The following day dawns cool and cloudy, though insufficiently so to put us off our morning swim. Alan, Derek and David walk up the hill to the tiny church founded by St Nicholas the Bishop, and also recently restored. There is a great view of the harbour and out to sea. On the way back, we stop to admire the energy of two columns of ants, one carrying pieces of grass and one returning



for more. The distance must be 45m and the carrying technique is amazing, with individual ants hauling pieces of grass three and four times their size. We reflect that if we return in 1.00 years, they will have moved the whole island! No unemployment in this ant colony.

We leave Okuklje and Mljet, now heading for Dubrovnik 20 miles east-southeast. We have a last lunch stop at Lopud island, where we find a beach (with sand and loungers), and a heavy population of yachts out of Dubrovnik. The dull weather adds to its feeling much less attractive than our previous lunch and swim stops.

We set off again at about 15.00 for the last few miles, still motoring in the absence of any wind. We can see our target – a huge bridge like the Luas bridge, in Dundrum, which crosses the mouth of the Mejka river. We motor up the busy river which is in something of a gorge, with a road on one side and lots of houses and apartments on the other. Our destination is the ACI marina three miles up river as Bernard wants to lay *Beowulf* up for the midsummer period and get some essential painting done on the hull.

### ACI Marina

This is very substantial marina with a couple of restaurants, an excellent pool and lots of other facilities. It is obviously a favourite place for long term mooring and is full of empty boats from the very small to the enormous. There is a busy boatyard with all facilities. For tonight, we tie up and are glad to enjoy the modern showers and loos – the only problem is that the pontoon is a maze of wires and hoses leading from boats to electricity and water. A distinct hazard in the dark.

The following morning we act the dutiful crew, and hose down the boat, clean the galley, (done by Derek, admirable given that he had done all the cooking!) and generally make her shipshape for the next crew. We then head a little further upriver to the boatyard where we have an 11.00 time for lifting out.

By 13.00 we have watched several boats being lifted in but *Beowulf* is still in the water. We head off for lunch at the nearby restaurant and miss the large derrick lifting *Beowulf* out on to the hard, where she is supported by a rather Heath Robinson method, centring on sets of barrels. She looks distinctly odd and it feels even odder to have to climb the rather rickety

wooden ladder to get on board. *Beowulf* has turned from a yacht to an apartment.

That night is windy and we can feel the boat moving – Bernard is unconcerned (at least outwardly) so we sleep well on our perch. We can now see into the next door vegetable garden with its lines of neat salads, beans, tomatoes etc. prospering in the sun which has finally returned.

Twice we catch the local bus (Number 1 or some variation thereof) to the Pile Gate, the main entrance to the old town of Dubrovnik. The bus timetable is observed largely in the breach, and the bus is absolutely JAMMED and very hot, as we sway down the river bank and along the coast. It is worth it as we enjoy our beers in a bar at the gate and then explore the old town. It is like a film set with its red roofs, stone walls and polished stone streets. On our second visit we walk round the massive walls. With a coffee break it takes us about 2.5 hours. It is very important to start early (before 10.00) as we did, as it quickly fills up with huge groups from cruise ships. It is spectacular, particularly above the sea with sheer drops down.

### Jewish synagogue

We do some sightseeing. One odd little spot is the Jewish synagogue (second oldest in Europe) and museum, up a narrow staircase in a side street. The Jews were a vital part of the city's commerce in the 16th/17th centuries but they were confined to a few houses – a true ghetto. There are later notices in the museum, dating from the 1940s, ordering all Jews to report to the police. Soon they were all gone – a memory of Croatia's inglorious role in the Second World War. The history continues, as there are also museums showing the destruction of Dubrovnik by Serbian shelling in 1991. The evidence is still there, with new red roof tiles contrasting with the darker older ones, most of which were smashed by the bombardment.

Dubrovnik is lovely but two days is enough for such a 'touristy' place. We are fortunate to find two good cheap restaurants – Kamenice in one of the squares, for dinner where we listen to the church bells and watch the swallows dive-bombing the insects at dusk, and Jadval, situated in the calm of St Clare's Convent, where we have a leisurely lunch.

Soon it is time for the taxi to come and take us to the airport and Aer Lingus. We have had 12 marvellous days, thanks to Bernard and *Beowulf*. If you have not been to the Croatian islands, go before they are as overrun as Dubrovnik.

# Afar and Away to the Baltic

Brendan Bradley

Having sailed very little since I sold my last boat, the Oyster 435 *Shalini*, in 1999, I began to wonder whether my cruising days were over. However, I had been looking around at various boats now and again over the last couple of years, and had discussed the possibility of a partnership with my good friend Ivor Cherry, a new member of the Club this year. We have sailed together a good deal over the years, notably across the Atlantic in the *Arc* in 1996, and back from Marion in Massachusetts to the Azores two years later, and therefore knew each other's foibles fairly well. We concluded it was worth a try.

Since our ideas of what we wanted were reasonably compatible, we had each made a 'wish list', and looked at a number of possible craft in the various used-boat shows held concurrently with the Southampton Boat Show last September. We identified a few which were possible, but were both distracted by one thing and another, during the winter. In March this year, we made another trip to the UK to discover that several boats we had seen in the autumn were still on the market. Having narrowed down the field, we decided to make offers for three of them which fulfilled most of our requirements, and while Pamela and I were on holiday in Australia, Ivor skilfully negotiated the purchase of a Moody 47 called *Afar VI*.

*Afar VI* was built in 2001, we believe used briefly as a demonstrator by Moodys the following year, and bought by the previous owner in 2003. Unfortunately, he died a year later, and so the boat had been on the market for two years and was seriously looking for a new owner – two in fact!

Following the usual formalities and survey, we took possession of *Afar VI* early in May and spent a week at Hamble Point Marina near Southampton commissioning her. She was in

virtually new condition and much of the extensive inventory had never been used. A good deal of extras had been installed by the previous owner, including generator, water maker, bow-thruster, power winches, davits with rib and outboard and a hard-top doghouse. This latter feature didn't appeal to us when we first saw the boat, because we thought it had insufficient headroom, but it grew on us, so to speak, and it has proved to be a great boon, giving tremendous protection from wind, sea and sun. There was no spinnaker pole, so we decided to have one fitted with all the trimmings on the mast, and had a cruising chute made. Surprisingly, *Afar VI* didn't come equipped with a chartplotter and it seemed impossible to have one installed within our timescale. I had previously used a Yeoman on *Shalini* so we decided to purchase one with a built in GPS, which worked well for us with hard copy charts, even if not strictly state of the art technology.

As *Afar VI* was already on the British Register, we decided to remain on that register for this year. From my previous experience, it is a fairly lengthy procedure to change to the Irish Register and this would best be done during the coming winter. Also we may change the name of the boat, and this could be done at the same time.

For various reasons, the Club's Spanish cruise, which we had earlier intended to join, didn't seem to be an option and in any case we had missed the deadline for entry, so we decided to join the Ocean Cruising Club's informal cruise to the Baltic instead. We had both joined the OCC following our Atlantic crossing in 1996, but apart from attending a couple of the club's Irish dinners in Dun Laoghaire, we had not previously been involved with any of its other events. When we made this decision, I doubt either of us fully realised what we were taking on, but once the decision was made there was no turning back.

## Maiden voyage

Our 'maiden voyage' was from Shamrock Quay at Southampton, where the spinnaker boom had been fitted, to Burnham-on-Crouch, which was the first rendezvous on the cruise. We had thought we might call at Brighton and/or Dover en route, but the conditions were so favourable that we continued to Burnham, mostly under engine, arriving in the evening after about a 30 hour passage. We had already been over most of the ground back in 1998 delivering *Shalini* for sale in Ipswich, so we knew it reasonably well. We went inside the Goodwin Sands in broad daylight having done so at night previously. Crossing the Thames estuary weaving between the banks



Waiting for a bridge to open. On board, Barbara, Pamela, Peter and Evie

Photo: Brendan Bradley



Moored to rocks at Öja – Brendan on foredeck

was a bit more interesting, particularly as some of the buoys were not on our chart. Much to Ivor's consternation, we ran aground on a bank approaching Burnham, when I ignored his navigating instructions, but it didn't take long to get off on a rising tide.

We had arrived on a Wednesday and Ivor's wife Melissa joined us on Friday, seeing *Afar VI* for the first time. I think she was suitably impressed. The first cruise function was an excellent dinner at the Royal Burnham Yacht Club, attended by the crews of about half a dozen or so participating boats, together with a number of local members and guests. The Commodore, Martin Thomas, said a few words and announced that he would be leaving at midday the following day, and that no one was permitted to leave before him. *Afar VI* was duly on the starting line at the appointed hour, and proceeded downriver following the Commodore's yacht, the eight metre *Charm of Rhu*, and cruise organiser Alan Taylor's *Bellamanda*. They both decided to demonstrate their sailing skills by tacking across the sandbanks, but we thought better of it after our experience on the way upriver a couple of days previously.

Our journey across the North Sea was thankfully uneventful, mostly under engine. This was Melissa's first overnight passage and we didn't want any unpleasant surprises early in the cruise. We crossed the shipping lanes at right angles and headed for the Dutch coast, which we followed a few miles offshore. We continued into German waters inside the main shipping lane, until we reached the mouth of the Elbe on our way to Cuxhaven. It was still daylight as we approached with a long line of ships taking advantage of the early part of a flood tide, some no doubt to enter the Kiel canal and others

perhaps going all the way upriver to Hamburg.

### Cuxhaven Sailing Club

By the time we reached Cuxhaven it was dark, but we managed to find the entrance to the Sailing Club Marina, amid a maze of lights on the southern shore of the river, without too much difficulty. We found a suitable berth which we occupied for the next three days free of charge, as guests of the Cuxhaven Sailing Club (SVC), a very generous gesture. The Club's facilities were excellent, and bicycles were provided, also without charge, so that it was relatively easy to do the shopping and explore the town. The Transocean Cruising Club, the large German cruising organisation, held a reception including dinner at the Sailing Club, attended by the crews of about eight boats which had

gathered there. Ivor had arranged with one of the cruise organisers, Claus Jaeckel, to collect a set of courtesy flags at Cuxhaven for the countries we would visit in the Baltic, but we entirely forgot about them until after we had left, much to everyone else's amusement. However, Claus very kindly arranged for them to be posted to a friend of his in Bornholm, where I would pick them up a few days later.

We left Cuxhaven in company with the other yachts, and proceeded to Brunsbüttel, the entrance to the Kiel Canal. The canal is a very busy waterway and is a short cut for quite sizeable ships from the Elbe to the Baltic, obviating the necessity to make the much longer journey north of Denmark. The canal is about 100 kilometres long and about two thirds of the way through is the town of Rendsburg, where we stopped for the night, and enjoyed a very pleasant meal at the marina restaurant.

Next day Ivor and Melissa returned home via Ryanair from

Photo: Peter Ronaldson



Crossing the North Sea – Eric, Brendan and Ivor

Photo: Peter Ronaldson

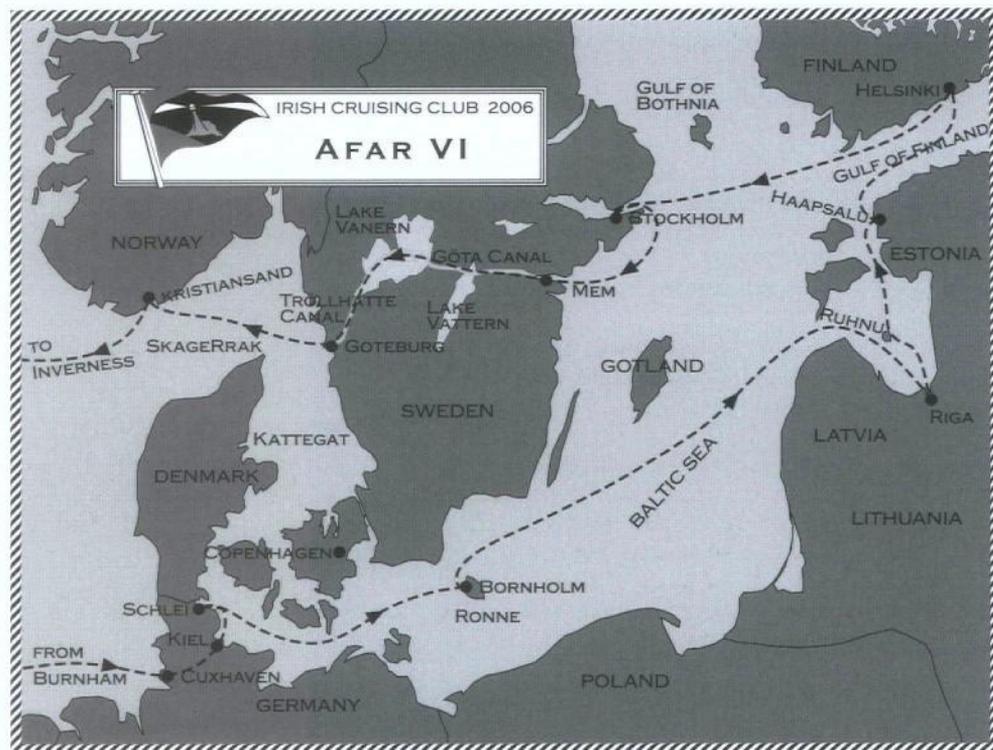
Lubeck. Ivor did a deal with the taxi driver to take them to the airport and to return with Pamela, Jill Cox and Paddy Moss, whilst I spent the day doing boat chores, so that *Afar VI* would be spic-and-span for the new arrivals. Pamela hadn't seen *Afar VI* before, so an inspection was duly carried out, and thankfully approval given. One of the consequences of a day's delay for a crew change was that we got behind the other boats and were therefore under pressure to try to catch up. With a fresh crew, we completed the last 35 kilometres or so of the canal to Holtenau at the northern end of the canal and proceeded out of the sea lock to the British Kiel Yacht Club, where we tied up Baltic fashion between poles. We made a real pig's ear of it, but used the excuse that it was our first attempt, and we hoped to do better next time!

Pamela and I set off by taxi to collect charts which Ivor had ordered from Nauticher Dienst, a specialist chart shop which was located in the customs area at Kiel. Initially we were refused entry because we only had Pamela's passport with us and not mine. However, with a bit of persuasion from the taxi driver we were allowed in. Ivor had asked for charts of the Baltic, and I was presented with a mound of charts which would have cost a small fortune, so I sifted through them until the order became a little more manageable, and relevant to the places where I expected we would be going. This process took some time and the taxi driver wouldn't wait any longer, so we paid him off and hired another one when we ready to leave.

We departed Kiel amid a multitude of boats taking part in the famous Kiel Regatta. All manner of shapes and sizes of craft were descending on us from all directions. We were headed 20 miles north to the Schlei river, where there was a party about a further 10 miles upriver at Claus Jaekel's mother's house, which was due to commence at 18.00. Because of our various delays at Rendsburg and Kiel, we arrived about three hours late, having been aground in the river for about half an hour, following a lapse of concentration in our navigation. However, the party was still in full swing when we finally arrived and there was plenty of delicious food left, which we tucked into with gusto. About 18 boats were at anchor in the Schlei river, which I think was the most that were together during the whole cruise. The description 'informal cruise' meant that participants could join and leave as they pleased, which they did.

### Heading for Bornholm

We were the last to depart the anchorage the following day. After lunch, we motored to the mouth of the river and then set sail for the Danish island of Bornholm. Initially there was a good breeze, but it soon died and we were motoring again. We crossed the shipping lane going north from Kiel in daylight, and as darkness closed in, navigation became a bit more demanding. At one stage, I came on watch to find we were heading straight at a gigantic wind farm off the Danish coast. At daybreak we crossed the busy shipping lanes south of Gedser, before changing course for Ronne, the capital of the island of Bornholm.



We liked the look of this place so much that we decided that, rather than attempt to keep up with the rather pressurised itinerary of the OCC cruise, we would stay here for a few days relaxation and miss out the next scheduled port of call at Klaipeda in Lithuania. We hired bikes and used the cycle path mainly through wooded country to Hasle, a little village about 6 miles north of Ronne on the west side of the island. Jill fell off her bike several times, and claims that I pushed her off on one occasion whilst overtaking on a narrow path. She had bruises to prove it. Paddy found a very good restaurant in the town at Ronne where we dined on two of our three evenings there.

On our third day, we rented a car and toured the island south about, a distance of 120 kilometres. There are a number of very picturesque harbours around the island, and we found a nice hotel at Swaneka where we had lunch in beautiful sunshine overlooking the sea towards Christianso, a small island to the east of Bornholm where other boats on the OCC cruise called en route to Klaipeda.

### Danish royal yacht

A highlight for us was the visit of the Danish royal yacht with the Crown Prince and his Australian born Princess on board. They toured the island with their entourage in two Daimler cars bearing number plates 1 and 2. On our last evening we stood amongst the crowd singing, cheering and waving Danish flags, as the yacht left the dock and the royal couple waved their goodbyes from the deck.

Jill decided to fly home from Ronne rather than continue with us to Riga in Latvia since her time had almost run out. As there was no direct flight to Dublin, she travelled back via Copenhagen and was home within a few hours.

The next leg of the journey was a 400 mile trip to Riga. We set out in a westerly force 4/5, which was promising, but as forecast the wind died away after a few hours and we were back to motoring again. Almost three days and nights after leaving Bornholm, we duly arrived in Riga at daybreak about 03.30, an hour later, local time. After a few hours rest and minimal entry procedures completed, Pamela and Paddy set off to investigate the old town and stock up stores.

Ivor flew in the same evening, as arranged, and was joined by Melissa a couple of days later together with their two young sons, Alec and Jack. The rest of us returned home direct to Dublin on the same Ryanair aircraft that had brought them there.

Ivor and his family crew spent the next three weeks on *Afar VI*, during which they visited the island of Ruhnu in the Gulf of Riga, and Haapsalu in Estonia, from where they went by car to Tallinn. Thence to OCC parties at Helsinki, where they were joined by Susan Wilson for a week's cruising through the islands, and at Stockholm. By all accounts, they had a wonderful time.

Pamela and I returned to *Afar VI* at Stockholm on July 16th accompanied by Barbara McGonagle and were joined the following day by Peter and Evie Ronaldson. Unfortunately, we missed the OCC party there, which was held the evening before we arrived, and by the time we had spent a day readying ourselves, most of the other boats had left the marina. Only half a dozen or so were proceeding as we were, through the Göta and Trollhätte canals to Göteborg, the others were dispersing in different directions in the Baltic. Alan Taylor had told me in Stockholm that it was planned to have a get-together at Motala, which he said was two or three days into the Göta Canal, which we had hoped to join. In fact we never caught up with them again, and were probably always a day or two behind.

### Memorable and beautiful cruising

We took the inner of two passages south from Stockholm, which was fascinating. We were manoeuvring in very confined but relatively deep waters, close to rocky and populated shores. At one point we had to steer through a very narrow passage with tall trees on both sides almost touching the mast. It was like sailing through someone's back garden! Cruising through the islands was both memorable and beautiful. We reached Nynasham by evening and tied up bow-to at the visitor's berths on the marina, using what Peter called the 'magic stick'. This is one of two essential pieces of equipment for the Baltic which Ivor had acquired. It consists of a stainless steel pole about three feet long with a rope attached and a hook on one end which is opened by a spring loaded device from the other end, so that one can easily hook on to a stern buoy. This proved invaluable for docking when going bow-to at a marina. The other was a bow ladder which clamps to the pulpit and hinges downwards, so that it is relatively easy to descend from the boat to the marina and vice versa. Otherwise this would have been difficult, with *Afar VI*'s very high freeboard.

Two hours south the next evening found us tied up to rocks, with a stern anchor to hold us off, on the tiny island of Öja. Peter and I went ashore equipped with lump hammer to drive wedges into fissures in the rock. These wedges, which had been acquired for the purpose, had hooks on top so that we could tie up to them. We were very close to a much smaller boat and tending to push against it, but the crew took it all in their stride and didn't seem to mind the monster alongside them. Whilst this form of mooring is a recognised procedure in the Baltic, I could not say that I would recommend it, particularly if there was much wind or swell. However we survived the night and left early the next morning bound for Mem, where we entered the Göta canal. We spent the first night a few miles into the canal at Söderköping, and tied up alongside. We had a grandstand view of the Swedes on holiday eating ice cream from buckets. We were told that this was the ice cream capital of Sweden. We bought a couple of large fenders, for extra protection in the locks. We soon lost one overboard, due to our inability to tie a knot properly, but fortunately it was retrieved by a Swedish family on the boat behind.

It took us 10 days to traverse Sweden from the Baltic to the

Kattegatt at Göteborg. It was a most enjoyable, if somewhat frustrating experience at times. The two canals, the Göta and Trollhätte, together with some small and large lakes interspersed, cover a distance of 225 miles. There is a total of 64 locks, goodness knows how many bridges, and the Göta Canal rises to almost 300 feet above sea level. The largest lake Vänern is about 40 miles wide. Our biggest worry was whether we would clear the lowest fixed bridge which had a clearance of 22 metres. We calculated that our mast was about 21 metres including instruments and aials. Needless to say, we approached cautiously inching our way up to the bridge and holding our collective breath. We just made it with little to spare, but it was close. Had we not done so, apart from any damage there would have been, we would have had to retrace our tracks and sail around the south coast of Sweden to Göteborg, a distance of about 400 miles. After that experience we deserved a stiff drink, so we stopped at Norsholm a mile or so further on, where Pamela met an elderly couple and invited them to join us on board. He was a retired Swedish ambassador to Japan and it was his birthday, so we needed no more excuses for a celebration.

The Göta Canal is a very busy waterway with considerable traffic in the summer months. In addition to yachts and motor boats, there are a lot of commercial passenger craft which have priority at locks. At Berg there is a staircase of seven locks which took us eight hours to pass. Firstly, we had to await traffic coming in the opposite direction. Then we had to take our turn to enter the lock, where the lock keeper said in perfect English "it's the law of the jungle around here", which it was, and then we had to go through each lock, watched by crowds of fascinated onlookers when we were the centre of attraction. We became quite skilled at the locking procedures by following the helpful tips and advice in the canal guide. Basically, one crew member stayed ashore to tend the ropes, usually Peter. He enjoyed chatting to the gorgeous blonde and bronzed girls who worked the locks, a much sought after summer job for students. On board the stern line was fixed as short as possible, so that all the adjustment was made on the bow line which was led through a block forehead back to a main winch. Generally there were four boats in the lock and it was quite a tight fit, so it was necessary to be continually alert to prevent bumping.

On the day we were meant to join the other OCC boats for a last get-together at Motala (pronounced Moo-taa-laa), we were still about 35 miles behind. We thought about taking a taxi to join them, but when I called Alan Taylor at about 18.00, he told me that the party was already over. It had consisted of a bottle of beer in the harbourmaster's office! We stopped next day at Motala to stock up, and went on to Vadstena where we tied up for the night alongside the Renaissance castle of King Gustav Vasa. Before moving on next morning, we spent an hour or two wandering through the medieval town centre, and Barbara and Evie caught up on their shopping.

### Sudden squall

When we were crossing the largest lake Vänern, motor-sailing in idyllic conditions on totally calm water about 150 feet above sea level, we were suddenly hit by a squall which seemed to come from nowhere. Peter was at the controls and quickly paid off the main sheet steering about 90° off course for about twenty minutes until the wind settled down, so that we were able to steer 270° and reach Sunnana on the western shore before dark. It was just as well we did as the rocky entrance was very narrow and marked only by unlit buoys.

The next day we headed to the southern end of Lake Vänern into the Trollhätte Canal. This canal is really a river for most of its length and is much wider than the Göta, and can take quite large commercial shipping into the lakes. We made an



Barbara practising her knots, or is it the Indian rope trick? Evie watching Photo: Peter Ronaldson

overnight stop at Lilla Edet, before continuing on down to Göteborg and the conclusion of this part of the journey. We just squeezed into the Lilla Bommens marina in the centre of the city. It looked impossible at first and spectators shouted "you're crazy, your boat is too large", to which I responded "no, the marina is too small". However, much to everyone's surprise we managed to inch our way alongside a walkway without any damage being caused.

#### Change of crew

Pamela, Barbara and Evie flew home from Göteborg, and Ivor and Eric Hill joined Peter and me for the passage across the North Sea. We had quite a decent three day forecast southerly force 4/5, veering east-northeast perhaps force 6, and later easing. We made good progress across the Kattegatt steering 290° to clear Skagen on the northern tip of Denmark into the Skagerrak, and then 270° for the Moray Firth in Scotland. However next morning I heard a gale warning on the VHF and we decided to put in to Kristiansand in Norway. It did blow up a little while we were there, but not to gale force. Nevertheless, we spent a pleasant evening in an expensive restaurant.

We left at dawn and once we had cleared the south coast of Norway, we got the northeast force 6. We were creaming along at up to 9 knots and made good progress in the right direction for about 36 hours, when the wind eased considerably, so we motor-sailed in order to keep up an average speed of about 6 knots. There were oil and gas rigs all around, making it quite an obstacle course to steer between them. At last, we sighted Kinnaird Head and sailed into the Moray Firth. It surprised us how far it is to Inverness once having entered Scottish waters. In the evening we still had about 40 miles

who lives nearby.

It was general post again, with everyone except Ivor returning home. Melissa and their two sons arrived at Inverness a couple of days later. They spent a few days working their way through the canal to Fort William, and then on to Bangor with overnight stops at Pulldohran and Gigha. I joined Ivor and young Jack for the last leg to Dun Laoghaire, whilst Melissa and Alec returned home by car.

It had been over ten weeks since *Afar VI* left Southampton when she arrived in Dun Laoghaire on 18th August. She had covered a rhumb-line distance of 2915 miles, visited ten countries, navigated through four canals with 92 locks altogether, and given a lot of pleasure to thirteen crew members. It would have been a lot easier for her and much quicker to have taken the shorter route home! She's now tucked away on the hard at Malahide for the winter, and will probably appear next year under the Irish flag and a new name.



Danish royal yacht at Ronne

Photo: Paddy Moss

# Around Ireland on the verge of a high

John Delap



## THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

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

In the year in which a canoeist paddled around Ireland and the SWIM Ireland team swam around the island, why sail around it in the relative luxury of a yacht? The answer is partly because neither my wife Ruth nor I, despite all our years sailing, had circumnavigated Ireland. The other reason is the very special boat that we now have in our care.

The special boat is *Sceolaing*, a Nicholson 43 built in 1979 and boat of the show at the Earl's Court in 1980. Owned for much of her life by Dermod Ryan, she graced the East Pier in Dun Laoghaire. When Dermod advertised her for sale in 2003, we were very interested but we had not sold our former boat, a gaff rigged Heard 28. We hesitated and she was lost to Holyhead. To our surprise she came on the market again in July 2005. This time we moved quickly and bought her. The question was could the two of us cope with the boat in adverse conditions? Unlike her crew, *Sceolaing* is a veteran in the business of sailing around Ireland, with three voyages recorded in the Irish Cruising Club Annual. Sailing around Ireland seemed the perfect way for her crew to get to know her better.



Keeping the Bull open ... Ruth on the helm approaching Derrynane Harbour

### Familiar waters

We planned to devote most of August to the trip, and to spend much of the time in the unfamiliar waters of the west and north coasts. On the weekend of 14/15 July we set off from Howth for Kinsale. The crew consisted of myself, my wife Ruth and son Hugh Delap. Although we motor-sailed most of the way, we had had a five hour spinnaker run from the Hook to Ballycotton, which added to the enjoyment of a pleasant and speedy passage. We covered the 164 miles in 27 hours, the fastest we had ever achieved. Thanks to Andrew Curtin's generosity, we had the use of a mooring in Kinsale. Hugh and his brother Eoin with some friends, sailed her from Kinsale to Baltimore on 27 July.

### Heading west

We moved back on board on 29 July. The wind was blowing strongly from the northwest and we were in no hurry to leave Baltimore. We were joined by my nephews Ronan and Colin O'Mahony, for their first experience of cruising. John Dillon, a keen Baltimore Drascombe sailor,



*Sceolaing* at Leenane in Killary Harbour

joined us for the day on Monday 31 July, when we set off in a northwest force 5. The wind increased in Long Island Sound and we had to work hard. We stopped for lunch in Croagh Bay, where I noticed that the stitching on the tack of genoa had frayed. We changed sail, putting on the number four, which turned out to be an excellent decision, as it improved our upwind handling during the rest of the passage in strong winds though Barrel Sound and across Ballydivlin Bay.

We now had the problem of a genoa that needed to be repaired. Fortunately, Christophe Houdaille runs Fastnet Sails in Goleen. Conditions were not right for an approach to Goleen from sea so a drop was arranged by mobile phone. We picked up a visitor's mooring in Crookhaven and brought John Dillon and the genoa ashore. It was a nice surprise to meet Stuart and Janet Nairn taking shelter in Sonny O'Sullivan's bar.

### Derrynane

By mid-morning on Wednesday 2 August, we had the genoa on board and cast off for the Mizen. The wind died completely and it was as calm as I have ever seen it. We headed for Kitchen Cove in Dunmanus Bay which lived up to its reputation as a most beautiful anchorage. Our next stop was Derrynane harbour, which we entered under sail, which was rash given the crowded conditions. A misunderstanding between Ruth on the helm and the mainsheet hand upset a few gins and tonics on a visiting yacht as we narrowly avoided a collision.

Mist the next morning delayed departure until lunchtime. We left for Dingle, making good use of the chart plotter to retrace our inward track. Visibility did not improve and the magnificent scenery remained veiled in mist. The entrance to Dingle Harbour was easily located and, despite my scepticism, the faith of the crew was rewarded by a special greeting from Fungi as we entered the channel.

We also received a special welcome from the Harbour Master, Brian Farrell, who took our lines on the marina. He had sailed on *Sceolaing* in Dun Laoghaire in 1974 and was delighted to see her again. There were some interesting yachts alongside, including the magnificent 58ft *Overlord* built by the famous Abeking and Rasmussen yard, a yacht of the German Luftwaffe fleet that was taken as a war prize from Kiel at the end of the Second World War.

Unfortunately, Dingle was the end of Ronan and Colin's time with us and they caught the bus to Cork. Son Eoin Delap joined us, laden with a new asymmetrical spinnaker, carried by train and bus from Dublin. A day alongside the marina enabled me to attack the windlass, in an effort to replace the chain stripper so that chain would flow into the locker unhindered. Despite a few hours of huffing and puffing, little progress was made. That evening we celebrated my cousin John O'Donnell's birthday with a splendid meal in the Charthouse Restaurant.

### West coast

At 06.15 on Sunday 6 August we left Dingle hoping to make Inishmore on the Aran Islands. It was raining and there was a light southwest wind which meant that we had to motor-sail. The mist added to the drama of the passage through the Blasket Sound and to the stunning view of the Great Blasket. The weather improved as we moved north. We saw some spectacular displays from schools of porpoises, which was considerate of them as it was national whale-watching day! By 17.30, the wind had veered to the northwest, and strengthened to force 5. At 18.30 we were close-reaching through Gregory Sound and at 19.15 were anchored in Cill Ronian on Inishmore.

The next day was beautiful and we explored the island by bicycle. The spectacular network of stone walls and the drama of the cliff fort, Dun Aengus, were unforgettable.

On Wednesday 9 August, we left Cashla at 10.15 heading for

Roundstone. The windlass handle jammed, which caused a little excitement as we drifted with the anchor half up. The forecast was northwest to north force 2-4, but there was enough wind to persuade us to put in one reef on the main. At we cleared Goruma island the wind was northwest force 5 and as we passed Golum Head it reached 6, confirmed by a small craft warning issued at 12.00. We beat up the narrow inner passage, with *Sceolaing* showing why she is such a thoroughbred in these conditions, maintaining 6 knots throughout with little strain on the helm. It was an exhilarating sail. As there was insufficient tide to cross the bar to Roundstone, we anchored off Salt Point in Bertraghboy Bay, in magnificent scenery. At 19.20 we anchored in the pool off Roundstone Quays. A good meal ashore was a just reward for our hard day's work.

### Roundstone

Our arrival in Roundstone coincided with that of the Swim Ireland Team. The forecast on Wednesday 10 August was to be one of many similar forecasts over the next few days – a depression northeast of Scotland, an anticyclone almost stationary to the southwest of Ireland, in between a northwesterly airflow with weak embedded troughs. Not the ideal conditions for swimming or sailing up the west coast. With northwest force 4-5 forecast for the west coast that day, we decided to postpone our rounding of Slyne Head. Despite the forecast, the intrepid swimmers set off towards Slyne Head. We were relieved when they returned an hour or so later, no doubt having made some vital extra miles towards their goal. Eoin took the opportunity of the pause in our travels and a bus service to return to Dublin. With 342 miles to go to Howth, we wondered if we too might be forced to take the bus home.

That evening we headed back to Bertraghboy Bay and anchored off Canowen Point, one of the loveliest and loneliest anchorages we have ever been in. The panorama of the Twelve Pins and the vast expanse of bog were breathtaking, even in a strong and cold northwest wind.

The wind subsided a little during the night and the forecast suggested nothing more than northwest force 4, decreasing by the evening. We decided to head for Inishbofin, leaving the anchorage at 08.00, under jib and full main. We followed the advice of the Sailing Directions and gave Slyne Head a wide berth, as there was still a big sea running. *Sceolaing* was well able for the conditions. By 14.30 we were anchored in the rather crowded pool beyond Cromwell's fort in Inishbofin Harbour. We made the sailors' pilgrimage to Day's Hotel, hoping for dinner. Unfortunately they were booked out, but a delicious lobster platter served in the bar was some compensation.

On Saturday 12 August, we left for Killary Harbour in a northerly force 3-4 and a flat sea. We did not have much time to admire the magnificent views as the wind picked up to force 5, gusting 6 and we were beating hard again. At 14.30 we picked up the transit for the hidden entrance to Killary Harbour and enjoyed the sail into and up this magnificent fjord. We picked up a visitor's mooring at Leenane and were awed by the unspoilt mountain views.

### Achill Head

We continued north the next day, hoping that the conditions would permit a rounding of Achill Head. The forecast wind was northwest force 3-4; for once the wind was lighter than forecast and we able to admire the stunning cliff scenery either side of Achill Head. In Blacksod Bay we picked up a visitor's mooring near the quay, and enjoyed a local currach race. Broadhaven was our next target, a few miles north of our mooring in Blacksod Bay as the crow flies, but 28 miles by sea. We had good sailing most of the way, enjoying some rare sunshine. At

14.15 we were abeam of Eagle Island and heading east again. There was a lumpy sea off Erris Head, and we were glad to pick up a visitor's mooring beside Ballyglass Lifeboat, in a calm and sheltered spot. What we didn't know then was that earlier in the month a boat left on a visitor's mooring had drifted in a gale and had been saved from grounding by the skill of a windsurfer who had climbed aboard and dropped the anchor!

Our aim on Tuesday 15 August was to cover the 68 miles to Aranmore. We left at 06.30 with a now familiar forecast of northwest force 4-5. The wind was less than forecast but the sea off Benwee Head was confused. It was the first time on the trip that I had felt seasick and had to take to the bunk. While down below, Ruth decided at 10.00 to head for Killybegs, which would have reduced the distance by 20 miles. However by 13.00 in a much calmer sea, I was feeling better and we decided to continue to Aranmore. We motor-sailed most of the way in a moderate and strengthening northeast wind. We had hoped to have dinner with friends on Aranmore but by the time we had rounded the island and negotiated the northern entrance to the harbour at 21.20, we could not face the prospect of struggling ashore in the rough conditions.

The following morning, we headed over to Burtonport for a calm berth, provisions, including water and camping gas. We were able to get most of what we needed, including camping gas in the 'Cope' in nearby Dunloe. We anchored that evening in a lovely spot just outside the channel off Rutland Island, and travelled by dinghy for dinner in the Lobster Pot in Burtonport, for a good seafood platter.

#### The north coast

Our target the next day was Mulroy Bay, 30 miles away. The wind was north – northeast 8-10 knots. As we cleared Tory Sound, the wind went to the east! We headed into Mulroy Bay about three hours after high water hoping to clear the first narrows. But as we entered the Bay, the seas that had been running for some days formed into big rollers that broke near the shore. As we approached the narrows, we could see daylight through the breakers and decided to abort our approach. We headed instead for Lough Swilly and Dunree Point, where we anchored in minimal swell and spent a pleasant night. The sheer

scale and beauty of Lough Swilly took us by surprise. On Friday 18 August we headed up the Lough for lunch in Rathmullan House, and made an unproductive visit to Fahan marina. We did manage to acquire some diesel, thanks to the generosity of Gerry Fearon who gave us 25 litres of his own stocks.

In the late morning of the following day we left for Rathlin. The weather was calm and by the afternoon a gentle north-westerly allowed us to play with the new asymmetrical spinnaker and snuffer. It took a while to set up but worked a treat, and increased our speed in the light conditions. As the wind and current strengthened, we were doing 7 knots on our route to Rathlin. We arrived in Rathlin Harbour about 18.00 and moored on the pontoon. There was a fleet of cruisers from Coleraine Sailing Club enjoying a barbeque on the pier. We spent Sunday morning exploring this delightful island and leaning about its history in the excellent heritage centre. In the afternoon a favourable tide carried us into the Clyde for a few days.

#### Home

On August 24 we headed for home, hoping to make passage from Loch Ryan to Howth, but as we sailed down the County Down coast, the southwest wind increased to force 5-6 and the visibility deteriorated to such an extent that we decided to take shelter in Ardglass. northwest winds and sunshine the next day made for a wonderful sail to Howth. We covered the 59 miles in less than seven hours.

The distance travelled on the cruise was 1068 miles in just over a month. At the end of it, we had come to appreciate the extraordinary quality of *Sceolaing* as a yacht. In Dingle, Brendan O'Callaghan of *Brandon Rose* described her as 'the best boat in Ireland' and after that voyage, we can appreciate his assessment. We had also satisfied ourselves that the two of us could handle her in testing conditions. My one disappointment was that I had only one pair of shorts to wash at the end of a month long trip! So much for sailing around Ireland on the verge of a high. We will take *Sceolaing* to the sun next year.

Neither John (Mullins) nor I (Barney Heron) would consider ourselves competent to emulate the Master of *Clarion*, so it is just as well that we feel content to go to our graves without having seen polar bears in their natural habitat. But I do share one dictum with him. Yachts are such a slow way of getting places; just a little quicker than walking; so forgo the fleshpots until you get there. Outward bound make as long a passage as you can, and then live the good life idling your way home.

*ICC Annual 1970*

# Beginner's Luck In Biscay??

## The Basque Cruise

Eddie Rea

Sailing into the Quoile on Sunday 21st August 2005 with my very good friend and ICC member Chris Currie, Chris passed a remark "the Irish Cruising Club are having a cruise to the Basque country next year and *Catre*, a 36ft Hallberg Rassy, would be a magnificent boat to take down to Northern Spain." Having wished to do an extended cruise for a number of years I immediately made the decision to make plans for this trip.

I decided that it would be rather foolish to go down for a couple of weeks but would make this an extended cruise of at least 10 weeks. I had no experience of cruising in foreign waters and as such during the winter this trip occupied my thoughts. The more I discussed this challenge the more conflicting advice I received! During March and April I made my final plans. With many direct flights from Dublin into Northern Spain and the west coast of France I discovered crew changeovers could be managed quite easily and by early May I had organised 11 different crews for the ten weeks – mainly inexperienced sailors and personal friends to come out for 1-2 weeks at a time.

Leaving the Quoile on 2nd June we arrived at Hondarribia on 9th June, a comfortable seven day passage involving stops at the Ile de Ouessant, Loctudy, and Bilbao, during which the sun shone and the winds were generally kind. "Beginner's Luck"?

*Catre* was then left at Hondarribia whilst I and the passage crew returned to Ireland, and I came back to the boat on 18th July with my wife, Brenda and John Currie, to take part in the Rally.

When we arrived, the temperature on *Catre* was in the high 20s and very soon the fan bought with great forethought before we had left the boat, was up and running in the cabin. Local taxi

driver "Santi" was summoned and off we went to buy provisions but as it was Sunday, only the basics could be purchased.

On Monday we decided to take *Catre* across to Hendaye to do a major shop as this marina has an excellent supermarket with a much wider range of goods and within easy walking distance. Returning we enjoyed the usual "Dockers", taking it easy by dining aboard. Tuesday morning started with rain clearing by 11.00 and Brenda and I visited the old town, a great experience, then took the local bus to San Sebastian, a most beautiful city and well worth the visit. I reviewed the yachting facilities in preparation for a possible visit and on returning to *Catre*, John informed us that the Commodore was having a wine reception as an ice-breaker for the cruise. As a new member to the ICC I was made most welcome to the first informal event.

Thursday 22nd was the official start of the cruise with a briefing and distribution of the relevant papers and our Basque Cruise plaques. During the afternoon I tried to purchase a replacement Calor Gas bottle without success. Throughout the cruise the only gas I could purchase was Camping Gaz. Prior to leaving on the cruise I had been assured that one could purchase the Calor type bottles, but this was not to be.

In the evening at the Aldmera Hotel we had the first formal event starting with the wine reception, followed by a most excellent meal. Brenda and I had a great evening with John and Angela Marron of *Prince of Tides* his son, John and his partner Amanda, Captain Brian Layng and his wife Joann – excellent company, excellent evening.

As Brenda was most nervous and uncertain about the Bay of



Owner designed Biminee – John Currie and owner in hot sun!

Biscay and the barometer was at 1014, with light winds, it was decided to make our way on the first part of the cruise to Zumaya, rounding Cape Hugier. Brenda, still a little nervous, agreed to having the headsail up, and by 13.00 we enjoyed "1 Past Nooners". Coming into the marina we were hailed by the skipper of *Chance* to come alongside on the adjacent finger. Being invited on board for a "dockers" by Colin and Julia, and signing the visitors' book, we were made most welcome on this completely refurbished 45ft Benneteau. Within a short time it was discovered John's near relative, living in Wellington, Somerset, a retired First Lord of the Admiralty no less, was a shooting friend of Colin's – small world.

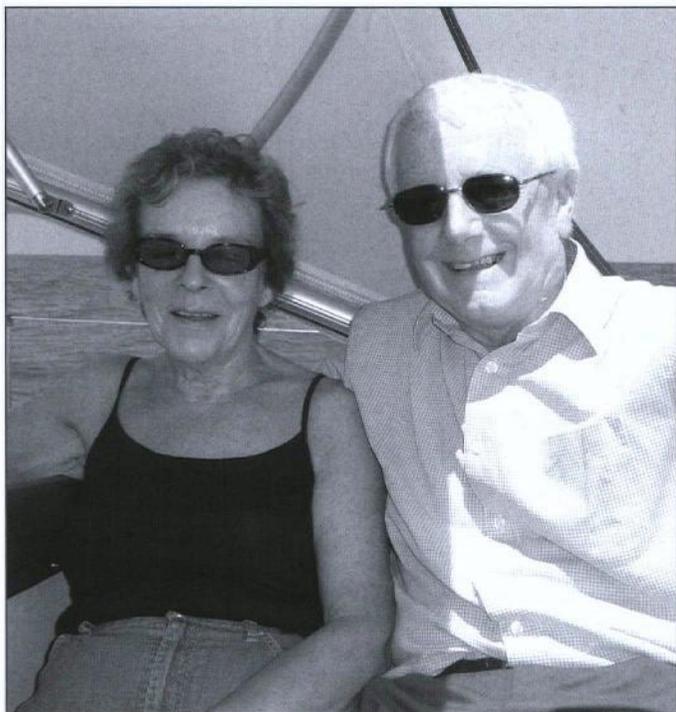
First impressions of Zumaya were not great with its shipyard adjacent to the marina, though the

marina fee of €20 was excellent value for top class shore facilities. Taking a stroll around the town I found the locals to be fairly reserved and not terribly welcoming.

Next day we were up early to board the coach to visit Laguardia in the Rioja region for wine tasting and lunch. The wine tasting was truly excellent, and I purchased a couple of cases of Rioja Arabart Crianza 2001 and one case of a very poor-travelling white. Unfortunately only one bottle made it back to the Quoile! With a fiesta and bull run in Laguardia followed by watching England winning 1-0 against Ecuador, and witnessing our Commodore drunk in charge of a dodgem car it was back to the coach for the return home. This was an excellent trip in wall-to-wall sunshine returning to a drinks party on *Prince of Tides*. The comment in my log was "an excellent day".

Next morning, Brenda and I went for a short walk into Zumaya confirming what we believed, that this town had not a lot to offer. At Brenda's request I decided to make it a non-stop sail to Bilbao and as we were about to depart found that the GPS and chart plotter were not operational. Leaving Zumaya at 13.20 with a force 3/4 on the nose and a confused sea, Brenda was not in the best of form. As usual rounding most of the headlands proved to be even more uncomfortable, however by 19.10 we were coming into the Port of Bilbao and passing over the yellow line marked on the chart between the main entrance and the western shore, which the Almanac told us was the foundation of a new pier. On our previous approach we had seen other boats crossing the 'line' and followed their example, though taking it cautiously, but on this occasion we found we had 44ft of water under us at this particular point. By 20.10 we were safely moored in Las Arenas with a prolonged shower of rain welcoming us ashore. Ashore we found the Heidelberg restaurant three blocks from the marina and John entertained Brenda and me to a most splendid meal. Beginner's Luck again?

Next morning we had rain and very overcast skies (what's happened to the wall-to-wall sunshine?). By mid-afternoon this had cleared, and Brenda and I went exploring for provisions in the local area. That evening we dined in the Heidelberg, another excellent meal, finally retiring at 24.00. On Wednesday I was up early and making plans for the rest of my 10 week trip, in particular the number of days to be spent in the Bilbao marina,



The owner, and good lady Brenda

with its excellent Capitán, Alvero, poolside restaurant, pool and facilities. I eventually negotiated a deal of €178 for 18 days, making Bilbao my main centre for crew changes etc. Then John and I visited the maritime museum, an excellent museum however the two languages were mainly Spanish and Basque which was a little frustrating for visiting sailors like me.

Tuesday 29th was the visit to the Guggenheim museum organised as part of the Basque cruise, and a great time was had in this most magnificent establishment. Because of the huge number of exhibits, I decided that I would make a return visit at a later date on my trip. Returning to the boat in the late afternoon it was dressing up time for the final dinner in the stunning clubhouse. The *Catre* crew joined the *Kilpatrick* crew for a most excellent meal with a terrific red wine. In true Irish fashion the singsong after the dinner went on to 03.30. My note

in the log "Edward never sing the 'Cruise of the Calibar' in an inebriated state" I could only recall five of the forty verses of this good old song. Next day, Friday was definitely a quiet day, however by mid-afternoon the corporate decision was that we should set up the barbeque, and Brenda was dispatched to buy the necessary langoustines, fillet steaks, lamb chops. The note in the log is "very expensive, potatoes were poor but all-in-all the meal proved to be excellent, accompanied by the Rioja Arabart Crianza 2001."

Saturday 1st July was race day with many boats leaving the marina. It was interesting to see just how many competitive sailors there were in Real Maritimo Del Abra. With wall-to-wall sunshine Brenda was off to the pool to top up her tan at 10.30. At 16.30 Brenda decided to go shopping,



Lunch in the Rioja with the *Prince of Tides* crew

only to discover that all shops were closed. Note in the log: "Spanish shops close mid-day Saturday and are closed for the weekend so get your shopping done on Saturday morning or starve!" During the afternoon I watched the "old enemy" beaten by Portugal on penalties. In the early evening, John and Ann Clementson invited Marie and David Whitehead of *Joyster*, and the *Catre* crew aboard *Faustina II* for drinks and nibbles. Ann's roasted green peppers with parmesan cheese just melted in the mouth. I found the stories regarding the ARC most entertaining and whetted my appetite for this experience. Again it was back to the Heidelberg and on this occasion turbot, halibut and sea bass washed down with an excellent Rosé was certainly a new experience in fish.

Sunday 2nd July was a sad day. Brenda and I had to part for 46 days and as such I would be alone to handle all the necessary domestic chores including washing, ironing etc. something I hadn't done since my student days at Queen's. At 08.30 the hire car was packed and we were off to Biarritz airport to see Brenda and John safely on the plane for Dublin. I returned to *Catre*. by 13.30 and sat down to make out a plan of what I was going to do for the next seven days.

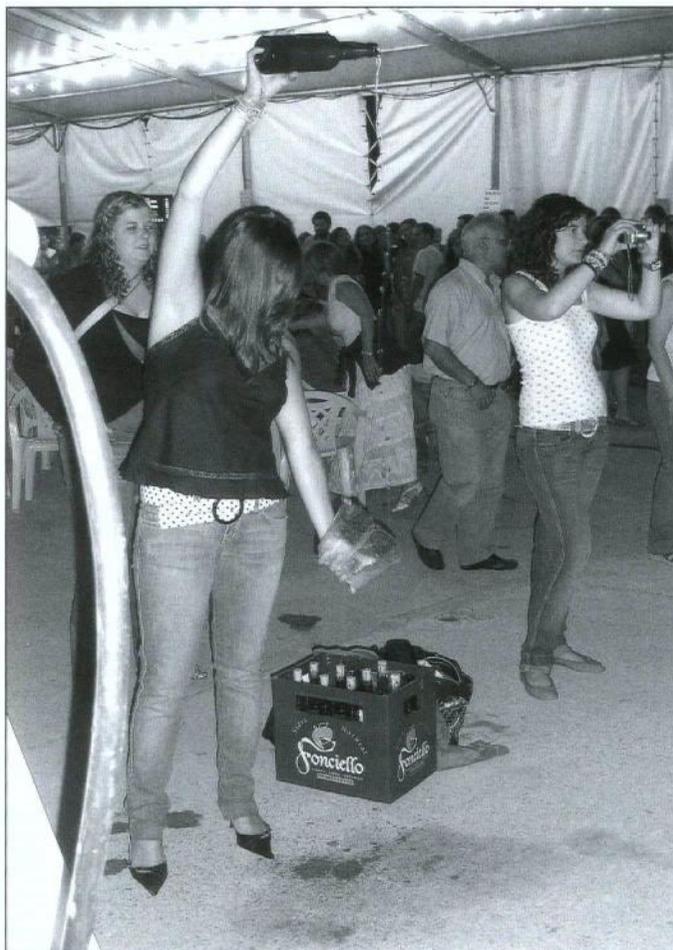
A couple of days earlier I had received news that my next crew were unable to join me due to urgent business commitments, then out of the blue, I had a text message from Olive Weir and her partner John who had sailed the previous season on *Catre* in a number of two-sail races. She had just heard the news that my crew couldn't make it, and wondered if it would be possible for her and John to come out immediately for a few days relaxation. I immediately replied extending an invitation and by Tuesday 4th July at 22.40 my new crew arrived.

This was a beautiful surprise and plans were immediately made for a visit to Lequeitio in this lovely weather. Next day at 10.50 we departed Los Arenas Marina with the barometer at 1015 and wall-to-wall sunshine, with an easterly 3/4. By 13.40 we were rounding Pt. Vilanno; we were on our way for my first harbour experience in Spain. Reviewing the pilot we were warned of a rock to the port side of the entrance and I would agree that this could cause problems for the unwary. Arriving in the harbour we decided to raft up alongside a local cruiser, however, the harbour master was having none of it and advised us to come along onto the north wall. This was the first occasion that we had to use the passerelle, as the rough wall and the harbour steps would have destroyed every fender known to man. With a tide of 3.5m, long lines were deployed, and climbing the high harbour wall was the order of the day. With the excellent weather, beautiful little bars and restaurants along the harbour and a beach to the east of the harbour wall, this was a most stunning place to visit. After "dockers" we walked the town and visited the old church, followed by a few more beers and a beautiful meal in the Axeo restaurant. Next morning we decided to return to Bilbao and again GPS and chart-plotter were misbehaving. Departing Lequeitio at 11.20, with a northeasterly wind, force 4, we were well on our way serving "nooners" at 7.5 knots on a completely flat sea. Rounding Pt. Villano we took the short cut into Port of Bilbao again with the underwater foundation showing 38ft (11.6m) on the depth sounder. Tying up in Los Arenas at 15.30 "dockers" were served followed by a swim in the pool.

Next day, 8th July, we were up at 08.30 to prepare for the departure of Olive and John, serving up bacon and egg à la *Catre*. By 10.30 Olive and John had departed for the airport and I turned my attention to purchasing a new GPS. An electronics engineer working on an adjacent boat promised to have a look and review the situation for me, however, his promise of arriving in one hour turned into four hours, and eventually I gave up on this project. Later on that day as *Catre* seemed to be

losing a little speed, I decided to have her hauled out the next day for a quick scrub and at €120 I thought this was good value.

Sunday 9th July. With my next crew arriving in the late evening, I decided to make yet another attempt at sorting out the GPS, and eventually got it to work by clearing the memory, and thereupon made a decision not to switch it off in future. Exploring the neighbourhood, I took the Metro to the Guggenheim and after that walked the centre of Bilbao admiring the architecture. Then I decided to take the Metro to the end of the line at Plentzia and here I discovered a little village, with old shops and narrow streets. On my wanderings, I found the "Asador" a small restaurant with an old-fashioned barbeque. Reviewing the fresh fish, I decided to go for a charcoal-grilled monkfish tail, and waiter Anthony who had visited Donegal the previous year and discovered I was Irish, treated me to his speciality vegetable dish – roasted green pimientos and parmesan cheese. The sweet was ice-cream, pure orange juice in cream, something to die for! By 21.00 I was back at the RMCA to watch the World Cup final on the large screen in the clubhouse. The hospitality of the members again was excellent, and one, Rafael with his wife accepted my invitation for a nightcap on *Catre*. They were not sailors, but still found the Macallan a tasty sip. At 24.00 my new crew Wendy and Colin Young, friends from New Zealand, eventually arrived at the marina and upon meeting the Kiwis, Rafael and his wife decided to come back to *Catre* for even more nightcaps! By 01.00, Rafael decided to retire and promptly stepped over the side of the guardrail into the water! Colin and I quickly retrieved the good man who, not being the least embarrassed about his ducking, wandered home in a rather circuitous fashion. Every time I read this part of the log I have to smile!



Fiesta time in Castre Uridiales

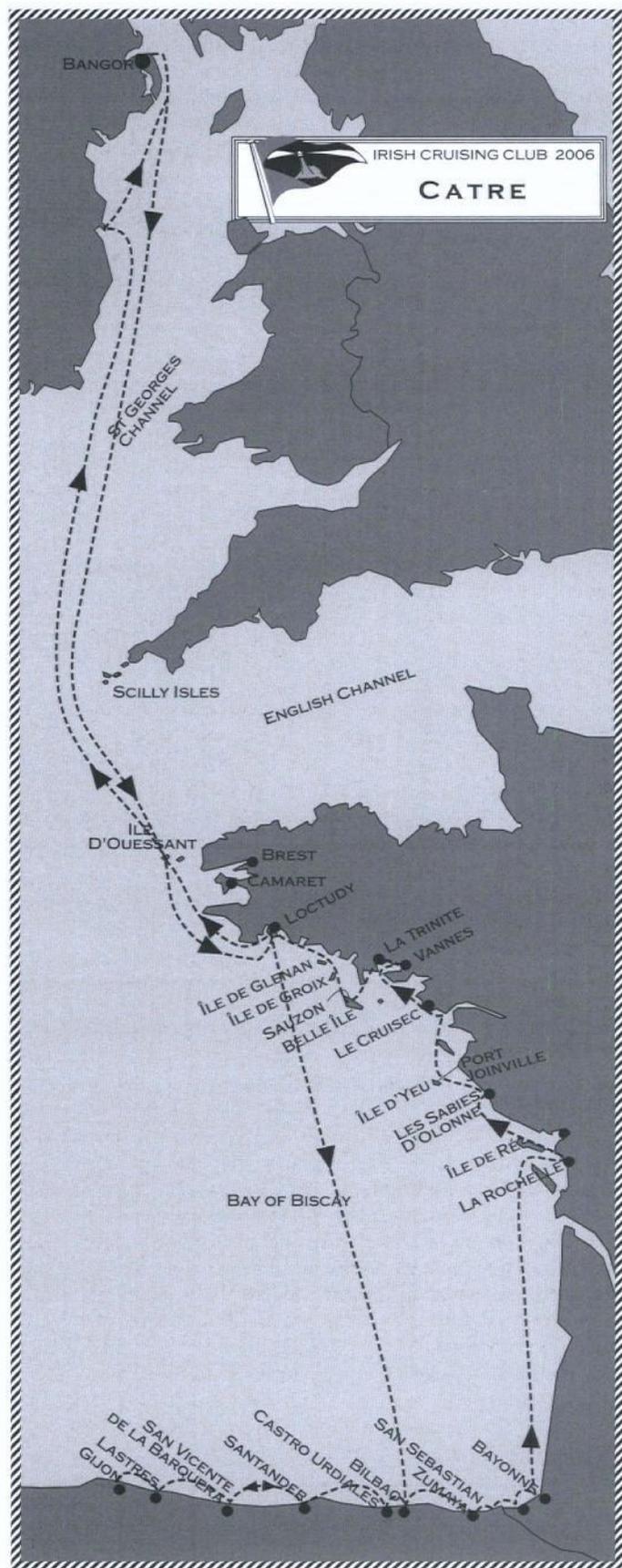
Next morning we all had a good lie-in, then went into town to buy some provisions and decided to depart for Castro Urdiales, a short 12 miles to the west of Bilbao. Departing at 15.45 with GPS working first time, we made our way across the bay into the fishing port of Castro Urdiales. The pilot indicated that visiting boats could be moored on the trot or on the anchor. After half an hour we had sorted the mooring lines on the trot, losing a boat hook in the process and having to borrow one from a neighbouring boat. However, this mooring was to be short-lived, as a few minutes later we were requested to leave the trot and to anchor in the bay. When we were about to deploy the anchor, we discovered the anchor winch was not functioning, and after half an hour's investigation discovered a cracked switch which had to be repaired. The anchor was laid and "dockers" were served. At 18.30 we called the boatman on channel 9; he took us to the yacht club and we spent the next couple of hours inspecting the numerous bars, restaurants and shops of this very nice fishing village. Reviewing the restaurants for a meal we were within an ace of dining ashore but decided to return to *Catre*... As we arrived at the yacht club we could see that *Catre* was taking herself for a sail, and was drifting out of the harbour! Getting back aboard Colin reported that the anchor chain had snared itself on the anchor tip, acting as a tripping line, thus leading to the poor holding properties. Back just in time! Beginner's Luck?

Deciding we had had enough excitement for one day, we got out the passerelle to tie up on the harbour wall and, lo-and-behold, another most interesting and unnerving experience! After getting lines ashore and organising dinner, Wendy reported a strange frying sound. For the next hour an inspection of the electrics, engine, gas, seacocks was carried out with no avail. This sound carried on throughout the night and only disappeared upon leaving harbour. With a moderate swell coming into the harbour, we had a uncomfortable night. The summary in my log "what a day? Castro Urdiales not to be forgotten".

Departing Castro Urdiales at 12.15 with the barometer reading 1026, we set sail for Santander. Well underway, with the GPS working as we rounded Mount Cerre, we stopped for a short period to test for the frying sound. It had disappeared completely. Entering the port of Santander we made our way with caution as we found we had suddenly sailed off the detailed Navtex chart! It was back to GPS and paper. By 17.15 we entered marina Deportivo and were escorted in by rib, an excellent facility. Registering for two evenings at a cost of €80 we decided to barbeque on board with fillet steak, salad, asparagus, potatoes, wine and cheese.

Discovering that our Navtex chart and detailed paper chart ended at Santander I enquired the possibility of purchasing some local charts. Now this was a challenge. The local chandlery informed me that I would have to go into the centre of Santander for charts, so the next morning I was off in the local bus. Arriving at the bookshop I was told that they had two branches and the main branch was a good mile away near the harbour. With wall-to-wall sunshine and in the high 20s, I set off at great speed knowing that the shops would be going to close at 13.00. Arriving almost exhausted at their headquarters, and taking 15mins to find the entrance, I eventually was told by the manager that they did not keep charts and that they would have to be obtained at the Ministry of Navigation, which was a good mile back to where I had left an hour earlier. Arriving at the Ministerial department, with my poor Spanish I eventually managed to purchase a detailed chart from Santander to Gijon costing €24.50. It seems that the only places to buy charts in Spain are the government controlled offices, not as it is at home where charts can be bought off the shelf in any good chandlery.

Having achieved my goal for the day I made my way back



into the centre to have lunch, calamari and rosé. What I had expected to be a relaxing half hour turned out to be something of an experience. In the apartment adjacent to the pavement restaurant, a local was practising "Moon River" on his saxophone. Over and over and over again we had the first eight bars, the first three bars, and eventually the whole of this great

tune! Returning via the airport to meet my daughter Elizabeth and her boyfriend David, we got back to *Catre* at 18.00. After sorting their bunks, the new crew celebrated with the Kiwis in the local marina restaurant, excellent value at €9.00 per head including wine.

Thursday 13th July. At 11.00, with GPS running, we left the marina for San Vicente de la Barquera with the barometer reading 1025, wall-to-wall sunshine and a slight breeze from the north-northwest. I noted that buoy 15 can be tricky on leaving the marina; don't be tempted to take the short cut. Coming out of the port we took the inside passage of Mauro Island as there is plenty of water, 31ft (9.45m) at low water, and set a course of 246°M on clearing the bay. With a moderate Atlantic swell, the main was unfurled in order to make the passage more comfortable.

### San Vicente de la Barquera

Arriving at San Vicente entrance, and taking our time as the pilot indicated shallows, we went into the main bay on the Port side, deciding to lie on the hook overnight. A visiting yacht flying the German ensign indicated variable depths to us, and eventually we found a 25ft (7.6m) hole. With no tide and calm waters, we believed we would have a settled evening and went ashore to walk the town and buy a few provisions. Back on *Catre* we had a barbeque of pork chops, again an excellent meal and retired at 23.00. On my final inspection I noticed there was a fair stream of water on the ebb and putting on the log discovered that we were in a stream of 2-3 knots. The quiet waters I believed we had moored in had now turned in to what seemed to be a strong current, after the turn of the tide. By 03.30 the keel was sitting on the sandy bottom! Never having anchored in such waters before, I naturally was a little concerned and the next half hour was, for me, a nail-biting experience, as *Catre* swung across the flow with even greater weight on the anchor. By 04.30 the tide had turned and we were afloat. I retired to my bunk relieved – Beginner's Luck?

By 09.30 the crew were up and preparing breakfast, making plans for our next port, Lastres. Leaving our mooring at 11.00 on the last of the high water in a very light wind from the west we laid a course 282°M again in wall-to-wall sunshine. Entering Lastres harbour at 15.15, we decided to deploy the passerelle and lie along the harbour wall on long lines. Lastres is a most stunning fishing village with very steep road dropping down to the harbour area. There is also a beautiful little beach with very clean water for those who enjoy a swim. Going ashore we decided to explore the village and discovered a huge marquee on the harbour – it was fiesta weekend! Making our way up the very steep hill we eventually arrived at the Church overlooking the harbour area. Unfortunately the nearby restaurant was closed for the evening and making our way back decided to drop into the Eutimio restaurant for another great meal.

By 22.30 we were all off to bed, however, by 00.30 I was

awakened by the music in the marquee and decided to investigate the evening entertainment. The youth of Lastres only start their evening entertainment at midnight, and the local custom is to bring their own booze, the local scrumpy, by the case! The culture is to pour the cider from outstretched arm above the head into a glass held at knee level without spilling a drop. This local cider seemed to have a tremendous effect on the locals who were thoroughly enjoying themselves allowing me to photograph their skills. By 02.30, the group wound up their part of the show, and lo-and-behold, at the other end of this big tent a new and more noisy band took the stage to carry on with the celebrations. By 05.00 the locals had had their fill and I returned to *Catre* to get some shuteye.

The next leg of our trip was to Gijon and at 10.00 we departed Lastres, again taking a little time to get the GPS up and running. With wall-to-wall sunshine and calm water with little or no wind we made our way into Gijon at 13.00, after a 19 mile journey. I paid the marina fees of €23.5 and as it was Saturday and almost 13.00, made it to the local supermarket to get provisions. With the lights being switched off in the supermarket during this "shop", I certainly got the message that I wasn't welcome. However sufficient supplies were purchased to cover the weekend.

By 15.00, Colin and Wendy had packed for their departure and son Jamie and his friend Will Cramer announced their arrival from Asturias airport (€40 taxi fare). Celebratory arrival and departure drinks were served, again a sad occasion to see my Kiwi friends Colin and Wendy depart to continue their tour of Spain and France. Having walked part of the town, we decided to go Italian, however the food was fairly average.

The next morning bad news from home: Brenda's back problem had returned and with me on my cruise and not being able to attend to her needs I naturally felt most unhappy. However in her next text she reassured me that help from our good neighbours was at hand and things were working out OK.

### Journey home

Gijon was a most important point of the cruise as it was from here that I started my journey back to Ireland along the route I had taken from Hondarribia followed by touring some of the ports on the French coast.

Sadly there is no space here to record the return journey, on which we had several crew changes and visited a dozen ports and anchorages. The return took 7 weeks, and we finally tied up at the Quoile pontoon on Sunday 2nd September, having cruised 2,300 miles. Whilst I had had the odd moments of concern, I had achieved my goal of bringing her home safely without any major damage, excepting the few minor scratches received on picking up scrap iron on the anchor in La Rochelle. Still the question kept crossing my mind – "was it Beginner's Luck"? I am sure many of my fellow members would say it was!

Of all forms of human activity hitherto devised or discovered, there is none so exhilarating, so exciting, so entirely satisfying to the higher nature of man than sailing a small fore-and-aft rigged ship to windward in a stiff breeze.

Canon J.O.Hannay (*nom de plume* George A.Birmingham), the first owner of the Water Wag *Mary Kate II*. Taken from 'The Water Wags' by R.S.Cresswell

# Cuilaun in Canada

Brian Smullen

Following her visits to Ireland and the Caribbean, *Cuilaun* wintered once more in Maine and by the end of May she was sporting several shiny new coats of varnish and was ready for more adventures.

Being foreign registered, it was necessary for us to leave the USA and return in order to re-new our cruising permit. This was no hardship as Canada is next door to Maine and has wonderful cruising grounds. So we were ready to go by the end of June and set out motoring into a flat calm but a breeze soon filled in and we were just able to fetch Cape Sable at the southwest corner of Nova Scotia.

This can be a pretty nasty place in bad weather as the bottom is very broken and it also the outer corner of the Bay of Fundy reputed to have the highest tides in the world (35/40ft.). Our luck held and as we eased sheets the tide turned in our favour and we were soon bowling along with 4 knots of tide and a free wind and covering the ground at 11/12 knots on a beautiful sunny day. It doesn't get any better than this.

This is a dramatic coastline with many long bays and a mountainous background, however we were on passage so we trundled on past the previously visited ports of Shelbourne, Liverpool and Lunenburg, home of the renowned schooner *Bluenose* which trounced all and sundry during the 1920's in what was known as the "Fishermen's America's Cup", a replica of the great boat still does day trips in the area.

By 22.00 we were coming in to the outer harbour of Halifax. How they knew we were coming I don't know but all around there were massive displays of fireworks and we felt quite welcomed. In fact it was now July 1st and as we all know that is Canada Day.

We managed to slot into a long line of boats coming back from the main part of town and even managed to identify the marina of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron which was no easy feat in the dark.

The holiday weekend was capped by a visit to a military tattoo, complete with Red Coats, Red Indians and Mounties getting their man. There were also some wonderful acrobatic acts from all over the world and several military bands, all very exciting and spectacular. A stroll around the re-developed harbour area and a visit to the surprisingly good maritime museum and a pint or three completed a very pleasant day.

Back at the RNSYS Sir Robin Knox-Johnston had arrived to start his solo transatlantic trip to qualify for the Velux round the world race later in the year, we didn't get to meet him but I have to admire him as that's a big undertaking for somebody aged 67.

We left Halifax on Monday afternoon on a bright sunny day with very good visibility which was a bonus as fog can be a big factor in this neck of the woods and radar and gps are essentials to navigation.

A beautiful sunset and a lovely starry night had us navigating the tricky inside passage at Canso Island at the eastern extremity of Nova Scotia at dawn and then a nice sail across the bay to Canso Lock.

In the early part of the last century a causeway was built

across the strait as the very fast current passing through made it a very dangerous place. There is a lock at one side of the causeway which takes large ships, but "yotties" are also welcomed by the extremely pleasant lockkeepers, who told us that years ago in the winter when the strait froze local horses were fitted with special shoes and horse racing took place regularly on the ice, Hmmm!! Nearby Port Hawkesbury has a power station and a plant for manufacturing heavy water which I suppose is used by heavy drinkers.

Prince Edward Island, our intended cruising ground, was now in view so a trip along Northumberland Strait and under the 13km. long Confederation bridge brought us to Summerside, the most westerly point of our cruise, where "Uncle" Bill Riordan and Jay Fildes joined us having driven for 9 hours from Camden, a truly splendid effort by them.

Prince Edward Island is in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but being tucked away in a corner, it is not so badly affected by the cold Labrador Current as is the rest of the gulf, and consequently the waters are quite warm and people have been known to swim in it (not me!!).

Summerside has a yacht club with a good marina and a few kindred spirits which made our stay pleasant and amusing, if not great for the liver.

We sailed eastward for the capitol Charlottetown, and, as far as the bridge we had a brisk fetch in 20+ knots of wind, but as soon as we got under it the wind disappeared completely as the locals had told us it would, very strange indeed as there did not seem to be any logical reason for this phenomenon. Derek Mulligan flew in here to join us and the crew was now complete.

Again we found the yacht club very friendly and the town quite pretty. There are a number of rivers feeding into this bay so we explored a few and had a picnic lunch on one of them.

We next sailed across the strait to Pictou, a town on Nova Scotia, which is at the head of a narrow winding river with a shallow marina and a power station, we didn't stay long and hot footed it back to Prince Edward Island, which we should never have left in the first place.

The eastern end of Prince Edward Island is quite indented and we pottered around the many bays and rivers. The first was the Cardigan river at the head of which we found a large hotel complex with two 18-hole golf courses and over 300 rooms but almost no guests. Due to the great increase in the price of fuel, the tourist season in Prince Edward Island has been badly hit. We ate at the hotel and wondered why the dining room was empty, we soon found out!!!

Back down the river we turned into the next one and soon found ourselves in Montague, where we were greeted by the friendly dockmaster who moved some boats to make room for us and helped us to dock, then gave us a rundown on the town and where we should go for stores etc., and finally apologised for having to leave, as his daughter was getting married in an hour's time. We found a restaurant here which was so good we stayed a another night to have a second meal.

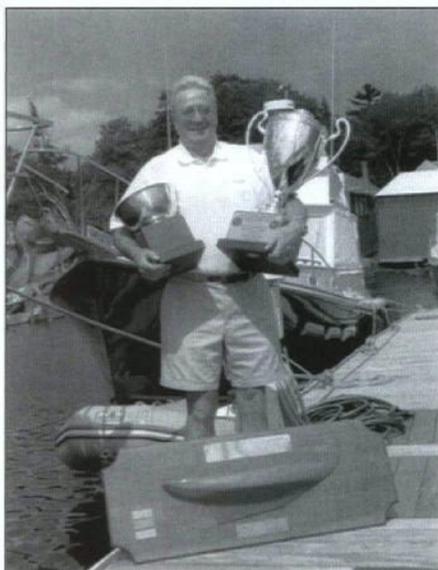
Time was slipping by, so back down to Murray Harbour at

the mouth of the bay to anchor for the night. Dublin is not the only place where "you'se" is the plural of you as the greeting we normally got was "Hi there, where you'se all from", and this harbour was no different. We seemed to be the best entertainment in town as all through the evening boats of all shapes and sizes came by each with the same greeting.

It was time to head for home, so off we went back to Canso Lock and Port Hawkesbury, where Bill and Derek left us for the long drive back to Maine and for *Cuilaun* to head for the south coast of Nova Scotia once more. As we were nearing Canso Island we began to hear reports that tropical storm Beryl was heading our way so we snuggled up into Canso and got out several anchors to supplement the mooring we had picked up on being assured it would hold a tanker.

During the night the wind was no more than 30/35 knots, but shifted direction quite a bit, so that in the calm of the following morning we had quite a time unravelling the knitting of chain and warp from the mooring cable.

Now came a tiresome slog into the confused seas left by Beryl along the south coast of Nova Scotia until we decided to duck into Wilsons Bay, and followed the river for about 6 miles inland. We were about to turn tail when we rounded one last bend and came to Liscombe Mill, a wonderful resort which has an hotel, golf course, bikes, kayaks, gym, swimming pool and a



Savouring the booty!

small marina with power laid on, all for the princely sum of \$50 Canadian per day. Chester, the very helpful dock-master, came in the following morning (his day off) to drive me 25 miles to the nearest shop for supplies. A truly wonderful place.

We eventually dragged ourselves back into the real world and continued on westward, conditions were not good with headwinds and we had just eased sheets to go into Halifax for shelter when the gods took pity on us and moved the wind into the northwest, which gave us a great reach in a flattening sea and in two days we had Nova Scotia behind us and soon after that got home to Camden

Each year the town of Castine in Penobscot Bay hosts the "Retired Skippers Race". It is a "pursuit race", i.e. the boats with the biggest handicap start first and the quicker boats follow in

sequence, then the first boat to cross the finish line wins the race. The helmsman has to be at least 65 years of age, and sadly I qualify. Normally it is sailed in light airs and I don't get as far as the first mark, but this year, for a change, there was wind, and aided by some great crewing I managed to win, which pleased me very much until I read the local paper which said 69-year-old Brian Smullen was a mere pup compared to 88-year-old Bert, and 85-year-old Tom and 82-year-old Bill.

Maybe so fellas, but I plan to be around for a few more years yet so you can have your revenge next year.

Wherefore my heart leaps within me,  
my mind roams with the waves  
over the whale's domain, it wanders far and wide  
across the face of the earth, returns again to me  
eager and unsatisfied; the solitary bird screams,  
irresistible, urges the heart to the whale's way  
over the stretch of the seas.

Anonymous Anglo-Saxon fragment – *The Seafarer*  
(from 'The unlikely voyage of Jack de Crow', by A.J.Mackinnon)

# List of Award Winners

## THE FAULKNER CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1931	Keatinge & McFerran	<i>Marie</i>
1932	A.W. Mooney	<i>Nirvana</i>
1933	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1934	Mrs Crimmins	<i>Nirvana</i>
1935	H.D.E. Barton	<i>Dauntless</i>
1936	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1937	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>
1938	H.P. Donegan	<i>Gull</i>
1939	Miss D. French	<i>Embla</i>
1947	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1949	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1950	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1951	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Zamorin</i>
1952	P. O'Keeffe	<i>Mavis</i>
1953	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1954	B.C. Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1955	C. Love	<i>Galcador</i>
1956	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1957	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1958	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1961	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1962	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1963	R.H. Roche	<i>Neon Tetra</i>
1964	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1966	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1967	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1968	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1969	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1970	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1971	R. Sewell	<i>Thalassa</i>
1972	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1973	A. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1974	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1975	J. Eves	<i>Aeolus</i>
1976	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1977	B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1978	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1979	M.P. O'Flaherty	<i>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>
2006	Mike Alexander	<i>Katielok II</i>

## THE STRANGFORD CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1970	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Clarion</i>
1971	M. Park	<i>Kitugani</i>
1972	R. Gomes	<i>Ainmara</i>
1973	J. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1974	J. Guinness	<i>Sule Skerry</i>
1975	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1976	W. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1977	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1978	J. Villiers Stuart	<i>Vinter</i>
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980	M. Villiers Stuart	<i>Winifreda of Greenisland</i>
1981	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1982	W.A. Smyth	<i>Velma</i>
1983	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1984	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1985	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1986	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1987	Brian Dalton	<i>Boru</i>
1988	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1989	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1990	Tommy O'Keeffe	<i>Tir na nOg</i>
1991	David Fitzgerald	<i>Peigin Eile</i>

1992	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1993	W. M. Nixon & E. Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1994	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1995	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>
1996	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1997	Brian Black	<i>Cuillin</i>
1998	David Park	<i>Alys</i>
1999	Peter Mullins	<i>Cuilaun</i>
2000	Michael Balmforth	<i>Greenheart</i>
2001	Bernard Corbally	<i>Beowulf</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>
2006	James Nixon	<i>Scilla Verna</i>

## THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1978	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1979	A. Doherty	<i>Bali Hai</i>
1980	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1981	M.H. Snell	<i>Golden Harvest</i>
1982	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1983	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1984	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1985	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1986	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1987	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1988	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilaun</i>
1989	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1990	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1991	Ronnie Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1992	David McBride	<i>Deerhound</i>
1993	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1994	Jonathan Virden	<i>Twayblade</i>
1995	Henry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
1996	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1997	Brendan Bradley	<i>Shalini</i>
1998	Adrian Spence	<i>Madcap</i>
1999	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>
2000	Henry and Ivy Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
2001	Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
2002	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>
2006	Peter Killen	<i>Pure Magic</i>

## THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1941	E.J. Odlum	
1951	Brendan Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
From 1954 the Navigation Cup awarded for the best cruise around Ireland.		
1954	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1955	Dr. R.N. O'Hanlon	<i>Ancora</i>
1956	R.C. Arnold	<i>Maid of York</i>
1957	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1961	C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>
1963	W. & B. Smyth	<i>Wynalda</i>
1964	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1967	C.H. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1968	J.D. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1969	R.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	
2006	John Delap	<i>Sceolaing</i>

## THE FORTNIGHT CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1958	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	J.W.D. McCormick	<i>Diane</i>
1963	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1964	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1965	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1966	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1967	Miss E. Leonard	<i>Lanita</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>
2006	Alan Leonard	<i>Ariadne</i>

## THE WYBRANTS CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1933	J. B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1934	Dr. L.G. Gunn	<i>Albatross</i>

Year	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>
2006	Harold & Vivienne Boyle	<i>Gentle Spirit</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>
2006	Peter Haden	<i>Papagueno</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>Schollevar</i>
2005	No Award	
2006	Alan Markey	<i>Crackerjack</i>

#### ROCKABILL TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1959	P.H. Green	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1962/63	No Award	
1964	J.D. Faulkner	<i>Angelique</i>
1965	J.H. Guinness	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1966	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1967	No Award	
1968	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1969	No Award	
1970	J.P. Jameson	<i>Ganiamore</i>
1971	R. Courtney	<i>Bandersnatch</i>
1972/73	No Award	
1974	J.P. Bourke	<i>Korsar</i>
1975/78	No Award	
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980	J. Wolfe	<i>Deerhound</i>
1981	No Award	
1983	K. & C. Martin	<i>Estrellita</i>
1984	No Award	

From 1985 onwards the Rockabill Trophy was awarded for 'A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship.'

1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	John Olver	<i>Moody Blue</i>
1987	J.B. Law	<i>Redwing/Spirit of Shell</i>
1988	No Award	
1989	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1990	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1991	Wallace Clark	<i>Aileach</i>
1992	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1993	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1994	Peter Hogan	<i>Molly B</i>
1995	Brian Smullen	<i>Zaberdist</i>
1996	Tom Foote	<i>White Heather</i>
1997	Paddy Barry/Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Tom Crean</i>
1998	No Award	
1999	Donal Lynch	<i>Laroha</i>

2000	Susan & Peter Grey	<i>Waxwing</i>
2002	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
2003	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
2004	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Northabout</i>
2005	Brian Black	<i>Caelan of Strangford</i>
2006	John Clementson	<i>Faustina II</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>
2006	No Award	

#### 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>
2006	Ian Stevenson	<i>Raptor</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>
2006	John Madden	<i>Bagheera</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. Shackleton escape from Antarctica
1998	Malachi & Evelyn O'Gallagher. Sailing directions
1999	No Award
2000	David Burrows: Olympic performance
2001	Carmel Winkelmann. Services to Junior Sailing
2002	Tom McSweeney. Services to Maritime Ireland
2003	The Jeanie Johnston Project
2004	David Tucker – 75th Anniversary Cruise
2005	Paddy Barry – 10 years as Honorary Editor of the Annual
2006	No Award

## THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

Year	Recipient	Yacht	Race
1950	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	
1951	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	Islands Race
1956	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	Islands Race
1957	S.F. Thompson	<i>Ithurial</i>	
1958	J. Ronan	<i>Wye</i>	Islands Race
1959	J. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>	Pollock Race
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>	
1961	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1964	A.E. Pope	<i>Susette</i>	
1965	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1967	S.F. Thompson	<i>Wye</i>	
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1969	F. Cudmore	<i>Setanta</i>	
1970	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1971	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1972	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1973	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1974	G. Radley	<i>Cecille</i>	
1976	J.C. Butler	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	
1977	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1978	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1979	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	
1980	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1981	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1982	C. Love Jnr	<i>Rebel County</i>	
1983	S. Mansfield	<i>Luv Is</i>	
1984	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1985	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1987	T.E. Crosbie C.J. Fitzgerald	<i>Senta</i> <i>Mandalay</i>	

Year	Recipient	Yacht
1988	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>
1989	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
From 1993 awarded by the Southern Area Committee:		
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	
2006	John Petch	Compiles South & West Sailing Directions

## 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	
1993	J. Russell	Service to Sailing
1995	Adrian Spence	
1998	Adrian Spence	Greenland cruise

Year	Recipient	
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
2006	James Nixon	

#### DONEGAN MEMORIAL TROPHY 1940

Year	Yacht	Recipient	Race
1945	<i>Evora</i>	R.H. & D.M. O'Hanlon	
1946	<i>Mavis</i>	J.B. Kearney	Kingstown/Cork
1947	No Award		
1948	<i>Aideen</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1949	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1950	<i>Sonia</i>	D.J. & P.M. Purcell	Clyde Race
1951	<i>Minx of Malham</i>	B. Maguire	Clyde Race
1952	<i>Viking O</i>	Col Hollwey	Clyde Race
1953	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Beaumaris-Week
1954	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Clyde Race
1955	<i>Glance</i>	F.C. Hopkirk	Puffin Sound Race
1957	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1958	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Dun Laoire/Cork
1959	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1960	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Dun Laoire-Cork
1961	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Irish Sea Race
1962	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Irish Sea Race
1963	<i>Fenestra</i>	S. O'Mara	Morecombe Bay
1964	<i>Susanna</i>	J.C. McConnell	Irish Sea Race
1965	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Morecombe Bay
1966	<i>Orana</i>	P.D. Pearson	Irish Sea Race
1967	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1968	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1969	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1970	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Cowes/Cork Race
1971	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1972	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>	O. Glaser	Irish Sea Race
1973	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1974	<i>Assiduous</i>	C. Love	(1st ICC Boat)
1975	<i>Dictator</i>	D.M. Irwin	Morecombe Bay
1976	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler	Irish Sea Race
1977	<i>Red Rock III</i>	O. Glaser	Morecombe Bay
1978	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1979	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mollard	Morecombe Bay
1980	<i>Standfast</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1981	<i>Bandersnatch of Howth</i>	R. Courtney	Morecombe Bay
1982	<i>Joggernaut</i>	D.J. Morrissey	Irish Sea Race
1983	<i>Imp</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1984	<i>Little Egypt</i>	R.B. Lovegrove	Irish Sea Race
1985	<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race
1986	<i>Rob Roy</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1987	<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race
1988	<i>Red Velvet</i>	M. O'Rahilly	Irish Sea Race
1989	<i>Comanche Raider</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1990	<i>Woodchester Challenge</i>	H.R. Gomes	Round Ireland
1991	<i>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>
2006	Grainne Fitzgerald		Cruise organisation

#### TRANS OCEANIC PENNANT

Awarded by the Committee – on application

Year	Yacht	Recipient	Race
Auchincloss, Les	Cunnane, Jarlath	Nicholson, David	
Barnes, Sean	Drew, Bob	O'Farrell, Kevin	
Barnwell, Henry	Espey, Fred	O'Farrell, Vincent	
Barry, Paddy	Glaser, Otto	O'Flaherty, Michael	
Bradley, Brendan	Gore-Grimes, John	Osborne, James	
Bramwell, Barry	Gray, Peter	Osmundsvaag, Arnie	
Bunting, Peter	Gray, Susan	Petch, John	
Cahill, Bernie	Greer, Perry	du Plessis, Hugo	
Cahill, James	Hogan, Peter	Smullen, Brian	
Casey, Noel	Killen, Peter	Smyth, William	
Chapman, Colin	King, Heather	Snell, Michael	
Clementson, John	Leonard, Alan	Viriden, Jonathan	
Coffey, Jack	McBride, Davy	Whelan, Michael J.	
Coleman, Michael	McClement, Donal	Whelan, Pat	
Corbally, Bernard	McHenry, Cormac	White, Lawrence	
Cudmore, Ronald	Mullins, Peter		

#### 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
2006	Peter Haden

#### BEST DUNN'S DITTY AWARD

2001	Brendan Travers
2002	Wallace Clark
2003	John Bourke
2004	Fergus Quinlan
2005	Eleanor Cudmore
2006	Dan Cross

# 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 2006. 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>
Adair, Stanton S, 2002 (Patricia)	Villa Le Bas, 62 Ballyholme Road, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5LA, N Ireland. (028 912 70998 / Office: 028 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 Rd, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 6TW, N Ireland. (028 9754 1044)	<i>Rosemarie of Cuan (PO)</i>
Andrews, Dianne M H, 1988 (Tom)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co Down BT23 5NP, N Ireland. (028 9187 2233)	<i>Amethyst (PO)</i>
Andrews, Tom M, 1988 (Dianne)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co Down BT23 5NP, N Ireland. (028 9187 2233)	<i>Amethyst (PO)</i>
Aplin, Roger, 1972 (Jane)	Romanesca, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (01 280 0434 / Office: 01 475 6426)	<i>Passé Partout</i>
Aston, Alan, 1997 (Irene)	1 Marino Station Rd., Holywood, Co Down BT18 OAH, N Ireland. (028 9042 6497 / Office: 028 9042 8424)	<i>Golden Nomad</i>
Auchincloss, Leslie, 1992 (Marie)	Beau Manoir, Rue Maindonnaux, St Martin, Guernsey GY4 6AH, Channel Islands. (44 1481 39840 / Fax: 44 1481 39845)	<i>Morning Calm 3 of Sark</i>
! Baker, Arthur R., 1990 (Marjorie)	Shournagh Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co Cork. (021 487 0031)	<i>Irish Mist I</i>
Ballagh, John B, 1998 (Rosie)	"Camelot", 19 Seafrost Road, Cultra, Co Down BT18 0BB, N Ireland. (02890 428335)	<i>Simon Den Danser</i>
Balmforth, Alison, 2000 (Michael)	Westgate, Toward by Dunoon, Argyll PA23 7UA, Scotland. (01369 870271 / Office: 01369 870251)	<i>Greenheart (PO)</i>
Balmforth, Michael B., 1966 (Alison)	Westgate, Toward, Dunoon, Argyll PA23 7UA, Scotland. (01369 870271 / Office: 01369 870251)	<i>Greenheart</i>
Banim, John St George, 2006 (-)	Castlecree Lodge, Ballymahon, Co. Longford. ( / Office: 01 417 4121 / Fax: 01 417 4101)	<i>La Reveuse</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 / Fax: 01 235 0350)	<i>Cu Two</i>
Barnwell, Henry, 1990 (Ivy)	Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 2303831)	<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>
Barnwell, Ivy, 1990 (Henry)	Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 2303831)	<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>
Barr, Hazel, 1971 (Ronnie)	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 4TB, N Ireland. (028 9181 3369)	<i>Maimoune</i>
Barr, R.G.M., 1973 (Hazel)	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 4TB, N Ireland. (028 9181 3369 / Office: 028 9182 0880)	<i>Maimoune</i>
# Barr, Robert, 1969 (Mary)	Heather Lodge, Kerry Mount Avenue, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 289 3269)	
Barrington, Desmond J., 1983 (Helen)	37 Ballinlea Heights, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 5732)	
Barry, Frederick, 1990 (Elaine)	59 Nutley Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4.	
Barry, Hugh, 2004 (Christine)	Clonkellure, Clashavanna, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork. (023 49488)	<i>Black Pepper</i>
Barry, 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 &amp; 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, N Ireland. (028 9066 8435 / Office: 028 9066 7914)	<i>Eala Ban (PO)</i>
Bell, J. Alan, 1994 (Gillian)	The Coach House, 1A Carnathen Lane, Donaghadee, Co Down BT21 0EH, N Ireland. (028 9188 8949 / Office: 028 9042 8136)	
Bell, Maeve, 1996 (Adrian)	1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast BT9 5EG, N Ireland. (028 9066 8435)	<i>Eala Ban (PO)</i>
Black, Brian, 1981 (Lesley)	2 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Co Down BT30 7LP, N Ireland. (028 4488 1678 / Office: 028 9026 2000)	<i>Caelan of Strangford</i>
Blaney, Patrick, 2004 (Camilla)	Castletown, Portroe, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary. (067 23128 / Office: 067 23136 / Fax: 067 23247)	<i>Maelduin</i>
Bohane, Liam A., 1990 (-)	Hillside, Aghada, Co. Cork. (087 220 2877 / Office: 091 876030)	<i>Ocean Sapphire</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)	Ballybla House, Ashford, Co. Wicklow.	
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 Seafrost Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0BB. (028 9042 4422)	<i>Nimrod of down (PO)</i>
Boyle, Harold C, 2002 (Vivienne)	59 Malone Heights, Belfast BT9 5PG, N Ireland. (028 90 610896)	<i>Gentle Spirit</i>
Bradley, Brendan, 1980 (Pamela)	Blue Rock, Killough, Kilmacanogue, Co Wicklow. (01 286 9645 / Office: 01 456 9444)	<i>Afar VI</i>
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)	
Branigan, Brenda, 1990 (Pat)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandycove, Dublin 18. (01 295 6273)	<i>Maximizar (PO)</i>
Branigan, Patrick M.C., 1982 (Brenda)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandycove, 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) &amp; Kilpatrick (PO)</i>
Breathnach, Maire, 1997 (Andrew)	Old Coastguard House, Lymington, Hampshire SO41 3QA, UK. (01590 678770)	
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, N Ireland. (028 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, Bailly, 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)	
Bunting, Christopher J., 1986 (Claire)	27 Sheep Cottages, Amersham Road, Little Chalfont, Bucks, HP6 6SW, England. (01494 762907 / Office: 0181 966 2491)	
Bunting, Peter J., 1962 (Elaine)	Keeper's House, West Tytherley, Salisbury SP5 1LY, England. (01794 341521)	<i>Gauntlet (PO)</i>
Butler, Maurice R, 2000 (Margaret)	274 Seacliffe Rd, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5HS, N Ireland. (028 9146 5066)	<i>Leemara of Howth (PO)</i>
Butler, Paul, 1987 (Noirin)	32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 288 4393)	<i>Muglins (PO)</i>
Butler, Pierce, 1995 (Vivienne)	Rosenallis, Barnaslingan Lane, Kilternan, Dublin 18. (01 295 5166)	<i>Clionhna</i>
Byrne, E. Philip, 1982 (Rosemary)	Sunnydale, 4 Nugent Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14. (01 298 1951)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
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)	<i>Kish</i>
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)	
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)	
Chambers, A. Graham, 2006 (-)	88 Clea Lough Road, Killyleagh, Co. Down BT30 9SZ, N Ireland. (028 4482 8106 / Office: 028 9181 2222 / Fax: 028 9181 2222)	
Chapman, Colin A., 1989 (Jeanne)	The Old Rectory, Comeragh, Kilmacthomas, Co Waterford. (051 291166 / Office: 051 875855)	<i>Deerhound</i>
Cherry, Ivor, 2006 (-)	9 Shrewsbury Park, Dublin 4. (01 269 3233)	<i>Afar VI</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, England. (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. (028 7964 2737 / Fax: 028 7964 3693)	<i>Agivey (PO)</i>
Clarke, Ceirdre, 2002 (-)	Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co Limerick. (061 229035)	
Clarke, Tony, 1985 (Eileen)	Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co Limerick. (061 229035 / Office: 061 414852)	
# Clementson, Ann, 1969 (John)	Ballyreagh, Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 8SN, N Ireland. (028 9181 2310 / Office: 028 9065 6612)	<i>Faustina II (PO)</i>
! Clementson, John, 1997 (Ann)	Ballyreagh, 84 Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 8SN, N Ireland. (028 9181 2310 / Fax: 028 9181 2833)	<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>Capercaille</i>
Coad, Geoffrey, 1991 (Catherine)	Pine Cottage, Ballinakill, Dunmore Road, Waterford. (051 875651)	<i>Touchstone</i>
Coad, Peter, 2006 (-)	1 Crab Cottages, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford. ( / Office: 053 23633 / Fax: 053 24646)	<i>Blackjack (PO)</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)	<i>Sandy Ways</i>
Cooper, Paul D., 1983 (-)	3 Bayside Park East, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 4289)	
Corbally, Bernard H. C., 1984 (Erica)	Gilsphear, 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)	Collugh, Kilmore Ave., Killiney, Co. Dublin. (01 285 7278 / Fax: 01 235 2055)	<i>Concerto (PO) &amp; Crescendo</i>
Craughwell, Michael, 1997 (Anne)	39 Threadneedle Rd., Salthill, Galway. (091 52118 / Office: 091 568222)	<i>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>Yoshi (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, Ashford, Co Wicklow. (0404 49925)	
Cudmore, Brian, 1966 (Eleanor)	"Cloudhill", Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 489 3625 / Fax: 021 489 3625)	<i>Ann Again (PO)</i>
Cudmore, Denis, 1986 (Brid)	The Anchorage, Harbour View, Kilbrittain, Co Cork. (023 49665)	<i>Auretta II</i>
! Cudmore, Eleanor, 1997 (Brian)	Cloudhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork. (021 489 3625)	<i>Ann Again (PO)</i>
Cudmore, Fred, 1966 (Mary)	Coast Road, Myrtleville, Co Cork. (021 483 1541 / Office: 021 435 5830 / Fax: 021 435 5831)	
Cudmore, Harold, 1959 (Lauren)	4 Queen's Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight PO31 8BQ, England. (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>
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, Ashford, Co. Wicklow. (0404 49925 / Fax: 0404 49925)	
Cullen, Maurice, 1971 (Elizabeth)	5 The Fosters, Mount Merrion, Co. Dublin. (01 288 8356)	
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)	11 Carshaulton Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down BT 21 0QB, N Ireland. (028 9188 4325 / Office: 028 9188 9340 / Fax: 028 9188 9339)	
Currie, John D., 1985 (Wendy)	4 Shore Street, Donaghadee, Co Down BT21 0DG, N Ireland.	<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)	
# 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, N Ireland. (028 9076 1417 / Office: 028 9754 1294)	<i>Jacana</i>
# Deane, Douglas, 1965 (Liz)	Churchbay, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 4831002)	
* Deignan, Owen M., (1999) (Terry)	306 Marina Village, Malahide, Co. Dublin. (01 845 2997)	
Delamer, David, 1994 (-)	Baily Cottages, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 839 3634)	
Delap, John, 2006 (-)	7 Blackheath Park, Clontarf, Dublin 3. (01 833 5235 / Office: 01 848 4848 / Fax: 01 816 4219)	<i>Sceolaing</i>
Devenney, Ernest K., 1973 (Anne)	4 Vernon Park, Bangor, Co Down BT20 4PH, N Ireland. (028 9146 1410)	<i>Nerina</i>
Dick, J.R. William, 1971 (Heather)	The Laundry House, Rathvilly, Co. Carlow. (059 916 1822)	
Dickinson, William B., 1979 (Elizabeth)	2 Victoria Terrace, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5JB, N Ireland. (028 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 (-)	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.	

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Dooney, Martin, 2000 (-)	Greenstones Hall, Glandore, Co Cork. (028 33271 / Office: 087 280 7186)	
Doran, John, 1997 (Anna)	Drisoge, Baily, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 1709 / Office: 01 830 9533)	
Doyle, D. Conor, 1966 (Mareta)	C / o D.F. Doyle Ltd, 1 Connell Street, Cork. (021 4772348 / Office: 021 4275235)	<i>Moonstruck</i>
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, England. (01590 673631)	<i>Crimson Rambler III</i>
Duffin, Nicholas S. R., 1990 (Andrena)	11 Grey Point, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co Down BT19 1LE, N Ireland. (028 918 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)	
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 Thorneleigh Gardens, Bangor, Co Down BT20 4NP, N Ireland. (028 9146 1881)	<i>Wheelsht</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, N Ireland. (028 9146 9838)	<i>Zamfa</i>
# Eves, F. Maitland, M.B.E., 1967 (Eva)	8 Brompton Road, Bangor, Co Down BT20 3RE, N Ireland. (028 9146 0048)	<i>Cephas</i>
Eves, Jeremy R. F., 1975 (Heather)	30A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co Down BT20 3RD, N Ireland. (028 9127 0460 / Office: 028 9145 4344)	
Eves, Roland E., 1982 (Elizabeth)	53 Bryansglen Park, Bangor West, Co Down BT20 3RS, N Ireland. (028 9127 2025)	<i>Lutanda</i>
Fannin, Robert J., 1981 (-)	17 Marlborough Hill Place, Kingsdown, Bristol BS2 8LR, UK.	
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, N Ireland. (028 9754 1114)	<i>Moss Rose</i>
Fergus, Sean G., 1985 (Karen)	"Abbingdon", 56 Grosvenor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6. (01 496 5653)	<i>Estrellita</i>
Fernie, Peter J., 2002 (Louise)	Tawin Island, Maree, Oranmore, Galway. (091 794350 / Office: 091 790693)	
# Fielding, Christine M., 1971 (Raymond)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 484 1428)	
# Fielding, Dr. Raymond J., 1956 (Christine)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 484 1428)	
Fisher, J.D.F., 1969 (Susan)	Rathurret, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down BT34 3RX, N Ireland. (028 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 (-)	Avondale, 1 Craigmore Gardens, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (01 214 3329)	<i>Ajay (PO)</i>
! FitzGerald, Grainne, 1993 (Chris)	Avondale, 1 Craigmore Gardens, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (01 214 3329 / Office: 01 886 7459)	<i>Ajay (PO)</i>
Fitzgerald, Jack J., 1986 (-)	27 Hyde Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin. (01 285 0490)	
Fitzpatrick, Thomas J., 1985 (Mary)	Kincora, Deerpark, Howth Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 5554 / Office: 01 660 9566)	<i>Baily</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)	
Flowers, Maurice H., 1983 (Edna)	42B Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5HX, N Ireland. (028 9127 4664 / Fax: 028 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, Co. Down BT20 5HX, N Ireland. (028 9146 2067 / Fax: 028 9146 2067)	
Gallagher, Benignus N., 1980 (Mary)	4 Carrickbrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 3755)	<i>Sparkle</i>
Gallagher, Dr. Jack, 1992 (Meg)	Weir House, Woodstown, Co Waterford.	<i>Ruinette (PO) &amp; Natian (PO)</i>
Gallagher, Patrick, 2000 (Kathleen)	Seskin West, Bantry, Co Cork. (027 50128 / Office: 028 28400)	<i>Muirneog</i>
Garvin, J. Stephen, 2006 (Lesley)	Ring Hill, 24 Mullaghbane Rd., Armagh BT61 9HW, N Ireland. (028 3752 3004)	<i>Fable (PO)</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)	
Gillespie, Dr. Peter J., 1993 (-)	4 Demesne Gate, Saintfield, Co Down BT24 7BE, N Ireland. (028 9751 0779)	<i>Cara of Quoile</i>
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, N Ireland. (028 9754 1815)	
Glentoran, Lord T. Robin V., CBE., DL., 1977 (Maggie)	Drumadaragh House, Ballyclare, Co Antrim BT39 0TA, N Ireland. (028 9334 0222 / Office: 028 9334 0422)	
# Glover, Dr. W. E., 1961 (1998) (Lillian)	2 Coolong Road, Vaucluse, New South Wales 2030, Australia. (02 9337 4342)	<i>Wizard</i>
Godkin, John, 1992 (Sandy)	Sandycove, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 4774189 / Office: 021 4274236)	<i>Elixir</i>
Gomes, Deirdre, 1980 (Richard)	Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co Down, N Ireland. (028 4278 8365)	
# Gomes, H. R., 1967 (Deirdre)	Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co Down, N Ireland. (028 4278 8365)	<i>Ain Mara</i>
Good, Courtenay, 1991 (Valerie)	Ardkilly House, Sandycove, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 4772390 / Office: 021 4772300)	
Gore-Grimes, Anthony, 1978 (Katharine) Roxboro,	Baily, Co Dublin. (01 832 2449 / Office: 01 872 9299)	<i>Dux</i>
* Gore-Grimes, John, 1973 (1990) (Katie)	Shack, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 832 3670 / Office: 01 872 9299)	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
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, N Ireland. (028 9145 4860)	<i>Big Boots</i>
# Greer, Dr Heather, 1966 (-)	Cynara, Windgate Rise, Howth Summit, Co Dublin. (01 832 3731 / Office: 01 839 1586)	
# Guinness, A. Peter, 1963 (Sue)	Toad Hall, Little Missenden, Amersham, Bucks. HP7 0RD, England. (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 (Moirra)	Lisheen, Ballyvaughan, Co Clare. (065 7077 333 / Office: 065 7077 005)	<i>Papageno</i>
Hall, Mervyn J., 1970 (-)	The Cider House, Belmont Farm, Hatch Beauchamp, Taunton, Somerset TA3 6AA. (01823 480877)	<i>Baily of Howth</i>
Hand, Frank, 1985 (Alexandra)	Pf. 19 Strassganger Str 207, 8028 Graz, Austria. (00 43 316253626)	<i>Orion (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. (028 28004)	
Hawthorn, George S. N., 1985 (-)	4 Carnesure Mews, Comber, Co Down BT23 5TA, N Ireland. (028 9187 4489 / Office: 028 9754 1774)	<i>Fidem III</i>
Hayes, J. Colin, 1992 (Freda)	"Woodley", Rochestown Road, Cork. (021 4891948 / Office: 01 670 0633)	<i>Saoirse of Cork</i>
Healy, Nicholas, 2005 (-)	8 St. Nessans, Thormanby Rd., Howth, Co. Dublin.	
# Heard, Ruth, 1967 (-)	Stone Cottage, Clarendon Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 2258)	<i>Arcady</i>
Hegarty, Betty, 1986 (Brian)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13. (01 832 3421)	
# Hegarty, Brian, 1957 (Betty)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13. (01 832 3421)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
# 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, N Ireland.	<i>Juffra</i>
! Hilliard, Clifford E., 1961 (June)	Araglen, Proby Square, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 283 6760)	<i>Sea Sprite</i>
* Hogan, Peter St. J., (1993) (-)	153 Strand Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4. (01 260 1233)	
Holland, Michael, 2006 (Carol)	66 Fitzwilliam Sq., Dublin 2. (01 269 7567 / Office: 01 703 7300 / Fax: 01 662 5062)	<i>Celtic Spirit</i>
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, N Ireland.	
Hughes, John W, 2002 (Helga)	1 Rannoch Road, Holywood, Co Down BT18 0NA, N Ireland. (028 90 42 4640 / Office: 028 90 79 9393)	
# Hunt, C. K., 1963 (Poppy)	Bawnavota, Summercove, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 4772534)	
Hutcheson, Thomas C., 1990 (-)	18 Chaine Memorial Road, Larne, Co Antrim BT40 1AD, N Ireland. (028 2827 7284 / Office: 028 9086 4331)	<i>Tieveara</i>
Hutchinson, Alan, 1991 (Maureen)	27 Glenbroome Park, Jordanstown, Newtownabbey, Co Antrim BT37 0RL, N Ireland. (028 9086 3629)	<i>Suaeda</i>
Irvine, Terry, 2002 (Yvonne)	23 Seskin Avenue, Straid, Ballyclare, Co Antrim BT39 9LG, N Ireland. (028 93 352109)	<i>Stealaway</i>
Jameson, Kieran J, 1998 (Daire)	23 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 839 0649)	<i>Changeling (PO)</i>
Johnson, Terence C., 1960 (-)	Frazerbank, Strathmore Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 1439)	<i>Nyabo</i>
Johnston, Denis B., 1979 (Margaret)	Kilburn, 33 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down BT21 0PD. (028 9188 3951)	<i>Trininga</i>
Johnston, Guy B., 1995 (Helen)	8 Leeson Park Avenue, Dublin 6. (01 636 2000 / Office: 01 676 7666 / Fax: 01 678 4001)	<i>Sirikiti III</i>
Johnston, Lynn Christie, 2006 (Laura)	22 Clanbrassil Road, Holywood, Co. Down BT18 OAR. (028 9042 5014 / Office: 028 9026 3840 / Fax: 028 9026 3790)	<i>Kacana</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)	
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 SO41 9HB, England. (01590 672426 / Fax: 01590 670561)	<i>Rafiki (PO)</i>
Keatinge, William D., 1988 (Hilary)	3 Alexandra Road, Lymington, Hants SO41 9HB, England. (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)	<i>Lark</i>
Kenefick, Neil G., 1985 (Iris)	"Waterside", Corrabinn, Co Cork. (021 437 8024 / Office: 021 489 2813)	<i>Imagine</i>
Kennedy, Bridget, 1973 (Terence)	Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6RL. (028 9754 1470)	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
* Kennedy, Hugh P. Q.C., 1963 (2006) (Aoife)	Edgebank, 16 Deramore Park South, Belfast BT9 5JY, N Ireland. (028 90 660500 / Office: 028 90 669556 / Fax: 028 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)	
Kilkenny, Joseph A., 1971 (-)	The Hatch, Gray's Lane, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 3442)	<i>Moonshadow (PO)</i>
Killen, Andrew, 2006 (-)	79 Wintergardens, Pearse St., Dublin 2. (01 675 9986 / Office: 01 616 2391 / Fax: 01 670 2384)	
Killen, Beverly G., 2005 (Peter)	3 Killeen Tce., Malahide, Co. Dublin. (01 845 3019 / Fax: 01 816 8780)	<i>Pure Magic (PO)</i>
Killen, David, 2006 (-)	26 Auburn, Howth Rd., Clontarf, Dublin3. (01 853 3885 / Office: 01 614 9081)	
Killen, Peter R., 1994 (Beverly)	3 Killeen Terrace, Malahide, Co Dublin. (01 845 3019 / Office: 01 616 2212)	<i>Pure Magic</i>
King, Heather R., 1989 (-)	The Cabin, Rathdown Road, Greystones, Co Wicklow. (01 287 4944)	
* King, Cdr W., DSO*DSO. (1987) (-)	Oranmore Castle, Oranmore, Co Galway.	
! Kirby, Myles, Hon. Treasurer, 2004 (-)	16 Margaret Place, Bath Avenue, Sandymount, Dublin 4. (/ Office: 01 678 9089 / Fax: 01 662 2727)	<i>Yami Yami</i>
Kirby, Tom, 1971 (Eileen)	Park Road, Clogheen, Clonakilty, Co Cork. (023 33553 / Office: 023 33240)	
Knatchbull, Michael W., 1986 (Rhona)	Gambles Lodge, Upper Mountown, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 280 1420)	
Knatchbull, Patrick W, 1999 (Mary)	16 Seafront Road, Cultra, Co Down BT18 0BB. (028 9042 2240)	<i>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, England. (01483 539876 / Office: 01483 594264)	
Lavelle, Pat, 1991 (-)	30 The Green, College Road, Galway. (091 67707 / Office: 091 57707)	<i>Colla Voce</i>
Law, J. Brian, 1975 (Rosemary)	Cherry Hill, Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6PR. (028 9754 1386 / Office: 028 9266 7317)	<i>Ocean Blue</i>
Layng, Capt. Brian, 1988 (Joann)	51 Corr Castle, Howth, Dublin 13. (01 832 4104)	<i>Carraig Ban</i>
Lee, Adrian F., 1992 (Irina)	17 Wellington Place, Dublin 4. (01 667 8505)	<i>Irisha</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, N Ireland. (028 9065 3162)	<i>Ariadne</i>
Ley, Angela, 1986 (John)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5JW. (028 9145 4937)	<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>
Ley, John E., 1986 (Angela)	7 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5JW. (028 9145 4937)	<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>
Lindsay-Fynn, Nigel, 2003 (Heleen)	Lee Ford, Budleigh Salterton, Devon EX9 7AJ, England. (1395 443632 / Office: 1395 445894)	<i>Eleanda</i>
Long, Norman, 1991 (Kay)	20 Mapas Avenue, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 9847)	
Love Jnr., Clayton, 1971 (-)	Waterpark House, Carrigaline, Co. Cork. (021 451 2611)	<i>Royal Tara &amp; 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. (028 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)	10 Lima Lawn, Magazine Road, Cork. (021 4542826 / Office: 021 4545333 / Fax: 021 434 2497)	<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, Knockackee Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 2620)	<i>Poppy (PO)</i>
# Macken, J. J., 1949 (-)	White House, Dalkey Avenue, Co Dublin. (01 285 9585)	
! MacMahon, Gary, 1992 (Michelle)	Analore House, St Nessans Road, Dooradoyle, Limerick. (061 227778 / Office: 061 400620)	
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)	
Madden, John, 2006 (-)	Rossllyn, Tiernaleague, Carndonagh, Co. Donegal. (074 937 4433 / Office: 074 937 4262 / Fax: 074 937 4790)	<i>Bagheera</i>

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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)	Sea Fox
Magennis, Connla, 1975 (Geraldine)	Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RU. (028 4177 2237)	Starfire
Magowan, Terence D., 2004 (Mary)	26 Aghnadore Rd., Broughshane, Co. Antrim BT42 4QB. (028 25 861266 / Office: 028 25 639399 / Fax: 028 25 639398)	Mairi
Malcolm, John, 1991 (-)	Willow Cottage, Langley Upper Green, Essex CB11 4RU, England. (01799 550884 / Office: 01279 658412)	
Malone, John, 2000 (-)	Glenavan, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co. Cork.	
Markey, Alan, 2006 (-)	55 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 0846 / Office: 01 670 9200 / Fax: 01 670 3993)	Crackerjack
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)	Prince of Tides (PO)
Marshall, Gary George, 2006 (-)	9 Ballymoran Road, Killinchy, Co. Down BT23 6UE. ( / Office: 028 9042 5760 / Fax: 028 9042 5097)	
Marshall, Trevor Stanley, 2006 (-)	6 Cultra Terrace, Holywood, Co. Down. (028 9042 6397 / Office: 028 9042 5760 / Fax: 028 9042 5097)	
Martin, Clive C., 1978 (Mary)	3, The Thicket, Hainault Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 289 3565)	Lindos
Martin, F. Derek, 1954 (Oonagh)	Woodley, Eaton Brae, Shankill, Co Dublin. (01 282 4457)	Lively Lady
Martin, J. Kenneth, 1982 (-)	Greenwood, Brighton Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 289 3981)	Jaded
Massey, John, 1992 (Susan)	7 Glencarraig, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 5636 / Office: 01 864 9002)	New Moon
Maxwell, Cdr. RN J. David, 1982 (Carolyn)	50 Old Court, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co Down BT30 7NG. (028 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., 1961 (-)	45 Upper Leeson Street, Dublin 4. (01 660 4580)	
McAuliffe, Philip, 2001 (Sheila)	13 The Avenue, Woodville, Dunkettle, Co. Cork. (021 455 6148)	
McBride, E (Davy), 1970 (-)	14 Sutton Grove, Sutton, Dublin. (01 832 5527)	
McCann, Jack, 1999 (Moya)	Boroondara, Gortacleva, Bushy Park, Galway. (091 526691 / Office: 091 568353)	Mary Lee
McCarter, Andy, 2000 (Paddy)	Carnamaddy, Speenogue, Lifford, Co. Donegal. (077 68697)	Gwili 3
McCarthy, Francis, 1985 (Foinnuala)	3 Ardbrack Hts, Kinsale, Co Cork. ( / Office: 021 4277338)	Atlantic Islander
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)	Kala
McConnell, Stafford C., 1971 (Mariana)	Killaloe, Co Clare. (061 376908)	Marula
McCormack, Paget J., 1991 (Andrea)	24 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 288 4382 / Office: 01 872 5566)	Saki
McCormack, Sean, 1990 (-)	15 The Avenue, Woodpark, Ballinteer, Dublin 16. (01 298 4120 / Office: 01 836 4399)	Marie Claire II
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)	Storm Boy
McFerran, Neil V., 1965 (-)	65 Marlborough Pk S, Belfast BT9 6HS, N Ireland. (02890 667208 / Office: 02890 272115)	Whitefire
McGettigan, Alan E., 2003 (Natalie)	Ard Sonas House, Torca Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 8321)	Wolfhound
McGlade, Patrick P, 2003 (Olga)	Ballinvoultig, Waterfall, near Cork, Co Cork. (021 488 5286 / Office: 021 432 8240)	Sabrone
McGonagle, Barbara, 1981 (-)	Carrigoona, Ceannchor Road, Baily, Co. Dublin. (01 832 2823)	
McHenry, Barbara, (1993) (Cormac)	8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14. (01 288 4733)	
McHenry, Cormac P., Commodore, 1980 (Barbara)	8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14. (01 288 4733)	Island Life
McIlraith, Jim, Commodore, CCC, (2006) (Mandy)	6 Camstradden Drive East, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 4AH, Scotland. (0141 942 2514)	
McKean, William W., 1986 (Rosemary)	27 Fotheringay Road, Glasgow G41 4NL, Scotland. (0141 423 6370)	Siolta
McKee, Michael, 1962 (Anne)	6 Godfrey Gate, 59 Groomsport Rd., Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5ND, N Ireland. (028 9147 2692)	Carragheen
McKenna, David C., 1964 (-) (2006) (Mandy)	G 102 Marina Bay Homes, Aisaworld City, Paranaque, Manila 1703, Philippines. (63-2-879-8166 / Fax: 63-2-879-3339)	Rapparee II
McKinley, Fergus, 1953 (-)	Beechfield, Sydney Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 288 8376)	Salar
McMahon, Brendan, 1988 (-)	Moyarta, North Circular Road, Limerick. (061 453934)	
McMillan, Alastair M., 1968 (-)	Treborth, 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)	Zuben 'ubi (PO)
Mellon, D. E., M.D., 1947 (-)	Glaslaken, Bunclody, Co Wexford. (054 76103)	
Menton, James F., 1986 (Margaret)	Tuskarville, Ballylucas, Ballymurn, Co Wexford. (053 38965)	Caranja
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)	Mystique of Malahide
Minnis, Peter, 1996 (Carolyn)	58, Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down. (028 9188 2577 / Office: 028 9181 8853)	
Mollard, Robert E., 1969 (-)	27 Sion Road, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 285 4317)	
Monson, Roderick G., 1983 (Valerie)	2 Castlehill Road, Stormont, Belfast BT4 3GL, N Ireland. (028 9065 6051)	Family's Pride
Monson, Ross S, 2001 (-)	2 Castlehill Road, Belfast BT4 3GL, N Ireland. (028 90656051 / Office: 07718 907735)	
Moore, Nelson J, 2001 (-)	13 Maryborough Green, Douglas, Cork.	
Moore, Sam, 2001 (Lily)	5 The Rookery, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 6SY. (028 9754 2433)	Narnia
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)	Giggles
Morrison, Hugh F., 1997 (Sue)	"Ambleburn", Broom Rd., Newton Mearns, Glasgow G77 5DN, Scotland. (0141 639 3639)	Quaila
Morrissey, Donal, 1982 (Brenda)	Fuchsia, Aspen Lane, Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare. (065 707 7981)	Rebound (PO) & Now What (PO)
Morrow, Ian, 2002 (Helen)	Ballylin, Ramelton, Co. Donegal. (074 51268)	Genesis of Drumbooy (PO)
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)	Tillygreig
Musgrave, Stuart, 2005 (Avril)	Ferndale, Raffeen, Monkstown, Co. Cork. (021 437 1640 / Fax: 021 452 2290)	
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)	Maximum (PO)
Nicholson, David, 1980 (Joan)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 484 2160)	White Shadow
Nicholson, Eddie, 2004 (Susie)	Cuan D'Or, Harbour View, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork. (023 49807 / Office: 021 427 3000 / Fax: 021 427 5768)	Silver Shadow
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)	48 Ballydorn Road, Killinchy, Co. Down BT23 6QB, N Ireland. (028 9754 3336 / Fax: 028 9754 1138)	Scilla Verna (PO)
Nixon, Katherine, 2004 (James)	48 Ballydorn Road, Killinchy, Co. Down BT23 6QB, N Ireland. (028 9754 3336 / Fax: 028 9754 1138)	
Nixon, W. M., 1963 (Georgina)	14 Evora Park, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 3929 / Fax: 01 832 1902)	
O'Boyle, Donal, 1974 (Liz)	83 Brightwater, Crosshaven, Co. Cork. (021 483 1028 / Office: 021 483 2422)	
O'Brien, James, 2004 (Derna)	Woodview Cottage, Passage West, Co. Cork. (021 484 1491 / Office: 021 488 9922 / Fax: 021 488 9923)	Tremlett

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
O'Callaghan, Brendan, 1990 (Majella)	"Cashelbeg", Laurel Walk, Bandon, Co Cork. (023 43077)	Brandon Rose
O'Carroll, Cormac, 2002 (Frances)	Duncan, Holly Mount, Lee Road, Cork. (021 430 0189 / Office: 021 428 4276)	Phoenix
O'Connor, Daniel, 1971 (-)	The Pines, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 285 8012 / Office: 01 676 4661)	Leprechaun
O'Connor, Gilbert J., 1987 (Hilda)	36 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6PT. (028 9754 1345)	Freycinet
O'Connor, Patrick, 1996 (Christine)	12 Hawthorne Terrace, Cobh, Co Cork. (021 4811442)	Pegasus
O'Donnell, John, 2005 (Dympna)	29 Sea Rd., Galway. (091 584255 / Office: 091 544316 / Fax: 091 585059)	Aoife (PO)
O'Donovan, Adrian, 1986 (-)	Leaves of Grass, Point Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 483 3033)	Mo Chuisle
O'Farrell, Michael, 1975 (Anne)	Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co Down BT34 3RU. (028 4177 2620)	Cuchulain
O'Farrell, Phillip V.J., 1990 (Caitriona)	15 Drumreagh Road, Rostrevor, Co Down BT34 3DS. (028 4173 9830)	
O'Farrell, Vincent J., 1981 (Maureen)	Eldon Hotel, Skibbereen, Co Cork. (028 22000)	Shangaan & Fastnet Dancer
O'Flaherty, Michael P., 1968 (-)	Le Fainel, Le Vallon, St Martin's, Guernsey GY4 6DQ. (01481 237650 / Office: 01 660 5011 / Fax: 01481 237651)	Cuilain (PO)
O'Flynn, Dominic, 1990 (Mary)	2 Woodview, Wellington Bridge, Lee Road, Cork. (021 434 8038 / Office: 021 497 2060 / Office Fax: 021 435 9161)	
# O'Gallagher, Malachi, 1968 (Evelyn)	12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin 6W. (01 490 5800 / Fax: 01 490 5940)	Aoibhne (PO)
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)	Harklow
* 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.	Tux
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)	Irish Mist
O'Loughlin, Shane G., 2005 (-)	The Old Post Office, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow. (01 282 8402)	Birmayne
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)	Clarebelle
O'Morchoe, The David N. C., 1981 (Madam Margaret)	Ardgarry, Gorey, Co Wexford. (053 942 1803)	
O'Neill, J. Russell, 1964 (-)	59 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down BT21 0PQ. (028 9188 8609 / Office: 028 9188 8088)	Miss Molly of Hamble
O'Rahilly, Dr. Michael, 1979 (Frances)	31 Dundela Avenue, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (01 214 0679)	Mystery
O'Riain, Gearoid, 2001 (-)	82 Glenageary Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin.	
O'Riordan, Jeffrey, 2004 (Sally)	Oriordan, Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork. (021 437 8531)	Adrigole
# Orr, Arthur S. P., VRD* DL FRIN, 1970 (Jane)	Evergreen, 11 Old Holywood Road, Belfast BT4 2HJ, N Ireland. (028 9076 3601)	
Osborne, James R., 1974 (-)	The Garden House, Little Newtown, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow. (01 286 3509)	Hibernia (PO)
# Osterberg, Paul, 1949 (Valerie)	The Old Manse, Hillsborough, Co Down BT26 6HW. (028 9268 2226)	Bibi
# 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)	Askari
O'Tierney, Dr. Donal, 1986 (Win)	41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Co Down BT34 3NJ. (028 4177 3630)	
O'Toole, Dr. Ray, 1996 (Valerie)	Corcullen, Galway. (091 555168 / Office: 091 524222)	Aoife (PO)
# Park, Dr. David S., 1969 (Hilary)	Yew Cottage, 34a Carrowdore Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards BT22 2LX, N Ireland. (028 4278 8625)	Alys
Park, Jonathan S., 1987 (Deborah)	8 Old Station Road, Holywood, Co Down BT18 0BX. (028 9042 1938)	
# Payne, J. Somers, 1969 (Eithne)	4 Camden Terrace, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 4831128)	
Pearson, Alan John, 1983 (Claire)	35 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 4856)	Trick or Treat
Petch, John A., 1987 (Libb)	Seaview Farm, Kilbrittain, Co Cork. (023 49610)	Seadrifter
! Phelan, Joe, 2002 (Trish)	33 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. (01 832 3876)	Skua
Powell, James, 2004 (Fifi)	Chetwynd, Myrtleville, Co. Cork. (021 483 1265)	Blue Oyster
Prendeville, Neil J., 1990 (Felicity)	73 Clevedon, Lower Kilmoney Rd, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 4375219 / Office: 021 4328219)	Mary P
# Pritchard, Maura G.M., 1966 (-)	The Coach House, 36 Craigmarragh Road, Helen's Bay, Co Down BT19 1UA. (028 9185 2237)	Blue Lady (PO)
Quinlan, Fergus, 2003 (Kay)	Doonee, Burren, Co Clare. (065 707 8929)	Pylades (PO)
Quinlan, Vera, 2006 (Peter)	15 Nuns Orchard, Kinvara, Co. Galway. (091 638813)	
Ralston, George L. D., 1986 (Lynne)	Island Cottage, Reagh Island, Comber, Co Down BT23 6EN. (028 9754 1431)	Insouciance
Ranalow, Frank, 2006 (Yvonne)	Gortglass Lake, Kilrush, Co. Clare. (065 683 2334 / Office: 065 682 3406)	
Rea, Bill, 1977 (Eithne)	7 Verona, Queen's Park, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (01 280 7987 / Fax: 01 280 7987)	Elysium
Rea, Edward J. F., 2006 (Brenda)	31 Hans Sloane Square, Killyleagh, Downpatrick, Co. Down BT30 9GA. (028 4482 8364)	Catre
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'Estere, 1989 (Mairead)	Riverwood, Currabinny, Co Cork. (021 4374444 / Office: 021 4378383)	Splashdance
Robertson, Alan, 2001 (Joyce)	22 Dumyat Drive, Falkirk FK1 5PD, Scotland. (01324 624430)	Jomora
Rogerson, Fred J., 1983 (Janet)	113 Lakelands Close, Stillorgan, Co Dublin. (01 288 6437 / Office: 01 660 9155)	Happy Return
Rohan, John, 2004 (-)	Ros na Laoi, Richmond Wood, Glanmire, Co. Cork. (021 482 2588 / Office: 021 437 4761)	Volare
Ronaldson, Evie, 1997 (Peter)	1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 3SN. (028 9147 4131)	Seascape of Down (PO)
# Ronaldson, Peter, 1967 (Evie)	1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 3SN. (028 9147 4131)	Seascape of Down (PO)
Rooney, John W., 1994 (Penny)	28 Park Drive, Ranelagh, Dublin 4. (01 497 7004 / Office: 01 676 6167)	
Rountree, Alan H., 1995 (Angela)	Ballylusk, Ashford, Co Wicklow. (0404 40156 / Office: 0404 40156)	Tallulah
* Rowland, Edward (Ned) S., Commodore CCA. (2006) (Susie)	230 Asbury Street, Hamilton, MA 01982, USA.	
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, Patrick, 2006 (-)	7 Bar na Carraige, Fort Lorenzo, Galway. (/ Office: 091 742485 / Fax: 091 751107)	Ibaraki (PO)
Ryan, Paul J., 1984 (-)	17 Arkendale Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 235 0546)	
Ryan, Peter, 1988 (Margaret)	44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co Armagh BT66 7QD. (028 3888 1418)	Nicu
Sadlier, Frank A., 1985 (Marion)	19 Quay Road, Strangford, Co Down BT30 7LL. (028 4488 1830)	Nisha
Salmon, Seamus, 2000 (-)	Cloonterriff, Knock, Co Mayo. (094 88662 / Office: 094 24488)	Saoirse
Sargent, Gerard M., 1996 (Barbara)	49 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. (01 832 5392)	Pip (PO)
Scanlon, Bryan, 2004 (Margaret)	Whitehall, Parteen, Limerick. (061 327328 / Office: 061 417451 / Fax: 061 417663)	Confusion
Scott, Clive, 2006 (2004) (Elisabeth)	11 Hillhead Drive, Falkirk FK1 5NG, Scotland. (01324 622481 / Office: 01324 637654 / Fax: 01324 635678)	Paloma
# Selig, Ivan L., 1965 (Daphne)	Bree Lodge, Craigavon, Co Down BT18 ODE. (028 9042 4361)	
Sharp, Ronald L., 1974 (Sheila-May)	Ardbeg, Craigmillar Avenue, Milngavie, Glasgow G62 8AU, Scotland. (0141 956 1984)	Ultimate
Sheehy, Edward J., 1998 (Eileen)	"Ilton", Magazine Road, Cork. (021 4541816)	
Sheil, Leonard Jr., 1988 (-)	Copse Cottage, Ballyhad, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow. (0404 43896)	Gay Gannet
# Sheil, Leonard, 1968 (Hazel)	Portlet, 24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 1878 / Office: 01 280 7838)	Gay Gannet
# Sheppard, Lt. Comm. Thomas, RN (Retd), 1957 (Judith)	Derrybawn, Military Road, Ballybrack, Co Dublin. (01 282 4413)	Greylag of Arklow (PO)
Sheridan, Gerry A., 1995 (Terry)	Swiss Cottage, Newtown, Waterford. (051 870847 / Office: 051 334700)	Playtime 2

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Giggins, Brian, 1985 (-)	Bunalun House, Bunalun, Skibbereen, Co. Cork. (028 22465)	<i>Ausoba</i>
# Simms, Robin J. A., 1969 (Nan)	80 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5HX. (028 9147 3563)	<i>Moonstream</i>
Sisk, Hal B., 1973 (Rosemarie)	c / o Sicon Ltd., Wilton Works, Naas Rd., Dublin 22. (045 876268 / Office: 01 409 1600)	<i>Peggy Bawn &amp; Cuileann</i>
Slater, Ronnie, 1977 (Denise)	39 Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co. Down BT19 1LB. (028 918 52373)	
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>Cuilaun (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. OBE, 2002 (Lillian)	2 Oldstone close, Shore Road, Greenisland, Co Antrim. (028 90 854557 / Office: 028 90 400999)	<i>Jig Time</i>
Smyth, Francis G., 1979 (-)	30 Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co. Down BT22 2RX. (028 4278 8214)	<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. (028 4484 1697)	
Spence, Stuart A., 1991 (-)	169 Church Rd., Holywood, Co. Down BT18 9RN, N Ireland. (028 9042 6922 / Fax: 028 9042 6922)	<i>Madcap</i>
Stevenson, Dr. Ian James, 1991 (-)	55 Churchtown Road, Ballyculter, Downpatrick, Co Down BT30 7AZ. (028 4488 1798)	<i>Raptor</i>
# Stevenson, John A., 1964 (Clodagh)	22 Baring Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks HP9 2NE, England.	<i>Morene</i>
Stevenson, John C., 1984 (-)	Ardmore, 1 Seaforth Road, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5HV. (028 9147 2779)	
# Stewart, Alan C., 1959 (June)	Cul na Mara, 9 Meadow Bank, Moffat, Dumfries & Galloway, Scotland DG10 9LR. (01683 220814)	
Stillman, Chris J.,	3 Thomastown Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 285 2084 / Office: 01 677 2941)	
Hon. Editor ICC Annual, 1985 (Helen)		
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, Scotland. (0141 942 0615 / Office: 0141 248 7158)	
Taggart, John I., 1999 (Gail)	Cuan Farm, 13 Ballydrain Road, Comber, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 5SR. (01247 870265 / Office: 01232 669537)	<i>Pascal</i>
Taplin, David M. R., 1986 (-)	Coliemore House, Down Thomas, Plymouth, PL9 0BQ, England.	<i>Minerva</i>
Taylor, Gregg, 2003 (Helen)	Ballymacormick House, Ballymacormick Road, Bangor, Co Down BT19 6AB. (028 9146 7955 / Office: 078 5059 8223)	<i>Blue Squirrel</i>
* Thomas, Martin, Commodore OCC, 2006 (Vivien)	The Holme, Clay Lane, Headley, Surrey KT18 6JS, England.	
Thornhill, Christopher J.H., 2005 (Valentine)	55 St. Charles Square, London W10 6EN, England. (00 44 20 8969 1736)	<i>Sai See (PO)</i>
Tierney, John, 1960 (Sally)	Aisling, Knapton Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 280 4391 / Office: 01 676 7998)	
Tisdall, Patrick, 1992 (-)	Firlands, Glengarriff, Co Cork. (027 63106)	
Titterton, Ian H., 1989 (-)	12 Marino Park, Cultra, Holywood BT18 OAN, N Ireland. (028 9042 2280)	
Travers, Brendan, 1993 (Evelyn)	14 Castle Lawn, Tulla Road, Ennis, Co Clare. (065 682 2440)	<i>Seoidin</i>
Traynor, Frank, 1985 (-)	34 Rathdown Park, Terenure, Dublin 6W.	
? Tucker, David E, Rear Commodore, 2000 (Meta)	Coonlocken House, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 477 2468 / Office: 021 470 2122 / Fax: 021 477 3252)	<i>Intrigue</i>
* 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)	
Tyranansen, 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, Gary, 1992 (-)	Burnlaw, Whitfield, Hexham NE47 8HF, England. (01434 345359 / Office: 01434 632692)	<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>
Viriden, Jonathan, 1968 (Joy)	The Court Lodge, Yalding, Kent ME18 6HX, UK. (01622 814509)	<i>Twayblade</i>
Waldron, Dr. Oliver C., 1978 (-)	Luibeen, Colla Road, Schull, Co Cork. (028 28814)	
Walsh, Anthony, 1979 (-)	Red Island, Skerries, Co Dublin. (01 849 0113)	<i>Bluebell</i>
Walsh, Donal, 1992 (Mary)	Meadowlands, Abbeyside, Dungarvan, Co Waterford. (058 44074)	<i>Lady Kate</i>
Walsh, Enda, 1990 (William)	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 4831483)	
Walsh, Patrick J., 1982 (Peg)	Beaumont House, Woodvale Road, Beaumont, Cork. (021 4292556 / Office: 021 4292195)	
# Walsh, William, 1968 (Enda)	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 4831483 / Office: 021 4502358)	<i>Carrigdown</i>
Waters, Capt. L. Roy, 1985 (Susanne)	15 Ballymullan Road, Crawfordsburn, Bangor, Co Down BT19 1JG. (028 9185 3249)	<i>Sundowner of Beaulieu</i>
Watson, Barbara N., 1993 (-)	6860 Gulfport Blvd. S, #750, South Pasadena, FL 33707, USA. (727 345 3933)	
Watson, Patricia, 1966 (Dick)	29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 2472)	
Watson, Richard R., 1962 (Pat)	29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 2472)	<i>Ursula</i>
Webb, Michael J., 1986 (Ruth)	11 The Moorings, Athlone, Co. Westmeath. (090 647 7705)	<i>Moondrifter</i>
? Wheeler, Edwin M., 1975 (Jan)	2 Holme Court, Ballyhome, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5LQ, N. Ireland. (028 9147 4106)	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
Whelan, Geoffrey F., 1985 (Valerie)	The Stables, Nashville Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 3536 / Office: 01 677 7532)	<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>
Whelan, Michael J., 1985 (Maureen)	8 Longford Terrace, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (01 230 4972)	<i>Maunie</i>
Whelehan, Harold, 1979 (-)	Treetops, Claremont Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 8324139)	
Whitaker, D. Mark, 1991 (Liz)	Orchard House, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 436 2773 / Office: 021 428 1143 / Fax: 021 428 1140)	<i>Rascal</i>
Whitaker, David J., 1988 (Valerie)	Ashkirk, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 4292542 / Office: 021 4281100)	<i>Wayfarer</i>
? White, Derek F, 1999 (Vivienne)	The Mallard, 4 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Co Down BT30 7LP. (028 4488 1331 / Office: 028 4488 1323)	<i>Ballyclaire</i>
White, John N., 1974 (Sarah)	3 Marlborough Road, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 8364)	
? Whitehead, David, Rear Commodore, 1972 (Marie)	Glebe, Kinvara, Co. Galway. (091 638195 / Office: 091 638211)	<i>Joyster</i>
Whitehead, Duncan, 2001 (-)	7 / 6 Sheriff Bank, The Shore, Leith, Edinburgh EH6 6ES, Scotland. (0131 553 2907)	<i>Foam</i>
* Whitehead, Marie, (2006) (-)	Glebe, Kinvara, Co. Galway. (091 638195)	
Williams, J. David, 1984 (Ena)	24 Middle Road, Saintfield, Co Down BT24 7LP. (028 9751 9060 / Office: 028 9070 5111)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
Williams, W. Peter, 1968 (Anne)	The Whins, 25 Ballykeigle Road, Comber, Co Down BT23 5SD. (028 9752 8360)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
Winkelmann, Franz C., 1984 (Carmel)	8 Holmston Avenue, Glenageary, Co. Dublin. (01 280 1212)	
# Wolfe, Jack M., 1959 (-)	3A Dunbo Hill, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 839 4154)	<i>Benbow</i>
Wolfe, John W., 1978 (-)	Reena Dhuna, Church Cross, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.	<i>Kylie</i>
Wolfe, Peter C., 1974 (Jill)	Inglewood, Gilford Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4. (01 269 4316)	
Wood, Michael, 2006 (-)	Castleview, Fenit, Co. Kerry. (066 713 6976)	
Wood, Trevor R. C., 1987 (Angela)	Rostynan, 1 Haddington Lawn, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 0471 / Fax: 01 280 5178)	<i>Misty</i>
Woodward, Joseph B., 1990 (Mary)	Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 429 1215 / Office: 021 427 3327)	<i>Moshulu III</i>
Woodward, Mary, 1999 (Joe)	Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork. (021 4291215)	<i>Moshulu III</i>
Woulfe-Flanagan, Ann, 1996 (-)	60 Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 3979)	<i>Beowulf (PO)</i>
Wright, Nick, 2003 (Marwyn)	11 Brackenrig Crescent, Waterfoot, Glasgow G76 0HF, Scotland. (0141 644 4253)	<i>Talisker</i>
Wylie, Ian E., 1971 (-)	Flat 1, 2 Clanbrasil Terrace, Holywood, Co Down BT18 0AP. (028 9042 1515)	

# List of Yachts

To amend an entry, email Ron Cudmore.

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<i>Adrigole</i>	J. O'Riordan		Sloop F. 1987	P. Brett	Rival 36
<i>Aeolus</i>	D. Beattie	8	Sloop F. 1974	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Aeolus</i>	M. Harris-Barke	7.4	Sloop F. 1971	M Dufour	Arpege
<i>Afar VI</i>	I. Cherry & B. Bradley		Cutter F. 2001	Bill Dixon	Moody 47
<i>Agivey</i>	W. and S. Clark		Ketch F. 1975	Colvic	
<i>Ajay</i>	D. & G. FitzGerald		Sloop F.	Westerly Konsort	
<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>Alyx</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>Atlantic</i>	F McCarthy		Ketch F. 1980	Walter Raynor	Atlantic Power Ketch
<i>Bagheera</i>	J. Maadden				
<i>Baily</i>	T. J. Fitzpatrick		Sloop F. 2005	Bruce Farr	Benetau First 36.7
<i>Baily of Howth</i>	M.J. Hall	33	Ketch F. 1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 46
<i>Ballyclaire</i>	D F White		Sloop F. 1976	Finot	Fastnet 34
<i>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>Blackjack</i>	P. Coad		Cutter F. 1980	M. Pocock	—
<i>Blue Lady</i>	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>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 Strangdord</i>	B Black		Cutter / ketch F. 1973	Luders	
<i>Capercaillie</i>	J.W. Clow	24	Bmu ketch F. 1978	Nicholson	Nicholson 48
<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>Carraig Ban</i>	B. Layng		Motorboat 2000	J. Bennet	Rosebank 34
<i>Carrigdown</i>	W. Walsh		M/H Sloop F. 2001	Bruce Farr	Jeanneau 45.2
<i>Catre</i>	E. Rea		Sloop F. 1999	German Frers	Hallberg-Rassy 36
<i>Celtic Spirit</i>	M. Holland				
<i>Cephas</i>	F.M. Eves		Sloop F. 1985	Ed Dubois	Westerly Corsair
<i>C'est Formidable</i>	P. Clandillon		Sloop F. 1999	Mortain & Mavrikios	—
<i>Changeling</i>	K.J. Jameson	15	Sloop F. 1989	D. Thomas	Sigma 38
<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>Clodhna</i>	P. Butler		F. 1990	Northshore	Fisher 31
<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>Concerto</i>	B. & A. Craig		Sloop F. 2006	Umberto Felci / Patrick Roseo	Dufour 455
<i>Confusion</i>	B. Scanlon		Sloop F. 1999	Neils Jeppesen	X3625
<i>Crackerjack</i>	A. Markey		Sloop F.	—	Bavaria 31
<i>Crimson</i>	H. du Plessis		Sloop F. 1985	G L Watson	Colvic 23 motor-sailer
<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>Cuilaun</i>	B. Smullen / M. O'Flaherty	28	Ketch W. 1970	G.T. McGruer	McGruer One Off
<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

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<i>Doran Glas</i>	P. Horan	11	Sloop F. 1980	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35
<i>Dux</i>	A. Gore-Grimes		X302		
<i>Eala Ban</i>	A. & M. Bell		Sloop F. 2005	Stefan Qviberg	Arcona 400
<i>Eblana</i>	A. Dunn	14	Sloop F. 1989	Bill Dixon	Moody Eclipse 33
<i>Eleanda</i>	N Lindsay-Fynn	30.3	Sloop F. 1996	Carl Beyer	Najad 520
<i>Elgin</i>	M O'Rahilly		Lugger F. 1999	Nigel Irens	Romilly
<i>Elixir</i>	J Godkin		Sloop F. 2001	J & J Designs	Dufour 45 Classic
<i>Elysium</i>	W.T. Rea	7	Sloop F. 1988	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Enigma</i>	S. Adair		Oceanis 411		
<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>Fable</i>	J. S. Garvin		Sloop F. 1986	Van de Stadt	Legend 34
<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		Sloop F.	—	Oyster 42
<i>Foam</i>	Duncan Whitehead		Cat Ketch F. 1983	David Thomas	Hunter Liberty 22
<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 Drombuoy</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>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>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>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>Ibaraki</i>	P. Ryan		GK 34		
<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. 2005	Bruce Farr	Farr 545
<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'abliesse</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 C Love Jnr</i>			Gaff W. 1897	Fife Design	
<i>Jig Time</i>	D Smyth	14	Sloop F. 1996	Cork Harbour One Design	
<i>Jomora</i>	A A Robertson		Sloop F. 1996	Stephen Jones	Bowman Starlight 35
<i>Joyster</i>	D. Whitehead	17.5	Ketch F. 1981	Stephen Jones	Starlight 35
<i>Juffra</i>	M.J. Hill		Sloop F. 1966	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35
<i>Jura</i>	W & P Kellett		Sloop F. 1984	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Kacana</i>	L C Johnston		Sloop F. 2005	Holman & Pye	Pretorian 35
<i>Kala</i>	M.T. McConnell	4	Motor F. 1974	Peter Norlin	Sweden Yacht 42
<i>Katielok II</i>	M. Alexander		Cutter S. 1988	Derek Stukins	Downcraft 21
<i>Kilpatrick</i>	D P Brazil	13	Sloop F. 1986	G. Carof	Albion 36
<i>Kirmew</i>	D McCleave	5	Sloop W. 1947	Holman & Pye	Oyster Heritage
<i>Kish</i>	N. Casey		Cutter F. 1982	Robert Clark	YW 5 tonner
<i>Knocknagrena</i>	Lord Hemphill		Ketch F. 1980	Bob Perry	Tayana 37
<i>Koala</i>	P Cullen / M Crotty		Sloop F. 1983	Laurent Giles	Conway
<i>Kumaree</i>	K.L. Cooke	6	Sloop F. 1970	David Thomas	Sigma 41
<i>Kylie</i>	J. W. Wolfe		1984	Dufour	Safari
<i>La Reveuse</i>	J. Banim		Sloop F. 1981	Kelt 8.5	
<i>Lady Kate</i>	D. Walsh	10	Sloop F. 1986	Andre Beneteau	Evasion 29
<i>Lark</i>	B. Kelliher		Sloop	Dixon	Moody 31
<i>Leemara of Howth</i>	M & M Butler	17	Sloop F. 1990	—	Alberg Ensign 23
<i>Leprechaun</i>	D.E. O'Connor	4	Sloop W. 1962	Stephen Jones	Sadler Starlight 39
<i>Lindos</i>	C.C. Martin	7	Sloop F. 1977	Peterson Thuesen	Dragon O.D.
<i>Lively Lady</i>	D. F. Martin		Sloop F. 2004	Van De Stadt	Prospect 900
<i>Lonehort</i>	D. Lovett		Sloop F. 1971	Bruce Farr	Beneteau First 44.7
<i>Lutanda</i>	R. E. Eves		Ketch F. 1977	Laurent Giles	Salar 40
<i>Mac Duach</i>	Dr. M. Brogan	15	G. Cutter W. 1979	Olle Enderlein	Hallberg Rassy 35
				Colm Mulkerrins	Galway Hooker

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<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 Predeville		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>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	Tony Castro	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. 2000	Group Finot	Oceanis 411
<i>Mo Chuisle</i>	A. O'Donovan		Sloop F. 1981	—	Snappedragon 747
<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>Moonsadow</i>	J. Kilkenny E Fitzgerald		Sloop F. 1984	Moody 29	
<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>Moss Rose</i>	D. Faulkner		Ketch F. 2002	Amel	Amel 53
<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>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>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>Now What</i>	D. Morrissy		Sloop F.	Dubois 33	
<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>	L. Bohane		Sloop F. 1998	Judel / Vrolijk	Dehler 41
<i>Odysseus</i>	P. Bryans		Sloop F. 1997	J. Fauroux	Jeanneau Sun Odyssey
<i>Oneiro</i>	P. Cudmore		Sloop F. 2002	Berret / Racoupeau	Oceanis Clipper 393
<i>Orchestra</i>	M. Craughwell	55	Ketch S. 1984	Petersen	Jongert 28
<i>Orion na Mara</i>	F. Hand		Sloop F. 1977	Sparkman & Stevens	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	Dufour 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>Pip</i>	G. & B. Sargent		Sloop F. 1989	—	L.M. Vitesse 33
<i>Piper of Dart</i>	P. D'Arcy		Sloop F. 1981	Angus Primrose	Moody 29
<i>Playtime 2</i>	G. Sheridan		Sloop F. 2006	Rob Humphreys	Elan 333
<i>Poppy</i>	W. B. Lyster		Sloop F. 1980	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Prince of Tides</i>	J. Marrow		Sloop F. 1994	Jeanneau	Sun Odyssey
<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		Sloop F. 2005	German Frers	Hallberg-Rassy 48
<i>Rafiki</i>	W.D. & H. Keatinge		Ketch F. 1987	Carl Beyer	Aphrodite 42
<i>Rapparee II</i>	D. McKenna		Sloop F. 1981	Yamaha Group	Yamaha 36
<i>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>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>Riczak</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>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

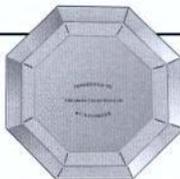
Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<i>Sai See</i>	C. Thornhill		Yawl F. 1979	Sparkman & Stephens	—
<i>Saki</i>	P.J. McCormack	11	Sloop F. 1979	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 31
<i>Salar</i>	B. McMahon	6	Sloop F. 1970	White & Hill	Cutlass
<i>Sandy Ways</i>	T. Cooke	15	Ketch F. 1979	Holman & Pye	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>Sceolaing</i>	J. Delap		Sloop W. 1965	R. Wall	Nicholson 43
<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>Sea Sprite</i>	C. Hilliard		Sloop F. 1982	Philippe Briande	Jeanneau Symphonie 32
<i>Seadrifter</i>	J. Petch	14	Ketch F. 1975	Van de Stadt	Victory 40
<i>Seascope of Down</i>	P. & E. Ronaldson		Ketch F. 1981	Westerly Conway	
<i>Seoidin</i>	B. Travers	5	G. Cutter 1978	Roger Dongray	Cornish Crabber 24 Mk 1
<i>Setanta</i>	M. Cotter-Murphy		Sloop F. 1996	Johan Hanker	Dragon
<i>Setanta</i>	J. Cudmore		Sloop F. 2000	J. Fauroux	Jenneau Sun Odyssey 37
<i>Shangaan</i>	V. O'Farrell		—	—	Norseman 40
<i>Shelduck</i>	N. Hegarty		Sloop F. 2003	Umberto Felci	Dufour 34
<i>Siamsa</i>	M.M. D'Alton	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>Sialta</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	Maio 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>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>Suaeda</i>	A. Hutchinson	12	Sloop F. 1973	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>Sundowner of Beaulieu</i>	L.R. Waters		Bru. 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>Tertia of Lymington</i>	W. Dickinson	15	Sloop F. 1978	Doug Peterson	Contessa 35
<i>The Lady</i>	R.V. Lovegrove		S. 1935	Canal Boat	
<i>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>Trick or Treat</i>	A. J. Pearson		Sloop F. 1981	Chris Boyd Yachts	Poppeteer 22
<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 M. O'Keefe</i>			Fractional F. 1997	N. Jeppesen	X 332
<i>Twayblade</i>	J. Virden	9	Sloop W. 1961	A. Buchanan	Norman
<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>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 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>Winchcraft of Howth</i>	E. Wheeler	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>	M. Kirby	6	Sloop F. 1978	D. Sadler	Sadler 25
<i>Yoshi</i>	D. & J. Cross		Sloop F. 2004	Norlin / Ostmann	Sweden Yacht 45
<i>Zarafa</i>	A. Eves		Sloop F. 1980	Don Pye	Gladiateur

# 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 FAULKNER CUP**  
THE CLUB'S PREMIER AWARD



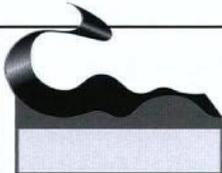
**THE PERRY GREER BOWL**  
FOR THE BEST FIRST ICC LOG



**THE STRANGFORD CUP**  
FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE



**THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY**  
FOR THE BEST CRUISE  
IN IRISH WATERS



**THE ATLANTIC TROPHY**  
FOR THE BEST OPEN SEA PASSAGE  
WITH PORT TO PORT AT LEAST  
1,000 MILES



**THE JOHN B KEARNEY CUP**  
FOR AN OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION  
TO IRISH SAILING



**THE FORTNIGHT CUP**  
FOR THE BEST CRUISE UNDERTAKEN  
IN A MAXIMUM OF 16 DAYS



**THE WRIGHT SALVER**  
AWARDED BY THE  
NORTHERN COMMITTEE



**THE ROUND IRELAND  
NAVIGATION CUP**  
FOR THE BEST CIRCUMNAVIGATION  
WITH SPECIAL EMPHASIS ON  
NAVIGATIONAL AND PILOTAGE CONTENT



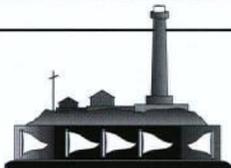
**THE WATERFORD HARBOUR  
CUP**  
AWARDED BY THE  
SOUTHERN COMMITTEE



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



**THE DONEGAN MEMORIAL  
CUP**  
AWARDED BY THE  
EASTERN COMMITTEE



**THE ROCKABILL TROPHY**  
FOR A CRUISE WHICH INVOLVES AN  
EXCEPTIONAL FEAT OF NAVIGATION  
AND/OR SEAMANSHIP



**THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY**  
AWARDED BY THE  
WESTERN COMMITTEE



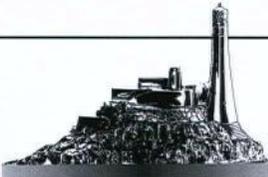
**THE WYBRANTS CUP**  
FOR THE BEST CRUISE IN  
SCOTTISH WATERS



**THE GULL SALVER**  
FOR DISTINCTION IN AN INTERNATIONAL  
EVENT BY A MEMBER SAILING  
HIS/HER OWN BOAT



**THE WILD GOOSE CUP**  
AT THE ADJUDICATOR'S DISCRETION  
FOR A LOG OF LITERARY MERIT



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

**BEST DUNN'S DITTY WILL BE AWARDED THE DUNN'S DITTY SALVER**

