

The “not quite your usual cruising log” of our trip to

Australia, the Whitsunday Islands, Dubai and Brunei

John (Edi) Keatinge

“Australia” I cried! Sure enough, Ann confirmed that she had just booked a trip to Australia to visit our daughter in Perth. We would stop off in Dubai on the outward journey, Brunei on the return journey and in between we would visit as many places as possible.

Taking a longer break from work, I concluded that this holiday could have a major impact on my planned sailing season, so to emphasise the point, we sat down with a bottle of wine and negotiations began.

We agreed that, as the Australia trip was now on, I would want the following included as part of our itinerary. First and foremost, we would have to include a cruise to the Whitsunday Islands, and at



Whitehaven Beach.



The new architecture of Dubai.

everywhere else we stayed on this trip, i.e., Perth, Fremantle, Sydney, Dubai and Brunei, we would go to sea in some fashion or other. So! Let the trip begin.

Dubai

On 29th March we left Cork for Dubai, our first port of call. Dubai, is an incredible place to visit and with the local currency pegged to the US dollar, the excellent hotels, shopping malls, restaurants and taxis are great value. We marvelled at the superb architecture and the knowledge that over 1,200 fifty-storey blocks were currently under construction in the country. The temperature at this time of the year is around 30°C and as it turned out, it was the start of the rainy season. Unfortunately for us, the day I booked an Arab Sailing Dhow, happened to be the first day of high winds and torrential rain, to our disappointment but to the locals' enthusiastic delight. As an alternative, we settled for a night-time cruise “up Dubai Creek” inside a motorised version of a traditional dhow. Dinner and a “twosome” band playing “English” music, such as Volare and La Bamba, was part of the deal. Strangely enough although the weather kept us inside the boat, we both agreed it was a very pleasant evening of good food and conversation with some fellow travellers from Iran and Turkey. Our boat joined the flotilla of similar boats, on a night of limited vision to view the floodlit places of interest on shore. Two days later we departed Dubai en route to Perth.



Esplanade Heritage Hotel, Fremantle.

Perth and Fremantle

Perth is the capital of Western Australia with a population of 1.5 million and an easy-going friendly lifestyle. The Port City of Fremantle is a short cruise from the centre of Perth, has a distinct maritime flavour, and is a vibrant riverside city.

We booked a cruise from Perth around the harbour to the river front of Fremantle, where we intended to spend a couple of days in the Esplanade 'heritage' hotel. Again, the day we chose was the first day of rain that Perth had experienced for over three months. Fremantle is a very interesting place to visit, with its Maritime museums, its America's Cup trail and the Royal Perth Yacht Club, its abundance of restaurants and lively night spots, and most of all its 'heritage' buildings which give the city its character.

Mandurah, Perth

One of the most impressive towns we visited in the Perth region was Mandurah. A little over an hour's drive from Perth, it is the quintessential holiday town with its sandy white beaches, man-made canals and spectacular house architecture.

Booking into the local hotel for a couple of days, we set about finding a canal cruise. We booked a half-day cruise of the harbour and the adjoining canals, and departed the pontoon at 12.30. As you can probably guess at this stage, torrential rain accompanied the start of cruise, however on this occasion it did not last too long. Passing pelicans fishing off the rocks, dolphins, colourful birds and a variety of other wild life, we cruised around the new canals, in awe at the spectacular houses in their manicured landscaped settings, with their yachts, motorboats, or catamarans tied up outside their front doors. What was most interesting was to see some of the yachts lifted out of the water for their winter storage on hydraulic

lifts, which formed part of the house pontoon.

Whitsunday Islands

After our short trip to Mandurah, we returned to Perth for a couple of days before heading for the Whitsunday Island, on the other side on Australia. We flew into Proserpine Airport, en route to Airlie Beach, our home for the next 6 days where we booked into Shingley Beach Resort, in hot tropical weather. The next morning we headed for the marina, to find our skipper waiting for us with a couple of Swiss and German University graduates who were also joining our crewed charter-sailing trip. Our yacht was a "Sydney 60" racing yacht called

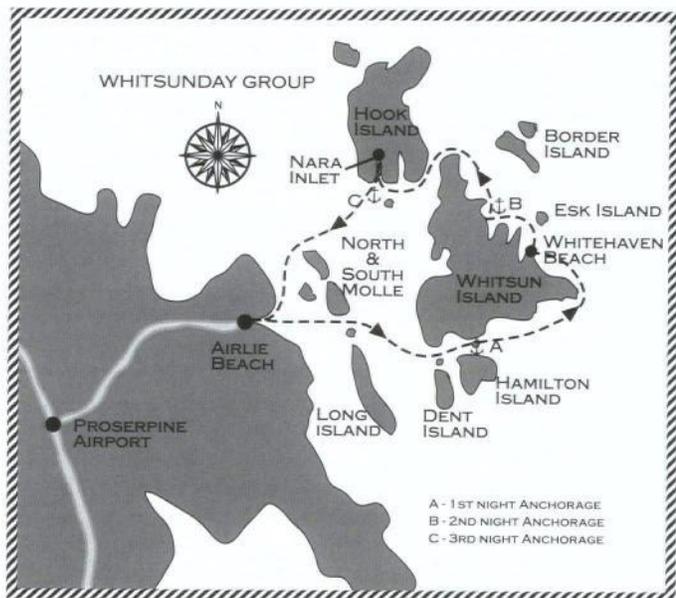
Eureka 2 famous for its exploits in the Sydney to Hobart Race, and as soon as our cruise was over it was to be fitted out again for this year's race. No doubt this year's race will now have some added interest for us.

We left Abel Marina by tender, since *Eureka 2* anchored off as the tide was too low for the yacht to berth alongside the marina. At around 11.00, on a beautiful sunny morning of clear skies and very little wind, we weighed anchor and motored out of Airlie Beach en route to our first anchorage. Motor-sailing for about half an hour, the wind gently picked up to around 8-10 knots on a flat calm turquoise sea, the sails were hoisted and *Eureka 2* took up the gauntlet and headed in an east-southeasterly direction to our first anchorage in the Hamilton Island - Whitsunday Island passage. The peace and tranquillity of this beautiful anchorage was only interrupted by the calls of the kookaburra bird, the crickets, and the aroma of food being prepared below in the saloon. Our first night at anchor in this tropical setting made the 8 hour trip from Perth to Airlie Beach totally worthwhile.

Most of the Whitsunday Islands have National Park status and are home to numerous species of birds, fish, and other marine life found nowhere else on the planet. The Island Group



Brunei water village and mosque.



encompasses 74 islands stretching over 100 miles of vivid lush green forests, white sandy beaches, turquoise water and incredible sunsets.

On the following morning at around 09.00 we weighed anchor, on another glorious tropical day of little wind and clear sunny skies. Motoring, we headed in an easterly direction down the Hamilton Passage, until reaching the open sea where we hoisted the sails, heading for a lunchtime anchorage off Whitehaven beach.

Having broad-reached and goose winged our way to our destination, we arrived at around 13.00 and, after lunch, were tendered ashore to Hill Inlet beach. Winding our way to the top of the island by narrow passages through the rainforest, we eventually arrived at the platform overlooking the spectacular views of Whitehaven Beach, with its white silica sand, turquoise clear waters full of ray and other wildlife set into a lagoon setting surrounded by lush green headlands and islands.

This beach is the nearest place to paradise, but even paradise has its problems. You have to wear special "sting proof" suits if you want to swim in the water as the seas around the islands are full of stingrays, water ticks, baby sharks, stinging jellyfish and a million and one other dangerous and poisonous creatures, not to mention the dangers associated with the coral reefs. The day was taken up exploring caves and walking trails on foot, as well as watching the young sharks and rays chasing the huge shoals of multicoloured fish in the clear shallow waters of the lagoon.

After another tranquil evening at anchor, tucked in behind Tongue Point, we awoke early the next morning to the now-expected beautiful sunny morning and a gentle tropical breeze, and set sail across Apostle Bay up the northeast coast of Whitsunday Island, to our lunchtime anchorage and snorkel swim at one of the many colourful coral reefs along the coastline. The spectacular colours of the coral reefs and tropical fish in the sunlight were amazing to see, as were the large turtles swimming around the boat. This was better than any aperitif one could desire, before sitting down to a most pleasant lunch prepared by the skipper. That afternoon was spent lazily sailing along the east coast of Whitsunday Island before entering the Whitsunday Island Passage, passing the Macona Inlet on starboard, to our overnight anchorage in the Nara Inlet on Hook Island. However before entering the inlet we anchored off to watch the famous setting sun spectacular off, the tip of the island.

After watching the magnificent sunset, we motored up the Nara Inlet and, having anchored, the skipper set about prepar-

ing a barbecued steak dinner on the final night of our cruise, complementing what was surely the most pleasant day sailing and trekking one could wish for around these islands. Breakfast and a hill walk to the Nara aboriginal painted caves were planned for our final morning, and after lunch we headed in a westerly direction under sail, to arrive back in Airlie Beach mid-afternoon. We spent another day in the town of Airlie Beach, relaxing and exploring the shops, before flying to Sydney, our final port of call in Australia.

Sydney

Sydney is possibly the one place after Kinsale and Paris I would happily live in. It is a very well planned and vibrant city, especially around the hard landscaped area of Darling Harbour. Staying in a hotel near Darling Harbour, we set about continuing our cruising adventure by visiting the yacht marina, to join a charter-crewed yacht for an afternoon. Unfortunately, the cost for two of us was astronomical so we headed for one of the larger commercial cruising boats, and for 80 dollars both Ann and I had a really good two-hour tour of Sydney Harbour and its inlets, with afternoon tea as part of the deal. Passing Sydney Harbour Bridge, and the spectacular Sydney Opera House designed by Jorn Utzon, we made our way into the inlets of the hillside villas of Sydney with their adjoining marinas, on a beautiful sunny afternoon. This trip to Australia left a lasting impression on us as we left Sydney two days later to the last country of our tour, the Sultanate of Brunei.

Brunei

Totally different from Australia or Dubai, Brunei is an amazingly friendly and underdeveloped country, although it seems to be awakening from its slumber and currently constructing some very luxurious hotels and western-style shopping malls. Some of the new buildings recently constructed, such as the main mosque, are incredible pieces of design, with elaborate layout and high quality of materials.

To continue our cruise in every country we visited, together with another tourist we booked a water-taxi to tour the water villages, all 45 of them, built on stilts in the harbour area. Shaky walkways without barriers of any description, bridges precariously connecting villages and mosques, were nerve-racking to see, not alone to experiences. No health and safety here!

Cruising in the humid rain, under shaky gangways and bridges, we motored up many side channels surrounded by the dilapidated timber and tin clad houses of the villages. Our guide, to our apprehension, invited us to tea in one of the houses. The one chosen looked very dilapidated on the outside, but was absolutely spotless on the inside. Tea, fermented rice cakes and fruit were served on a table in their main room, to three cross-legged tourists sitting on cushions on the floor, in what turned out to be a most interesting experience of tastes and cultures. After our afternoon tea, we returned to our water-taxi and continued on our tour around mosques on stilts, and speeding water-taxis until we finally headed back to our hotel.

The next day we left Brunei en-route for home on what had proved to be a really good adventurous holiday. My earlier fears of a reduced sailing season did not materialise as we were invited to sail around the Greek Islands on Len and Mary Curtin's boat for two weeks, and cruising down west with other friends.

Although I have included a map of our cruise around the Whitsunday Islands, I have not included sailing distances, tips on where to anchor or other cruising terminology in this log but, as the title suggests, 'it is not quite your usual cruising log' of our trip to Australia, Brunei and Dubai.

Muglins – Summer 2007

Paul Butler

Editor's Note. Paul did not record his log in the usual form, but did send a succession of emails to friends during his cruise, and has pasted these together and sent them to me for consideration. I enjoyed them and have taken the editorial liberty of condensing, editing and combining the emails to create a continuous narrative account of *Muglins'* summer cruise to Brittany. *Muglins* is Paul's Bavaria 36.

We left Dun Laoghaire at 13.20 on Tuesday 31st July. The wind was on the nose and had increased to force 5 by the time we reached Killiney Bay thus our arrival in Arklow was delayed to 20.00. We were lucky to get a berth in the inner basin of the marina (now €31 a night). There we were met by Leo who drove us all the way to his Wexford home – a great place with plenty of land and views out to the Blackwater bank. Betty had prepared a wonderful dinner and after much drink we stayed the night.

Wednesday 1st August. Having fed us again, Leo and Betty drove us back to *Muglins* and we set off at 11.00. We motored in a light southerly until 18.00 when, some 13 miles south of the Tuskar, we were able to sail in a west-southwest force 4-5 for 20 hours all the way down to Hughtown, St Mary's, Isles of Scilly – a glorious sail!

We arrived at 14.00 on 2nd August. It was very crowded but we were fortunate to find the only available mooring. The sun was out and we had a drink in the cockpit before going ashore.

At 14.00 on 3rd August we departed from St Mary's. The wind was southwesterly 4. Our passage from St. Mary's was straightforward, mostly under sail. We sighted Le Stiff (well named) lighthouse on Ushant long before Le Four lighthouse made its appearance in glorious sunshine at 11.00 on 4th August. We caught the tide through the Chenal du Four, then into the Rade de Brest, to Camaret where we secured a berth (thanks to a local leaving for Spain) in the inner harbour (Port du Notic). We renewed our love of Plat aux Fruits de Mer Royale at the Hotel de France followed by crepes outside.

We got up at 07.00 on Sunday 5th, and had breakfast outside the boulangerie. At 08.00 we left Camaret. The wind was southwest 1-2 so we motored the 16 miles to the Raz de Sein, where we arrived an hour and a half into the ebb (which was just off springs). On an otherwise very calm morning the sea was très agitée – we reached 11.2 knots with the engine just ticking over. After the Raz we changed to an easterly direction and were able to get a little sailing in.

Our original destination was St. Etél (Audierne), but it was such a good day that we decided to go a further 30 miles to St. Marine, opposite Bénodet on the Odet River. Here we were very lucky to secure a berth. It is a very beautiful place. and after another great dinner we decided to spend the next day, here.

Alongside us at St. Marine was the yacht *Chogüi*. On board were a couple, Pierre Molho and his wife, Laura Ramos. Laura is Mexican but has lived in France since the age of 13. Both are with Grenoble University – they live there but keep their yacht in Les Sables d'Olonne – a train journey of some 10 hours!

Nóirín, as always, researched marina costs for comparison

purposes with Dun Laoghaire. We could keep *Muglins* there for €1,500 a year, including unlimited power. Serviced moorings are also available.

On Tuesday 7th we left St. Marine at 10.45. There wasn't a sailing breeze so we motored to the Iles de Glénan, leaving Ile aux Moutons to port and entering Ile de St. Nicolas by the northern passage, a very narrow approach but one that (just) avoids all dangers, keeping to a straight line (on 181 degrees), leaving La Pie to starboard, right into the drying beach between St. Nicolas and Ile de Bananec (the original and one of the many local Glénan Sailing School bases). We picked up a visitors' mooring just off the beautiful beach, which had begun to reveal itself about an hour into the ebb. We quickly unstowed the punt and outboard, went ashore and visited Les Viviers des Glénan; large shellfish tanks with restaurant attached. It is necessary not only to book dinner, but also to order. We ordered 1kg of Homard l'Armorique and had a quiet couple of drinks watching the world go by. That evening we were joined at dinner by Pierre and Laura – what great food and company!

The following morning we were away at 08.00 the wind was north force 4 so we were able to get under sail immediately and made the 27 mile passage to the marina at Kernival (opposite the submarine pens just outside Lorient) in 4 hours – an average speed of just under 7 knots. Here we were joined by Eamonn, who had taken the train to Waterford and an Aer Arran flight from there to Lorient.

On Thursday 9th, with Eamonn on board, we left Lorient at 08.00 (baguettes having been bought) and in very light winds managed just about half of the 22 mile passage to Souzon, Belle Ile, under sail. The bonus was, however, that we got to use the cruising chute (Leo would have been proud of me) and managed 5 knots in 6.5 knots of wind. We picked up a mooring outside the harbour at Souzon at 13.00. Here I had my first swim of the cruise. After a slight initial shock, the water was beautiful and I found it hard to get out. We booked dinner on the balcony of the hotel overlooking the harbour. After my second swim, we had a good dinner followed by a walk to the head of the estuary.

The following morning, Friday 10th, I went ashore for the bread and Nóirín provided bacon, egg and tomato aboard. We slipped the mooring at 10.45. There was very little wind and we motored most of the way to and across the Baie de Quiberon. The tide was in full flood (-4 hours Brest) as we entered the Golfe du Morbihan making 11.2 knots over ground. Progress was so good that we were on the waiting pontoon outside the Vannes swing bridge an hour before opening. Here we had a minor ICC Rally with fellow member Mary O'Keeffe who had chartered a yacht from Lorient.

Unlike many ports, I had failed to visit Vannes on Google Earth before departure. Had I done so, I would not have been surprised that in place of the old Capitainerie was a great big hole in the ground; part of the engineering works for a large underground car park. Vannes was beautiful as always. The medieval city is a real gem and its maintenance a credit to the



Cromwell's Castle from King Charles's Castle.

local authority. We pre-booked dinner in La Table de Jeanne right beside the covered fish market.

On Saturday we had a rest day in Vannes. Vannes has two of the best covered markets I know, one entirely devoted to fish. On Saturdays, however, there is also an outdoor market that occupies several streets filled to capacity with shoppers. All manner of food and drink were available – so good that we had both lunch and dinner on board. For the latter we had langoustines.

We left Vannes on Sunday 12th as the bridge opened at 08.30. There was little wind, and we motored with main, and the full ebb under us, down the Vannes channel and out of the Morbihan at our old 11.2 knots. Soon after we emerged therefrom and turned the corner, the wind got up to 3 from behind, and I had my first opportunity of using Gerry Doyle's newly installed genoa pole. It worked perfectly and we were able to goose-wing for about an hour and a half. We got into La Turballe at 14.30 and secured a berth alongside at the visitors' pontoon. We had another wonderful Plat aux Fruits de Mer ashore. On our return we found five yachts attached outside us (with not a shoreline in sight), and another six in a trot immediately ahead; this did not bode well for an early departure!

The following morning, however, I was awoken by Nóirín to be told that the yacht on the inside of the trot ahead was preparing to leave. I got up and caused consternation on those outside *Muglins* by asking them to remove their shore power cables as I was off – at least there were no shorelines to worry about! We got away without incident at 08.30 – leaving 10 yachts re-arranging their berths. The wind was northwest 3-4, and we were able to sail for just over half the seven hours it took us to travel to

Port Joinville, Ile d'Yeu. En route we took down our Breton flag as we passed the approaches to the Loire.

We arrived in Port Joinville, Ile d'Yeu, at 15.30 in time to secure a berth. We were booked in for two nights initially, as, thanks to the *Blackberry*, we had had five days warning of the bad weather which I enjoyed in a snug berth!

After an enjoyable stay at Port Joinville, it was good to be able to get away on Thursday 16 August at 10.00. The wind had come around to the northwest and had moderated to 4-5. Thus we set course for Les Sables d'Olonne with the wind aft, goose-winged with a full main and most of the genoa. We did not have to turn on the engine until entering Les Sables d'Olonne. As we entered, on looking into the

Bassin de Marée Nóirín spotted a new marina on the Quai E. Garnier. This basin had previously been a prohibited area for pleasure craft and is ideally situated immediately beside the town centre, which is the area between the basin and Les Sables. The other marina is situated in Port Olona; a very large marina with all facilities, but some distance from the main town which is best reached by ferry.

So it was that we tried out the new facility, which we learned had only opened in July. There was plenty of space available – a situation that I am sure won't last once word gets out. This gave us plenty of time to reacquire ourselves with the town; it having been all of a year since we were last there.

After shopping in the covered market, we left Les Sables d'Olonne at 12.00 on Friday 17th. The wind was west-northwest 8 knots at first. We motor-sailed for just over an hour when the wind increased to 9-11 knots and we were able to sail on a run on the starboard tack all the way to just off St. Martin, Ile de Ré. We only had to wait for about 20 minutes until the lock gate opened and we entered the very full basin at 17.00. As



Crystal Eyes and *Muglins* tied up in Port Tudy, Ile de Groix.

always, the chaos in the basin in St. Martin, Ile de Ré was very well organised. We were third out in a trot that was now six deep. David (Beattie) will be very pleased to learn that, with the help of the English skipper (yacht *Ariadne*) inside us, BOTH of our shore lines were "bridled" using lighter warps. Drinks were had in our cockpit, followed by me sitting in the cockpit in the evening sun, awaiting the lobsters that were bought in this morning's market in Les Sables d'Olonne.

Sunday in St. Martin, Ile de Ré. After breakfast aboard and ablutions both ashore (Eamonn) and aboard, we left at 10.45, 15 minutes before the lock gate closed. As soon as we cleared the harbour Nóirín unfurled the main. Wind was northwest 5-6, enabling us to sail under main only all the way to the entrance to Port des



Les Vieux Moines.

Minimes, La Rochelle. For the first time we found Les Minimes to be very full and we could only get a visitor's berth alongside, and to weather of, another yacht. The wind gradually increased up to gale force with greater gusts by that evening, and over the following two days. On that evening we took the water-bus into town and visited an old favourite restaurant, 'La Verdrière' on Rue de la Cloche, just off Rue Verdrière. We had a wonderful dinner with all the trappings for €26 a head.

On Monday we walked and attended to three weeks' laundry. In the late afternoon we were joined by the Greys (CCC members – yacht *Takliker* – a most pleasant couple), for a few drinks aboard *Muglins*. We ended the day with another good dinner locally.

On Tuesday 21st, after breakfast aboard, Eamonn left for home on a direct Ryanair flight to Dublin. He will be missed by both of us, but we are happy that he got the best two weeks sailing that we've had for a long time. After Eamonn's departure Nóirín and I, rather than launch our bikes across another

yacht, took two of the municipal cycles (free for two hours and €1 an hour thereafter). We cycled into town and looked at some shops before a leisurely Japanese lunch. Thereafter, the serious business of visiting no less than five good chandlers began. Next day we hoped to get an early start for the 26-mile trip down to La Charmente River and up to Rochefort (some 13 of those miles upriver).

Wednesday 22nd August. Nóirín left early for the bread and after breakfast we motored down to the diesel pontoon, filled up and were away by 08.45. Having changed our minds about Rochefort, we headed for the Ile de Ré bridge. The wind was on the nose (northwest 4) so we motor-sailed for the 12 miles up to St. Martin, Ile de Ré, where we knew the lock gate would be open from 10.45. We arrived at 11.15 and were directed to a berth alongside a new Bavaria 42 owned by a sardine fisherman, George, from La Turballe, a very friendly man who, with his wife, Colette, was celebrating her birthday. We were in time for the market and had lobster and oysters aboard for lunch washed down with a bottle of Chablis. The afternoon was spent resting!

Thursday 23rd. The basin gate opened at 11.00 and we left, having arranged to meet up with George and Colette at Les Sables d'Olonne. The wind was north 4 but quickly increased to 5, later 6 and backed northwest so we only managed without help from the engine for less than half the trip. We were in Les Sables d'Olonne by 15.45 and secured a berth at pontoon G of the new marina, mentioned earlier.

We were soon joined by George et Colette on board for a few drinks. We got on so well that George suggested that we go out to dinner together. A great night was had by all. Casual meetings like this are what make a cruise. We



Negotiating the Vannes Channel.

promised to join them on board the following afternoon at Port Joinville, Ile d'Yeu.

Friday August 24th. After N oir in returned from shopping in the market, we got away by 09.30. Wind was northeast 3 and we got some sailing in at first. However the wind soon moderated to about 6 knots, and we motored most of the way to Port Joinville, Ile d'Yeu, where we arrived at 14.15, in time to secure a finger berth. Soon after, George and Colette secured a nearby berth and arrangements were made for aperitifs aboard their yacht at 19.00. N oir in went ashore to the wonderful fish shop which always seems to have a long queue with five people busily serving. She secured a large sole and some clams for dinner aboard (a rarity).

On Saturday 25th, we had a rest day on Ile d'Yeu. I launched the bikes, we bought a packed lunch and went for a long cycle around much of the island.

On Sunday 26th we left Port Joinville, Ile d'Yeu at 07.45. We had a great 51 mile passage to Le Palais, Belle-Ile. Wind was on the beam – northeast 4-5. We left at 07.45 and arrived at 14.30, an average of over 7 knots!! This progress enabled us to be on time, just after the opening of the lock gate into the inner basin. When we got there there was plenty of space. We were outside one yacht and connected to shore power.

On Monday, as has become traditional for us, we hired a scooter for the day enabling us to tour the whole island. Highlight of this outing was a visit to Sauzon, the setting for a superb lunch in the restaurant where we had been unable to get a booking earlier in the month – ‘Roz Avel’, Place de l' glise (booking advised – 0297316148) – “worth”, as Bob Barr and a French tyre company would say, “a considerable detour”! Later in the day we spent some time on the Plage de Donnant where we had a swim.

Tuesday 28th was also spent on Belle Ile, as tide did not permit a morning opening of the lock gate here. In the afternoon, because of strong onshore winds about 80 extra yachts were crowded into the basin – so much so that one could walk from one side of the basin to the other across yachts. Opening the following morning was to be between 06.00 and 07.00 and I could not see how we could get out.

Nevertheless, we got up at 05.45 on Wednesday 29th, and, in spite of the darkness, strong winds, and full basin, we found a number of hopefuls up and about, bringing their dogs ashore to do their doings and so forth. Everybody was good-humoured about the exercise, including those got out of their beds and asked to move their boats out for the duration of the exercise. So, with the boats on each side of us remaining and about 9 trots of yachts between us and the gate, we managed to get out with no damage by 06.45. We emerged, still in the dark, into a confused sea with a steady force 6 offering a very close fetch to Ile de Groix. With a lot of help from the engine we got to Port Tudy, Ile de Groix, at 10.30.

Dave and Shirley Beiber were here on their Naja 39, *Crystal Eyes*, a day ahead of us. This was the scene of their second wedding ceremony officiated by our dear friend, Guy Tonnerre in the Hotel de Ville, 2 years ago on 29th August. After we arrived, we went ashore for an emotional re-union with Guy and Laurence.

I digress here, for the few of you who do not know of our strong connections with Ile de Groix. I have been here almost annually, since my first visit as crew with Bob Barr on *Estrellita* in May 1980. It was in that year that I first met Guy and Laurence Tonnerre. Their children, Erwan and Lise, were about the same ages as mine. Apart from our almost annual (and twice, some years) trips by yacht to Ile de Groix, Erwan has stayed with us, both at home and on holiday, and our Cian has stayed with the Tonnerres. N oir in, I, and the children, have

rented a house here. Guy and Laurence have stayed with us many times in Blackrock, and in recent years Erwan and his wife Agnes have stayed with us, with their very young children, Clare and Iona (both conceived in Ireland). Erwan bemoans the fact that we have no grandchildren to exchange with his children. Erwan now runs a successful oyster breeding business on the island, (he studied marine biology in Galway), together with a shellfish restaurant. Agnes is a teacher and Lise also remains on the island, where she runs a business. She too has a young son, Malot. It is wonderful to see the whole family remain on this beautiful island. Guy and Laurence still run Caf e de La Jet e and the hotel, and have co-authored a book, “Groix – L'ile des Sauveteurs” on the history of the lifeboats.

To get back to the log, and 29th August, we were joined for dinner ashore by Dave and Shirley. This was followed by drinks with Guy and a late session aboard *Muglins*. Some people may wonder where I get the time to do all this typing on my lap-top on board. Well, I have to do something while N oir in washes and scrubs the deck!

The 30th was Dave and Shirley's anniversary. We had champagne aboard *Crystal Eyes*, followed by dinner ashore and drinks at Guy's. Friday N oir in and I went walking and we were joined by Dave and Shirley for a wonderful simple dinner in what is otherwise a wine shop in the centre (Place de l' glise) of Le Bourg.

Dave and Shirley left on Friday 31st. On that afternoon Guy and Laurence had us over to see their fourth child, Betty, who had spent a night in our house en route from her birthplace, Clifden. Guy's private museum had grown immeasurably over the years. Its contents range from model boats to naval uniforms, a large collection of swords and enough firearms to start a revolution. We were soon joined by Erwan, Agnes and children. The large garden was magnificent with apple, pear, plum and even walnut trees.

We left the Ile de Groix on 2nd September at 09.15, and sailed to Concarneau in a gentle northeasterly breeze arriving at 13.30. On the 3rd, my birthday, we spent the day on the bikes in Concarneau and had a great dinner.

On Tuesday 4th, after breakfast and shopping ashore, we left at noon and in light winds, sailed about half of the time on our 37 mile passage to St. Evette where we picked up a mooring at 17.30. On Wednesday we left at 07.35 to catch the tide for the Raz to which we motored in no wind. As we went through the wind came from the east, force 4, and we had a wonderful sail all the way to Camaret. Here we again caught up with Dave and Shirley who joined us for dinner ashore.

Thursday 6th, we made a 34-mile passage through Le Four and around to L'Aber Wrac'h. Most of the trip was in very dense fog and was achieved using the radar and plotter on a split screen.

Here we were, next to *Crystal Eyes*, on Friday 7th in L'Aber Wrac'h, with fog outside (patches I hope) and about to leave for the Scillies. I wasn't certain that we should leave, and was persuaded to postpone for 24 hours. Instead, off for a walk, drinks on board with Dave and Shirley, dinner ashore, then Dave and I adjourned to the tabac to watch France playing Argentina.

By 17.00 the following day the fog lifted and, in spite of reports from Ushant Traffic Control that visibility at their station on the island was zero, we left L'Aber Wrac'h at 17.15. As it transpired, we had good visibility and were able to pass on the good news by radio to *Crystal Eyes*. The wind was northeast 3, so it was just ahead of the beam on our course for the Scillies. The night crossing was very dark, with no moon and a lot of shipping. Despite the good visibility, the radar proved invaluable in that it told us with certainty the position,

course, and speed of each "target" to which we locked on, using MARPA.

On Sunday 9th September we picked up a mooring in Hughtown, St. Mary's, where we ate and had a sleep, while awaiting sufficient rise in the tide to enable us to enter the pool in New Grimsby Sound, between Tresco and Bryher, which we entered at 15.30. This was a first for me. In all we spent the next three days there. That first night we dined in the New Inn and watched the match between Ireland and Namibia (enough said!). On Monday we spent some time in the famous Abbey Gardens on Tresco, after the tour groups had been ferried away. After that we dropped our shopping aboard, and continued in the tender across the Sound to Bryher. This is a wonderful island with fantastic views. Here too, in a simple restaurant, I had one of the best meals of the trip; "worth" again as that French tyre maker would say, "a considerable detour". We decided on a third night and on Tuesday it was back to Tresco for a long (by my standards) walk taking in both Charles Fort

and Cromwell's Fort – the latter built just before the Dutch war, as cannon on the former could not be brought to bear down on the Sound.

On Wednesday 12th, we left at 06.45. Much of the 133 mile passage to the Tuskar was spent motor-sailing in a northeasterly 3 or less. We were joined by dolphins many times, and in the evening, at 19.00, some 67.5 miles south of the Tuskar, I spotted, about 2 miles to port, the plumes of the blows of a number of whales. Shortly thereafter three fin whales passed ahead of us heading east in the direction of the Bristol Channel.

By Thursday 13th, we had the Tuskar abeam just after the beginning of the flood (one day after springs) at 07.30. The original intention was to stop for the night in Wicklow or Arklow. The wind, however, came up from the south-southwest and we were able to goose-wing with poled out genoa, making progress so good that we decided to buck the new ebb all the way from Wicklow Head and go home. We tied up to our pontoon here at 17.25.

Roy Waters writes of *Sundowner of Beaulieu* 2007

The intention this year had been to stay in home waters but we hoped to revisit Orkney and Shetland. However due to lack of any additional crew and the unsettled weather, this was not to be, and due to domestic difficulties our cruising time was limited to the first two weeks of July. I am beginning to feel my advancing years and Susie, who is a few years younger has to do most of the "leaping around the deck"! We now tend just to stay in port when the weather is any way adverse, and do a good deal of motor-sailing when on passage! A furling mainsail and indeed a bow thruster are desirable items, but at this stage not worth the great expense! Likewise, neither would a replacement of the teak deck.

We headed north from our home port of Bangor, with calls at Rathlin Island, Port Ellen on Islay, Ardfern, Dunstafanage and so to Oban, which was as far north as we got! In view of the unsettled weather we remained in Oban for three days to await the arrival of our Swiss friend Elisabeth from Basel. She arrived on time but minus her bag, which missed a connection in Manchester. It then took another two days and numerous phone calls to the airline, and to a carrier, before the bag could be sent to a rendezvous on the North Pier at Oban. The boat of course was at the marina on Kerrera Island. Elisabeth has sailed with us on many occasions, but is not a sailor and is not in the best of health. Another Swiss friend, young and able, pulled out of joining us at the last minute.

However there are worse places to spend a few days than Oban, and on our last day the girls went off on a bus tour to Iona while I stayed behind to collect Elisabeth's bag when the carrier eventually turned up! Apparently there were no yachts to be seen anywhere in the Sound of Iona – due presumably to the weather! The marina on Kerrera has been much improved over the last two years and I think the toilet/shower facilities are as good as we have met anywhere. The ferry to Oban now runs every hour from an early hour until a late hour.

We returned home via Ardfern and Port Ellen, and had intended to call at Campbeltown and Portpatrick as well. However a phone call from home scuppered that idea, and we made a non-stop passage from Port Ellen back to Bangor in near calm conditions, but with thick fog for much of the way.

Port Ellen is a splendid small marina which is run as a

The intention this year had been to stay in home waters but we hoped to revisit Orkney and Shetland. However due to lack of any additional



A tasty morsel for dinner!

charity, and facilities are close at hand. Apart from the numerous whisky distilleries, the coasts of Islay are still abundant with crabs and lobsters and several fishermen still operate from Port Ellen. Susie, who is a New England crab and lobster expert, chatted one of them up, and the result was lobster and crab meat on the menu for more than one meal! I declined to deal with the messy business of cooking and shelling same!

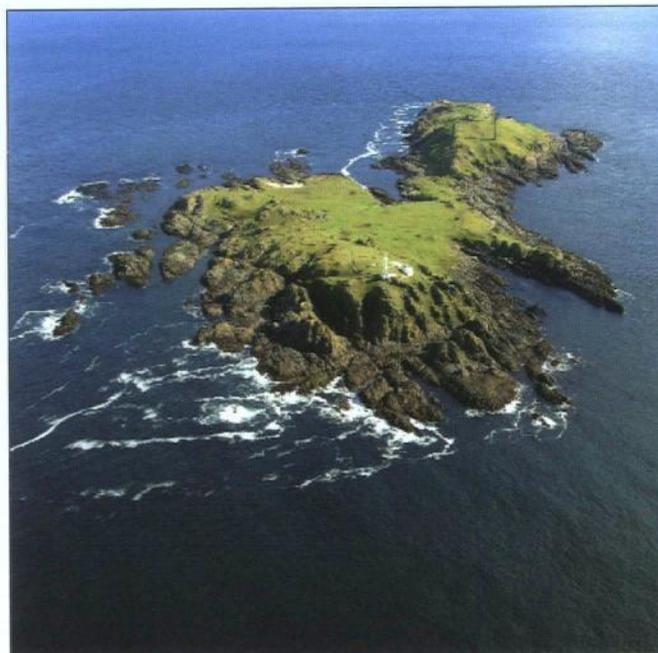
I have been sailing with Susie for 33 years and this has to be the shortest "summer cruise" we have ever made!

New East and North Coasts Sailing Directions in preparation

Norman Kean



Malin Head.



Inishtrahull.

Geraldine and I spent this summer sailing the east and north coasts in *Xanadu* checking, surveying and updating the Directions. We were in 161 ports, harbours and anchorages (which is pretty well all of them). The new edition will be available early in 2008. Thirty harbours and anchorages will be described for the first time, and directions will be provided for new facilities such as the Newry Canal, Poolbeg Marina, Port Oriel harbour, the Dublin City Moorings and the Laganside pontoon. New surveys were carried out at Tory

Island, Inishtrahull and Rathlin, in Sheephaven, Mulroy Bay, Lough Swilly, Larne Lough, Strangford Lough, Carlingford Lough, Skerries, Rogerstown, Malahide, Courtown and Wexford. A complete set of new plans is being drawn. In addition to Kevin Dwyer's splendid aerial photographs, we plan to include many sea-level pictures showing transit lines, landmarks, dangers and harbour approaches. The aim is to have – as far as possible – plan, photographs and text on the same or facing pages, and with that in mind we are using Adobe InDesign software to organise the layout ourselves.

Kevin flew over the coast on a beautiful day in September and took spectacular new photographs, including the ones printed here.



The entrance of Mulroy Bay from seaward.

Kevin Dwyer has been in the air again with his camera, in perfect visibility, and has photographed many of the coastal features, new harbours and marinas around the east and north coasts, that will be included in the new edition of The East and North Coast Sailing Directions.

Some of his stunning photographs are included in this Annual: Malin Head on the title page, and Poolbeg Marina on the back cover; Inistrahull, Fahan Creek, Lough Foyle, Mulroy Bay and Tory Island, elsewhere throughout the Annual. We are extremely fortunate to have such an expert photographer as a club member, and are indebted to him for permitting us to publish his photographs in our Annual.

Aerial photography of Ireland's northern coast

Kevin Dwyer

The eleventh edition of the Sailing Directions for the East & North Coast of Ireland is due for publication early next year, the requisite 'wish list' for aerial photography was received in May from Norman Kean compiler of this edition and preliminary thoughts on a flight plan were put to mind.

Should aerial photography in the Sailing Directions show harbours and anchorages as they are for most of the year, or should they show them in conditions we would like them to be when we are cruising?

The problem worked itself out, weather conditions were so bad this summer, that three flights had to be cancelled, the weather finally presented a beautiful day on Thursday 27th September and a flight from Weston Aerodrome brought me to Coleraine, then over Lough Foyle to Londonderry, up Lough Swilly, out to Malin Head and Inistrahull, then onward over the entrance of Mulroy Bay and finally out to Tory Island with its new pier and breakwater.

All can be seen in the new greatly improved edition next year.



Tory Island Pier and Breakwater.



The entrance to Lough Foyle from the northwest.

Lough Hyne Tides

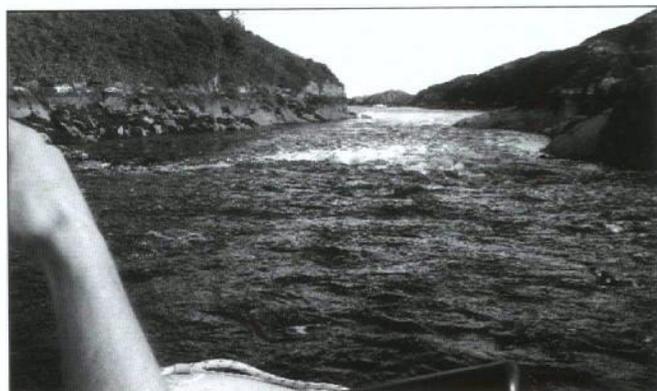
Paul Bryans

Tides have always fascinated me and in particular the tides at Lough Hyne. They do not follow the normal pattern of high and low tides, and the times of change in the rapids are difficult to predict. The bland comment in the Directions that "the ingoing stream makes at -0320 Cobh and the outgoing at +0245 Cobh" must have been correct on the day the author observed it, but it makes no allowance for the timing difference between neaps and springs or other factors. This became abundantly clear to me on my first visit, when I found I was very late for the start of the ebb.

So what are the characteristics of the Lough, and how can they be used to provide a better prediction of the times of change, through the full neaps to springs cycle? The key is the tidal height and its relationship to the water level in the Lough. I have so far failed to find any information in books or websites which may provide a better insight than the ICC Directions. In fact most other sources have information which is more basic and much less credible.

Lough Hyne is a predominately sea-fed lake with fresh-water coming only from run-off from a small surrounding catchment area, probably only one kilometre in radius. It is a half-tide lake with low salinity, and sufficient change from the tides to keep it refreshed and to support a unique ecosystem. The lake level is well above chart datum ("CD" which is based on the lowest astronomical tide prediction "LAT") in Barloge, and, being fed through a narrow channel, fills and empties according to the sea level in Barloge. The tides in the Lough are therefore out of phase with the tide in Barloge and of a much reduced range. That range would appear to be some 0.4 metres neaps and perhaps 1.0 metre springs, based on personal observations of water levels and marks on the rocks. The limited information on the charts is not of much assistance since CD in the Lough is taken from the water level there, and gives no guide to the height above CD in Barloge. In effect the Lough is a pool fed by water washing in and out over a sill, just like any rock pool.

The first issue is to determine the times of the tides in Barloge, which is situated between two tabled secondary ports: Castle Haven and Baltimore. Most directions usually say "tides as per Castle Haven" but this must be an approximation. The errors on high water (HW) predictions (and we are interested in not only times, but also heights), should be less than five minutes and 0.1 metre, which is good enough for our purposes. Note that the secondary port adjustment times in the table are based on GMT/UT (so do the adjustment first, then add one hour for summer time if necessary) and approximate to springs and neaps times. Remember also that



The rapids provide an interesting ride in an inflatable dinghy.

these are predictions based on astronomical positions only, local weather – winds and atmospheric pressure – can cause differences.

I observed the tides on 23rd and 24th June, near neaps, with a range of 2.1 metre or 2.0 metres, just above the 1.9m tidal curve neap range for Cobh. The weather was stable with little wind and pressures close to that used for predictions (which is 1013 mb). Tide times were as follows:

GMT times	Cobh		Castletownshend	
Sat 23rd	11.19	3.3	10.49	3.1
	18.01	1.1	17.36	1.2
	23.52	3.3	23.24	3.1
Sun 24th	06.32	1.2	06.05	1.3
	12.16	3.2	11.48	3.0
	18.56	1.2	18.26	1.3

The change from ebb to flood in the rapids is swift, and well worth observing. In the space of less than five minutes the flow changes from one knot ebb to one knot flood. The exact time of change can be measured almost to the second, so sharp is the reversal in the centre; the sides of the channel demonstrating a normal back eddy for a minute or so before the change. On the change the long weed in the channel rises to the surface, and then falls back in the opposite direction – the "Dead man's Wave" – however this is not uniform but affects individual clumps of weed, as the current change moves throughout the channel.

This change on flood was observed to happen at 09.02 GMT on 24th or -02.46 local HW, -03.14 HW Cobh. At this time the height of tide was some 2.2m. The ebb had commenced at 12.30 GMT on 23rd, which was +01.41 local HW or +01.11 Cobh, when the height of tide was 2.8m. So if the range in the Lough is 2.2m to 2.8m neaps it may be 2.1m to 3.1m springs (from weed and marks on rocks). Those heights would equate to -03.24 Cobh and +01.26 Cobh.

So a simple table for predicting the change would be:

Times based on HW Cobh

Flood starts		Ebb starts*	
05.00	11.00	05.00	11.00
17.00	23.00	17.00	23.00
<i>springs</i>	<i>neaps</i>	<i>springs</i>	<i>neaps</i>
-03.25	-03.15	+01.25	+01.10

* Note that HW Lough Hyne is when the ebb starts in the channel. LW is when the flood starts. All times are GMT.

Not much difference then from what the Directions currently state, so why the differences I have observed on other occasions? The simple answer is that the times of the changes in the narrows depend entirely on the height of tide, not on the time of, and differences from, HW Cobh. Since heights of tide are highly susceptible to weather conditions, the times will vary considerably with atmospheric pressure and wind direction. So to predict the changes, you will need to factor in the likely affects of weather on the heights. As a rule of thumb a pressure drop of 10mb will increase sea level by 10cm (and vice versa) but wind effects are less simple to predict, although they can cause greater differences. As a 10cm change in tidal height takes approximately 10 minutes, it is easy to see how easily weather conditions can affect the time at which the level will reach the height necessary for the change of flow. Weather conditions, of course, also affect the predicted times of HW, but the differences are usually much smaller around our coast.

No doubt global warming and increasing sea levels will also change the times of change, and increase the flow of sea water into and out of the Lough, which may alter the current unique balance some years in the future.

Northabout goes to the Canaries

Rory Casey

After two seasons in Siberia, I suggested to Jarlath that we needed a cruise to warm water to thaw out our frozen bones. My suggestion of the Caribbean was readily accepted and preparations were made to take *Northabout* south to the sun. I was entrusted as skipper for the run to the Canaries, where *Northabout* was to be laid up until November.

We left Rosmoney, Westport, County Mayo on Friday July 27th for the “shake down” sail to Dingle. On board was my son, Fintan Casey, his friends – Niall O’Hara and Darren Gavin, my brother Gerry Casey and his son David, and Eoin McAllister (ICC). For the trip to Dingle, we were joined by the “real *Northabout* skipper” Jarlath Cunnane, and communications expert Brendan Minish. It was great to have the two lads on board, as this gave us a chance to fix and tidy all of the small “last-minute” jobs. We did encounter a problem lowering the centreboard and try as we might, it would not go down. Under instructions from Jarlath, we pulled in at Clare Island to effect some repairs, but alas no luck. The wind was coming from the north, so we decided to go as far as Dingle and hoped to repair it there. We were pushed very close to Inishturk, because of the leeway without the centreboard, but once we cleared that, we had a beautiful moonlit sail southwards. The next day became very wet and miserable for the middle part of the day, but as we approached Dingle we sailed through “hordes of dolphins” coming from all directions, and we tied up at the fine marina just before darkness. In the channel, we met with some kids in an inflatable having a great time playing with “Fungi”. We headed up the town for some fine Chinese food, and a good dash of porter. We met up with Joe Gormley, and some of his crew from *Vervine Blossom* and a fine sing-song was held in the smoking section of Joe Mack’s pub.

Next day, a bright sunny morning, despite the sore heads the centreboard was sorted easily, Jarlath and Brendan were collected by Dr. Mick Brogan, and we slipped our lines just before noon. The day was sunny, and with a favourable force 4 breeze, we sailed through the Skelligs and then turned south. This was wonderful sailing, making great progress, and on the next day the wind came from Biscay (easterly) and rose to a force 7. While it became a little uncomfortable, we whizzed along, and arrived in La Coruña on Thursday August 2nd at around 04.00. The night of our Spanish landfall was beautiful, as we were treated to a starry sky with regular falling stars. We were met in the marina by a Spaniard in a dinghy, who spoke no English, but insisted (we think!) we follow him. Good luck to that!

When we awoke from our lie-in, we were surprised to see *Lucky Day* (the catamaran that was involved in the Mizen Head drugs haul) tied up beside us!!! The hatches were taped up with customs tape, but besides that, it looked like any other boat in the marina. We made a point of trying to look for customs clearance in the marina office (we did not want to be another *Lucky Day* – but they were very relaxed about it). La Coruña is

a lovely town, and we enjoyed the restaurants and pubs, but unfortunately we had to say goodbye to Gerry, David and Eoin. They were replaced on Saturday by Iarla Mongey and Paul Gannon. Just before we left, we had a very nice visit from Andy McCarter (*Gwili 3*) who generously dropped a bottle of whiskey on board.

Cape Finisterre on a foggy night!

We left La Coruña on Saturday August 4th at 17.00, as we wanted the new crew to get a taste of night navigation. Unfortunately, as we left the coast, a heavy fog descended and we passed Cape Finisterre during the night without seeing this landmark. This is not the area you want to be in, on a foggy night! On our approach to La Coruña we had seen a lot of shipping traffic, but it was very quiet over the weekend (or we were not out far enough!) As the fog lifted on Sunday, we called into the lovely port of Bayona in the afternoon, for a meal. Bayona is well-known as Columbus’ first landing on his return, and there are many rocks around the entrance. After a short stop, we then headed down the Portuguese coast towards Nazaire. As usual, we listened to the BBC shipping forecast at 12.50, but this night, they announced a gale warning “especially along the Portuguese coast”, so we looked for a port of refuge. Lexios was only two hours away, so we changed our course and got into its very tight marina at around 04.00. We checked with the marina officials the next morning about the gale warning, because all indications were for pleasant sailing before we left La Coruña, but they did not seem too put-out about it. They asked which direction we were heading, and when I told them southwards – with a shrug of the shoulders one of them indicated that it was a “good wind”. Good wind, yes, but just a little too much of it. A Frenchman on the internet nearby shared my concerns that this had arrived unannounced, but we both agreed that it could be worse if we were trying to head north.

The outcome of our discussions with Mister Marina was that the gale would blow itself out by Thursday or Friday, so we could wait until then. Unfortunately, our tight schedule did not allow this length of waiting, so we headed out into it again the next morning, and ran before the gale for 2-3 days. We made great time, and by Friday we were in much lighter winds, and the sailing became more pleasant. At one stage the wind dropped enough to allow myself, Fintan, Darren and Paul to have a swim. Even though the chart said we were in a depth of 3,000 metres, Fintan reckons he touched the bottom!

The nights were fantastic, with Paul (our astronomer) pointing out different stars and planets, and a plethora of shooting stars. On Saturday we passed Porto Santo, and then onwards to Madeira. As we approached the marina in Funchal the official told us it was full and we would have to go to another marina, at Caletta – two hours further down the coast. It was the last



Local fishing boats in La Coruña.

thing we wanted to hear, another 2-3 hours after a 6 day crossing, but when we arrived in Caletta, it was worth it. The marina is brand new, with excellent facilities and a nearby supermarket, and a very reasonable restaurant across the road.

We spent three nights in Madeira, recharging our batteries and looking around the island, Paul flew home from here.

We then had a lovely two-day sail to Tenerife. As we approached the island, I was tempted to lower the mainsail, but at the watch change all was well, and I decided to leave well



alone. Just as Iarla and Niall arrived out for their watch, we hit the "acceleration zone", and the wind doubled in strength. *Northabout* heeled over, the autopilot automatically released, and we headed up into the wind. I was very lucky that the only damage sustained was a torn genoa, which is now being repaired in Tenerife.

Within five minutes of this incident we were in flat, calm waters in the lee of Tenerife. We encountered pilot whales and dolphins. The weather was blissful, clear skies and warm light breezes. This was the way to finish the cruise. As we rounded the southern tip of Tenerife, the wind blew up



Sailing past the Skelligs, nursing hangovers!

again, but we were not going to be caught out a second time. We motored into the Marina San Miguel, and tied up. Our friend Bernie Kilcoyne, originally from Mulranny, was there to meet us. We stowed everything away, made sure she was secure, and flew back to Ireland.

We fly back to Tenerife on November 20th 2007, to make an Atlantic crossing to Barbados, hoping to arrive there mid-December.

The crew in Dingle – Eoin, Gerry, Fintan, Niall, Darren, Rory, David.

Round the Kingdom of Heaven – A Cruise near Lundy

Pat Lyons



THE FORTNIGHT CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE UNDERTAKEN
IN A MAXIMUM OF 16 DAYS

The proximity of the great cruising ground of West Cork and Kerry has engendered a strong tradition of not turning left at the mouth of the harbour, among Cork sailors. In an attempt to right this disproportion, the new *Stardancer* and her crew were part of an RCYC cruise in company to Wales and some west of England harbours, during the early summer of 2007. The organised cruise lasted just a week, but as this was to be the boat's first long trip, we decided to take advantage of some fine early-summer weather and extend the cruise to a fortnight. For the first week of the trip Ann and I were joined by our daughter Evanna, and by Frances Murray and Con O'Donovan, while Derry Nash (RCYC) joined us for the second week. When the proposal was mooted to visit Milford Haven, some of the naysayers frowned at the idea of visiting an estuary as 'industrial' as Milford Haven. However, the adventure spirit prevailed, and during the first week of June we ventured to explore the homeland of Y Ddraig Goch (the Welsh Red Dragon), and less visited kingdoms on the west coast of England.

At 08.00 on Saturday June 2nd, we departed Crosshaven in lumpy seas and a southerly 20 knot wind. Conditions were



Lunch at Lawrenny Yacht Station.

excellent for a fast passage to Kilmore Quay, where we tied up at 18.30. The tricky approach from the west to Kilmore Quay with an east-going stream has been moderated by recent improvements to the local navigational aids, with the establishment of a fairway buoy on the leading line 008°, as pointed out in the June 2007 amendment to the Club's South & West Sailing Directions. The only incident of note on the journey to Kilmore Quay was that we were approached and hailed by an Irish Customs vessel, off Dunmore East. The vessel appeared quickly out of the slight mist and presented a formidable sight as it bore down upon us. Having established our identity, port of origin, complement and destination, the watch officer bid us a fair trip and the boat roared off in search of more ambitious targets. Given the huge drugs haul captured near Mizen Head later in the summer, it was reassuring to observe the vigilance of the Customs Service, and the near military fashion in which they conducted their encounter with ourselves.

Sunday morning, June 3rd dawned wet and grey, but we departed before noon and motor-sailed through foggy conditions for most of the day, arriving at the mouth of the the River Cleddau on the Pembroke-



Ann and Derry in the Shell House at Tresco Abbey Gardens.

shire coast in late evening. Having proceeded past the leviathan oil installations which characterise the port in the popular imagination, we entered the giant lock which provides access to Milford Marina, and were secure in this excellent 260-berth facility before midnight.

Milford Marina is located on the north shore of the estuary, opposite the Irish Ferries terminal at Pembroke Dock, in a former fishing harbour which has been converted to an extensive leisure and commercial complex, featuring restaurants, bars and boutique-style shops, as well as a full range of marine support services. The lock, providing access to the marina, opens at a wide range of times consistent with local tide conditions, and the opening times are posted on the Milford Port Authority's website (<http://www.mhpa.co.uk/mm.php>) at the start of each year. During the 'freeflow' period, which operates two hours before high water, vessel movement is generally unrestricted. All traffic using the lock is controlled by the port operations office, and it is essential to communicate with the operations office (Pier Head) on Channel 14, prior to entering the lock from either the sea or the marina basin approaches. Entrance to the lock is at 51°42'.5 north and 5°02'.2 west and approach to the lock is on a leading line of 348°.

Tariffs at the marina average €3 per metre per day and the marina office, which is staffed 24 hours a day, can be contacted on Channel 37. Wireless internet access can be arranged through the marina office for a modest fee.

Europe's biggest deep water port

The Milford Haven Waterway, once described by Admiral Nelson as one of the finest natural harbours in the world, is now Europe's biggest deep water port and the fourth largest freight port in the UK. For the first eight or so miles, the inlet eastward from the mouth of the harbour is dominated by the clamour of giant ocean-going tankers, disgorging their cargoes of oil and gas at terminals on both shores, and movement of pleasure vessels is heavily monitored by the Port Authority. Beyond these installations, the river Cleddau meanders a further 15 miles inland as far as Haverfordwest, through the heart of the picturesque Pembrokeshire National Park. Established in 1952, this is the only Coastal National Park in Great Britain and is designated as a marine Special Area of Conservation (SAC). This designation recognises the rich variety of marine habitats present within the waterway, and the success of its establishment and continued management is testament to the ability of industrial and conservation interests to survive side-by-side, for the benefit of both commercial and leisure communities.

On Monday June 4th we spent a pleasant day enjoying the facilities at Milford Marina in glorious sunshine, and on the following day we proceeded to explore the upper reaches of the River Cleddau. The waterway, a haven for water-based leisure activities of all kinds, is replete with secluded anchorages and pontoons, slipways and mooring facilities, and can provide a relaxing environment for an 'away-from-it-all' visit over a few days. The most notable yachting facilities are at the Neyland Yacht Haven Marina, which has over 350 berths, and at Lawrenny Yacht Station, where there are in excess of 100 swinging moorings with rates of around €15 per night. The moorings are overlooked by the Lawrenny Arms (known locally as the Doghouse), where a convenient pontoon has been constructed to allow thirsty mariners direct access to the pub, at most states of the tide. After a day exploring and evaluating facilities ashore and afloat, we returned seaward to moor for the night at the splendid visitors' pontoon in the middle of Dale Bay near the mouth of the great estuary north of St. Ann's

Head, which provided us with a suitable stepping off point for the next stage of our journey.

Our original cruise plan on departure from Welsh waters on June 6th had been to call at the infrequently visited and historic island of Lundy. The seafarers' fascination with islands, together with the mystery of the place, engendered in our psyche by its constant mention in Shipping Forecast broadcasts, made this outcrop an irresistible attraction in the area. Lying in the Bristol channel, 12 miles off the Devon coast, Lundy, which is England's only statutory Marine Nature Reserve, is a site of specific scientific interest, which is managed on behalf of the National Trust by Landmark Trust, the British conservation charity. The island has an ancient history, having associations with the Knights Templar stretching back as far as the 12th century. However, it is more strongly associated with pirates and privateering, and in particular with members of the infamous Marisco family after whom the island's only pub (the Marisco Tavern) is named. For most of the 19th century, the island was in the ownership of the Heaven family, who were responsible for the construction of some fine edifices on its shores, and whose largesse resulted in the islet becoming affectionately known as the 'Kingdom of Heaven'. Today the resident population of some 30 souls is swollen by nature-loving tourists in the summer months, most of whom arrive by a two-hour journey aboard the *MV Oldenberg*, which plys its trade from Bideford and Ilfracome on the Devon coast.

Sadly, our attempt to visit this adjacent yet remote outpost of the Empire was stymied by the weather gods, as the winds coming from the northeast made anchoring in the island's only secure anchorage, in the southeast corner, untenable. In the circumstances, we proceeded south in sparkling sailing conditions, to find shelter on the Cornish coast at Padstow.

Lying some 50 miles to the northeast of Lands End, Padstow is the only completely secure harbour on this stretch of coast, until Avonmouth. The harbour has a bad reputation, associated in the minds of many sailors by the fearsomely named Doom Bar, that lies in the approach. However, if entered from two hours before local high water, with the wind blowing from anywhere except the west, the approach presents few problems. The entrance to the harbour is through an opening lock, with waiting-moorings outside for approaching vessels.

Padstow

Our arrival early on Wednesday evening coincided with the opening of the lock gates, and we were greeted to the sound of a traditional brass band serenading the local and tourist promenaders, who swarm around the fish-bowl harbour like predatory cats. A former fishing village, Padstow is now a high-octane tourist destination in the mould of Kinsale, with restaurants, shops and boutiques offering traditional Cornish fare, souvenirs and fashionable outdoor garments. The omnipresent Cornish pasties are a trencherman's delight, and the proximity of the town to the West Country home of traditional cider, makes for a wide choice of beverages. From a culinary point of view the name of Padstow has become synonymous with that of celebrity-chef Rick Stein, who has established five restaurants and a busy food emporium catering for the up-market gastronome. Employing some 300 people in a town with a resident population of just over 3000, Stein and his enterprise dominates much of the local economy, although these developments are a source of concern among some local residents and business owners, as domestic and commercial property prices soar in response to the thriving economy associated with the activities of the culinary entrepreneur.

Padstow is a good place to provision, with an excellent Tesco store located on the high ground above the town (a taxi

can ease the burden of ferrying heavy supplies to the boat), and has water and metered power available on the quayside for visiting yachts, with gas supplies available from the Harbour Office. Berthing is alongside the harbour, with rafting commonplace during busy times and planks are conveniently placed at the ladders around the quay, to protect boats from potential damage by the granite walls. The town has a wide choice of eateries, with a predominance of seafood cuisine, while the sustainability of the crustacean fishery is being promoted through the National Lobster Hatchery project, that is located on the South Quay.

During Friday June 8th, with work pressures beckoning, Evanna, Frances and Con departed for Ireland, and we were joined by Derry Nash. The returning and joining crews travelled via Air South West, which operates regular low-cost services to Dublin and Cork from Newquay airport, which is less than 20 miles from Padstow. This well located airport is also a useful access point for those who are changing crews whilst lying in one of the south coast harbours in Cornwall or Devon. Left to our own devices between crew changes, on the Friday Ann and I decided to see a little more of the environs of Padstow. Unfortunately, time did not permit us to visit the futuristic tropical wonderland of the Eden Project, located in south Cornwall close to Fowey, but we determined to put this disappointment to rights during our next trip to the region.

The Camel Trail

No visit to Padstow would be complete without sampling the delights of the Camel Trail, so we took to the Cornish hills on hired bicycles to traverse this wonderfully scenic route, that winds its way some 15 miles along an old railway up the slopes of Bodmin Moor to the very heart of Cornwall. This is a delightful way to spend a day exploring the upper reaches of the Camel Estuary and the verdant scenery along the river as it reaches its head, with picturesque inns located at strategic points along the route at which to relax and enjoy the real feeling of West Country hospitality.

We departed Padstow with the tide on Saturday morning and cruised westwards along the Cornish coast, where an unfortunate entanglement in a line of lobster pots north of Trevose Head caused some grief. These pots are often laid in series and joined by underwater lines that pose a considerable hazard to yachtsmen, and are as much a source of concern to local sailors as were the drift-nets off our own shores for many a year. Our destination for the night was the open bay of St Ives, where we anchored in firm sand at 3 meters depth at 18.00. This bay is exposed to winds from the north and east, but conditions during our overnight stay were entirely calm, and the adjacent beach, with its Victorian bathing boxes, brought memories of golden days gone by.

St Ives is the quintessential Cornish town, with narrow cobbled streets, souvenir shops, and harbour-side restaurants and stalls offering maritime delicacies a-plenty. Home to a host of artists and their galleries, St Ives is particularly associated with the work of the late 20th century sculptress Barbara Hepworth, who lived and worked here. Our main reason for visiting was to enjoy the artistic pleasures offered at the Tate Modern gallery. Established in 1993 in recognition of the international artistic importance of the town, the gallery is housed in a striking facility constructed on the site of a former gasworks overlooking Porthmeor Beach, just south of the harbour. Architecturally, the blending of this modern conception with the traditional urban fabric of the site, is a celebration of form and function. The added pleasure of immersion in an exhibition of 1960s imagery and sounds associated with the life and music of Brian Wilson, the creative

force behind the Beach Boys, rounded off a wonderful Sunday morning for visitors of our vintage.

On Sunday afternoon we departed St Ives and headed for St. Mary's in the Isles of Scilly, where we picked up the last visitors' mooring in Hugh Town harbour at 18.30. This was our third visit to the harbour in as many seasons, and we were surprised to find these moorings so full this early in the year, a notable feature being the burgeoning number of large power-driven vessels (many from Ireland). This was Derry's first time in the 'Fortunate Isles' and on Monday 11th we enjoyed a leisurely day ashore on St. Mary's, judiciously avoiding the ubiquitous cream teas, before venturing forth to sample the pleasures of the 'off islands'.

On Tuesday 12th we moved to St Martin's, the most north-easterly of the islands, where the splendid 'St Martin's in the Isle' Hotel has provided six visitors' moorings in Tean Sound, which separates this island from the uninhabited island of Tean, to the west. These moorings are complimentary for those dining in the hotel, while a €15 per night charge otherwise applies. There are very strong tides in this sound and returning to a boat to find it 'riding' its mooring, in the grip of a wind against tide situation is not unusual. For us, a tasting visit to Britain's most westerly vineyard, located on south facing slopes over the island's golden beaches, followed by a bracing walk to the striped daymark on Chapel Down, generated appetites worthy of the culinary delights on offer at the hotel overlooking Tean Sound.

Our final port of call in the Islands was at New Grimsby Sound, between Tresco and Bryher. There are now 25 visitors' moorings available here, for which Mr Henry Birch, the harbourmaster, collects around €20 per day. During our stay, the Abbey Gardens on Tresco were resplendent in the early summer sunshine, while the secluded lawns of the Island Hotel at Old Grimsby provided a haven for afternoon tea, following a wonderful walk to the northern outcrops overlooking Round Island. On Thursday, the beckoning sands on Bryher sparkled in the high-pressure conditions, and this, allied to the temptations of the aptly named 'Fraggle Rock' café/bar, had us tramping that island's shores, where we lunched at the Hell Bay hotel overlooking the reef-strewn Broad Sound, that stretches south-westward towards the great of Bishop Rock lighthouse.



Tate Gallery, St. Ives.



In the idyllic conditions, we were reluctant to leave the welcoming shores of Scilly, however we weighed anchor on Friday morning, and motored for just over 20 hours to tie-up at our home berth in Royal Cork early on Saturday. Our abiding memories of the cruise will be that it offered some of the best sailing conditions of the early summer of 2007, and allowed us to enjoy some previously unexplored harbours, in convivial company among genial natives.

Not quite the 'Kingdom of Heaven', but most certainly a minor province of paradise.

Evanna enjoying the sun at Milford Matina.

Michael Branagan writes of rafting in Namibia

"How's Bono?" the immigration officer asked as he noted our Irish passports. We had just crossed over the Orange river into Namibia having driven 1,000 kilometres from Capetown. It was a good start. The plan was a scenic drive up the side of the Fish river canyon, and then on out across the southern part of Namibia to the German town of Luderitz on the Atlantic coast. But first I had arranged to go for a 3-day rafting trip down the Orange river. The rafting party consisted of 5 crocs (inflatable 2-man rubber dinghies) myself and the 2 guides in one each, 2 Germans, Stefan and Magi, in another and 2 Russians, Shimon and Jayne, in the fifth croc. All clothing etc is packed in a small sealed barrel.

All water drinks, beers, wines etc., go in a coolbox. Teas and coffees were the only liquids supplied. Because of the heat I didn't take any alcohol, only 16 litres of water and some fruit drinks. The German couple seemed to be better able than the rest of us to deal with the heat, consuming a half dozen beers and a litre of wine between breakfast and lunch!!!! Don't forget it was usually 45°C+ by 09.30 each day. The guides between them carried all food and stores and prepared all meals. All leftovers and gash came with us.

As it was the end of summer, water levels were well down, and the river flow was very slow for long stretches, so there was no resting on the paddles. We usually paddled for 6 hours each day, stopping only for lunch. Camp was normally set up by 17.00. Dinner followed within the hour and I personally was usually fast asleep by 20.00. We woke each morning at 06.00 and after breakfast, we were out on the river by 08.00. We slept on the open ground in our sleeping bags. My big fear whilst lying on the ground in the sleeping bag was how to keep out some of the more exotic nightcrawlers. I have a particular aversion to the long orange millipedes with the 200 legs. I really wished I had more thumbs.

It cooled down a little between 22.00 and 03.00 and a dew would always appear for an hour between 03.00 and 04.00, when it got cooler still. There was absolutely no contact with the outside world; the guides had no radios and cellphones didn't work. To try and cool down during the day we scooped up water in our hats or just dropped overboard; relief was wonderful for 2 or 3 seconds. The landscape was always

stunning. The colours were constantly changing, giving you some relief from the totally lunar scene. The only sign of growth was on the riverbanks: some trees and reeds and grasses.

We didn't always stick together. I found I really enjoyed going on ahead of the others and savouring the silence at these times. I felt I was the only person on the planet a similar feeling to when on the helm at night, on your own with only the stars for company. It wasn't a lonely feeling but a very contented one. There are no crocodiles or hippos on this stretch, so all the game is smaller; birds snakes lizards etc, and strangely this seemed to make it more interesting, for example drifting right up to within 10ft of lizards on rocks.

At one stage I overturned, going through rapids, the river took me at great speed down about 300 yds before I was rescued. Mind you I had by that stage swallowed quite a few litres. It took me an hour to recover and I was one very tired 60-year old, not quite the macho man I thought I was.

When I got a large thorn in my foot I asked about the first-aid kit. The guide showed me a small plastic box containing a roll of cotton wool, small bottle of Dettol and a large safety pin with 5 others attached. He did try to gouge it out, but with no joy. When I asked him what would happen if I'd broken my leg, he shrugged his shoulders and said "I don't know, it has never happened". I suddenly remembered the gay waiter at a restaurant in Tulbagh 4 days earlier saying to me, "Mr. Branagan Africa is not for cissies!!!" Yeah 'Right'.



Yachting Monthly Biscay Triangle

Stuart Musgrave

The Yachting Monthly Biscay Triangle is an annual event organised by Blue Water Rallies. It is designed to give cruising sailors a taste of blue water passage-making lasting four or five days, then three or four days, and finally a two day finish. It is well organised with full safety checks, weather information and strict radio nets. I had met the organisers in 2002 when sailing with ICC member George Fassenfeld on Franz Too in Blue Water Rallies "Round the World Rally", and wondered if one day I would do a world trip – but first I wanted to do a shorter rally.

The rally of eighteen yachts started in Torquay on the 24th July and went directly to La Coruña in Spain, and after a few days there, to La Trinité-sur-Mer in Brittany. Then the rally usually broke up in La Trinité, as most participants preferred to cruise the coast there, or return directly to home ports, rather than go back to Torquay.

So it was that this year I decided to start my rally from La Trinité and be one of the few to complete it, albeit with a head start on the others by doing the last leg first!

La Trinité-sur-Mer to Torquay

The weather forecast from Theyr.net for July 15th to 19th was for southwest winds, force 3/5 and good clear skies. Dominic O'Sullivan, his wife Norma, Val Cosgrave and I left Cork for Lorient with Aer Arran and got a taxi to *Tillygreig*, our Dehler 41, at the marina in La Trinité. We bought our supplies, and had an excellent seafood meal at Le Chantier overlooking the port. Next day we slipped our mooring for Ile de Groix and arrived



Tillygreig in mid-Biscay from *Caduceus* (note benign conditions)



Crews of *Avalon*, *Celtic Breeze* and *Caduceus* at La Trinité-sur-Mer.

there just in time to make the inside of the harbour before the lock was shut, and we got the last berth too! Then it was straight to the bar. I showed the proprietor my "passport", a black T-shirt with the name of the restaurant "Auberge du Port", given to us on our last visit and we were elected. The Irish are always made to feel welcome on the isles off the Brittany coast.

Being a little under time pressure to be in Torquay for the Wednesday, we decided to go straight to Ushant, getting as close as we could to the short at Penmarc'h, twinned with my home port of Baltimore, and with more lighthouses than anywhere else in Brittany it seems, and had a

wonderful tide-assisted run through a very calm Raz de Sein. We got some nice shots of La Vielle and La Platte lighthouses, though not up to Philip Plisson standards, and were accompanied by a school of dolphins. We ran down the southeast side of Ushant against the 6 knot tide but with the wind, and at one point were not making any ground at all until we went close to shore. The seas were very steep and breaking; it was exciting stuff but as the wind was moderate, it was just a matter of keeping the bow straight and avoiding looking behind too much! I don't think it is something I want to do again – we took three hours to do five miles.

Le Stiff

We reached Le Stiff, a very sheltered anchorage on the northeast side of Ushant at dusk, picked up a visitors' mooring, and ate on board. Val and I had been in Le Stiff when we brought the boat to France in May, and then we had come in from a fortyfive knotter forecast as a 6/7.

We wanted to come back and see the island in benign conditions, and so the next day we went ashore. We took a taxi to Lampaul, a surprisingly well-stocked town, dominated by a very fine church, and lunched in the sun, bought some supplies and headed back to Le Stiff. In summer Ushant is well served by four large ferries, from Brest and other places on the mainland. It has a busy airport near Le Stiff and most tourists seem to cycle or walk.

We left for England at 14.20 with a 15 knot sou'wester behind us, in sunshine, and Norma was about to be out of sight of land for the first time ever! As dusk fell we were getting in to the traffic separation zones, and no one was going off to sleep while we passed through at least twenty ships outbound, and a few hours later another twenty inbound. I had never had it so busy. I had fitted a Nasa AIS receiver this year, and it was a great help along with the normal radar. It shows the name of the ship, the speed, heading and most importantly the MMSI number. It also identifies the type of ship, such as tanker, trawler, ferry; even some lighthouses broadcast an AIS signal! All this appears on a little radar screen and is picked up by VHF signal. All ships over 300 tonnes are required to have an AIS transmitter. Just to prove it worked I called a ship on DSC, and it responded quickly and it did indeed see me, and it would pass 500 metres ahead of me.

The rest of the night proved uneventful, and the only call I got was to decide if the trawler ahead was circling. We got quite close and used our halogen light to let him know we were there, whereupon he made smartly across our bows with 200 metres to spare and his light on us – a bit close.

The English coast at Start Point loomed out of the dawn with a brilliant sunrise. We went to Brixham Harbour and called the previous owners of the boat. It was the first time they had seen *Tillygreig* in four years, and it was nice to bring her back to her old port. Then we headed to Torquay across the bay, where our berth had been reserved for us by the Rally organisers, and had a superb seafood meal in the Number 7 restaurant, just below the Royal Torbay Yacht Club, of which we were to become members for the duration. Next day we flew back to Cork in time for my mother-in-law's 80th birthday party.

Torquay to La Coruña

On Sunday July 22nd my sons, Stuart and David, and Roland Blennerhassett and I, flew to Bristol and got a taxi to the marina at Torquay. Later that day we were joined by Joanne, Roland's daughter. On Monday we signed-in with the rally and watered, fuelled and stocked the boat. It's more difficult than you think

to stock a boat for five people for five days. At 16.00 we met all the other 18 crews at the extensive briefing, held in the yacht club. Earlier in the day the rally organisers had been aboard to see our safety equipment and to ask some searching questions. For me this is where the rally really began. As the weather forecast was a bit iffy for the next few days, it was left to each individual skipper to call the departure or not. The forecast was force 5/6 increasing 6/7 from the southwest – exactly our heading. There was much debate as to whether we should head west from Start Point towards Lands End, and use Falmouth as a bolt hole, if necessary, until the winds moderated and veered westerly as forecast a day or so later, or to cross the channel to make a landfall on France somewhere from Morlaix to Ushant. We all agreed that we would go west. A great feature of rally cruising is the radio-net and for us this was at 10.00 and 18.00 each day. The yachts ranged in size from a Super Amel 54 down to a Vancouver 34. All had VHF, some had HF and a few had sat-phones. For this rally we were all given a free test from Yachtplot.com which allowed us to give our positions to Rally Control, and they were then put on the web for all our family and friends to see where we were. This meant that the radio controllers at each net had to have email to send in the positions to Rally Control, and it worked very well.

On the starting line

We had a reasonably early night and were on the starting line in beautiful sunny weather at 09.00 on Tuesday July 24th, where the Lady Mayoress of Torquay waved us away as we paraded in a line off the harbour. We blew horns and waved back and it was a wonderful start. The forecast seemed to have got it wrong again for this was glorious stuff. We sailed to Start Point and the wind got up a bit and dutifully we tacked on to port to lay west to Falmouth. The wind rose steadily over the next hours and so did the sea state, and it was quite unpleasant slamming in to the sea. We were not making much progress either, so I decided to tack south and we had more speed and better motion too. At the 18.00 roll-call we realised that the fleet had split. Five yachts were now going south, and the rest were going west. As night fell the wind increased to its forecast force 6 and we headed on for France. David and I took the first three-hour watch and the others took the other watch. Next day I was going to be a floater and Stuie and Roland were to be watch leaders. At dawn we saw the magnificent Ile de Vierge lighthouse ahead, and at the 10.00 roll-call we reported that we were heading west to the ITZ off Ushant and expected to round it at 14.00. We passed Ushant with the tide under us, and fairly flew past the end of the island at 9 knots. The sea was very lumpy and we got the occasional green one rolling back along the deck, but *Tillygreig* takes the sea well. For some reason I had come on deck with my pants outside my jacket and stuffed into my boots. Inevitably I got soaked, and was miserable, and we were going to have to beat all the way to Spain like that. I looked at Roland who asked me if I was sure I was doing the right thing. He asked in such a way that he gave no hint at his own preference. I thought about how I would get on for the next four days like this, and after an hour I headed to Camaret at the entrance to Brest, a mere 20 miles away. Big smiles from everyone as we all felt it was the right thing to do. At the 18.00 roll-call, the four bigger boats that were on the outside of the separation zone told us they were also heading to Camaret, and they were 70 miles away! We reached port at 22.00 and got the only free berth in the inner harbour. It was dry clothes and of to the bar. The others got in a five in the morning.

Camaret

Camaret is a lovely port dominated by a fortified tower designed by Vauban, Louis XIV's architect, who then switched sides and designed Charles Fort in Kinsale!

We refuelled and dried out in the well-equipped cabins on the quayside. The five crews met at 17.00 at the Irish bar to decide our next move. We had heard that most of the fleet had gone to Plymouth or Falmouth, and there didn't seem to be much enthusiasm for heading south from them. We, on the other hand, began to believe that the wind would go into the west and made plans to set off at 05.00 next morning to take advantage of the tide. After about six hours of making west, we felt that we could tack south and clear Ile de Sein and its rocks, and let the wind veer bring us back in line for La Coruña. And that is exactly what happened.

As the weather improved and the sun began to appear, our spirits lifted, and Stuie brought out his fishing tackle. He had talked about this for months, and before long we were dreaming of tuna cooked every way possible. We also saw a large number of whales blowing high spouts and visible all around the horizon. We hadn't thought how to cook whale! We were now in to day four of the trip, with an ETA in La Coruña at 20.00 on Sunday, only a day behind our original schedule.

Our VHF was giving a bit of trouble and we could not be heard over our full range. Conversely we could hear boats which others nearby could not. So, although we were separated by up to fifty miles over the water, between us we could relay our positions to the radio-net controller and so be on the Yachtplot next day.

The wind went very light on Saturday and we motored most of the day. The minke whales were still about as were the dolphins. The wind came and went a little. It was like a mill pond at times, and we noticed that as we left the continental shelf that the swell grew very long. It is interesting to imagine the sea bottom going from 220 metres down to over 4,000 metres in twenty miles, and I decided there and then I was going to get my Biscay chart made up in 3D form by Bobby Nash of "Latitude" in Kinsale, and try to have a physical memento in my house in Baltimore, of the canyons out there. While it was still calm we transferred our remaining 40 litres of diesel to the tank and then looked to Stuie for our dinner. No luck there!

La Coruña

We were approaching La Coruña with the tide under us, and as Cabo Prior was abeam the seas and wind picked up. We began to surf in to the entrance of the bay and briefly touched 12 knots SOG.

We arrived off the breakwaer at 22.00 and were met on the dock at the Darsena Deportivo de la Coruña by Tony Diment, Blue Water Rally director, who had arranged berths for us. Imagine my surprise when I discovered my berth mate was *Island Life* and ICC Commodore, Cormac McHenry! We were the party boat that night, and although invited to join us the Commodore decided that an early night was required – I don't think he slept much with the noise next door! We discovered that all five yachts that had left Camaret together arrived within a few hours of each other. I wouldn't have believed five boats could have stayed in VHF contact for so long.

Earlier that evening we went in to the old town, led by new crewman, Colm O'Sullivan who had arrived the day before. He has sussed out the Moorish festival that was taking place, and we had a great evening. Next day we had a look around La

Coruña, and got a few fittings including a block for the mainsheet, which had shattered half way across Biscay. The cockpit is still alive with nylon ball bearings. They went everywhere. Stuie got more lures for his fishing, and Davie phoned his girl. Sully and Joanne had quiet moments together; Roland had to make a fast dash to catch the Ryanair to Stansted and Davie decided that he had to get to Ireland and his girl and also took the Ryanair.

La Coruña to La Trinité-sur-Mer

On Monday July 26th we had a briefing in the Real Yacht Club Deportivo, and were happy to get a good forecast all the way to La Trinité. After meeting two new boats, one a brand new Amel 54 owned by Martin Bevan who had come directly from La Rochelle, and *Celtic Breeze*, a Halberg Rassy 42 owned by Roger Cornish, the only boat from the Falmouth group to make it, we decided to leave La Coruña at 09.00 on Tuesday. The fourth boat *Avalon* was going to follow 24 hours later. This time there were only four boats going to La Trinité, as most of the others were going south on the "Round the World" Rally from Gibraltar in October. We left in beautiful conditions, and off Cabo Prior we put up the MPG in about 12 knots of wind on our port beam. No sooner had it set than it blew apart. I blamed Sully, Sully blamed Joanne, who was nowhere near it, and Stuie just kept fishing! And then it happened – Stuie caught a fish! He hauled in a two pound white fish with no name, which was dispatched to the frying pan for lunch and was delicious.

As there were only three boats together for this leg, *Avalon* being behind us, we kept more or less in sight. This meant that the Amel 54 was slowing to keep our pace. However imagine our surprise when we thought we heard bagpipes. We all came up to see Martin Bevan, the owner of *Caduceus*, the Amel 54, closing our stern and playing his pipes! He came so close that the fishing line fouled his bow, and we spent a while detaching ourselves, but not before Martin had played some fine Scottish airs and an Irish one. This was to be a day of close encounters. We noticed some whales blowing a mile away and thought they were fin whales, as they didn't seem to blow as high as the minke ones. We were gazing at some near our starboard side when right beside us, on the port side, a huge black back slid past us, merely feet away. I could have stepped on to it. Its mate was a further 50 feet to port. It was at least 40 feet long and had a short fin. It was chilling to think we might have hit it, but it just dived behind us.

As we were making good progress, and were likely to be near La Trinité a day in advance of our expected time, we had decided to spend the Thursday night at Ile Houat. During the early evening on Wednesday we saw the *Pride of Bilbao* ahead. *Caduceus* thought it slowed down as it seemed to be heading for them, but my AIS said she was going 26 knots and steady at that. Several hours later the Brittany Ferries *Pont Aven* went by ahead of us lit up like a Christmas tree also doing 25 knots. It was interesting to note her speed, as she never exceeds 20 knots on the Cork-Roscoff run, having plenty of time.

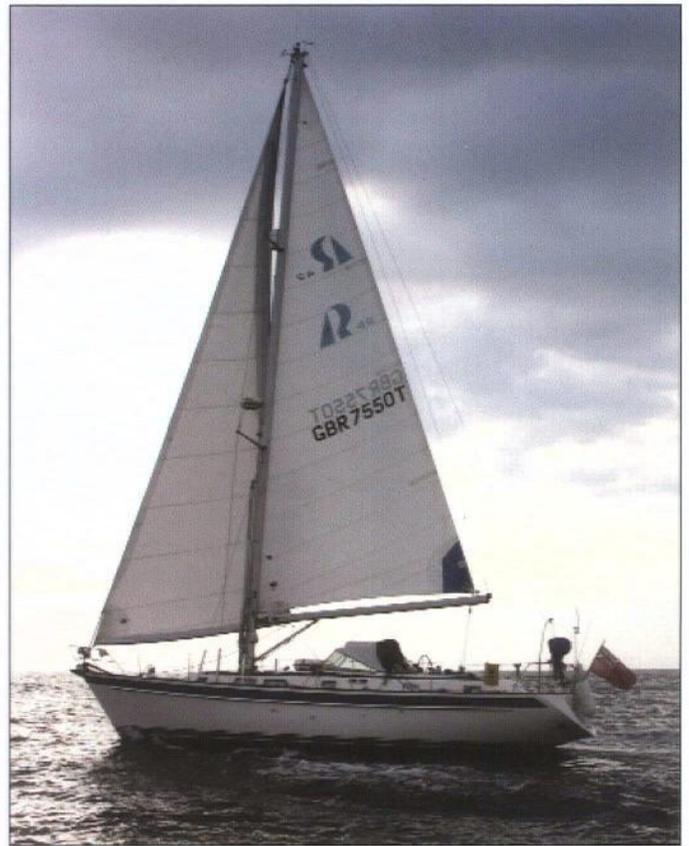
On Thursday evening we were all within two miles of each other as we approached Houat, and I led *Celtic Breeze* through a narrow channel between Houat and Hoëdic islands. The tide was flooding at 4 knots, and I think I should have gone outside Hoëdic, such was the tide swirl over rocks which seemed very close. There must have been 300 yachts there, in beautiful anchorage. We went ashore that evening for some entertainment, and were surprised that the only open bar kicked us out at 23.30 in the middle of high season. There was no one there except for our crews!



Martin Bevan on his Amel 54 *Caduceus* playing his bagpipes

La Trinité

Next morning we motored to La Trinité, and were welcomed by Rally Director Richard Bolt into our reserved berths. It was a beautiful day. That evening we had a great meal in L'Arrosoir restaurant. We were joined by *Avalon* on Saturday morning, only the fourth boat to have done the Biscay Triangle 2007. Stuie and I flew back to Cork from Lorient later on Saturday, and we left Sully and Joanne in charge of the boat, and to act as



Anyone at home? – *Celtic Breeze* close by in mid-Biscay.

our representatives at the final night in the yacht club; they did us proud.

All in all it was a well-worthwhile trip, professionally organised, no risks taken or tolerated, and well-managed en route but if one has only a two-week holiday then it could be a bit hectic. We had all kinds of weather; we make some good friends and I learned a lot, but I am not sure if I have learned the differences between a fin and a minke whale yet!

See www.yachtrallies.co.uk for Rally news.

Our host, a comparative newcomer to yachting, quite seriously asked me to explain to him how I knew we were just then, and how would I arrive at Corsica at all - let along at one particular point. This earnest conversation took place at 3.00am., which is not my best time, nevertheless with our first day's effort in mind I carefully explained that not with me but with him the whole matter rested. It all depended on how closely he kept to the course I had set, otherwise he would miss Corsica altogether - and end up probably in Russia. He seemed quite impressed, and I am glad to say did not question the last piece of information. With those few kind words I took myself off to my bunk....

(Arthur Morris, ICC Annual 1964)

"Imagine" Valencia to Corfu

Neil Kenefick

When the Farr 545 *Imagine* embarked on her majestic trip around the Mediterranean, her crew knew they'd be in for a season of fine sailing and scenery. However they didn't expect to dance in front of "Dire Straits", or for their friends to cycle all the way from Dublin to meet them. And they certainly didn't think they would be celebrating the owner's birthday at an IOR sailor's reunion party in Corfu. But as the old saying goes, always expect the unexpected, and a trip full of surprises is exactly what lay in store.

Originally a boat-show boat, *Imagine* is a Farr 545, high performance cruising yacht with separate after steering and control station. She has a centre cockpit and is without ropes or winches, which makes her ideal for entertainment on land or sea. She has twin wheels aft, a carbon fibre mast, a Park Avenue boom, teak decks and is fitted with all of the go-fast mod-cons that make cruising in this day and age so pleasurable. She was discovered in Barcelona where I surveyed her with Killian Bushe in 2005, promptly made an offer, and without further delay, the boat was bought!



Imagine and Paloma at anchor in Corfu.



Glynn, Neil & Ken on route Lipari – Mesina.

Last year saw us cruising between the Balearics and Valencia, taking in some of the early action of the America's Cup, with the promise of the real thing to come this year. I decided to winter in Alcudia and was well looked after by Nautica Mahon there, getting a number of things done to the boat, which were not part of the original specification. A generator and water maker were fitted, as well as a number of smaller upgrades, to bring her up to a high-quality cruising specification. Her sailing spec was also upgraded with the addition of a code-zero headsail.

The season began by launching her in Alcudia, in the northeast corner of Majorca, where she was commissioned for the season. James "Joxer" O'Brien and I travelled from Cork to Palma in the first weekend of May, via a highly social visit to Howth Yacht Club to pass away a 5-hour stopover in Dublin. On arrival in Palma, a much welcomed text message from Brian Matthews inviting us to Real Club Nautico (and Hogan's Bar!) was received. Here we met Mick Cotter, Mark Pettit, Brian Matthews, Johnny Wolfe and

Robin Hennessy, where we were invited to join them aboard *Whisper* for the early season Maxi Regatta in Palma Bay. This Irish Maxi *Whisper* is a plush 78-foot Reichel Pugh design. It is a regular visitor to both Irish and Mediterranean waters, and competed in the 2006 BMW Round Ireland race. After experiencing the fleshpots of Palma for the weekend, it was off to Alcudia for the start of our season's wanderings in the Mediterranean. We sailed *Imagine* down the west coast of Majorca, stopping at Formentor, Sollers, Andraitx and Palma. We were then joined by Eric Geary, Michael Moloney and John Crotty, who flew into Palma, and after dinner in Andraitx, we headed off at 12:30 to our next port of call – Valencia, home of the 32nd America's Cup. Here we were treated to the special hospitality of Marcus Hutchinson, director of America's Cup Management (ACM).

America's Cup

After having the good fortune of being present at the 2003 America's Cup final in Auckland, New Zealand, my already avid interest in this event grew considerably with the announcement of the first European venue for the event since its inception in 1851. *Imagine* was based here for the full duration of the Louis Vuitton Cup and the America's Cup. Fortunately, Ryanair fly direct to Valencia, and we managed to commute every second weekend, for a fantastic introduction to the world of this top class sailing event. We holidayed in Valencia for the duration of the Cup, where many of our friends from Cork and foreign places came and visited, including John Downey and David Lowry who actually cycled all the way down from Dublin, to insure that they saw the action for the final between *Alinghi* and *Emirates Team New Zealand*.

The highlights of our stay in Valencia not only included some of the best racing ever seen in the America's Cup but also, compliments of Marcus and Bruno Troublé, we got a first hand insight with trips on the ACM and the Louis Vuitton hospitality boats. We also travelled on the on-the-water press boat, which was broadcasting the commentary for the event on television where Peter Ruche, Andy Green and Matthew Sheahan did such a wonderful job in making the Cup not only interesting, but riveting television sport.

Tours of the bases is, for the sailor, an eye-opening experience. A half-day spent with Harry Dunning in the Mescalone base allowed us see first hand that this cup is not just a sailing event but a whole industry where professionalism has reached new heights in our sport.

On the social side, anyone who has visited this event will have experienced a regatta programme never seen before, and a weekend spent in the America's Cup complex was an eye opener. Many enjoyable nights were spent in the centre hub of the complex, the Estrella Damm Bar, where all the sailors gathered after racing. This was the gathering spot for not only the current sailors but also so many old friends from around the world, who we met in the course of our offshore racing activities in the 70s, 80s and 90s.

An invitation from Bruno Troublé to the America's Cup "Hall of Fame" dinner on the second night of the Cup, was, for Iris and I the social highlight of the calendar. Bruno was this year's recipient of the "Hall of Fame" award in the spectacular surroundings of the Hemisphere of the City of Arts and Science building.

Ibiza

After being fortunate enough to witness the epic final of this historic America's Cup, it was time for *Imagine* to start heading on her journey, which would take her east across the Mediterranean. The plan was to winter in Corfu, Greece, in

order to see the eastern Mediterranean next year. First stop was Ibiza, a 90-mile dash, which we had sailed on several occasions last summer. We took some time to enjoy Isle of Formentera, Cala Valela, Cala Mustalla and of course Ibiza town itself. Anyone who has been there will know how 'lively' it is at this time of year. The town is full of beautiful restaurants and shopping areas, and the infamous culture and after-hours activities are an eye-opening experience, to say the least! But the true beauty of this island must be enjoyed from the water. As we passed, the rocky Isles of Vedra and Vedranell stood out from the dramatic coastline, where dolphins danced against the glowing sun set to the west. Our journey continued up the east coast of Ibiza, calling on many of the calas, heading for Andraitx on the southern tip of Majorca, under the beautiful island of Dragonera.

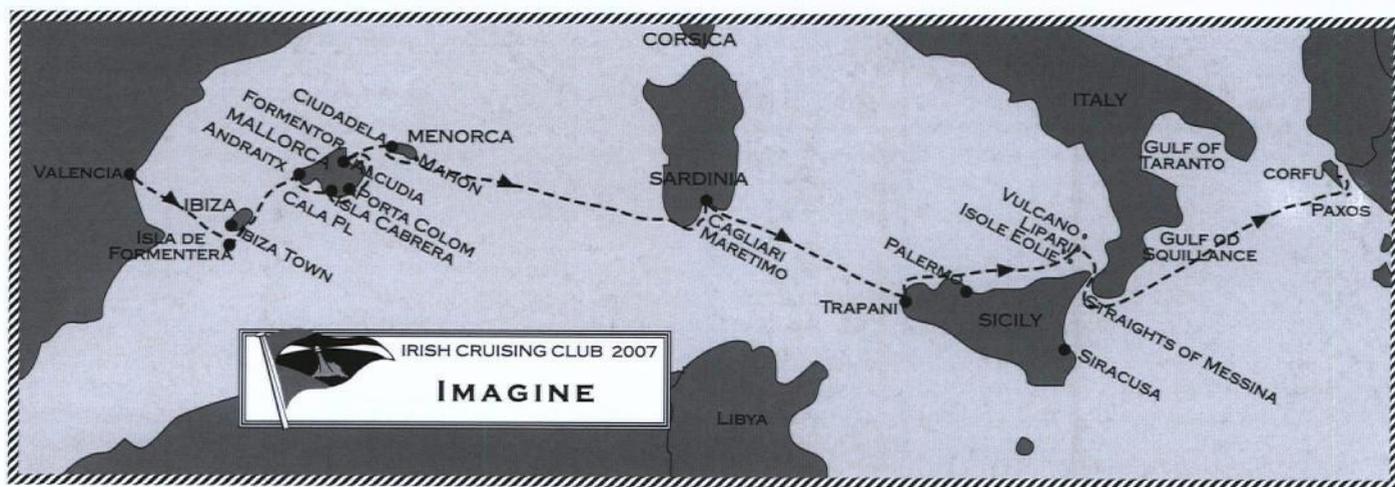
Cruising on to Palma, we rendezvoused for several raft-ups and marvellous evenings with the organisers of the Super Yacht Regatta, Spike Thompson of Quantum Sails, Patrick Anions and Andy Treadwell.

Away from the miserable weather

The combination of miserable weather back home and the possibility of more cruising, resulted in myself and Joxer once again deciding to fly back to Palma (via Dublin) to continue the adventures. In Palma, Joxer and I were invited to join renowned yacht designer Ron Holland, aboard the 130-foot super yacht *Thalia*, for the Super-Yacht Regatta. Together, the three of us own the 1970s, Ron designed, quarter-tonner called *Manzanita*, and we were delighted to join *Thalia's* crew for this momentous occasion. The Super-Yacht Regatta is perhaps the most spectacular regatta I have ever had the pleasure of competing in. It is held every four years as part of the Millennium Cup, between the Louis Vuitton Cup and the final of the America's Cup. The experience of over 50 super-yachts sailing in Palma Bay was a sight to behold and was the largest ever, ranging from the 230 ft *Maltese Falcon*, *Wild Oats*, *Alfa Romeo*, to the J class classics *Endeavour*, *Velsheda* and *Ranger* and a raft of restored classics and modern super race boats. It was a festival of sailing both on the water and ashore, with all of the big names in the yachting industry sailing and enjoying the fun. In addition to the sailing we were honoured to join the designers Ron Holland, Bill Tripp and Halsey Herreshoff for a great night out in Palma, and to experience the atmosphere of Ed Dubois', Super-yacht party at the Historical Museum, with the entertainment laid on by "Dire Straits". From here, we took in some of the glorious hideaways at Porto Pedro, Porto Colom, Porto Cristo, Calla Pe, Calla d'Or and Calla Manjana, after which we gave *Imagine* a well-deserved rest for a couple of weeks in Alcudia.

Alcudia

Mid-July saw our return to Alcudia, where we had several days of relaxed cruising between Alcudia, the Bay of Formentera and Polenza. After which we decided to sail for Minorca Ciudadela, taking in many of the beautiful calas on the west coast of Majorca, before ending up at Mahon. Having been one of the crossroads of the Mediterranean for centuries, Mahon is a truly delightful harbour. It is a constant buzz of activity, with fantastic deep blue water, and an incredible array of historic buildings. It was here we discovered that the refrigerator was not keeping its chill, and found that the batteries were down to a 20% charge. We employed the services of a local engineer, and after a lot of frustration our searching concluded that a wire had somehow managed to pop out of the back of the alternator. As usual, this ten-minute job consumed three hours of our time, but most importantly, the fridge was returned to its primary



function of keeping the beer at its appropriate temperature ... We all drank to that!

Menorca to Cagliari

Iris and I were joined by Joxer, Derna and James O'Brien Jr for the trip from Mahon to Sicily. We first undertook the 220-mile trip from Menorca to Cagliari, Sardinia, in fantastic conditions, with a northwest four to five touching six, allowing *Imagine* to average 8.5-9 knots most of the way. In some excellent code-zero conditions, we managed to savour a little time for a spot of fishing, which turned out to be particularly fruitful. We hauled in a beautiful five-pound tuna, which provided the meal for an entertaining evening's dining onboard. On the final night of the trip, the Spartivento breeze built steadily to a solid 30-35 knots from the north, and with one reef in both the main and the jib, the flat water allowed us to make steady headway at a comfortable 8.5-10 knots. As we sliced through the water at lightning speed we raised the Italian courtesy flag with the buzz and anticipation of reaching a new country.

But our excitement soon turned to concern. With a mere twenty miles of our journey to Cagliari remaining, one crew member became very ill rather quickly, and was quite clearly in absolute agony, complaining of excruciating pain in his stomach. After giving him four Brufen and laying him down in the forward bunk, he was still screaming with the pain. Between all of us onboard, we took it upon ourselves to diagnose him, with some helpful consultation of the Reed's almanac, as agreed that it must be kidney stones. Taking the decision that it was best not to continue, the patient was taken to a local hospital where he was detained overnight. After several injections, he flew home early the next morning, and was taken straight to the Mater hospital, from Dublin Airport. He spent a further two days in the Mater, where the kidney stones were thankfully dissolved, an experience, which he informed me afterwards, was particularly unpleasant.

We then spent two days at the marina in Cagliari, where we were joined by Jonathan Wix for the trip from there to Trapani. Jonathan is the previous owner of the tremendous super-yacht *AWOL* (Another Way of Life), who has several trans-Atlantics under his belt. Together we cruised the picturesque coast of Sicily, with its dramatic steep cliffs and breathtaking blue water.

Optimist World Championship

Around the bay from Cagliari, we managed to take in, as planned, the Optimist World Championship, an event in which both of my sons, George and David, have competed in the past. Here we met fellow ICC member, Roger Alpin, whose son Jamie was competing in the event. It is clear that we brought

great luck with us, as Jamie had an incredible day's racing, culminating with a second place finish in one of the races, in a record fleet of over 250 boats.

After restocking and re-provisioning the boat, we headed for Trapani on the west coast of Sicily. Fortunately, we were blessed with yet more idyllic conditions, with a solid five to six, again from the northwest allowing us to power on through the 200-mile journey in less than 23 hours. We made landfall at the Egadi Islands where we spent one beautiful day in Maretimo. This breath-taking island is reminiscent of the Caribbean. We chilled-out after our journey in temperatures of 35°C, a sea temperature of 32°C and the bluest water I have ever experienced, where it was possible to see the bottom in 50 feet of water. We paid a brief visit to Lavanzo and Favignana, the other islands in the group, before moving on to Trapani. If you are ever in the area, a stop at the Egadis is a must.

Trapani

We then made a landfall at Trapani where we had prior arrangements to leave the boat for the month of August. There I had an introduction to the President of the Yacht Club, Roberto Culcasi, who had hosted Act Two of the America's Cup, two years before. We had made a prior arrangement by telephone call 24 hours in advance and we were told a rib would be there at 19.00 to meet us. The rib very kindly escorted us to our berths just outside the yacht club at Trapani. The town of Trapani itself is stunning with a vast array of historic buildings, and a scattering of exquisite restaurants where prices are far more reasonable than we are used to at home. The boat was very well cared for and looked after by the Trapani Yacht Club. August is both the busiest and hottest month in the Mediterranean and we decided to stay in Ireland until early September, and plan the next leg of the journey.

Availing once again of the incredible value flights from Ryanair (only 35 euro in this case), Joxer and I flew direct from Dublin to Trapani on the 2nd September, where we met former RAF pilot, captain of industry, and intrepid Swan sailor Glynn Meredith (RCC), who has had a series of yachts *Maid of Unst*, and former astronaut Ken Lees, a regular crew of Glynn's for over 15 years. After arrival on the Sunday night, we provisioned the boat on Monday and departed that afternoon, with the intention of taking in the Aeolian Islands, consisting of Alicudi, Filicudi, Lipari, Salina, Panarea, Vulcano and of course the most famous the volcano Stromboli. The islands, within the Messina province of Sicily, are situated off Milazzo coast. These seven volcanic islands are a favourite destination for tourists from across the world. Their uncontaminated landscape, marked by striking colour contrasts, is host to a wide range of wildlife including several kinds of migratory birds and



Ominous sunset at Messina.

rare seagulls. As other Sicilian archipelagos, the Aeolian is one of remotest roots of civilisation, the earliest settlements here dating back 4,000 years. In beautiful code-zero conditions, we cruised along on port tack at night, where after a magical sunset we were accompanied by the awe-inspiring glow of the lights of Palermo all along the north coast of Sicily. We experienced a wonderful night at sea in shorts and t-shirts, 27°C and the best of food and wine.

Dawn break saw our arrival at Vulcano, where we were welcomed by the distinctly overwhelming smell of sulphur and a beautiful sunrise. After anchoring, we managed to get a few hours sleep, before breakfast and a pleasant swim in the temperate waters. In the afternoon, we up-anchored and set off for Lipari, where we met once more with several of the boats that we had seen at Valencia earlier in the season, including the enormous *Sojana*, belonging to Peter Harrison. Lipari is a picturesque island, upon which many of the summer homes of



Prada crosses ahead on port.

Italy's rich and famous are built. With what can be described as an African-Italian influence, the beauty of the streets and the quality of the designer boutiques in Lipari must simply be seen to be appreciated.

That night, the breeze built to approximately 40 knots from the northwest, and we had planned to head for the Straits of Messina. On checking out at the marina, I had a memorable conversation with the marina officer, which went along the lines of; "are you leaving?", yes, "are you sure you want to leave now?", yes, of course, "are you sure, are you sure?", at which point the conversation ended. It must be noted that the marina here was extremely helpful, with good provisions available. Our trip turned out to be flawless, with a

fantastic sail to Messina under full main and number 3 jib.

We left Lipari, and with 30-35 knots, endless sunshine, and glorious bright blue water had a magical sail for several hours, with the breeze dying as we entered the Straits. Sunset in the Straits was an enchanting sight with a disturbed sky and some incredible sunset photographs were taken under the building cloud cover, which heralded the arrival of the disturbed weather patterns which we encountered for the rest of our journey. Messina is one of those unique crossroads of the sea, with seemingly never-ending traffic requiring constant attention while passing through. We counted an almost unbelievable thirteen cross-channel ferries (equivalent in size to the Cork-Swansea ferry), five hydrofoils, three super-tankers and five container ships, all within immediate vision.

At Messina I rented a car to drive to Palermo, to collect an old friend from the mountains, Willy Taugwalder. Willy, a man who has conquered the treacherous Matterhorn no less than thirty times, was keen on the idea of sailing from Messina to Corfu. On arrival back at Messina, the boat had been prepared by Iris, Joxer, Glen and Ken. Before departure, I enquired about the forecast and was told "fine, you will get a bit of breeze tonight, possibly from the north and a bit of lightning" and I was aware that there was a big low pressure system up in the Adriatic. Initially we sailed nicely under code-zero in about 11 knots, but as darkness fell, the breeze eased, so we switched to just the engine (if she goes under 8 knots, the iron maiden comes on automatically). A fantastic evening of natural pyrotechnics ensued; the night sky was punctuated by periodic lightning displays as we left the toe of Italy, heading east into open water to cross the bottom of the Adriatic to Corfu.

At dawn, however, the breeze began to build quickly, and I could hear the crew on watch at the time, scurrying around on deck, urgently

putting a reef into the main. The breeze increased steadily, 15, 25, 35, 38, 42, 47, all the way up to 52 knots! The noise of the breeze forced us to fold up the bimini. Furthermore, one of the wires on the davit upon which the dinghy was suspended, snapped, requiring an immediate repair. With this much breeze for three hours, we rolled in the jib and sailed cautiously under two reefs at 9 knots, with the sea state gradually worsening in between the Gulf of Squillace and the Gulf of Taranto. Lifejackets and harnesses were employed for obvious reasons, but fortunately the water that was crashing over the decks was pleasantly warm.

This 230-mile trip was completed in less than 22 hours, and, as the front blew through, the sun came out and we had a cracking sail all day in the direction of Corfu. The breeze remained between 25 and 35 knots for the day and *Imagine* was at her best on a beam reach, until we came around the southern tip of Corfu, between Corfu and Paxos, at nightfall with still a considerable amount of breeze. We made a landfall at Corfu, motored up the channel and anchored off under the ancient Ak Sidhero citadel. It being my birthday, a fantastic party was thrown by some close friends (Leighton and Jane Mitchell, Bobby Brown, Alan Mc Kenzie and Johnston and Victoria Wooderson). The remainder of the evening was spent leisurely recounting the eventful trip, over a wonderful dinner accompanied by a well-earned bottle or two of vino!

The next few days were spent recuperating, with some relaxing sailing in and around Corfu, up to Ageny, San Stefanos just across the channel from Albania, and then down to Antipaxos and Paxos, where we anchored in the harbour of Lakka which must be one of my favourite anchorages.

With such heavy use of the boat, it was inevitable that something would eventually go wrong, and it soon came to our attention that there was a water leak somewhere. Fortunately, it was fresh water, but we had difficulty locating the source of the leak. Initially it was believed to be the shower, which had been re-bedded during the winter, but after thorough inspection, it was clear that it was in fact coming from the calorifier. We were losing fresh water and were having difficulty keeping fresh water tanks in use, which had ramifications as the boat is fitted with fresh water flush facilities in the heads.

Mark, an old friend of mine from my Admiral's Cup days in the 1970s brought us alongside *Paloma*, one of the finest private motor-yachts afloat, of which he is the captain. With much help from the two onboard engineers, the



Waterfront in stylish Lipari.

calorifier was taken out within twenty minutes, the water was shut off, and after soldering, it was put back, with no more than 90 minutes spent solving the problem. All of this was very kindly done, for just the price of a few pints for the engineers!

After a truly remarkable season *Imagine* was hauled out at Gouvía, where she will be wintered. She now resides there in the very capable hands of David Nash, a local marine engineer.

Important Contact Information

Kai Werner Reliable engineer in Mahon 0034 639 636 434.

Cagliari Marina Di Sant, Elmo tel 0039070 660111 fax 0039 070 66875. This is family run and very secure.

Trapani Marina 0034 0923 593275 fax: 0034 92382086.

Dave Nash, Engineer at Gouvia tel fax 0030 2661046146.



Team N.Z. Emirates and Iberdrolia in pre-start dial up.

Twayblade's Little English Channel Cruises

Jonathan Virden

During Joy's first full summer of retirement we divided our 2007 sailing season into three parts. Each lasted a little over two weeks. We visited the Scilly Isles, Guernsey, Beaulieu and a few ports between.

On 6th June we left our mooring at Cargreen on a fine still morning. After a day of light winds, we had to motor to reach St. Mawes by 20.00. Next day we sailed quite quickly round the Lizard. In ever-lighter wind we drifted past Porthleven, close enough to exchange distant greetings with my sister waving from her terrace. We went to the wet dock at Penzance for that night. Next morning we were about town making the inevitable first-cruise-of-the-year adjustments and purchases. Later my sister took us to her house for a most pleasant evening. We spent that night on one of the visitors' moorings outside Penzance harbour, so that we could take the early tide past Lands End to the Cove at St. Agnes. That worked extremely well and by motoring gently all the way we took beer at lunchtime at the "Turks Head", in glorious sunshine.

The Scilly Isles are a favourite place. Between 10th and 17th June we visited St. Agnes, Gugh, Tresco, Bryher, St. Helens, St. Martins and St. Marys, ending back at the Cove. The weather was mostly very pleasant, even blissful on two days. Some of the nights were disturbed by wind which pushed *Twayblade* against tide over the big, hard, bouncing mooring buoy. Mooring fore-and-aft between two buoys solved this. During June it was possible to find a free mooring in most places, where any are laid. Later in the year one has to be extremely lucky to find one free. It is worth paying for a mooring in some places. For example the holding is very poor in New Grimsby Sound and Tean Sound.

We met *Tiptoe* RCC, John and Tracey Lancaster Smith, and Dick and Sheila Trafford. Dick met us at the landing on St. Martins in his car (rare on St. Martins) in rain. Back at the cottage for cream-tea, there was a deluge of rain making too much noise for speech to be heard. This was followed by wonderful fish-and-chips, a pre-ordered take-away from a local farmer who has diversified into cooking for his minute restaurant.

We walked all round the northern path of St. Martins on a day which could have been in the Caribbean. As on all the islands, the number of people using the paths was far greater than we had met on previous visits.

For our return to Plymouth the weather forecasts were a bother. For each of the two days, 17th and 18th June, the forecast was south-southwest force 5 to be followed by southeast force 6 towards the time of the end of the probable passage. That meant that we could easily get caught in nasty contrary conditions rounding the Lizard or approaching Plymouth, south of Rame Head.

On 17th June we left St. Agnes early and motored for nine hours, until, just round the Lizard, the wind and rain came from

southeast. This pushed us in slow mode to the quiet anchorage at St. Mawes. We were cold and wet, but spent a comfortable though breezy night.

On 18th June we had a wild sail to Plymouth, with strong, variable, following wind. The genoa alone was quite enough sail. The sea was rough and awkward with following and crossing swells. Neither autopilot could handle these conditions so we steered all the way. The last day gave us a gentle sail past Devonport up the Tamar river to Cargreen.

For the second cruise we planned to go to the Channel Isles. We had been there before for very short visits, and thought that a fortnight would be suitable. From Cargreen we motor-sailed down the river until past Devonport, where we could sail with a light but variable wind from west. There was not enough wind to keep the sails full in the rolling swell and we sailed slowly to Starehole Bay at the entrance to Salcombe. The tide, swell and wind made some rough water just off Bolt Head but the bay was sheltered.

On 12th July the forecast was good for the first half of a crossing to Guernsey, but thereafter would be contrary with drizzle and bad visibility. So we decided to investigate Salcombe. After a bit of searching about and false starts we found the poorly-labelled visitors' pontoon in the Bag up the river. We stayed there for three nights. We toured the town and all it had to offer (good museum and not much else). We walked in the woods above Bolt Head in pouring rain. We called on *Halcyon* RCC and had delightful tea with Bridget and Jeremy Guerny who had just returned from cruising.

Having had enough of Salcombe, which was remarkably expensive for minimal facilities, we left at 05.54 on 15th July. There was very heavy rain while we escaped from an awkward place on the pontoon at just the right moment on the tide. After an hour of motoring we sailed fast for six hours, then the wind backed and gradually failed. For the last three hours we motored over a glassy sea to St. Peter Port and were alongside a big Belgian boat in Victoria marina at 20.20.

Guernsey and St. Peter Port proved to have plenty to occupy us for a week. This included a trip to Herm by ferry on a most beautiful sunny day. We hired bicycles and went round the north coast of Guernsey, and on another day, to the reservoir where we walked through the woods and watched a great variety of birds. We went to a concert in the church. The millennium tapestry must not be missed, and there was much else. Thus we did not go on to more Channel Isles this time.

When it came to the return passage, we left the marina berth in the evening though chaotic boat traffic. Everyone ignored the traffic lights. We spent the night on a very crowded pontoon in the harbour. At 05.51 we left and motored for two hours until a light breeze allowed some help from sails. The tide did not behave as I had predicted, and we were held up passing south of Guernsey for about two hours. By midday we were motor-

sailing with 7–9 knots wind on the beam. A brief period without engine occurred in the early afternoon while the wind backed to east. As dusk fell, the wind grew as predicted. It rose steadily until we reached Plymouth.

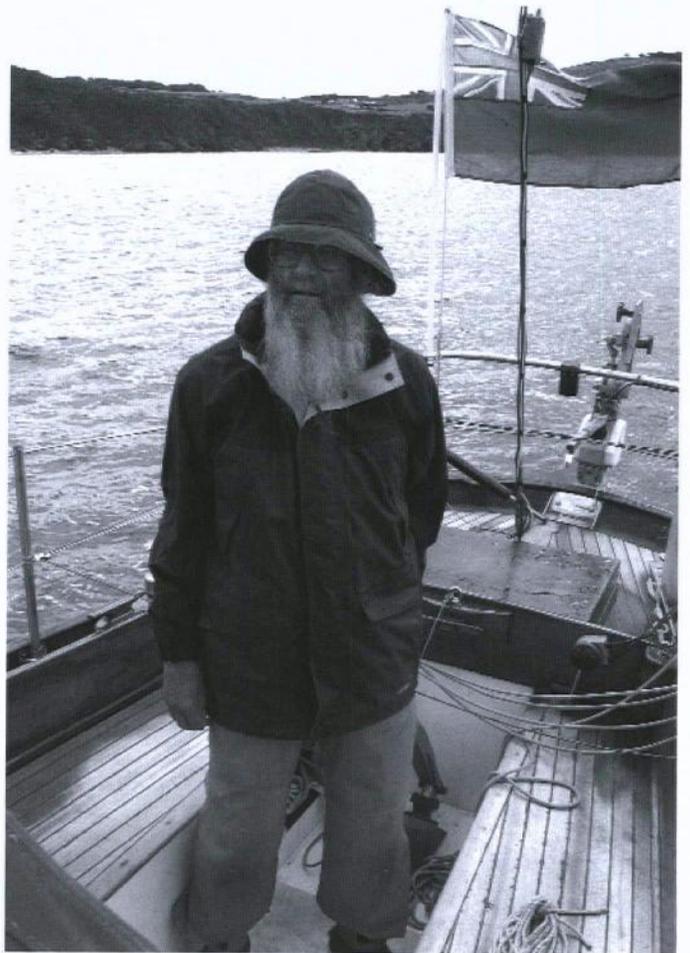
After dark, about 21.00, our approach to the Mewstone and shelter became interesting. Once the lights of the city were visible the navigation aids vanished in the glare. There was more than enough wind, now from the beam and very gusty. Pilotage became a serious game of cat-and-mouse, to keep any identifiable navigation light in sight while we flew towards, and into, the eastern entrance of Plymouth Sound. I know the place well enough to keep out of trouble but alarm bells rang faintly in our minds. One reason for doubt was that Joy did not have the confidence to take the helm. This would have allowed me to retreat to accurate navigation by GPS and radar. She knew too little to do the electronic pilotage. I could not do both at the same time while the situation was changing quite quickly. However once inside the breakwater and Joy had taken the genoa down during a most unhelpful gust, some sort of order was restored. We anchored in Jennycliff Bay at 23.40, well sheltered from the easterly wind. Unexpectedly the bay was almost free from the residual southwesterly swell. Next morning we sailed nearly all the way to our mooring in Cargreen.

The third little cruise was a lesson in allowing plenty of time. In 2006 we had allowed three days to sail to the RCC meet at Beaulieu from Cargreen (139 miles). Weather forecasts had changed that to instant lay-up ashore. This year we gave ourselves two weeks to go so far east! We planned to leave *Twayblade* at Buckler's Hard for a week before the RCC meet.

We spent the morning of 20th August on board in heavy rain. When it cleared we went to Plymouth to get some charts and were stuck in heavy traffic. On return to *Twayblade* we had the Commodore of the Cargreen yacht Club, Charles Evans and his wife Kirsty, to dinner and had a delightful evening. Next day we had planned to leave but actually stayed on the mooring without going on deck while the wind and rain were very fierce. The forecast on the following two days was much the same with a component of east in the wind. So we went by car to the Eden Project, and next day to the Lost Garden of Heligan and had dinner with a friend near St. Austell. Three days lost already!

On 24th August we left Cargreen and motored to Dartmouth with some very light assistance from sails. The visitors' pontoon was not expensive and the facilities ashore were very good. Joy was hauled to the top of the mast. The burgee had worn a hole in its fly, and this had lassoed the stub antenna and could not be freed by any means from the deck. We stayed for two comfortable nights and enjoyed the town, especially the excellent beer in a pub in the back streets.

We left Dartmouth at 06.45 on 26th August and found a light head-wind. This nearly turned us back towards Brixham as we did not feel inclined to beat to Portland. We made poor progress but by midday the wind lessened and died at 13.00, so we motored to Portland Harbour. We passed close to the tip of Portland Bill in huge swirls of tide which were mostly in a helpful direction. There was no swell or rough water. After a very quiet night we went round the corner into Weymouth and alongside a pontoon. It was extremely crowded but the harbour staff seemed to cope very well. After a pleasant day in Weymouth, we motored over a flat sea to Lulworth Cove for lunch, and on to Chapman's Pool just west of St. Alban's Head.



Jonmathan Virden at the helm leaving Jennycliff Bay / Plymouth Sound.

We anchored almost outside the Pool because there were several yachts in the available swinging space. Even so it was very quiet during the night. At 06.00 next morning we took the tide to Swanage, through some turbulent water off Durlston, where the wind failed and we had to motor again.

We anchored at Swanage for the particular purpose of walking to Langton Matravers, to see the school building I left in 1949. After that we walked over the fields and down the cliffs to Dancing Ledge, where I had learned to swim. Dancing Ledge is an outcrop at sea level of slightly sloping limestone, with many large fossil ammonites in it. The tide covers much of it at high water and uncovers a pool, probably artificial, at low water. This was the school swimming pool, fifteen minutes walk from school ... wonderful for the last lesson before lunch on a hot summer day. Joy was bold enough to swim briefly. We returned to Swanage along the cliff path, past Anvil Point and Durlston Head with its stone globe.

From Swanage we sailed almost all the way to the Beaulieu river. This was a lovely passage with gentle beam wind and full tide flowing with us. The latter was very strong, and we were carried past the Shingles buoy so fast that it felt as if we were on ice, not going quite where we wanted to go. In the river we anchored near Needs Oar Point, and spent part of the time negotiating for *Twayblade* to berth between piles at Buckler's Hard for the next week. On 31st August we left her there and went home.

On 7th September we came back to join the RCC meet. A problem was that there appeared to be water in the oil in the

engine, it was making mayonnaise. This caused a good deal of bother, so I changed the oil/mayonnaise mixture for fresh oil. We bought 12 litres of oil so that we could change the oil several times during the passage back to Plymouth. That evening we motored gently down the river and anchored well out of the traffic. Next morning that position resulted in our being much too close to a wandering red post. *Liberta* RCC, Sandy and Winkie Watson, kindly took us alongside.

The meet passed with pleasure as meets do when the weather is benign. After the main get-together in the evening, we joined our neighbours taking our large stew to the meal where it happily disappeared. On the following day we left in the morning to take the west-going tide to Swanage again, for a one-tide stopover. At 22.10 we left and motor-sailed for an hour. For the next eight hours we went very fast with tide and useful wind. Retrospectively, I had made a bad decision to shake out the reef we usually keep in the mainsail. The wind

headed us at 06.30 and stayed that way. The shape and balance of the sails was wrong for beating in force 5. We motor-sailed from 07.30 until 16.00, when we lowered the sails, and came to the pontoon in Plymouth at 18.10. That was the end of the cruising season. *Twayblade* was lifted ashore five days later.

During our return to Plymouth I attended to the engine more than usual. It ran gently and I checked the apparent state of the oil each hour. After three hours the manufacture of mayonnaise was not getting worse. After a further three hours the oil was clearer than just after the change, this was mysterious. On the way to Plymouth the oil cleared to normal. The explanation came later from our tame engineer, Peter Aylett. On the Volvo Penta MD11C the water pump is driven by a shaft which has two seals with a drain between them. If both seals are defective and the drain hole is blocked then water can reach the oil. If the block is removed by some means the water stops going in and the system gradually clears the oil. Peter will fix those defects!

John Clementson writes of an autumn week on the Canal du Midi

At the end of September, your Commodore, Cormac McHenry, led an ICC committee recce party to the Canal du Midi. The aim was to look at the potential for a club rally on

the Canal in 2008. The other participants that selflessly holidayed on your behalf are listed at the end. Everyone paid for their own holiday – no club funds were involved!

We hired three boats from a company called 'Connoisseur' at Homps. Each boat could nominally take 8 passengers, but 2 have to sleep in the main cabin. We had only 6 aboard which is more comfortable. Homps had been selected as the start point as it is only 40 kms from Carcassonne whence Ryanair fly three times a week from Dublin. Our flight left Dublin at 06.10 (!) and barely three hours later we had arrived and transferred by taxi to Homps ready to take over the boats.

Our boats were, frankly, old (12 years +) and somewhat institutionalised. They were essentially in good repair, though there were some minor concerns during the voyage (quickly dealt with by the hirers). They were adequate without being luxurious. (We later found that there are newer boats available but not necessarily from Connoisseur. Members planning to go on the club rally next year will be advised accordingly.) We were taken out for a test run – essential as these boats are quite tricky to handle at first – 'like driving a house' one of our party remarked. Fortunately we had the use of two cars and we were able to visit the nearby supermarket



A typical canal scene.

and quickly buy the essential food and drinks to get us started.

We were told that the days prior to our arrival had been very cold, but now the weather had mellowed and the two boats set off (separately) to the east in warm sunshine. We gradually mastered the art of steering the beasts but the first locks appeared all too soon and there was not a little bumping as we traversed these. The Canal du Midi has lock keepers who work the controls and keep order. Usually four boats can be accommodated in the oval-shaped locks for each movement. There are five locks near Homps and then there are no more until Béziers – 54 kms away.



The canal was originally completed in 1681, and though modified considerably since then it is without doubt a work of genius. We were told that in one 10 kilometre stretch to the east of Trèbes the error in the levels between the two locks was a mere 30 cms. The canal is normally about 20m wide and is lined with plane trees at 10 metre intervals. The trees are mostly well over 100 years old. These provide not only shade but also wonderful perspective views. The canal follows the contours and snakes through the vine-

yards of the Minervois area. Often one looks down over long valleys with the mountains of the Pyrenees visible in the distance to the south. It's really beautiful and immensely relaxing (unless you are steering of course!). There are orchards of peaches and apricots, and olives too. After all this is barely 30 miles from the Mediterranean shore.

Our first overnight stop was 20 kms from Homps, at the lovely village of Le Somail, where we met ICC boat #3 travelling in the opposite direction. They had started their trip earlier than us, but they had booked a table for us in a nearby restaurant, and a splendid meal at a very modest cost was taken in high good spirits.

This became the general formula for our days. We continued to the east separately but met occasionally to eat together in the evenings. At Colombiers (34 kms on) we ate at a stately chateau restaurant, but had a disappointing meal served by disagreeable people somewhat 'up themselves'. On Day 3 we went the remaining 7 kms to Béziers and each boat separately decided to remain at the top of the famous 9 locks, to explore the city and then go back along the canal. We had been told that the canal immediately after Béziers is not so interesting but that a diversion to Narbonne might be more to our liking. It was a grey day and we were pleased to find that a rubber-wheeled 'train' left the bottom of the locks every hour, to convey passengers the mile and a half to the city which stands on a hill. Here the men of Boat #2 (of which I was a member) soon found a pub that was showing 'le rugby' and we had a very happy few hours watching the games (except of course that Ireland, well, didn't win!) We ate on board that night and remained in the area above the locks.

Change of route

Day 4 was again dull and grey. We had decided to go back along the canal for about 30 kms and then turn south along the 'Canal de jonction' and the 'Canal de la Robine' to visit Narbonne. We reached the canal junction at 17.00 and headed south. These canals have quite a different character from the Midi. For a start they are lined with firs and flowering shrubs rather than with planes, and here the canal users have to work the locks themselves. They are all automated so it is only a question of pushing the correct button at the correct time. We found that it helped to send a crew member or two ahead, either on foot when the locks were close together or by bicycle. We had hired three bikes and they were very often in



Our boat.

use, either to go ahead to work the locks on these canals, or simply to be ridden alongside the canal whenever the mood moved. They were a great and worthwhile asset.

Narbonne was interesting – but very noisy, so after a quick explore we set off north again and spent a really quiet night moored on a lonely stretch of canal.

We made our way back to Homps in the next two days, stopping to try another excellent restaurant in Le Somail en route, and handed back the boats without any fuss. The only 'inspection' made of our cleaning was a chap who came to check the engine hours as you have to pay €6.30 per hour of engine usage.

The holiday was a success and we do recommend it to our members for 2008. At the moment we are planning to facilitate members' arrangements in 2008 rather than to organise them in detail, leaving the club to arrange one or more events that seem appropriate, once we have an idea of what members plans might be. There are several options for the hire of boats, including one-way trips. One we liked the look of is a 'one-way' from Castelnaudary to Port Cassafières. We hope to lay out all these options for members, in the hope that they will be attracted to try this very different version of our usual autumn rallies.

A few facts: The basic cost of each of our boats was €1367 for 7 days (28/09 – 05/10), to which has to be added the cost of the number of hours run, in our case €195. The bikes are €30 each. Bedding and towels are provided. The taxi from Carcassonne airport to Homps cost €65 each way with 4 passengers. The food and wine is cheap! September is the busiest month of the year for boat rentals.

Those with Internet access will find some excellent maps and photographs at <http://www.midicanal.com/canal/index.htm>. I have put a lot of pics of our trip on the club website, hopefully to whet your appetite!

Boat #1: Cormac and Barbara McHenry, Ron and Anne Cudmore, Pierce and Vivienne Butler.

Boat #2: James and Katherine Nixon, John and Ann Clementson, Grainne FitzGerald and Chris Curry.

Boat #3: (Different itinerary) Dermot and Sheila Ryan, Aongus and Isolda O'Brolchain, Des and Jean Thorpe



Grainne Fitzgerald waves the flag.

Afar around in sixty days

Brendan Bradley



THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

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

In the words of our Hon. Editor when judging the logs of 2004, "Round Ireland cruises are not exceptional these days". In fact the circumnavigation is the third most popular cruise of those listed in the index of logs in last year's annual. Undeterred, I decided that around Ireland I would go this year before old age creeps up on me. It had been agreed that the boat would be mine for May and June and that my co-owner Ivor Cherry would take it in July and August, when his two teenage sons would have their school holidays. Ivor planned to spend a few weeks in the southwest of the country, then a week or so in the Scillies, later joining an OCC Rally at Falmouth for a few days, before taking the boat down to Brittany by early September.

Having launched in mid-April at Malahide, where *Afar* had wintered ashore, we were all set to sail by 1st May, but only just. A couple of days beforehand, we finally solved a problem with the engine that we'd had since we bought the boat early last year. It would run all day at 2000 rpm giving a speed of about six knots, but it wouldn't run any faster. With help from Eric Hill, I had tried all the obvious remedies such as changing the fuel filters, checking the movement of the throttle cable, replacing lines from the fuel tank in case one was blocked or kinked, draining the fuel tank in case we might have the dreaded diesel bug and everything else we could think of, all to no avail. We established that the problem was fuel starvation, but couldn't find what was causing it until Gerry Nugent, a mechanic at Dun Laoghaire marina, discovered that the fuel-feed pipe which was mounted vertically inside the tank, was virtually touching the bottom of the tank so that the fuel pump couldn't draw enough fuel, but was creating a vacuum. Although we had spent many hours working at the problem, the solution was simple and took seconds – cut an inch off the bottom of the pipe and hey presto it was solved.

Dun Laoghaire to Baltimore

I was joined on the first leg of the journey, from Dun Laoghaire to Baltimore, by Ivor and Bruce Lyster. We three had sailed across the Atlantic together with Graham Crisp in the ARC in 1996, so it was just like old times. We had a wonderful trip during the first four days in May, with ideal weather conditions, sunshine and offshore winds the whole way. Whilst we had some pleasant sailing, I am not averse to starting the engine to maintain a reasonable average speed. We stopped overnight at Arklow, Kilmore Quay and Oysterhaven and spent a couple of hours at Barlogue for lunch, before picking up a mooring at Baltimore mid-afternoon on Thursday 4th May. We dined that evening at Chez Youen, and Ivor returned home next morning, but Bruce was in no particular hurry and stayed another day. After spending much of the day ashore and walking as far as the beacon, it had been our intention to dine at another restaurant, but none was open even though it was the May bank holiday weekend. Phil and Leo Conway had invited us to join them for drinks beforehand, and then very kindly 'persuaded' us to stay for dinner, and we enjoyed a sumptuous meal with

them and other family members at their lovely house overlooking the harbour.

Leo and Chris Bruen joined me for the next leg of the journey to Cahersiveen. The weather had deteriorated over the weekend, but improved somewhat by Tuesday morning when we were ready to depart. Having been unsuccessful in our attempts to obtain water, either at Sherkin or Baltimore, we took the north passage through the islands to Schull, to fill up there. A notice on the pier said that water could only be taken with the permission of the harbour master on payment of at least €5. On enquiring as to his whereabouts, I was informed that the harbour master didn't commence full-time duty until 1st June, although he had been seen driving around earlier in the day. Without further delay, we managed to uncover the hidden valve that turned on the water supply, and were able to fill our tanks.

Lawrence's Cove

After leaving Schull, we motored through Long Island Sound and past Coney Island, an area I know well as Pamela and I have many times been guests of the late Peter and Patsy Morck, at Lowertown in Croagh Bay just around the corner. Heading westwards towards Crookhaven, we decided that as weather conditions were not too bad, we would carry on around the Mizen to Lawrence's Cove on Bear Island for the night. We thought we might be holed-up there for a day or two, because there was a gale warning, and we planned to explore the island next day, but in the morning the air was still so we decided to take our chance and push on. We left at 08.00 in company with two naval ships which had anchored in the lee of Bear Island for the night. They headed south, whilst we turned westwards to Crow Head, and then north through Dursey Sound, with Derrynane in our sights. Leo was familiar with the territory having sailed his own boat here on previous occasions, so having identified the leading marks, he guided us between the rocks and into the narrow entrance to this wonderful natural harbour. I knew Derrynane well, having spent several summer holidays at nearby Waterville in my teenage years, but this was the first time I had arrived by sea. We picked up a visitors' mooring and spent a very pleasant 24 hours at this lovely sheltered anchorage, whilst the gale blew through during the night, but I doubt reached a full force 8 for long. Leo walked all the way up to Caherdaniel, while I roamed the beach from end to end, but it didn't seem to be as long as I had remembered it.

Cahersiveen marina

As Leo and Chris had other commitments, and I needed to reach Cahersiveen by the weekend, we decided to press on as soon as the weather had improved and the sea died down sufficiently for reasonable comfort. We crossed Ballinskelligs Bay, passed Puffin Island to starboard with the Skelligs in the distance to port, and north of Valentia Island through Doulus Bay and up the Valentia River to the Cahersiveen marina. It was a very good day's sail with some big Atlantic rollers which

Afar, with her 17 tonnes, was able to plough through without any bother. Both gannet and puffin were in abundance and were wonderful to observe. I thought it a pity that it's not possible to enter through Portmagee Sound, because the swing road bridge no longer functions. Apparently it got stuck open one time, leaving the islanders isolated, so I'm told the Kerry County Council have welded it up and the bridge opens no more.

Some months previously, I had booked *Afar* into the marina at Cahersiveen for a week. I was to be one of a party of twelve on a four-day golf outing in the Killarney area, which has now become a most enjoyable annual event. Pamela arrived by car at the weekend bringing my golf clubs with her. She occupied herself in various ways whilst I was on the golf course, including a day spent with a client of hers on Valentia Island. He, his father and grandfather had spent most of their working lives in the cable station at Knightstown. Pamela also entertained all twelve golfers, including myself, to a drinks party aboard *Afar*, a novelty for some of them and much appreciated by all after a very wet day on the course at Dooks, before they dined at QC's restaurant in the main street of the town. We later met up with Peter and Susan Gray, who had wintered *Waxwing* ashore on the island and were now based at the marina.

Shannon Estuary

As we intended to spend some time later on in the Shannon Estuary, Pamela and I drove to Killrush, crossing the river via the car ferry from Tarbert, left the car at the marina, and returned to Cahersiveen by taxi and bus. It took us virtually the whole day as we had to change buses at Listowel, Tralee and Killorglin, where we met up with Tom Cooke who had travelled by train from Dublin via Killarney, to join us on *Afar* for the next leg.

Having sailed across Dingle Bay to the Great Blasket Island, we picked up a vacant mooring near the landing stage on the northeast corner. After lunch on board, we all went ashore in the dinghy, a somewhat hairy experience as access to the landing slip is through a blind entrance between the rocks. I nearly lost the outboard when it grounded near the slip, but just managed to save it. I had last been on this island about sixty years ago when it was still inhabited, but now of course the people have left and the buildings are mostly in ruins. A boatload of trippers had just departed for the mainland, so we had the place to ourselves except for a colony of seals enjoying themselves on the beach. We hadn't realised at the time that we were probably trespassing, until later when I read about a dispute between the owners of the island and the ferry operators from the mainland. We made our way through Blasket Sound under engine with both wind and tide against us, and reached Smerwick Harbour in the evening, where we tucked into the anchorage behind The Three Sisters and close to the village, but there was no sign of life. Pamela informed me that this was where over six hundred Spanish and Italian soldiers, together with some local accomplices, had been massacred by the English in 1580.

Castlegregory

Making our way eastwards past Mount Brandon and inside the Magharees, we stopped at lunchtime and tied to a mooring off the pier at Scraggane Point, on the mainland side of Magharee Sound, a peaceful spot quite close to Castlegregory. In the afternoon, whilst on passage across Tralee Bay to Fenit, I phoned Brian Kenny to enquire if he and Anne would be free to join us for dinner that evening. I had previously told them about our cruising plans, when we were at the same table at the Club's dinner at Little Island, in March. I heeded Brian's

warning to leave Little Samphire Island to port on our way into the harbour, and after we had tied our lines at the marina, he and Anne arrived on board *Afar* with a bottle of champagne. That was followed by dinner at a restaurant in Ardfert as their guests, and a conducted tour of the countryside, before returning us to the marina at Fenit by nightfall. It was a most generous welcome and very enjoyable evening.

Brian advised us when to leave next morning, so as to reach the Mouth of the Shannon and arrive at our next rendezvous on time. Pamela had arranged that Desmond Fitzgerald, Knight of Glin, would join us on board for drinks in the evening. We duly arrived off the pier at Glin at 19.00, the appointed hour, and after two attempts at anchoring, there being insufficient depth on the first one, I ferried Desmond and his guest John from the pier to *Afar*. Unfortunately Tom had to lift the anchor again as the Knight wanted to take some photographs of the castle from the river. Gin and tonics, together with appropriate snacks were duly served, after which our visitors were ferried to dry land, none the worse for their experience. We were invited to visit the castle next morning and after an early breakfast, were shown around by the Knight himself.

Limerick

As Tom's time with us was almost up, against Frank Larkin's advice I decided to go all the way up to Limerick, so that we could drop Tom off there to catch a train back to Dublin. It is an interesting passage up the river but there is nothing much at the other end, which I think is a pity, as Limerick is a vibrant city with a lot to offer. The commercial dock is only accessible for one hour before high water, and not suitable for small craft. We tied up to an old dredger alongside the outer wall of the dock, so that Tom could go ashore. A pontoon and some basic shore facilities somewhere below the bridge would have been very welcome, but are nowhere to be seen. So Pamela and I backtracked to Foynes, which is where Frank had advised me to go in the first place. By the time we arrived at Foynes the weather had closed in, but we were directed to a berth on the outside of the pontoon at the Foynes Yacht Club, where we spent a very comfortable night in this sheltered spot. We visited the Flying-Boat Museum next morning. It is most impressive, and quite high on the list of local tourist attractions, so when a busload arrived we had fortunately finished our tour and were at the coffee stage. Later we made our way to Kilrush, where it was quite blustery as we reached the entrance lock, and I had to keep the engine in reverse to avoid hitting the lock gates. We made our way to a berth on the inside of one of the hammerheads at the marina, and spent the rest of the day and the next morning tidying up, and leaving everything shipshape for the next leg. This was an ideal place to leave *Afar* for a week's rest, while we returned home by car.

Carrigaholt

I travelled to Kilrush by train and bus on the June bank holiday Monday. As I caught the early train from Heuston, I had a first class carriage almost to myself, but I hadn't bargained on the lack of catering facilities as I had fancied a slap up breakfast. However it was a painless and surprisingly quick journey, arriving by early afternoon. I spent a couple of days doing some maintenance jobs and stocking up with provisions. I was joined on Wednesday by John and Jennifer Crebbin, who travelled down by the same route as I had. Shortly after they arrived, we moved across to the fuel dock to fill our diesel tank before heading out through the lock. Our objective was to reach Carrigaholt by nightfall, so as to shorten our journey next day. The fine weather since I arrived at Kilrush at the beginning of the week, was forecast to continue for the next few days. The



Afar drying out at Kinvara.

Photo: Brendan Bradley

wind was offshore with a touch of northerly, so the sea was as calm as you could have hoped for, as we made our way around Loop Head and then, after two long tacks to sail close to the Cliffs of Moher, made our way through Gregory Sound to Kilronan on Inishmore. Ashore next day, we rented bikes and first, turned left past the airport to a secluded beach on the western side of the island facing Inishmaan. After lunch at a nearby pub, we cycled towards the opposite end of the island in sweltering heat, but didn't make it as far as Dun Aengus which we only saw from a distance. From Kilronan, we sailed



*Brendan Bradley & Jennifer Crebbin
Off the Cliffs of Moher.*

Photo: John Crebbin

hundred yards by phone. In the afternoon we were visited by a long-time friend of mine from college days at Trinity, Eamonn McEnery, together with Eva Webb, who live near Portumna which is about an hour's drive away. Having put up the sun-awning in full view of all the visitors to Kinvara on this sunny Sunday afternoon, we put the world to rights with the help of two or three bottles of wine. In the evening, we



*Brendan Bradley & John Crebbin
Inishmore – Dun Aengus in
distance. Photo: Jennifer Crebbin*

visited David's house before dining at the Pier Head restaurant.

Next morning I realised that my forward planning had gone somewhat awry, as we didn't float off till mid-day by which time we were meant to meet Larry Martin at Galway, when his train arrived from Dublin. However, I phoned him to explain my predicament and he was waiting patiently when we arrived outside the dock at about 14.00. We then motored westwards, intending to reach Golam Harbour, but when a few miles short, the weather began to close in, Jenny and I decided to put into Kiggaul Bay instead.

We were heading for Roundstone next morning when we decided to divert into Bertraghboy



Pamela on watch.

Photo: Brendan Bradley

role in the building of very extensive shoreline defences in the harbour, where coastal erosion has taken a severe toll in recent years. By now the weather had deteriorated and the forecast was none too good. Once we had decided to stay a second night at Boffin, I went ashore for a long walk around the shoreline of the northeast part of the island, which certainly helped blow away the cobwebs. Next morning, while going to the pier for water, I pulled alongside a workboat and bent one of our stanchions rather badly in the process, but John was able to straighten it temporarily and it has



John Crebbin – Trimming the Sails.
Photo: Brendan Bradley

Bay, and further into Cashel Bay, where we anchored for lunch. Later we proceeded to Roundstone where we found a private mooring outside the harbour. The visitors' moorings, which are south of the bar and on the other side of the bay, are too far away from the action at the town.

Rounding Slyne Head in ideal conditions next morning, we steered through High Island Sound towards Inishboffin, where again we found a visitors' mooring off the new quay. Ashore we bumped into Jarlath Cunnane who had a



Tom Cooke – Off the Kerry Coast.
Photo: Brendan Bradley

since been replaced. Jarlath was on hand, and very kindly pushed us off against the wind, so that further damage was averted.

Killala

From Boffin we headed north around Achill Head to North Inishkea, where we anchored in the bay behind the 22-metre sand hill mentioned in the sailing directions. This proved to be a very sheltered spot in the light northerly wind. We walked the island taking good care not to disturb the prodigious amount of birdlife. Proceeding past Portnafrankagh and Eagle Island, we sailed along the north Mayo coast to Killala. We had seen the RNLI all-weather lifeboat speeding along inshore ahead of us during the day, and it had reached Killala some hours before us, so that by the time we arrived the party was nearly over. Apparently the lifeboat had been on an annual fund-raising visit to the town. The entrance is quite tricky, in particular the channel to the pier, where the leading marks are very difficult to identify from any distance. In fact we mistook them for marks on the slipway beside the pier, but they were obviously leading us astray. We were eventually guided into the pier by the local coastguard rib, which had been in attendance at the lifeboat function. We received a warm reception from the assembled fishermen, whom I suspect do not see many visiting yachts, and were encouraged to go alongside the pier once the lifeboat had departed at great speed and in a cloud of spray, so that we wouldn't ground during the night.

From Killala we sailed across Sligo Bay to Rosses Point, where we had lunch whilst awaiting a tide change for the passage to Sligo. Larry and I went ashore and after a short walk we visited the very fine new yacht club premises. In the afternoon we proceeded up river and, on the advice of the Sligo harbour master, tied alongside the timber quay just below the road bridge and close to the town. Whilst this facility is better than the one at Limerick, it wouldn't take much to have a pontoon and some basic shore facilities, which would encourage other yachtsmen to visit the town. At least a makeshift ladder was provided on the quay so that we could climb up and down at low water. John, Jenny and Larry kindly entertained me to dinner, as this was their last evening before returning to Dublin by train next morning. The station was only a short walk from the timber quay. On the way they passed Paddy Moss and Pamela, travelling in the opposite direction to join me on the next leg. One of reasons for coming to Sligo was to visit my cousin Joan Gallagher and her husband Lionel who live there. They came aboard *Afar* for drinks, and joined us for dinner afterwards. Being a non-sailor, Joan was fascinated with our journey and later phoned several times to enquire about our progress.

Having replenished the larder, we left shortly after high water next morning and found a strong ebb tide running when we went alongside the quay at Rosses Point, to take on water. Unfortunately, when pulling away, I got a bit tangled with a small fishing vessel inside us, and understandably the owner got somewhat excited when he thought I was going to damage his boat. As the incident was entirely my fault, I apologised, and once it was established that little damage had been caused, all was well.

Donegal Bay

We sailed across Donegal Bay, passed Rathlin O'Beirne Island to port and dropped anchor at Portnoo. Paddy was particularly interested in the landscape as he has had a holiday house at Rosbeg for many years, and was pointing out all the features which he knows well, as we sailed past. His son Philip with wife Sarah and their children, who live at Glenties, later joined

us aboard *Afar* for drinks. We had anchored rather too close to some small boats off the pier, and when the wind got up during the night I realised that our anchor had dragged, so we had to move further out, which fortunately was done without too much difficulty.

Next morning we sailed west of Aran Island on our way to Tory Island. As we approached Tory, we had some difficulty in identifying the leading marks into the harbour at Camusmore Bay, which incidentally are not shown on the chartlet in the sailing directions. We found ourselves well to the east of the breakwater when, fortunately, Pamela noticed the marks, which are not very large, so we hastily altered course to line them up. The dredged part of the harbour is fairly cramped and much used by ferries to the mainland, which run regularly, so we tied outside two other boats already alongside the quay. We were up at 06.00 to allow them to leave, so we had an early breakfast and then walked the western half of the island, to the lighthouse and the hut where the late artist Derek Hill used to stay. We enjoyed the spectacular views in magnificent sunshine, and Paddy was particularly happy to have heard the corncrakes.

We set off about midday bound for Lough Swilly, arriving at Rathmullan in the evening, where we were made most welcome, and allocated a berth on the outside of the long and rather wobbly pontoon. Paddy was under starter's orders as there were jobs to be done at the house in Rosbeg, so at 08.00 he caught a bus to Letterkenny and another to Glenties. Pamela and I were sorry to lose him, but we continued on our own around Malin Head and inside Inishtrahull towards Coleraine. When we arrived at the entrance to the River Bann at Barmouth and picked up the leading marks, it was a bit choppy outside the training walls, and it was not difficult to imagine how rough it could be in strong onshore winds and an ebb tide at 3 knots. Although I had phoned ahead to the Coleraine marina, I mistimed our ETA by about an hour or so, but nevertheless the manager was on hand at 20.00 to take our lines at a vacant berth.

Rendezvous at Ballycastle

Our next rendezvous was Ballycastle where my cousin Melanie Shillington lives. Some months earlier I had promised her that we would sail around Rathlin Island during our visit. On our way from Coleraine, we had hoped to have a good view of the Giant's Causeway, but we were too far offshore and facing into the sun, it was difficult to make out the distinctive features. When we arrived at Ballycastle I phoned Melanie, who was in Paris, just about to board a plane to Belfast, but later in the evening she joined us onboard for drinks. Next day we duly circumnavigated Rathlin in lovely weather. Melanie was particularly anxious not to go too close to the steep cliffs on the north side of the island, so as not to disturb the birdlife at this sanctuary. As there was only a light wind I had the engine running, somewhat to Melanie's consternation as she thought we would only use the sails, but at lunchtime we switched off the engine, and enjoyed a very peaceful hour or so drifting along the east side of the island.

The weather had deteriorated, which delayed our planned departure from Ballycastle by a day. We had hoped to sail to Glenarm, and to have dinner with our friends Stewart and Gillian Armstrong, somewhere nearby. That plan had to be abandoned, so they drove up to Ballycastle the following morning from their home at Ballynure, and Stewart joined Pamela and me for a good sail with a fresh northerly breeze to Bangor. Gillian met us there for dinner at the Royal Ulster Yacht Club together with Vice-Commodore Peter and Evie Ronaldson, who had both recently returned from America's Cup festivities in Valencia.

As June was drawing to a close, and *Afar* was to be back in

DunLaoghaire in good time, to have her all cleaned up and prepared for Ivor to take over on July 1st, I was anxious to move on the following morning. Peter very kindly offered to accompany Pamela and myself on the journey. I had one final rendezvous at the Quoile Yacht Club, with my cousin Rosemary Green who lives at Raholp nearby. We left Bangor in a stiff northerly, but once around the corner and inside the Copeland Islands, we had a very pleasant sail past Donaghadee, down along the Ards Peninsula and, with Peter's expert pilotage, by the inshore route into the Strangford Narrows, with the excitement of speeding through at 12 knots into the Lough. I had phoned Rosemary to say that our ETA at the Quoile would be 20.00, a little later than planned, and she and the Armstrongs were there to greet us with bottles of wine and champagne to celebrate the evening. We were fortunate to find a berth on the pontoon at the Yacht Club.

Leaving Strangford on the ebb tide about noon the following day, it was a bit bumpy over the bar. We thought that once out into the open sea, things would settle down, but instead we found ourselves driving into the teeth of a southwesterly force

6/7, so we diverted into Ardglass and waited there for about six hours, until the wind had gone around to northwest. So we left at about 21.00 and, although a little rough at first, the seas settled down and we had a good overnight run to Dun Laoghaire, to tie up at the Royal St. George Yacht Club pontoon at about 05.00 on Friday 29th June, within a few hours of sixty days after our departure at the beginning of May.

There was a definite advantage to having made this cruise early in the summer. One had the feeling of being ahead of the posse, which was refreshing. I doubt we saw more than twenty boats under sail all the way around the country. The weather was kind to us, and it seems was better when we were off the west coast than it was further east. There was relatively little rain and we never got wet, but then *Afar* is a dry boat and the hard spray hood is a useful feature. Including me, there were 14 people involved as crew, of which eight are ICC members; we had 33 visitors aboard during the cruise; we called at 29 places for overnight stays and 4 for lunchtime stops, covering a total distance of about 1200 miles.

Barbara Watson writes of Maine Revisited

Following the ICC's 50th Cruise-in-Company in 1979, the CCA invited all the Clubs to Maine for their 60th in 1982. We chartered *Spindrift*, took the family and joined the group at Roque Island for that amazing clambake party. Fifteen years later we took *Strathspey* north for the CCA's 75th in 1997.

We met the Horders in 1982, they had trailered *Mist of Lemolo* 3840 miles from Seattle to Maine to join in. Slightly mad we thought! Having lost Bill and sold *Strathspey* I wanted to get back on the water but not just in Florida. Now the idea of a trailer-sailer didn't seem quite so daft! *Star*, a Rhodes 22' with inmast furling and roller genoa, 20" draught with CB and a mast I could raise myself, was acquired. The OCC Boothbay gathering on July 20th was just the catalyst to get me north. Easy interstate trailering from St. Peterburg, FL to south Bristol, Maine and back, 4167 miles.



1982 – Clambake on Roque Island.

With only one weekend spent on the water in Florida, there was still much to learn. Little room so take less. Magic new chart-plotter. *Star* has a full marine head and holding tank and what's more there is a forward hatch, so once on the throne you can watch where you are going, handy for going solo with no autopilot.

The main objective was to get back to Roque Island, and this was achieved. One really glorious sail from Rockland through the Fox Thorofare to Stonington, then some motor-sailing. Walked the Great Beach and remembered the Clambake of 1982 and the CCA's Raft-up Cocktail Party in 1997. A thunderstorm in Bunkers Cove where the "Danforth"



1997 – GG Ronaldsons.

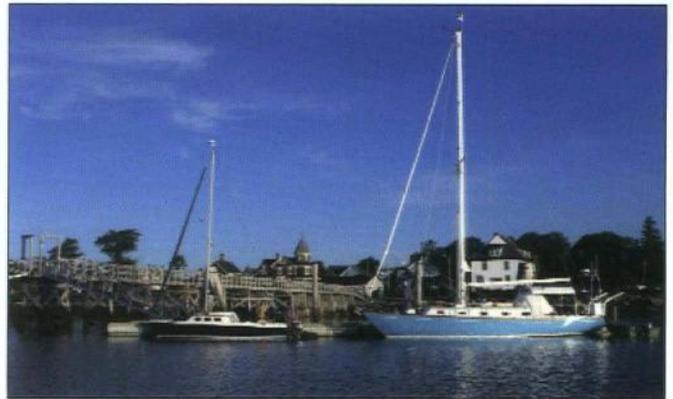


2007 – Great Beach on Roque Island.

dragged at 03.00. The barge that was moored nearby became more attractive and once tied-up I slept well. Later on, a 14lb "Lewmar Delta" was acquired and did much better. After a few hangups I learnt how to choreograph this anchoring, and finally, with 20" draught, I was picking a 3' or a 2' on the chart and was glad to find no one too close!

Sailing solo had the advantage that you meet folk. Dinner out with a local fisherman in Jonesport was illuminating, he had been a sword-fisherman during the Perfect Storm but admitted he'd be terrified to go out in my wee boat!

A great sail back to Northeast Harbor. With Mount Desert Island's free buses I enjoyed hiking the east coast to Otter Point. Also the West Trail to the summit of Mount Cadillac on a crystal-clear day, with views from Crumble Island in the east to the Camden Hills in the west. Sat out a front and a foggy day. Enjoyed the Asticou Azalea Gardens, and the gloriously colorful and scented Thuya Gardens that come as rather a surprise at the top of a pine-covered granite hillside.



Star and *Katrina* tied up at Roque Island.

Sailed through the Bartlett Narrows past Pretty Marsh harbour, site of Commodore Katie's Malts party in 1997, to Blue Hill. Sailed up Eggemoggin Reach past Wooden Boat, the 1997 finale party, and the Benjamin River where 140 boats spent the night rafted together in 1982. Rather an energetic run up to Castine in a thunderstorm. Rain chased me down west Penobscot Bay, but ducked into Seal Harbour before another thunderstorm hit.

Finally returning to South Bristol with blueberries tied to the pulpit. If its heather for rounding Ardnamuchan, it must be blueberries for going 'down east' of Schoodic? Happy memories of past cruises. Also the enduring memories of Maine: lobsters and lobster boats, blueberries, granite, schooners, fog and friendly natives! A total of 327 miles, just sailed 146 but learnt a lot.

Cruising "The Inland Sea" and Ionian Islands on *Beowulf*

Clive Martin



THE STRANGFORD CUP

FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE

The Strangford Cup is awarded to *Beowulf* and her skippers: Bernard Corbally, Bruce Lyster, Eleanor and Brian Cudmore, Ann Woulfe-Flanagan for cruises covered in the following three logs.

It was a wonderful moment when we got an invitation from Bernard Corbally and Ann Woulfe-Flanagan to join them on a cruise around the Ionian Islands. This would be the sixth occasion that my wife Mary and I have cruised with Bernard. We flew directly from Dublin to Athens, and spent a night there before flying to Prevesa to join *Beowulf*.

We arrived there at 10.45 and spent the rest of the day getting settled in on the boat. We were joined by Robin Clapham from Cork, who arrived armed with plenty of information on all the interesting places to visit in the area. He had received this from his cousin Kevin Dwyer (ICC), who had been in the area last year. We also received advice from Mervyn Hall (ICC), who keeps his Oyster *Baily of Howth* at Nidri on Levkas Island.

Prevesa is a fairly dull place but we dined at Regantos Restaurant (2645022855) which was excellent. After dinner,



The crew dining out – Bernard, Ann, Robin, Mary, Clive.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

strolling along the waterfront, the whole place seemed to spring to life.

We were ready to cast off from the marina in the morning. The channel from Prevesa is clearly marked with buoys so we

had an uneventful trip to Levkas, but had to time our arrival to coincide with the opening of the lifting/swinging bridge which only opens on the hour. Before reaching this one, must round the end of the Yera Spit, which has a shifting sandbank at its outer end. We were early for the bridge, but the weather was so beautiful we could admire the Santa Maura Fort and picturesque Galley Harbour. We were sorry that we had not allowed sufficient time to swim off the little sandy beach on the Yera Spit. The swinging bridge opened on time, to let us enter the northern end of the Levkas Canal and pass between the salt marshes and motor to the Levkas Marina, where we got a good berth on finger B close to the showers and w.c. block. This marina has all the facilities including a swimming pool, and the



Levkas Town.

Photo: Clive Martin

nearby town has good supermarkets and shops for provisions.

We were advised that the best way to see the island was to hire a car and drive to the lovely beaches on the west coast. We did this, and spent some time at Kathisma in gorgeous weather. We had two swims off the beach and a light lunch at the taverna. We then drove right along the west coast and on to Vassiliki, where we took a tea break, did some shopping and watched the wind surfers and yachts manoeuvring. We came home via Nidri and the east coast so that we had driven around the entire island. Levkas was one of the places which suffered badly from the earthquakes of 1948 and 1953. The town now has brightly-painted, distinctive houses, a lively square in the middle of town, and delightful quaint narrow back streets. It was while dining at a little restaurant on such a back street that we had to move from our table to allow a Toyota car pass. We were furious, having settled down again to eat our meal, to find that the same car came back again in the other direction and we had to move again!

The Levkas Canal

Before departing next day we filled up our tanks with diesel from the fuel berth, as we left the marina and entered the Levkas canal. The canal which makes Levkas an island, runs through the salt marsh between it and the mainland. The present canal was built by the Greeks with British help in 1905, but the original one dates back to the 7th century BC. The canal is dredged to 6 metres and has port and starboard markers down to the exit. There was plenty of traffic in both directions. We proceeded down to Nidri, but unfortunately found no space on the quay walls, so we decided to anchor in Tranquil Bay. We dropped our anchor in mud and weed, but it seemed to be good holding ground, and there were plenty of other yachts in this most peaceful anchorage. The slopes around the bay were covered with olive trees and spiky Cyprus trees which pointed up like pencils, and there were people strolling around the walks. Some of the yachts were moored in the mud around the edge of the bay. We met up with Mervyn Hall (ICC) who sailed up to us in his magnificent Oyster 46 Ketch *Baily of Howth*. It is quite a long way from Tranquil Bay to Nidri itself, and unfortunately our outboard gave us trouble as the water-cooling system was faulty. It was necessary to take it to Nicos Marine for repairs. They seemed very efficient and said they would have it repaired by the following day. Without an outboard, we did not want to row the whole crew ashore for dinner, so Mary improvised from the ship's stores and fed us all on spaghetti bolognese.

Next day 25th September we set off for Meganisi Island which is not far away. On the way we passed Skorpios, which is the private island bought in the 1960s by the late Aristotle Onassis. He never slept on the island but preferred to live on his yacht or ship Christina, despite the luxurious guest accommodation on the island. Jackie O had a chic beach-hut on the south side of the island, which we could see. They still keep a staff to look after the accommodation, tennis courts, gardens etc. There is considerable security and it is forbidden to land, but you can anchor and go up as far as the high water line.

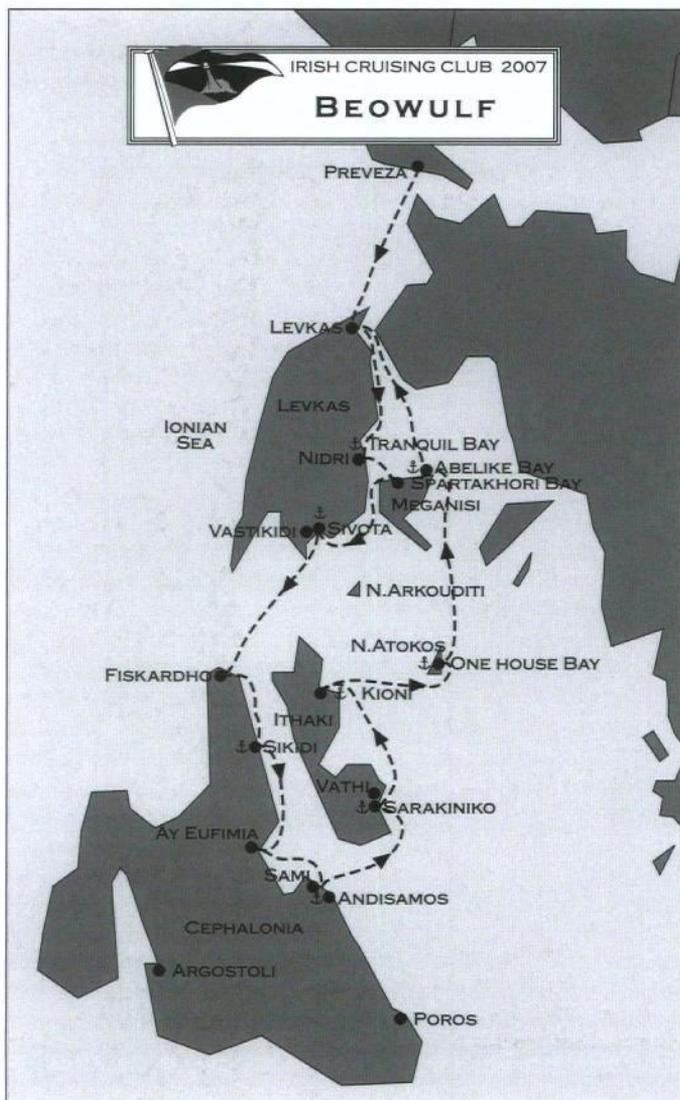
Meganisi Island

Arriving on Meganisi Island we made for Spartakhori Bay, where you have a choice of going to the west side where the ferry goes, and there are tavernas and yacht moorings, or going to the south corner. We chose the latter, and tried to tie up to the small pier, but were advised it would be too exposed in the weather conditions, and were encouraged to move to the quay wall near Taverna Spilia, and tied up bow-to the quay wall. This proved to be very comfortable for the night. There was a

delightful beach there, where some lay in the sun as others walked around to Porto Spiglia. All the yacht crews moored in our half of the bay dined in the taverna, which was run by a very friendly family who provided an excellent dinner, after which we were able to order fresh bread which would be baked for our breakfast. This was a little spot which we would thoroughly recommend, although there was no electricity available.

Having had an excellent breakfast with fresh bread we had to return to Nidri to collect the repaired outboard. True to their word the repair was completed, and the outboard was in working order. We were free to set off for Sivota Bay. On the way the winds increased to 24 knots on the nose, despite the forecasts of winds from the north, and we encountered quite rough seas going through the narrows of Steno Maganisiou. It was a pity the weather was so bad, as the channel is only a half mile wide at the narrowest point, between the cliffs of Levkas, which have a number of ravines cutting down to the sea, and the lower slopes of Meganisi. Crossing the entrance to Ormos Rouda, we soon found the entrance to Ormos Sivota, at the same time as an Irish yacht flying the tricolour, which we later discovered was registered in Howth and belonged to Dermot Flynn.

The weather was getting worse and the barograph dropped to 1010. As most of the quay wall berths were taken, the skipper wisely decided to drop the anchor in the middle of the bay in 8 metres. We could settle down to an excellent dinner of coq-au-vin in the saloon, which had been prepared by Robin



Clapham. The barograph told no lies, because as we enjoyed our dinner there was a sudden outbreak of thunder and dramatic fork-lightening followed by torrential downpours of rain. We were thankful that we had decided not to go ashore.

The next day, we were delighted that the storm had passed through and we awoke to a beautiful calm and sunny morning, which enticed us to an early swim before breakfast. It was also good to have a day of rest and to go ashore and wander around Sivota where there were good shops and friendly shopkeepers. Later that evening we dined in the Stavros Restaurant, upstairs with a lovely view of the bay.

On to Cephalonia

We now felt that we had seen plenty of Levkas Island and it was time to move on to Cephalonia, so we set off from Sivota for Fiskardho. At the northern entrance to this fine harbour there is an old Venetian lighthouse, with a more modern one higher on the hill. Both of these are conspicuous. We were early and so had no difficulty getting a berth on Tassia's pontoons. We dropped our anchor and came stern-to. Fiskardo is a picture-postcard spot which gets overrun by tourists in high summer, but it was not too bad while we were there. It was one of the few places which escaped total destruction in the 1953 earthquake when over 90% of buildings on the island were destroyed. We all liked this town, which had a fair share of quayside cafés, good walks and coves nearby with crystal clear waters. Some of the crew were able to take showers ashore, and we dined in an old local restaurant which did not, however, get top marks in our book. One of our crew, while strolling ashore, spotted a strange character under a tree with very high-tech photographic equipment, taking photos of every yacht entering the harbour and individual photos of each member of the crew. He was convinced that this was a CIA agent watching the movements of everyone sailing around the islands! In fact it was a photographer from one of the charter companies, taking pictures of each yacht in their fleet and members of the charter crew.

Cephalonia is very mountainous and sailing along the east coast we had a splendid view of the island of Ithaca and noted that its west coast was very sparsely populated.

The east coast of Cephalonia has many little coves and quiet anchorages, and as we passed, we ventured in to explore some of these, finally choosing Sidiki where we dropped an anchor in 8 metres which gave us plenty of room to swing, as each side had rocky shoreline. This blissful spot gave us a chance to swim ashore to a rather rocky beach, which can be easily recognised by three olive trees planted in line at the back of the sand. Snorkel masks and some form of bathing shoes are an advantage on these occasions to spot the rocks and sea urchins. The crew of *Beowulf* delight in swimming in such peaceful and secluded coves. We passed a few more little coves, one called N.Limant with two beaches, and also a fish farm with cages, before reaching our destination Áy Eufimia. Cephalonia is the largest of the Ionian Islands, very mountainous but not as green as the others.

We got a good berth, stern-to on the quay wall on the northern side past the breakwater. Taking the road to the east, quite a way out of town there is an excellent restaurant in an elevated position, high over the cliffs with great views over the bay. The owner speaks quite good English, and was very keen to tell us all about what he could offer. The dinner was good and a visit is recommended.

There was really only one way to see around the island of Cephalonia, so next day we took a rest-day from sailing, and hired a car to drive around the island. Robin was deemed to be the most suitable driver. Having crossed the mountainous route over the centre of the island we arrived on the west coast and

looked down on the great beaches of Mirkakas, which we decided to visit, but this entailed rounding some thirteen hair-pin bends, bad enough to beat all hair-pin bends! Our driver was not amused! The seas were rough, with on-shore winds, and generally it was an uninviting scene, so we decided not to stay. We continued our drive southwards along some poor quality roads and a very craggy coast line. We had to watch all the signposts on the way along, and passed through a few little villages with plenty of character. The road took us to the Kipoureon Monastery. This is perched out on a rock cliff, high above the sea, and seems to have been refurbished in recent times, either as a Retreat House or for guests. There seemed to be only one monk in this place and he was most curious to see what we were doing, as we looked over the very ornate little Orthodox chapel.

Some parts of the mountainous drive brought us through very barren countryside, and we encountered several very large flocks of goats. They must have plenty of goat's milk to make their Feta cheese.

Ferry to Argostoli

Our drive took us as far as Lixouri, where we took the car on board the ferry to Argostoli. Both of these are substantial towns and the ferry trip took just over 30 minutes. Disembarking from the ferry we drove up to St. George's Castle built in 1507. This is perched on top of a hill and used to be the capital of the island. Before going into the castle, we had an excellent lunch at restaurant Tiravilata, which is just at the entrance to the castle. It is run by an English lady, who is married to a Greek who keeps a most colourful garden.

Having seen over the castle, we continued our journey over the mountains past the very large winery and on to Sami which is the main ferry port, since much of Áy Eufimia was destroyed in the 1953 earthquake. If you are in this region, a visit to the Mellisani Cave is recommended. From the entrance you go down a tunnel to the cave and underground lake with its inky deep water. Boatmen take you around the cave pointing out certain features, and explaining the roof did not fall in during the recent earthquake but many thousand years ago. The water in the lake is seawater and a French team, using dyes, traced its source to Argostoli on the west coast. Apparently it travels to the lake by a series of underground passages.

Captain Corelli's Mandolin

Before returning to *Beowulf* we thought we would visit Antisamos bay, which was the film set for "Captain Corelli's Mandolin". However, our driver, faced with the prospect of another series of hairpin bends, positively refused to do it. When we did return to our boat we persuaded one of the local waterfront tavernas to put on the Ireland v Argentina rugby world cup match on TV. Possibly it would have been better if we had not seen it, but we did get one of the best moussakas after the match.

Having failed to reach Antisamos beach by car, it was much more sensible to sail there the following morning. It was only a short trip, the anchor was dropped and we swam ashore, after which we had sufficient wind to hoist sails and set off for the island of Ithaca, where we found a lovely cove at Sarakiniko, and arrived in time for another swim before lunch, in a sea temperature of 28°C. This was a very picturesque spot and in the evening Ann and Mary went ashore and walked over the headland. On her return, Ann cooked a delicious chicken dinner. There was quite a lot of activity here from locals swimming off the beach, or launching small craft, and also a few local fishermen with their boats. Because the water was so



Sivota, Levkas.

Photo: Clive Martin

warm we had another swim, before breakfast and setting off to Kiont.

The island of Ithaka was, of course, immortalised by Homer in his *Odyssey*, but the modern island of Ithaka bears little resemblance to Homer's descriptions, nor is it the most westerly of the islands. In 2003 a team of geologists, classicists and archaeologists set out to discover if there had been some dramatic geological changes in the landscape since the Trojan War, around 1200 BC. They have been unable to establish the enigma of the location of Homer's Ithaka, but one theory is that it is the western part of Cephalonia, which might explain the geographical mismatch.

Part of the trip to Kiont was made under genoa alone, and the entrance to the harbour cannot be easily seen approaching from the south, but there are three windmill towers in line at the end of the point which are quite clear when you get close. This is a village with plenty of character, good quayside restaurants, shops, and many older houses which have been restored. We had no difficulty in finding a good berth on the north quay just past the ferry pier, so dropped an anchor and went stern-to. Later in the day the port became quite busy as many large yachts arrived, and also a Sunsail charter fleet which seemed to have followed us from port to port. We had met them all in Sivota, Fiskardho, and in Evphimia. They were mostly in small Jaguar 25 yachts, and we were surprised by the age profile of the people chartering, which tended to be on the elderly side for such small boats.

While in Kiont we met Frank Sadlier and Allan Aston, members of ICC. A lot of tourists came ashore from cruise ships and ferries. We had an excellent dinner at one of the quayside restaurants, and as it was 1st October were able

to order a huge plate of whitebait, which had been out of season in September.

In the morning we cast off and went across to Atokos Island, which rises high and alone in the middle of the Inland Sea. This island is uninhabited except for one house and a small chapel at One House Bay. A fisherman occasionally takes his family there. It is a popular spot, but we were able to have a peaceful swim before several yachts arrived. There was a most unusual limestone rock formation on the southern side of this little bay.

Leaving One House Bay we had the most magical passage up towards Meganisi Island. This is the real Inland Sea. The colours were beautiful and the sea ranged from a pale Cerulean blue to a deep French Ultramarine, lacking any hint of the green that we see at home. All this was framed in a backdrop of high-rising majestic mountains both on the islands and on

mainland Greece and the Peloponese. Steep chalk-coloured cliffs stretched down to the golden beaches that bordered the blues of the sea. The islands are green, and punctuate the crystal clear waters with the numerous white sails of the yachts gleaming in the sun. It was a beauty to behold.

Abelike bay on Meganisi Island provides many alternative places to drop an anchor, and each would provide shelter from winds coming from any direction. We chose the innermost anchorage and anchored so that we could swim and have lunch, before departing for the southern end of the Levkas canal, which would bring us home to the marina in time for a farewell dinner ashore.

It had been a most enjoyable cruise. Although we only travelled just short of 100 miles we visited 14 different places, dropped our anchor at least seven times, and never encountered any difficulty. Our skipper and Ann had been magnificent hosts throughout.



Taverna Spilia, Meganisi Island.

Photo: Clive Martin

Cruising Montenegrin waters on *Beowulf*

Bernard Corbally



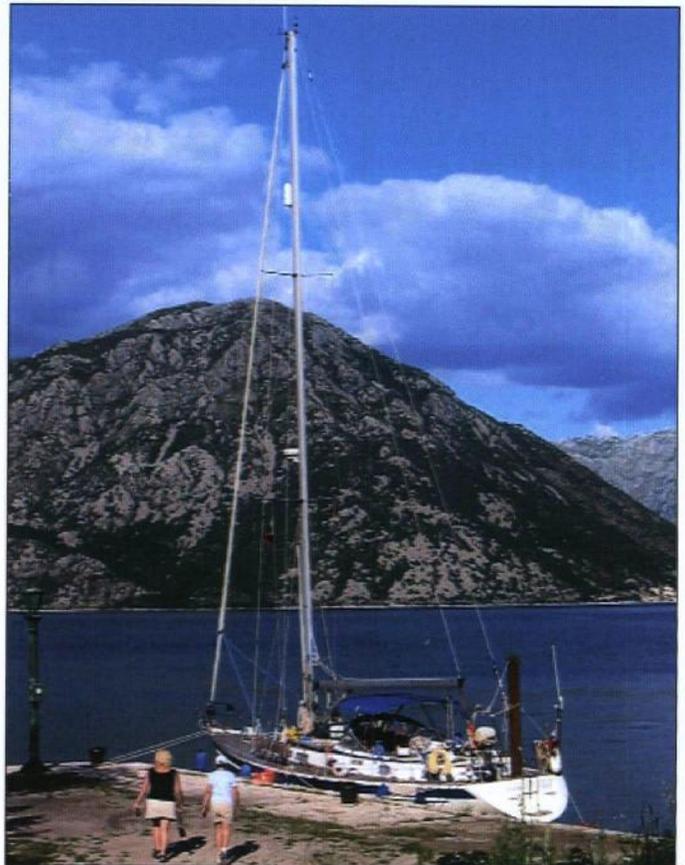
THE STRANGFORD CUP

FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE

Having enjoyed cruising the Croatian coast and islands for almost two years, it was time it move on. Montenegro is very close to Dubrovnik and we had heard that the inland waters of Boka Kotorska provide delightful and protected sailing. With Ann Woulfe Flanagan, Erica Corbally (uncomfortable in anything more than a light breeze) and Chris and Lily Byrne as crew, we cast off from Dubrovnik Marina (where we had wintered *Beowulf*) at 10.52 on Friday 11th May and headed south to the popular tourist town of Cavtat (9 miles).

It was a fabulous sunny day with only a light east-southeast force 2 wind, which was ideal to allow everyone to acquire their sea legs while we enjoyed spectacular views of the old Dubrovnik walled city. We were met by the Harbour Master and the Emigration Officer when we moored alongside the wharf opposite the Dolium Restaurant. The town is in a beautiful location, and contains several gracious old buildings set amongst trees. A walk up to the small basilica at the top of the hill was thoroughly enjoyed by the crew, and provided them with a serious appetite for an excellent dinner in the Galija Restaurant, which served us a delicious national dish of boiled Kokot fish. This is the ideal place to clear paperwork without delays or hassle, although we found it a little difficult to locate their inconspicuous office near the paper shop at the south end of the wharf.

Saturday morning breakfast in the cockpit was magic, watching a couple of yachts motoring out of the bay with the sun glistening on the mirror surface of the water, and just a few wispy clouds decorating the blue sky. A southeast force 3 was almost on the nose as we headed south for Boka Kotorska in Montenegro. The coastline consisted mostly of rocky cliffs



Beowulf on wharf at Donji Morinj.

Photo: Bernard Corbally



Beowulf in Cavtat, Croatia.

Photo: Bernard Corbally

with scrub-covered hills behind them, over which we occasionally glimpsed mountain ranges in the distance. A few tiny isolated shacks blended into the rocky foreshore and one tiny beach at 42N30'22 had a couple of people on it. As we rounded the spectacular Croatian fort on Ostra Pt., we were disappointed to encounter quite a lot of floating debris.

There was an impressive Montenegrin island-fort to starboard as we entered the mountain-ringed Boka and motored across Hercegovski Zaliv to Zelenika, to register our arrival. The crew of a French yacht moored to the Customs pier took our warps, as we eased ourselves up against the huge tyres provided to protect large

ships. We visited three offices (police, emigration and customs) to clear entry and obtain a cruising permit (€108) for 4 weeks. All the officials were very friendly and welcoming, which put us all in great spirits as we enjoyed an excellent cockpit lunch. We had no sooner finished our lunch when the crew of the French yacht descended on us, clutching a bunch of bottles. The party went on till about 17.30, when we decided that it would be prudent to move away from the official pier and motor into the Tivatski Zaliv, where we dropped the hook in 6 metres, in a lovely deserted little bay on the west side of Stradioti Island (5 miles) between two small jetties that were too shallow for us. We were all absolutely delighted to find ourselves in such a wonderful location with the place all to ourselves. Ann's birthday was appropriately celebrated with champagne, Lily's delicious shepherds pie, and a cake with candles.

Virige Channel

The following morning, we paddled ashore in the dinghy to explore an abandoned Club Méditerranée site with lots of derelict straw-roofed huts amongst the trees and some service buildings. We were just preparing for a swim, when a pretty disreputable-looking security man appeared and made it very clear to us that we were on private land and should leave! Erica and Ann swam back to the boat and after a cockpit lunch on board, we made our way through the narrow Virige Channel into the Kotorski Zaliv and moored alongside the quay at Perast (9 miles), which is immediately opposite the channel. We had arrived at another fabulous location at the base of the hill of St. Elias, with a superb view in every direction. Perast is a very historic old village, with impressive palaces and several old churches. We were told that in 1535, a group of villagers murdered a Benedictine Abbot as he was saying Sunday mass in the monastery on the Island of St. George, which got the whole village excommunicated. In atonement for this dastardly act, the villagers sunk a fleet of rock-filled boats around a reef, to form a man-made island called Our Lady of the Rocks, on which they constructed a beautiful domed church. The church ceiling was painted by a local painter Tripo Kokolljo (1661-1713) and might be said to rival the Sistine Chapel in Rome. There were about 60 other beautiful paintings by the same artist. There was also an impressive collection of commemorative silver plaques, which had been presented to the church by the grateful survivors of emergencies at sea. It is not permitted to anchor near this island, but the locals run a ferry service, which takes a route past a second small island which is occupied by a Benedictine Monastery. The waiter in the restaurant opposite the red and white striped navigation pillar, found us a small boat to bring us out to the island (€3 each), where a caretaker was waiting to show us around. We thoroughly enjoyed this highly recommended excursion. The restaurant itself provided us with an excellent meal, and we were delighted to discover that good local draught beer was only €2.80/lit. in a waterside café-bar. We particularly enjoyed a visit to the museum in the elegant balconied Bujovic palace.

An enterprising fresh fruit and vegetable van appeared beside us on the quay on Monday morning and did excellent business with us. There was also a good supermarket a bit further down the quay. We were unable to locate fresh milk in Montenegro, but Moja Kravica Mleko (3.2 per cent.) long-life milk was excellent.

Kotor via Orahova

After two delightful days in Perast, we headed for Kotor via the small village of Orahova, where we moored to the outer breakwater of a small boat harbour for a lunch stop. It was a

pleasant little place to explore. However, we did not find any shops or cafés open, and our brief excursion along the shoreline was curtailed by an unfriendly local, who told us that we were on private property and should leave!

Spectacular approach to Kotor

The approach up the Boca Kotorska to Kotor was really spectacular, with the Lovcen mountain behind the walled city soaring up into the clouds, and dwarfing the ancient buildings. The town ramparts extend up the high hill at the back of the town, and formed a skyline as we approached the place. We picked up lazy-lines to moor stern to the quay just beyond the yacht pontoons. The services provided water, electricity and rubbish collection for €36/day. HotSpot Broadband was available for a small fee (Tel. +382 82304104 or +382 69820867). We found the old walled city to be a delightful place, with narrow cobbled streets and lots of small squares in front of impressive old churches. We particularly enjoyed the Bastion Restaurant located next to the river gate of the old town. The crew made an early morning excursion to the top of the hill and were greatly impressed by the panoramic view from the battlements. We also hired a people-carrier taxi from the tourist shop in the entrance to the old city, which brought us on a super mountain tour, up to the magnificent mausoleum on the top of Mt. Lovcen (1750m.), which was built to honour the famous and much loved Montenegrin poet-prince Petar Petrovic Njegos (1813-1851). He was the last of the vladikas, the prince-bishops who had ruled since 1696. The entrance to the magnificent tomb was guarded by two huge jablanica marble statues, which weigh 7.5 tons each. The approach from the car park was up 461 steps through a tunnel. It was easy to spend three days just enjoying Kotor, before sailing up to Risan at the north end of the Bay of Risan (4.7 miles) on Friday 18th May.

Nisan

We sailed by genoa only for a while, in order to leisurely enjoy the magic of our surroundings of high mountains, which dwarfed a few tiny villages and the occasional isolated residence on the waterside. With some difficulty, we located the small harbour at Nisan and moored at the north end of the harbour wall. An ugly fence cut us off from an area reserved for freight traffic, but there was a path around the harbour to the village, which was founded by the Greeks c.400 BC. Although the site is beautiful, and used to be an important trading centre with 10,000 inhabitants in Roman times, the place is now sadly neglected with only about 1500 people. It does have a good supermarket. Even the makeshift corrugated-iron, covering over an area of Roman mosaic flooring depicting Hypnos the god of sleep elegantly reclining (2nd century AD), was letting the rain in as we peered at it through a gap in the wall. As the large hotel in the village did not appear very inviting and the weather was rather inclement, we were delighted to eat on board and settle down for an evening playing cards. Noisy jute-box type music ashore ceased at midnight and it rained heavily overnight with the wind gusting up to over 30 knots but we were snug enough.

After breakfast on Saturday, we walked along the coast road to a tiny village at the head of the bay, where there appeared to be a café with outside tables. Following a lane down to the village, we had no sooner sat down at one of the tables, when an astonished husband and wife appeared from down the road, and greeted us in a somewhat concerned tone of voice. We soon realized that we were not sitting at a café but on a local resident's private patio! Thereupon they insisted that we should be their guests for coffee, and called over a neighbour who was

a professional sailor on an oil tanker and could speak English. He was a delightful source of local gossip!

Despite our experience of friendly hospitality, we were quite pleased to leave the village after lunch and head towards Donji Moringj village in the next bay (2 miles). We moored to a small quay at the north end of the village, which had a couple of bollards and a post with a green navigation light. A short walk inland from the village brought us to a lovely restaurant "The Catovica Mlini" (Tel. +38282373030) on the bank of a river, with a fabulous view out over a lovely garden which incorporated a winding stream with stone bridges and several wild swans. It reminded us of photos in the "House & Gardens" magazine. We would highly recommend the place, the menu, the wine-list and the service to any sailors visiting Kotor.

Warships

We cast off at 08.30 on Sunday and made our way out through the Verige narrows, dodging two ferries, which did appear to wait until they could challenge us! An American warship (dressed overall) in the Bay of Tivat insisted that we keep our distance when we approached for a closer inspection! We sailed close by several submarine berthing caves on the south shore, as we entered the bay of Herceg Novi en route out into the Adriatic sea. We diverted in to look at the touristy beach in Mamula Bay, but an uncomfortable swell deterred us from anchoring for a swim. So, we continued south past an interesting rocky cave-studded coastline, that was backed up by green hills with craggy mountains in the distance. We could see very little habitation. At midday, we anchored close to a sandy beach in the pleasant Dobra Luka inlet, just north of the large Zaliv Traste bay. We guessed that the large building in the bay was a holiday hostel for the large number of young people we saw on the beach.

After a delightful swim and cockpit lunch, we motored on to Bigova at the south end of Zaliv Traste bay. There was already

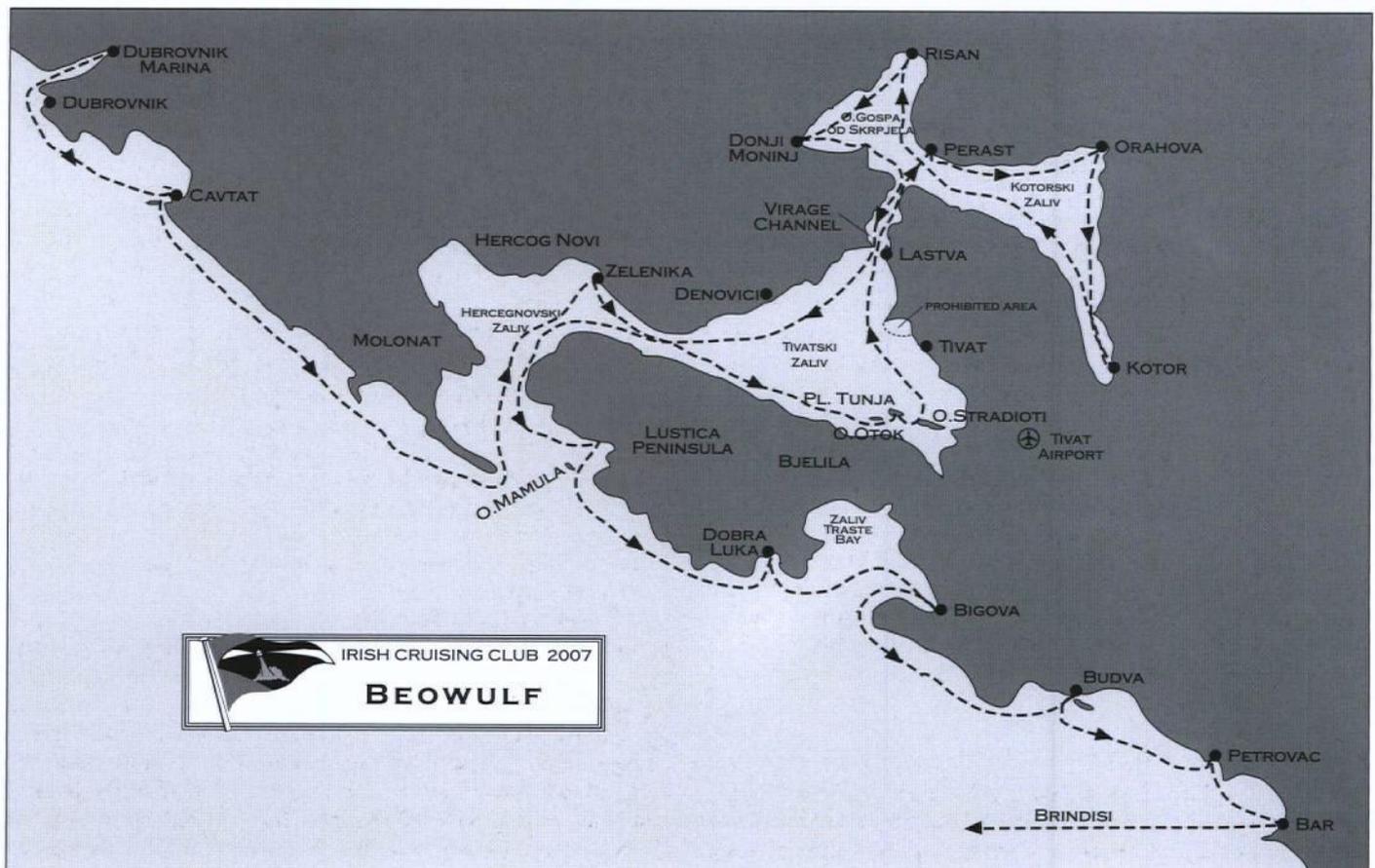
a yacht taking up the whole of the inside of the jetty. However, seeing us anchor, they moved up to make room for us to moor just over half of *Beowulf* alongside. We had arrived in a truly delightful small fishing village with a fabulous view out the bay, and the added bonus of an excellent attractive-looking local fish restaurant "Grispolis" at the head of the jetty. The weather being overcast and dull, we were delighted to teach the staff how to prepare hot whiskeys! There were no rubbish bins or other facilities for yacht people except for loos in the restaurant. We very much enjoyed walking about to explore the picturesque unspoilt locality.

Tuesday morning was warm and sunny as we reluctantly cast off at 10.00 and headed back towards Kotor (33 miles). The skipper hovered off the Blue Cave on the north shore of the entrance to Zanjica, while the crew rowed the dingy in to explore the cave and swim in its magical waters. We anchored just south of the entrance to the Verige narrows, opposite O.Lastva, and enjoyed our cockpit lunch in glorious sunshine. Even the attractive-looking restaurant on the shore did not tempt us!

We arrived back at the fuel berth in Kotor at 16.22 and, having filled our tanks with very reasonably-priced diesel, moved round to the same berth that we had originally occupied.

Crew change

Erica, Lily and Chris left by taxi for Dubrovnik on Tuesday, and Peter Davies joined us for the last stage of this cruise across to Brindisi. We left Kotor at 07.36 on Wednesday, and motored up to Perast for breakfast and to give Peter a brief opportunity to enjoy the place. Fortunately two tall-ships, which were moored to the quay, moved off as we arrived, leaving plenty of space for us. We then made our way leisurely out of the Boca Kotorska in warm sunshine, and headed south to a delightfully secluded tiny bay on the north side of Dobra Luka, where we found a perfect sandy patch to anchor for a swim and lunch. It



was then only 2.5 miles across to Perast, where we were delighted to find the jetty empty. Sight-seeing in the afternoon was hampered by some very heavy rain showers, which gave us an excuse to test the restaurant's recently acquired skill in preparing hot whiskeys. We were introduced to a delicious red fish called Pagar for dinner on the patio overlooking *Beowulf*, alone on the jetty.

Heading south again on Friday, we reluctantly passed an enticing small beach at U.Nerin before calling in to Budva, where we were the only yacht on the marina's outer guest pontoon. We were charged €30 (€47/day) for a 4 hour stop-over before being advised to check in at the official's office right around on the far side of the marina. After an extremely frustrating hour checking in, we eventually got to explore the narrow cobbled streets of the touristy walled town, where we found a superb little pizza restaurant opposite the entrance to an imposing citadel. After lunch we were very impressed by the panoramic coastal views from the walls of the citadel, and by the luxury red leather chairs in the cool environment of the interesting library. There was nothing else to keep us in town and we cast off at 15.00. Despite the fantastic location of the town under massive mountains, the pedantic officialdom would certainly deter us from ever returning.

We motored south to the attractive town of Petrovac (7 miles), where we moored in 3m. to a couple of bollards on the outside of the small harbour wall. The small Venetian fortress, "Kastel Lastva", sitting above the tiny harbour, is now used as a nightclub. The promenade around the crescent waterfront was tastefully adorned with lots of greenery and flowers, giving the whole place a most attractive ambience. We were delighted by our location and enjoyed an excellent steak dinner in the recommended Konoba Mediterne restaurant (Tel. 069562408), which served us a delicious local red wine "Vrance Plantas".

At about 10.30 on Saturday morning, two tourist excursion boats arrived and we felt obliged to move as far in along the harbour wall as we dared. With much trepidation, we realized that there would be insufficient room for both. However, they rafted up without a bother. But our troubles were not over, as the wind had freshened considerably and was pushing us against the quay with an untenable swell. An urgent mobile phone call to Ann abruptly interrupted her leisurely shopping expedition to the excellent local supermarket and adjacent



Lily Byrne cools down behind *Beowulf*. Photo: Bernard Corbally

enticing boutiques, and had her running back to join us, as Peter and the skipper desperately fended off with boat hooks and large fenders. We were mighty glad to cast off at 11.00 and head out to sea.

We enjoyed an interesting coastline, with plenty of beaches, stacks, headlands and a few collapsing cliffs, as we headed south. At 12.20, an attractive beach encouraged us to anchor at the south end of U.Canj bay for a swim and lunch. It was a rocky bottom, and we were fortunate not to have to call upon Ann to free our anchor as we departed for Bar at 15.25.

We were highly impressed by the mountain background as we approached Bar. Our Pilot Book advised us not to go into the marina, but to bear off to port as we entered the main harbour, and moor to the customs wharf in the inner harbour. It was not easy to find as the port is huge and a large freighter was blocking our view of the entrance. We tied up alongside an empty massive quay, which in the absence of any notices or any building that looked other than a warehouse, we had to assume was the correct one. We found an unlocked door that exposed a tiny scruffy office with a couple of bored looking officials. After a



Erica speaks French: Zelenika.

Photo: Bernard Corbally

comprehensive search of their filing cabinets and through piles of paper on a desk, they finally admitted that they could not find any paperwork relating to *Beowulf*, and just told us that we were cleared to leave Montenegro. At least, that is what we had to assume that we were being told as we were not at all sure if they knew why we were there in the first place! With no papers or passports stamped, we were a little concerned that we might be making an illegal departure. The skipper went to see if he could get a weather forecast in the marina located the other side of the wharf buildings. He eventually found a watchman asleep, in another tiny scruffy office, who called a marina official on the phone to sort out our problem. He arrived by car, spoke English, and was extremely helpful (Vurovic Mladen Tel. 069351765). He fired up an office computer and eventually got us an excellent forecast to cover our passage to Brindisi (95 miles) at two-hourly intervals. He told us that yachts can moor in the marina to clear customs.

We cast off from the custom's quay at 17.45. Our attempt to sail in a southeasterly force 3 was pathetic, and we were soon motoring at over 6.5 knots. By midnight, we were motor-sailing with a south-southeast force 5/6 and dodging lots of commercial traffic. Since the wind was forecast to veer round to on our nose and to increase to force 7 with a corresponding increase in wave size, we were anxious to make Brindisi before this happened! It was an uncomfortable passage, and we were very glad to reach Brindisi yacht club at 10.30, before it really began to blow. We secured a superb berth right opposite to the club, which hosted a rock concert that night! It was a very convenient location to leave *Beowulf*, while we took a taxi to the adjacent airport.



Beowulf on jetty at Bigova.

Photo: Bernard Corbally

Our cruise in Montenegro had been fantastic. An abundance of magnificent mountain scenery, unspoilt charming towns and villages, delightful people, excellent food and wine all contributed to a memorable cruise. Our cruising in Croatian waters over the previous two summers had been greatly enjoyed by all who sailed on *Beowulf*, but Montenegro had a very different charm, which made it very worthwhile, and was even preferred by some of us.

Crew: Ann Woulfe Flanagan:

Friday 11th May – Sunday 27th May

Erica Corbally: Friday 11th May – Tuesday 22nd May

Chris Byrne: Friday 11th May – Tuesday 22nd May

Lily Byrne: Friday 11th May – Tuesday 22nd May

Peter Davies: Tuesday 22nd May – Sunday 27th May

Lobo cups his hands and shouts over to him: "Hey! We want to pass a rope ashore and around one of your big trees there. How about it?" The gentleman takes his nose briefly out of his mint julep. "No!. Lobo yells something back. The man takes another breath. "I don't like boats and I don't like you and if you're in trouble its your own damned fault for sailing so close to my property and butting in on my privacy!" "Why you are a dear sweet fellow and so is your mother."

(*Seagoing Gaucho*, Ernesto Uriburu 1951)

Beowulf hops around the Ionian Sea

Ann Woulfe-Flanagan



THE STRANGFORD CUP

FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE

This is a social chitchat log mentioning the places we enjoyed. On Saturday 9th June 2007 Deirdre Leonard and I flew out to Brindisi, on the east coast of Italy, to get *Beowulf* ready for her trip to Corfu. Bruce Lyster (ICC) and a friend of his David Braithwaite arrived on Tuesday evening. With less than a week to get to and enjoy Corfu, we set off next morning for the lovely town of Otranto where we spent a day sight-seeing. On Friday 15th following a peaceful 50 kilometre motor-sail across the Ionian Sea, we anchored in the beautiful curved south bay of North Erikoussa island which is situated 6 miles off the northwest tip of Corfu, where evening and morning swims were a must. There is a long sandy beach but we did not investigate it.

We passed swiftly through the northern Corfu Channel carefully leaving the Peristerai lighthouse to port – here one is less than a mile from the Albanian coast. Then on to Gouvia, a very large modern, efficient marina and a good place for a crew change. One can stay 2 hours for free; for a 13m yacht it was €52.30 a night. Here we had to get our Sailing Permit for the year (€44.00) from the Port Authority (closes at 13.00). This was a 25 minute marathon pen-pushing session. This permit should be stamped at major ports but I have heard that the permit only needs to be stamped once a month, not at every major port; this needs to be clarified. A crew list is also needed. The taxi (€15.00) driver taking us to Corfu town recommended Rex, an excellent restaurant and “The Oldest Restaurant in Corfu Town” on Kapodistriou Street near the Esplanade, booking would be advisable – Tel. 0030-266.10.39649.

We then retraced our steps up the coast to anchor in the lovely bay sheltered from the northwest of Ayios Stephanos just south of Ifalos Sepra and the Peristerai lighthouse. We had an enjoyable dinner in one of the many shore-side restaurants and stocked up with provisions at the good supermarkets. *Beowulf* has returned to this bay a few times.

To maximise the short time we had left (2 days), Bruce and David decided on a long passage skirting the town of Corfu to the busy picturesque fishing port of Petriti, at the southeast end of the island. We dropped anchor to the inside of the quay wall, being careful to check for protruding rocks. Yet again Deirdre had prepared a sumptuous luncheon. A good rapport was established at the Limnopoula restaurant on the water’s edge, where subsequently several crews have had excellent fish dinners. There is a stony beach with beautifully clear water just beyond the head of the pier. Beach shoes are a very good idea as in some places there are a lot of sea urchins. There is a sizable village a short walk up hill from the harbour, with shops and a butcher.

Back to Gouvia

It was then sadly back to Gouvia on Tuesday morning 3rd July, to hand over to Bernard Corbally and his crew.

Deirdre and I then joined Elizabeth Seigne and her brother Marcus on his yacht *Fuller Spirit* for a few more days pottering around. They had come up through the Corinth Canal to meet

us. This was a most enjoyable and relaxing time particularly for me. Thank you Elizabeth and Marcus.

I then had an unexpected extension of my cruise, as one of Bernard’s crew had to return home and I was persuaded to stay on, with Bernard, Ken and Maureen Millington and Brian Taylor.

Palaiokastritsa

Bernard decided to circumnavigate the island with the express idea of visiting Palaiokastritsa the only port of any size on the west coast.

The north coast of Corfu is very flat with sandy beaches and holiday resorts. We tried heading towards one of the beaches to anchor for a swim, but a yacht already at anchor called out to us “there is less than 2 metres in here” so we gingerly turned and retreated.

Along the northwest and west coast there are some spectacular white cliffs, and as one approaches Palaiokastritsa, the coastline shows magnificent cliffs, jagged pinnacles, caves and small pebble beaches. There is even a rock weathered like a monkey’s face. It is best to make an entrance in the morning as the prevailing winds can set up big seas. The harbour is small, and Bernard managed to wriggle our quart into a pint-sized space between a fishing boat and a tourist boat, and our luck was in, we were allowed to stay. In fact we were asked to turn other yachts away while the tourist boat was out! There appeared to be the makings of floating pontoons and electric and water ducts along the quay wall.

The beaches are beautiful, sandy and made for swimming. There are good restaurants, in particular Alipa Beach, overlooking the harbour. It is well worth the effort to walk up to the magnificent monastery and small museum of icons.

I was interested in taking a glass-bottom boat trip. The glass bit was a little disappointing, but getting in to the shallow water close to the cliffs, and some of caves was a great experience.

It was a long rather boring motor down the west coast and back up to Petriti – around 5 hours.

Lakka, Paxos

From here we headed for the north end of Paxos to the large, picturesque, but very crowded bay of Lakka, where we eventually found room to anchor. The town is quite small.

We found the small harbour of Limin Longos much more to our liking. We anchored near the shore opposite the old soap factory and I was able to swim ashore. The village had a much more relaxed feel to it and a mouth-watering bakery.

Limin Gaios is the main harbour with a dogleg entrance around the islet of Ay Nikolaos. Care is needed at the sharp curves to avoid on-coming traffic. It is stern or bow-to the quay wall dropping an anchor mid-channel. As yet there is no electric facility, water and diesel are delivered by tanker. The main square is at the waterfront with the rest of the town stretching inland. Good for shopping, and we found a small beach south of the town.

Maureen was not too keen on swimming from the back of the boat, so we went beach hopping, and found a nice one at Mongonisi at the south end of the island. Large yachts need to go bow-to the quay wall due to protruding rocks. Theo's Taverna supplied a very good lunch and it is also pleasant to walk around the area.

Anti Paxos

Anti Paxos was visited for a turquoise-blue swim and breakfast, before the 25 mile motor down to Preveza. There are four sets of buoys and a port buoy before one can turn into Cleopatra Marina, or go into the landlocked Gulf of Amvrakia to Vonitsa on its southwest side. This is quite a large town, with a very prominent 17th century Venetian castle on the west side, which affords a good excuse to stretch the Achilles tendons. At the moment there are major restoration works in progress. It is a charter boat base, and we were lucky to squeeze in at the end of the newly-constructed quay. Best to avoid at weekends. We met up with newly acquired friends, and they recommended the anchorage on the east side of Nisis Koukouvista, a splendid isolated islet on the east side of the town which was something special. This is another great walking area through the trees, and one can walk into town over the low connecting bridge. There is also a small church.

Sadly this was the end of the cruise, as on 2nd July we had *Beowulf* taken out of the water for the summer, at Cleopatra Marina which is situated at the entrance to the Gulf.

Certificate of Competence

I was once again on board in Cleopatra Marina on 26th August, when the merry band of Eleanor and Brian Cudmore (ICC) and Gail Varian flew out via Gatwick to return *Beowulf* to the water, following her summer holiday. Peter and Phil Pearson were to join us on Friday 31st August in Corfu. We first went to Preveza town for provisions and to get our permit stamped, and to sign on the new crew. Take note they asked for a Certificate of Competence.

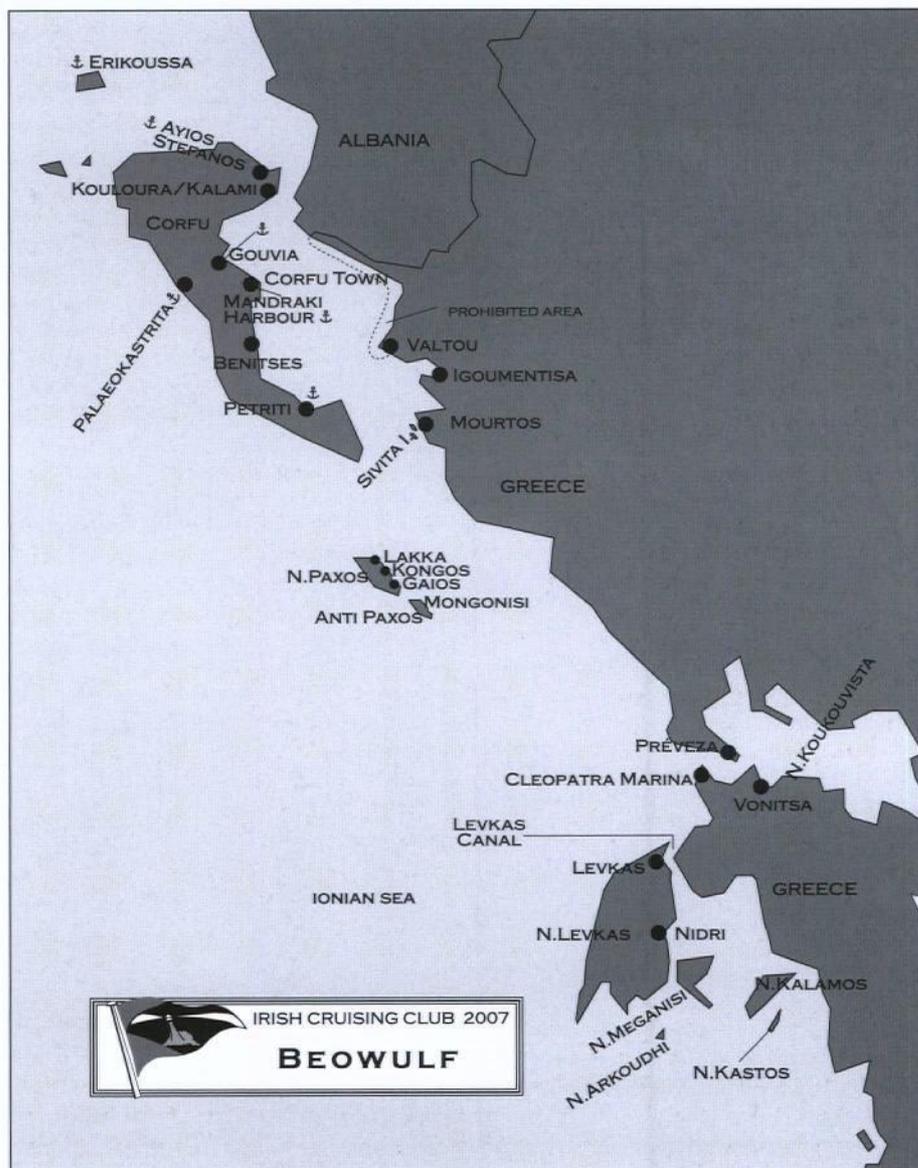
The best use of time was to make the 16.00 opening of the floating bridge 'Ag Maura' at the northern end of the Levkas Canal and head straight through to Nidri. It is a beautiful trip down the canal, well-marked but quite narrow in places. As we entered Tranquil Bay we spotted *Bailey of Howth* (Mervyn Hall) and went to say hello. His brother Michael and his wife Regina were also on board. He suggested we anchor at the northern end of the bay due to the shallow muddy shelf. Michael came over in the dinghy and invited us for a drink. Following a quick swim we spent an enjoyable couple of hours chatting. Mervyn recommended that we hire a car to explore Levkas Island. We anchored off the quay wall with some difficulty, in getting the anchor to hold and leaving space for the tourist boats, and set off to Katissma Beach. Here we girls, lead by Eleanor, did our Shirley Valentine fling, paragliding with the Gorgeous George. It was a magnificent

feeling, soaring above the heather and the beach. We drove back over the mountains to Nidri with lovely views of Tranquil Bay.

On Wednesday 29th we called back to Cleopatra Marina to collect a new solar panel and have it fitted – another story. A most enjoyable dinner in Preveza – we were invited into the kitchens to choose our dishes.

We left Cleopatra on the 30th at 09.50 and after motoring in flat calm arrived at Anti-Paxos at 14.40 to drop anchor in the most idyllic bay without a name. The coordinates are 39°08'9N/20°14'3E. There was a fine motor-cruiser at anchor, and we spotted three kids having great fun, pushing their terrier dog balanced on a surfboard to the shore for a walk. We had to tear ourselves away to find a safe anchorage for the night, which we did in the beautifully secluded and sheltered bay of Mongonisi just over a mile southeast of Gaios at the south end of Paxos. On the way up we passed the very popular anchorage at the northeast end of Anti Paxos 39°09'6/N/20°13'7. There was hardly room to manoeuvre between the anchored yachts, and large motor-cruisers with lines ashore. Gail served up a most delicious dinner with the fresh fish she had bought on the quay wall at Preveza.

At 08.30 on Friday 31st August we left for Corfu to pick up Peter and Phil. When they 'phoned from the airport, we asked them to take a taxi to Petriti and they were there waiting for us





Corfu town beckoned for a swim and coffee break, and we anchored on the south side just west of the little harbour, in around 10 metres of lovely clear water.

The small Mandraki harbour on the north side of Ak Sidhero looked inviting, as it is situated under the steep walls of the fort, and is home to two yacht clubs, Poiath, the Hellenic Offshore Racing Club, and IOK, the Corfu Sailing Club.

The Marinero signalled us to a space, and we had to drop anchor as there was no lazy line. It is an attractive little place with facilities ashore, and a short walk into town through the Fort taking in a museum on the way.

I had to include Peter and Phil

Anti Paxos – ‘That no-name bay’.
Gail cooling off.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

when we arrived at 11.30. It was great that this year Phil was finally able to join the crew, and it was lovely to welcome her on board.

Since my last visit in June the waste/scrub land at the head of the pier had been transformed into a pleasant park area with benches and flowerbeds. We stocked up with groceries, wine and gin at the local shop and were welcomed back at Limnopoula restaurant.

An early start on Saturday had us heading up the coast towards Corfu, when a 25 knot northerly gust hit us out of the blue. The island of Nisis Vidho north of



Sailing at last – Gail Varian and Brian Cudmore.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

on the crew list, so Gail kindly accompanied me for a very long walk through the town and along the harbour front, until we finally found the Port Authority beyond the ferry port. Corfu is a lovely town to amble around. The Marina restaurant supplied us with an excellent dinner.

In the morning the Marinero speared a small fish and gave it to Phil who immediately started to sketch it in the shade of the trees.

Bernard Corbally at the helm, Brian Taylor, Ken Millington and Maureen Millington.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan



Peter was also busy sketching and we had to drag them away, but it was not a smooth exit as the anchor caught under a chain. Gail nobly donned a mask and went down, into the murky water, with a rope to drag the anchor from under the chain.

We headed back past Gouvia, to anchor in the northern bay of Ormos Agni bay for a swim and coffee, and then sailed around to the large bay of Ormos Kalami, where I had been with Elizabeth Seigne. We renewed our shopping acquaintances at the well-stocked boutique on the beach, and then had coffee in the good restaurant with its own jetty.

Brian was anxious to find a sheltered bay for the night, so with dusk falling we anchored in Kouloura the next bay to the north in 14 metres. This was most peaceful and our outlook was a crescent beach with a yacht on a cradle, sun chairs and a house in the trees. There is a small 1.5m-depth harbour at the southern end.

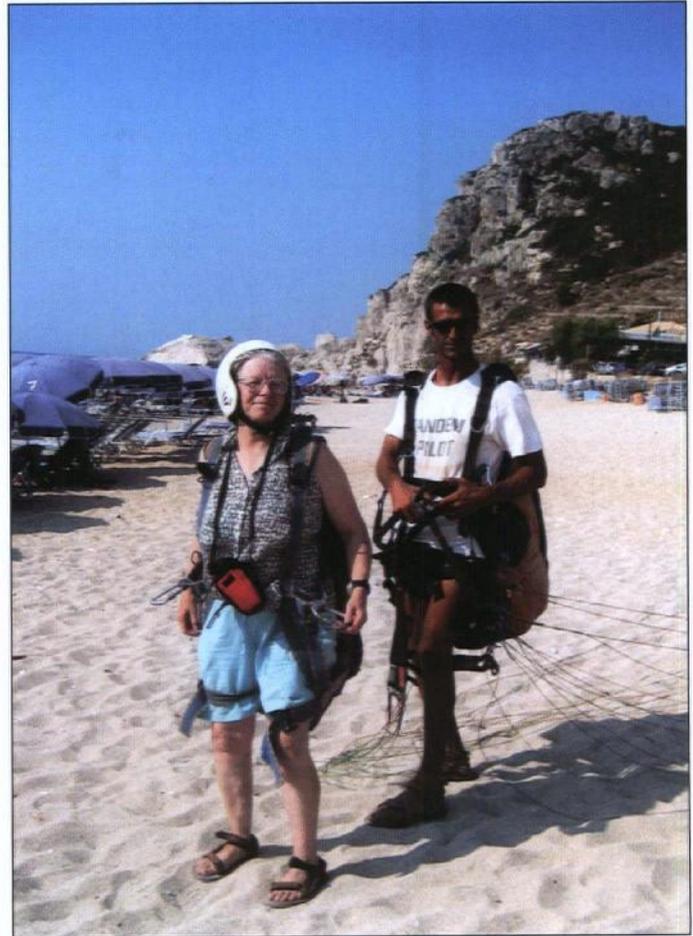
During the night Eleanor shot out of the forward cabin shouting the "anchor the anchor there is a run of chain". We all went on deck to find we were still in the same place. The next morning I found the winch had turned but instead of running out the chain had caught in the winch as I had snubbed it for the night. This was the beginning of our problems with the 'down' button.

Peter and Phil were up early, painting, and at 09.30 we set off for Ayios Stephanos for breakfast and shopping. The wind played tricks with us, no sooner had the sails been set in a west-northwest 14 knot wind than it died away. I had left my Tilly hat at the beach shop, so it was back to Kalami bay; as luck would have it there was a tourist ferry at the jetty, but they kindly allowed us to go alongside.

Eleanor is always saying "we should go to places I have not been to", but I do like taking people back to places I have enjoyed. It was now Monday 3rd September, and we had 4 days left, and the big adventure was about to begin – we were off to the mainland, across the 'open sea' to Ftelia, where we picked up a large buoy and had a swim just by the Albanian border. The wind came back again, and with a west-northwest 15 knots we sailed off the mooring and romped down the coast to the entrance of Ormiskos Valtou, dodging a few ferries from the port of Igoumenitsa. It was the most sheltered bay that Eleanor could find. The entrance is interesting, the charts and plotter mentioned 13 metres, the depth went down to 4.8, but rose again as we approached the inner bay. We entered a lovely, enclosed, horseshoe bay, with low hills to the south and a high mountain and valley to the north. This to our minds was a lovely isolated place, hard to describe – just go to it. There were two other yachts already there, and as we anchored we heard goat bells and then saw the goats as they wandered along the shore and up into the hills. Peter and Phil went ashore to try and find them, and reported that there is a very rickety jetty with a run-down fisherman's hut at the southwest end of the bay and a hut built over the water. Another yacht arrived but it did not disturb the tranquillity.

A delicious swim before dinner – it was magical, fish jumping around us and a fabulous dark star-studded sky; a very peaceful night.

Peter and Phil were up early for



Ann back on terra firma with Gorgeous George, Katissma Bay.

Photo: Gail Varian

their painting expedition. After breakfast Gail and I went ashore and walked up the hill, to look south to Igoumentisa. We were the last to leave, and the view, looking back at *Beowulf* resting serenely in a flat calm with the back drop of the dark mountain, was quite memorable.

Time flew, and at 13.30 we negotiated our shallow channel



Mandraki Harbour, Corfu.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

and set sail in a south-southeast 14 knot wind tacking down to Nay Nikolas, mindful of the constant stream of ferries from the port of Igoumentisa. Following a 6.7 mile sail we dropped the hook in a most idyllic turquoise-water bay, on the north side of Nisis Sivota. Swimming was a joy before a very late lunch. The beach appears to be sand and there is a buoyed swimming area, but not safe in the prevailing wind.

Following this we headed around to Middle Bay, which is a cove on the mainland just south of Mourtos harbour, where we had a bit of excitement getting a long line ashore, but were then very snug for the night.

Peter rowed Phil, Gail and myself around to the substantial village for provisions. The quay wall was packed, and the new development to the north was also full. There are good supermarkets and numerous restaurants. We had our restaurant on board. That night there were a few claps of thunder, then the most spectacular sheet- and fork-lightning storm over the mountains to the east, and behind us to the west.

Tuesday 4th was grey and a little wet and the wind west-northwest force 5/6 – sods law as that was the way we wanted to go. It was batten-down the hatches and motor up the coast, until we could make it across to Benitses on the island of Corfu. We then had a good sail across in a lumpy sea and entered the new harbour from the north.

Benitses was once a small fishing village and harbour, and it had a reputation of ill repute in the past – mentioned in a guidebook. We had been told there was now a marina but it appeared to be for local boats and the ferry, but the quay wall has been substantially extended and yachts can berth stern to; as yet there are no lazy lines. We informed the harbour master on Channel 10 that we had anchor problems and he directed us to the head of the marina, where with great skill Brian manoeuvred against a contrary wind and current, to tie up alongside a fishing boat. This was much nearer the town and a great position to saunter up to the very pebbly beach. Good for an overnight stop, especially with the excellent dinner we had away from the sea front.

Our motor back to Gouvia on Thursday 5th September was

enhanced by 'running into' the *QE2* looking very splendid at anchor outside the harbour of Corfu.

In all we covered 168 kilometres from Monday 27th August to Thursday 5th September.

All our Mediterranean trips have been great but this year seemed to me to have something more, something special, I cannot explain. The whole sailing area was so different, and very relaxing, and I hope all our friends have found the same

I hope the above has given a taste of what there is so see around the Ionian Islands.

A final note:

Beware of Cleopatra Marina; *Beowulf* was swept past the Cradle Dock by an unexpected very strong current against the wind, and Bernard had some difficult manoeuvring to reverse in.

SATURDAY 9TH JUNE TO TUESDAY 19TH JUNE

Brindisi, Italy to Gouvia Marina, Corfu

Skipper Bruce Lyster
Crew Deirdre Leonard
David Braithwaite
Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

WEDNESDAY 20TH JUNE TO 3RD JULY

Gouvia Marina, Corfu to Cleopatra Marina, Preveza

Skipper Bernard Corbally
Crew Ken Millington
Maureen Millington
Brian Taylor
Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

SUNDAY 26TH AUGUST TO FRIDAY 7TH SEPTEMBER

Cleopatra Marina, Preveza to Gouvia Marina Corfu

Skippers Eleanor and Brian Cudmore
Crew Gail Varian
Peter Pearson
Phil Pearson
Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

Neil Kenefick writes of the 32nd America's Cup in Valencia

After having the good fortune of being present at the 2003 America's Cup final in Auckland, New Zealand, my already avid interest in this event grew considerably with the announcement of the first European venue for the event since its inception in 1851. Needless to say, I made it an utmost priority to witness as much of this spectacle as I possibly could.

With the exorbitant marina fees that one can expect for such an occasion, I was delighted to be a guest of ACM Director Marcus Hutchinson, for the duration of the Louis Vuitton Cup and the America's Cup final. He is the owner of the 30 sq. metre *Vivi*, which he beautifully restored to former glory in New Zealand.

As with most things, one simply cannot appreciate the America's Cup without experiencing it first hand. The constant buzz around the purpose-built port and the excitement of rubbing shoulders with legends of our sport such as Russell Coutts, Brad Butterworth, Ed Baird, James Spithill and Dean Barker to name but a few. Perhaps the most entertaining moments of all came when the two finalists, Emirates Team New Zealand, and the defenders, Swiss team Alinghi, left their bases each morning to a roaring crowd, the Swiss ringing cow-bells and the Kiwis juggling blow-up sheep, the likes of which is never associated with our sport.

The grandeur of the almost impossibly high-tech boats

themselves escapes ones consciousness with so much other activity constantly going on around.

An invitation from Bruno Troublé to the America's Cup Hall of Fame dinner on the second night of the Cup, was for Iris and I the social highlight of the calendar. Bruno was this year's recipient of the Hall of Fame award in the spectacular surroundings of the Hemisphere of the City of Arts & Science building.

In addition we were joined aboard *Imagine* by two friends John Downey and David Lowry, who had made the trip from Dublin to Valencia by bicycle! After several incidents, including the theft of their bikes on the second night of their journey, the two took the train down from Barcelona to ensure that they reached us on time for the final.

And what an epic final that turned out to be! With so much at stake, and such a controversial recent history between the two teams, the tension around race time was absolutely immense. As a spectacular aerial display by the Spanish and the Swiss Air Corps circulated overhead we battled our way out of the busy harbour with the other several thousand spectators to see the racing up close and personal. But the best place to see the action was in the port itself, in particular, "the woolshed", an empty warehouse with a big screen, which had been commandeered by the Kiwis for the duration of the cup. The passionate support for these folks is unlike anything we have seen since Italia '90!

A Sea-batical in Spain and Biscay

John Delap

Introduction

In 1994, while stormbound in Waterford, we discovered the delightful Wine Vault restaurant near the quays. In addition to delicious food and wine, we were impressed by a wall painting commemorating the man who had established a business on the site in the fifteenth century. His name was James Rice. Born in the mid-1400s, the painting records that twice during his life he made the pilgrimage by sea from Waterford to Santiago de Compostella. He made his first pilgrimage in 1473 and his second in 1486, three years before his death. This information provided us with our first introduction to the Irish connection with Santiago de Compostella, and we marvelled at the dangers and difficulties that Rice must have overcome to make such voyages. No doubt his motives for visiting Santiago were not entirely spiritual – there was clearly a good profit to be made from importing Spanish wine to Ireland.

In the years since we first saw that painting, the Camino de Santiago de Compostella has caught the public imagination, and many thousands of Irish people have walked or cycled all or part of the French pilgrim route, from the Pyrenees to Santiago. But the idea of a pilgrimage “à la Rice” – to sail to Galicia and walk overland to Santiago – stayed with us. We were also impressed by the good experiences of so many Irish sailors who had explored the Rias Baixas and the Rias Altas and reported in glowing terms. The plan formed to sail direct from Ireland to Baiona in Galicia, cruise the rias, walk to Santiago and return by the north coast of Spain and Brittany. However, to make this trip we would need the right boat, sufficient time and a willing crew.

Three years ago we bought the right boat. *Sceolaing*, a 1969 GRP Nicholson 43, has made the journey to Spain on a number of occasions with her previous owners. Dermot Ryan has written about his exploits in ‘Another fine mess’ ICC Annual 1983. We felt that *Sceolaing* needed some work before facing the journey again. She spent last winter in Silver’s boatyard on the Clyde undergoing the equivalent of a ‘face-lift’ – new mast and rig, teak toe-rail, instruments, and varnishing of her mahogany cabin top, to mention the most obvious improvements. Time was the next issue. We reckoned that the trip would take three months to do properly. Ruth was due to finish her contract of employment in May, and she arranged a four month break before taking up a new assignment. Thanks to the cooperation of my colleagues, I was able to take a break of three months. And the crew, our two sons, Hugh and Eoin and Hugh’s friend Niall Gallagher, were willing volunteers to help us get the boat to Spain, provided the dates did not clash with their other commitments. My nephew Colin O’Mahony accepted our invitation as did our old friend Ian Meldon.

We spent the fine early days of June at Silver’s boatyard on the Clyde, commissioning the boat. We were very pleased with the quality of the workmanship and the professional and friendly service of the yard. On the afternoon of Thursday 7 June we cast off, with Eoin and Ian on board, and headed for the lovely anchorage of Lamlash on the isle of Arran. We had

an easy passage to Howth the next day, and we spent the weekend provisioning the boat and attending to all those last minute details associated with a protracted absence from home. We left Howth on Monday 11 June, with Colin on board, and headed for Kilmore Quay where Ian, Eoin and Niall joined us. Our plan was to head as far as 009° west, and then head south to Baiona on the northwest coast of Spain. This course would keep us clear of the continental shelf in the Bay of Biscay, and its notorious seas. On the basis of a reasonable forecast we set off for Spain on Tuesday 12 June in a moderate southwesterly wind. Not long after clearing the harbour the engine was overheating. Ian quickly diagnosed the problem as a lack of water in the engine freshwater system, a problem that was easily fixed. We decided to continue, but with a concern about why, and how fast, the water was leaking from the cooling system. A lumpy sea took its toll on the crew and skipper but spirits were good as we settled into a watch system. Once clear of the land we tacked and sailed west along the coast. The following morning, the Navtex forecast was sobering. There was a risk of a southeasterly gale in Lundy, Fastnet and Plymouth. We were 40 miles south of Kinsale, and as discretion is the better part of valour, we opted to run back for that sheltered and favourite harbour. The crew took it manfully and when the gale came in, all were pleased to be in a safe harbour.

The enforced stay in Kinsale presented its own problems. We had no idea when we would be likely to get away. The five-day forecast was not promising. The weather systems were coming from the southeast, with winds backing to the southwest, not at all the kind of weather for a passage to Spain. Most of the crew decided to return to Dublin and to be on stand-by. Despite our frustration about not being able to get away, we made the most of the attractions and facilities of the town. Family and friends generously entertained us. I located an engineer, who found and fixed the leak in the water cooling system in a few minutes.

Eventually, a southwesterly system came in, with winds backing to the northwest and after ten days waiting, we were away. Because of other commitments, we lost Eoin and Niall from the crew but Hugh, Ian and Colin joined us. At 12.50 on Saturday 23 June the five of us left Kinsale, a few hours behind Kevin Buckley’s *Shogun of Aileach* and Donal and Ann Riordan in *Fand*. It was reassuring to know that others agreed this was the time to go south. We settled quickly into a split watch system at night, which we found to work exceptionally well.

Kinsale to Baiona

For the first two days of the passage, the wind blew on the beam from the northwest, force 4 to 5, making for excellent sailing conditions. We crossed the continental shelf at 22.00 on Sunday 24 June with the crew in good spirits, even those suffering from mal de mer. On Monday night, a significant rise in pressure led to strong winds from the west with gusts of up to 35 knots. With two reefs in the main and much of the genoa rolled, the helm had some work to do. Washboards were fitted.

Sceolaing, as we expected, rode the seas beautifully, with only one wave joining us in the cockpit. By Tuesday afternoon we were approaching the shipping lanes north of Cape Finisterre, and making full use of the new Automatic Information System (AIS) on the chart plotter to locate ships. It proved to be one of the most valuable aids to navigation during the trip. We also celebrated Colin's fifteenth birthday and persuaded him to have his first bite to eat since he left Kinsale! At 18.00 that evening we sighted the Spanish coast, our position confirmed an hour later by identification of the wind farm on Cabo Villano. (The mobile phones starting connecting about the same time as we sighted land.) Tuesday night was spent dodging the numerous fishing boats off the Galician coast. We approached the Ria de Vigo on Wednesday morning in perfect conditions, picking up a mooring at the Monte Real Club de Yates in Baiona harbour just before 08.00 ship's time. We had completed the passage in just under 91 hours. We celebrated with a bottle of champagne, kindly donated by one of our neighbours in Clontarf, and all enjoyed a hearty breakfast.

Rias Baixas and Santiago de Compostella

It did not take long for us to appreciate why Baiona has such a reputation among cruising folk. Its harbour is beautifully situated, the yacht club is magnificent, the staff friendly and efficient and the old town and fortress are charming. Its sandy beaches are clean and sheltered. We soon became devotees of Albarino wines and of the delicious fish dishes served in the local restaurants. We practised our Spanish phrases, (chuckling at the word 'nudos'), and adjusted to the late shopping and eating habits of the Galicians. Before Ian and Colin returned to Dublin, we made our first visit to the nearby Islas Cies and were delighted with the spectacular views of the mainland and ocean, the variety of the birdlife and the beautiful beaches. With Hugh, we visited the vibrant city of Vigo, and took the train to visit the charming medieval town of Pontevedra. We found ourselves drawn back again to the Islas Cies. On the last occasion we were there we found four other Irish yachts, all ICC members, at anchor off Isla Martin – *Saoirse* (Colin Hayes), *Moshulu* (Joe and Mary Woodward) *Belladonna* (Ray and Mary Lovatt) and *Yoishi* (Dan and Jill Cross). We outnumbered the Spanish at anchor!



Sceolaing in Ria de Ares.

On Thursday 5 July, Hugh returned to Dublin via Oporto airport, and Ruth and I decided it was time to move northwards to the Ria d'Arousa. The Azores high was making its presence felt, with fresh northerly winds and good sunshine. We had an exhilarating sail to Cambados, anchoring for lunch off the Playa de Melide on the Isla Ons. With the help of Detlef Jen's excellent cruising companion to north Spain, we made our way through the oyster farms, and over the bar into the channel off the Isla Toya and anchored for the night. The Isla Toya is an expensive resort island, best known as Franco's favourite holiday spot. Early the next morning we counted over 40 small fishing boats working the currents in the narrow channel, dredging for pulpo (octopus). It was confirmation of the passion Spaniards have for fish and fishing. Heading for the town of Cambados, we anchored off the harbour as advised by the cruising guide. The town was well worth the long trip ashore in the dinghy, with much of the medieval town still intact and still lived in. The one casualty of the visit was our camera, which disappeared, including the photos of the passage to Baiona. While Ruth was retracing our route to find the camera, I stayed on board and was visited by a local fisherman, who advised against anchoring where we were for the night, and suggested that we come into the fishing harbour. As a gesture of goodwill, he presented me with a dozen oysters. I thanked him for the oysters and his advice but indicated that we planned to leave that evening for Vilagarcia, further up the Ria. Armed with a dozen oysters but minus a camera, we left Cambados with mixed feelings.

We arrived in the marina in Vilagarcia and were directed to a berth alongside *Starfire*, with skipper Conla Magennis on board. Conla and his crew, Pat and Caroline, helped us prise open and demolish the oysters while we exchanged stories and cruising plans. The following day we left the boat on the marina and began our walk of 50 kilometres to Santiago de Compostella. We eventually located the Portuguese Camino, the pilgrim route that begins in Lisbon and which has been followed by Portuguese pilgrims since the Middle Ages. The route, which was reasonably well signposted with yellow images of the scallop shell, took us through delightful Galician countryside, with tiny farms and small hamlets of granite houses, that appear to have changed little for hundreds of years.

We spent the night in Padron, a pleasant riverside town that is popular with pilgrims, and home of the famous pimentos of the same name, where we enjoyed an excellent meal in the Chef Ribeira restaurant. We were on the camino again at 07.30 the following morning. Much of the first 10 kilometres of this path runs parallel with the busy main road to Santiago and it was disappointing that no concessions had been made for walkers. The next 10 kilometres were delightful, taking us through lovely farmland and forest. Impromptu encounters with two other pilgrims on the route shortened the journey and made us forget, at least temporarily, the aches and pains generated by such concentrated walking.

About 11.00 we were rewarded with a wonderful view of the city of Santiago from a hill top, and we set out with renewed vigour to

complete the last few kilometres. About five minutes later, to our shock, the path disappeared and an enormous man-made ravine opened before us. A motor-way was being constructed across the camino, with no guidance of any kind to the weary pilgrims as to how to continue to Santiago. We picked our way through the earth movers, which were mercifully not operating on a Sunday morning, to the bottom of the ravine, and scratched our heads as to which of three tarred roads we should follow. Just then a cyclist came into view. He looked at us, recognised our predicament and without a word or decreasing speed, pointed to the road we should follow. It is the closest experience either of us has had to meeting an angel! As we wearily walked the additional kilometres to the city, we wondered whether the people who built the roads in Spain communicated with the city authorities whose prosperity depended on the pilgrim trade. We agreed that whatever the faults of development in Ireland, we would not have allowed a twelve hundred year old path be destroyed so easily.

By the time we reached the old part of the city where the cathedral is situated – much of which has not changed since James Rice, pilgrim and wine merchant visited in the fifteenth century – our spirits were revived by the charm of the granite buildings and by the press of pilgrims arriving in the magnificent Praza do Obradoiro by foot and bike, from all over Europe and beyond. We paid our respects to St James in the cathedral dedicated to his name, and after a recuperative meal and bottle of Albarino, limped to the train station to catch a train to Vilagarcia. We promised to return to Santiago to see more of its rich heritage the following weekend when our limbs had recovered. To our chagrin, the train took 45 minutes to cover the distance that we had taken two days to walk!

On Monday we left the marina in Vilagarcia, to our surprise passing the *Arklow Trader* as she unloaded her cargo in the port. We anchored on the northern side of the Ria in a delightful anchorage off the Playa Arena de la Secada. We were enjoying the sight of an excellent crew of oarsmen go through their paces when we noticed one of the huge speed-boats of the Spanish customs approaching. The officers indicated that they wished to come aboard, so we stood to attention on deck to greet them. Galicia is the major route for cocaine smuggling from South America into Europe and the Spanish customs service is a major front line in undermining the trade. We had been following from afar the details of the major cocaine seizure off the Mizen in late June and Ruth had written the name of the catamaran involved *Lucky Day* – which had been impounded in La Coruña the previous day – in capital letters on the notebook on the chart table. As the senior officer engaged me on the details of the boat and our travel plans, the second officer stood by the chart table scanning its contents. We wondered if the reference would be spotted and if it would have any consequences. Fortunately it did not, and the customs officers left in good spirits, having added *Sceolaing* and its crew to their routine surveillance activities.

The next day we departed the Ria de Arousa heading for the Ria de Muros y Noia. We motor-sailed through the difficult Canal de

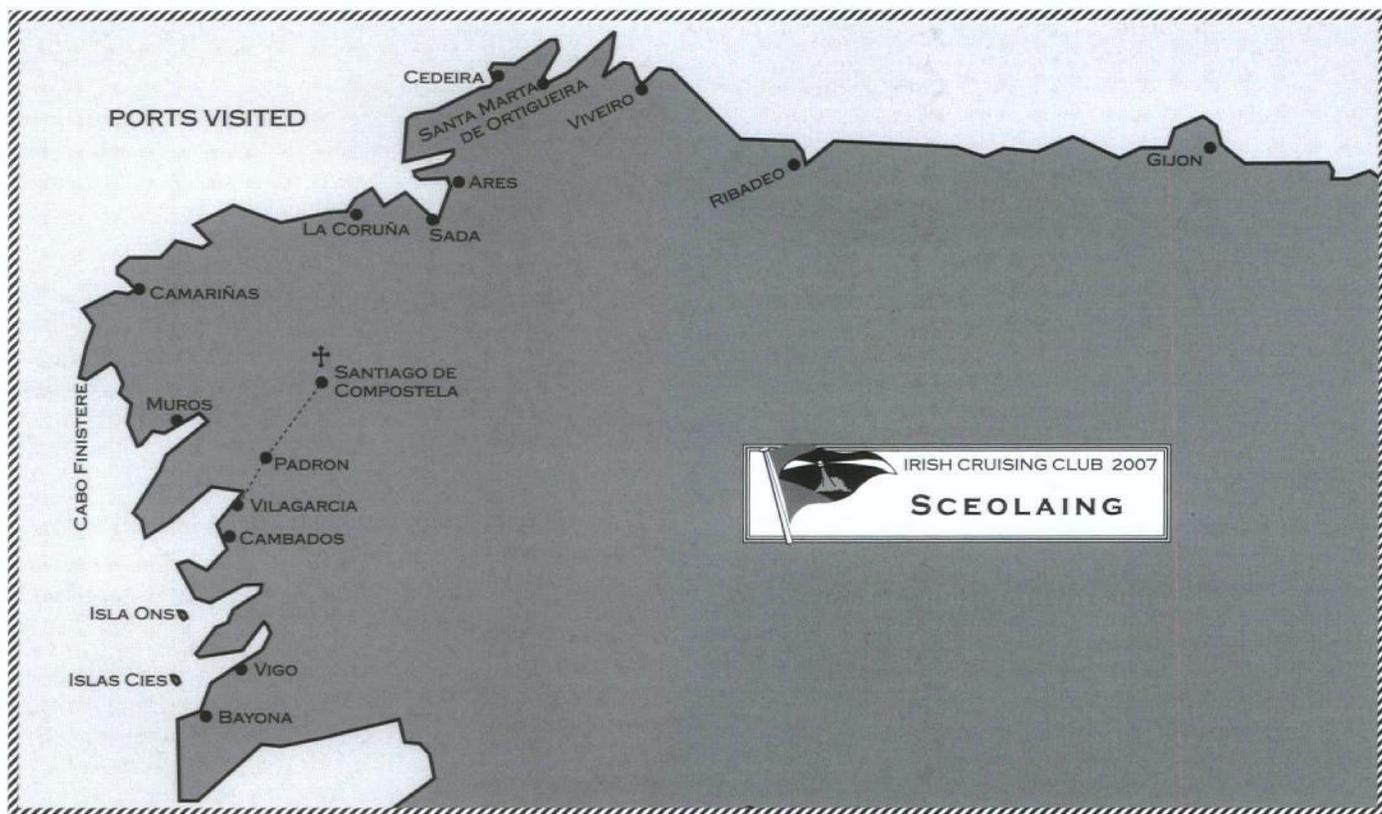
Sagres, as the wind filled in from the northwest. The scenery at the entrance to the Ria de Muros was stunning, reminding us of the Kenmare river on a good day. A superb beat in a northerly 4-5 for the last five miles to Muros made for a memorable day's sailing. We dropped anchor off the harbour and immediately fell for the charm of the town and its bay. We spent two further nights there, taking full advantage of the good weather, the excellent beaches and the warm water.

We left Muros reluctantly on Friday 13 July, for the Ria de Camariñas y Mugia and rounded Cabo Finisterre in calm seas and poor visibility. We headed for the marina in Camariñas so that we could keep an appointment in Santiago de Compostella. As well as wanting to see more of the city, we were also to rendezvous there on Saturday evening with our friend Peter Meldon, who was joining us for a week's cruising. We did not tell him, however, that we'd be cruising the Costa da Morte! We spent a most enjoyable weekend, admiring the remarkable architecture and heritage of the city. On return to Camariñas we found the town en fête, celebrating the annual feast of the Virgin of the Sea. We got little or no sleep that night, as one band exceeded another in the volume of noise they generated in the nearby festival tent.

The celebrations took a different turn the next day, as the young fishermen of the town, dressed in white, danced through the streets with garlands to the sound of Galician pipes and drums. The young men and the musicians then led a procession in which the Virgin of the Sea, in the form of a statue of a beautiful young woman holding her arms out to drowning fishermen, was carried through the town to the harbour, followed by a large crowd. Just as an open-air mass was to begin, the heavens opened and torrential rain rapidly dispersed the congregation. Following the downpour and the mass, the Virgin was brought aboard a brightly-decorated fishing boat and brought out to the entire fishing fleet, where her continuing protection of the fishermen was invoked. On a coastline with such notorious weather, and where so many fishermen lose their lives each year, it is easy to understand the symbolism of this festival. An hour or so later, the fleet returned, and the statue of the Virgin was brought back to her resting place in the church for another year. We decided not to risk a second night



Ruth on helm with yours truly 'keeping an eye'.



of revelry and moved anchorage to outside the harbour in Mugia, followed by Martin Bates and crew in *Dream Catcher*.

On Tuesday 17 July, we left Mugia heading for La Coruña. The wind was a light southwesterly of 10 knots, but there was a very lumpy sea running which precipitated another outbreak of sea sickness. Peter had a most unpleasant introduction to cruising in Spain. A planned stop for lunch on the Islas Sisargas was aborted, and we decided to press on for to La Coruña. However, as we passed the Islas, the wind went to the west, the sea calmed, stomachs settled and we enjoyed a lovely beam-reach to the city that has been so popular with Irish sailors for generations. Disappointed that the yacht club could offer no berth or mooring, we made our way to the Deportiva de Darsena marina, where we were welcomed and directed to a berth. The marina has the advantage of being in the heart of the city, close to the old town, with its attractive squares and excellent walks and beaches. It was in La Coruña that we began to appreciate the Spanish concept of a city in which citizens live close together, but are provided with excellent amenities within walking distance of their homes, and where, in the summer, the city council organises free programmes of music and dance in city squares for the benefit of all. We spent two days exploring the city, enjoying its wonderful paseo marítimo, admiring the view from the top of the Torre de Hercules and the Parco san Pedro, viewing the striking prints by Goya in the Museo des Belas Artes and dining in the magnificent Prazo Maria Pita. Peter was chuffed to discover *Lucky Day* on the marina, its status as an impounded yacht signalled by a thin line of tape from forestay via the shrouds to the backstay.

Rias Altas

On Thursday 19 July, we left the marina hoping to get fuel at the yacht club depot. However, it was not possible at low water. We left without refuelling and headed across the bay for the Ria de Ares. On the recommendation of the cruising companion, we anchored off the town of Ares. The anchorage lived up to its recommendation – sheltered, good holding and the warmest

water (24 degrees) of the trip. The town, while small, offered excellent value in shopping. Warm sunshine and a good meal ashore in the Bitakoura restaurant added to our sense of well being. Next day we sailed the short distance to Sada marina, which, while large by Spanish standards, was one of the most efficient and friendly that we visited. Refuelling was easy. We celebrated Peter's birthday that evening with an excellent meal in the Terraza restaurant in the centre of Sada. The following day, Peter left us by bus for Santiago to catch his plane home. We took advantage of the Carrefour supermarket next to the marina to stock up on Albarino and other stores, and we continued our exploration of the Rias Altas. We decided not to visit El Ferrol, put off by its distinctly military and naval appearance, and association as Franco's birth place. However, it was the port at which pilgrims from Ireland to Santiago de Compostella, such as James Rice, would have embarked and then walked the remaining 100 kilometres to the city.

We arrived in the delightfully wooded Ria de Cedeira at 20.30 and dropped anchor. We might have stayed longer but the forecast indicated that there was a nasty system coming and we decided to head to a more sheltered anchorage. We were attracted by the description of the Ria de Santa Marta de Ortigueira as one of the most beautiful and unspoilt of the rias altas. The drawback is that entry cannot be attempted in an onshore wind, in heavy swell, or at any other time than the last two hours of the flood tide. A quick glance at the day's tides confirmed that we would be able to enter after 09.30 and the wind and sea conditions were favourable. We left Cedeira early, in a light offshore breeze and motor-sailed past the beautiful cliffs of the Cabo Ortogal. We found the narrow entrance to the Ria and, in calm conditions, gingerly made our way over the bar, turned through ninety degrees and ran parallel to the beach heading for the deeper water of the Ria. We both agreed that it was an easier entrance than Wexford harbour! At 11.30 we were anchored in a glorious spot off the Pointa Sismundi, surrounded by mountains and eucalyptus forests. It was by far the most remote anchorage of our trip. Shortly after we anchored, we

noticed the barometer falling rapidly and soon the Navtex predicted a west to northwest gale. We didn't leave the boat on the Sunday or Monday as the wind attempted to flatten the eucalyptus trees on the hills and the rain swirled around us. During the worst of the storm we discovered the excellent Radio Classico, Spain's equivalent to Lyric, which helped to keep up our spirits. By Tuesday the wind had subsided, but there was a huge swell running and enormous waves were breaking over the narrow entrance to the Ria. We admired the bravery of a French crew in an Ovni who made their way through the breaking surf just before high water but decided that the length of *Sceolaing's* keel posed too great a risk in these conditions. Hoping for an improvement at high water the following day, we went ashore and walked up the eastern side of the Ria to the town of Santa Marta, through the dunes and along the beach, admiring the splendid views. The following day the swell had gone down sufficiently to attempt to leave the Ria. Anyone visiting the Ria de Santa Marta should be prepared to spend longer than they expected in its delightful waters!

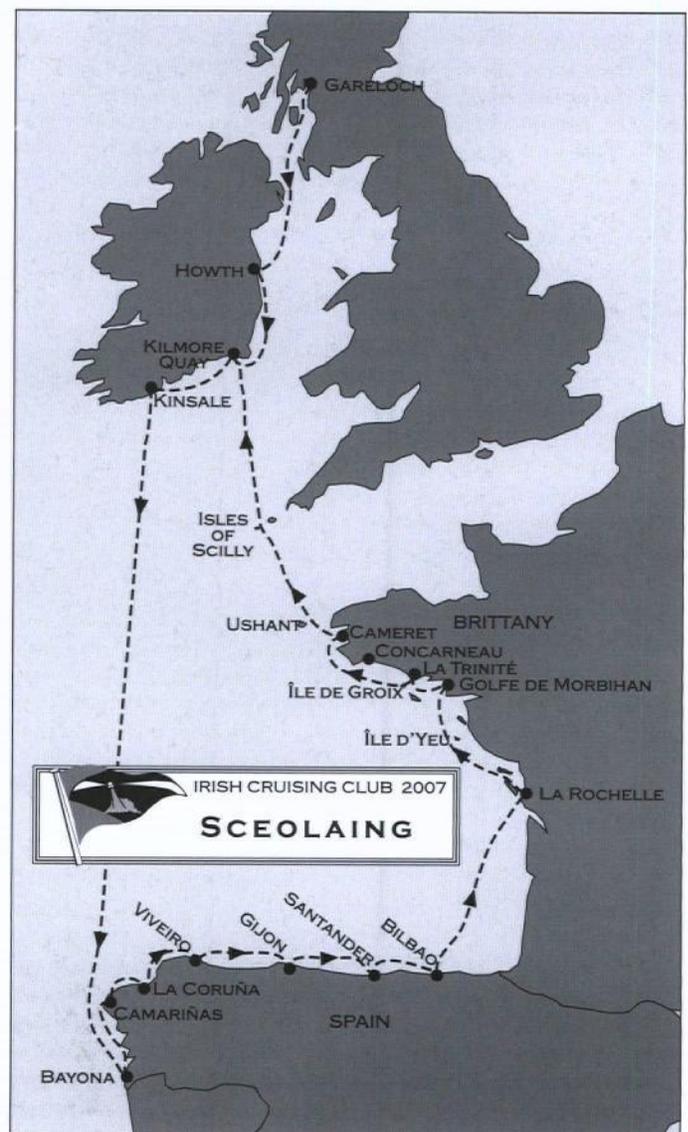
North coast of Spain

Later that day, we rounded the Punta de la Estaca de Bares, Spain's most northerly point and headed for Ria de Viveiro. Before we went in to Viveiro marina, we anchored off the lovely beach, Playa de Abrela, and swam in its warm waters. Viveiro is a beautiful medieval town, with an excellent indoor and outdoor market, and is very popular with Spanish tourists. We would have enjoyed the opportunity to dally in Viveiro, but time was short and after another swim and lunch on the Playa Abrela, we set off for the Ria de Ribadeo. As we made our way along the coast, the northwesterly wind increased to a boisterous force four or five, and a huge sea developed. We had to alter course to avoid collision with a tug towing a small ship on a very long line. The entrance to Ribadeo presented its own challenges as we entered with a large following swell, a buoy that was not marked on our chart plotter, and a ship exiting through the narrow channel under the bridge! Once we were secure alongside, we appreciated the charm of this lovely ria, its twin towns of Ribadeo and Castropol and its passion for lug-sail dinghy racing. The following day we explored medieval Ribadeo, and took the ferry to Castropol and admired the unspoilt eighteenth century architecture of the town which grew rich on trade with Cornwall.

On Saturday 27 July we left Ribadeo heading for Gijon. We were also leaving Galicia and entering the ancient principality of Asturias. There was little or no wind but quite a swell, and we had to motor-sail the whole way. During the passage, there was a worrying noise from the engine, with the gear appearing to disengage or slip from time to time as we surfed down the waves. We wondered if the prop was fouled. Our main reason for going to Gijon was to use it as a base to explore the Picos de Europa, the dramatic mountain range 40 kilometres inland. However, we were pleasantly surprised by Gijon and its marina. Gijon is an industrial city but has beautiful beaches a stone's throw from the city centre and the most lively, outdoor cultural life of any city we visited. The marina is situated in the port in the heart of the city, and its staff were charming and efficient. It is easy to see why it has become so popular with French and British yachts crossing the Bay of Biscay. We spent Sunday clearing the prop of pieces of fishing net, finding our bearings in the city, and swimming from one of its excellent beaches. On Monday we hired a car and drove inland to explore the Picos de Europa, or at least some of the snow-capped mountains in the national park surrounding Congas de Onis and Covadonga. What we saw whetted our appetite to return to see the full mountain range, and walk some of the recommended trails.

On Tuesday 31 July, there was a strong easterly wind blowing, so we decided to stay put in Gijon. We were invited on board Gary and Sue Plume's *Rassy 29* for a drink, heard about their plans to circumnavigate the world, and joined them for a wonderful and emotional performance by the Asturian miners choir in the main square at 22.00. (The Asturian coal miners' had been the first victims of Franco's military oppression).

On Wednesday 1 August we left Gijon in a pleasant north-westerly 3-4, close to low water springs. We had no sooner cleared the harbour than the slipping noises from the gear started again. The fouling on the prop had not been the cause of the problem. Disappointed, we turned back, and followed almost the same track on which we departed. Just short of the harbour entrance, we hit the bottom. Fortunately, she came off and we slowly picked our way into the marina. I then spent a couple of hours trying to locate a mechanic who knew about gears. I tracked one down in the commercial port of El Mussel and he agreed to look at the problem after he finished work that evening. To my relief, he turned up as promised, and diagnosed that the problem was lack of gear oil in the hydraulic gearbox. While the remedy was simple, the question was why was the oil leaking in the first place (this is still not solved as I write). We departed Gijon for the second time at 09.00 on Thursday 2 August, this time with more success, in a light northwesterly, heading for Santander, 55 miles away. The Asturian coastline,





Lucky Day under arrest at La Coruña.

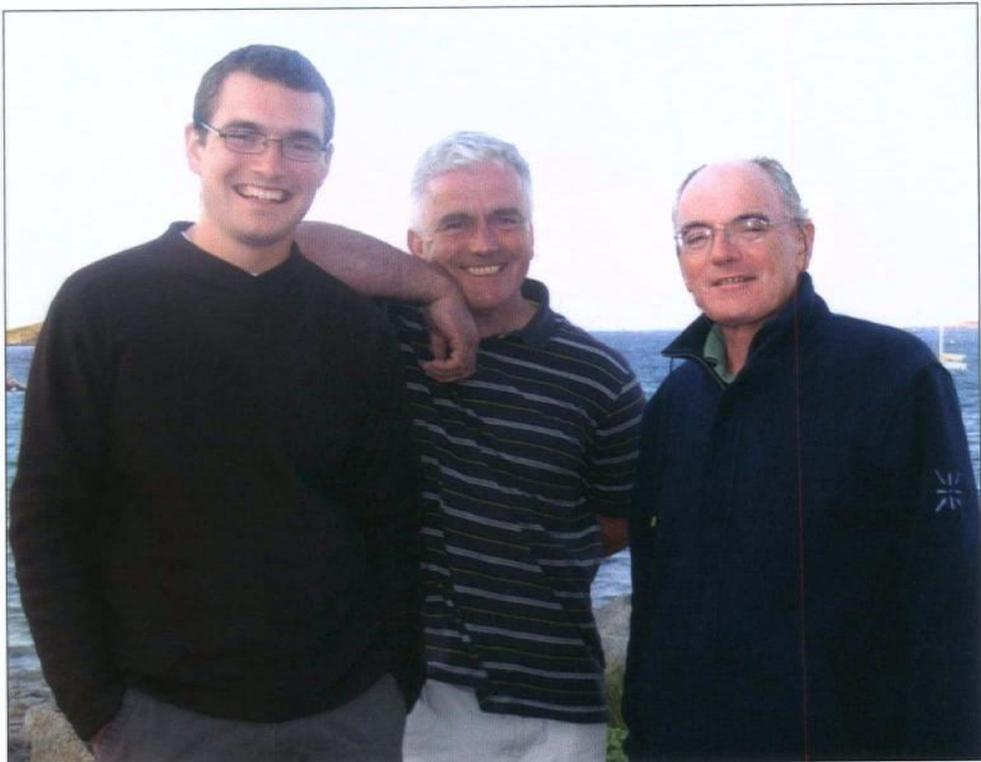
with the Picos de Europa as a backdrop, was superb. The wind picked up sufficiently to fly the spinnaker for two hours but the breeze did not hold and we resumed motor-sailing. At 23.00 we dropped anchor in a lovely anchorage behind the Peninsula del la Magdalena, near the entrance channel to Santander.

We continued eastwards the next day towards Bilbao, our final destination on this coast. We were able to sail close-hauled for the second half of the passage, arriving in the Abra de Bilbao at 18.00. We anchored off Getxo, looking forward to a good night's sleep. However we hadn't reckoned on the local mosquitoes which went about their business with the efficiency and single mindedness for which the Basques are famous. On Saturday 4 August we moved *Sceolaing* to the marina of Real Club Maretime del Abra at Las Arenas, and took the light rail into the city of Bilbao, to visit the Guggenheim museum. The sea breeze in Las Arenas did not penetrate the 10 kilometres up the river to Bilbao and when we reached the centre of the city the temperature was 40 degrees. We made a bee-line for the air-conditioned interior of the Guggenheim and enjoyed its radical and delightful use of space, light and titanium. We were particularly impressed by Richard Serra's steel sculptures depicting different aspects of time, and the accompanying exhibition of the history of steel production in the Basque lands. Armed with anti-mosquito sprays and lotions, we returned to the boat to prepare for night-time battles. While we had a more comfortable night, the blighters were far from exterminated. Sunday was a cooler day, and we spent it sight-seeing in Bilbao, this

time admiring the Guggenheim building from the outside. We explored the charming old town, leaving only as the heavens opened. We were reminded by our guide book that the Basque country has the same annual rainfall as the west of Ireland. The Cadogan Guide to Northern Spain was a valuable companion throughout our trip.

We were keen to cross the Bay of Biscay as soon as possible, but the wet and changeable weather continued over the next two days, and there was a forecast of heavy swell in the sea area of Cantabrico. So we made the most of our time in Las Arenas, enjoying the facilities of the Club and taking a ride in the Puente Colgante, a unique hanging bridge built in 1890, designed to carry passengers and goods across the river while allowing sailing

ships with 30 metre high masts to move freely underneath. On Wednesday 8 August the forecast was for moderate north or northeasterly winds, with no sign of anything more promising over the next few days. Although not ideal conditions for the 180 mile crossing to La Rochelle, we decided to leave, hoping that the swell would moderate as we went north. We put up the number four jib and set off. We were fortunate that the swell did abate, and the weather improved as we moved northwards. We were disappointed that the new auto-pilot chose not to work, which meant longer hours of steering than we anticipated. We crossed fishing boats trolling for tuna, to and fro across the edge of the continental shelf, with lines from long spars suspended at forty-five degrees on either side. Soon afterwards we sighted a whale. With some trepidation, we



Eoin Delap, Ian Meldon and John Delap relaxing at Scilly Isles.

tacked through the exclusion zone off the French coast, hoping that the Navtex information that live firing practice had been suspended for August was correct. As we approached the Ile d'Oléron, the northeasterly wind strengthened and we had an exhilarating fetch along the Ile de Rè in the approaches to La Rochelle. At 19.30 on Thursday 9 August we dropped anchor in the Anse de Loubre, between Ile de Rè and La Rochelle and enjoyed an excellent night's sleep free of pests.

France and homeward

On the advice of those who have been this way before, we decided to avoid the large and popular marina in the approach to La Rochelle, and negotiated entry to the marina in the Bassin des Chalutiers in the centre of town. As a Delap of Huguenot origin, it was a particular pleasure for me to sail back to the city from which my ancestors had been expelled in the seventeenth century. Later we enjoyed an excellent meal of traditional French cuisine in the Entreacte restaurant, followed by jazz worthy of Django Reinhardt from street performers that drew a large crowd.

Over the following weeks we cruised slowly north, taking in L'Ile d'Yeu, the Golfe de Morbihan (a week-long sojourn thanks to poor weather and difficulties in repairing the auto-helm), La Trinité, Ile de Groix, Concarneau, St Evette, Brest and Camaret. Everywhere we visited, we were impressed by the commitment of French yachtsmen to sailing their boats, no matter what the conditions. Rafted alongside on the delightful island of Yeu, we encountered *Fand* with Donal and Ann Riordan from Dublin on board. They had left Kinsale the same day as we had, making landfall in La Coruña, but it was not until now that we had met. We exchanged stories of our adventures over a bottle of Albarino. In Camaret we had a pleasant rendezvous with Ruth's brother and sister-in-law, Colm and Maryrose Barrington, who, after a successful campaign in Cowes, were bringing their motor cruiser *Blue Velvet* to Bordeaux in good time for the start of the rugby World Cup. We joined them for drinks on board *Blue Velvet* and exchanged our summer stories, followed by a delicious meal in the Hôtel de France on the waterfront.

Ian Meldon and our son Eoin joined us in Brest for the passage home, through the Chenal du Four and via the beautiful Isles of Scilly. While in Scilly, we made a return visit to the magical Abbey Garden on Tresco, and marvelled that such a sophisticated garden had been developed in such an exposed place. With time pressing, we left New Grimsby Sound at 09.30 on Thursday 30 August, to cross St George's Channel with north or northwest winds forecast. We kept open the option of



An interesting group of fishing boats at Muros.

landfall in Kinsale or Kilmore Quay until we saw what the wind and sea were like. As it turned out, there was more west than north in the wind and we headed for Kilmore. We motor-sailed much of the day, but late that evening the 'disengaging' noises from the hydraulic gear box were heard again and we had to continue under sail. As we approached the coast, it was a pleasure to pick up the outline of the Blackstairs mountains and the Hook peninsula, in much the same way as James Rice must have done returning to Waterford from his travels 600 years ago. We sailed into Kilmore harbour under jib, with the engine ticking over, and went alongside without having to engage the engine. The following day, we made the final leg of the journey to Howth, pleased to have returned home safely but sad that our sea-batical was at an end.

Our trip was a happy coincidence of pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella and a journey to cruising haunts that were new to us, in Galicia, Asturias, Vendee, Brittany, and the familiar Isles of Scilly. We returned enriched by everything we saw and experienced. For all the diversity and difference we encountered, we were impressed by how much those communities that live close to this part of the Atlantic have in common. We are particularly grateful to our crew for making our journey possible.

Distance sailed	– 2310 miles
Nights at sea	– 8
Nights at anchor	– 34
Nights on marinas	– 36
Nights ashore	– 2

Paul Butler writes of *Muglins'* early Scottish Cruise

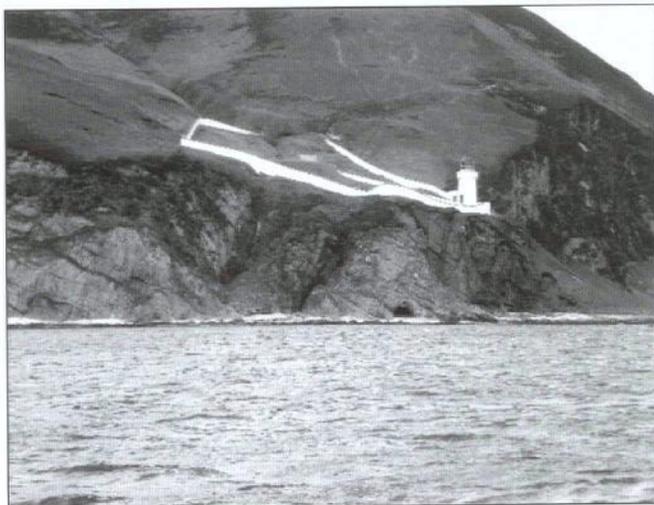
For Whit this year I had a limited (in numbers only) crew consisting of Don McCarthy, Leo Sheehan and myself. Not having been to

Scotland for all of four years, I decided on an early visit for a leisurely two weeks. The cruise was intended to be loosely based on a cruise of twenty years earlier on *Arandora*. (1987 Annual) a Dublin Bay 24.

We left Dun Laoghaire just ahead of the flood on Thursday 24th June at 23.00 and had an uneventful overnight passage (our only one) up to Bangor. It had been our intention to join the I.C.C. rally to Gigha but, as we headed north on Saturday we faced an increasing wind from the northeast and it was felt (rightly as it transpired) that the anchorage at Gigha would be most uncomfortable and, so, we diverted to the west for Islay. There, in Port Ellen, we found that a new mini marina had sprung up offering power and perfect shelter from the north-east.

Monday 28th found us enjoying a quiet sail through the Sound of Islay and on to Colonsay where we had a good meal in the Hotel. Near our alongside-berth, we met a pair of RN sailors doing round-the-clock recording of tidal information, for the British Admiralty. Next day we had intended to leave Mull to starboard but wind made the other side the preferred choice, and we arrived at Dunstaffnage Marina that afternoon. Facilities have been extended and improved here (including the provision of a bath, unique in my experience of marinas), but they persist in requiring visitors to enter the reception via the landward side of the buildings, causing a considerable detour. Dinner in the nearby 'Wide Mouthed Frog' was excellent – as was breakfast the following morning; after which we proceeded across and up the Sound of Mull to Tobermory. Again, we were surprised and pleased to find, when about to pick up a mooring, that another mini-marina had sprung up on the southeast corner, where there used to be a pontoon for tenders. That evening we had beautiful seafood in the Anchorage Restaurant.

On Thursday 31st we left Tobermory heading north, and as we passed the Point of Ardnamurchan, we were being buzzed by fighter jets, I made a mental note to acquire some heather, we had a glorious sail up to the Sound of Sleat, and we arrived at Isle Ornsay on Skye on at 17.00. We had another great dinner in the local hotel. We finally headed south on Friday. Because of predicted heavy winds for the following days we decided to return by the inshore route and to make Tobermory



McArthur's Head.



Research on Islay.

our first stop. It was, however, a glorious day and as we were passing at lunchtime we decided to dine on the Isle of Eigg, where we dropped our anchor at 12.45. We had a happy couple of hours ashore, where we had pints with our ploughman's lunches. We left at 14.30 and tied up in Tobermory 3 hours later – in plenty of time for pints in the Mishnish and another fine meal in the Anchorage Restaurant.

So comfortable were we, with bad weather outside, that we took a rest day here the following day.

Oban on Sunday June 3rd provided another new marina, just across the water at Kerrera island. Great facilities with a free ferry service across to the town. We didn't avail of this as there was a wonderful tented seafood restaurant ashore where we enjoyed oysters followed by seared tuna. On Monday June 4th we sailed with little wind but great tide down the Sound of Kerrera and the Sound of Lung, before travelling up to Ardfern amid spectacular scenery. We took the next day's tide down to Gigha where we arrived in plenty of time to visit and enjoy the wonderful gardens. Here we took up a morning, but the wind which had followed us all the way from Ardfern made our berth a little uncomfortable. Dinner in the hotel was disappointing but we consoled ourselves with a few drinks.

We left Scotland on Wednesday 6th and made Glenarm our Irish landfall. We arrived in Glenarm in glorious sunshine. A pleasant feature of Glenarm was the colony of black guillemots occupying niches in the harbour wall, and they appeared to be quite unconcerned with the yachts in the marina, or the people walking on the harbour walls overhead. Don's paternal grandfather had taught in the local school there up to 1898. After just a little research, we found the very building and photographed Don outside, for his Aunt. On our way to Ardglass the following day we fouled the prop with a net which I was unable to remove. No sooner had we limped into Ardglass, however, than we found a diver who dressed up, and did the job. He refused to charge but a compromise was managed! Here we also met fellow ICC member John Ley and his wife, Angela.

As we headed for home the next day, we had telephone contact from John Ley who was en route to the Isle of Man, and had managed to pick up a rope around his propeller. He was hoping that we were still in the vicinity of Glenarm, and that we might be in a position to render some assistance, but we were by then quite close to home, and were assured that he was on course for a safe return to Glenarm. We arrived in Dun Laoghaire on Friday 6th June at 20.15. A cold but interesting start to the season, the only antidote being that, in La Rochelle in August we were asked what was the dead vegetation doing tied to our pulpit!

A Wet and Windy Season

Cormac McHenry

While this log will not be a continuous whinge about last season's weather, nevertheless it had a big bearing on my cruising from the beginning of May until the end of August.

Island Life wintered afloat in La Rochelle, in the Bassin des Chalutiers in the centre of the city. The basin is entered through a lock and a swing bridge and is totally protected from the weather. We very much enjoyed our occasional visits to La Rochelle over the winter, except for the weather which, from the end of September, was colder, wetter and windier than at home in Ireland.

The only drawback to our berth, as we discovered after some months, was that the power to boats automatically switched off after twentyfour hours. This meant that dehumidifiers and heaters went off, with the result that we got some mildew on board for the first time ever. The Harbour Master said that this was an insurance requirement which applied to the whole marina network in France. That does not seem to be the case, as the only other place in which it happened was Pornichet (Brittany) and there were warned of the switch-off. If the Harbour Master is correct, and if it applied throughout France, it may no longer be a country which could be considered for winter lay-ups.

La Rochelle to Rochefort

At the beginning of May, Barbara and I left La Rochelle, and sailed to Rochefort, just a few miles down the coast, a most pleasant place with very friendly staff. I had the boat lifted there for a quick clean of the hull. The lift-out was by crane which required that the back stays be freed off.

After Barbara flew home, direct to Dublin from Bordeaux, I visited a number of the islands in the area before reaching the south coast of Brittany. First, St. Denis on the Ile D'Oléron, where the first of the wind which was to be with me for most of the summer, started with some very violent gusts. Eventually I left and got to Les Sables D'Olonne in very heavy rain and mist after a very tough trip, over a confused and rough sea. It was a close reach the whole way and to make good progress I motor-sailed. One crash from down below was my new lap-top being thrown onto the floor of the cabin. Needless to say the job of making a fixture had not been completed. Fortunately it was switched off at the time and survived.

It took two attempts to get away from Les Sables D'Olonne to the Ile d'Yeu, where I had a very pleasant few days, during which I covered the whole island by local bus. While I was there Anne Doherty (ICC) made a call to the island, having collected her new Sun Odyssey 36i Cuan Mod at the start of her delivery cruise to Westport.

Next stop was Pornichet, through the narrow channel between the spar buoys of Les Trouves and Les Evens. Both buoys are very small and difficult to pick out, but my compass course was spot on and I got in without difficulty. Barbara arrived by Ryanair to Nantes and then train, an easy trip. One evening while we were there, we had a full storm, 50 knots + on the anemometer. We visited Le Croisic and Nantes by bus and train. Le Croisic is quite pleasant on shore but I was glad I had

not tried to sail in, the berthing area is small and the approach channel is narrow and shallow.

A quick flip home with Barbara, for various activities, followed. I took the opportunity while there to book a berth in Rota for the winter. This, like all such contacts I have attempted with Spanish Puertos Deportivos, was prolonged and frustrating. "No hablo ingles", no replies to emails, "el oficio es cerrado" (closed) etc. etc. all I feel designed to put you off, but I persisted and was rewarded with a 30% discount off the winter rate if I paid before the end of September. I had gone to Rota, in the Bay of Cadiz, by bus from Seville during a previous winter, and decided to try there rather than return to Real Club Nautico de Sevilla, as Rota is on the sea and there is the possibility of some sailing over the winter, which one cannot do from Seville, which is a day's trip up the Guadalquivir river with the tide, and a two-day trip back down.

On my way back to Nantes I met Peter (ICC) and Helena Courtney of *Jabberwock* on their way to Vannes in the Golfe du Morbihan, and they kindly diverted via Pornichet to deposit me on *Island Life*. After a few days I followed them to Vannes. I had never been to that inland sea before, and even though it was dull and drizzly it provided interesting scenery and navigation. Vannes is a lovely old town, and the Courtneys and I shared restaurants and dodged showers, but could not dodge the rain as the barometer dropped and dropped. Eventually I made a break for it while Peter and Helena made more and more crew changes via the mobile phone. (They were there for what they had planned as a short stop, before taking *Jabberwock* back to Howth).

Across the Bay of Biscay

On 27 June I headed from Port du Crouesty, at the entrance to the Morbihan, straight across the Bay of Biscay for Bilbao with a deadline of being in time for arriving grandchildren. The wind was northwest force 6 gusting 7 and a horrible sea got up. After midnight, having stayed at force 6 all day, the wind gradually dropped. There was not much shipping about, just two groups of three trawlers, spread out across my course. I certainly did not feel like eating anything, just water and my emergency HobNob biscuits. Eventually a lovely sunny morning arrived, which turned into a glorious, hot, sunny afternoon, recorded in the log as "the best day so far this year"!

The second night was flat calm, warm with a full moon. I was motoring, but slowed down because even though the entrance to Bilbao is very easy, I prefer not to arrive in the dark if I can avoid it. By mid-morning I was fuelled up, and had been allocated a berth by Alvarro Basterra who had looked after us so well on our Basque cruise. The Club was as good and welcoming as last year, and even though I had arrived ten days before Barbara I was glad to be there, because the Bay continued to be very windy and rough and the one or two other boats which arrived over that period, had quite unpleasant passages. The Club was a great place for the grandchildren, with the swimming pool and the protected harbour for sailing excursions.



In Bayona, Peter Blake (RCC, author of "Heavy Weather Sailing" flies a big white ensign. *Island Life* could not compete.

After that I headed west, and did 65 miles or so past Santander and into San Vicente de la Barquera, with an easterly wind behind me. It is a most attractive harbour, with no water at low tide, but a Spanish resident directed me to a pool near the bridge. I did not get it quite right, I probably had too much chain out, so I went aground during the night at low tide. However I had no problems and the following morning headed west to Gijon, where I arrived after dark. Thence to Ribadeo, followed by a long, hard slog, wind on the nose up to 26 knots and into Ria del Barquero, my favourite anchorage in all of Spain, but it was blowing hard, much harder than I had ever had it in such a protected ria, so I moved over to the east side first, and back to the west side for protection for the evening. I had intended to go into the little harbour of Vicedo on the east side, to see what it was like, but it was blowing too hard for me. Being single-handed, narrow entrances and harbour walls are difficult when you have no crew to handle lines and fenders.

I had hoped to get to La Coruña before the strong afternoon winds set in, but it was 18.30 before I got into the new marina there, a very nice place on the sea side but the shore facilities are still pretty basic. I gather local politicians are still impeding the construction of a new sanitary/administration block. While I was there Andy (ICC) and Paddy McCarter arrived in *Gwili 3*, having had a pretty rough passage out, so they were staying for a few days after I left for Camaret. I went through the Islas Sisargas channel exactly as described in the Pilot. It is supposed to be 400 metres wide, but certainly did not look like that. Rounding Cabo Villano I went in too close, and was warned to go out further by a fisherman. I finally anchored outside the harbour in 7 metres in Ria del Camarinhas, after

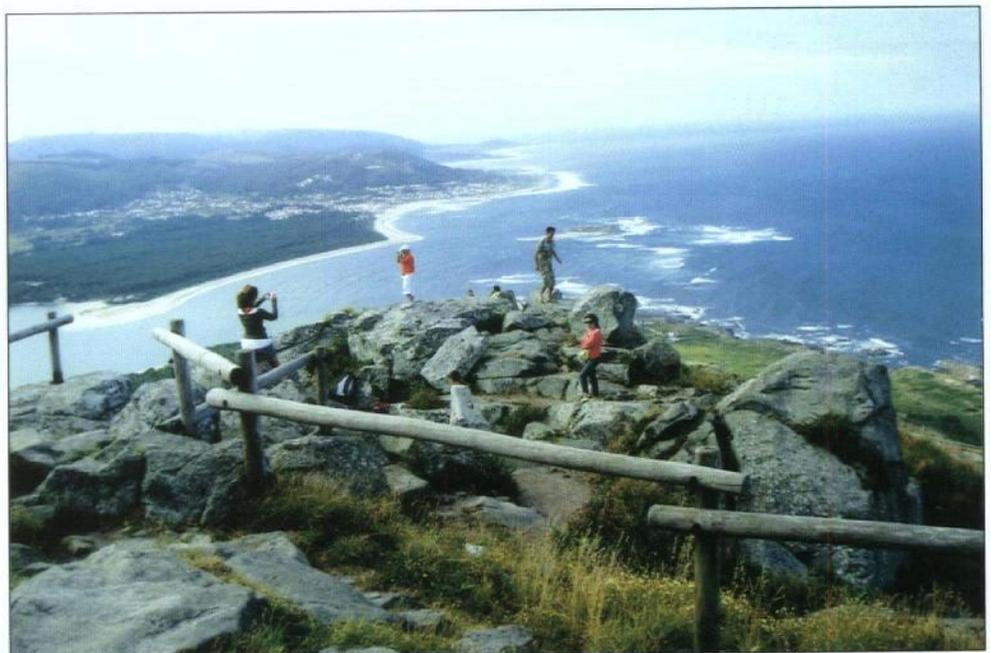
a lovely day, and had an absolutely calm night, not a movement.

Rounding Cabo Finisterre, I decided to anchor where I had been before, off the small harbour of Isla Salvora. The wind got up, strong and gusty, and with rocks all round I decided to get out. I threaded my way through the rocks (the ones I could see!) and anchored off the beach at Santa Eugenia de Riveira in 8 metres. It was a rough night. I had intended to go slowly to Bayona but an invitation to dinner from Joe Woodward changed my plans, so on past Isla Ons and Islas Cies, and I arrived at El Monte Real Club de Yates de Bayona to be greeted by Joe and Mary Woodward and Peter Haden.

Peter was there for the annual Rally organised by Alfredo Lagos, as were a number of other ICC members including Flor Long. There was also a bigger group of Royal Cruising Club members,

including Peter Blake, author of "Heavy Weather Sailing", flying the biggest white ensign I have ever seen on a yacht. Alfredo invited me to join the bus tour he organises down to the Rio Minho, the border between Spain and Portugal. From the hill overlooking the river there is a great view of the entrance which looks very tricky, obstructed by islets and small rocks, with the tortuous channel on the Portuguese side. I will continue to pass it by on my way down that coast!

Barbara arrived in Santiago direct from Dublin, and we went by bus to Oporto and had a tour around Taylors, an old family owned company with whom we claim some (very vague!) connections. It is a lovely old city, much easier to visit by land than by boat as the entrance is difficult, and the mooring facilities poor to non-existent. Off again and into Lexios where I dragged all over the place until, after about six attempts, I got a hold off the little "beach" beside the Yacht Club de Porto. A



The entrance to the river Mino, border between Spain and Portugal. Not to be tackled lightly.

disturbed night, I maintained anchor watch every half hour until 03.00 when the wind dropped, and I felt secure enough to sleep until 07.00. A fine morning but the Navtex forecasts did not look good so I moved into the marina. On and into Figueira da Foz, where I had expected shelter in the lee of the headland north of the harbour. Instead I was hit by violent gusts, up to 46 knots (pity it did not hit 47 knots, then I could have claimed to have sailed in a storm!)

The marina was full, but Andy MacCarter, who had been there for a couple of days, persuaded them to find me a berth. I had been told to anchor off the end of the reception quay when I arrived, and in moving I first damaged my gel coat taking up my anchor, then damaged a stanchion making a very amateurish entrance to the berth. To settle my nerves Andy and Paddy provided dinner on *Gwili 3*.

With further delays due to weather I got down to Peniche, then on to Cascais with a forecast of northwest 5/6 but when I got there it was gusting 40-plus knots. I had all sorts of problems with the mariners as I tried to fuel up before going to my berth, so much so that I made a formal complaint to the Director of the Marina before I left.

A few days later I headed down, in very light winds, via a night in Sines (marina full), around Cabo San Vicente, and into Lagos as night fell. A night or two later I had dinner with our Vice-Commodore David and Meta Tucker who intend to winter *Intrigue* there.

The boat yard, Sophomar, looks excellent and everyone spoke highly of it.

Then east again, for a night anchored off the breakwater of Faro harbour, quite a roll as I was lying across the wind. I had stayed outside because the channel looked narrow, but on closer inspection as I left next morning, there were a number of boats anchored in it just north of the lighthouse and it would probably have been a more comfortable anchorage than the one outside.

Friday 31 August I left for my final sail of the cruise, across the Bay of Cadiz towards Chipiona. It was a flat calm morning, not a zephyr. I made a slight alteration of course to bring me straight to Rota, my ultimate destination which I reached in lovely sun and a flat sea.



Oporto is certainly worth a visit, preferably by road.

Wandering around Rota I found it to be bigger and better than I had expected from my previous visit. The marina was completely full, boats were being turned away even for one night but with my reservation I had no problem. I have left *Island Life* in the water and perhaps I may be able to get down and do some sailing over the winter. A day or two after I had tied up, I experienced a "levanter", the very strong winds that come out of nowhere with no warning. It was gusting up to 50 knots and in some of the more exposed berths (those closer to the entrance) boats were getting quite a pounding. However, the berth I have been allocated is very close to the quay and well-protected. The airport at Jerez is quite convenient for Rota and one can also use Seville from which you can get flights direct to Dublin for some of the year.

It was a long and at times frustrating (weather-wise) cruise from France down to Spain, but having no time pressures other than arriving in various places before Barbara, and having no crew flights to worry about, it went well. I felt very lucky that I had not had this year's weather last year, going up the same coasts for our Basque Rally. All the marinas on the coast of Portugal and Spain were full of yachts attempting to go north and back to ports in the UK. Many of them are probably still there!

"There's plenty of room to sit upright", said Davies, reassuringly." Some people make a point of head-room, but I never mind about it. That's the centre-board case", he explained as my knee came into contact with a sharp edge.

(*Riddle of the Sands*, Erskine Childers 1903).



The anchorage at Ria de Aldan.

Cliff Hilliard writes of sailing in Spain, West Cork and Croatia

In Spain with Richard Cudmore on *Toirse*, Sun Odyssey 37, in late June. Explored the Rias in Galicia from Muros to Bayona. Got some very good sailing. Met Colin Hayes and crew of *Saoirse* in Villanova and Joe and Mary Woodward of *Moshulu III*, with Declan Scott, in Bayona. We covered about 200 miles in 10 days.

This area is now well known to ICC members. We made a few discoveries:

- In Ria de Muros, the Yacht Club in Portosin is particularly attractive, and well equipped with restaurant and laundry facilities. A breakwater and marina are being installed in Freixo, but access is restricted at present by mooring buoys.
- In Ria de Arosa, the pontoons at Isla Taxa have been removed, perhaps we were too early in the season? O.Grove proved to be a more attractive town than we had assumed, with good shopping.
- In Ria de Pontevedra, we got replacement batteries in Sanxenxo, delivered promptly by a stylish lady in a new BMW 650! A marina is going into Cambarro, which could become a good place to change crews, as it is only

35 minutes by car from the airport in Santiago de Compostela.

- The Ria de Aldan turned out to be a lovely overnight anchorage, well sheltered in the south west corner by land and mussel rafts, to calm any sea outside.

July and August was spent pottering in West Cork, on my own boat, *Sea Sprite*, based in Glandore. Very enjoyable it was too, with some lovely weather and sailing mixed up with more broken skies.

In late August, I joined non-ICC friends from Dublin, on a chartered Jeanneau 49 in Croatia, starting from Split. We went south for the first few days, visiting Milna, Vis and Korcula. Then sailed north to Hvar, staying overnight on the Pakleni Island marina, and passing Sibenik, went on up the gorge to Skradin, where we went to see the waterfalls and some of the very attractive National Park. Then out to the Burren-like Kornati Islands, anchoring overnight at Uval Lopatica, before moving on around the top of Kornat to Zut. Here we were storm-bound for an extra day, but escaped to have a storming sail south, (wind speeds up to 45 knots) to Trogir. Next day to Split, where we toured Diocletian's Palace and the other historic sights.

It was a great two weeks, with good sailing, swimming, company, food and wine, lovely towns, and beautiful scenery. We covered just over 300 miles.

Alchemist in the Footsteps of Odysseus

Robert Barker

Leaving Dublin

Saying farewell to a wet, stormy and chilly, Dublin towards the end of June was no hardship for any of us. The crew, Pat and Robert Barker, Catherine and Bill Walsh, John McSweeney and Mary Russell, were sporting, for a variety of reasons, a collection of throbbing heads and stressed bodies, and were all aching for a few weeks of unrelenting sunshine, dappled waters, and Mediterranean cuisine on board *Alchemist*. Pat, John and I flew Ryanair to Malta, for less than half the price Air Malta used to charge. Having unwound ourselves from our mini seats, designed for passengers with little legs and packed lunches, we stood and purred in the doorway of the aircraft, as the balmy rays soaked into our vitamin-D starved pores.

Alchemist was waiting for us in the Grand Harbour, Valetta. The intense heat had started to melt the caulking. The next few days were spent getting *Alchemist* ready for our trip. Four new domestic batteries were installed, and the stickiest parts of the caulking, including the entire cockpit were replaced. We polished, scrubbed, checked lines, and tested equipment, and then loaded up with supplies and gear for our three-week trip in search of the Odyssey. The Odyssey is Homer's epic poem about the ten year journey home of Odysseus (called Ulysses by the Romans) after the Trojan War.

The island of Gozo in Malta was where Calypso seduced Ulysses, and kept him for two years of connubial bliss. We left Valetta Harbour in Malta at 06.00 on 1st July and had a pleasant 20 knot northwest wind to take us across towards Sicily, the Land of the Cyclops. After four hours sailing, the wind dropped and we engaged the donkey and noticed that our speed was poor. We worried about de-compression or a fouled propeller, but the seas were too rough to stop and send a diver down to check for a fouled prop. As we approached Marzamemi around 16.00, we cut the engine, in flatter seas, and I dived down with a savage-looking bread knife gripped between my newly crowned gnashers. I found great wedges of nylon rope around the propeller, and did a Herculean job with the bread knife to remove it all. We all had a swim in the 37°C afternoon heat, and pulled into the old marina of Marzamemi. The fee was the cheapest we encountered at €35 and the welcome was friendly and enthusiastic.

The Land of the Cyclops

Sicily was Ulysses' first stop after his sojourn in the Land of the Lotus Eaters, and there he met the Cyclops Polyphemus, who started eating up his men two at a time. Ulysses gouged out his single eye, and then he and the remaining men escaped, by hanging under the bottom of his sheep. The blinded Polyphemus was enraged at their escape, and hurled gigantic rocks towards the sound of Ulysses' retreating taunts. These rocks now form the Cyclops Islands off the east coast of Sicily. Additionally, Polyphemus' Da, Poseidon, was a tad peeved at this bullying of his little lad, and did everything he could to stop Ulysses from getting home. We saw no evidence of Poseidon's wrath and had a nice gentle sail up past these islands

to Riposto, leaving at 06.00 and getting there at 16.30, just as Bill and Catherine screeched to a halt in their hired car. Riposto is a modern and newly extended marina, which is efficiently run. The town is charming with excellent supplies and an unspoilt environment. We found it useful to telephone ahead and reserve our place in the popular resorts. Where the telephone number is different from that given in the Pilot, the updated number is given in this log. Next day we did the short leg up to Messina, and spent a pleasant evening at a local restaurant along the docks. The Volvo agent was eventually located the following day, with the help of Catherine's expert Italian, and we got new seals for the water pump, which had developed a leak, and topped up the oil, before setting out through the dreaded Messina Straits, hoping to catch the 16.00 tide.

We had a bumpy passage through, and the wind was 25 knots on the nose which made it somewhat uncomfortable. However, we saw no sign of either Scylla or Charybdis, who, as recounted in the Odyssey, inhabited either side of the Strait. These two erstwhile gorgeous dames annoyed Circe, and she transformed Scylla into a monster with six horrible dogs growing from her bottom. A bit embarrassed at these unlovely additions to her anatomy, she moved into a cave on the Italian side, and the dogs attacked and devoured seafarers who ventured close. Charybdis was turned into a monster who, three times a day sucked in vast quantities of sea water, and fed on anything caught in her whirlpool, on the Sicilian side of the Strait. These legends were based on some truth, but the whirlpool and the growling williwaws seem to have been tamed after a volcanic eruption in the 17th century. In any event, we saw no sign of anything other than the ferocious tide through the Straits, and the seismic wind shifts that might be expected in such a confined space.

Towards the home of the Sirens

The coast just north of Scilla is pretty well sheer, with mountains coming straight down in to the sea, giving very deep coastal fringes. We found a fairly sheltered 8 metre sandy bottom at Bagna Calabria, and dropped the hook for the night. It was a bouncy and uncomfortable night, with an onshore wind increasing from about 05.00 until it was 27 knots by 06.00. So we upped the anchor and headed north, into a darkening sky and a noser, for Tropea. By 08.45, we were thoroughly wet and there was some mal de mer, so we pulled into Giaio de Taureo, where we got a very unfriendly greeting. We saw the first evidence of an extraordinarily well-equipped Italian fleet of coastal protection vessels, with enormous support offices. The fishery and coastal protection fleet occupied an entire wall of this very well-sheltered harbour, and the local private marina is situated opposite. An official in a very elaborate uniform shooed us away from the military moorings, and pointed us towards the fairly crammed marina. We spotted a small gap and reversed towards it. No sooner had we tied up than a very irate Italian, with height in inverse proportion to the size of the mountain of bile he poured over us, came grunting along. We



Robert clearing fouled propeller, Sicily.

explained that we only wanted to stand down for a couple of hours, but he wasn't having any of it. So we just smiled sweetly, and pointed at our watches and made hand gestures that could have made no real sense to him or us! He eventually gave up on us, and grunted back up the pontoon. We left at 15.30 and hit the wind outside – still 25 knots on the nose with a very lumpy sea. We broke-out the sails and tacked slowly around Cabo Vatticano and made our way into Tropea, which was welcoming, reasonably priced and with laundry, showers and a nice restaurant. We stayed there for a day, walked up the 200 steps into the old town, had a mooch around, and a nice lazy lunch at a local bar.

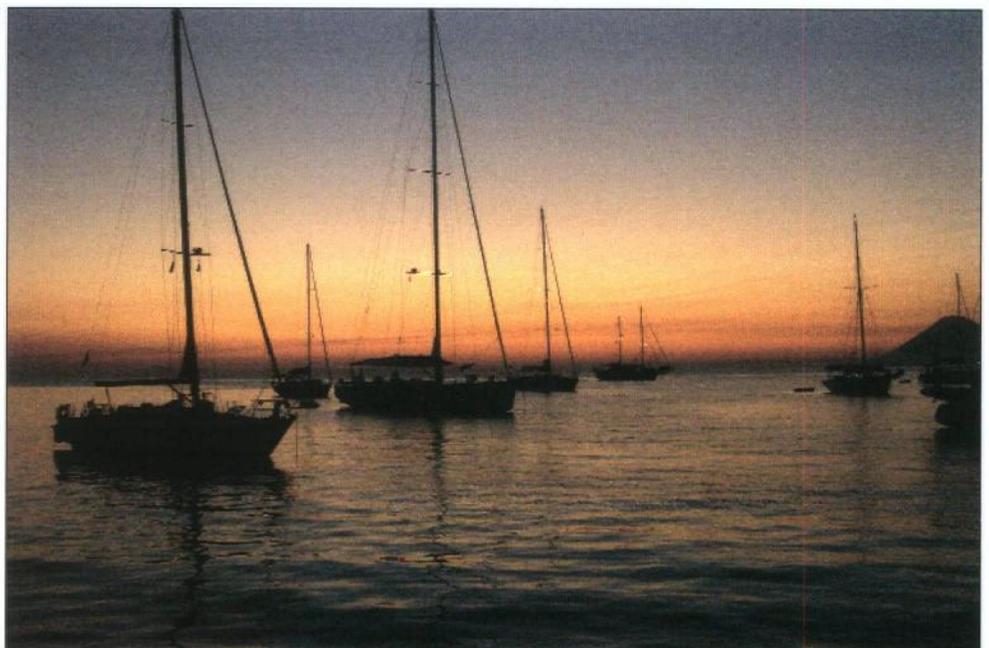
8th July, we set sail for Cetraro, which is a public harbour run by a local ormaggiatario. We named him Mr. Spaghetti as he looked as if he consumed it by the bucketload. He buzzed around the pier on his Lambretta, and tied us up officiously, with much loud Italian gesticulation. We asked him how much for the night, and he gave us the Killarney jarvie line. We looked blank, and got a signal from a French boat that €25 would be generous. He gave fulsome praise to a local restaurant and recommended it for dinner. Later, when we wandered up to the dusty, rather faded, seaside town, we spotted the object of his enthusiasm. We sat down and had a drink served by Mrs. Spaghetti who was soon joined by himself. They were persistent and hovering, and the ambience was quiet, run-down and



Bill Walsh – Tuna caught off Stromboli.

itchy. They both sat opposite us and waited for us to order food. Soon, an equally bucolic and enormous younger version of Mr. Spaghetti arrived on yet another Lambretta, and waited in silence for us to make a move. At this stage the itching was getting intense as the mosquitos rounded up for the final assault. We beat a hasty retreat back to *Alchemist*, and had a sundowner in the cockpit while Catherine cooked our dinner. As we ate it, Mr. Spaghetti and son roared up along the quay, jumped off their Lambrettas, inspected us balefully, and then shot back the way they had come. We couldn't find it in our hearts to feel sorry for him, but we had an uneasy sense of guilt.

Next day, we motored in calm conditions north for 25 miles to Porto Maratea. (0973 877 307). En route we spotted a turtle paddling lugubriously past and we slowed down to quietly

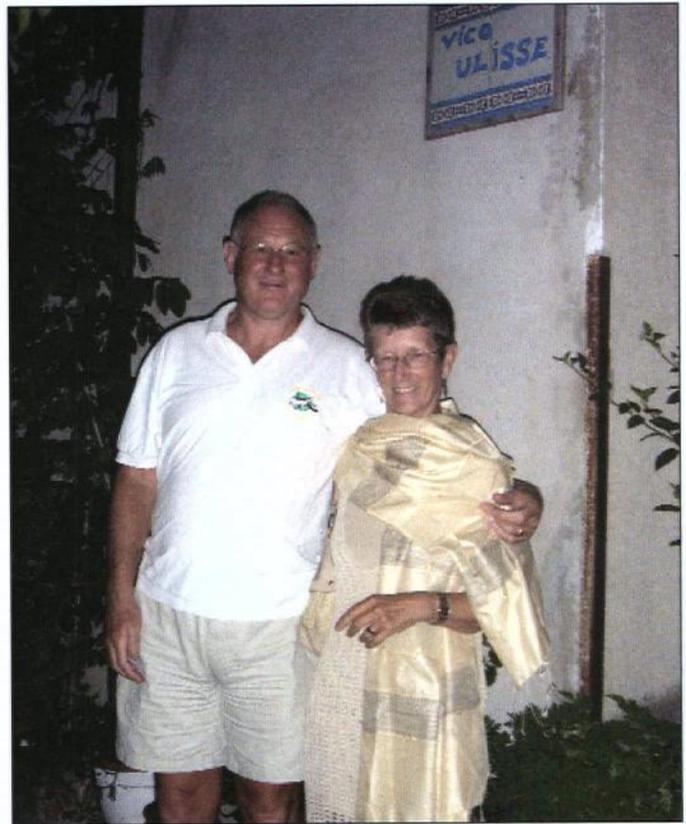


At anchor off Volcano Island.



L to R: Pat, Bill, Catherine, Mary and John at The Forum, Pompeii.

observe him. We stopped for a swim, and I dived and unwound a polypropylene bag that had wrapped itself around the propeller. Maratea is very hard to spot, and the entrance is extremely difficult to distinguish from the south. Luckily we were able to follow a local boat, that took a dive to the right and disappeared through the apparently unbroken sea wall. It is a lovely, old, picturesque village, with a nice well-organised harbour. It has a delightful harbourside community, incorporating lots of bars and restaurants, and a little supermarket with internet access. Restaurants ranged from Pizzerias to Egon Ronay 3-star restaurants. We had a glass of prosecco and then wandered up to the fish restaurant opposite 'D' pontoon, and had a fantastic outdoor dinner, watching the stunning sunset over the Bay of Policastro. Mosquito repellent was de rigueur



Robert and Pat at Vico Ulisse on Lipari Island.

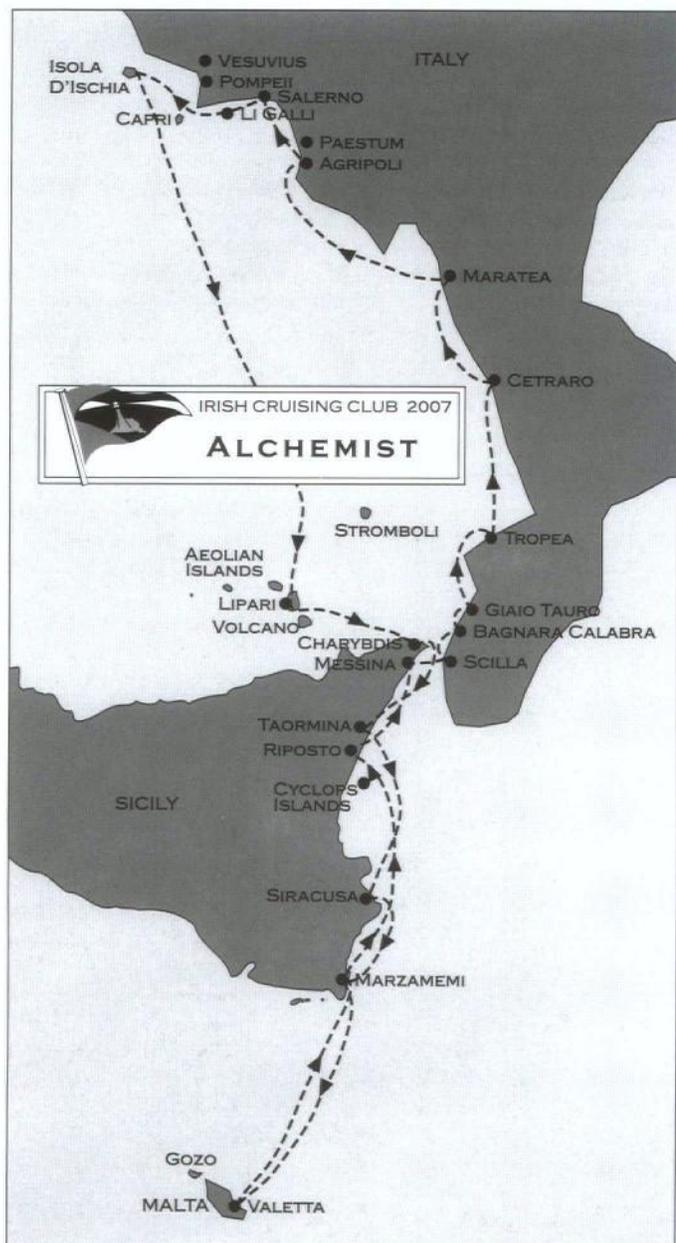
but the food was home-cooked and haute cuisine. We provisioned and fuelled next morning, 10th July, and sailed north for Agripoli (338 7491145) in beautiful conditions, wind 15 knots, westerly around the headland of Capo Polinuro, and then we motor-sailed into Agripoli in the late evening. Each pontoon in this large harbour is controlled by different ormaggiatori, and we were signalled into the first one by a young enthusiastic ormaggiatore, (who may or may not have been the chap we had telephoned earlier!) where we took the last place. He charged us €60, assuring us that it should really be €70, but he liked the look of our faces (or something like that!). We dined on-board and had a stroll around the very attractive town.



Maratea Harbour.

Greek and Roman civilisation

It would be impossible to cruise along this coast and fail to be drawn to the ancient Greek and Roman sites, that give us vivid evidence of the settlements dating back to 750 BCE, including Agrigento, Paestum, Velia and, of course Pompeii. From Agripoli we decided to visit Paestum – which was originally called Posidonia by the Greeks, and then renamed by the Romans. It was just a short bus ride for us, and we were all hugely delighted by the remains of the settlement, with its enormous Temple of Posidon, and Basilica, and various other buildings including houses, baths, theatres, and the Forum, over an extensive site that



is still being excavated. When we got back to *Alchemist*, we had drinks on-board with an American couple who had an enormous stars and stripes flying over their stern – brave patriots in these times!

Next day, 11th July, we had a gale warning with a forecast of high seas. The ormaggiatori seemed keen for us to stay, but we wanted to push on to Salerno to meet Mary Russell, who was joining us. He warned us that we would get no space in Salerno, as nobody would leave in such poor weather conditions. We contacted a couple of the ormaggiatori (089241 543 and 089241201), and eventually found one that would save a place for us, so we reefed-down and set sail for Salerno – wind from the west and 27-30 knots. The seas were high and uncomfortable. The cockpit canopy had to be put away, as the stitching finally succumbed to Mr. McSweeney's graceful "flight of the wild vulture", across the deck. It was a wet and chilly passage for those in the cockpit, but we were rewarded by sightings of dolphins and a large turtle! It was difficult, from the directions, to figure out where in the massive port of Salerno, our ormaggiatori was located, but we finally found him in the commercial port. We were greeted by two very rude and unwelcoming young pups, who jumped all over the boat with very dirty lines, and attempted to grab the engine controls,

screaming at us that we would have to leave early in the morning, in spite of the fact that we had booked for two nights. We ignored them and tied ourselves up, just as the wind died down, the sun shone and the afternoon took on a more benign perspective. Mary Russell arrived at 16.00 and we all had a leisurely day.

12th July we set off to Pompeii smiling sweetly at the gathered ormaggiatori. We made the mistake of taking a local bus. The Italian tourist offices seem to be friendly and disorganised. They were terribly busy and much too cheerfully occupied with multiple pieces of paper, to engage with tourists. The information they gave us proved invariably wrong. The local bus took us two hours to get to Pompeii, and we had plenty of entertainment as inspectors boarded to check whether the passengers a) had tickets and b) had validated those tickets. Pompeii was a fantastic experience and those of us who admitted to being over 65 got in free! We spent the entire day wandering the streets of the preserved city, with Vesuvius looming menacingly over us. Out of all the buildings we saw, the most popular was the Brothel. This was the only time I was ever encouraged by Pat to enter such an establishment. Back on board *Alchemist*, after another struggle getting tickets for the bus and debating with the inspector in our broken Italian about the punching or otherwise of red and green tickets, we dined on-board, and played poker long into the night. Mary Russell, having plied us with several bottles of wine, scooped the pot.

Friday 13th did not daunt us and we set sail for Isola d'Ischia. We drifted slowly past Amalfi and Sorrento. We passed Li Galli, where the Sirens lived, and Odysseus had himself lashed to the mast with his crew's ears filled with wax to avoid their enticing calls. The wind increased to 22 knots as we hardened-up and sailed past the Isle of Capri, yodelling merrily "'Twas on the Isle of Capri that I met her, nanah na na na nah...". The island is beautiful, but the marina was full. They charge top-dollar here and it is difficult to anchor. We tacked towards our destination, but the wind was 28 – 30 knots and the cockpit was wet and cold without the canopy to shelter us from the breaking waves. We had booked in advance for Isola d'Ischia, as the Italian weekenders come from all over the Bay of Naples to stay there. We were wet, cold and tired, but were greeted at 19.45, following a 43 mile trip, by a welcoming and helpful team at Casamicciola. (Marina Aragonese – Tel 081980 686). It is a lovely modern port, with cute shops and modern marina, showers and all facilities. Unfortunately because we had arrived late, the showers were all cold! The charge was €90 per night, but, between six of us, that was reasonable. We spent the next day here, walking the island and just basking in the warm sunshine, enjoying the chat with the other yotties.

Overnight to the home of the god Aeolus

On Sunday 15th we dieselled-up in Porto d'Ischia. It looked like a complete scramble at the fuelling dock, with yachts and motor boats jostling for position, and boats throwing out bow anchors and reversing in when their turn came. It was a mystery to us how they sorted out the ordering, as there was no queuing system in evidence, and the boy-racers, with the cool shades and tight shorts, seemed to zoom up through the mill towards the dock, but then, without any censure, seemed to do a reverse chassis with a triumphant twirl, to allow those who were there before them to advance to receive the precious fluid. It was better than an evening at the ballet. We set sail, fully fuelled, for the Aeolian Islands. The wind dropped to 11 knots northeast and we motor-sailed southwards. We were escorted by a school of eight dolphin, right across the Bay of Naples, and they (or their mates) joined us spasmodically throughout the day and night. We saw several schools of fish leaping to escape the

feeding dolphin and tuna. We set up a watch system overnight, and the passage was quiet and uneventful, although there was plenty of shipping, sailing and fishing the Tyrrhenian Sea. Bill, coming onto watch at 06.00 on 16th put out the fishing rod, and, much to the delight of the crew, caught a large yellow-fin tuna. We estimated its weight at about 35 lb. It took 55 minutes to land and then two hours to clean, fillet and bag for the freezer. At 10.00 we all had a major hose down of the decks and stern, rolled the sails and had a swim ourselves. We sailed past the islands of Stromboli and Salina – disappointed that they did not emit even a tiny dart of lava for our delectation. Our disappointment was assuaged by the ecstasy of a fresh tuna lunch. The Aeolian Islands were home to the god Aeoleus. He was the keeper of the winds, and as Odysseus was leaving Lipari, he gave him a leather bag. His crew thought the bag contained treasure that Odysseus was trying to keep for himself, and they sneaked into his quarters, grabbed the bag and opened it to see what it contained. Of course, it contained the gale-force winds, which were now released and caused them to be blown towards the African coast.

Having covered a distance of 127 miles, we arrived at Lipari at 15.30. There are a couple of places to tie up here, and we went for the Marina Lunga. We contacted Sig. Giovanni de Francis (338 3011700), and he found a spot for us, which was ready when we arrived. It is a gorgeous spot, although there is lots of day-time ferry activity, creating plenty of wash. Since the last publication of the pilot, there is now water and power on the marinas, although there is a requirement to be sparing with the use of water on the island. We had a swift shower on the pontoon, before a very large motor yacht drew in behind us. There were clearly important celebs on board, which meant that we had to cease our public showering activity when they arrived. We wondered what they could possibly object to, in the spectacle of John and Bill and myself prancing around with the hose, squirting each other, squealing and giggling and trying to get the hose down each others' togs.

The next day provided us with an opportunity to visit the extremely interesting and well laid out archaeological museum, and to stroll around the island and soak up the islands' history. In the evening we sailed around to Volcano Island and anchored off Puerto Ponenta. We had some difficulty in getting the anchor to hold and had to reset a couple of times. We all had a swim, but Catherine was stung by a vicious little brown jelly fish, which we treated with vinegar, soda bicarbonate, AND Anthisan. Mary introduced us to a new cruising delight – a vegetarian dinner, which was delicious. Mary, who is a journalist, viewed the experience of cruising with six people on a small yacht in close confinement, with a new lens for us. She was fascinated by the “Law of the Lav” which evaded her, in spite of a personal map of sea cocks, holding tanks and pumps. She elicited the “Etiquette of Skinny Dipping” after a few days, and observed the “Protocol of Cockpit Seating Hierarchy” without any instruction.

Next morning, after a swim, Pat and I took up the anchor and set sail for the Messina Strait, bound for Taormina. No wind, just a flat sea and warm sunshine. We had been getting news of more rain in Ireland – texts each day

about the appalling persistence of rain and wind. Somehow we found it hard to summon up too much empathy! Off the Strait, the wind got up to 24 knots and we cut the engine, sailing at speeds of 9.5 – 11 knots over the ground. Obviously we had got the tide right! We had an exhilarating sail down to Taormina, a distance of 39 miles and, we dropped the anchor at 17.45. After the wind died we had a pleasant evening swimming, cutting hair and playing poker.

On the 19th July, we had swims, hauled the anchor at 08.00 and had breakfast underway. We had several stops for swims in the 35°C temperature, and pulled into Siracusa at 17.50 after 39 miles. The fee here was €50 per night but we had to assure them that we would leave at 10.00 in the morning. The shore-power packed up overnight, but there was plenty of water to fill the parched tanks. The shower block was modern and very chic. I visited the loo and the cistern fell down on me when I pulled the chain! Luckily I managed to skip back before it hit me – although my clothes were soaked. I stuck it back, but was unable to reconnect the toilet with the cistern. We dined in the Piazza Duomo, with a wedding party going on beside us in the restaurant – all very festive and jolly. Next morning we strolled around and soaked up the atmosphere of Siracusa. It was 16.00 when we departed, with a sound ticking off ringing in our ears from the marina manager. We reckoned that we were entitled to a couple of extra hours on account of the lack of power, and the exocet missile in the lavatory, and, in any event, there were plenty of spaces on the marina. We sailed south for Marzamemi, and had an escort of dolphins for much of the trip of 20.3 miles, arriving at 20.20 in flat calm conditions.

Next day, 21st July, we departed at 06.15 for Valetta. Wind was only 7 knots southwest. Again, the escort of dolphins as we motored south-southwest. We had some fresh tuna sandwiches for lunch – still absolutely delicious. At 14.40 we sighted a large crude-oil slick and reported it to Valetta Port Control. The Oil Protection Centre contacted us, and we directed their helicopter to the location of the slick, so that they could collect samples and photographs, to use as evidence for prosecution against the offending vessel. We arrived at Grand Harbour, Valetta, at 17.15 with the distance travelled totalling 636 miles, and a lovely relaxing retracing of the journey of Odysseus aka Ulysses.



Posidon's Temple at Paestum.

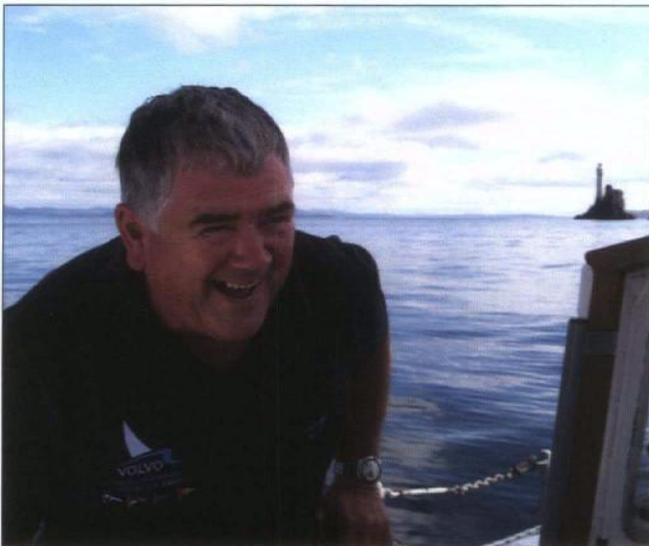
**David Beattie writes
of a *Ree Spray*
commissioned**

Ever since we had sailed together on board my Dutch sailing barge *Schollevaer*, at the time of the 75th anniversary rally in West Cork, Des Rogan and I

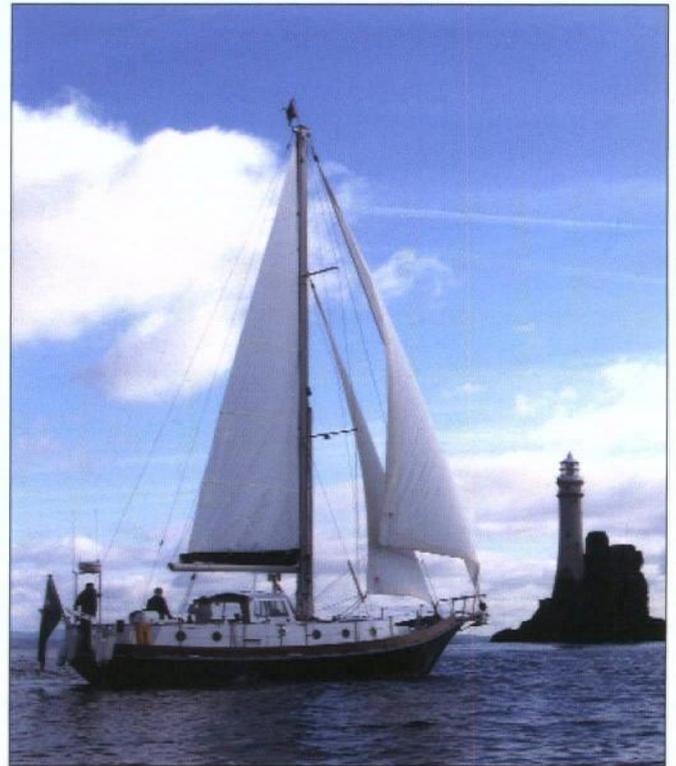
had been minded to put together a new cruising yacht. We were very lucky to come across an almost completed but unrigged Roberts 'Spray 40', near where I live on Lough Ree in the spring of 2006. Having purchased her we set about designing a rig and specifying navigation gear, electronics etcetera.

On 21st October last year, we proceeded under engine from my home on the River Inny in Co. Longford to Ryan & Roberts yard at Askeaton on the River Deal. Having descended the 33 metre drop of the lock at Ardnacrusha, we then had the usual fun travelling the Abbey River through Limerick. The following morning we passed through the sea lock, took the ebb down the Shannon estuary and then, having located the port-hand stake at the entrance, wormed our way up the serpentine river on a falling tide, to the Askeaton boat club jetty just below the boatyard. This involved a combination of determination to press on, despite the constant alarming of the echo sounder as we found the two sides of the channel alternately, and the additional pressure of seeing a more hesitant 35-footer misjudging the inside of a bend about a mile behind us. We considered going back to assist, but decided that we would definitely suffer the same fate. He was left hard aground for nine hours. With frayed nerves we reached our destination, where *Ree Spray* was to spend the next ten months being rigged as a Bermudian cutter equipped for offshore cruising.

On 24th August, Des and I arrived at Askeaton to take over *Ree Spray*. In the meantime we had paid increasingly frequent visits to the yard to supervise the stepping of the mast, the standing and running rigging, electronics, ground tackle, fitting of saloon table etcetera. The sails had arrived, but unfortunately the lowest panel from the main seemed to have been omitted! Jeckells were excellent and had a complete new main sewn and delivered within a week! We tried out the storm sails, tested the various electronic systems and finished off the countless jobs that, despite nearly a year in the yard,



Des Ryan at the Fastnet.



Ree Spray at the Fastnet.

continued to surface. The next day Alan Algeo arrived and we made ready to leave just before high water on 26th. This coincided with first light, so we had yet another interesting passage down the River Deal (this time with the comfort of a little rise left in the tide) and set the sails for a gentle motor-sail to Carrigaholt.

We went on the next day, catching slack water in Blasket Sound and onwards to a visitor's buoy in Knightstown, taking care to observe the cardinal buoy off the pier head. Here we were joined by Leo Sheehan who had used public transport from Gorey Co. Wexford to join us – bus, taxi, train, bus, ferry – but it all worked.

It was another early start on Tuesday and we passed through Dursey Sound mid-morning, and enjoyed a delightful beam reach to the entrance to Crookhaven in strong sunshine. We reckoned that we were enjoying the best week of weather since April! Away early next morning, we motored in light airs to the Fastnet Rock and launched the dinghy to take some photographs. I have to admit that I was seasick in the dinghy as it bounced about on the gentle swell, and was only too pleased to climb aboard and to proceed on to Kinsale. On Wednesday we were off Cork Harbour when the wind rose to force 6 on the beam. At last we got a feeling for the boat's handling in a breeze, and were delighted with it. She is certainly stiff. That evening in Dunmore East, Frank Browne joined us for the passage over St Patrick's Bridge, and inside everything around Carnsore Point, then up the Rush Channel, and fighting the tide for the last hour or so, into Arklow.

We got away from Arklow at about 08.00 Saturday for a lovely sail out to the windfarm on the Arklow Bank, and then via Dalkey Sound into Dublin Bay, where we tied up at the RIYC. The winter will be spent making small adjustments and passage-planning for a protracted cruise to the Algarve next year.

Maeve Bell encourages us to Think Green

At home we have all become aware of our carbon footprint – or at the very least we know we should be. But are we all at sea about minimising our environmental impact when sailing? Green Blue is an environmental initiative (fostered by RYA and BMF) which aims to help us safeguard and protect the habitat we love the best: the water. Two of the biggest problems are fuel spills and anti-fouling but there are also many small actions we can take to give quick wins.

Oil and fuels

Only about 5% of oil and fuel pollution in the water comes from catastrophic spills; the majority comes from every day sources such as refuelling and oil leaks. Did you know that just one litre of oil can contaminate well over a million litres of water?

- Use a special absorbent sock to soak up and hold any oil or fuel in the bilge.
- Always check that there is no oily scum before pumping out your bilge.
- Avoid over-filling the tank. It is highly unlikely that you will be stranded by doing without the last couple of litres. And you'll save money.
- If you get it wrong and have a fuel spill, never use detergent to disperse it. Detergent just causes additional damage to marine life.

Antifouling

Antifouling works by releasing biocides (pesticides) into the water. These toxins can build up in the food chain and cause wide ranging environmental problems.

- Catch scrapings and drips by spreading a tarpaulin under the hull, or even sheets of newspaper on a still day.
- Take the scrapings, used brushes and empty tins to a facility that deals with hazardous and toxic waste, because that is what it is. Don't contaminate general waste by throwing these items in the wrong container.
- Encourage your marina, boatyard or club to invest in the means to collect and properly dispose of wash down residues. To start with, a stout rope across the slipway can catch a lot of antifoul residues which can then be swept up and safely disposed of.

The Heads

Untreated sewage from boats uses up vital oxygen in the water and can spread gastroenteritis and contaminate shellfish beds.

- If you are in a marina, walk to the shore facilities or, if you have a holding tank, use it.

- Out at sea (ideally a couple of miles offshore or in an area of strong tide), flush straight through as waste is quickly diluted and dispersed.
- Use your decency and common sense where people swim.
- Don't use cleaners containing bleach, ammonia or phosphates (ie most regular household products). Use environmentally friendly products instead.

The Galley

It is estimated that more than a million birds and 100,000 marine mammals and turtles die each year from entanglement in or ingestion of plastics. Litter and rubbish blows ashore and pollutes beaches. Food waste rots on the bottom and generates unwelcome nutrients as well as taking exceptionally long times to break down, eg a piece of orange peel may take two years to degrade.

- Remove and dispose of excess packaging at home.
- Sort and take recyclables home after a weekend or short period afloat.
- Put nothing over the side until you are three miles offshore and then only if it is biodegradable and chopped in tiny pieces.
- Replace your normal washing up liquid with an eco-friendly product.

Do we practise what we preach?

We have made a start. Eala Ban is only in her third season so the bilge is clean but we have bought and spread a special diesel absorbent cloth in the engine compartment. After a number of minor domestics over spills when filling the fuel tank, we found and ordered at Southampton Boat Show a Lifeguard Vent Line by Racor which fits into the vent line and stops foaming. We also have some special diesel-absorbent material.

The Fairy liquid has been banished from the galley and replaced by Ecover. In my view it is not as effective but it is going straight down the plughole to meet the fish so it is worth it. We have never used bleach etc in the heads and have never had a problem with smells.

We have antifouled with Cuprotect which is guaranteed for five years and may last for up to ten. The decision was mainly driven by our desire to avoid the annual workload but the makers, Ecossea, state that it contains no organic biocides and its low leaching rate ensures minimal environmental impact.

We have changed our two-stroke outboard for a four-stroke one. Of course rowing would be greener still. Perhaps Santa will bring some nice new oars this Christmas!

Lots more information and advice on products is available on www.thegreenblue.org.uk.

Mainly France – Coast and Canal

Peter Courtney

The 2007 *Jabberwock* plan was to go back to the Biscay coast of France, to visit all the great places we missed last year when returning from the ICC Basque cruise, during the football World Cup. We also sailed for a week with friends in Mallorca and with the George cruise-in-company on the Canal du Midi.

Brittany

In early June, the usual delivery crew – Reg Reville (ICC) Robin McCulloch, Donald Quinn and a few others – left Howth in the last of the good weather, bound for Vannes, with plenty of time for stops on the way. Their comment afterwards was that Brittany was very quiet; the tourist season seemed to have not yet started. However, they did their best to remedy the situation and had an excellent cruise.

I had thought that the Morbihan would be a good spot to start a 10-day boating holiday with my wife Helena, and we might make some progress north later on. The chart shows plenty of islands in a protected archipelago, promising places to go even in bad weather. With the constant strong winds of the 2007 summer, the reality was different. Most of the good anchoring spots are full of moorings, and in many places the wind over strong tides makes for uncomfortable nights and long dinghy journeys ashore.

So we lazily stayed in Vannes, locked into the canal that leads right into the centre of the attractive old walled town. It was very easy to slip into French holiday mode – live prawns and oysters from the market for lunch, walks along the battlements, good dinners in the many restaurants.

We had met Cormac McHenry on the flight down and were able to give him a lift to *Island Life* in Pornichet. A few days later, as half promised, he arrived in Vannes, having negotiated the passages and lock single-handed as usual. We had few pleasant evenings with Cormac before he grabbed a brief weather window for his passage to Bilbao.

We did see the Golfe du Morbihan, but from the relative comfort of the inter-island ferry that leaves from its terminus near the canal entrance. A well-designed package left us time for lunch and a walk on Ile aux Moines (very good indeed), before picking us up later for the rest of the round trip. By the time we were passing the entrance, the rain had set in, the west wind was honking and the visibility was poor. A few hardy yachts were spotted running in under storm canvas, out of the murk, their damp crews well wrapped up in oilskins and lifelines.

A few days later, the Vannes flag-officer count increased with the arrival of Brian and Heather McManus in *Voyager*, with Michael Buckley and Richard Hooper on board. By this time, *Jabberwock's* return crew were assembling, so there was every prospect of a good party, which duly ensued. This happy coincidence somewhat made up for *Jabberwock* missing the

McManus-led 2005 George Brittany cruise, when we were weather-bound in La Coruña.

When we eventually left Vannes, the north-westerlies were still blowing hard. On board at this stage were old hands Shane O'Doherty and Tom Murran, with first-timer Eddie Wilson, another of my *Oona* crew trying the longer-distance stuff. We raced through the narrow passages on the ebb, reaching 12 knots over the ground briefly near the entrance. However, that was the best bit, as we fetched across Quiberon Bay hard on the wind. Approaching Passage de la Teignouse, I was mentally switching from plan A, Bénodet (70 miles), to plan B, Ile de Groix (25 miles). In the middle of the passage, wind against tide, between tacks, the crew remembered that cruising is about enjoying yourself and not endless beating, so we opted for plan C: Belle Ile, five miles straight on!

Outside le Palais, we were photographed from a rib by local photographer, Michel Bourdin, who specialises in classic boats. He was complaining that no French boats were out that day and his pickings were slim – hardly surprising really.



Jabberwock approaching Belle Ile.

Next morning we were hard on the wind again, two reefs, a few rolls in the jib, motor-assisted into a big sea; going like a train but very wet and uncomfortable. We were the only boat going north – everyone else was sensibly heading downhill. There seems to be an unwritten rule on this coast that you don't beat over force 4 – we decided to sign up to it and pulled into Port Tudy on Ile de Groix, 20 miles on.

Port Tudy is an excellent spot. We found a pontoon berth outside the inner sea lock, so did not need to lie to a mooring in the harbour. Over an extended sunny lunch in the cockpit, we reviewed our options. The long-range forecast was showing no respite from the strong headwinds and we still had over 400 miles to go, and not too many days left. We decided to abandon the trip home, stay the next day to see more of the island and leave the boat in Lorient. There is a convenient flight from there to Waterford.

The pleasures of Ile de Groix

Decisions made, we were free to enjoy the pleasures of Ile de Groix, which has many fine houses, built when tuna fishing was in its prime. Next day was wet, but we rented bikes anyway and cycled to the south end of the island where the younger half of the crew swam off a fine empty beach. A short walk from the port area led to the village centre, where we found an excellent hotel restaurant for dinner. Several pubs later, we ended up back on the boat with some locals, have a late party in French – even those of us with little or no French seemed to be able to communicate perfectly, but for some reason could not remember much about it next morning.

Our final day's sailing was sunny again and finally downhill, as we ran past the huge submarine pens, all the way up to the marina in the middle of Lorient. This is a pleasant spot, with all the facilities of a major yachting centre and within walking distance of some good restaurants. The town centre was flattened by allied bombing during the war and the best bits are near the marina.

We left *Jabberwock* rafted up in the visitors' berth outside the lock. The very helpful marina staff offered to (and did) move her to a better spot if one became available, as we would not be back for some time.

Two weeks later, in mid-July, there seemed to be a weather window and we were back for a quick trip home. Tom was available again, and I was joined by Reg and Robin from the delivery crew. Peter Cronin also joined us, and it was interesting to hear his stories from a long career as professional skipper for such luminaries as Charles Haughey and Eddie Jordan.

We had one short stop on the way back – Loctudy, for a beer and dinner, while waiting for the tide at the Raz de Sein. It was a delightful sail. When you get the tide right at the Raz, it carries you across the Iroise and through the Chenal du Four and, as with the previous year's trip, we also caught the tide perfectly at Land's End. Up the Irish Sea, inside the banks, we had a sit-down dinner below, with wine glasses on the table, as we ghosted along. It was a real hole in the weather – while we crossed the channel, the London area was suffering those catastrophic floods. The low that caused it all had moved east across our bows as we sailed up the French coast.

Mallorca

In August, we were invited for a week's sailing on Chris and Mary Vermet's new Amel 54, *Tango*, which was based at the time in Palma. This is a truly magnificent yacht with every luxury imaginable.

The programme was very easy indeed. Lunches mainly at anchor, swims off the boat, dinners mainly ashore. We sailed gently west from Palma, staying a couple of nights in Port d'Andratx. The holding in the very crowded anchorage is poor, and it is amusing to watch people trying to sort themselves out (after you are well set yourself), but it is well worth the effort.

We also spent a night in Santa Ponza, which is delightful provided you stay to the right, away from the infamous package holiday area.

Canal du Midi

During our time in Vannes, Cormac told us that the ICC were having a trial run for a possible 2008 cruise on the Canal du Midi, and asked would we be interested in going. We had to admit that the 'George' had already had this idea and we had already signed up for it, for a week in September, just before the ICC trip.

This 240km canal between Toulouse and Sète was an early public-private partnership, completed in 1681 by Pierre-Paul Riquet. He was a Béziers-born salt-tax entrepreneur, who staked his entire fortune on the venture, which at its peak employed 12,000 people and shifted 7 million cubic metres of earth by hand. The project was backed by Colbert, Louis XIV's extraordinary finance minister, who introduced mercantilism and transformed France's finances. There were many groundbreaking innovations, including the water supply gathered from the Black Mountain, on the high point of the Atlantic-Mediterranean route, the first canal bridge in France at Repudre, the eight-lock drop in Béziers, the Malpas tunnel and the Libron river crossing. The canal transformed the economy of the region, connecting towns with a cheap transport system. Two drivers and six horses could transport 3,000kg on land and 300,000kg on the canal.

Today the canal has only pleasure craft, and is a delight to travel. We picked up our boat from Homps and our route for the week was Béziers and back; about 120km in all and only 10 locks, as most of the trip was on the longest lock-free reach of 53km. My sister Gail, a non-sailor, joined Helena and I for the trip and we were well crewed. The boat was relatively modern and comfortable, a 39ft Caprice, booked through Emerald Star, with two en-suite cabins.

The canal is very picturesque, lined with plenty of villages, restaurants and vineyards where you can taste and buy. It was thoroughly enjoyable, laid-back week and I would recommend it to anyone.

From the ICC point of view, the venue would be ideal, but a major problem might be finding enough boats for the number of people who might wish to travel. The George group was only four boats, but although we booked in the spring, our route was different from the others. Buses to function venues might be needed.

PS – Carlingford with *Solitaire*

Jabberwock rounded off her season with a weekend jaunt to Carlingford in company with *Solitaire*, the Jeanneau 36 bought this year by Des Turvey (ICC) and his sons Brian and Conor. Fine weather, a nice sail up and down and a good dinner in Ghan House. It was Des' first cruise in many years and he certainly enjoyed it.

All in all, a lot of cruising for us in one season and probably unrepeatable. However, c'est la vie, carpe diem and all that good stuff.

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>Galcaador</i>
1956	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1957	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1958	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1961	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1962	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1963	R.H. Roche	<i>Neon Tetra</i>
1964	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1966	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1967	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1968	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1969	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1970	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1971	R. Sewell	<i>Thalassa</i>
1972	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1973	A. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1974	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1975	J. Eves	<i>Aeolus</i>
1976	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1977	B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1978	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1979	M.P. O'Flaherty	<i>Cuilaun of Kinsale</i>
1980	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1981	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1982	E.P.E. Byrne	<i>Beaver</i>
1983	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1984	O. Glaser	<i>Verna</i>
1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	B. Bramwell	<i>Tor</i>
1987	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1988	Terence Kennedy	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
1989	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>

1990	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1991	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
1993	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1994	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
1995	Peter Killen	<i>Black Pepper</i>
1996	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1997	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1998	John Waddell	<i>Heather of Mourne</i>
1999	Brian Black	<i>Caelan</i>
2000	John Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
2001	Paddy Barry & Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Northabout</i>
2002	John & Ann Clementson	<i>Faustina II</i>
2003	John Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
2004	Máire Breathnach	<i>King of hearts</i>
2005	Peter Killen	<i>Pure Magic</i>
2006	Miike Alexander	<i>Katielok II</i>
2007	Michael Holland	<i>Celtic Spirit</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>
2007	Bernard Corbally Bruce Lister, Eleanor & Brian Cudmore	<i>Beowulf</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	Dermot Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1990	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1991	Ronnie Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1992	David McBride	<i>Deerhound</i>
1993	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1994	Jonathan Virden	<i>Twayblade</i>
1995	Henry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
1996	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1997	Brendan Bradley	<i>Shalini</i>
1998	Adrian Spence	<i>Madcap</i>
1999	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>
2000	Henry and Ivy Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
2001	Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
2002	Peter Killen	<i>White Magic</i>
2003	Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
2004	Noel Casey	<i>Kish</i>
2005	Marilyn Kenworthy	<i>Flica</i>
2006	Peter Killen	<i>Pure Magic</i>
2007	Seamus Salmon	<i>Saoirse</i>

THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1941	E.J. Odlum	
1951	Brendan Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
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>
2007	Brendan Bradley	<i>Afar VI</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>

Year	Winner	Yacht
1964	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1965	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1966	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1967	Miss E. Leonard	<i>Lamita</i>
1968	P. Dineen	<i>Huntress</i>
1969	R.C.A. Hall	<i>Roane</i>
1970	N. St. J. Hennessy	<i>Aisling</i>
1971	J.R. Olver	<i>Vandara</i>
1972	C. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1973	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1974	J. Wolfe	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
1975	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1976	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1978	R. Dixon	<i>Oberon</i>
1979	B.J. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1980	R. Paul Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1981	S. Orr	<i>Den Arent</i>
1982	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1983	C.P. McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1984	B.H.C. Corbally	<i>Puffin</i>
1985	R. Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1986	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1987	Dermot 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>
2007	Pat Lyons	<i>Stardancer</i>

THE WYBRANTS CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1933	J. B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1934	Dr. L.G. Gunn	<i>Albatross</i>
1935	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1936	Leslie Chance	<i>Britannia</i>
1937	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>
1938	Dr. O.P. Chance & R. Storey	<i>Saphire</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
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>
1989	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1990	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1991	Dermot 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>

Year	Winner	Yacht
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>
2007	Adrian & Maeve Bell	<i>Eala Ban</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>Verella</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>
2007	Andy McCarter	<i>Gwili 3</i>

THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY

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>

Year	Winner	Yacht
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>
2007	Sal & Jeffrey O'Riordan	<i>Adrigole</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 Bzunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1993	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1994	Peter Hogan	<i>Molly B</i>
1995	Brian Smullen	<i>Zaberdast</i>
1996	Tom Foote	<i>White Heather</i>
1997	Paddy Barry/Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Tom Crean</i>
1998	No Award	
1999	Donal Lynch	<i>Laroha</i>
2000	Susan & Peter Grey	<i>Waxwing</i>
2002	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
2003	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
2004	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Northabout</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
2005	Brian Black	<i>Caelan of Strangford</i>
2006	John Clementson	<i>Faustina II</i>
2007	No Award	

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>

From 2004-2006 this Trophy was awarded for distinction in an international event by a member sailing his/her own boat.

2005	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilaun</i>
2006	No Award	
From 2007 the Trophy reverted to its original designation.		
2007	Ger O'Rourke	<i>Chieftain</i>

THE PERRY GREER BOWL

Awarded for the best first ICC log

Year	Winner	Yacht
1995	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>
1996	Jimmy Conlon	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1997	Hilary Keatinge	<i>Kilpatrick</i>
1998	No Award	
1999	Jack McCann	<i>Mary Lee</i>
2000	David Beattie	<i>Aeolus</i>
2001	Noel Casey	Chartered
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>
2007	Heleen & Nigel Lindsay-Finn	<i>Raptor Eleanda</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>
2007	Wallace Clarke	<i>Agivey</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 <i>Jeanie Johnston</i> Project
2004	David Tucker – 75th Anniversary Cruise
2005	Paddy Barry – 10 years as Honorary Editor of the Annual
2006	No Award
2007	William M. Nixon – outstanding contribution to Irish sailing

THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

Year	Recipient	Yacht	Race
1950	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	
1951	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	Islands Race
1956	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	Islands Race
1957	S.F. Thompson	<i>Ithuriel</i>	
1958	J. Ronan	<i>Wye</i>	Islands Race
1959	J. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>	Pollock Race
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>	
1961	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1964	A.E. Pope	<i>Susette</i>	
1965	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1967	S.F. Thompson	<i>Wye</i>	
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1969	F. Cudmore	<i>Setanta</i>	
1970	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1971	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1972	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1973	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1974	G. Radley	<i>Cecille</i>	
1976	J.C. Butler	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	
1977	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1978	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1979	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	
1980	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1981	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1982	C. Love Jnr	<i>Rebel County</i>	
1983	S. Mansfield	<i>Luv Is</i>	
1984	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1985	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1987	T.E. Crosbie	<i>Senta</i>	
	C.J. Fitzgerald	<i>Mandalay</i>	
1988	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1989	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>	

Year	Recipient	Yacht
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
2007	Joe & Mary Woodward	

WRIGHT MEMORIAL SALVER

Presented to the Irish Cruising Club by H.J. Wright in memory of H.M. Wright, *Eolanda* (15 tons), Commodore 1929-1942.

Year	Race	Yacht	Recipient
1943	Whit	<i>Marama</i>	H. Osterberg
1945	Whit	<i>Mavis</i>	J. B. Kearney
1949	Whit	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney
1950	Whit	<i>John Dory</i>	P. O'Keefe
1951	Whit	<i>Alata</i>	R.P. Campbell
1952	Whit	<i>Setanta</i>	F. Cudmore
1954	Whit	<i>Euphanzel</i>	N. Falkiner
1955	Whit	<i>Suzette</i>	A.E. Pope
1956	I.O.M.	<i>Zephyra</i>	S. Cresswell
1957	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1959	Cork-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler MC
1960	I.O.M.	<i>Harmony</i>	R.H. O'Hanlon
1961	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1962	Howth-Port St. Mary	<i>Cu-na-Mara</i>	D. Barnes
1963	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler
1964	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Twayblade</i>	E. Tweedy
1965	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1966	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Fionnuala</i>	R. Courtney
1969	Cork-Fastnet-Castletownshend	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1972	Dun Laoghaire-Arklow	<i>Tryphena</i>	F. Ryan
1973	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Cecille</i>	G. Radley
1974	-	<i>Korsar</i>	J.P. Bourke
1976	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	Yacht
1993	J. Russell	Service to Sailing
1995	Adrian Spence	
1998	Adrian Spence	Greenland cruise
1999	Brian Black	Greenland cruise
2000	Roy Waters	
2001	John & Ann Clementson	Caribbean Cruise
2002	David Park	Atlantic Islands
2003	James Nixon	Round Ireland
2004	Wallace 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>Joggeraut</i>	D.J. Morrissey	Irish Sea Race
1983	<i>Imp</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1984	<i>Little Egypt</i>	R.B. Lovegrove	Irish Sea Race
1985	<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race
1986	<i>Rob Roy</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1987	<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race
1988	<i>Red Velvet</i>	M. O'Rahilly	Irish Sea Race
1989	<i>Comanche Raider</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1990	<i>Woodchester Challenge</i>	H.R. Gomes	Round Ireland
1991	<i>Finndabar of Howth</i>	P. Jameson	Round Ireland

From 1993 Awarded by the Eastern Area Committee

Year	Recipient
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

Year	Recipient
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
2007	Michael Holland Cruise from Arctic to Antarctic

Trans oceanic pennant

Awarded by the Committee – on application

Recipient	Recipient	Recipient
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
2007	Seamus Salmon

BEST DUNN'S DITTY AWARD

2001	Brendan Travers
2002	Wallace Clark
2003	John Bourke
2004	Fergus Quinlan
2005	Eleanor Cudmore
2006	Dan Cross
2007	Wallace Clark

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 2007. 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.

The lists of Members and Yachts are also given on the Club website. Please check your entries and advise the webmaster of any inaccuracies or changes. The lists printed here do not include any changes you have already made on the website, but future lists in the Annual will be the same as those on the website.

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)	
Anderson, Terry S., 1991 (Maureen)	37 Bayview Road, 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., Hollywood, 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 (-)	Castlecove 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. (01 230 3831)	<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>
Barnwell, Ivy, 1990 (Henry)	Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary , Co Dublin. (01 230 3831)	<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 & Ree Spray (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)	Slip Cottage, 2 Shore Rd., Killough, Downpatrick, Co. Down BT30 7QR, N. Ireland. (028 4484 1478/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)	
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)	Bluerock, Killough, Kilmacanogue, Co Wicklow. (01 286 9645)	<i>Afar VI (PO)</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, Sandyford, Dublin 18. (01 295 6273)	<i>Maximizar (PO)</i>
Branigan, Patrick M.C., 1982 (Brenda)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandyford, Dublin 18. (01 295 6273/Office: 01 269 6000)	<i>Maximizar (PO)</i>
Brazil, Donal P., 1990 (Clare)	Killard, John's Hill, Waterford. (051 875636/Fax: 051 874504)	<i>Ruinette (PO) & Kilpatrick (PO)</i>
Breathnach, Maire, 1997 (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>Misty of Clyde</i>
Bryans, Paul M. A., 2005 (Ruth)	Currabinn, Carrigaline, Co. Cork. (021 437 8595/Office: 00 44 1483 282697/Fax: 00 44 1483 281998)	<i>Odysseus</i>
Bryce, Robert G., 1969 (-)	St Benedicts, Thormanby Road, Baily, Co Dublin. (01 832 2829)	
Buckley, Michael, 2004 (Rosemary)	14, Stillorgan Wood, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (01 288 4938/Office: 01 288 4147/Fax: 01 288 4992)	
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 Sealcliffe 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>Cliodhna</i>

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Byrne, E. Philip, 1982 (Rosemary)	Sunnydale, 4 Nugent Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14. (01 298 1951)	
Byrne, Harry, 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 (Eavan)	2 Knockthomas, Castlebar, Co. Mayo. (/Office: 094 902 7822/Fax: 094 902 7811)	<i>As Lathair (PO)</i>
Casey, Dr. Tony, 2005 (Margaret)	Brooklodge, Blackwater, Co. Clare. (061 344658/Office: 061 454666/Fax: 061 454666)	
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 (-)	Allandale Lodge., Donadea, Co. Kildare.	<i>Afar VI (PO)</i>
Clandillon, Paul K., 2005 (Patricia)	Belmont Lodge, Ballinlea 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)	Goateade Cottage, 115 Kilrea Road, Upperlands, Co Londonderry, BT46 5SB. (028 7964 2737/Fax: 028 7964 3693)	<i>Agivey (PO)</i>
Clarke, Dierdre, 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>
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 (-)	12 Airfield Point, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford. (087 299 1978/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 (Vourneen)	"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)	Gilspear, Kilmacanogue, Co Wicklow. (01 286 3261)	<i>Beowulf (PO)</i>
Costello, Walter F., 1980 (-)	11 Blenheim Street, Queens Park, NSW 2022, Australia. (/Office: 00 61 2 9248 5901)	
Cotter, Maeve, 2000 (Patrick)	Hop Island, Rochestown, Cork. (021 4894161/Office: 021 4272783)	<i>Setanta</i>
Courtney, Peter, 1982 (Helen)	Seamount, Balscadden Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 2008)	<i>Jabberwock</i>
Craig, Brian, 2005 (Anne)	Colhugh, Kilmore Ave., Killiney, Co. Dublin. (01 285 7278/Fax: 01 235 2055)	<i>Concerto (PO)</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 III</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 2819/Office: 01 640 9333)	<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)	5 Cherrytree Wk., Belfast BT5 6PG, N Ireland. (028 9079 2266/Office: 44 9754 1294)	
# 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 3221)	<i>Winterlude</i>
Doonan, Francesca, 1988 (Paul)	Boothill, Durrus, Co Cork.	
Doonan, Paul S, 1986 (Francesca)	Boothill, Durrus, Co Cork.	
Dooney, Martin, 2000 (-)	Greenstones Hall, Glandore, Co Cork. (028 33271/Office: 087 280 7186)	
Doran, John, 1997 (Anna)	Drisoge, Baily, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 1709/Office: 01 830 9533)	<i>Moonstruck</i>

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Doyle, D. Conor, 1966 (Mareta)	Knockduff, Kinsale, Co. Cork. (021 4772348/Office: 021 4275235)	
Doyle, Frank, 1966 (-)	17 Barnstead Drive, Church Road, Blackrock, Cork. (Office: 021 4275235)	
* Drew, Robert E., (1997) (Mindy)	47 Fair Street, Guilford, CT 06437, USA. (203 453 5474/Office: 203 623 1933/Fax: 203 453 2028)	<i>Knight Hawke</i>
du Plessis, Hugo, 1978 (-)	29 Greenway Close, Lymington, Hampshire SO41 9JJ, 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 (-)	Rua e Escadinhas de Santa Cruz 64, Monte Estoril, 2765-442, Estoril, Portugal.	<i>Hecuba</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)	25 Stanley Road, Bangor, Co Down BT20 5EL, N Ireland. (028 9146 1881)	<i>Wheesh</i>
Espey, Fred J. K., 1978 (-)	4 Myrtle Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 280 5160)	<i>Hibernia (PO)</i>
# Eves, 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 (Elizabeth)	30A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co Down BT20 3RD, N Ireland. (028 9127 0460/Office: 028 9145 4344)	
Eves, Roland E., 1982 (Heizabeth)	53 Bryansglan 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)	76 The Rise, Mount Merrion, Co Dublin. (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)	Rathturret, 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)	<i>After Midnight</i>
# FitzGerald, C. J., 1944 (-)	28 Richmond, Blackrock Road, Cork. (021 4292210/Office: 021 4270095)	<i>Mandalay</i>
# FitzGerald, David H. B., 1966 (-)	Avondale, 1 Craigmole Gardens, Blackrock, Co. Dublin. (01 214 3329)	<i>Ajay (PO)</i>
! FitzGerald, Grainne, 1993 (Chris)	Avondale, 1 Craigmole 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, Deepark, 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)	
Fletcher, Gillian, 1996 (-)	2 Park Rd., Glenageary Heights, Glenageary, Co. Dublin. (01 453 1612/Office: 01 293 6800)	
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>
Foot, 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) & Naitian (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 (-)	20 Crosthwaite Park South, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 284 2633)	
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., C.B.E., D.L., 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)	
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 (Maira)	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 Carnesew Mews, Comer, 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, Claremont Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 2258)	<i>Arcady</i>
Hegarty, Betty, 1986 (Brian)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13. (01 832 3421)	
# Hegarty, Brian, 1957 (Betty)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13. (01 832 3421)	
# 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)	
Hegarty, Paul M., 2002 (Nuala)	15 Dundanion Court, Blackrock, Cork. (021 425 4493/Office: 021 455 0322)	<i>Shelduck</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
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 9090 0493)	
# Hunt, C. K., 1963 (Poppy)	Bawnavota, Summercove, Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 4772534)	
Hutcheson, Thomas C., 1990 (-)	18 Chaîne 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 ORL, 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>Tringa</i>
Johnston, Guy B., 1995 (Helen)	8 Leeson Park Avenue, Dublin 6. (01 636 2000/Office: 01 676 7666/Fax: 01 678 4001)	<i>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>
Jones, Derek Richard, 2007 (-)	Fo'c'sle, Kiln Lane, Banbridge BT32 4PD, N. Ireland. (028 4066 2476)	
Kavanagh, Gerald P., 1980 (Ann)	11 Redford Rise, Redford Park, Greystones, Co Wicklow. (01 287 2476)	
Kavanagh, Liam F., 1994 (Elizabeth)	1 Compass Quay, Kinsale, Co. Cork. (021 477 3814)	<i>Voyageuse</i>
Kean, Norman, 1991 (Geraldine)	Burren, Kilbrittain, 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 (-)	1028 Tudor Drive, Crownsville, MD 21032-1117, USA. (1 410 349 1822)	<i>Lark</i>
Kenefick, Neil G., 1985 (Iris)	"Waterside", Corrabiny, 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, Kilterman, Co Dublin. (01 294 2053/Office: 01 618 2400)	
# Kilkeny, 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, Cdr W., DSO*DSC., (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)	15 Glebe House Gardens, Clonakilty, Co Cork. (023 33553)	
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>Carrag 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, Flor, 2007 (Brenda)	Leeview House, Inniscarra, Co. Cork. (021 487 0444)	<i>Miss Demena</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 & 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>
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 (-)	Rosslyn, Tiernaleague, Carndonagh, Co. Donegal. (074 937 4433/Office: 074 937 4262/Fax: 074 937 4790)	
Magee, John R., 1990 (Mary Lou)	c/o James Cahill, Ellison Street, Castlebar, Co Mayo. (401 245 6400/Office: 401 351 6000)	<i>Sea Fox</i>

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! Magennis, Connla, Rear Commodore, 1975 (Geraldine)	Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co Down, BT34 3RU. (028 4177 2237)	<i>Starfire (PO)</i>
* Magennis, Geraldine, 2007 (Connla)	Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down BT34 3RU. (028 4177 2237)	<i>Starfire (PO)</i>
Magowan, Terence D., 2004 (Mary)	26 Aghnadore Rd., Broughshane, Co. Antrim BT42 4QB. (028 25 861266/Office: 028 25 639399/Fax: 028 25 639398)	<i>Mairi</i>
Malcolm, John, 1991 (-)	Willow Cottage, Langley Upper Green, Essex CB11 4RU, England. (01799 550884/Office: 01279 658412)	
Malone, John, 2000 (-)	Glenavan, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co. Cork.	<i>Crackerjack</i>
Markey, Alan, 2006 (-)	55 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 0846/Office: 01 670 9200/Fax: 01 670 3993)	
Markey, Jimmy, 1984 (Marie)	18 Harbour View, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 2906)	<i>Prince of Tides (PO)</i>
Marrow, John C., 2001 (Angela)	237 Seapark, Malahide, Co Dublin. (01 845 2003)	
Marshall, Gary George, 2006 (-)	9 Ballymorán Road, Killinichy, Co. Down BT23 6UE. (Office: 028 9042 5760/Fax: 028 9042 5097)	
Marshall, Trevor Stanley, 2006 (-)	20 Craigarusky Road, Killinichy, Newtownards, Co. Down BT23 6QS. (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)	<i>Lindos</i>
# Martin, F. Derek, 1954 (Oonagh)	Woodley, Eaton Brae, Shankill, Co Dublin. (01 282 4457)	<i>Lively Lady</i>
Martin, J. Kenneth, 1982 (-)	Greenwood, Brighton Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 289 3981)	<i>Jaded</i>
Massey, John, 1992 (Susan)	7 Glencarraig, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 5636/Office: 01 864 9002)	<i>New Moon</i>
Maxwell, Cdr. RN J. David, 1982 (Carolyn)	50 Old Court, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co Down BT30 7NG. (028 4488 1205)	
McAllister, Eoin, 2005 (-)	High Street House, High Street, 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)	<i>Mary Lee</i>
McCarter, Andy, 2000 (Paddy)	Carrownamaddy, Burt, Lifford, Co. Donegal. (074 936 8697/Fax: 074 936 8698)	<i>Gwili 3</i>
McCCarthy, Francis, 1985 (Foinnuala)	3 Ardbrack Hts, Kinsale, Co Cork. (Office: 021 4277338)	<i>Atlantic Islander</i>
McClement, Donal J., 1983 (-)	7 Sunset Court, Ballinrea Road, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 437 5638/Office: 021 483 1161)	
McConnell, John H., 1965 (Marie Therese)	Breeoge, Ardmhuire Park, Dalkey, Co Dublin.	
# McConnell, Maimie T., 1959 (-)	27 Knocknacree Park, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 8725/Fax: 01 284 0822)	<i>Kala</i>
McConnell, Stafford C., 1971 (Mariana)	Killaloe, Co Clare. (061 376908)	<i>Marula</i>
McCormack, Paget J., 1991 (Andrea)	24 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 288 4382/Office: 01 872 5566)	<i>Saki</i>
McCormack, Sean, 1990 (-)	15 The Avenue, Woodpark, Ballinteer, Dublin 16. (01 298 4120/Office: 01 836 4399)	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
McDonagh, Justin, 2005 (Trish)	Artigallivan, Headford, Killarney, Co. Kerry. (064 50468/Office: 066 979 2445)	
McElligott, Liam, 2002 (Anne)	6 Monaskeha, Clonlara, Co Clare. (061 354194/Office: 061 316833)	<i>Storm Boy</i>
McFerran, Neil V., 1965 (-)	65 Marlborough Pk S, Belfast BT9 6HS, N Ireland. (02890 667208/Office: 02890 272115)	<i>Whitefire</i>
McGettigan, Alan E., 2003 (Natalie)	Adt Sonas House, Torca Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 285 8321)	<i>Wolfhound</i>
McGlade, Patrick P., 2003 (Olga)	Ballinvoultig, Waterfall, near Cork, Co Cork. (021 488 5286/Office: 021 432 8240)	<i>Sabrone</i>
McGonagle, Barbara, 1981 (-)	Carrigoona, Ceanchor 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)	<i>Island Life</i>
* 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)	<i>Siolta</i>
# McKee, Michael, 1962 (Anne)	6 Godfrey Gate, 59 Groomsport Rd., Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5ND, N Ireland. (028 9147 2692)	<i>Carragheen</i>
# McKenna, David C., 1964 (-)	G 102 Marina Bay Homes, Aisaworld City, Paranaque, Manila 1703, Philippines. (63-2-879-8166/Fax: 63-2-879-3339)	<i>Rapparee II</i>
# McKinley, Fergus, 1953 (-)	Beechfield, Sydney Avenue, Blackrock, Co Dublin. (01 288 8376)	
McMahon, Brendan, 1988 (-)	Moyarta, North Circular Road, Limerick. (061 453934)	<i>Salar</i>
# McMillan, Alastair M., 1968 (-)	Treborth, Corbridge, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 4042)	
McMullen, Colin P., 1975 (Alison)	2 Beeches Park, Glengageary, 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)	
# Mellon, D. E., M.D., 1947 (-)	Glaslaken, Bunclody, Co Wexford. (054 76103)	
Menton, James F., 1986 (Margaret)	Tuskarville, Ballylucas, Ballymurn, Co Wexford. (053 913 8965)	<i>Caranja</i>
Metcalfe, Peter, 1989 (-)	Harrysgarden, V. Virestad, 231 91, Trelleborg, Sweden.	
Michael, Robert S., 2004 (Rose)	Everest, Grove Rd., Malahide, Co. Dublin. (01 845 0280/Office: 01 855 6000/Fax: 01 855 6011)	<i>Mystique of Malahide</i>
Minnis, Peter, 1996 (Carolyn)	58, Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co Down. (028 9188 2577/Office: 028 9181 8853)	
Mollard, Robert E., 1969 (-)	27 Zion Road, Glengageary, Co Dublin. (01 285 4317)	
Monson, Roderick G., 1983 (Valerie)	14 B Burr Point, Sandylands, Ballyhalbert BT 22 1 BT, N Ireland. (028 4275 7593)	<i>Family's Pride</i>
Monson, Ross S., 2001 (-)	14 B Burr Point, Sandylands, Ballyhalbert BT22 1BT, N. Ireland. (028 4275 7593/Office: 07718 907735)	
Moore, Nelson J., 2001 (-)	13 Maryborough Green, Douglas, Cork.	
Moore, Sam, 2001 (Lily)	5 The Rookery, Killinichy, Newtownards, Co Down BT23 6SY. (028 9754 2433)	<i>Narnia</i>
Moran, Desmond, 1991 (-)	Stephen House, Stephen Street, Sligo. (071 42886)	
# Morck, Patricia C., 1962 (-)	Lowertown, Schull, Co Cork.	
Morehead, Peter, 2004 (Eleanor)	2, Glandore Villas, Blackrock, Cork. (021 435 9989/Office: 021 463 1821/Fax: 021 463 1602)	<i>Giggles</i>
Morrison, Hugh F., 1997 (Sue)	"Ambleburn", Broom Rd., Newton Mearns, Glasgow G77 5DN, Scotland. (0141 639 3639)	<i>Quaila</i>
Morrissey, Donal, 1982 (Brenda)	Fuchsia, Aspen Lane, Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare. (065 707 7981)	<i>Rebound (PO) & Now What (PO)</i>
Morrow, Ian, 2002 (Helen)	Meenkeagh, Rathmullan, Co. Donegal. (074 51268)	<i>Genesis of Drumbuoy (PO)</i>
# Mulhern, James, 1958 (Zita)	Riverdale, Templecarrig, Delgany, Co. Wicklow. (01 287 4785)	
Mullins, Peter J. D., 1971 (-)	1625 S.E. 10th Avenue, Apt 710, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316, USA. (954 462 6945/Office: 954 695 7509)	
Murphy, John W., 2004 (Katherine)	4 Prospect Villas, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co. Cork. (021 481 3797/Office: 021 431 4155/Fax: 021 431 4264)	
Musgrave, Nick Ronald, 2007 (Jan)	The Cottage, French Furze, Carrigaline, Co. Cork. (021 437 3119)	
Musgrave, Stuart, 2005 (Avril)	Ferndale, Raffeen, Monkstown, Co. Cork. (021 437 1640/Fax: 021 452 2290)	<i>Tillygreig</i>
# Nairn, George E., 1980 (Peggy)	The Arches, Glanmore, Ashford, Co. Wicklow.	
Nairn, W Stuart, 1987 (Janet)	The Penthouse, Point Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 483 1859)	<i>Maximum (PO)</i>
Nicholson, David, 1980 (Joan)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 484 2160)	<i>Mollihawk's Shadow (PO)</i>
Nicholson, Eddie, 2004 (Susie)	Cuan D'Or, Harbour View, Killybrittain, Co. Cork. (023 49807/Office: 021 427 3000/Fax: 021 427 5768)	<i>Mollihawk's Shadow (PO)</i>
Nicholson, Joan, 1991 (David)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 484 2160)	
Nicholson, Max, 1996 (Helen)	"Seabank", Dunmore East, Co Waterford. (051 383207/Office: 058 41206)	
Nixon, Georgina A., 1987 (William)	14 Evora Park, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 3929)	
! Nixon, James, 1971 (Katherine)	48 Ballydorm Road, Killinichy, Co. Down BT23 6QB, N Ireland. (028 9754 3336/Fax: 028 9754 1138)	<i>Scilla Verna (PO)</i>
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)	<i>Tremlett</i>
O'Callaghan, Brendan, 1990 (Majella)	"Cashelbeg", Laurel Walk, Bandon, Co Cork. (023 43077)	<i>Brandon Rose</i>

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O'Carroll, Cormac, 2002 (Frances)	Duncan, Holly Mount, Lee Road, Cork. (021 430 0189/Office: 021 428 4276)	<i>Phoenix</i>
O'Connor, Daniel, 1971 (-)	The Pines, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18. (01 285 8012/Office: 01 676 4661)	<i>Leprechaun</i>
O'Connor, Gilbert J., 1987 (Hilda)	36 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Co Down BT23 6PT. (028 9754 1345)	<i>Freycinet</i>
O'Connor, Patrick, 1996 (Bernadette)	Hill Road, Whitegate, Co Cork. (021 4811442)	<i>Pegasus</i>
O'Donnell, John, 2005 (Dympna)	29 Sea Rd., Galway. (091 584255/Office: 091 544316/Fax: 091 585059)	<i>Aoife (PO)</i>
O'Farrell, Michael, 1975 (Anne)	Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co Down BT34 3RU. (028 4177 2620)	<i>Cuchulain</i>
O'Farrell, Phillip V.J., 1990 (Caitriona)	15 Drumreagh Road, Rostrevor, Co Down BT34 3DS. (028 4173 9830)	
O'Farrell, Vincent J., 1981 (Maureen)	Eldon Hotel, Skibbereen, Co Cork. (028 22000)	<i>Shangaan & Fasmnet Dancer</i>
O'Flaherty, Michael P., 1968 (-)	Le Fainel, Le Vallon, St Martin's, Guernsey GY4 6DQ. (01481 237650/Office: 01 660 5011/Fax: 01481 237651)	<i>Cuilain (PO)</i>
O'Flynn, Dominic, 1990 (Mary)	2 Woodview, Wellington Bridge, Lee Road, Cork. (021 434 8038/Office: 021 497 2060/Office Fax: 021 435 9161)	
# O'Gallagher, Malachi, 1968 (Evelyn)	12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin 6W. (01 490 5800/Fax: 01 490 5940)	<i>Aoibhne (PO)</i>
O'Gorman, Kyran, 2003 (Trich)	85 Westbrook, Knocknacarra, Galway. (091 590133)	
O'Hanlon, Andrew, 1969 (-)	8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6. (01 269 8117)	<i>Harklow</i>
* O'Hanlon, Barbara, M.D., 1962 (1984) (-)	The Mews, 8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh Road, Dublin 6. (01 269 8560)	
O'Keefe, Mary, 1994 (-)	Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co Cork.	<i>Tux</i>
O'Keefe, Dr. Maurice, 1972 (-)	"Scilly", Kinsale, Co Cork. (021 477 2458)	
O'Kelly, Brian C., 1991 (-)	Grange, Co Sligo. (071 9163197)	
O'Leary, Archie, 1990 (Violet)	Strand Lodge, Currabinny, Co Cork. (021 4378526/Office: 021 4277567)	<i>Irish Mist</i>
O'Loughlin, Shane G., 2005 (-)	The Old Post Office, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow. (01 282 8402)	<i>Birmayne</i>
O'Mahony, Bill, 1991 (Brenda)	6 Castlerock, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 4372588/Office: 021 427 0365)	
O'Mahony, Patrick J., 1996 (Clare)	"Willowhill", Ballyfoulou, Monkstown, Co Cork. (021 4842387/Office: 021 4329330)	<i>Clarebelle</i>
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)	<i>Miss Molly of Hamble</i>
O'Rahilly, Dr. Michael, 1979 (Frances)	31 Dundela Avenue, Sandycove, Co Dublin. (01 214 0679)	<i>Elgin</i>
O'Riordan, Gearoid, 2001 (-)	82 Glenageary Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin.	
O'Riordan, Jeffrey, 2004 (Sally)	Owenmore, Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork. (021 437 8531)	<i>Adrigole</i>
# Orr, Arthur S. P., VRD* DL FRIN, 1970 (Jane)	Evergreen, 11 Old Hollywood Road, Belfast BT4 2HJ, N Ireland. (028 9076 3601)	
Osborne, James, 1974 (-)	30 Mount Pleasant Sq., Ranelagh, Dublin 6.	<i>Southerly (PO)</i>
# Osterberg, Paul, 1949 (-)	The Old Manse, Hillsborough, Co Down BT26 6HW, N. Ireland. (028 9268 2226)	
# O'Sullivan, Jeremiah, 1964 (-)	Doire Loin, Clogherbrien, Tralee, Co Kerry. (066 718 1084)	
O'Sullivan, Patrick J. F., 1984 (Phyllis)	Castle Demesne House, Ivy Terrace, Tralee, Co Kerry. (066 712 1435/Office: 066 712 1522)	<i>Askari</i>
O'Tierney, Dr. Donal, 1986 (Win)	41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Co Down BT34 3NJ. (028 4177 3630)	
O'Toole, Dr. Ray, 1996 (Valerie)	Corcullen, Galway. (091 555168/Office: 091 524222)	<i>Aoife (PO)</i>
# Park, Dr. David S., 1969 (Hilary)	Yew Cottage, 34a Carrowdore Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards BT22 2LX, N Ireland. (028 4278 8625)	<i>Alys</i>
Park, Jonathan S., 1987 (Deborah)	8 Old Station Road, Holywood, Co Down BT18 0BX. (028 9042 1938)	
# Payne, J. Somers, 1969 (Eithne)	4 Camden Terrace, Crosshaven, Co Cork. (021 4831128)	
Pearson, Alan John, 1983 (Claire)	35 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 4856)	<i>Trick or Treat</i>
Petch, John A., 1987 (Libb)	Seaview Farm, Kilbrittain, Co Cork. (023 49610)	<i>Seadrifter</i>
! Phelan, Joe, 2002 (Trish)	33 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. (01 832 3876)	<i>Skua</i>
Powell, Jim, 2004 (Fifi)	Chetwynd, Myrtleville, Co. Cork. (021 483 1265)	<i>Blue Oyster</i>
Prendeville, Neil J., 1990 (Felicity)	73 Clevedon, Lower Kilmoney Rd, Carrigaline, Co Cork. (021 4375219/Office: 021 4328219)	<i>Mary P</i>
# Pritchard, Maura G.M., 1966 (-)	The Coach House, 36 Craigmarragh Road, Helen's Bay, Co Down BT19 1UA. (028 9185 2237)	<i>Blue Lady (PO)</i>
Quinlan, Fergus, 2003 (Kay)	Dooneen, Burren, Co Clare. (065 707 8929)	<i>Pylades (PO)</i>
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)	<i>Insouciance</i>
Ranalow, Frank, 2006 (Yvonne)	The Old School House, Gortglass Lake, Cranny, Kilrush, Co. Clare. (065 683 2334/Office: 065 682 3406)	<i>Shady Maid</i>
# Rea, Bill, 1977 (Eithne)	7 Verona, Queen's Park, Monkstown, Co Dublin. (01 280 7987/Fax: 01 280 7987)	<i>Elysium</i>
Rea, Edward J. F., 2006 (Brenda)	31 Hans Sloane Square, Killyleagh, Downpatrick, Co. Down BT30 9GA. (028 4482 8364)	<i>Catre</i>
Revill, Reginald G., 1979 (-)	11 Burrow Road, Sutton, Dublin 13. (01 832 5544)	
Richardson, Cecil, 1989 (Lily)	52 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co Dublin. (01 285 3800)	
Riordan, S. William, 1985 (-)	3 Carrickmines Dale, Carrickmines Wood, Brennanstown Road, Dublin 18. (01 289 1252)	
Roberts, Grattan d'Esterre, 1989 (Mairead)	Riverwood, Currabinny, Co Cork. (021 4374444/Office: 021 4378383)	<i>Splashdance</i>
Robertson, Alan, 2001 (Joyce)	22 Dumyat Drive, Falkirk FK1 5PD, Scotland. (01324 624430)	<i>Jomora</i>
Rogerson, Fred J., 1983 (Janet)	113 Lakelands Close, Stillorgan, Co Dublin. (01 288 6437/Office: 01 660 9155)	<i>Happy Return</i>
Rohan, John, 2004 (-)	Ros na Laoi, Richmond Wood, Glanmire, Co. Cork. (021 482 2588/Office: 021 437 4761)	<i>Volare</i>
Ronaldson, Evie, 1997 (Peter)	1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 3SN. (028 9147 4131)	<i>Seascape of Down (PO)</i>
# Ronaldson, Peter, 1967 (Evie)	1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 3SN. (028 9147 4131)	<i>Seascape of Down (PO)</i>
Rooney, John W., 1994 (Penny)	28 Park Drive, Ranelagh, Dublin 4. (01 497 7004/Office: 01 676 6167)	
Rountree, Alan H., 1995 (Angela)	Ballylusk, Ashford, Co Wicklow. (0404 40156/Office: 0404 40156)	<i>Tallulah</i>
* 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)	<i>Ibaraki (PO)</i>
Ryan, Paul J., 1984 (-)	17 Arkendale Road, Dalkey, Co Dublin. (01 235 0546)	
Ryan, Peter, 1988 (Margaret)	44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co Armagh BT66 7QD. (028 3888 1418)	<i>Nicu</i>
Sadler, Frank A., 1985 (Marion)	19 Quay Road, Strangford, Co Down BT30 7LL. (028 4488 1830)	<i>Nisha</i>
Salmon, Seamus, 2000 (-)	Cloonterriff, Knock, Co Mayo. (094 88662/Office: 094 24488)	<i>Saoirse</i>
Sargent, Gerard M., 1996 (Barbara)	49 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13. (01 832 5392)	<i>Pip (PO)</i>
Scanlon, Bryan, 2004 (Margaret)	Whitehall, Parteen, Limerick. (061 327328/Office: 061 417451/Fax: 061 417663)	<i>Confusion</i>
Scott, Clive, 2006 (2004) (Elisabeth)	11 Hillhead Drive, Falkirk FK1 5NG, Scotland. (01324 622481/Office: 01324 637654/Fax: 01324 635678)	<i>Paloma</i>
# Selig, Ivan I., 1965 (Daphne)	Bree Lodge, Craigavad, Co Down BT18 ODE. (028 9042 4361)	
# Sharp, Ronald L., 1974 (Sheila-May)	Ardbeg, Craigmillar Avenue, Milngavie, Glasgow G62 8AU, Scotland. (0141 956 1984)	<i>Ultimate</i>
Sheehy, Edward J., 1998 (Eileen)	"Iltou", Magazine Road, Cork. (021 4541816)	
Sheil, Leonard Jnr., 1988 (-)	Copse Cottage, Ballyhad, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow. (0404 43896)	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
# Sheil, Leonard, 1968 (Hazel)	Portlet, 24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co Dublin. (01 280 1878/Office: 01 280 7838)	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
# Sheppard, Lt. Comm. Thomas, RN (Retd), 1957 (Judith)	Derrybawn, Military Road, Ballybrack, Co Dublin. (01 282 4413)	<i>Greylag of Arklow (PO)</i>
Sheridan, Gerry A., 1995 (Terry)	Swiss Cottage, Newtown, Waterford. (051 870847/Office: 051 334700)	<i>Playtime 2</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
Siggins, Brian, 1985 (-)	Bunalun House, Bunalun, Skibereen, Co. Cork. (028 22465)	<i>Ausoba</i>
# Simms, Robin J. A., 1969 (Nan)	80 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 5HX. (028 9147 3563)	
Sisk, Hal, 1973 (-)	c/o Sicon Ltd., Wilton Works, Naas Rd., Dublin 22. (045 876268/Office: 01 409 1600)	<i>Peggy Bawn & Cuileann</i>
Slater, Ronnie, 1977 (Denise)	39 Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Co. Down BT19 1LB. (028 918 52373)	
Slevin, James, 1986 (-)	Arenal, The Mall, Ballyshannon, Co Donegal. (072 51379/Office: 072 51177)	<i>Testa Rossa 5 (PO)</i>
Smullen, Brian P., 1968 (-)	21 Seabank Court, Sandycove, Co. Dublin. (01 280 7350/Office: 01 660 5011)	<i>Cuilauin (PO)</i>
# Smullen, John D., 1961 (Helen)	11 Connolly Square, Bray, Co Wicklow. (01 286 2679/Fax: 01 286 2679)	
Smullen, John A., 1987 (Theresa)	2955 McCall St., #102, San Diego, Ca. 92106, USA. (619 507 3422)	<i>Altair</i>
Smyth, Douglas D. O.B.E., 2002 (Lillian)	2 Oldstone close, Shore Road, Greenisland, Co Antrim. (028 90 854557/Office: 028 90 400999)	<i>Jig Time</i>
Smyth, Francis G., 1979 (-)	30 Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Co. Down BT22 2RX. (028 4278 8214)	<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., Hon. Editor ICC Annual, 1985 (Helen)	3 Thomastown Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 285 2084/Office: 01 677 2941)	
Stokes, Adrian, 1990 (Deirdre)	Summer Lodge, Wellington Road, Cork. (021 4502464/Office: 021 4277622)	<i>Dom Perignon</i>
Stokes, Mandy, 1997 (Patrick)	"Summerville", Summerhill North, Cork. /Office: 021 4277622/Fax: 021 427 3228)	<i>Clipper</i>
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. (44 1752 863208)	<i>Free Spirit</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)	16 Bartle Rd., London W11 1 RF, England. (00 44 20 7229 8637)	<i>Sai See (PO)</i>
Tierney, John, 1960 (Sally)	Aisling, Knapton Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co Dublin. (01 280 4391/Office: 01 676 7998)	
Titterington, 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, Vice 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)	
Tyaransen, Olaf, 2005 (Margaret)	Lacklea, Barna, Co. Galway. (091 592 388/Office: 091 566568/Fax: 091 564456)	
Tyrrell, Aidan, 1971 (-)	Adelaide Cottage, Adelaide Place, Gardiners Hill, Cork. (021 450 8419)	
Villiers-Stuart, Gary, 1992 (-)	Burmlaw, Whitfield, Hexham NE47 8HF, England. (01434 345359/Office: 01434 632692)	<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>
Virden, 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)	
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 Ballykill Road, Howth, Co Dublin. (01 832 2472)	
# Watson, Richard R., 1962 (Pat)	29 Ballykill 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>
Weston, Tony George, 2007 (Gina)	113 Millisle Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down BT21 0LA, N. Ireland. (028 9188 8711)	<i>Uzume</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>
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>Miss Milly</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, Northern Ireland. (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 Clanbrassil 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>	M. Harris-Barke	7.4	Sloop F. 1971	M Dufour	Arpege
<i>Afar VI</i>	B. Bradley, I. Cherry		Cutter F. 2001	Bill Dixon	Moody 47
<i>After Midnight</i>	A. FitzGerald		Sloop	Tony Castro	Cork 1720
<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>Altair</i>	J. A. Smullen		Sloop W. 1937	Bjarne Aas	International One Design
<i>Alys</i>	D. Park	11	Sloop F. 1984	David Sadler	Sadler 34
<i>Amethyst</i>	T. & D. Andrews		Sloop 2002	Rob Humphreys	Elan 40'
<i>Andromeda</i>	S. Gray	4	Sloop W. 1962	Johan Anker	Dragon
<i>Anita</i>	B. Cassidy		G. Sloop W.	Howth 17 O.D.	
<i>Ann Again</i>	B. & E. Cudmore		Sloop F. 2000	J & J Designs	Bavaria 42
<i>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>Arcady</i>	R. Heard	S.	Motor cruiser		
<i>Ariadne</i>	A. G. Leonard		Sloop F. 2000	Stephen Jones	Starlight 35
<i>As Lathair</i>	R. & G. Casey		Sloop F. 1998	Berret/Racoupeau	Beneteau First 33.7
<i>Askari</i>	P O'Sullivan	7.6	Sloop F. 2002	J & J Designs	Dufour 30 Classic
<i>Atlantic Islander</i>	F McCarthy		Ketch F. 1980	Walter Raynor	Atlantic Power Ketch
<i>Auretta II</i>	D. Cudmore		Sloop F. 1984	David Thomas	Sigma 292
<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>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>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 Strangford</i>	B Black		Cutter/ketch F. 1973	Luders	
<i>Capercaille</i>	J.W. Clow	24	Bru 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		Ketch A. 1993	Ed Dubois	Custom built 71
<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>Cliodhna</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>Cuilain</i>	B. Smullen/M. O'Flaherty	28	Ketch W. 1970	G.T. McGruer	McGruer One Off
<i>Cuilleann</i>	H. B. Sisk	---	David Thomas	Landau 20 motor cruiser	
<i>Daedalus</i>	T Barry		Fractional F. 2000	Van de Stadt	Dehler 41
<i>Deerhound</i>	C.A. Chapman	18	Ketch F. 1970	Ted Hood	Hood 50
<i>Delphin</i>	L. Conway	12.3	Sloop F. 1976	R. Holland	Nicholson 345
<i>Dom Perignon</i>	A Stokes		Sloop F. 1970	L. Giles	Salar 40
<i>Doran Glas</i>	P. Horan	11	Sloop F. 1980	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<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. 1939	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 III</i>	G. Crisp		Sloop F.	Shipman 28	
<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>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>Free Spirit</i>	D. Taplin		Sloop F. 1998	Tony Castro	MG335
<i>Freycinet</i>	G J O'Connor		Sloop F. 1995	Bill Dixon	Moody 44
<i>Gauntlet</i>	P Bunting		Sloop F. 1988	D Sadler	Contessa 32
<i>Gay Gannet</i>	L. Sheil	7	Sloop W. 1963	C.R. Holman	Sterling
<i>Genesis of Drumbooy</i>	I. and H. Morrow		Cutter F. 2000	H. Johnston	Island Packet 420
<i>Gentle Spirit</i>	H Boyle		Sloop F. 1979	Olle Enderlein	Hallberg-Rassy
<i>Giggles</i>	P. Morehead		Sloop F. 1996	Bill Dixon	Moody S31
<i>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	Tony Castro	MG CS 40
<i>Hera</i>	I.R. Guinness		G. Sloop W. 1899	Howth 17 O.D.	
<i>Hideaway</i>	F. Ennis		Sloop F. 1983	David Thomas	Sigma 41
<i>Hobo Six</i>	J P Bourke		Sloop F. 1974	Ollie Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Hylasia</i>	H & I. Barnwell	17	Sloop F. 1985	German Frers	Hylas 42
<i>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'ablesse</i>	H. Beck				
<i>Jaded</i>	J.K. Martin	5	Sloop F. 1982	Johnson	J24
<i>Jap</i>	C Love Jnr		Gaff W. 1897	Fife Design	Cork Harbour One Design
<i>Jig Time</i>	D Smyth	14	Sloop F. 1996	Stephen Jones	Bowman Starlight 35
<i>Jomora</i>	A A Robertson		Sloop F. 1996	Stephen Jones	Starlight 35
<i>Joyster</i>	D. Whitehead	17.5	Ketch F. 1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35
<i>Juffra</i>	M.J. Hill		Sloop F. 1966	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Jura</i>	W & P Kellett		Sloop F. 1984	Holman & Pye	Pretorian 35
<i>Kacana</i>	L C Johnston		Sloop F. 2005	Peter Norlin	Sweden Yacht 42
<i>Kala</i>	M.T. McConnell	4	Motor F. 1974	Derek Stukins	Downcraft 21
<i>Kilpatrick</i>	D P Brazil	13	Sloop F. 1986	Holman & Pye	Oyster Heritage
<i>Kish</i>	N. Casey		Cutter F. 1982	Bob Perry	Tayana 37
<i>Koala</i>	P. Cullen		Sloop F. 1995	Gerry Douglas	Catalina 42 Mk2
<i>Kumaree</i>	K.L. Cooke	6	Sloop F. 1970	Dufour	Safari
<i>Kylie</i>	J. W. Wolfe	1984	Kelt 8.5		
<i>La Reveuse</i>	J. Banim		Sloop F. 1981	Andre Beneteau	Evasion 29
<i>Lady Kate</i>	D. Walsh	10	Sloop F. 1986	Dixon	Moody 31
<i>Lark</i>	B. Kelliher		Sloop - -	Alberg Ensign 23	
<i>Leemara of Howth</i>	M & M Butler	17	Sloop F. 1990	Stephen Jones	Sadler Starlight 39
<i>Leprechaun</i>	D.E. O'Connor	4	Sloop W. 1962	Peterson Thuesen	Dragon O.D.
<i>Lindos</i>	C.C. Martin	7	Sloop F. 1977	Van De Stadt	Prospect 900
<i>Lively Lady</i>	D. F. Martin		Sloop F. 2004	Bruce Farr	Benetau First 44.7
<i>Lonehort</i>	D. Lovett		Sloop F. 1971	Laurent Giles	Salar 40
<i>Lutanda</i>	R. E. Eves		Ketch F. 1977	Olle Enderlein	Halberg Rassy 35
<i>Mac Duach</i>	Dr. M. Brogan	15	G. Cutter W. 1979	Colm Mulkerrins	Galway Hooker
<i>Madcap</i>	S. Spence		Cutter W. 1875	Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter	
<i>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

Yacht	Owner	T.M.	Rig / Built	Designer	Class
<i>Marula</i>	S McConnell	15	M.Y.S. 1982	Bederbeke	Pedro 35
<i>Mary Lee</i>	J McCann		Cutter F. 1984	Borealis Yachts	Reliance 44
<i>Mary P</i>	F & N Prendeville		Sloop F. 1990	German Frers	Grand Soleil 42
<i>Maximizar</i>	P. & B. Branigan		F. 2007	Nord West	MY
<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>Miss Demena</i>	F. Long		Sloop F. 1966	John Alden	Mistral
<i>Miss Milly</i>	M. Whitaker		Sloop F. 2003	Etap Yachting NV	Etap 30i
<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>Misty of Clyde</i>	C. Bruen		Sloop F. 1976	Oliver J. Lee	Hunter 701 <mod>
<i>Modus Vivendi</i>	P & G Adams		Cutter F. 1991	Holman & Pye	Oyster 55
<i>Mollihawk's Shadow</i>	D & E Nicholson		Sloop 2007	Judel/Vrollijk	Najad 440 AC
<i>Moondrifter</i>	M.J. Webb	10	Ketch F. 1978	J. Roy	Macwester Seaforth
<i>Moonshadow</i>	J. Kilkenny E Fitzgerald		Sloop F. 1984	Moody 29	
<i>Moonstruck</i>	J Doran		Cutter F. 1995	Bruce Farr	Beneteau 44C
<i>Morene</i>	J A Stevenson		- S. 1974	-	-
<i>Morning Calm 3</i>	L. Auchincloss		Cutter F. 2002	Ron Holland	Trintella 65
<i>Moshulu III</i>	J.B. & M Woodward	17	Sloop F. 1976	Laurent Giles	Salar 40
<i>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>Northabout</i>	Jarlath J. Cunnane		Bermudan cutter A. 2001	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 Sapphire</i>	L. Bohane		Sloop F. 1998	Judel/Vrollijk	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 stadt	Caribbean 12m
<i>Quail</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>Rathlin</i>	N. Duffin		Sloop 1990	Ed Dubois	Westerly Riviera
<i>Rebound</i>	D Morrissy		Ketch F. 1986	Georg Stadelujr	Mayflower 48'
<i>Ree Spray</i>	D. Beattie	17	Cutter S. 2006	-	Roberts Spray 40
<i>Reiver</i>	J.D. Williams/W.P. Williams	12.5	Sloop S. 1988	A. Mylne	
<i>Ricjak</i>	J. Cahill	22	Cutter S. 1982	Cahill	One off
<i>Roaring Water</i>	J.B. Forde	14	Sloop F. 1978	A. Primrose	Moody 33
<i>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 30
<i>Ruinette</i>	D.P. Brazil/J. Gallagher	11	Sloop F. 1971	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Running Wild</i>	R Sullivan		Sloop F. 1980	David Thomas	Hunter Impala
<i>Sabrone</i>	P McGlade		Sloop F. 1991	Bill Dixon	Moody 44
<i>Sai See</i>	C. Thornhill		Yawf F. 1979	Sparkman & Stephens	-
<i>Saki</i>	P.J. McCormack	11	Sloop F. 1979	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 31
<i>Salar</i>	B. McMahan	6	Sloop F. 1970	White & Hill	Cutlass
<i>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



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<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>Seascape of Down</i>	P. & E. Ronaldson		Ketch F. 1981	Westerly Conway	
<i>Seoidin</i>	B Travers	5	G. Cutter 1978	Roger Dongray	Cornish Crabber 24 Mk 1
<i>Setanta</i>	M Cotter-Murphy		Sloop F. 1996	Johan Hanker	Dragon
<i>Setanta</i>	J Cudmore		Sloop F. 2000	J. Fauroux	Jenneau Sun Odyssey 37
<i>Shady Maid</i>	F. Ranalow		Ketch F. 1979	Holman & Pye	Oyster 38
<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>Simon Den</i>	J. Ballagh		Ketch S. 1991	Holterman & De Vries	44' Motor sailer
<i>Stolta</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>Soreha of Down</i>	T. Lusty		Sloop F. 1984	Malo Yachts	Malo 38
<i>Southerly</i>	J. Osborne		Ketch A. 1973	Sparkman & Stephens	—
<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. 2007	Umberto Felci	Dufour 385
<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		Bmu ketch F. 1980	Holman & Pye	Oyster 39
<i>Talisker</i>	N Wright		Sloop F. 1998	W Dixon	Moody 40
<i>Tallah</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>Testa Rossa 5</i>	J. Slevin		Sloop F. 1990	Stephen Jones	Sadler Starlight 39
<i>The Lady Avilon</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/Vroljik	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</i>	M. O'Keefe		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>Uzume</i>	T. Weston		Sloop F. 2004	Lombard & Levet	Sun Odyssey
<i>Valhalla</i>	S Adair		Sloop F. 1995	J Berret	
<i>Volare</i>	J. Rohan		Motor cruiser F. 2007	Princess 50	
<i>Voyager</i>	B. MacManus		Sloop F. 2004	Norlin	Sweden 42
<i>Voyageuse</i>	L. Kavanagh	5.5	Sloop F. 1978	Angus Primrose	Voyager 35
<i>Wave Dancer</i>	J.E. Daly		Sloop F. 1989	Bill Dixon	Moody 376
<i>Waxwing</i>	P. Gray/S. Gray	15	Cutter F. 1980	Peter Brett	Rival 41
<i>Wayfarer</i>	D Whitaker		Sloop F. 2000	German Frers	Hallberg-Rassy 36
<i>Wheesh</i>	W.P. Escott	12	Sloop F. 1974	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 35
<i>White Hatter</i>	M. Flowers		Sloop F. 2001	Groupe Finot	Beneteau Clipper 473
<i>Whitefire</i>	N V McFerran		Ketch F. 1985	Van de Stadt	Rebel 42
<i>Wild Bird</i>	G.J.J. Fasenfeld		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>Wüchcraft 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



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December 2006

Mr Clifford E. Hilliard
Araglen
Proby Square
BLACKROCK
Co Dublin

RE: IRISH CRUISING CLUB ANNUAL 2006

Dear Clifford

We enclose 1 complimentary copy, in addition to your own copy, of our Year 2006 Club Annual in appreciation of your service as a Committee Member.

Yours sincerely

Bill Rea

