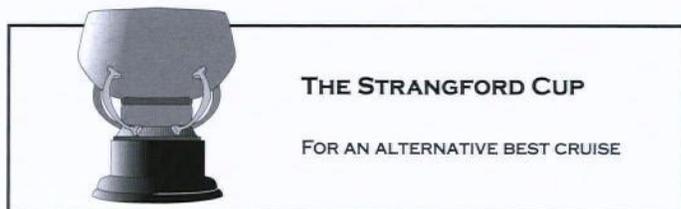


Winter delivery trip and Baltic cruise

Michael Coleman



Foreword

The year 2008 was always going to be a milestone year for me. Firstly, I reached the official retirement age, and was within a heaving-line's throw of the free travel. I felt that major decisions were facing me. For the last five years I have been in command of the barque *Jeanie Johnston* and have enjoyed it greatly. However, I was getting itchy feet – it was time for a change. So with a heavy heart and much regret I informed the owners of my decision to retire – not easy to leave the ship that you have become bonded-to as things were going well, but the decision time was right.

I have long harboured an ambition to cruise the Baltic Sea and decided that 2008 was to be the year. However, my trusted and able steel Robert's 44 was now becoming a burden to handle – in short I needed a yacht with an all-furling rig – no more sail changes on a wet and pitching foredeck for me. I had been looking around for sometime but found it difficult to find a boat that would suit my requirements, as she had to be an out-and-out no compromise cruising yacht. I have read many of John Ridgway's books and especially his account of his circumnavigation in the 2nd Whitbread. His boat *Debenhams* was a Bowman 57 designed by Holman and Pye – the deck saloon type appealed to me. I had spotted an Oyster 53, also a Holman and Pye design, for sale in one of the yachting magazines, and eventually reached a deal to purchase her during Christmas week last December. I had been a very good boy and Santa Claus looked after me!

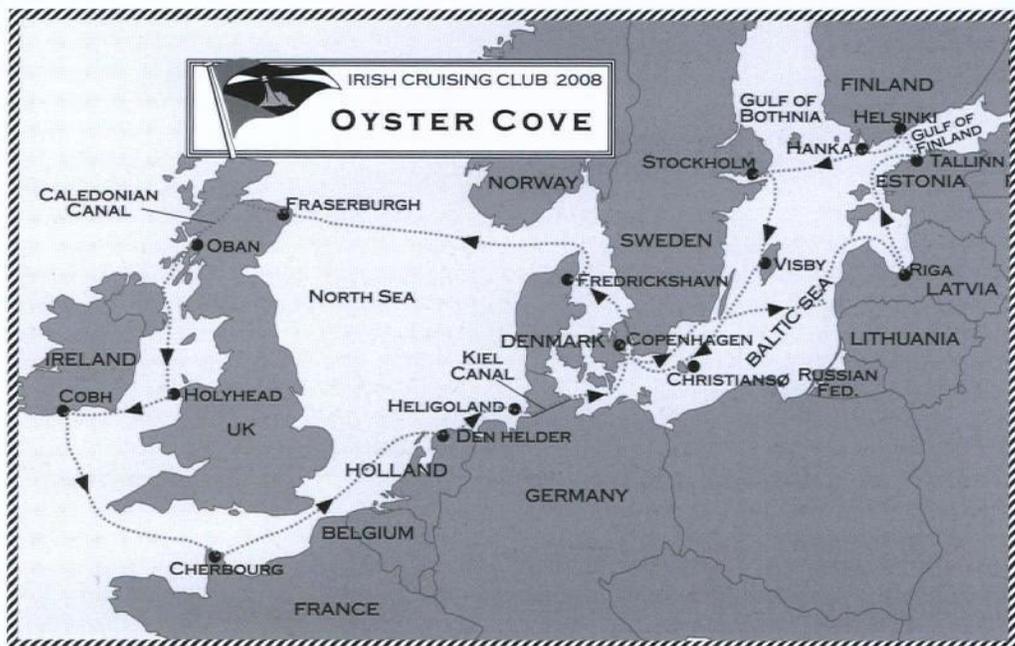
Delivery trip:

Burnham-on-Crouch to Cobh – 820 miles

The boat was based in Burnham-on-Crouch and the hand-over date was agreed as 1st February 2008. I had intended to haul her out over there, and sail her home in the early spring. My son Denis would have none of this – she would have to be sailed home to Cork on take-over, he insisted. Sailing down the English Channel into the teeth of southwesterly gales would not be much fun. I got a good strong crew together with surprising ease; myself, my son Denis, my old shipmate Paddy O'Connor, Mike Whelan Jr., and Mike Murphy, the previous owner who had very kindly agreed to come on the delivery trip.

After four hectic days of commissioning and storing we were ready for the off. The night before sailing we attended

a table quiz in the local sailing club and won two prizes, no less. This we regarded as a very good omen! The following morning we cast off with high spirits and high hopes of an enjoyable sail back home to Cobh. However, it was not to be – man proposes and God disposes. We enjoyed a very pleasant first sail across the approaches of the Thames Estuary with previous owner Mike, acting as local pilot. With a fast-falling barometer and rising winds we made Dover before dark, and very glad to do so, with winds from the southwesterly approaching gale force. We spent the next two days storm-bound in Dover, doing various maintenance jobs around the boat. After two days we got a moderation in the wind and headed and out into moderate southwesterlies which later increased to a full gale which we were not expecting. In the evening, while charging batteries, we picked up a large area of plastic sheeting in the propeller, which stopped the engine dead – nothing for it now but to sail on throughout the night. We spent a most unpleasant night tacking to and fro across the Channel south of Brighton, with winds at times gusting to 50 knots on the nose. The Oyster is a really superb sea boat, she looked after us that night, 3-reef main plus a few rolls on the furling stay'sl and she romped along at 6-7 knots. The following morning we overtook a German coaster which was punching her way down Channel. After all the violent motions during the night the propeller partly cleared itself. Later on in the morning conditions moderated considerably. In the afternoon we entered the Eastern Solent and were alongside the pontoons in East Cowes at around 18.00 just before dark, we were relieved to be secure in safe harbour. That evening the TV news was full of the drama in the Channel and the havoc wreaked on shipping. A timber carrier had lost her deck cargo off Brighton, it all ended up on Brighton beach and a



considerable portion of its plastic covering ended up fouling our propeller. A container ship had a number of its containers washed overboard off the Scillies and a RORO vessel was blown ashore in the approaches to Rotterdam. We hauled the boat out to clear the propeller; thankfully no damage was done, interestingly the lift-out was half the price the driver quoted. We spent another two days storm-bound in Cowes – we could not have been in a nicer place. We then got a fair forecast and made East Ferry marina non-stop in 40 hours of fine sailing. We were happy to be home and celebrated with our friends on board who treated us to a champagne breakfast after which we renamed the yacht *Oyster Cove*, the name chosen by my wife Eileen.



Historic ship harbour, Lubeck.

M. Coleman

Cobh to Copenhagen

26th June - 10th July – 1,170 miles

Over the next few months Paddy O'Connor, who is now a professional rigger and is partner in Aghada Boat Yard, assisted by myself, refitted the boat – new standing and running rigging, all new furling systems and, of course, new sails from North Sails of Crosshaven. I eventually set a departure date for 26th

July returning on 10th September approximately. The core crew was to be my daughter Patricia, who I was introducing to the cruising way of life, Bud O'Connell, a long standing friend who was a National 18 championship sailor in the 80s and Eddie O'Gorman from Sligo, an old shipmate from the *Jeanie Johnston*. Other crew would come and go as the cruise progressed.

The morning of the 26th dawned bleak and miserable, a front was moving through, wet and windy with frequent squally southwesterlies, but most important of all it was a fair wind, and the run from Cork to Land's End would be a beam reach – perfect. We were seen off at East Ferry by a group of family and friends huddled together for mutual shelter. Quick good wishes and goodbyes and we were off into the scud. On clearing the harbour mouth we rolled out the main with two reefs, rolled out the stay'sl, cut the engine and we were sailing off making 7-8 knots. We carried this rig all day and throughout the night, even though the wind was gusting 40 knots at times, it was boisterous and bumpy ride but it was fast and we had no complaints. We rounded the Longships off Land's End at noon the next day, we eased sheets, rolled out more sail and bore away up-Channel making 7-8 knots – great sailing, we could stand a lot of it. A few hours later we were at the Lizard and eased sheets again for the run up-Channel. The watches passed quickly, with tending sheets, steering and altering course many times for passing shipping. The night proved to be very misty, with much reduced visibility, and again we were busy with course changes especially when crossing the shipping lanes north of the Channel Islands. We raised Cap de la Hague on the French mainland at 11.00 Saturday 28th and passed in through Cherbourg's very impressive breakwaters at 14.00 and made fast at the yacht harbour pontoons shortly thereafter. It was glorious sunshine and this continued more or less for the following five weeks. The old town of Cherbourg, which is adjacent to the marina, is an attractive and friendly place, we enjoyed our brief 24 hour stop-over. The main tourist attraction is a decommissioned nuclear submarine, well worth a visit. The complicated engineering and electronic systems onboard are truly mind-boggling. The nuclear reactor has been removed so there are no risks.

The next morning we carried out a few small maintenance jobs and, after a leisurely lunch onboard, departed Cherbourg at



Oyster Cove at Ruhnu.

M. Coleman



Entering Mariehamn: *Pommern* in background. M. Coleman

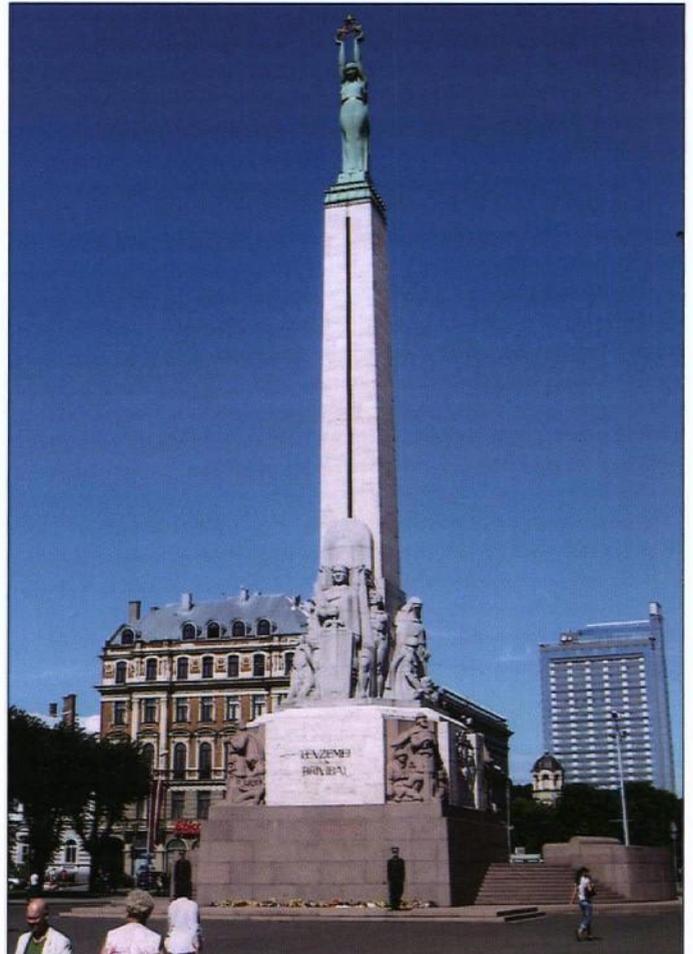
13.00 bound up-Channel toward the Dover Strait and on to Den Helder, northwest Holland, distance 330 miles. After clearing the breakwaters we set the full main and the big genoa. We enjoyed great sailing for the most of this leg, the winds held light and fair and with relatively flat seas we ate up the miles, T-shirts and shorts, no oilies – wonderful. Life could not be better.

Our transit through the Dover Strait on Monday 29th June was interesting. On approaching the Strait a French customs patrol vessel hauled close alongside and hailed us. Many questions followed regarding ownership, crew and registration details. After satisfying themselves as to our bona-fides they wished us bon voyage and good sailing. Believe it or not this was to be our only contact with officialdom during the entire 11 week cruise. Later on in the day we spoke to the *Grand Turk*, which is a half size replica of Nelson's famous *Victory*. The Captain is a friend of mine and we had a pleasant exchange. Later again we sailed close to a six-man racing gig which was engaging in a charity fund-raising event rowing across the Strait. Shortly afterwards the coastguard radio station at Dover asked all vessels to keep a good lookout, as an across-the-Channel swim was taking place, however we did not encounter any swimmers. The night was busy with crossing shipping, but the weather and visibility were good so we experienced a smooth passage through the various shipping lanes and sand banks which lay well off-shore on the north coasts of Belgium and Holland. The wind died away the following morning so we hoisted the iron top'sl i.e. started the engine! The battery needed charging anyway. We entered the port of Den Helder and made fast at the marina at 18.30. The marina is run by the Dutch navy, in fact Den Helder is the main navy base. The marina was crowded, so on the instructions of the marina manager we rafted up alongside a naval pinnace. All went well until the following morning when we had to make a hasty departure on the orders of an irate naval officer. However, we did manage to store up with provisions.

Our next intended port of call was to be Heligoland, a very small island in the German bight about 150 miles distant, a nice overnight sail. It was a pleasant passage for the most part with light southwesterly winds. At 10.00 the following morning we raised the island low on the horizon, one point on the lee bow, and were fast in the very spacious harbour at noon. Heligoland

is a duty-free island, where mainlanders come for day trips with empty suitcases to stock up with duty-free goods. In fact, this duty-free tourism is the main commercial activity on the island. We enjoyed a brief overnight stay and departed at 08.00 on Friday 4th July bound for Brunsbüttele which is located half way between the North Sea and the port of Hamburg on the river Elbe. Brunsbüttele is at the western end of the Kiel Canal which is the principle entrance to the Baltic Sea, south of Denmark. The other entrance being the Kattegat, north of Denmark. The forecast was for strong southwesterlies with heavy rain, and so it turned out to be one of the least pleasant days of the entire cruise. However, it was a fair wind so we made a very fast passage, the tide was also flooding strongly. We covered 60 miles in seven hours and we locked in at the sea lock at 15.00. Our pilotage on the river Elbe was exciting, very busy shipping, poor visibility in driving rain making the buoys and navigation marks difficult to pick out visually, but we enjoyed it none the less. After clearing the lock we decided to spend the night at the nearby marina and transit the canal the next day. This proved to be a good decision as it averted a near mutiny onboard! And the next day was to be fine and sunny.

Our transit of the Kiel Canal was a very enjoyable experience, no hassle whatsoever. The canal is very wide, can accommodate very large ships and was built in 1895 to allow the German naval fleet easy access to and from the Baltic Sea, eliminating the necessity to sail through the Kattegat, which is less secure. The tolls for yachts are quite modest, it cost us €35 which included a free berth in Brunsbüttele for the night. On clearing the canal at Holtenu we headed south for Kiel. We spent the night at the Dusterbrook Marina close to the promenade and all amenities. Interestingly, the marina was



Freedom Monument, Riga.

Patricia Coleman

built for the 1936 Olympic sailing competitions. Kiel is one of the premier yachting centres in Germany and the southern Baltic, and has many attractions. The bay is blessed with considerable natural beauty, it resembles the Solent area in many ways.

Our next port of call was to be Travemünde, mainly to view the famous flying 'P' Line square-rigger *Passat* which is one permanent exhibition at Passat Haven, the principal marina. The passage took 20 hours, mainly in light winds, so it was a combination of sailing and motor-sailing. We enjoyed an interesting morning onboard the *Passat*, and marvelled at her sheer size, grace and strength. She could carry 5,000 tons of cargo at speeds of up to 15 knots on wind power alone, the ultimate green marine transport. Her sister ship the *Pamir* was lost off the Azores in 1956 while returning from the River Plate with a full cargo of grain stored in bulk. Sadly there was great loss of life, only six survivors. After this tragedy the great sailing ships never carried commercial cargos again. The remaining ships were mothballed and later some became museum ships. Two of them, namely *Sedov* and *Krusenstern* became training ships and are now in Russian hands; in fact they were seized as prizes of war. After bidding farewell to the mighty *Passat* we travelled up river to Lübeck in the afternoon. Lübeck is a most handsome city with the historic core being very attractive. Major restoration work has been carried out in recent years, and it is now back to its medieval grandeur when it was one of the major cities in the Hanseatic League. The waterfront has been turned into an historic ship harbour and Nansen's polar ship *Fridtjof* is on display here.

Our next port of call was to be Rodvig in Denmark, for a short overnight stay en-route to Copenhagen. We experienced a severe thunder and lightning storm around midnight, during which we received a lightning strike to the masthead which did considerable damage to our electronics. It was disquieting to say the least as the lightning could be clearly seen arcing across the backstay insulators; thankfully the rig is well earthed with substantial copper plates. On later inspection no serious damage appeared to have been done. Rodvig was originally a small fishing harbour but with the decline of the fishing industry has now been changed over to leisure use. This was to be a trend which became familiar as the cruise progressed. Sadly there is little fish in the Baltic Sea now, due mainly to over-fishing in the past and heavy pollution feeding into it from the old industries of the former Soviet states on the eastern coasts. Thankfully this has all changed in recent years, and stocks are slowly beginning to make a recovery. Rodvig to Copenhagen was a short 40 mile hop, a very pleasant seven-hour sail in beautiful sunny weather.

Baltic Circuit: Copenhagen to Copenhagen 16th July - 27th August - 1610 miles

Our berth in Copenhagen was in the Langelinie Marina very close to the monument of the Little Mermaid which is perhaps the quintessential image of the city. The marina has all services and is only a short walk from the city centre. My wife Eileen, and Eddie's wife Mary, flew out to join us for our one week stay. Copenhagen is a wonderful city to visit, very friendly, fine architecture, magnificent public buildings and museums, fine parks laid out in a grand scale plus many other fine attractions too numerous to mention. It is, of course, both a capital city and a maritime city with a unique canal system winding through its various quarters. The commercial port has been shifted away from the centre, and the old warehouses and various dock buildings converted into hotel and residential use, and for the most part, retaining the historical ambience of the old docks, nothing was destroyed just converted to new uses. Very large

wind generators were much in evidence around the outer harbour, testifying to the Danes interest in the environment.

Both Eileen and Mary flew home after a very pleasant six day stay together with Bud. My daughter Brenda and boyfriend Don joined the crew and would stay as far as Riga. We departed Copenhagen at 12.00 on Wednesday 16th July bound for somewhere on the south coast of Sweden. We had decided to do an anti-clockwise circuit as this left the major cities until later; I believe in keeping the good wine until last! We enjoyed great weather in the Baltic, light, mainly fair winds, pleasant temperatures and gloriously sunny days. We made brief overnight stops in Travelberg and Smirishaven. The former is a major ferry port and does not have a marina, it is OK for a night time stop-over but that is all. Smirishaven, on the other hand, is a very pleasant fishing port with a well-maintained marina with all the necessary amenities. It also has an active sailing club, they host a fine BBQ every Friday evening in the summer, we were made most welcome and felt immediately at home. Our next stop was Gronhogen located on the southern end of the Swedish island of Oland. Again, it was a small fishing port mainly used by cruising yachts. It is a tiny little port but ideally situated as a jump off point for yachts bound for the eastern shores of the Baltic.

Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania

After a one night stopover we sailed on Sunday 20th July at 10.00 bound for Liepaja, one of the main ports of Latvia - distance 170 miles. Our crossing was uneventful, we enjoyed good sailing, we just had to motor the last few miles. Liepaja is a large breakwater port, as we entered into the harbour and proceeded to the yacht pontoons a depressing picture unfolded before us. The contrast between the western shores and the eastern could not be more stark. An air of depression, neglect and decay was very much apparent. The Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania had spent over 50 years under Soviet occupation and the failings of that system were everywhere to be seen. Thankfully, the yacht pontoons were in relatively good order, the services being located in the basement of a nearby hotel. The first stirrings of better times ahead were also becoming apparent, some of the more important buildings are being restored, roads were being improved and new apartment blocks were being constructed. We rambled ashore in the evening and explored the town; we could have put the clock back 50 years. The lack of hope, and despair, could be clearly seen on the faces of the older generation, the youth however had a sparkle in the eye, and a lightness in their step that was good to see. Let's hope that their joining of the EU will prove as successful for them as it was for Ireland. They certainly deserve a leg up.

Our next day's sail northward brought us to Ventspils, also in Latvia. It was similar in some ways to Liepaja, however, it was in much better order, and an air of moderate prosperity was evident. The yacht harbour was located in the old fish dock. The manager was a retired deep-sea fisherman and knew the west of Ireland well. In fact his son was married to an Irish girl and they had settled in Killybegs, the Irish connection kept popping up throughout the cruise!

Riga, Latvia's capital was next on our itinerary. The distance was 130 miles, an easy overnight sail. We entered the Gulf of Riga through the Ibre Strait on the western side of the Gulf and after a good overnight sail arrived off the entrance of the Dugava river shortly after dawn on 24th July. We motored the eight miles up river at an easy pace and made fast at the Andresjosta yacht centre close to the city centre. We spent six enjoyable days in Riga, again Eileen and Mary joined us for the visit. The city of Riga is very handsome and has been largely restored since the destruction of the war, in fact the rebuilding

is still going on. The historic old town, dating back to Hanseatic times, has many buildings of interest. Many very old churches with impressive lofty spires are to be seen scattered throughout the city. Riga today is a modern, vibrant, bustling city with all the facilities you would expect, with an air of prosperity everywhere. Many thousands of tourists visit the city annually. One of the main attractions is the market which is located in four huge ex-zeppelin hangers; it is reputed to be one of the largest in Europe and prices are bargain basement, well worth a visit. The freedom monument towers over the main square, and artfully depicts Latvia's past struggle and future hope. Our stay in Riga passed all too quickly – time sure flies when you are having fun! Eileen and Mary, together with Brenda and Don, flew home, availing of Ryanair's cheap flights. The crew was now down to three, namely myself, Patricia and Eddie. However, with a full-furling rig and auto-pilot we found it no hardship.

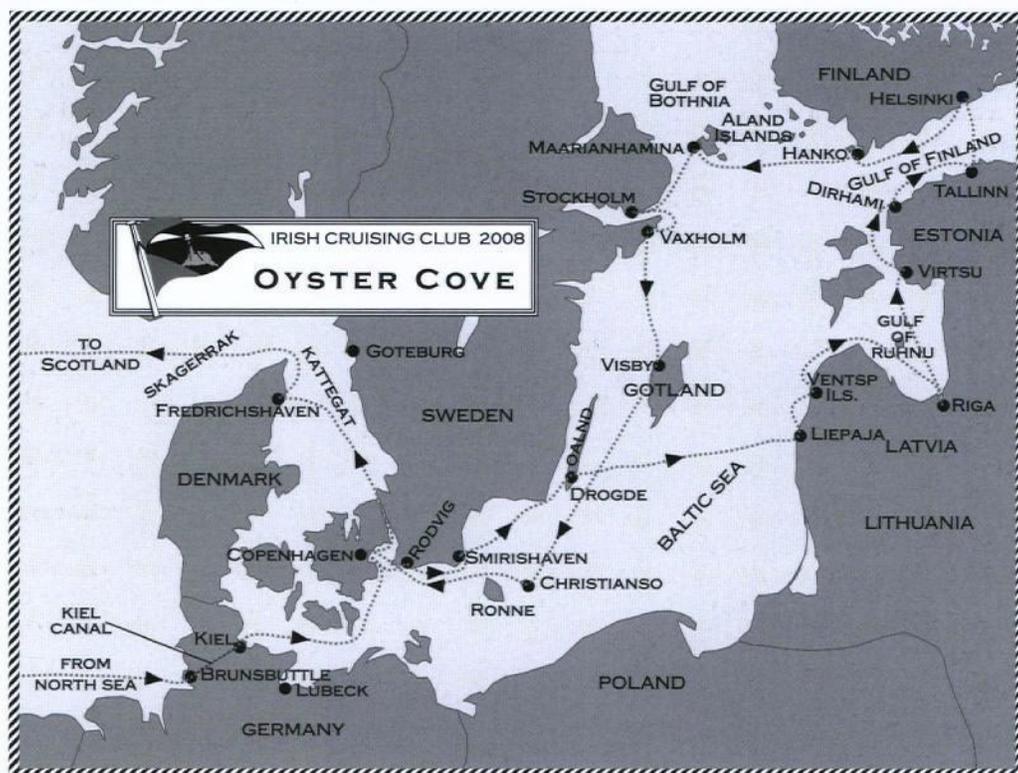
Tricky navigation

From Riga onward we were into tricky coastal navigation for the remainder of the Baltic, islands large and small and thousands of rocky archipelagos everywhere. Detailed large scale local charts are essential. They come in folders of 12-15 and cost about €50 each. Prior to departure we purchased the necessary folders for Estonian waters. Our next major port was to be Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, located on the south coast of the Gulf of Finland. We did it in day sails making night-time stops at Ruhnu, Virtsu and Dirhami. Ruhnu is a delightful little island of a few square miles with a population of 60, located in the centre of the Gulf of Riga. It has one school with 13 students, one church, one shop-cum-pub-cum-post office-cum-grocery store. The tiny little marina can accommodate about a dozen yachts. Incidentally, almost every little waterside village in the Baltic has a yacht pontoon. Ruhnu is covered in forest, we enjoyed long walks across the island. We departed from the Gulf of Riga through Moon Sound at the northern end, pilotage was tricky, the waters outside the narrow channels are rock-strewn, there is little margin for error, from here on this was the norm. Pilotage in the north and west coasts of the Baltic is challenging but rewarding.

There are no facilities for visiting in Tallinn itself, instead yachts must tie up at Pitra on the eastern shore of Tallinn bay. Pitra leisure harbour was built for the 1980 Moscow Olympics and is the main sailing centre in Estonia. The old medieval city of Tallinn is absolutely stunning architecturally. It is as it has been for the last 500 years since its Hanseatic heyday. We rambled through its historic cobbled streets, admired its magnificent buildings and churches and soaked up the unique atmosphere.

Jewel of the Baltic

It richly deserves its title of the Jewel of the Baltic. Seven



cruise liners were in port during our stay – ample testament to its huge appeal to visitors. It is, of course, a United Nations World Heritage city. We enjoyed our two day stopover and wished we could have stayed longer, but we still had a long road ahead and the summer was slipping away, in fact, in Tallinn we felt the first signs of autumn closing in. The semi-tropical weather which we had enjoyed up to now was over.

After Tallinn it was onward to Helsinki, 55 miles away, only half of which was open sea, essentially a sail northward across the mouth of the Gulf of Finland. Again, concentration was required on the approaches into Helsinki. The entry channel into the harbour itself was one of the narrowest I have seen. We secured at the HMVK marina, five minutes walk from the city centre. The marina manager kindly reduced the harbour dues from €40 per night to €20 remarking "we get very few Irish yachts, welcome, spread the word when you get home, come to Helsinki". Patricia's boyfriend, Mike joined us here, so the crew strength was up to four. Helsinki is a fine city, the main square is dominated by the magnificently recently restored Lutheran cathedral, well worth a visit. The presidential palace is located slightly set back from one of the main quays, where else would one get that? It testifies to the Finns' interest in the sea and the high priority they give to matters maritime. Helsinki was at 60° north and 25° east, our furthest north and furthest east points, after here we were homeward bound.

We departed Helsinki on Sunday 10th August at 06.00 and headed for Hango 90 miles to the westward. It was a case of light headwinds all the way and the entire 12 hour trip was under engine. There are two good-size marinas in Hango, both close to the town centre. Mooring is by the usual Scandinavian system namely, bow onto the quay with the stern made fast to a buoy. We do not have a bow thruster and sometimes this manoeuvre became a little exciting in cross winds.

Hango was our last port in Finland, from here we headed to Mariehamn, the principal town in the autonomous Åland islands. The islands are owned by Finland and are Swedish-speaking. Our main reason for calling was to view the four masted barque *Pommern*, which was one of the last very large sailing ships owned by the Erickson line. The islands have an



Nyhavn, Copenhagen.

M. Coleman

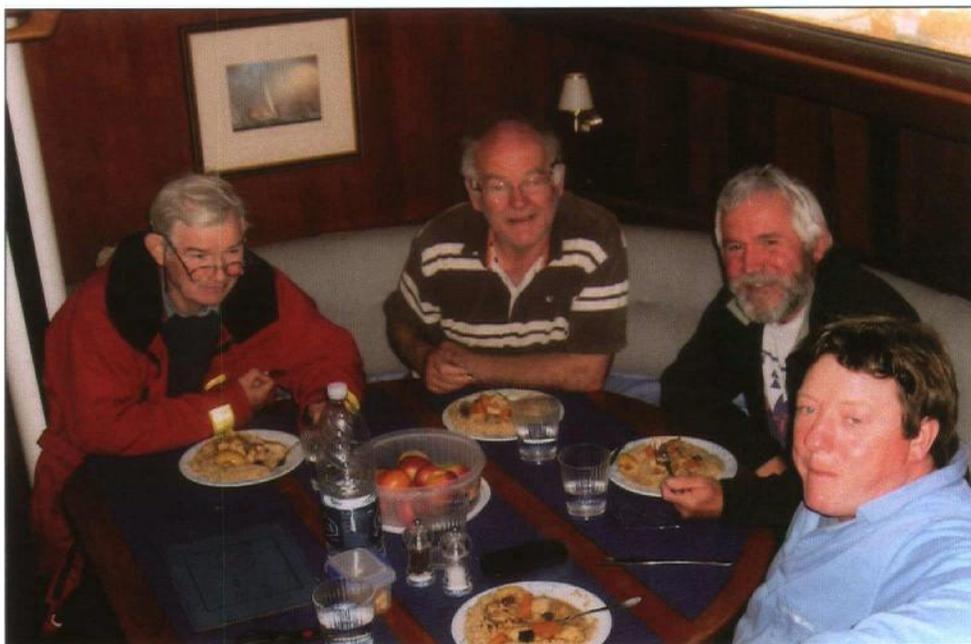
extraordinary rich maritime history. Between the wars Gustav Erickson operated the last great sailing fleet in worldwide trade. All his ships were registered in Mariehamn. The *Pommern* is unique in that she is unchanged since she was built in 1903. We enjoyed our visit to the ship and the nearby Åland maritime museum which focuses on the last of the great era of sail and the Åland contribution. The collection of models and paintings is one of the finest in the world. A visit is a must. The town itself is beautifully laid out with broad tree-lined avenues and well-kept parks. Beautifully built and maintained grand old wooden houses predominate in the leafy outskirts of the town.

After a two day stopover we headed for Stockholm, a trip of nearly 90 miles, almost all in pilotage waters. Half way up the channel to the city the engine cut out; after bleeding the system several times we had no joy. Local engineer, Mats, then came to our assistance and sorted out the problem. He took the fuel injection pump ashore for cleaning, the dreaded diesel bug had

contaminated our fuel tanks; it caused us other problems later on in the cruise. Stockholm is the largest of the Scandinavian capitals with a population of two million. It is a friendly relaxing city with a very fine waterfront. The harbour itself is very busy and vibrant, with inter-island commuter ferries frequently criss-crossing from side to side. These ferries are part of the daily commuter service for the city. Floating restaurants and cafés make the harbour very much part of people's daily lives. The main attraction for sailors, however, is the *Vasa*, a 17th century man-of-war. She sank on her maiden voyage in 1628 and was raised from the bottom of the seabed in 1961, after spending 333 undisturbed years in her watery grave. Unbelievably, the ship was almost intact when raised. She is on permanent exhibition in a purpose-built exhibition hall constructed over the dry dock where she now rests. A visit is an absolute must. The ship, together with her contents, is without question the finest of its type in the world, bar none. On first sight, she is absolutely stunning, awesome, heart-stopping. I have never seen anything to equal her. We enjoyed a full day in the museum. In fact my daughter Patricia spent two days in the museum, such was its drawing power. It attracts over one million visitors per year.

Before sailing we had our last crew change, Mike left us and Paddy and Ber O'Connor plus Bud joined us for the voyage home. We would like to have spent more time in Stockholm but we were now eight weeks out and still had three to go. Also, I was anxious to be home before the equinoctial gales set in around mid-September. The Swedish coast south of Stockholm is a marvellous cruising ground, but as time was pressing we decided to do overnight hops and visit the largest islands in the Baltic instead. Our next southward port of call was Visby on the

island of Gotland, distance 130 miles. Visby is a UN world heritage site and was a very historic Hanseatic trading town. It is really exquisite, we were glad we called in. After Visby it was onward and southward to the tiny little Danish island of Christianso, an old fortress rock about the size of Lambay with a population of just 100. After a two hour stopover for lunch we were off to Allinge on the Danish island of Bornholm in the southern Baltic. Sadly Ber had to leave us here as she had twisted her ankle and was too uncomfortable to continue. She took the ferry to Copenhagen and then flew home. After Allinge it was an easy overnight sail back to Copenhagen. Again we tied up at the Langaline marina, our Baltic circuit complete.



Crew, l-r: M. Coleman, B. O'Connell, E. O'Gorman, P. O'Connor.

Copenhagen to Cobh

27th August - 8th September – 1,140 miles

Our stopover on this occasion lasted only 24 hours after which we departed for Fredrickshavn on the northwest shore of the Kattegat – distance 155 miles. The trip was rough enough, we experienced a late summer gale in the Kattegat and it built up a nasty sea. The seas were short and steep with breaking crests, we were beating into it, the foredeck was continually covered with spray and solid water at times – thankfully no foredeck sail changes, the furling rig saw to that.

We remained storm-bound for two days in Fredrickshavn, and we dried out our gear and the boat in general. On Friday, 29th August we received a very good weather report for the next few days, moderate winds from the southeast. This was perfect for our North Sea crossing. It would not be wise to miss this favourable window. We decided there and then to sail across the North Sea direct to Scotland without calling to any Norwegian port, which had been our earlier intention. The crossing was a little slow, the winds being light, but none the less we made it in a little over three days. We experienced one night with very heavy fog and very little wind. Our arrival port in Scotland was Fraserburgh, a large fishing port and the southern entrance to the Moray Firth. Bud's brother, Paddy and his wife Jill, joined us here for the trip through the Caladonian Canal. The next day we voyaged on to Inverness in fine weather. Our transit of the canal took three days, longer than normal but it was as pleasant as ever, it always looks beautiful even in inclement weather.

After clearing the canal at Corpach we motored southward through Lough Linnie calling at Oban for a few hours. After Oban we continued on southward through the Sound of Jura and the North Channel to Holyhead where Paddy and Jill would leave us. The trip through the North Channel and Irish Sea was a boisterous affair, we were running before strong northeasterlies, making steering a demanding job. We experienced a minor crisis 30 miles north of Holyhead when one of the steering cables snapped. We turned on the autopilot and much to our surprise, the auto steered the boat much better than we could ourselves even in the following sea conditions. We had a dramatic entry into Holyhead in gale conditions, and berthed alongside the pontoon using the emergency tiller. The seas were breaking over the breakwater and conditions were such that it necessitated a fender watch throughout the night. The following morning Paddy O'Connor rigged a new steering wire and after checking the system we were off again in the afternoon. We made the trip to Cobh without incident in 26 hours. We tied up at George Butler's marina at East Ferry at 19.00. We were welcomed home by a group of family and friends and a minor little celebration followed. The star of the welcome home party was 12 days old grandson Ben, together with beaming parents, my son Denis and daughter-in-law Emma.

Conclusion

The Baltic is an exceptionally fine cruising area, I would urge any member thinking of heading there to go ahead. There is great variety; fine cities,

quaint old world fishing harbours and beautiful anchorages together with top class facilities and very friendly people. If I were to do it again, I would consider hauling the boat out and wintering her up in the Baltic. We met several sailors from the UK who do this. It is impossible to cruise the entire Baltic in one season. We sailed almost 4,000 miles, visited 36 ports in 11 countries. On our return we were all pretty tired but well satisfied. Thanks to all the crew, well done everybody! This completed my sailing in *Oyster Cove* for 2008, not bad for a first season's sailing, and as for retirement, I can heartily recommend it.

List of ports visited and distances					
Number	From	To	Distance (Miles)	Time (Days)	Time (Hours)
1	Cobh	Cherbourg	320	2	2
2	Cherbourg	Den Helder	330	2	6
3	Den Helder	Heligoland	155	1	0
4	Heligoland	Brunsbottle	60	–	8
5	Brunsbottle	Kiel	55	–	8
6	Kiel	Travemunde	95	–	20
7	Travemunde	Rodvig	115	–	19
8	Rodvig	Copenhagen	40	–	7
9	Copenhagen	Travelburg	45	–	6
10	Travelburg	Smirishaven	65	–	10
11	Smirishaven	Grogden	95	–	14
12	Grogden	Liepaja	170	1	5
13	Liepaja	Ventspils	65	–	9
14	Ventspils	Riga	130	1	3
15	Riga	Ruhnu	65	–	9
16	Ruhnu	Virtsu	55	–	8
17	Virtsu	Dirhami	65	–	10
18	Dirhami	Tallinn	70	–	11
19	Tallinn	Helsinki	55	–	9
20	Helsinki	Hanko	90	–	12
21	Hanko	Mariehamn	125	1	1
22	Mariehamn	Anchorage	65	–	9
23	Anchorage	Stockholm	25	–	3
24	Stockholm	Vaxholm	20	–	3
25	Vaxholm	Visby	110	1	0
26	Visby	Christianso	180	1	5
27	Christianso	Allinge	15	–	2
28	Allinge	Copenhagen	105	–	20
29	Copenhagen	Fredrickshavn	155	1	0
30	Fredrickshavn	Fraserborgh	430	3	5
31	Fraserborgh	Inverness	80	–	12
32	Inverness	Corpach	55	3	0
33	Corpach	Oban	35	–	6
34	Oban	Holyhead	205	1	4
35	Holyhead	Cobh	180	1	2
		Distance	3,925		
		Delivery Trip	820		
		Various Hops	250		
		Season's Total	4,995		

Caelan's Orkney Cruise

Brian Black

On his way to martyrdom, Magnus received a crack across the head thus giving rise to a beer named after him – Skullsplitter. This is one of the main hazards to be treated with care when cruising Orkney, another of course is the strong tidal currents that sweep through the sounds and channels of this charming island group. To any sailor familiar with Strangford Narrows, the roaring streams take you around the islands in grand and similar style, even if from time to time you meet a current going against you when you had expected it to be in your favour.

Our landfall on Orkney was memorable. We had anchored in Lough Erribol just round from Cape Wrath at the northwest corner of Scotland, to time our arrival at Hoy Sound on a rising tide. The passage plan was to work our way northward up the Inner Hebrides, on the assumption that the prevailing winds from the southwest that would help us on our way up would be against us on the homeward leg. So we would return from Orkney by way of the Caledonian Canal to get as much lee from those winds as possible, round the Mull of Kintyre and back to Strangford by early September. Unlike most of my previous cruises, the planning this time actually worked out splendidly.

At this stage of the cruise I had Eric Degerland, a pal of Arctic waters as crew and we were to be joined in Orkney by friends from home. A big cross-sea was running into the entrance of Lough Erribol as we departed making the first hour of the 45 mile passage rough and disturbed. Our course was 060° true with the wind fulfilling its forecast promise of around force 4-5 from the northeast. As the Scottish mainland dipped astern in a gentle Atlantic swell, we had the sea-cliffs of Hoy, at 350m the highest in Britain, to bear down on. This was the kind of sailing we had signed on for – clear skies, a good breeze and the anticipation of a new and challenging landfall. Closing with the coast, the famous rock pinnacle of the Old Man of Hoy soon stood clear. As a one-time climber back in 1966 I had watched with trepidation while Chris Bonnington and his team made the first ascent and just recently it was done again in the scrutiny of the TV cameras making a hard climb look difficult. In fact, bearing in mind the crumbling Old Red Sandstone it's made from, even setting foot on the thing today is nothing short of suicidal.

Working the tides

The crucial thing about Orkney is to work the tides, which meant we needed the flood to carry us through the Sound of Hoy and into Stromness. Concentrated study of the pilot book gave us leading lines and exit points, all very helpful. But a quick eyeball on the state of the sea as we neared the Sound told us everything – stay away from the overfalls. This also underlined the importance of getting the tides right, mistiming them could put 8 knots of current against you. A contrary wind of 10-15 knots had kicked up enough of a sea, even on the flood, to warn you off. But the overfalls were clearly defined and I put *Caelan* to the edge of the disturbed water where the sea-state was easier. Once into the sound, the sea flattened out

and it was only a matter of careful pilotage to round the point and gain the sheltered waters of Stromness harbour. Warps secured in the delightful marina, cold beer poured and a tray of nibbles as a reward for the passage led to a chat with Steve and Anne aboard *Praxis* from Ringsend, who were preparing to leave the boat there for the winter.

Stromness set the pattern for what was to become a typical Orkney welcome – friendly, helpful and full of advice. Visiting yachts get the full range of receptions depending on where they fetch up. In crowded areas, docking, anchoring or re-fuelling can be little more than formalities with no personal contact, and finding shelter and supplies can be something of a challenge. But throughout our stay in Orkney we had nothing but gentle curiosity and good old-fashioned sea-faring assistance. The first example of this came when the marina attendant handed over the Ports Handbook. It was full of gen, but of real value was the bit at the back which gave tidal streams around the islands along with harbour plans, pontoons and the location of swinging moorings provided by the Islands Council.

As Ireland submerged beneath the wettest summer in years we were enjoying fine weather, with plenty of sunshine and acceptable winds. The depressions bringing misery to the homeland tracked south of us in Orkney, in fact looking to the southern horizon, one could see the disturbed cloud associated with low pressure systems complete with wind and rain. Orkney is low lying and noted for the mildness of its climate, although this can bring amazing variety of weather in the course of a single day, featuring the occasional summer sea-mist or haar. The islands have big skies and a landscape that resonates with history. There are over 3000 archaeological sites that are known about, and countless more emerge as wind and wave continuously erode the coastline. You walk past heritage everywhere across an ancient landscape where links with the past are all around. Pre-historic villages, burial chambers and stone circles abound. The land has been farmed since Neolithic times and the field patterns which today form the basis of the islands' agricultural economy were established by those early farmers around five thousand years ago.

ICC member Bob Brown and Strangford friend Carey McClay flew from Belfast to Edinburgh and then on to Kirkwall where we collected them by car to join us for the Orkney section of the cruise. The following is Bob's impression of Stromness:

'For a small storm-swept town regarded as on the edge of nowhere, Stromness packs a big cultural punch. Its low stone houses, narrow winding streets and alleys crowd around the harbour, and up the steep slope surrounding the bay. Intimate little doorways and dark little sash windows open into lanes that afford shelter in even the worst of weathers. The museum is a treasure trove of maritime history that reveals that, far from being isolated, Stromness and its Orcadian hinterland have seen some of the most historic, and tragic, ventures. Captain James Cook put in here to refill with water (the well is still there on the main street) and to stock up *Endeavour* with hardy

Orkney mariners for his long passage – they were known to make great seamen. It is possible to guess that Stromness was the last British community he visited before eventually dying in a south sea island skirmish.

The same might also be said of Sir John Franklin in *Erebus* and *Terror* setting out in 1845 for his final and disastrous attempt to find the northwest passage. Again, it was Stromness people who may have been the last Europeans to see the expedition cast off from British shores, sailing unknowingly to a fate of extreme cold, shipwreck and starvation, that most likely forced them into cannibalism in a doomed attempt to survive the arctic winter.'

For the crew of *Caelan* no such privations were expected, nor encountered. Carey is a superb cook, and never happier than when juggling whisks and frying pans in whatever weather. Seemingly the sharper the angle of the galley, the greater was his gastronomic thrill. My main qualification for galley duties was an advanced ability to eat the results with enthusiasm.'

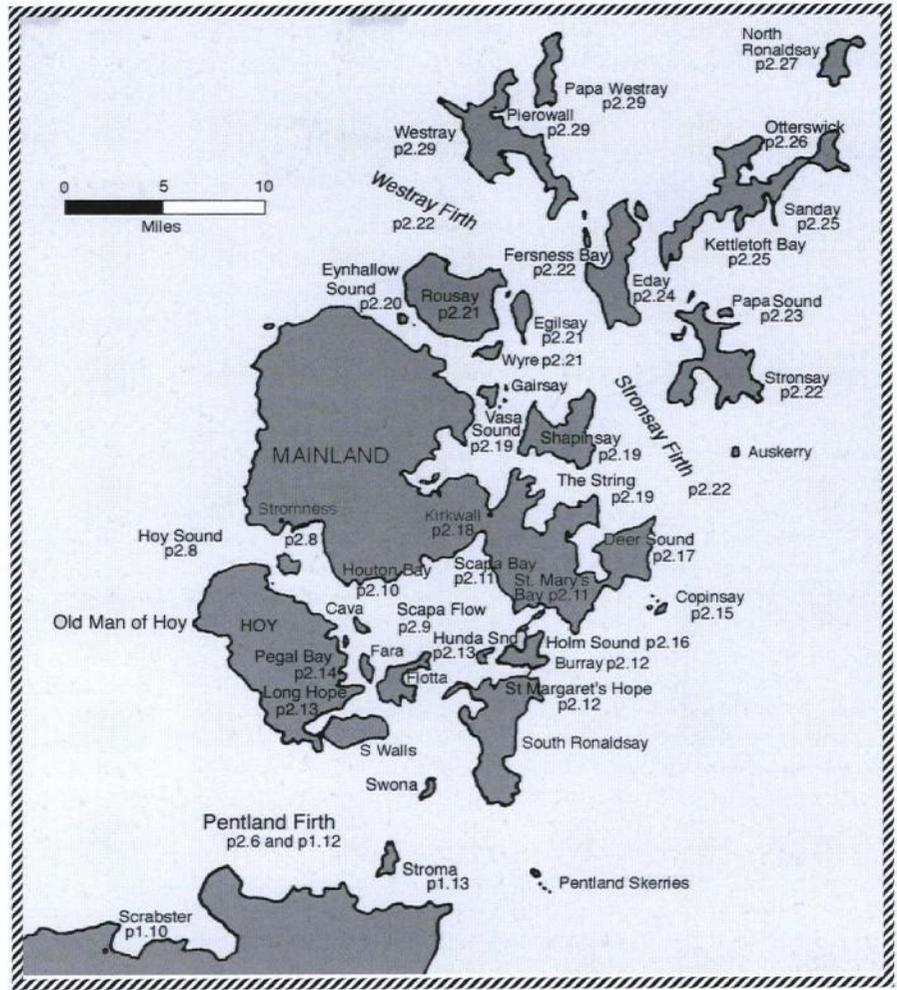
Seeking sheltered waters

Back at the chart table I was trying to make a wise judgement about passage-making that would allow the recently arrived gastronomic talent to demonstrate his skills at the galley. Ideally that would mean sheltered waters to coincide with the happy hour and anchoring in time for dinner – important considerations of course. Sadly the forecast for Sunday 17th August did not consider our well-being. Due to time constraints, we had decided to skip Scapa Flow and concentrate on the northern part of the islands instead. The first favourable tide for a passage from Stromness to Rousay coincided with an east-southeast wind predicted at force 7 but falling towards day's end. As this leg would take us back out to sea, then round and into the northern sector of the Orkney Island group via the notorious Eynhallow Sound with its 7 knot tides and a potentially dodgy bit of pilotage around the Burger Rost, I let prudence prevail and awaited the next opportunity which would be towards 17.00 that evening.

The wind abated and we slipped away heading west through Hoy Sound. Bob's journal records the wisdom of the decision.

'It was a good move, and as the day progressed the howling wind and low scudding clouds settled and eased. At 17.00 we eased *Caelan* out from her berth and into the sound, chopping against the short white-capped waves that showed brilliant against the dark grey-blue metallic of the waters. We left the low wedge-shaped island of Graemsay to port, behind it the massive, dark and cloudy slopes of Hoy (old Norse for 'High'), with its defiant sandstone cliffs.

Racing clouds, swirling over these enormous sandstone crags and stacks, were sufficient warning for the conditions below – williwaws bounced down from the heights, sending spray and cat's paws across the waters, screaming through the rigging, and threatening to put *Caelan* on to her beam ends. Great skuas, or bonxies, those voracious pirates of the seabird world, danced



around us, bullying each other, or any other poor victim, for a good vomit of the latest meal. They got nothing from us, and as we turned north to run along the western coast of West Mainland they lost interest and instead we had a wonderful sail, close-hauled in the northeast wind, rattling along at 6-7 knots, in some of the clearest and most beautiful evening light that you could ask for.

Towards the north end of Mainland we rounded Marwick headland with its dark and sombre tower, a monument to Lord Kitchener's death by drowning on a mined battleship in the World War I. Everywhere, you see reminders of the role these islands have played in world events. Shortly after, with the sun beginning to nudge the horizon, we rounded Brough Island and aimed for Eynhallow Sound.'

Strong tides

With strong tides in prospect, I generally revert to my Strangford experience and try to be at the crux points around slack water. So we plugged about 1-2 knots for the first part of the passage. This eased just as we reached the mouth of Hoy Sound giving way to a fair stream and a fresh sometimes strong southeasterly blow. There seemed little prospect of being at anchor for Carey's first meal of the trip, but I had hoped to bring *Caelan* onto an even keel for whatever delights might emerge from the oven.

Bob records our approach to Eynhallow:

'This sound is no place to be when there is a west-going tide race and a strong westerly wind, as we were later to see on the gravestones of drowned Rousay islanders. For us however, conditions were exactly the opposite. As

dusk began to settle into dark, we positively raced past Eynhallow Island, urged on by a 4-5 knot current, and watched for the conspicuous dyke on the Rousay slopes, visible even in the gloom. Here, we turned towards this landmark, avoiding the reef showing as a line of white breakers to our starboard. From there, it was a simple choice for Rousay Sound – to leave Wyre Island to starboard and take the shallower, more complex route, or to take Wyre to port, and creep more easily round its northern end.'

It is undoubtedly wise to heed the warnings in the pilot book, but once again experience in Strangford Narrows gave us a sense of the water, so despite the book's slight preference for taking Wyre island to port, I decided to go to the other side but just in case, all eyes were on every navigational feature at our disposal – the chart plotter, the depth sounder, the binos and good old fashioned instinct. This sometimes works, it certainly did in this case and we were sipping good whiskey from a steady deck by 23.00 to prepare us for a magnificent spaghetti bolognese of gourmet



Neolithic ruins Papa Westray.

Photo: Eric Degerland

standard that was presented as a midnight snack before turning in.

We found out the following day that the little harbour at Trumland is fine for tying alongside at either of the outer walls, going inside would involve hassle with mooring lines and might not be deep enough anyway for a boat drawing two metres.

Bob's journal again:

'There is much to explore on the island, and the little harbour pub helped us contact a local taxi driver, a Derry man called Paddy (yes, it's true) who gave us a complete circumnavigation of the island's roads. It is a generally low lying, intensely farmed island, with two diminutive mountains in the centre. Life for farmers was much harsher in the past, and everywhere deserted crofts are tucked away in sheltered hollows, massive sandstone slates now collapsing into ruins – inside you find old beer bottles, perhaps echoing a last farewell drink before emigration.

Everywhere in Orkney there are much more ancient ruins, and we visited a number of Neolithic sites or 'Knowes' which are exceptionally well preserved, and are being exposed through erosion of coastal dunes and soils. It is a humbling experience to look down at a well-organised building with stone walls, stone beds, dressers and other furnishings, and to realise that some 5000 years ago they were almost as well-equipped for the essentials of life as we are, with the sole exception perhaps of our ability to put things in writing.'

Tuesday 19th August saw us heading for Westray, the westernmost island in the group. To get there I calculated on a southgoing tide to begin with, then a fair tide up through several islands which open into the North Sound and our destination, Pierowall. Wrong! A 3 knot current set us back as we threaded our way past Fairness Point and into the Sound of Faray, which eventually opened to present Westray on the port hand around the time the tide turned in our favour. For me as skipper this was an interesting lesson in how to miscalculate the tides. Bob, forgiving as always, noted in his journal:

'It is both a challenge and a delight, to play the tides that run between these islands. By hugging the Egilsay shore we avoided the worst and as our calculations had



Caelan.

Photo: Brian Black



Yole racing Pierowall.

Photo: Eric Degerland

indicated, a mile or so later the current eased. As we gathered pace, the sun burst through and now holding a course of about 340° we hoisted sail, gave the engine a rest, and for the next few hours Carey helmed us past the tiny island of Red Holm and on past the Cliffs of Westray, to work our way past Papa Westray into the Pierowall Roads. If ever there was a good day's sailing this had to be it!

So a favourable breeze and a clear sky had us sailing into Pierowall, yet another Orcadian name to conjure with – 'Pier' could relate to a local character but the 'wall' bit is from the Norse 'hofn' or haven which was in fact the old name for the place. The islands resonate with history, and the archaeology that ranges from the stone age through Viking times to WWII is an enduring memorial to violent struggle, treachery and changing alliances. Some of this is chronicled in the Orkneyinga Saga, translated from the Icelandic, which in brief and stark terms covers the slaughter that went on over a three hundred year period from the ninth century. Few characters come out of this well except for Magnus who, being a peace-loving sort of chap, interceded in a family dispute and had his head smashed in for his pains. He was later canonised and his bones complete with shattered skull were deposited in what became the cathedral named after him in Kirkwall. But history, as they say, is another story. Ours is a sailing yarn and so back to Pierowall.

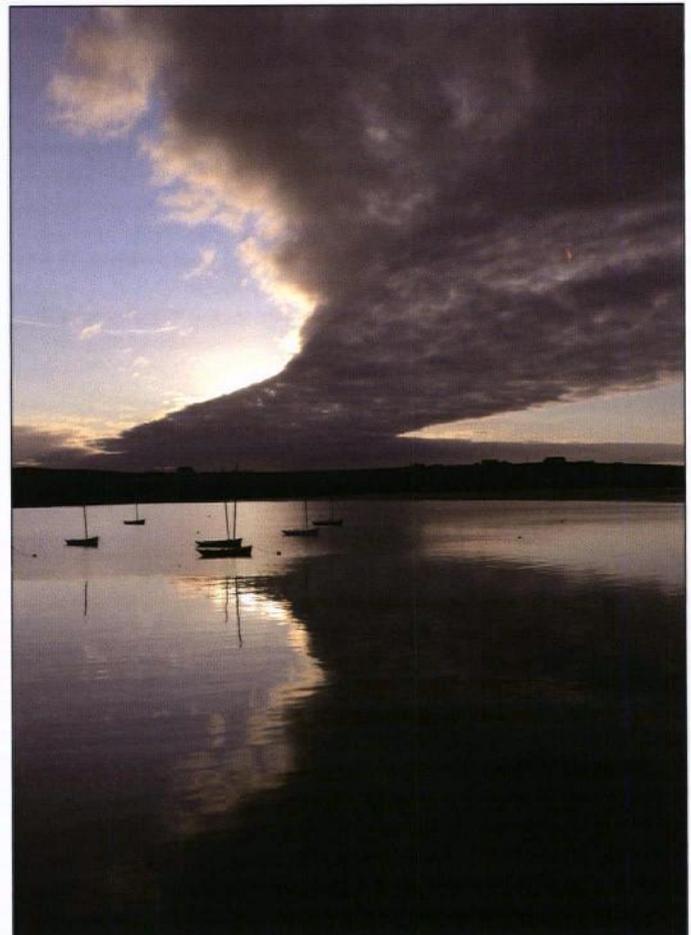
Entrance to the harbour is straightforward too and if timed to coincide with the fishing boats landing their catch, can present opportunities for a fish supper. In our case, while *Caelan* was being made fast alongside, Carey was doing a deal with the local fish merchant.

'Within minutes the evening menu was sorted in terms of scampi, scallops and monkfish, all assembled into a banquet with cream, rice and bacon, washed down with wines that Eric had thoughtfully stowed in advance,' recalls Bob.

As penance for over-indulgence we went on a cycling expedition of the island for the next two days. Interesting though this was, perhaps the most enduring memories of this exertion were the bruised nether regions of the cyclists, who all felt as though they were being clove in two by a special kind of Orkadian torture known as bicycle saddles.

Places of note are so numerous in these fascinating islands

that to quote one out of hundreds is difficult. Noltland Castle outside Pierowall is a powerful pile connected to Mary Queen of Scots, more treachery and fatal folly. On the west side of the island is the Gentlemen's Cave where local Jacobites escaped the English terror after Culloden. Bird cliffs, powerful rosts (races) visible from the safety of the land, Neolithic remains, scenes of bloody murder, all are there. I strongly recommend a



A big Orkney sky.

Photo: Eric Degerland

bit of research before you go, to work out what you want to see and do.

While nursing our delicate parts, we had many a dram with the harbourmaster, Tom, who had much to say about everything including the beautifully maintained fleet of racing skiffs known as 'yoles'.

'Yole racing is the stuff of Orcadian piracy and local score settling. These are elegant little clinker-built skiffs, about 5m length, that formerly were the mainstay of inshore fishing, and must have kept many a family fed during times of poor harvest. Today they are Bermuda-rigged, and so lovingly maintained that even 120 year old craft still hold their own in a race. Thus, armed with suitable tinctures, accompanied by Tom's acerbic commentary on the various skirmishes, we watched from the harbour walls as the crews battled it, and the evening settled in.'

Across Papa Sound is the island of Papa Westray where the daily flight connecting the two is shorter than the main runway at Heathrow. I turn once again to Bob's journal entry.

'We took the lazy option, and nipped over on the ferry which takes about twenty minutes, arriving at a very small quay at the south end. Topography is similar to Westray, and it is difficult to get lost because there is only one main central road on the island. We walked most of it, with a background of increasing cloud, showers, and the raucous calls of greylag geese everywhere, to the extraordinary Knap Howe which is perhaps the best preserved of all the ruins we saw, and illustrated a farming community that must have been every bit as sophisticated as that seen on the island today, barring today's technology.'

In contrast to previous seasons I decided this year to cruise short distances slowly. With Bob and Carey due to depart in three days time, we began to move south for them to get the flight from Kirkwall. That left plenty of time for yet another attempt to get a handle on the tidal streams. We left Pierowall

on Friday 22nd August with the wind set in the northeast around force 3-4. We sailed when we could, used the engine when we had to for the 28 miles to Kirkwall. We went down the Sound of Eday, leaving that island to starboard, Sanday to port. Stronsay to port and Shapinsay to starboard had us entering Shapinsay Sound with the tide running hard against us! That was definitely not what I'd planned so imagine my surprise when we discovered another boat which had left Pierowall behind us, tucked up in Kirkwall one hour ahead. They had taken a slightly different route, going to the other side of Shapinsay and carrying a fair tide all the way. As I mentioned earlier, you have to work the tides in Orkney.

Kirkwall, with a population of around 15,000 is the capital of the islands and a pleasant place it is too.

'The last few hours were not wasted,' recalls Bob. 'Kirkwall abounds in neat little shops and small streets, and the Cathedral tells much about the islands' history and religion, and poor old St Magnus still lies there, nursing his head wound after some thousand years. *Caelan's* crew carefully checked out a shop, bizarrely with prams in the window, giving the best deals on local malts and other mind-altering potions. And, after yet another gargantuan dinner, the only place to be seen was at the 'Wriggly Sisters' where brilliant blues and folk were to be heard. And to drink? You've probably guessed it ... a glass or two of Skullsplitter.'

It can be amazing how one's attitude changes as circumstances alter. It was blowing hard with worse to come, as we lay snug enough in Kirkwall at the end of the Orkney cruise. Eric and I were in a hurry to get home, across the notorious Pentland Firth, south and then southwest down the Moray Firth and into the Caledonian Canal. Bob and Carey had arranged to fly out. Twenty four hours previously we were all focused on the boat, now, with a flight due, Bob announced his concern about a bumpy flight. From those about to go to sea, there was little sympathy, in fact - none.

David Park writes about *Alys* in Sardinia and Corsica

We lifted *Alys* out last winter for storage at Fertilia which is three miles from Alghero in Sardinia.

Hilary and I returned at the end of April. A price had been given to us for the winter and re-launch, but the yard now demanded a further €800 or they would not launch us. A form of boatyard blackmail but we had to stump up. I also had the standing rigging renewed as it was now 13 years old.

Hilary and I set off in mid-May and sailed anticlockwise around Sardinia, starting and ending in Alghero; a distance of 415 miles which we did in hops not exceeding 40 miles. We loved Carloforte, on the island of San Pietro at the southwest corner of Sardinia, and even sailed past a marina called Buggerru, but it was silted up naturally! We called into a marina at Tuelada, 30 miles west of the capital Cagliari, and here were caught by a sirocco. It blew southwest 45-50 knots for five days out of a clear blue sky, and there was considerable sea in the marina as the entrance was somewhat exposed. We were tied to the pontoon with six lines and apart from being very uncomfortable, suffered no damage. At the end of this the deck was a mess of salt mixed with fine red sand.

We lifted the boat out at Alghero for July and August; a lot cheaper than leaving her in the marina.

Aidan Tyrrell (ICC) flew back out with us on 1st September and we sailed up the west coast of Corsica visiting Propriano and the capital Ajaccio and then returned to Alghero. 215 miles made good.

On 10th September the humidity started to build and by the 12th it was quite appalling, and even after a short walk we were wringing in sweat.

The wind was a light southwesterly. Aidan was to fly home that evening so the three of us went into Alghero town for lunch. As the afternoon wore on it got darker and darker and started to rain so we got a taxi back to the marina. We had just reached the small marina office when hurricane force winds hit Alghero being recorded at 85 knots. The severe wind lasted about 20 minutes followed by tropical rain, and considerable damage was done to the town. It was an hour before we could get down the pontoon to *Alys* and once again there was no damage, but we counted seven genoas elsewhere in the marina, unwrapped and completely shredded. Aidan managed to get to the airport that evening but had to spend the night there as the airport was closed. He reappeared on *Alys* next morning and did not get home for another four days.

Peter Minnis (ICC) and Carolyn joined us for a week at the end of September but the weather was generally poor.

And so ended an interesting season and some very interesting winds.

Cruise of *Pylades* 2008

A tour of Caledonia thwarted

Fergus Quinlan

Summer's lease hath all too short a date (WS)

It is fact that man is inherently active and perhaps can discover happiness only within some form of activity. One cannot for long rest content in the contemplation of past endeavours. The entire universe from the atom to the stars dwells in constant activity. Likewise, the human character can never be still, as dialectics is part of his nature and resides in the very core of his being. Happiness, however, does not reside in the attainment of one object of desire after another. This, our pervading motivation during the tiger years, leads quickly to the blankness of boredom. The conclusion might be that the finest goal of human striving is the satisfaction and equilibrium in activity itself. The path to happiness for the personality lies in the harmony of worthwhile action.

Windward to the west

4th June: Conclusions in the cross threads of such logic and in the pursuit of such elusive goals saw Kay Cronin and the author battering our way from our mooring in Kinvara towards the distant gloom of the Aran Islands. Dark grey curtains of rain laid copious quantities on the soaked formations of Black Head, a grey sea without horizon threw rags of salt water at our decks. On picking up the moorings at Kiltonan the rain-beaten waters dissuaded us from going ashore. The stove was lit, the candles were lit, the wine was opened, and with a very fine meal we had a most luxurious night in the gentle roll of our snug cabin. This was to set the pattern for the season's amblings under sail. Our plan for this year's cruise was a tour of the Inner and Outer Hebrides and back to base, within a three week time span. We had accomplished a similar jaunt in 1992, in a much smaller craft, which had included a climb via the horseshoe to the summit of Ben Nevis, so it seemed to be well within our capability. The weather, however, had other plans...

Dog's Bay – Roundstone

15th June: The pleasant, but yet again motoring passage north from the Arans, slowly turned lumpy as the wind arose on the nose off the 'Skerd' rocks. The alternatives were to start beating up around Slyne Head and arrive on the top of the flood with a wind against tide prospect at Slyne or a nice reach towards Roundstone. The latter seemed much more reasonable. We turned northeast. At the last moment the tranquillity of Gorteen Bay won over the hotspots of Roundstone.

The Joyce Pass

16th June: Our passage from Gorteen Bay was a most pleasant motor-sail slipping from waypoint to waypoint along the road south of Slyne. It being calm and almost at the turn of the tide we decided to have a look at the Joyce Pass. We closed Duck Island and turned to the northeast, changed navigation away from the electronic charts back to eyeballing with the relevant page of the ICC west coast pilot, and when everything fell into



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place then realised that it was 'Blooms Day', and thus in celebration of the Great Man we had to go through, we gunned the engine and with a rrrraaaaooosssswisshhhhttttsssh... burst our way through the not very threatening standing waves. We could see the Nora Barnacles on the very close rocks. But scarier were the pot markers in the cut. Do the fisher folk have any consideration for the nerves of the 'Cruising Yachtsman'... It was most satisfying in retrospect to see the trail left by our electronic chart going straight over the rocks.

Dragging in Inishbofin

17th June: The sound of a train approaching and the prolonged sideways lurch of *Pylades* got a naked skipper into the cockpit in seconds, but too late, we were only a few metres from a stout half-decker. By the time the battery switch and sea cocks were enabled we were, as one might say, firmly on. All the long pub discussions and theories about long keel, wetted areas versus fin and skeg, were now at test. The chain from the moored boat was very firmly between our skeg and fin, and whilst the wind had now dropped back to 20 knots, pushing off was not an option and neither was the use of the engine with that sturdy chain but a few millimetres from our folding prop.

The first task was to get dressed. While it's all very well to carry out such manoeuvres in more benign climates while thus exposed, this morn it was pelting rain and bitterly cold. An unused mooring was noted about a hundred metres directly up wind. We tied many lengths of line in tandem and set off by dinghy for the mooring, the line was attached and winching operations commenced. Slowly but surely we untangled ourselves. The only damage was some paint scratched off the hull and a bent stanchion. Rather than anchoring again in the same dodgy spot we hung on to the same very substantial mooring, and got a retrospective 'no problem – you're fine there' from the owner.

The information we gleaned from this event was that the holding in the area to the west of the moorings and to the north of 'Cromwell's Fort' is poor. We had dug in the anchor with the engine but perhaps not with enough vigour. The best holding is in a trough of mud which would appear to start in line with the new design-challenged community centre and run to the east from there. Unfortunately that means the boat will lie amongst the moored boats. Best might be to anchor just to the north of the moored boats and be vigorous with the 'dig in'.

18th June: A fine sail, tacking through the Davillaun Sound to the east of Boffin en-route to Inish Turk 'the jewel in the crown'. After picking up a visitor's mooring we had a fine walk to the south harbour and then retired to the community pub for a most pleasant and lively discourse.

19th June: Motor-sailed to that most splendid promontory, Achill Head. Having rounded through the bewildered sea that resides within its sphere of influence, the course was altered to the north and the wind at last built from the beam, engines were shut down, props folded and we flew north. Day turned to night as we crossed the great Donegal Bay but not before some

squalls had us further shortening our canvas. The night wind was steady which was more than could be said for the sea. When dawn approached we were northwest of Aran the wind fell away and the trusty Nanni diesel took over. Since departing Inish Turk we never saw a single yacht, half-decker, fishing boat or indeed a boat of any description.

Dogs, dolphins and dames at Tory

21st June: 04.00 arrived at Tory twixt a deep red oily sky and sea, with the portend of a red dawn of such colours, we ran many lines from our craft ashore. It would appear that at least two days would be spent here, and where better. What is it with dolphins these days, have they become less social and possessed of an individualism that seeks the company of mankind? Tory now has a dolphin that follows the ferry into the harbour. A local dog joined the dolphin and they circled each other with the dolphin rising out of the water every so often and the dog trying to get a ride on the dolphin. This melee was then joined by a male and then in turn a female swimmer, the latter leaving the uisce rather quickly after some perhaps too close visits from the big deep breather.

Dancing in Tory to Royal Music

Summer Solstice in Tory was a wonderfully mad affair – having spent the day hiding from the dull and wet elements we headed up to west town in search of craic. First stop the community hall, to a birthday party – the invite was to all on Tory that night and fleadh agus feasta laid on with gusto – the hall bedecked with tinsel and the tables packed with sandwiches, vol-au-vents, cakes, a warm and smile packed welcome. The birthday boy of 18 years was mortified as his mammy introduced us – as the decibels of the rock music climbed in the hall we realised that perhaps we were too young for this, so we shook hands with the birthday boy and headed for the hotel. The King, Patsy Dan, was on his throne and leading the session. He summoned singers and plenty there were to answer the call, even our skipper giving a share of song and poetry. The dancing was from sean nós to cowboy, singing was had from the lassies of Donegal. Latvian and German girls sang their countries' midsummer solstice song. The highlight was an elderly Tory man who danced and sang sean nós

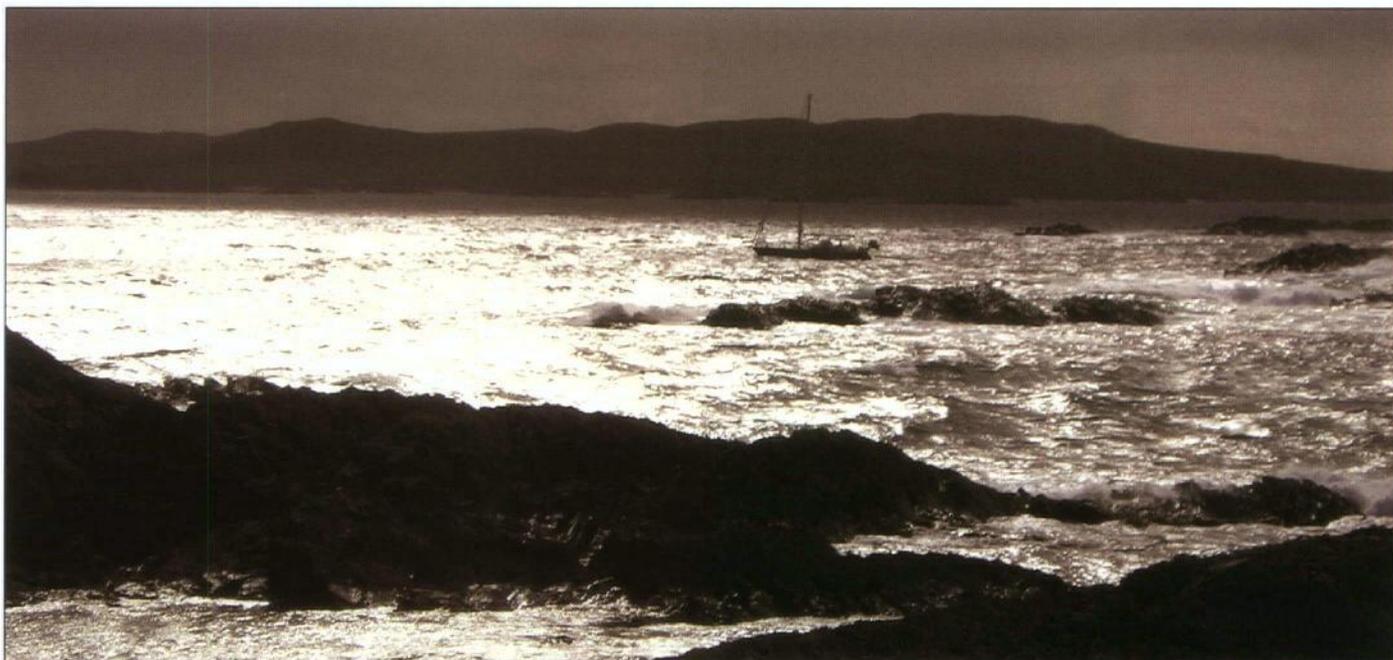
simultaneously. The session ran past the solstice witching hour. We were still high as we braced ourselves against the wind heading back to our bunks and the moaning of wind through the rigging.

22nd June: A bitter and bracing walk to Derek Hill's painting hut, atop one of the northwestern hillocks of Tory, allowed us view and sense the ocean in the grip of a gale; it also made us damn glad to be tied up in the harbour. We wandered through the lighthouse complex with its fine buildings and large stone wall enclosures, attempting to analyse the logic of the layout. We visited the galleries of the Tory painting school, with a critical eye to the good and the not so good. As the ferries had been cancelled for a second day we encountered our fellow detainees along our island tour. We reflected on the nature of island living when the long winter closes around the island and familiarity with one's fellow may be well tested.

A change of direction

23rd June: Too much or too little, the wind of yesterday's force 9 now a genteel force 2 and we are motoring on across the north coast with a dilemma. All weather projections are giving a very unsettled outlook and forecasting a procession of gales from the southwest for the next 10 days. We could see the Isle of Islay to the northeast and we longed to go, but indications were that we would not get back even close to our planned time: ... time, deadlines and work the curse of the 'cruising yachtsman'. So the decision was made, which time proved to be the correct one, to push on east and turn down the Irish Sea, leave *Pylades* in Dublin, train home, work and return to yachting when the summer came. As our decision was made, a basking shark which had been 'basking' until we arrived on his patch took fright for the deep as we took fright for a new course.

Portrush was quiet, only one other active yacht was tied at the pontoon. A fine body of men with tattoos were admiring our large tricolour which seemed to dominate the harbour, but thankfully it is to be hoped those bad days are well behind us. The harbourmaster and a gang of cohorts ceased their conversations and eyed us silently when we timidly eased into his office. Our enquiry about showers brought the response that they were closed due to Legionnaires disease, skip the shower. Apart from that, our general unease was to prove utterly unfounded as we



Yacht exits Bofin – captures the mood of the summer.

received a most hospitable welcome. On enquiring as to the best place to stock up with supplies, nothing would have it until we were driven many miles outside the town to a very flash supermarket. While we shopped our driver, who refused all offers of any recompense, waited outside and drove us back to the harbour with all the goodies.

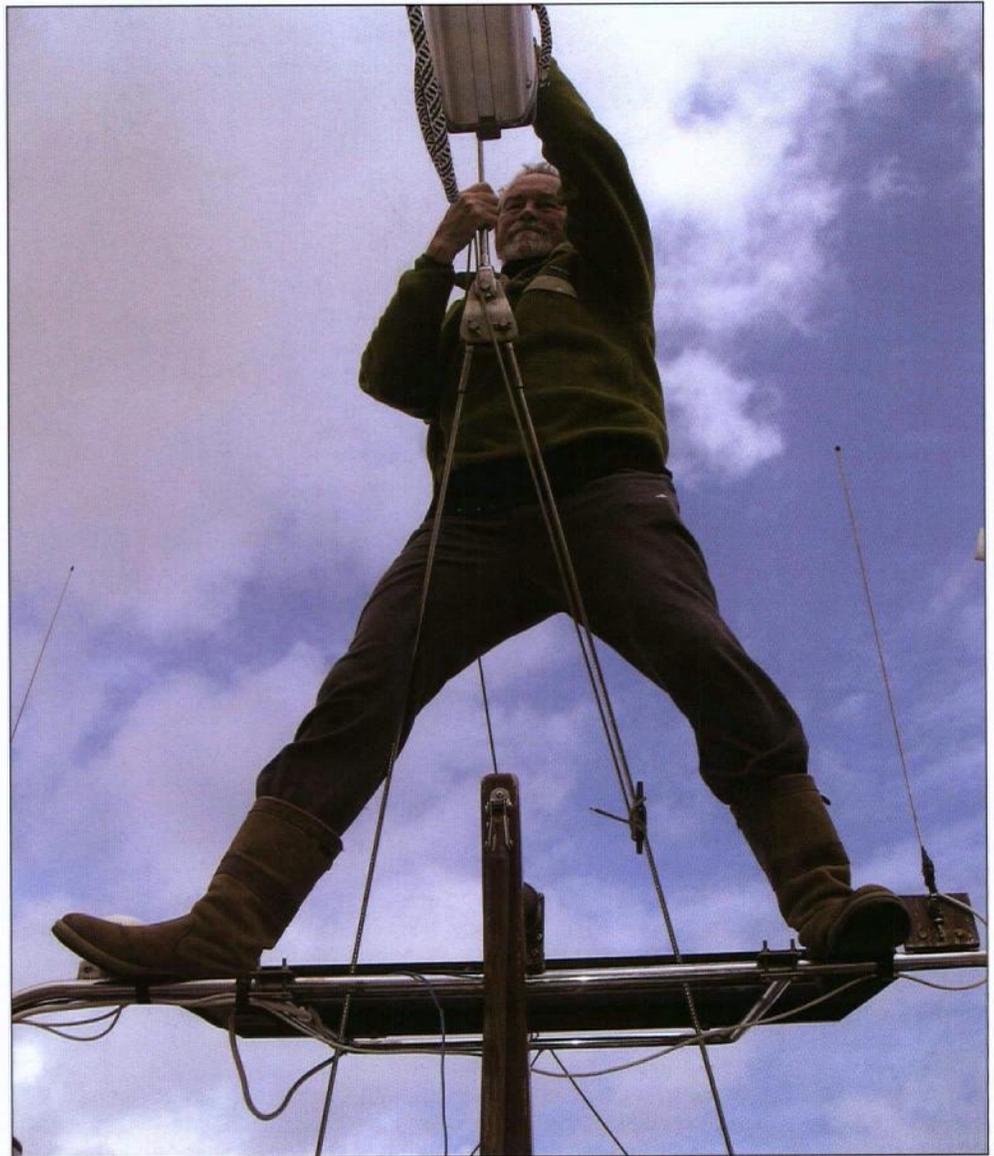
24th June: The harbour master with a sad countenance bid us farewell. He had spoken of his days at sea and perhaps now had wished to go voyaging again. The promised wind of force 5 to 6 southwest gusted off the land and with two reefs in the main, a staysail and a following tide we tore off around the Giant's Causeway and on to Ballycastle. A night's rest, a new tide through Rathlin Sound, around Fair Head and down past Cushendal. We revelled in every minute of that most boisterous sail around the Antrim coast. A final beat across Belfast Lough and found us in Bangor for fine wines, and an award-winning Chinese takeaway. The run south the next day went very well, with the same conditions, until we rounded the south end of the Ards Peninsula and had to batter our way against short steep seas to Ardglass.

29th June: Leaving Ardglass at 06.30 it took us six hours of engine, reefed main and staysail to force our way through the same steep seas as the day before to get to the Hellyhunter Buoy. Great rewards sometime await those who suffer. As we got west of the entrance to Carlingford Lough the wind veered, strengthened and with little sea in the lee of the land we flew south. At 17.30 we tied up at Malahide marina, and a boat came in behind us and rammed us. We pulled it off and settled down its most apologetic skipper. But ten minutes later he rammed us again, methinks the wind and contrary tides of Malahide were causing him some problems. Thankful that we were a steel boat we helped him on his way again. When we saw him turn and head our way for the third time we were ready with a barrage of fenders and boathooks. He missed!

Malahide bought back all the memories of our launching there 11 years earlier, after three years cutting, welding and grinding steel (WAS THIS THE LAST RECESSION?) we arrived at this point under Garda escort. *Pylades* was launched under the capable eye of the manager Damien Offer. That morning in 1997 Kay and I were worried sick; would it float, would it sail, would all the bits we put together actually work. Well it did and 38,000 miles later it was still hanging together. Time for drinks, a meal, reflections and the next day a train west to Dooneen, our home on the Atlantic shore.

Continue south

15th July: With a half-decent forecast we headed east for *Pylades*. 09.30 next morning saw us setting off south again.



Skipper tweaking reefing lines.

With a cold westerly force 4 to 5 driving under a grey low cloud base, and a weather shore to the west giving a calm sea, we had fast firm sailing. At 21.30 in a fading wind we entered Rosslare and tied at the north cut, to the abandoned trawler the *St. Joseph*. A handy place to await tide and light, but perhaps not for the holidays.

17th July: Caught the start of the fair tide at Carnsore point and a day close-hauled beating and weaving to the southwest dodging pots and rocks. Fine standing waves at Patricks Bridge doused our decks. We considered Kilmore Quay for a stop but the day was young and we pressed on to the far nicer port of Dunmore East. A particularly confused sea was running at the Hook, perhaps we should have stood off a bit more, but having rounded we had the satisfaction of diminishing seas and faster passage to our harbour. Great chats were had with the sailors tied at the dock. 'Skype', '03' and being online through mobile communications were the main topics, and much was learned. Many pints and the gamming continued in 'Powers', that fine establishment in the town.

18th July: At 05.30 the direction of the wind indicator firmly pointing southwest and a forecast of force 5 had us returned to bed. Later marvelling at the activities of the adjacent kittiwake colony, wishes were expressed that they might sleep better at night for all our sakes. Some time was spent in reflection at the

monument to lost seamen, vows were made to maintain or indeed upgrade on-board safety procedures. The other factor noticed with approval was the completely secular nature of the monument.

19th July: Exited harbour at 07.00, forecast was west-northwest veering northwest force 4 to 5. Wind still a bit too much on the nose forcing tacks far into the shore and more favourable tacks to seaward. But as the day proceeded the wind did veer and we did fly. Cork harbour mouth saw many yachts leaving after the Cork Week streaming back to their home grounds. At 18.00 the anchor was dropped at Oysterhaven, it dragged, tried again, and we finally relaxed with wine and fine food after a good 65 mile sail.

20th July: As we left Oysterhaven, the skipper noticed the rifle butts up on the promontory to the west, referred to in the pilot as the 'battery'. Memories came back of the times spent there between the years 1963-67 with 303s, training as a sniper, a great era with B Co. 23rd Battalion FCA, but the best part was that no one was firing back. Wind light all day and motoring to Crookhaven for pints followed by fish and chips, pure decadence. Next day a swim at dawn, water better than expected. Motored all day in calm sea and enjoying every moment of the passing scenery of the noble west Cork coast. On through the magnificent Dursey sound, an unidentified pod of whales at north entrance, probably pilot, took to the deep.

18.00 tied up at Dingle, a cold shower and pints in 'Dick Macks'.

The home run

21st July: Exited at 06.30 in a damp, dark drizzly morn. 09.00 started north through Blasket Sound, something wrong with our tidal calculations, it should have turned well against us by then but it is still running with us, who is at fault, the navigator or the almanac? hmmm. Accompanied by an Atlantic swell and cross-seas larger than could be contrived by the following force 3, with poled out genny and preventers cranked up, we rolled down the way to Gregory Sound. Entrance to the Sound was magnificently foreboding under the hanging grey cloud mass, breakers running up the cliffs with sheets of spray drifting off downwind. The waves rebounding to form clapotis all in a grey dark winterish setting. At 21.30 a mooring at Kilonan was picked up and thus the completion of our unplanned circumnavigation of Ireland.

During wine time we reflected on the perhaps over-extent of 'technical sailing' done, and most of the time dressed for winter sailing. Perhaps *Pylades* should head a touch south next year.

22 July: A very cool and quick swim put a shape to the day. A leisurely breakfast and then the final motor-sail east to pick up our mooring in Kinvara at 16.45

John Madden writes of 'splash-proof' sailing

NEW PRODUCT ANNOUNCEMENT

The "Splashdown" device

When the finest minds in Donegal are confined together for a few days on a small boat, the natural inventiveness of the human mind comes to the fore. Passing water on a boat, for a man, can be tricky and indeed a recent American author, writing in "Yachting Word", insists that all his male crew do this sitting down. A notion that offends against male pride. The problem is the seat. Gentlemen always raise this, but in any kind of a sea, this may suddenly fall forwards with unhygienic results. How to solve this problem, one which has beset generations of yachtsmen? The solution came in a flush of inspiration. World War I fighter pilots had a similar problem, trying to fire their machine guns through the rapidly rotating blades of their propellers. The Germans were the first to solve this dilemma with the fixed-mounted synchronised Maxim-Spandau, giving them air superiority until the Allies caught up. We propose a similar mechanism for the heads. When the seat begins to fall forward, a connection is made which sends a message to four microelectrodes implanted in the Detrusor muscle of the bladder, causing immediate constriction and interruption of flow. Mercury tilt switches would be more durable, but since the advent of the peace process, are harder to find. These microelectrodes can be implanted per urethra by our Veterinary surgeon, Jim McCarroll, so there will be no scarring or troublesome stitches to remove. This is obviously cutting edge technology and is, as yet, unavailable on the medical card, but private patients should give me a ring. The potential for earnings is huge, what with the growth of pleasure boating, and the proliferation of cruise ships. Anyone wishing to invest should get in touch. In an unprecedented display of altruism and collegiality, we are prepared to offer this procedure, gratis, to the first one hundred members of the ICC who apply. Flag Officers will of course get first preference. Perhaps a special ensign could be commissioned to show that those on board have truly moved into a new era of splash-proof sailing. Patents pending.

The meanderings of *Rezy* through the inland waterways of Europe 2006 to 2008

Jim Lyons

Bridget and I had spent a few holidays over the past 20 years on the French inland waterways and planned to spend more time on the French and Irish waterways when I retired. The master plan was to buy a motor cruiser with a steel hull in the Netherlands and spend some time (months) on the inland waterways before bringing the boat back to Ireland and starting to explore the Irish waterways. We are still in Europe three years later and there have been discussions about having a look at the Black Sea. But that is for another day. To date we have explored part of the Netherlands, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany and Luxembourg.

This year having over-wintered *Rezy* in Vitry le François, that is one hour east of Paris by TGV and on the Canal Latéral à la Marne, we set off first to explore the Champagne region of France by water. The cellars of Mercier, Moët & Chandon, and Castellane in Epernay are all well worth a visit, if only for the tasting sessions at the end of the underground tour. "Drinking champagne in Epernay is like listening to Mozart in Salzburg"! The process producing champagne from the three varieties of grape is also interesting.

On the wrong train

The river Marne was in flood in early April. It was 1.5 metres above its norm. Having moored up in Ay, the reputed origin of Champagne, it was in nearby Hautvillers Abbey that Dom Perignon was procurator and cellarer from 1668 to 1715. The level dropped a metre or so after three to four days; that allowed us to proceed down the Marne to Château Thierry, a distance of 115 kilometres and 19 locks. It was here that I got on the wrong train and found myself on the nonstop to Paris ending up in central Paris with my bicycle, having only intended to go two stops on the local train to do some exploring in Romeny-sur-Marne and Charly-sur-Marne. Another day we took a train to Meaux the home of mustard and that good smelly Brie.

Then followed the cruise back up the river Marne and on to the Canal Latéral à la Marne and then Canal de l'Aisne à la Marne through the Mont-de-Billy tunnel to Sillery just south of Reims. Reims is a beautiful city with fine buildings. This was the most northerly point of our journey through the inland waterways of France that we had started in 2006 when we had crossed over from Belgium from the Netherlands where we had bought *Rezy*, a 31ft. steel hull Dutch designed and built motor cruiser.

While in Sillery I visited le Phare de Verzenay, a lighthouse built in 1909 in a vineyard. The only lighthouse I know of that is over 200 kilometres from the sea and in working order. It is now part of a fine champagne interpretive centre that was well worth the six kilometre bicycle ride uphill. The road passes through the vineyards of Moët & Chandon and other major champagne producers. Each marked out by headstones. It was in Sillery that we first met a fellow sailor from the RNZYS in New Zealand who entertained us at sundown with a few numbers on his bagpipes while standing on his foredeck

wearing appropriate headgear. He helped to lower the level of a bottle of Bushmills that I got earlier in the local supermarket. His great-grandmother came from Co Waterford, He and his wife travel on Irish passports.

In early July we started south; the intention was to reach the Mediterranean by mid-September and to over-winter in the Rhône delta area and to explore the Canal du Midi and beyond in 2009, but these plans were put on hold due to the arrival of two new grandchildren in June, one in Ireland the other in Luxembourg. So *Rezy* was reprogrammed to spend some time in Luxembourg.

From Sillery our journey took us south along the Canal entre Champagne et Bourgogne a distance of approx 300 kilometres, 136 locks and 15 lifting bridges, through scenic agricultural landscapes. The elevation in Sillery is approx. 75 metres above sea level, rising to 340 at the summit and the Tunnel de Balesmes, then dropping to 180 metres at the river Saône. The main towns visited on the way were Chalons en Champagne, Vitry le François again, Saint Dizier, Joinville, Chaumont, Langres, plus many interesting villages and stopping places. Most towns have a market day each week that is ideal for getting fresh locally produced meat and vegetables. Evidence of the Roman Empire can be seen everywhere. Chalons en Champagne has its own canals, with low air-draft too low for motor cruisers but can be explored by dinghy with outboard motor; in places it goes under the houses. Vitry le François was 90% destroyed during World War II; it has been rebuilt to the original layout. Saint Dizier is known for its wrought iron works, there are examples to be seen around the town. The wrought iron work in Saint Stanislas Place in Nancy was made in Saint Dizier. The Paris Metro station entrances were also made here. Joinville is a town we spent a few days in, as there was so much to see in the town and surroundings. Mill-race through the town, the Château du Grand Jardin with its locally cast metal sculptures etc. Nearby in Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises was the home of Général de Gaulle for 36 years, with its 44 metre high pink granite Cross of Lorraine on the hill top as a monument to the General.

The Church played a big part and influence in some towns – Langres was a walled city controlled by the local bishop. Its towers and 3km of ramparts can be walked or as we did take the little tourist train.

Bastille Day

We were in Chaumont for 14th July, Bastille Day, and were invited to join in a torchlight parade/procession out from the town centre and down the valley, under the viaduct, which is a local landmark, to the site for a most spectacular fireworks and music extravaganza in a natural amphitheatre, attended by thousands. It went on until the wee hours. In Langres we met the only other Irish-flagged vessel encountered during our 2008 voyage. They were from the Barrow section of the IAWA. Previous to that the only other Irish boat we met was in 2006,

when we had a brief chat with the Millers from Wexford in Toul near Nancy.

On boat numbers encountered on our voyage of 3800 km over the last three seasons, we would meet an average of four to ten fellow boaters a day, except for the 50km either side of the hire bases when the numbers would increase to 20/30. Most days we were on our own going through the locks. This would change dramatically when we got to the fast-flowing commercial Rhine. The main nationals we encountered were Dutch, French, German, Belgian, Swiss, British, Australian, New Zealand and American. You can expect to meet one or two 36-metre long commercial barges on the French canals each day. They carry a variety of cargos mainly bulk grain after the harvest, steel, sand and gravel. Last year on the Canal Latéral à la Loire we were behind a barge all day. He was bringing a 12-metre classic racing yacht, complete with rigging and sails from Rotterdam to Marseille to go racing. The mast was on a special cradle welded to the barge deck. This year on the Canal Latéral à la Marne I spoke to a skipper of a barge in a lock about his destination and cargo. He said he was coming from Gent in Belgium with a cargo of ferrous magnite for Sète on the Mediterranean. His wife was on the helm. The barge ahead belonged to his daughter and she had the same destination and cargo.

The navigational regulations in France are administered by VNF (Voies Navigables de France). They allow for boats to moor-up anywhere along the waterways as long as so doing they do not impede navigation. This is why all boats carry at least two long spikes and a lump hammer to secure the boat to the bank, in the event of not finding a bollard for overnight or short stops to explore the hinterland.

VNF also issue the cruising permit which covers the fee for waterway and lock usage. It costs between €250 and €480 for a full 12 months. They also issue a two-week permit for between €90 and €150. It is based on a boat length by beam formula.

Most towns and villages on the tourist routes provide free

moorings. Some provide free electricity and water but most usually charge €4-€6 for services per night. There are commercial marinas as part of the hire bases or yacht clubs. Each marina has visitor berths, showers, washing machines etc. They charge €10-€12 per night with electricity and water included. Many have a restaurant/bar that visitors are welcome in. These are great places to meet fellow travellers and compare experiences etc. We all have stories to tell and most imbibe a drink or two.

One of the plusses of Inland Waterway Cruising is the possibility of getting regular on-board internet connections. Quite a good proportion of marinas provide a WiFi service. Some include it in the marina charge, others charge by the hour or day. We find the internet good for weather forecasts and emails plus the odd streaming of RTE.

On reaching the southern end of the Canal entre Champagne et Bourgogne, we were on the Petite Saône going upstream, a beautiful meandering slow flowing river. It is not unusual to come across boats tied up to a tree along the bank. We visited Ray-sur-Saône which has an interesting fortified chateau with a vantage position on high ground. It had a good museum, with many artifacts from previous owners going back many centuries. The curator was chef/proprietor of the restaurant in the village.

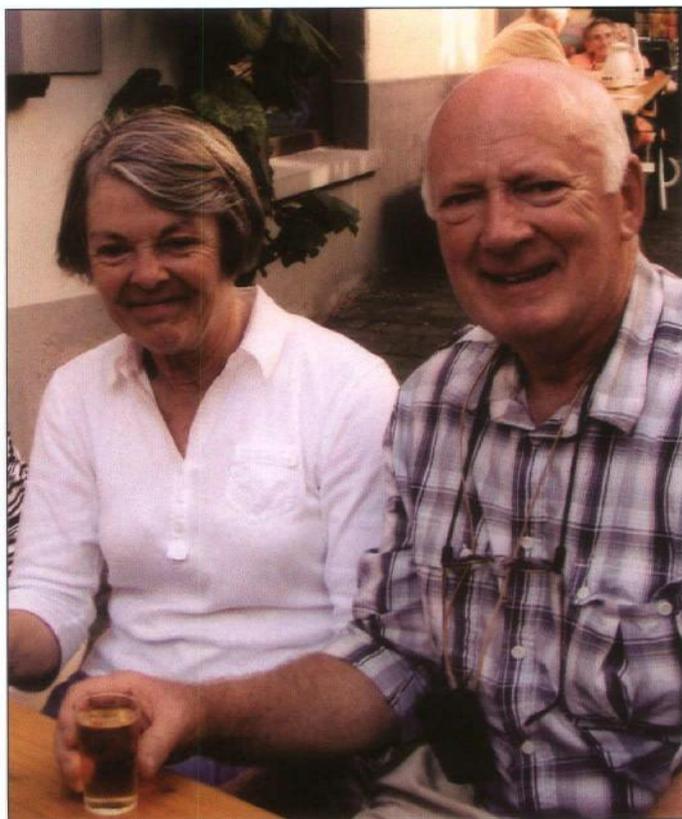
We stayed a couple of days on a small marina in Fouchecourt run by a German couple. They operated a restaurant serving good wholesome food. Two years ago they completed a three year long circumnavigation of the Rhine, Danube, Black Sea, Mediterranean, Rhône and Saône.

In 2006 we had sailed down the Saône River on our way to over winter in Saint Jean de Losne. Saint Jean de Losne is on one of the main junctions of the French inland waterways. It is well served with chandlers, also shipyards with all the backup services required. In years gone by the inhabitants were all involved in the shipping business – ownership and crewing.

The Petite Saône is navigable up to Corre where we entered the Canal des Vosges. It goes up, along the summit and down the Vosges Mountains which, further east of the canal, are popular ski resorts in the winter. The Canal des Vosges connects the Saône with the Moselle. The canal was built in 1884. It goes from an elevation of 225 metres on the Saône side to a summit elevation of 360 metres. It joins the Moselle at 212 metres elevation. It is 125 kilometres long has 93 locks and three lifting bridges. This canal was built according to the Freycinet gauge (standard French gauge) and required a great deal of work, in particular the building of a 140 hectare reservoir on the summit at Bouzey. The Romans first proposed to connect the two rivers; they had prepared the project to link the Mediterranean Sea with the North Sea, the Rhône-Saône and Moselle-Rhin. This project never saw the light of day.

The weather was good for the entire trip. For us one of the highlights of the Canal des Vosges was our week in Epinal. It is a town of many parts. It sees itself as an international town and very much pro-European, with all the flags of the 25 member states flying from flagpoles along the Moselle River which flows through the town on a number of courses, one of which is the branch that connects with the Canal des Vosges. The Moselle rises 68 km upstream of Epinal. It meets the Rhine at Koblenz (Coblence) Total length 545 km. Its minimum flow through Epinal was as low as 30 cubic metres per second; the maximum recorded was 531 cubic metres per second in 1947.

The exploits of three barges the *Feldspath*, the *Quartz* and the *Mica* are well documented in the logbooks of many cruising boats. They ply between locks 17 and 22 of the Canal des Vosges, a distance of about seven kilometres and operate as if no other canal users exist. They are engaged in the transport of mica from its quarry source to a processing plant. We were



Jim and Bridget Lyons at Wine Festival.



Rezy waiting for Marne river to subside.

lucky the two times we sailed this section of the Canal des Vosges. The first time in 2006 one was tied up loading, another unloading and the third we had beaten to a lock and they had to wait upstream while we exited the lock from downstream. This year it was July and the terrible three were tied up for maintenance during the annual holiday period.

Most French towns and villages have a wash-house dating back centuries. Some were quite functional but others are spectacular buildings. The ones that were of particular interest were in Tonnare, which gets its water supply, according to local folklore, from a bottomless natural spring over which the wash-house was built. The wash-house in Gray has been converted into the local Tourist Office. The washer-women of Forecourt complained that the "red iron" in the water supply from the local river was making their job impossible and got the local authorities to bring a new supply in a large lead pipe from a good well upstream. The red iron was the result of the run off from the iron ore mining upstream.

We spent the best part of three seasons in France except for a trip up the Doubs River and Canal du Rhône au Rhin which connects the Saône with the Upper Rhine. The Doubs rises in the Alps and is swollen by the melting snow early in the season. We navigated over 200 kilometres and 112 locks. The bed of the river for the most part is pure solid rock. It rises 150 metres to the summit. When we reached the Rhine at Niffer we took the short trip up the Rhine to Basle in Switzerland. The flow of six to eight kilometre per hour made the up-river progress slow. We got to the centre of Basle before turning. The difference was fantastic, from a progress of less than 2 to 18 kilometres per hour downstream. This was our first experience of the fast-flowing Rhine with much commercial traffic, much of it fuel oil tankers bringing supplies to Switzerland. We stayed on two marinas in Germany before heading back into France. At Biesheim on the German side it coincided with our

first of many wine festivals, complete with brass bands and ferris wheel. On our way down the Rhine we passed through six large locks with a total drop of 80 metres. Parallel to each lock are hydro-electric power stations. After leaving Biesheim we left the Rhine for the short trip up the Canal de Colmar into the Alsace town of Colmar. It is a very picturesque town with a waterside flower and shrub display a credit to the marina manager.

So back to 2008. We rejoined the Moselle River again at Neuves-Maisons which is the start of the large locks of the Moselle, and passed through Toul before head-

ing north. We stopped in Pont-a-Mousson, another town with a very interesting past connected with the church.

We stayed a few days in Metz. The moorings in Metz are on a lake in a park that is part of the old city and very central for exploring this historic city. The clubhouse of the Metz Rowing Club, which manages the marina, has all amenities. They charge €12 per night including electricity.

We crossed from France into Luxembourg just south of Schengen, the town where the agreement was signed in 1985. Our visit to Luxembourg was a joyous occasion to see our granddaughter for the second time since her birth. The Moselle flows through Luxembourg for 37.4 kilometres. It forms the border with Germany and France. Again it is a very pleasant place, beautifully kept lawns and flower beds along the Moselle. Most boats passing through Luxembourg fill up with fuel, as it is at least 35 cent cheaper than the surrounding countries. *Rezy* was in Luxembourg for four weeks. We were on the main marina at Schwebsange the home of the Motor Yacht Club du Grand Duché de Luxembourg. Again all facilities including bar and restaurant. Inclusive marina charge was €12.

The Moselle from Schengen in Luxembourg to Koblenz in Germany was for us the highlight of our 2008 cruising, a



Early September 2008 on Moselle river.

distance of 250 kilometres. The weather was great, blue skies, mid to high 20°C every day. The vines were laden with grapes. The scenery from the water was spectacular. The tourists were about the towns and villages, cyclists were using the riverside cycle paths. The restaurants all open for business, many on the riverside. We had picked up a publication in Epinal which gave details of festivals, events, concerts etc. along the 545 km course of the Moselle for the months of July, August and September. We noted a couple of them, especially one or two wine festivals, that we would like to attend.

After leaving Luxembourg we had a leisurely cruise to Kons, a very scenic marina. We stayed a couple of days. There is a regular train which we used to do our exploration of Trier.

Roman Empire remains

I mentioned the evidence of the Romans in the towns we visited earlier. There is in my opinion nowhere that shows this better than Trier. Trier was founded around 16 B.C. by the Romans under Emperor Augustus. Towards the end of the 3rd century A.D. Emperor Diocletian made Trier a Roman Imperial residence and capital of the West Roman Empire. In 1986 the following sites in Trier were placed on the UNESCO list: Porta Nigra, the Roman city gate from the 2nd century AD; Cathedral with 4th century Roman central section, Emperor Constantine 4th century A.D. Roman Imperial Throne Room, the ruins of the 4th century Imperial Baths, the ruin of the 20,000-seater 2nd century A.D. Amphitheatre and the 2nd century A.D. Roman bridge across the Moselle.

The most spectacular marina location we stayed on was in Polich at pk 162. It was in the middle of a vineyard. Three generations are involved in running the business. The vintner, a lady in her 50s also managed the marina. She told us they were ready for the grape harvesting which would start in about two weeks after we were there. Their vineyard extends to both sides of the Moselle. On the right bank the vines are over 100 years old and produce their top quality wine. We acquired a couple of bottles.

After Polich our next stop was Bernkastel (those of a certain age will remember the green label from there!!!) The marina was two kilometres of beautiful riverside walking to the old town – just wonderful. We stayed on a scenic marina in wooded setting in Traben-Trarbach run by the local Motor Yacht Club. And so to Cochem, where we encountered our first Wine Festival, amid fireworks and music. Winninagan marina, a kilometre outside a lovely town was full of yachts. We had reached the popular sailing waters of the Moselle. A very lively

and interesting marina with excellent restaurant and friendly sailors. It was so enjoyable we stayed for three nights, including the Saturday night of the wine festival where the Festival Wine-Witch was presiding over the event.

After the wine fest we set off for the sombre waters of the Rhine having heard so much about it. Our apprehension soon left us as we cruised in the beautiful sunshine at the confluence of the Moselle and Rhine. It was quite exciting to motor in Rezy past Deutsches Eck (German Corner) with its massive statue of Emperor Wilhelm.

Rhine curiosity

Having been told all the reasons why not to go on the Rhine with Rezy – it is fast flowing, the name I believe comes from the Celtic word for “raging flow”; it is big; it discharges over 2,250 cubic metres of water into the North Sea every second; it carries much commercial traffic, an average of 160 million tonne transported each year, few stopping places, possibility of fog etc. – I still wanted to see it for myself.

The Rhine lived up to all these and more. The Rhine is approx 1,000 kilometres long. We sailed down 358 kilometres of the middle and Dutch stretches in early September this year, 2008.

The Rhine is divided into source, upper, middle and Dutch sections. We had been on the upper from Basle to Strasbourg in 2007 and now in 2008 we were navigating the middle and Dutch sections.

We started our 2008 Rhine trip in Koblenz (Coblence) at pk 590. All major rivers and canals have distance markers along their banks, very useful for checking your progress up or down the waterway. Cities passed through were Bonn, Köln (Cologne), Düsseldorf, Duisburg.

There was some very heavy traffic; the weather was poor, with heavy rain and gale force winds producing one metre waves /seas. But Rezy performed well. Now that we have done the Rhine it will not be on our “to do list” on future trips.

When the Rhine passes into the Netherlands it splits up, we followed the Waal for 50 kilometres before joining the Meuse (Maas). And then into the inland canal system where Rezy is now resting, over-wintering and getting ready for the 2009 season.

We have enjoyed the last three seasons on the inland waterways of Europe. We have visited most interesting places, met interesting and friendly people both local and from all over the world.

Richard Cudmore writes of four months cruising in Galicia

In May of this year, having just returned from cruising with Les Auchincloss on board *Morning Calm* in the Los Angeles area, Cliff Hilliard and myself drove to Vigo to prepare *Toirse* for her summer sailing. Again, a wonderful summer was spent with various family and friends, cruising in and out of the Rias, and anchoring at the beautiful islands of Illas Cies and Ons. Needless to say, eating at all the wonderful restaurants still proved to be a treat, and once again, we were well looked after at O Lagar’s in Pabro de Caraminal, by Pablo and Maria, and spent a lovely evening with them in their apartment where they served us up a truly delicious supper.

I was especially pleased to have my two daughters and son out sailing with me this summer. The girls came out in July,

having flown to Lisbon and then came up on the train. They were really pleased with the windlass anchor and were quite happy to volunteer for the job. In August, my son came out with his girlfriend, and we enjoyed good weather, apart from one day, coming out from Baiona, when a thunderstorm started, quite far away. It rapidly approached us and one fork of lightning hit the boat, and we were lucky that the only damage was to the radar.

We extended our season into September this year and finished off bringing *Toirse* to Vigo to put her into dry dock for the winter. We had wonderful weather and continued to swim and sail right up to the latter end of the month. We are already looking forward to next year and more lazy days in the sun. All in all, this summer we had 31 people on board, eight of whom are Irish Cruising Club Members.

I didn't know she was a knifethrower's wife!

– or how *ReeSpray* reached the Algarve with her crew intact

David Beattie

Having commissioned *ReeSpray* in 2007 Des and I were determined to undertake a good but leisurely cruising programme in 2008. I issued the usual style of email prospectus in January and so it was that the usual suspects were standing on the terrace of the Royal Irish Yacht Club consuming their choice of 'stiffener' as the sun approached the yardarm on Monday 5th May. Engaged in this pastime were your reporter, my co-owner Des Rogan, Alan Algeo, Sam Nolan and Ken Lawless. We were joined by a motley collection of spouses, well wishers, nay-sayers ("if it was meant to float God would have made it of wood" ... "ye're doomed, doomed!" etc) and by Sheila Thomson and Frank Browne who were hitching a lift to Arklow.

The morning had dawned with a little high cloud and a light southeasterly wind ruffling the subsiding swell from the previous few days of easterly winds and sparkling clear visibility. It was one of those mornings when the naïve rise with expectations, and the denizens of Kingstown – who have seen it all before – know that nothing good will come of it. Both groups were busy polishing their lenses so they could observe the lustre of the light reflecting from the windows on the south side of the Hill of Howth and pondering their portfolios, while we on the terrace were partaking of the shots from the second barrel before taking our leave. While we did so the worst sea fog of the year appeared spontaneously at the Kish Lighthouse and rolled across the scene obliterating our view of the window polishers of Howth, of the Dún Laoghaire pier heads and eventually of the marina breakwater itself. Suggestions were made that another libation was required. However 'when the going gets tough' etc., and at 11.30 precisely and as per the plan we slipped our lines for Arklow.

Scattering of ashes

The fog was still with us when we reached Arklow, thankful for the miracle of yacht-sized radar. It was still there when we caught the tide south at 03.30 the following morning and slipped down inside the banks on that well-trodden route. It lifted a little at the Blackwater, giving an opportunity to spot Leo Sheehan's house (Leo is a regular on board) perched on its hill with a view of the buoys, and closed in again as we passed inside Tuskar Rock. Four years previously on board *Schollevaer* it had been planned to scatter the ashes of Sam's mother, Emily, at 52.05°N, 06.15°W where her late husband's ashes had been left nearly 20 years ago. For various reasons that had not happened but this morning Sam was able to do so. I had prepared an abridged version of the Book of Common Prayer service to be followed by 'For those in peril'. However in the event, silent prayer seemed more appropriate, and Sam wrote in the log... 'Despite a delay of a few years, mother finally reunited with father – at rest in the peace of the deeps'. After an appropriate splice (gimlet or pinker) had been added to the mainbrace we continued in poor visibility which, having



THE WILD GOOSE CUP

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

improved overnight closed in again as we approached the Scilly archipelago.

We had been minded to go in to New Grimsby Sound as, despite having passed this way many times since, the last time I had actually been on Tresco was in 1974, with the late Eric Healy (ICC) and Norman Long (ICC) sailing the old *Asgard*. The omens were not good. While it was only blowing a light southeasterly the visibility was appalling and we were relying heavily on the radar. We loitered just north of the island's shelf in the deeper water, sailing up and down waiting for a break. We were about half a mile north of the nearest land and could see nothing. I was not prepared to make an instruments-only entry because the higher ground on the plotter and the radar were not aligning and, given a sluicing tide across the entrance, discretion seemed the better part of valour.

Sam and the goat!

Luckily, just before I provoked a mutiny aboard by setting a course to clear the islands and carry on, the visibility improved. Soon we could make out both sides of the entrance and very soon thereafter we were secured to a visitor's mooring in the sound. A good lunch in the pub on Tresco and a walk in sunshine quickly followed. Later dinner aboard was preceded by a sampling of the pub on Bryher where Sam was interviewed by a billy goat...if I hear another joke about horns and male only crew...! Incidentally there is a fundamental typographical error in the 2008 edition of Reed's Almanac sketch of the clearing bearings for New Grimsby Sound, that I have reported to the publishers. Please identify the bearing lines carefully and not by relying on the table listing them.

We slipped mid-morning and by 14.30 had the Bishop Rock abeam. The visibility was still poor so a good watch was needed, and the engine was required if we were to make progress. I contrived a course to pass east of the Ushant separation lanes and we were just opposite the central reservation (thankfully) when at 01.28 Thursday the donkey stopped. It is a 6 cylinder Ford Dorset, built like the proverbial brick privy, so this was a cause for concern. Alan Algeo quickly diagnosed fuel starvation, but there was plenty in the tank. He rigged a day tank that would feed the lift-pump by gravity, while the rest of us tried to use the williwaws of breeze to remain up-tide of the eastern end of the central reservation, and thus well clear of the steady procession of leviathans proceeding up Channel. After what seemed an age, but included a full bleeding of the fuel system we flashed her up and carried on for L'Aber Wrac'h, arriving just too late for lunch. We subsequently discovered a faulty joint in the fuel line, that had resulted from the replacement of a section of the line earlier in the year in order to meet the surveyor's requirements. It was quickly repaired. However the stench of diesel from Algeo took days to dissipate, although the natural (and collective) intolerance for the smell was tempered in some cases by our gratitude for his engineering



L-r: David Beattie, Des Rogan (in front), Guy and Madame Guy, Sam Nolan and Alan Algeo (note tie!) on Ile de Groix.

skills and presence of mind. In the meantime a qualifying race for the 'Le Figaro' Race was preparing to start in the river. The skill of the helmsmen on the 35 to 45 foot yachts that were mostly single or two-handed was stunning. There must have been at least 100 yachts jilling about in the river awaiting their gun and we saw not a single bump nor heard a call.



ReeSpray alongside covered U-boat lock at St. Nazaire.

We were caught out again by leaving it slightly late to go for dinner, and ended up in the only restaurant in town with space – it was located in the old lifeboat house. I always knew the French were good judges of culinary standards and this was not an exception – it was a most disappointing meal. Saturday morning saw us off through the Chenal du Four in thick fog with radar, three look-outs, sound signal, plotter, DR, echo sounder – the works! All we saw was a small fishing boat, until we entered Camaret, where we managed our first good shore-run in France and the following morning bade farewell to Ken whom we sent ashore with his kit at 07.00 on his way home – it's the tide dear boy! Another fog-ridden passage with nothing to be seen ensued

until, lo and behold, we could see Pointe de Penmarc'h. We sailed out of the fog and into a perfect South Brittany afternoon. Dinner in Concarneau and a stroll through the old town completed a good day, we even had a sailing breeze for a couple of hours!

A late start the next morning – 08.00 – saw us entering the pierheads at Ile de Groix at 13.30. We had expected to meet Paul Butler (ICC) in *Muglins* hereabouts but damage to his rudder had caused him to abort his May cruise plans. The crew accused me of cruelty when I sent him a telephone photograph of *ReeSpray* in the harbour. We had an excellent lunch in the Hotel du Port at the head of the pier, owned by Paul and Bobby Barr's (ICC) close friend Guy, the mayor. Groix is a delightful island and we were sorry to leave the next morning, but we had an appointment to keep. We managed a couple of hours gentle sailing before motoring to Sauzon, Belle Isle, where we picked up a mooring and went ashore for drinks outside the hotel. Sauzon provides excellent shelter on the moorings, except from the northern quadrant; the drying harbour is picturesque and would provide a first class bolthole for a yacht that can dry out.

Having slipped at 06.30 in good visibility we made rapid progress eastwards motor-sailing through showers of rain. We were bound for St Nazaire where a kinsman of mine had caused a little damage to the Normandie Lock in March 1942. I had attended a commemoration of Operation Chariot in the past but had always harboured an ambition to retrace the approach for the attack. Times having changed, I radioed ahead to the éclusier who told us the lock times for the smaller basin. We duly arrived, only two minutes late (rather better than four!). Having resisted the temptation to ram the gates of the Normandie Lock, we tied up to await the basin lock and made our number with the lock keeper who seemed friendly. While exploring the covered lock built to protect U-boats from aerial attack when passing out to sea, by chance Des bumped in to the Capitaine du Port who expressed surprise that we might wish to enter the yacht basin. He explained his surprise by informing Des that the lock keepers were going on strike at 22.00, i.e. immediately after our proposed lock passage, for an indefinite time and he could not predict when we might be released! Having concluded that there was scarcely a better welcome for members of the Beattie family in 2008 than in 1942, we left swiftly and proceeded to cross the mouth of the Loire to L'Haubaudière on Isle de Noirmoutier. Here we found a small but welcoming marina, a first class boatyard and an array of

chandlers with stocks that probably exceed all yachting stocks on the island of Ireland.

The next day we rested and entertained a friend from the Shannon, Peter Huskinson, and his partner to dinner on board. Algeo pulled out all the culinary stops as only he can do – four courses including a roast – and pretty much all the corks on board too! Peter Boucher joined us the following day, and for Sam's dinner ashore in Le Pussy Gris (I kid you not!). It was first class and not only fish.

We had been receiving reports of ports to the south of us blockaded by fishermen and of several British yachts having been rammed while attempting to run the gauntlet of fishing boats. Therefore, having said our farewells to Sam, we made sail for San Sebastian or thereabouts at 13.30 on Saturday 17th May. I had rigged one of the backstays as an antenna so we were still receiving the BBC on 1500 metres loud and clear on the old Sailor wireless. The forecast in the morning watch was good for Biscay, northeast 5 or 6 in north, northerly becoming variable 4 in south. However we saw none of that and had to motor in an awkward swell the whole way. Having made some westing to stay clear of the military exclusion zone south of the Gironde estuary, we turned south, rolling rather unpleasantly under main and yankee with the engine ticking over, and later in the evening, a substantial steak and kidney pie puttering in the oven, enjoyed ritual pinkers. It was a bloody good pie, pastry and all, but I was criticised for not producing a boiled baby! Crew can take that whole Patrick O'Brian thing a bit far don't you think? Monday morning's forecast was the same as Sunday's and just as inaccurate. It was calm. We trundled on and in a last minute decision decided not to abandon La Belle France without another shore run and so we entered Hendaye at 18.00. It's on the French side of the river that forms the border with Spain. Having refuelled we had another excellent meal ashore.

The next morning I knew something was up. Peter had been detailed to go ashore to victual. He would disappear and return after five minutes with a loaf of bread or a bag of prawns or some other individual item. Shopping was taking an age, even for France. He claimed that he was shopping 'au francais' visiting the best emporium for each type of food. The rest of us could only recollect seeing two shops, so eventually we tailed him to see what was the cause of his ardour for shopping piecemeal. Having spotted a sallow and willow shop assistant in one of the two shops, the light dawned on us... and our delayed departure for nearby San Sebastian seemed explicable and almost tolerable, although Peter's chagrin at actually having to leave was not.



The best view in the world? View from Vianna do Castello.

Well victualled at last we finally got away at 12.40 on Tuesday 20th and managed to sail for an hour and a half under both headsails and main. The wind was supposedly east 2 to 3. Approaching San Sebastian we raised the Real Club Nautico on VHF seeking a mooring and were advised to call them on arrival. An hour later we did so to be told that they had assumed that we wouldn't be arriving until after 1st June. They would have no moorings until then and the implication was that one didn't yacht until after that date. They advised us to try the public harbour where there is one berth available alongside a pontoon, the other end having no water. On approaching we saw that there was a French yacht alongside that was about a quarter of *ReeSpray's* displacement. Our friend from the Club arrived and she encouraged us to slip inside the Frenchman and confirmed that we could dine that night in the Club, which we duly did, joined by Des's brother and sister-in-law. They look after themselves well in the RCNSS, and we had a splendid



Sam Nolan and the Bryher goat.

meal in the dining room that is modelled on the dining quarters of a yacht that one could not possibly afford. That having been said the Club retainers took a dim view of our venturing forth on the briny so early in the season and as a result treated us as childlike aliens. We spent the next day pottering around the splendid city and undertaking maintenance, eventually leaving without Peter who had to return home. We left under engine at 14.15 (the wind was still light and variable) and arrived at Zumaia at 17.15 to refuel. We were snug in our berth by 18.00, where we left the boat for several months. Des departed at 06.00 by taxi for Bilbao airport at a cost of over €100, while Algeo and I took the narrow gauge railway, city tram and airport bus at an aggregate cost of €5.80 each.

Mary and I with her sister Fanny, brother-in-law and niece, visited for a week in June repeating the visit to San Sebastian, Des arrived on 28th July with Brian Richardson and their sons, and flogged westwards to Cabo Finisterre in the all too predictable westerlies of that time of year, managing to avoid a full gale but dealing with several days of force 7 on the nose. They reached San Xenxo on 4th August and day-sailed in the Rias for a couple of days.

New crew

The new crew, comprising Algeo, his wife Joanna, Noreen Sheridan, my former co-owner in *Aeolus* Dermot Clarke, Greg Sparks and I arrived on 12th August and exchanged pleasantries with Des at the airport. We found San Xenxo very smart, catering for the sophisticates of Galicia. We slipped out the next morning and managed a gentle sail to Playa Arena Das Rodas, Ila del Norte, Ilas Cies, where we anchored in 7.8 metres at high water. The crew went ashore and I remained aboard to set the tone of the cruise by cooking. In due course they returned having spent their time exploring the recesses of the hangar-like bar rather than the local wildlife.

The next day we motored in an oily swell for two hours to Baiona where we lay in the public marina on the recommendation of Paul Butler, who, having repaired his steering gear had already overtaken us, having left Dun Laoghaire only the week before and was by now two days ahead. We had a splendid meal in restaurant 'O'Moscow' leaving the following morning at 08.14 under full sail which we carried to the entrance to Vianno del Castello, having hoisted our Portuguese courtesy flag at 11.00. Algeo had been conducting detailed research on this part of the coast, and reported that, according to the National Geographic Magazine, the view from the basilica on the hill to the north of the town is one of the finest in the world. Being faint-hearted we took taxis to the top of the hill and clambered up the steps to discover a queue of wedding parties. They were taking 20 minutes apiece. Clearly matrimony is still the fashion in Portugal. There is a lift to the roof of the church and the view is amazing. One can see north up the coastline to Spain and south almost to the mouth of the Douro, while in the mid-distance are the town and dock with the broad estuary and valley. We sampled the funicular railway for the journey down to the town and it is very efficient, having recently been reopened. "Well worth the effort" was added to the logbook. "Vianna was Vianna before Porto was Porto" echoed the old tale of Pinner and London in our heads, as we explored the origins of the fortified wine trade of the region amongst the side streets that evening.

We got away at 08.15 in a southwesterly blowing 21 knots and dodged pots and nets as far as Leixios which we entered at 16.15. The place was dirty and the yacht club looked abandoned. Before leaving Ireland I had consulted Michael Barrett who runs the Lakeside Marina at Ballykieran near where I live. He founded the first overnight cruise-vessel service on the Douro some years ago, and had introduced me to

his successor Fernando de Costa. Michael had warned of the dangers of the entrance to Porto and the lack of berths in the city. I was well aware of this from a visit with Paul Butler in *Red Velvet* ten years ago. Michael had suggested that Fernando would arrange a berth if we made it up river. As it turned out we took taxis in to Porto and were entertained royally on board one of Fernando's river cruise boats, followed by dinner in a local restaurant. The restaurant was a family affair where food and drink were produced with an almost Italianate panache, much shouting and the occasional all-out family row. The whole experience was excellent. The next day we said our farewells to Greg who was returning to the real world, while we took the open-topped bus tour of the city (be sure to get on at the terminus or you will spend the tour cooped up downstairs). The tour skirted the northern side of the river mouth where we saw, unlike Reed's sketch map or the latest RCC sailing directions, that training walls constraining the river and addressing some of the issues of the bar are now in place, and the entrance is now much easier than it used to be. Later we enjoyed a wonderful Sunday lunch at the Taylor's Port House – strongly recommended and well worth the climb.

We left for Figuera da Foz the next morning and after pausing there to take on diesel – the pump was broken in Leixios – we carried on southwards. We had made contact with the Butlers on board *Muglins*. They were in Oesiris Marina, a new development between Cascais and Lisbon and I decided that it would be good to rendezvous. We continued overnight under main and yankee jib in a northwest force 4. At about 02.00 on 19th August, while we were broad reaching towards the sound between the off-lying Ila Berlinga and the shore, rolling in the beam swell, there was a sudden bang. On investigation we discovered that the pin hinging of the gooseneck had come away, and the boom was now supported by the stove chimney, which was rapidly working its way through the mainsail tack. A gallant effort by Algeo and the rest of the crew secured matters, allowing us to gybe and pass safely through the sound. We rounded Cabo Roca at 10.00 and entered Oesiris, where Paul and Noirin were waiting to take our lines at 14.20.

Welcoming marina in Oesiris

Paul's daughter Clíodna soon arrived from Japan and the two crews linked up with John Duggan (ICC), who lives locally, for a memorable dinner in a nearby restaurant. The next afternoon we enjoyed the local amenities. The marina charge covers use of the large pool and other facilities at the establishment next door. The marina is small but most welcoming, costs less than two thirds what they charge in Cascais and the facilities are better. Shay Cody joined us from Dublin and we slipped over to Cascais marina that afternoon. A memorable evening was had in Cascais in a local restaurant recommended by Señor Duggan. Noreen and Dermot contrived to get lost for over an hour in the maze of small streets during a power cut – that's their story anyway – and they and Joanna departed for Dublin the following morning.

The remaining three of us took the train in to Lisbon to await the arrival of Aidan Tyrrell (ICC) and Frank Browne whom we had last seen in Arklow. A tram tour of the city ensued followed by a well-lubricated lunch in a restaurant perched in an eyrie high above the Tagus. It seemed a good idea to return to *ReeSpray*, and then for drinks aboard John Duggan's yacht *Hecuba*, before finding a delightful small restaurant just to the west of the Cascais marina, clinging above the next small bay in a manner redolent of the old changing-shelter of the Forty Foot in Sandycove. This establishment does not take bookings and the wine list offers a choice of red or white, while one dines seated on red plastic chairs that have seen better days. Notwith-

standing, a queue develops nightly and the wait is well worthwhile. Try the fish of the day.

Trusting our temporary repair of the gooseneck, we left the next day at 11.50 carrying the tide south around Cabo Espichel. We were bound for the Rio Sado, armed with large-scale charts borrowed from John. The reach east under the cliffs was memorable, with 30 knot gusts coming down on our beam. We sailed up the channel past Setubal to anchor in failing light, to the southeast of the commercial port in a silted river estuary, sheltered from the northerly wind by the rapidly exposing mud banks. The scent of roasting garlic from the galley wafted through the cockpit as the sun set and the falling tide exposed the mudflats. It was like an East Anglian anchorage in extraordinarily good weather, and is an interesting place to explore, if armed with the appropriate charts. On the way in we had passed an outbound Portuguese frigate, who passed within a cable on our port side in the channel. He did not respond to our dip. It seems that the oldest alliance means that they follow the regrettable recent RN edict to ignore such courtesies. Truly the world is becoming a less civil place.

Dangerous play

We left at high water next day for Sines, where we had great difficulty manoeuvring into our allotted berth, due to a father with his two sons in kayaks insisting on playing dodgems with us as we tried to turn and go astern. It was frightening for us, but apparently oblivious to the danger, they continued to play chicken with almost twenty tons of steel in a 25 knot breeze

despite encouragement from us in several European languages to play elsewhere. In fact they persisted until the Port Captain threatened them with the police. We lay a couple of berths from *Broadsword of Hornet*, the ex-British Combined Services Nicholson 55 that my friends Ken and Anna Hudson have been cruising short-handed out of Arklow for a number of years. Following drinks on *Broadsword* dinner was on *ReeSpray*. Thankfully someone else washed up! Next day we had a splendid broad reach to Cape St Vincent, rounding it under mainsail and yankee in 35 knots of breeze and raising a glass to Admiral Jarvis as we passed. It's easy to see how he managed almost to embay the Spanish on St Valentine's Day all those years ago. We swept on past Sagres, buoyed up by our second gin, to Lagos, and after a night there we enjoyed a delightful twin headsails run down to Vilamoura where *ReeSpray* will stay until next year when we plan to do a Western Mediterranean circuit. Oh and by the way – the title to the log refers to a story told by a member of the crew on Ile de Noirmoutier. He recounted that some years ago when single he had visited the island and taken a ride in a taxi driven by a most presentable young Frenchwoman. They were becoming better acquainted when her husband happened upon them. It seems he worked in a circus!

Distance rhum line (excluding Des Rogan's North Spain interlude) 1530 miles.

Distance logged 1788 miles including windward boards.

Ports 25

Nights at sea 7

Cliff Hilliard writes of being on the water in 2008

This year provided a great opportunities to "mess about on the river (canal, sea)".

In May, June and I followed the ICC fashion by sailing the

Canal du Midi from Castlenaudary to Port-Cassafières, with four friends. The early summer countryside was lovely, with highlights being the cities of Carcassonne and Béziers.

I missed the East Region Rally to Peel at the end of May, as Richard Cudmore and I set off to drive to Vigo where *Toirse* had been laid up for the winter. Ron Cudmore joined us for 10 days of enjoyable pottering from Bayona to Finisterre.

Then came an unexpected bonus – an invitation to sail with Alan McGettigan on *Wolfhound* in July, from Sardinia to Tunisia, Lampedusa and on to Malta. This was a fascinating trip to North Africa.

As usual, part of July and August is reserved for Glandore, where I sailed with friends, as I did not launch *Sea Sprite* this year. Not surprisingly the Southern Area raft-up in Baltimore Harbour in August was damp, but still very enjoyable.

The final sailing outing was to Turkey in September, chartering with non-members Peter Browne (RIYC), Michael Rothschild and Fionan de Barra (both NYC) and Mal Walsh (who lives in Comox, British Columbia). We worked south from Göcek, stopping at Tomb Bay, Karnak, Kalkan and Kekova Roads, where we ate well in Üçagiz Limani with Hassan, who is very friendly and helpful. He brought us over to the sunken city of Batik Sehir, to admire the large number of buildings, which are in surprisingly good condition.

Heading back north again we stayed overnight in Kastellórizon, a Greek island, before making the short crossing to Kas the next day. Back then to Göcek with its excellent marina, reportedly less expensive than Bodrum for long-stay, stopping at Karacören Bükü, Kadidag, Ekinçik Limani (where we ate well in My Marina Yacht Club), Kabi Creek, Fethiye Marina, Wall Bay and Boynüz Bükü.

The weather was hot, with little wind, but visits to the historic sites of Letoon, Xanthos, Patara, Lydea, Caunos and Delikada (Dalyan), in the knowledgeable company of Michael and Fionan more than made up for the shortage of sailing. Food in the simple restaurants was invariably good and inexpensive, although prices have risen significantly in recent years. We found the people we met to be charming, courteous, friendly and helpful.



Karnak – a full house at the quay wall.

Annual Dinner 2008



2007 Fastnet Award winners Jarlath Cunnane and Paddy Barry with Cormac McHenry and his wife Barbara.



Margaret and David O'Morchoe.



Alan Leonard and Meta Tucker.



Barbara McGonagle with Clayton Love Jr.



Catherine Coad and Ann Woulfe-Flanagan.



Winkie Nixon with his cup.



Hazel and Ronnie Barr dancing.



Mike Balmforth and Sue Watson.

Northabout's Caribbean Cruise

Jarlath Cunnane

In November 2007 Rory Casey (ICC) Paul Gannon and I flew to Tenerife to re-join *Northabout* where Rory had delivered her in August.

As Rory reported in last year's annual, the genoa blew out in the strong winds as he approached Los Cristianas. The sail was skilfully repaired by the local sailmaker. The wind was a constant force 6 all the time we were there, apart from one brief period on the second evening when in a period of calm we succeeded in getting the sail on board, hoisted and furled. The next couple of nights we were entertained and shown the sights by Bernie Kilcoyne, a Mayo man living in Tenerife. Bernie also helped us source our supplies for the Atlantic crossing.

In the few days we had in Tenerife much discussion took place on the amount of food and water needed for a crossing, and fortunately as things turned out we tended to overstock. The remaining crew members arrived- Gary Finnegan a veteran of the Northeast Passage, Kevin Rowley and Richard Phelan, and we were ready to go.

On Friday 23rd November we departed at 11.00 into a



Northabout crew, l-r: Jarlath, Marie-Rose, Rory, Gary, Gilbert, Kevin, Paul and Richie.

choppy rolling sea. The wind generally was northeasterly force 4, weather dull. No entries of note were made in the log for the first days, presumably due to a general feeling of malaise. By Monday all have settled down, and we got the twin headsails on spinnaker poles set properly for the first time. Despite a circumnavigation, we had very little experience of downwind sailing. On *Northabout* with its many rigging stays this was not easy, but Kevin with his vast spinnaker experience guided us through the procedure, with poles set poking out between the stays, and we eventually got the sails set satisfactorily.

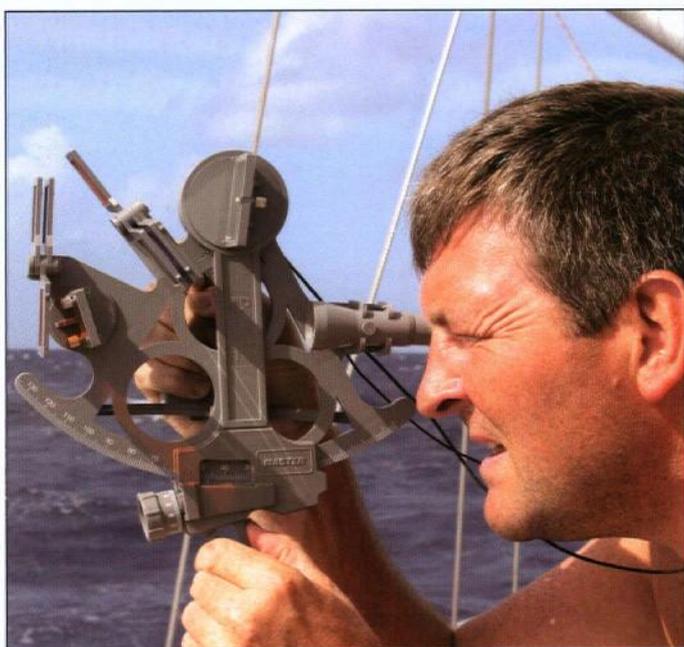
Next, I tried setting the new Hydrovane self-steering. Try as I might, in the rolling seas I couldn't get it to steer properly on our downwind course, *Northabout*, has always been difficult to steer downwind, no doubt caused by the design compromise of shallow draft and moderately immersed rudder.

Eventually I gave up on self-steering, and for the rest of the crossing we hand-steered, this being no problem with six crew, and the weather was good, 25 degrees mainly sunny.

This gave Rory and me the opportunity to get out the sextant to practise our sun sights. It took a week of practice before we were able to plot a position that was reasonably close to our GPS position!

What a pleasure it is to sail without shoes wearing tee shirt and shorts, with liberal application of sun-cream on exposed skin. Of course the weather was not always sunny, we had days of squally rain, lightning flashes, and thundershowers to remind us of home.

On the seventh day at sea we met our first shoals of flying fish. During the night they landed on deck; despite frying them



Rory taking sunsights.

as recommended by Commander Bill King, nobody developed a taste for them. I was amazed by their size and weight, and wondered how so heavy an object with delicate wings could become airborne, as unlike birds which are featherweight, these were heavy, and at night could hit the helmsman a heavy blow.

Our route to the Caribbean was initially in a south-westerly direction towards the Cape Verde Islands, but as soon as we found the trade winds, we altered course directly towards Grenada.

The ARC transatlantic rally from Las Palmas to St Lucia started a couple of days after us; we expected to be sailing in company with the participants.

No shipping was sighted until 2nd December when *Altair*, sailing fast under spinnaker, overtook us.

By the 6th the winds had increased with squally showers and lightning flashes in the distance.

The next vessel sighted was *Avocet*, with ICC member Paul Bryans aboard. Rory had a radio conversation with Paul, and learned that *Avocet*, which was skippered by John Thompson, was participating in the ARC. They were making good progress, and soon disappeared over the horizon. I recall there was also some good-humoured banter about *Avocet* being the only dry yacht in the ARC rally.

By the 7th the wind was still squally, and the swell was now increased to 5 metres, making life aboard very uncomfortable.

Distress signal and unexpected guests

The next day was a memorable one. On Sunday 9th December we received a relayed distress call from *Avocet*. A yacht named *Nérée* was in trouble and could we go to their assistance? We proceeded immediately under engine to the position given and arrived in about two hours.

When we arrived we were surprised to find *Avocet* standing by *Nérée*. Later we learned, that since we had first spoken with *Avocet*, a great tragedy occurred on board. The skipper John had suffered a serious head injury during a gybe, when he was thrown violently against a winch. John accompanied by his son Daniel, were evacuated by the cruise liner *Costa Mediterranea* that had diverted to assist them. We were shocked to learn later that John died of his injuries in hospital in Barbados.

During the transfer *Avocet* was bumped heavily against the topsides of the cruise ship, and the crew were concerned that their hull might have suffered damage. We were asked to come close and inspect the hull. Fortunately, apart from some paint on her topsides the hull seemed OK.

And now to *Nérée*! On board was Gilbert, a sprightly 72-year-old Frenchman, and Marie-Rose his 66-year-old girlfriend. Communications were difficult as neither spoke any English. Rory, who has a good command of French, was able to ascertain that they wanted to be taken off as their vessel was sinking.

The seas were up to 3 metres high, making it impossible to come alongside *Nérée*. To transfer to *Northabout* we asked the *Nérée* crew to launch their liferaft and let it drift down to *Northabout*. The liferaft was duly launched, and I was impressed with the sight and sound of it inflating. Gilbert, thinking that we might appreciate his spare diesel drums, attached them to the liferaft on long lines. They got some of their personal belongings in plastic bags into the liferaft, including some clothes and a laptop computer. The liferaft painter was then released, but the liferaft's drogue prevented the liferaft drifting down towards *Northabout*. Sizing up the problem, we attached a long floating line with a buoy at its end and attempted to motor towards the liferaft. Now another problem became apparent. The long lines attached to the diesel drums and drogue were in danger of entangling our propeller. We made a pass to windward at considerable risk of getting

entangled. Gilbert caught our line but inexplicably let it go again. In the high seas three more attempts failed to secure a line. We wondered would we ever succeed in retrieving them. On the fifth attempt our line was secured. We hauled the raft to *Northabout's* stern platform, and heaved *Nérée's* crew and belongings unceremoniously aboard. The liferaft was too heavy to lift aboard, so a stab of a knife sent it to the bottom of the sea.

Nérée left to sink

We left *Nérée* to sink, with many regrets, it was a shame to see a fine vessel abandoned to its fate, but in the high seas there was nothing we could do. It was impossible to get on board, and towing nearly 1000 miles was out of the question. If only we could have salvaged some of their gear, longing eyes were viewing their solar panels and wind generators, but the risk to life was too great to attempt a boarding. Had we been nearer to Clew Bay *Nérée* would not have been allowed to sink!

Despite the relatively warm weather, both of our guests were wet and cold, they were sent below and given the "Dromoland Suite", the only double berth aboard.

Gilbert had broken his finger, which explained why he had such difficulty in securing our line to the liferaft. First aid involved strapping the broken finger alongside another. Later when they recovered, we learned they were on their way from Gibraltar to Martinique. I don't know if they were teasing us when they told of the cases of champagne aboard *Nérée*.

Soon they were fully part of our crew, Marie-Rose helping in the galley and Gilbert enjoyed standing his watch. For the next six days we sailed without incident, until the mountains of Grenada were sighted at dawn on 14th December, making it a 22-day crossing. Before leaving Ireland I had arranged a mooring for *Northabout* for two months in Prickly Bay. Gus Clements, a local sailor, provided the mooring at moderate cost. His email address is appropriate: gusnofuss@gmail.com.

Customs and immigration was easygoing and friendly, but explaining our two extra passengers caused some difficulties, and slight amusement.

Gilbert and Marie-Rose moved into a hotel, and after taking the crew out to dinner, they flew to Martinique and home to France.

Since then they have bought another boat, a Moody 422 and hope to start again on their adventure. In their blog they describe *Northabout* as a happy ship, and the crew as "sea wolves"! We have been called many things but this was a new description.

Grenada had been hit by hurricane Ivan in 2004, which caused widespread damage from which it is still recovering.

Ashore, at the marina we found a convenient open-air bar, where we celebrated our trans-Atlantic crossing, with the local speciality; rum punch. Life is unbelievably easygoing in the Caribbean, the amount of time that elapses between ordering and receiving a drink would flabbergast any Irish barman. "Take it easy man" is the Caribbean motto. After a couple of days sightseeing we all flew home for Christmas and in my case, back to work for 6 weeks, to complete the harbour works on Inishbofin.

The Caribbean

On my return to Grenada in early February, I found *Northabout* safe on her mooring where we left her. The only problem with the batteries were discharged. David Cullen from Cork, who lives in a mansion overlooking the bay, came to my rescue, and drove me into town where I was able to buy a new battery. Thanks also to Terry and Ruth, the crew of *Thunder of Arklow* who helped in tracing the electrical problems.

Anne Doherty (ICC), Donagh Waldron and Monika arrived on schedule, and we set sail northwards towards Union Island.

From mid-February until May, various crew came to join us, including my sisters and their husbands. An unexpected and disappointing aspect of the Caribbean for me was the strong wind, which blew continually, which made the seas uncomfortable, particularly for those who were new to sailing.

Another irritant was the cost and formalities involved in clearing in and out at each island. Every island has a different clearance document to complete.

Our route northwards from Grenada took in Union Island, Canouan, The Grenadines, Bequia, St Lucia, Martinique, Dominica, The Saintes, Guadalupe, Antigua, Nevis, St Eustatia, and St Maarten.

As we were anchored off Fort de France in Martinique, a swimmer hailed me, it was my old pal Paddy Barry! Paddy had flown down from Antigua, and rather than hail, had stripped off and swam out! Ashore was Paddy's son, Cathal with new wife Jane, on their worldwide honeymoon holiday, all joining us for some island cruising.

I will only mention a couple of the highlights of our Caribbean cruising.

In the Grenadines we enjoyed the finest snorkelling available anywhere, swimming with turtles in warm water is a wonderful experience, a contrast to swimming in the cold west of Ireland seas.

The island of Guadalupe is divided in two by a navigable river – the Rivière Salée, which winds through mosquito infested mangrove swamps; we motored through at dawn, skilfully navigated by Donagh. Our early start was dictated by the two bridge openings at 05.00.

Once through the Riviere, we sailed to a small fishing village on the north tip of the east island called Port Louis.

Port Louis is a newly developed small fishing harbour, set in beautiful aquamarine waters. *Northabout's* shallow draft came into its own now, we were able to get into the harbour and to the amusement of curious onlookers, tie up beside all the tiny fishing boats! Port Louis is a lovely quiet Caribbean town. The locals were really friendly in a nice way – i.e. not looking for your dollars. Cathal and Paddy went diving for the afternoon – they had a great experience. The rest of us lazed on the beach. We discovered a nice French-run cafe for dinner; it proved a winner as the owner had a couple of guitars. A singsong ensued, which proved a draw for the locals. Donagh procured an entire bottle of rum and made his way through a sizeable amount!!

Worried high-gloss owners!

At 08.00 next morning, we headed onwards to our next destination – English Harbour in Antigua. It was a seven-hour crossing, albeit a very pleasant one with a beam wind taking us at a good pace to our destination. Several of our number slept for most of the journey (rum and singing possibly to blame!). We arrived at Nelson's Dockyard, and over VHF procured a mooring. Getting the boat in stern-to was a classic what-not-to-do exercise, and attracted more than a few onlookers! The people in high-gloss varnished boats on either side ran up and down their boats carrying fenders, with dismayed looks! *Northabout* with its ice-dented sides is always treated with caution and respect by neighbouring yachts.

Nelson's Dockyard is a beautiful place, set in a perfect natural harbour. It is almost landlocked, with a narrow but deep entrance. The dockyard was a working yard in Georgian times, and has now been elegantly restored to its former glory. The yachts in the dockyard are all incredible – beautifully maintained boats of all sizes (mostly large!) and age. Over the hill in Falmouth Harbour we found even bigger boats! English Harbour hosts Antigua Race Week, and is the finishing

destination for the Atlantic rowing race. I can't imagine a more perfect place to finish such a gruelling course. I spoke with one competitor in the solo race, he had just arrived after 72 days at sea, surprisingly, he seemed quite sane.

We had a vague plan of being in Montserrat for St Patrick's Day; with the windy weather we took the easier option of celebrating in the shelter of English Harbour.

We celebrated St Patrick's Day with a real Irish evening and Paddy on guitar. All the Irish yachts joined in – Michael Croughwell (ICC) with Anne and crew of *Orchestra*, the crew of *Celtic Spirit*, Vincent O'Farrell on *Shangaan*, and our old friends Terry and Ruth on *Thunder of Arklow*, Ken and Carmel Kavanagh on *Safari of Howth*; also joining in the fun were the crew of Limerick yacht whose name slips my mind, so good was the night.

On Sunday evening on Shirley Heights overlooking the harbour, we were entertained with a barbeque and the 'Antigua Mortar Products Halcyon Orchestra' a lively steel drum band playing Caribbean music. This was a memorable and enjoyable experience. A not-so-good experience was having our credit cards skimmed, some of us for substantial amounts, fortunately all the losses were eventually covered by the banks.

Cruising yachtspersons are vulnerable to skimming as they may be at sea before the event is uncovered.

Another crew change, we sadly said goodbye to our old hands.

My sisters, Mary and Eithne, and their husbands now joined me for two weeks; apart from one boisterous sail we deemed it better to spend the time on the white sandy beach.

After their departure I welcomed the new crew, Mick Brogan (ICC), and daughter Emma, and Eugene Cusack. The newcomers had a couple of days seeing the sights and "chilling out". On the last day of March we sailed up the west coast to Jolly Harbour, where we were storm-bound for a week. But the time was put to good use, on ship maintenance, swimming and sun tanning. In Jolly Harbour, our crew was complete with the arrival of Ben McDonagh.

The passage to Charlestown harbour in Nevis was a lively one, with big seas. We anchored off the beach where Mick set up the barbeque, and produced a tasty starter of ribs. For the main course we found a nice restaurant, where we met the crew of *Orchestra* again. A good night followed!

St Eustatius more commonly known as Statia, was an interesting island, a former Dutch colony that still uses the guilder. Its main industry now is an oil trans-shipping terminal. Venezuelan oil is transhipped to tanks ashore and laundered for shipping to the United States as Statia oil. This is a busy place; there were nine tankers awaiting loading while we were in the harbour at Oranjestad.

We visited the museum and learned of the islands' wealthy colonial past, and took a taxi tour of the island.

Our final Caribbean island was St Maarten, where we said goodbye to Eugene, Michael, and Emma.

The return Atlantic crossing

For the return crossing, the planned crew couldn't make it through various business pressures, so it was left to Ben McDonagh and I, to sail *Northabout* home. Ben is a construction man with a similar background to mine, and until recently owned the Galway hooker *An Lady Mor*.

We departed St Maarten with a fair wind for Bermuda, but after a couple of days sailing north, we found we could lay the course directly to the Azores, so we changed plans and sailed directly for the enchanted isles.

Our luck was in; the wind for the most part was fair. After carefully balancing the sails, I succeeded in getting the Hydrovane self-steering gear to work; this was a great relief to



The sinking yacht *Nérée*, as *Northabout* approaches.

Ben and me. We still kept three-hour watches, but it was a great relief to be spared the tedium of hand steering. Generally, as we were shorthanded we sailed cautiously, reducing the sail area at night, or when we didn't like the look of the sky.

Ben proved to be a great sailor and cook, and he kept me regaled with tales of derring-do, and of his building experiences in Ireland.

The wind brought us south of our intended track, south of the island of Flores, but bringing us nicely to Faial. We entered the marina in Horta after a 22-day crossing from St. Maarten.

Horta was the highlight of the trip, we spent a week sightseeing and enjoying the island life. Pieter, a German resident on the island befriended us, insisting on driving us around and showed us all the sights.

Pico with its 2500 metre high mountain merited a day trip on the ferry. We hired a taxi for the day at a very reasonable price. The roads on all the islands are built to a



Whaling sculpture with Mount Pico in background.



Our unexpected guests Marie-Rose and Gilbert.

very high standard since my last visit in 1990, though not wide, they are so much better than any in the Caribbean.

Robbie McMullen joined us for the final leg to Ireland, though young he proved to be an excellent sailor.

An overnight passage brought us to the harbour of Angra de Herisimo, on the island of Terciera. Angra is a world heritage town, with many wonderful buildings. Here we stocked up on stores and wine. The marina has excellent showers and toilets, far in excess of what is required for its size.

An evening was spent watching the bull-run, where the unfortunate bulls are goaded by lively and

surefooted youths to the cheers of the watching crowds. Occasionally a bull would send the crowd running for cover across walls and up trees.

A 22-day trip took us to Dingle. It was not our intended landfall. The first 19 days passed without incident, with fair winds, only occasionally increasing to force 6. But we were not going to be allowed to complete our crossing without a gale. The last three days were spent beating into gale-force head winds. Though uncomfortable, we ploughed into the seas under reefed sails, making slow progress towards Westport.

On the second night of gale

force winds, the boom gooseneck parted. We succeeded in lowering and stowing the mainsail safely before any further damage was done. Without the mainsail we were now unable to point into the wind, and the best course we could manage was taking us towards France.

We started the engine and motored all day and night, trying to estimate if we had enough fuel to reach land. As the wind eased somewhat we found we could lay the course to Valencia. On our final night at sea the wind calmed and our destination was changed to Dingle, where we entered the marina at 02.30.

In the morning we said goodbye to Robert, who was anxious to get to the music festival in Ballyshannon. Later that day, unbelievably, I was able to get the cast aluminium gooseneck welded in Tommie Lynch's engineering shop somewhere in the Kerry hills.

Next morning at 06.00 Ben and I left Dingle for the final leg to Westport. Now that we could sail again, there was no wind! So we motored all the way. Passing Inishbofin we made a quick stop for breakfast in Murray's hotel, then onwards to *Northabout's* mooring in Rosmoney.

Northabout returned to her base for an overhaul on 30th



The Pitons, St. Lucia.

May after an absence of 10 months. Her skipper likewise needed an overhaul; excessive wear necessitated the replacement of both knee joints. So to all those queries on *Northabout's* next adventure: I can truly say there are no plans for the immediate future.

Wallace Clark writes of *Agivey* in Donegal

2008 was counted a poor season weatherwise but in our northern waters and adjoining Hebrides it produced warm sunny days in late May and early June. In the last three or four years this has proved far the best time for cruising. *Agivey* wintered afloat at The Cranagh, a rapidly expanding marina on the Bann between the Town Marina near Coleraine and Seatons lower downstream. The Cranagh is a *recherché* place, well-run and providing good shelter, and pleasant lawns extend along the approach road to the river.

Mobile number 0783 565 7077

Address: 76 Portstewart Road, Coleraine, Co. Derry.

The first event of the Season was a Meeting of the Frères de la Côte at Rathlin in mid June. This was organised by the newly formed Northern Table. After informal visits on the Pontoons a most convivial dinner was provided by the Manor House for some thirty Brothers plus sweethearts or wives; perhaps both for all I know.

John Coyle was full of camaraderie on his way back from a successful voyage to Iceland as the new owner of *Arctic Fern*.

This Brotherhood was started on Chile in 1951 and has since spread through North America and on to Europe. There are currently Tables in 21 countries. I was first invited to join Galway where there is a strong membership and much enjoyed their company. You can identify Brotherhood crews by their Burgee of a White Anchor above Crossed Oars on a dark background. Irish boats add a fine big harp as well.

Members wear Tricorn Hats when dining and discharge broadsides with gusto.

OUR ALL-TOO-BRIEF CRUISE

Leaving Rathlin with Mike Tinne and Ricky Butler (ICC) we reached Inistrahull in not much more than one west-going tide.



Terry Magown ICC controls the RIB in the deepwater gut which transects Inistrahull at its western end. Good fun to explore but only in the calmest of weather.

Arriving at low water we sucked in our sides to creep past the drying rock just short of the pier and tie up. There for once was a crowd. Des McDaid from Glengad had brought out family and friends for their annual camp on the island.

They were busy packing up tents and gear on the pier. My cousin Des Mills from Bunnagee, Culdaff, arrived a few minutes after us in his powerful motorboat to take them safely home. He made us a present of several gurnards neatly skinned. They made uncommon fine eating.

The seas west of Malin are so thick with World War II wrecks as to be described by Lord Louis Mountbatten in 1952 as "nothing but a great British graveyard". Des, as a successful conductor of angling parties, has an unequalled knowledge of wreck locations as well as other good fishing areas.

It is curious that The Hull, as it is called locally, a rock barely a mile long, pairs with Inishbofin in Connemara as the only two of our offshore islands to have a good natural harbour. Portmore is narrowly open to the north-northeast, secure in all other winds, and rarely untenable in summer. A fine stopping place for boats on a coastal passage.

After a peaceful night we set off hoping to get to Tory by evening, then on south to Sligo, to pair up with Des Moran by the weekend.

About five o'clock, just short of Horn Head Mrs. Malaprop would have said that the 'elephants were omnibus'.

Out west the sky was black and the wind began to gust up.

I decided to turn into Sheephaven and we were soon snug alongside at Downings, a nice enough place with good facilities and lots of memories. But there we were pinned in for five days by strong north and west winds. That effectively was the end of our 2008 cruise.

We edged back east round many rocks to Mulroy, and threaded our way up past the horrible and hideous new bridge under construction at the Second Narrows.

Picking our way past salmon cages and row upon row of mussel buoys, we anchored inside Cratlagh, the islands beloved by three generations of the Milford Osborne family. A well-fed heron eyed us from a niche in the twenty-foot island cliff, as the only sign of life. The WWI Nissen Hut where we'd often camped, bathed and feasted looked so derelict that I couldn't bear to land.

For the second night we motored all of half a mile, past the Head of the Water in steady rain, and tied alongside Diamond's Flour mill, so welcoming in days of old, now in decaying dereliction. Oh Tempora, Oh Mores.

There Des Moran (ICC) joined next morning to bring lots of craic and choice eats, but the weather still didn't mend. With my trusty mate June languishing in bed at home, it seemed best to abandon the voyage. The helpful Downings

and Meevagh boatman, Sammie Scott, lent us a mooring in Fanny Bay. We missed David Gilliland's boat, based secure there for many years. She had bust her moorings, dragged ashore and broken up, Sammie told us. His contact number is 074 9155 386. Mobile 087 2828 167. If you need assistance in Sheephaven or Meevagh, he's your man.

Mike Tinne and I made a swift voyage home a week or so later with a fair southwest wind. Time for a whistle stop to call on his brother Chris and wife Hester at Bunnagee.

Now all the boats there, which used to lie in trots inside the Pier, are hauled up each night on the broad slip beside the old Life Boat House. Portaleen does the same.

Did you know that was the only Lifeboat to have sunk on dry land? While being towed across country to assist the *Twilight*, a barque ashore off Strawbreagy, the carriage fell off the road and Culdaff Lifeboat with it, into a rushy bog!

On our final passage back to the Bann in the blessed lee of Inishowen, glorious sunshine silvered the whole of Lough Foyle on our beam and later great swathes of sea astern to the west. A sight which lived on in my mind for days. This was, I think, the only time in fifty years of cruising that *Wild Goose* or *Agivey* has failed to get us to our chosen bit of coastline. But we had fun on board in spite of all.

*Canst' follow the track of the dolphin
Or tell where the sea swallows roam,
Where Leviathan taketh his pleasure
What ocean he calleth his own?
Then write in the Cruising Club Journals
Of seas we adopt as our home.*

— WALLACE CLARK

Sailing in early August consisted of joining Des and Siobhan Moran in *Nanette* in Killary by Jamie and Mary Young's hospitable house. A few hours later we were greeted at Inishbofin by John Coyle. That made up for most of the disappointment of the earlier effort.

John was on Bofin heading up an international Brotherhood of the Coast Dinner and get-together; I counted an unbelievable 35 yachts in Bofin Harbour. Never seen more than a couple there at a time in the past.

Marvellous Margaret Day, frail but full of fun, greeted us with coffee, drinks and all the news of the coast. She has done the same on each visit since about 1950!!

She now summers in her own house beside the luxurious Day Hotel. If I ever have occasion to arrange a wedding again, I'll come here for the Reception. Back on board *Nanette* we were soon making French and Belgian friends and plans for next year, in the best of company.

"He who would go to sea for amusement would go
to hell for pleasure."

Spain to the Canaries

Cormac P McHenry

Looking through my log of this season confirmed the impression I had been building up, of a difficult and at times a very frustrating cruise. Difficult, because I had some gear failures which I am not used to, and frustrating, largely because the weather did not perform as I expected it to.

Even before I started I caused a gear failure, blocking the forward heads by putting down two sheets of kitchen towel. What negligence, how often have we all stressed to crew that nothing should go into the heads unless it had been eaten first! Unblocking showed me I am nothing like as flexible as I was. My contortions under the floor and under the bunks were to no avail and finally an American, whose boat had also spent the winter in Rota and who is far more flexible than I, came to my rescue.

I left Rota, in the Bay of Cadiz, at the end of May heading for Lagos where *Island Life*, our Island Packet 40 was booked in to the Sopramar yard for some tender loving care under the eagle eye of Hugo Henriques, while Barbara and I headed off to the US for a holiday of sight-seeing and chandlery purchases at the extremely advantageous exchange rate then prevailing. We saw a lot of the coast of Maine, including Camden, winter home of *Cuilaun* and saw, from the shore, some of the real Maine mist we had heard so much about. We spent time with Bill and Pam Kellett (ICC) who had provided us with a superb schedule of places to visit, B&Bs (US style) where we could lay our heads and things to do. It was such a hassle free trip to Maine we have suggested they set up in business organising trips for geriatric ICC members! They also entertained us royally at their home and we had a memorable day touring Mystic Seaport Museum with them.

At the end of July I returned to Lagos and inspected *Island Life* just before she was launched. I was delighted with the work, old antifouling stripped off and resprayed, hull cleaned and ten years of bumps and scrapes polished out. She looked like a new boat!

At the beginning of August I left and spent a night in Enseada de Sagres a few miles east of Cabo Sao Vicente, where I met a fellow RCC member Anthony Collins in *Tidechaser*, who I have bumped into (not literally) on a number of occasions since we were marina neighbours in La Rochelle in 2006. Having a dinghy in the water he came aboard with his two sons and we chatted about our cruise plans. Next morning with a northwest wind up to 18 knots I set off for Porto Santo in Madeira which I had bypassed last time I was down there in 1996. It was good, fast sailing on a flat sea with no shipping. In fact I covered 161 miles noon to noon. By the third day the wind had dropped, a lumpy sea had developed and at one stage my tool shelf broke scattering the tools over the floor. I called Porto Santo marina on VHF, got a prompt and very welcoming response and by 12.00 on 9th August I was in my berth.

The following day, 10th August I was beginning to revive after my four day, three night trip, my longest for a couple of years and, as always, single-handed. I started reading carefully Anne Hammick's Atlantic Islands and thought again how much effort she puts into and how well written her books are. I

walked into Porto Santo village then did a two-hour bus trip of the whole island before leaving next morning for Madeira. Wind was beginning to gust, not seriously but a foretaste of things to come. I was pleased to get my Monitor Windvane self-steering to work. It requires patience and quiet words to get her (Brenda, a sister of Brendan the Navigator) to perform. Patience I possess in very small measure and as a single-hander there is no restraint on my words!

I was met outside Quinta do Lorde marina by a RIB and escorted to my berth. The marina has developed substantially since the guide was written in 2003 and building work on the holiday complex surrounding it is proceeding apace. There is a bar with a very nice restaurant above it and there I had an excellent meal, white tablecloths, nice china and a bottle of Duoro. It took me three efforts to find the pontoon on which I had left *Island Life*!

Immaculate marina

In the morning I checked in. The marina Director, Cátia, could not have been more welcoming. She speaks at least four languages and has the whole place completely under control. The sanitary block is immaculate and would put many a four-star hotel to shame. But Quinto do Lorde is isolated, twenty minutes by road from Machico where there is a Pingo Doce Supermarket to which the marina provides a minibus service every day. Their WiFi was not working which added to the sense of isolation. Next day was 15th August, Feast of the Assumption. I was nearly caught out by, as so often, these special days which they take much more seriously than at home with all services, shops etc., closed down.

An American couple, David and Alison were in port on their 35' *Swift*, a sturdy US design which they had sailed across and were going back in November, making use of Alison's sabbatical year. The forecasts for the next few days, which Alison could get, were not good for the four or five boats heading southwest for the Canaries. My frustration level was rising. I rang Barbara to say I could give her no dates for a visit to the Canaries for her. I was now walking up the hill behind the marina every day and some days down the other side to work off my frustration. As Barbara said, at least the exercise was good for me.

I did the tourist bit one day, bus to Funchal, up the new cable car from which there is a great view of the harbour and the town and I still had time to wander around before heading back. However my log entry for 24th August reads that I was getting more and more agitated, the constant gusting wind was driving me mad. Barbara kept saying "what's the rush you have plenty of time", but whatever virtues, if any, I possess, as I wrote earlier, patience is not one of them.

Finally, the GRIB charts showed much less wind, so much so that four of us left Quinto do Lorde marina on 27th August. But, once out of the lee of the island there was much more wind than forecast, gusting to 35knots and a lumpy, unpleasant sea built up. However, it was nice and sunny.

This season for the first time I had succumbed to the

suggestions that I should really have a chart plotter. I had got a Maptec package to cover from Portugal right down to the Canaries with a GPS receiver to plot the boat's position on the chart on my laptop. I was delighted with it until, just south of Ilhas Desertas, my laptop packed up. I cringe to admit that I had no back up paper charts, for which omission I should be ejected from ICC, RCC et al, without even the ceremony of being drummed out. But at least I had studied the chart carefully while setting up my route and thanks to that, GPS waypoints, the radar and the Islands guide I was quite comfortable about my landfall on Isla Graciosa, which I was timing for daylight.

At 07.00 on 29th August I had Isla Alegranza, off Lanzarote on radar and got in to the one harbour on Graciosa without any difficulty. However I was turned away by security even though there were at least six empty berths on the pontoons. I moved around to Playa Francesa and anchored, well protected, in 6.3m. Not a move during the night but in the morning I felt I was dragging a bit so I upped and moved further out, anchoring in 8.2m with 30m chain.

I had kept the engine on to charge my batteries and found that there was no charge coming through. I keep a spare alternator on board but I decided to wait until next day while I checked the wiring, before changing the alternator. It would not work either. I had kept enough power in my batteries to start the engine and operate the anchor windlass, which I did and returned to the harbour. I was dismayed to be told by the Harbour Master that there was a) No electrician on the island, b) None of the pontoons had electricity on them. Eventually I found one boat with live-aboards who had electricity from some fishermen who had a connection to the syncrolift. I berthed alongside them and got a connection to start charging my batteries.

I stayed three days, explored the village, which has its few streets, including the "main" street, paved with sand. The church is a real fisherman's church, the altar resembling a boat, and all the church fittings based on a sea theme, for example the stations of the cross around the walls are set into life buoys. There is a very good photo of the church on p.164 of Anne Hammick's book.

Batteries charged, I left for Puerto Calero on Lanzarote on 3rd September with a northerly wind and Brenda steering well. I overshot the entrance, I was so far out, enjoying the scenery and the sailing and with no chart plotter! I checked in and my

first question was where is the electrical company which is mentioned in the guide. I was told that they had closed down, but I was given the name of a Frenchman who did a lot of work around the port.

I was very interested to see that Puerto Calero was being used by Sony Ericsson as their training base for this year's Round the World race. They had two identical boats, their own sail loft, mechanical workshop etc. etc. on the pier, and I was later told that their budget for their support team of over 100 was €32m for the year.

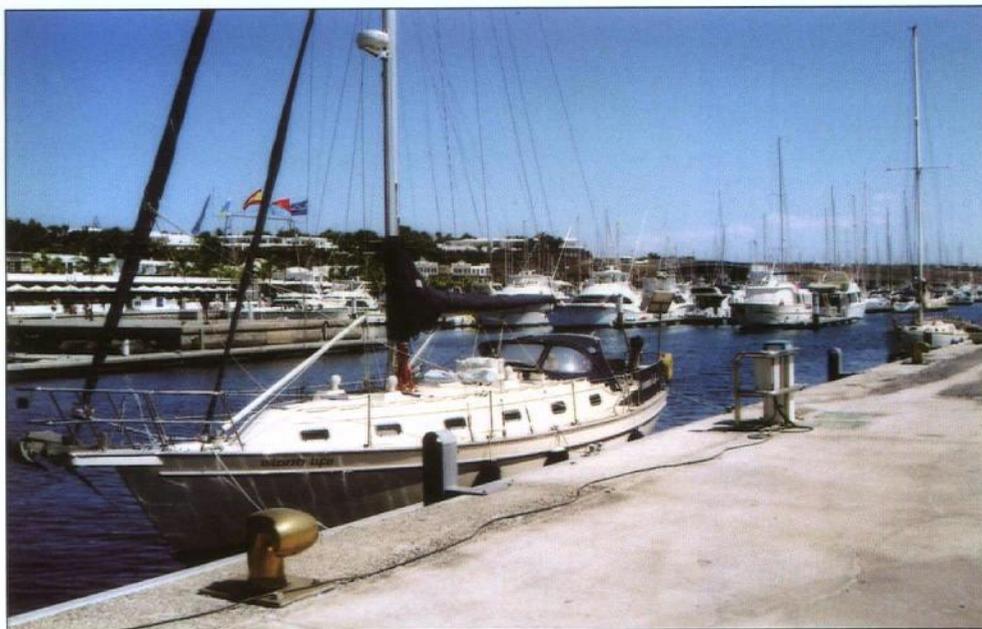
The electrician turned up next day and started work on the alternator. He decided that the internal regulators were blown in both of them, either I had blown the new one in fitting it or the Maxcharge unit I had fitted a few years ago was the cause. No new regulators for my Hitachi alternators were available anywhere on the Islands or in Spain, so he got me a reconditioned one in Arrecife. I happened to mention my computer problem and he called a friend who turned up twenty minutes later and determined what the fault was. It needed a new part, again not available in the Canaries but he located one in London, had it couriered to a friend in Manchester who was coming out in a day or two on a holiday. It arrived, was installed and the computer with my charts was fine. What luck that everything slotted in so well!

While in Puerto Calero, an up-market development with designer shops, many restaurants and a fine marina but otherwise isolated, I went to Arrecife and to Puerto del Carmel by taxi. Arrecife is a very commercial town and the harbour/marina is not suitable for a stop over. Puerto del Carmen is a holiday resort, packed with tourists and souvenir shops. Neither place impressed me, Puerto del Carmen perhaps because it rained to the obvious amazement of the locals!

Bernard Corbally (ICC) who heard of my difficulties from Barbara had advised that Marina Rubicon, just 15 miles further west, was a much better place so I headed off on 16th to inspect it. It is a much bigger marina than Puerto Calero with part of the marina reserved for very big boats. The first person I bumped into was Eddie Nicholson (ICC) who had been cruising the Canaries and was leaving *Mollyhawk's Shadow* in the marina for a few weeks until his father David (past commodore ICC) took it over for a few weeks cruising. The marina is only a twenty minute walk from Playa Blanca which has good supermarkets and internet cafes.

I now had an overnight passage to Pasito Blanco on the southwest coast of Gran Canaria. There was little wind so I used the engine. I was surprised at how little shipping there was. I only saw one ship which appeared to be stopped, with lights blazing in the dark. I could not make out what they were doing. By 03.50 I could see the lights on Gran Canaria and two ships going north passed me about three miles astern. The whole voyage has been remarkable for the absence of any fishing fleets with only the very occasional trawler to be seen. I wonder if the fish stock has been depleted here also.

I checked into Pasito Blanco at midday as planned, just before the office closed for the weekend. A nice, small marina in an upmarket holiday development but with few



Island Life at the fuel berth, which has bronze bollards, at Quinto do Lorde marina, Madeira.

facilities, just a very small shop and not even a bar. David and Alison's boat *Swift* was there but they themselves had not got back from the Southampton Boat Show.

I took a bus to Puerto Mogan on a sentimental visit. *Erquy*, our previous boat had been berthed there in 1996 before I started my Atlantic Crossing. I chatted to Liam of Billy's Bar and was disappointed to find that I had not signed their visitor's book on my previous visit. The place has expanded enormously, the marina has not and was very crowded. Pasito Blanco suited me much better.

It was a twenty minute walk up hill to the bus stop from which I went to Las Palmas. I wanted to see the marina there and while I waited for the chandlery to open at 16.00 I visited the very nice yacht club for a beer. Not surprisingly as Las Palmas is the starting port for the ARC, the chandlery is very good and I got the few pieces I needed. I also found a very good Internet Cafe and booked my flight home from Tenerife. Next day David and Alison were back from the Boat Show, having escaped without spending too much. The WiFi was still not working in Pasito Blanco marina, a constant cry of "mañana, mañana" from the staff. But Alison has an external aerial/amplifier and she could connect to the internet and get and give me forecasts and talk to home in the US with Skype.

On the 25th rain started in the morning and got heavier and heavier throughout the day, again very unusual. The 26th started dull but dry as I left for Tenerife. Visibility was no more than 10 miles and by mid afternoon while I could still see Gran Canaria, Tenerife had not yet emerged. By 16.00 I could see it and picked out the very well-named, unmistakable landmark of Montana Roja which is close to the marina of San Miguel. This has now been developed (still no WiFi!) with construction under way to put in five extra pontoons. It was not very crowded so I had no difficulty finding a berth. One of its advantages is that it is only 20 minutes (€20) by taxi from Tenerife Sur Airport when I went to check on my flight.

A couple I had met in Madeira were beside me in the marina. They had a car so we did a trip up the island to Santa Cruz. The marina there is very big and very full. I phoned the marina at La Gomera where I had reserved a place for the coming winter and was relieved to find that I was expected. On 30th September I left Tenerife for the short crossing to La Gomera with little or no wind. I had enquired about the Wind Acceleration Zone before I left and was told that it started much closer to La Gomera than I had expected. About 10 miles out from the port of San Sebastian I could see the line of white horses ahead so I had the genoa well stowed before I got to them. The wind increased from 3/5knots to 18/25knots. What concerned me was that the wind continued right up to the harbour wall and I had to get into its lee before I could drop the main. But I had no problem and had a very nice reception from the marina staff. I filled with diesel before I left the reception berth and headed for the berth I had been allocated, which turned out to be only two boats away from Andy McCarter's (ICC) *Gwili 3*. So, *Island Life* was snug in her winter berth and my cruise for 2008 was over.

Friday 4th October saw the start of an important Festival. The first



A nice plaque at the Harbour of Graciosa, a small island north of Lanzarote, Canary Islands.

evening it was very, very impressive, with all the women dressed in colourful native costumes and the men attired in white with black and red waistcoats. The crowd was extremely well behaved with the main drink appearing to be coke, although I was told that some local rum was always added. A couple of days later a whole fleet of boats including *Gwili 3* with Andy McCarter and myself on board left the harbour to go up the coast a few miles to a very small church, from which a statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe was carried down onto a fishing boat and escorted back to the harbour, accompanied by the Spanish navy and fireworks. Once the statue was safely in a church, bands and singing started and continued until late in the night. (actually until 5am next morning).

Thus, with memories of gear failures receding and the delays caused by them and the weather beginning to fade, *Island Life* snug in her berth in sunshine and 20/25 degree temperatures I must now face up to Irish weather which Barbara tells me has been wet, windy and cold. However I'm sure it behoves me to come out from time to time over the winter, not alone to ensure that *Island Life's* batteries remain charged, but to recharge my own!



Part of the marina of San Sebastian, on La Gomera, Canary Islands.

Outings in the Firth of Clyde – the *Verdi III* cruiselets

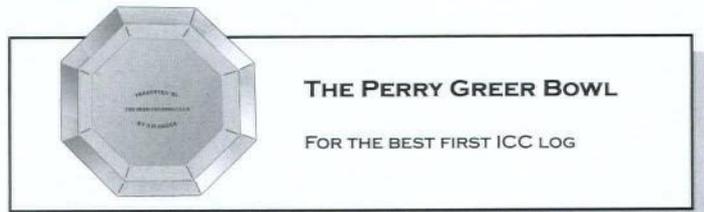
Patrick Dorgan

Firstly – a brief introduction to *Verdi III*, a Hallberg Rassy 42, bought a few years ago for the sole purpose of doing the ARC, but from which we haven't been able to bring ourselves to part, and her crew – a motley bunch who have been sailing together for far too long – the skipper (me), the Doc, Big John the Engineer, the Bosun, Billy the Mate, Gally of the Galley and various others. We normally emerge from hibernation at Easter, at which holy season we have headed to sea for many years. This year, we had decided to go to Scotland, driven, firstly, by a desire to see the place, and secondly, because Ryanair had kindly laid on flights directly from Cork to Glasgow Prestwick. When we collected *Verdi III* from the Baltic some years ago, we found that Ryanair's version of Hamburg is nowhere near Hamburg, but right beside where the boat was lying, and likewise, Prestwick is a long way from Glasgow, but very near Troon, whose marina operators were delighted to hear that I might take a berth for a year (unlike the RCYC, where I have been a member for only 32 years).

We should have been warned by the fact that Easter in 2008 fell in the middle of March, the earliest Easter in 300 years. We had reckoned that the weather couldn't beat us on this trip, with Ireland as a windbreak, and who ever heard of strong easterlies at Easter? However, a woeful forecast prompted an earlier exit than the traditional closing-time departure, so at 17.00 on Wednesday 19th March we slipped moorings and headed off. A beam reach all the way to the Tuskar was the ideal hors d'oeuvre. Rounding the Tuskar, we got the tide under us, and the wind most obligingly came around as well so that we were able to continue on a fetch. By 11.00 on Thursday we had reached Arklow, with Wicklow Head visible ahead. The tide then turned, the wind came round on to the nose and increased with some relish. We reached Dun Laoghaire at 15.00 on the 20th, and tied up in the marina as the wind rose to gale force from – of course – the northeast. Many of you will know this marina well, and it was a very comfortable place to hide from the weather, though even in there the winds were strong enough for the boat to shred fender socks, and it was freezing cold with it. Security there is tight, with a fingerprint reader to gain entry to the marina and its facilities. Big John swelled with pride when the young lady taking the fingerprints told him that his was the "strongest" print. The staff there couldn't have been more helpful, even driving the Mate to a man who had opened his shop in Cabinteely on Good Friday especially for us to get gas. Showers and toilets are available in a new barge moored in the Marina, and the Mate had some fun with the Doc, who thought it was a private yacht, by nipping in and out of the barge, scandalising the Doc with lurid tales of what was going on in the showers aboard...

Stuck in Dun Laoghaire

We were stuck in Dun Laoghaire for a few days, at which stage, despite Gally's best efforts and the consumption of several dozen bottles of wine, cabin fever was setting in – it was too cold to go ashore much. It finally came to the stage where if the



weather did not improve, the Cork train beckoned. Nobody said this in so many words, nobody needed to.

When a weather window did present itself on Sunday night, we departed Dun Laoghaire as gratefully as we had entered it in the first place. We managed, quite by accident, as the time of our departure was driven more by the forecast than the tide tables, to get to a point just off Carlingford as the spring tide turned north. Unfortunately, north was also the direction of the wind, and as it got up to gale force off the snow covered Scottish hills, the sea became increasing difficult, and eventually, when about 10 miles west of the Mull of Galloway, we decided to forget Troon, our destination, and run across into Belfast Lough. We tore off west, leaving Scotland rapidly astern. As we entered the Lough, the sea was almost completely white, and we were given a bit of a thumping – the outboard being washed from its mounting on the pushpit at one point – I suspect it mustn't have been screwed on very tightly. We will never forget the cold as we tied up – we were incapable of even tying a knot. However, showers in the marina in Bangor, and dinner aboard soon thawed us out. The next morning, I went up to town early. Bangor is a nice place, but Tuesday after the Easter holiday seemed to induce withdrawal symptoms in at least some of the locals. There was a queue of trembling citizens outside Boots, another outside the bookies, and I saw the proprietor of a small newsagent behind his till, drinking a pint with great satisfaction – and it was only 08.30.

We left Bangor at 11.00 and, with very little wind, motor-sailed across a nice flat sea to Troon, passing Ailsa Craig, a massive rock with an unmistakable shape and contour, which I suppose is as iconic on this coast as the Fastnet Rock is on the south, and certainly was to us. It is visible for miles and it seems to take forever to close and pass. We duly arrived in Troon, to cold rain and a warm welcome. Warmer still were the wonderful Scottish tones of the girl who read the coastguard weather forecasts – it was like liquid treacle oozing out of the radio, and we men gathered around the set morning and evening in the hope of hearing her.

Revoltin' haggis

Just before matters got out of hand, Ryanair delivered my wife Maria, and we all passed a few pleasant days in Troon, sampling the restaurants in the town, (wherein the Doc, who is originally from a deprived part of Donegal, revolted us with his attachment to haggis in all its manifestations) and daysailing around the Firth, before Ryanairing back home, the delivery trip done.

Mid-June saw us in Cork Airport again, on the way back to the Clyde. The cost of the flights was a princely 20 cents, making it cheaper than driving to Crosshaven. We were joined on this cruiselet by friends, Louis the Bosun and his wife Judy Hanley, and despite the weather on arrival being very mixed, with rain and strong winds, by the time we got sorted and cast off, the rain had cleared and we had a glorious sail up the Clyde in strong sunshine, our destination being Largs, where the Fife Classic Regatta was taking place. We arrived into the marina in

Largs, passing some magnificent yachts at anchor, including *Mariette*, *Adix* and *Altair*. Another fine classic, the 70' cutter *Halloween* (Mick Cotter and Dan O'Connor, ICC) was there, as well as numerous other classic craft, large and small. We spent a fascinating couple of days watching these wonderful boats being thrown around the racecourse like dinghies, with up to 30 crew on some of the schooners, including two or three crew constantly aloft, to tack the gollywobbler (which is a fore-triatic main sheeted balloon staysail, as I'm sure you knew).

We returned to Troon via Ardrossan, which has a nice marina though the town is worth missing, as are the adjoining Saltcoats and Irvine, locally known as "the three towns", and apparently notorious for all kinds of unpleasantness. Troon, on the other hand, explored the following day in a mixture of showers and sunshine, is a fine town, with lovely walks, in particular out to the famous golf links, with accompanying country house hotels, and splendid private houses, the prices of which the locals mention in awed tones, but which would buy only a modest semi in Dublin 4. After these all too short few days, we headed back to Cork again – if only Ryanair did frequent flyer miles...

Now I'm conscious, as a Corkman, that while all of the places I'm describing were new and exotic to us, they are probably old hat to readers on the east coast or in Northern Ireland. Nevertheless, we were struck throughout the summer at how few yachts were cruising in the Clyde, and we did not encounter a single Irish yacht over the entire summer. I'm assuming therefore that people are saving themselves for the CCC centenary in 2010, so I will give our impressions as they arise, in the hope that they may be of some little benefit to the reader in due course. I'm also thinking of publishing a restaurant 'Gyde to the Clyde', and the Doc is working feverishly on what he believes will be a seminal work on haggis.

Return to the Clyde

The investment of an outrageous €50 in Ryanair bought us two return tickets for the annual holidays in mid-July, and after renewing our acquaintance with the staff in the Morrisons supermarket in Troon, Maria and I headed off across the Clyde to Isle of Arran, and after a breezy and fast sail, anchored off Lamlash. A problem with a Hallberg Rassy is that, because of their pronounced sheer, it is almost impossible to pick up a mooring from the foredeck, as it is over two metres down to the water. Maria sailed the boat into the moorings with panache, laid her alongside the mooring buoy with élan, and I picked up the mooring with, well, the patent gadget for doing such things, and went aft to launch the dinghy to secure the mooring properly, whereupon the patent gadget broke, and we drifted off at speed. We accordingly developed a technique, probably known to most of you, of picking up the buoy amidships, passing through a long line, and letting her sort herself out. This worked well with just two of us on board, and also worked with larger numbers of crew, when we wished to show off.

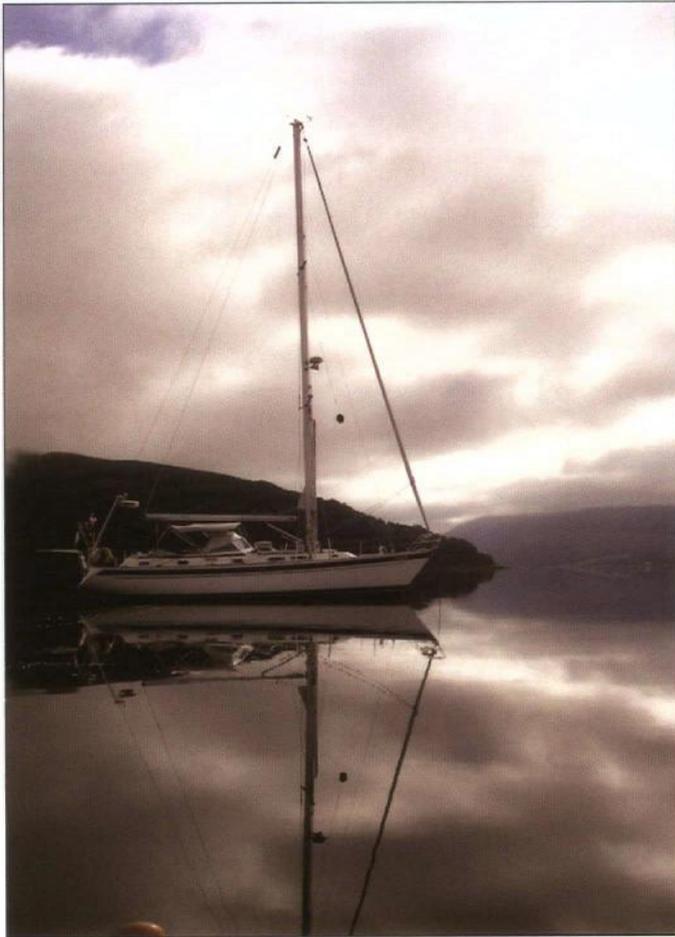
The following morning, after a swim, we rowed ashore, the outboard being at the bottom of Belfast Lough, had breakfast in a little café, and went for a walk around this very pleasant place. Later, we sailed around to Brodick, Capital City of Arran, but were too lazy to row ashore, and instead watched the *Waverley*, a fully functioning paddle steamer, which is to be seen constantly in all parts of the Clyde, putting in and taking off again – quite disconcerting as she doesn't have any bow or stern thrusters, despite a great length and narrow beam, and takes a wide sweep at high speed almost through the yacht moorings. Brodick, though reasonably sheltered, is open to the east, so that inevitably an easterly started to blow quite hard, and we decided to head back to Troon, rather than wait for the morning.

The next morning Ryanair brought the Mate and his mate; Big John the Engineer, and bright sunshine. Once the new arrivals were settled, we headed north up the Firth – a wonderful run at high speed and with favourable tide, and into Millport Bay on the south edge of Cumbrae. Swimming and fishing passed a very pleasant evening after an excellent day's sailing. The following day, we headed into the marina in Largs, another fine facility with excellent shops, chandlery, and two first class bars and restaurants. I went off to buy a new outboard, discovering in the process that the new emissions regulations have had the effect that a two-stroke outboard may not now be had, and it is necessary to buy a four-stroke engine of a size and weight that would not look out of place on an offshore powerboat. I have no doubt that the increased amount of everything used in its manufacture more than offsets any saving in emissions. We stuck the new outboard on the pushpit, with the result that mooring buoys are now more out of reach than ever...

"It-doesn't-get-much-better-than-this"

Our next destination was the Kyles of Bute, which, quite simply, are magnificent, having breathtaking scenery, a bit like West Cork on steroids. We anchored in Wreck Bay, on a lovely sunny evening, which was an "it-doesn't-get-much-better-than-this" end to the day. The following day, we cruised down the West Kyle, passing Tighnabruach and various other nice spots, before ending up in Loughranza, on the Isle of Arran, another wonderful place, with towering mountains falling down to a shoreline dotted with picturesque castles. After a pleasant afternoon, Big John went fishing and landed a number of mackerel, which were stuffed and roasted, still wriggling as they went into the oven, as we motored in flat calm and sunshine, past the lovely deserted north coast of Arran back to Troon, to drop our guests back to the airport. The next day they were followed by Maria, who had to fly home to a family funeral. On her return, we headed up the Firth again to Millport Bay, as a staging post for our attack on the lochs.

Old Scottish hands might be wondering at this stage why the Crinan Canal has not been mentioned, and why we were restricting ourselves to the Firth. Well, firstly it was because there's plenty of the Firth to go around for a two-week cruise, and more importantly, because bits of the sea lock had collapsed, and the canal was closed. The trip south and around the Mull of Kintyre was too much for the time we had left, apart from the fact that, as everyone who spent the summer north of 10°N will know, the weather never settled enough to make a trip around (and back around) the Mull a sensible proposition. So, next morning we headed into Holy Loch for a look, and then had a magical sail up Loch Guil, all the way up to the little village of Loughguilhead, where we tied to a visitor's mooring, and went ashore in a break in the rain. The mooring cost £10 per night on the honour system, and which we paid to a pleasant gentleman in a nearby house before retreating in heavy rain to the local hotel for a few pints while the weather cleared, being joined by the gentleman with our tenner (or so we alleged, in conversation with him!). The following day, we "did" Loch Long, very beautiful, but spoiled by a large submarine base guarded by police boats, and also the Gareloch, ditto, but with the compensation of the Royal Northern and Clyde Yacht Club, and its magnificent clubhouse, moorings and helpful boatman. A walk ashore was a disappointment, Rhu being a rather gloomy and run down place, or maybe it was the rain. The following morning, after watching the fleet of Gareloch One-designs racing, we headed off, motor-sailed down the Firth of Clyde and sailed up Loch Striven. Unlike earlier lochs, it has very little housing, and is very peaceful and pleasant. We had a lovely sail in the sunshine, but



Verdi III 3 x 2!

after going up there wasn't any particular reason to stay, and we headed back down, and turned again into the western Kyle, and had a pleasant sail until the wind dropped. We eventually motored as far as Auchenlochen and picked up one of the moorings belonging to the former Royal Hotel, now known as An Lochan.

Now, if ever you go to the Clyde, make sure you get a little guidebook called "Welcome Anchorages", published by The Crown Estate, the RYA, the BMF and others. It has excellent descriptions of facilities in dozens of ports and anchorages, and we felt impelled to go ashore for a look at the Royal Hotel, whose description in the guide was so effusive – after a half page of hyperbole, it wound up: *"... as for your pleasure-loving hedonistic side, well, let's just say that if you enjoy the finer things in life – supremely fresh seafood and game, fine wines, and ludicrously comfortable beds – your stay will leave nothing to be desired"*

To our surprise, despite a slightly unprepossessing exterior, it was, in fact, just as good, if not better, than its description in the guide. We saw a letter displayed in the lobby from a Mr Winston Churchill, stating that he had been told that the hotel was offering

game *"stalked by Sir Winston Churchill"*, his father, and making the reasonable point that if this assertion was true, the game was likely now to be fairly high...

Sunday 3rd August saw us sailing out of the Kyles, and up Loch Fyne as far as Inverary, which we had entirely to ourselves. We had dinner aboard, and spent the evening admiring the extraordinary kaleidoscope of colours and textures of sky, clouds, rainbows, land and water. An early rising the following morning gave the opportunity to take photos of the boat, mirrored on absolutely still water, with the mountains and forests as a backdrop. A visit to Inverary Castle, seat of the Dukes of Argyll, was fascinating, and gave a good insight into the fairly brutal and bloody history of most of the Highlands – it seems that the long suffering population were murdered, starved and exiled, alternatively by the Sassenachs, and then by their own chieftains. We headed down the loch, and as the day wore on, the skies cleared, and we ended up having a most memorable sail to Arran, with the wind astern and a hot sun. We dropped anchor at about 20.30 just off Holy Island, in Lamlash Bay. The island is now owned by a Buddhist community, and the path from the ferry jetty is decorated with Tibetan flags and stupas.

The following day, after sailing back to Troon, we hopped onto the Ryanair express back to Cork, after a most pleasant and memorable fortnight – and! – it wasn't over yet!

Seduced by Scotland (and the low airfares) Big John, Billy the Mate, Maria and I flew back to Prestwick at the end of August, again for less than the cost of the Crosshaven bus, and headed straight up to Tarbert, a pretty place, with quite a number of good restaurants, including our choice of the evening, which had a genuine French chef. The Crinan Canal now being temporarily opened again, we decided to go through and have a look at it, without quite realising the extent of the undertaking that was ahead of us. We headed out from Tarbert early the following morning, and motored up the loch to Ardrishaig, the little town at the Clyde entrance to the Canal. We sailed straight into the sea lock, and into the canal, and worked our way, like the Grand old Duke of York, up the hill, and back down again. This was hard work, as virtually all the locks are manual, but it was an interesting and scenic transit. It's rather odd to be motoring along on a boat, with road traffic whizzing by on the road 20 feet away on one side, and the sea



The real skipper!

visible 60 feet below you at the other. After a day at it, we emerged at Crinan, and tried to get our heads around being on the open ocean. We experienced the same confusion when we emerged from the Kiel Canal into the Elbe basin some years ago, but that's another story... and it was the German police cutter's fault anyway...

We decided to head up the coast, but eventually noticed that we were within a couple of miles of the Gulf of Corryvreckan, and were going at a full 1.5 knots over the ground. A couple of minutes at the chart table confirmed that spring tides were against us, so we beat a hasty retreat into Loch Craignish, at 11 knots over the ground, and anchored. The following morning, we headed up to Ardfern, and into the marina there. We walked up the road a short

distance, and found the excellent combination of a nice pub with a wonderful view for one half of the crew, and a nice cafe at the other side of the road for the other half. Later, reunited, we sailed back to Crinan, and anchored just off the sea lock to be ready to go in first thing in the morning, and while dinner cooked, we headed into the hotel for sustenance. The bar in this hotel – wonderfully unspoilt – is run by Basil Fawltly's younger brother, who, on being summoned by the bell on the counter, glares out, moustache bristling, at those who have the temerity to look for drink, and serves it with barely concealed contempt for the riff-raff before him.

We were up early the next morning, and headed into the sea lock with three other yachts. We broke into two groups of two, and processed up the canal at a much better pace than our first transit. Heaving on the lock gates with a lugubrious Scotsman from the other boat led to conversation, and he opined that we were lucky not to be transiting before West Highland Week, which led him to adverse comment on the habit of his fellow countrymen of playing the bagpipes in the early hours of the morning at this event.

"The last time I was there", he said, "the bagpipes started at four in the morning." He continued: "I heard a scream ... a



Tap ... what tap?

splash ... and then – no more bagpipes". He pondered this singular occurrence for a few moments with grim satisfaction, and then continued:

"What's the difference between bagpipes and a trampoline?" Another gloomy pause followed before we heard the answer: "ye take off your boots before ye jump on a trampoline..."

We travelled back to Lochranza, on Arran, for dinner and overnight stop, and had a fine high speed reach to Troon the next morning, getting in just before the winds rose up to near gale force. The evening and following morning were spent cleaning up and stowing gear before our departure home – we have left the boat in Troon for the winter.

So, those were our 2008 meanderings in the Clyde – 800 miles, 24 anchorages, 28 flights and six mackerel. It's a wonderful place to cruise, with miles of sheltered waters, excellent facilities, astounding scenery, and virtually no-one around to clutter it up. Pity Ryanair have just pulled out of the Cork – Prestwick route...



Waverley – our constant companion.

Malta to Marseilles in *C'est Formidable*

Paul Clandillon

Malta to Marseilles via south coast of Sicily, Sardinia west coast, Corsica west coast to Ajaccio, thence non-stop to Golf du Fos, Martigues, Port Maritima, port-a-sec, for haul out.

17th June 2008

We boarded our vessel at Portomaso, Malta. Maintenance had taken place during winter visits. Batteries were well charged by the solar panel, so we re-connected various instruments and restored functionality. Seacocks were checked for correct movement, and safety, man-overboard gear was replaced in the correct position for immediate deployment. The grab bag was brought up also. The liferaft painter was secured to boat.

A short hop across to Marsamxett Harbour got us a full tank of diesel, as well as a copy CD of classic rock from the fuel attendant (I complimented him on his choice of classic rock music thus prompting his gift!). Thence to a temporary pontoon mooring on Manoel Island and a short walk brought me to inspect Tom Cooke's Oyster Mariner 35 *Sandy Ways* in the yard. All seemed well with Tom's vessel so I retraced my steps and set sail at 09.00 with a good forecast of 4/5 southeasterly.

The wind obliged as forecast and soon we were bowling along towards our first objective, Pozallo in Sicily. A large LPG tanker *Red Sea of Panama* passed ahead from port at a comfortable distance. By 17.00 we were in Pozzallo at a pontoon berth with good showers, water and electricity, friendly staff and €35 sought.

18th June 2008

05.45 saw us underway again for Licata. A contrary easterly current was in evidence, taking the edge off our speed over the ground (SOG). There was little useful breeze and a gentle swell.

15.15. We were now in Licata and moored up to a floating jetty by pleasant individual (Capitan "Garry" a sort of nomadic camper van dweller/fisherman of seemingly vast experience) He was most helpful next morning too as when leaving, the wind was atwarthships, and said Garry provided the necessary directions to avoid fouling others whilst leaving.

08.30 after a good night's rest we departed having visited the nearby supermarket for essentials. 18.00 saw us in Sciacca after a rough upwind passage southwest force 6/7, much reefing of sails being necessary. A nice port with a club Corallo whose officer Vincenzo Russo presented us with fresh coffees and chilled water upon arrival and then capped it all off by presenting us with a info pack including a bottle of specially bottled club wine of the variety Nero d'Avola. A most appreciated gesture! Advice as to where to dine was also proffered, though on this occasion we had something delicious on board.

21st June 2008

06.00. Departed Sciacca, well rested, encountering nothing more than a small swell, which gradually built to a force 4 sea breeze.

Early afternoon we gained Marsala, where a completely

useless ormeggiatorio sought to cause chaos, but was headed off at the pass by Patricia, who jumped ashore and took over expertly. The Capitan by contrast was a nice quiet fellow, who took little money from us and filled us up with fuel at €1.57 a litre, an unpalatable fact of the rise in oil prices. We wandered into the first of the Marsala wineries and were treated to tastings including their best new Grappa and some old brandy they had discovered in old casks. Susan found some clothes and jewellery at one of the many fine fashion outlets, and I was able to purchase a top-up for my local Italian SIM card. We were all enabled to have internet on board for the rest of our stay in Italian waters. Incidentally, the cost of this was good value, unlimited use for 30 days for €24. and it proved to be a great boon, for keeping in touch and for GRIB (gridded Binary) weather charts.

The daily tendency was for a very strong sea breeze of force 6 to develop and build after 10.00, so early starts were the norm. We left Marsala at 05.00 and on a course of 301° true we got enough distance between ourselves and the land, to ensure that we found the true gradient wind. There was a fog bank to be negotiated and as the still-to-be-fitted radar was still under the double bunk, we hoped it would soon disperse, which it did in a short time. We had a dolphin spotting (two) and had lunch in the cockpit in very civilised conditions.

At 21.06 that evening we sighted Sardinian lights, and with a good breeze on the aft starboard quarter, we made good progress over a sea, well lit by most of a full moon. Daybreak, 06.20 saw us entering the Golfo di Carbonara, and by 06.00 we were moored at the fuel jetty at Porto Villasimius. There was no diesel to be had until the next day, so we left again, although weary, and headed for Cagliari, where a copious amount of diesel was purchased for a very good price. We entered the southeastern-most marine as recommended in the Rod Heikell guide, and were not disappointed. A friendly welcome from staff, some live-aboards, made us very welcome and we had a drink in the small marina bar at sundown.

28th June 2008

Saw us underway in a bothersome swell. Our mainsheet and kicker mounting point gave way under the strain of an unpremeditated gybe. Temporary repairs did not give rise to confidence in the gear. Mindful of our bodged repairs, after Capo di Pula we had had enough of a very boisterous confused sea and headed in to Port Teudala, a remote but safe marina. A RSGYC flagged yacht *Sassi* caught our attention, although deserted. We met nice company, Harry and Juliet with their guest Heather, London residents cruising from the north of the island in their new Jeanneau 44 deck-saloon named *Pearl*.

As I mentioned above, we had had our mainsheet and kicker come adrift during some uncontrolled gybes on the way in, and were grateful to be offered Harry's Bosun's bag, with just the right sort of webbing to effect repairs. Wonderful camaraderie experienced and time for an afternoon drink in their spacious and well-appointed cockpit.

Having got good advice we walked to the nearby campsite,

we had a really good swim in amazingly clear water and lots of surf, thence to campsite showers, and also to the small campsite grocery shop. A visit to the bar restaurant for a "gelato" was next and this restored us almost completely and made the short walk back to the boat a pleasure.

25th June 2008

We set out for Carloforte on the Isola San Pietro. At 15.30, after an easier passage with quiet sea, we found a vacant berth at the south side of the harbour, where no fee was sought. The supermarket was most convenient behind the Nautical College, in turn behind the fairground, on the quayside. This island is the home of the tuna fishery, and they have the "Mattanza" a sort of annual slaughter fiesta weekend, which was just beginning the next day.

We had an excellent meal at "Da Andrea" near the aforesaid Nautical College, and were not disappointed, wonderful ambience, service and food, not inexpensive. We desired a culinary experience to celebrate our progress in the cruise and were most satisfied. A very picturesque town, well worth a visit. Roman remains of Antioch may be visited on the main island.

26th June 2008

07.00. We set out from Carloforte, well rested, a large tanker passing inshore of us, just gliding along, no smoke from its funnel, most deceptive. We encountered many nets, some with surface floats, vigilance is needed constantly! Although the curiously named port of Buggeru was abeam, we did not go there as it is reputed to silt. We sighted a pod of dolphins off Cabo Peccora, a welcome diversion.

A great sailing day, we were having great fun flying our spinnaker when we were directed by a patrol boat to clear out to sea off Cabo Fresco. We gladly complied as they said it was a dangerous area, without further explanation. Susan flew the spinnaker expertly and we flew nicely along this calmer coast in a fine westerly force 3 breeze, the sound of our diesel absent as we would like it almost always! (but the wind is always on the nose when cruising is it not!).

15.47 saw us moored in Porto Torres, and there was ample depth of some 7m in the approach, so it must have been dredged since our Heikell pilot book was compiled. This was a quiet fishing and pleasure boat harbour, lots of skinny cats, but little else apart from the Capitanía and two restaurants. No charge.

27th June 2008

06.45. We were off on the leg to Alghero, with a small breeze heading us. This increases gradually, by 11.30 we had wind on the nose, but light.

15.30. We arrived in Alghero in a rising force 7 wind from the northwest which allowed us to sail the last 10 nautical miles. A beautiful city, Alghero provided all our needs and was also a visual treat with its tree-lined avenues and park, so near the port. Showers were good and welcome, and included in our berthing fee, a modest €35 if I remember correctly.

28th June 2008

05.55. We headed out for Capo Caccia, but found that the swell produced by the Rhône Mistral affecting Ibiza many miles away, had produced an awkward sea, which had our little craft tossing about madly. We retraced our course (should that be reciprocated) and found lovely Cala Tramariglio, where we dropped and set our Lewmar Delta 20kg in about 6 metres of crystal clear water. So easy to anchor when all the ground tackle can be perfectly discerned. Some time later, having

cruised about this sheltered area (except from the south) we headed over to Porto Conti and were given a good berth, beside *Trout*, a Gentleman's motor yacht of a "Dunkirk little ship"-like appearance! We unshipped our new bicycles and found these little folding machines most useful for making a foray to the next village shop (3km). Many French trawler yachts of the "Grand Banks" formula, were rallied at anchor and these swelled the numbers to be fed that evening by the shore facilities. We booked our meal early to take account of the rally participants' appetites.

The pizzeria attached to the port provided a fine meal à la fresco and proved most affordable and good value. The area is really scenic and beautiful, lagoon like, in fact almost Caribbean like, and was a feast for the eyes. We slept undisturbed and awoke refreshed.

28th June 2008

06.00. We slipped away as quietly as possible, and found that today the swell at Capo Caccia had abated enough to permit navigation. Progress on the open sea was quickly apparent, and by the time we reached the Rada di Fornelli, a narrow-enough sound to be transited (least depth 3 metres), the sea was compliant and smooth again. A white leading-light, when viewed from the correct heading remained bright but waned when off course, a most useful aid in these tricky waters. The second transit almost at right angles, was by leading-marks in line, and it took some effort and concentration to keep to the transit. Once through it was paradise-like and calm.

11.55. We were now anchored at the island side of Port Ancora, because we found the holding poor outside the harbour of Porto Ancora, despite our trusty Rod Heikell's Mediterranean Pilot, and also despite the fact that it was white sand. We were now anchored soundly in 5 metres, and it was heavenly in the sense of absolute purity of the white sand bottom and clear blue waters. Towards evening we headed 2.5 miles southwest to Stentino, and once there found it impossible to find a berth in the inner harbour, and, dare I say, perhaps even fouled a mooring block momentarily. We retreated to the outer pontoons, and were helped to moor up by the Ormeggiatore.

No charge was sought. Neither was there electricity, but our batteries were well charged, and there was good water by hose. We helped a Belgian crew on a Feeling 41.6 to moor up, as the laid mooring chains were very heavy.

They spotted our gas barbecue on the pushpit and made a suggestion. They had caught two tuna on their voyage direct from northwest Spain. In return for us grilling their tuna steaks, they would donate to us the same amount of steaks for our crew. The deal seemed fair and very large steaks were duly consumed with great gusto by both crews, having firstly been enhanced by sprigs of rosemary, thyme and garlic, from Patricia's magic cupboards. To our delight we were given two further steaks, which we froze as soon as possible for another day. Susan (16) went off with this crew, including a French teacher, to watch the football final between Spain and France, in the pub. We don't really know what time Susan returned, as we were trying to get some shut-eye for the morrow. Susan really enjoyed their company, which seemed to include sitting talking on the beach in the dark!

29th June 2008

06.10. We cleared Stentino and set a course initially for Propriano. As we proceeded, we found that Propriano is deep in a bay, as also is Ajaccio. We plumped to keep going to Ajaccio, whilst the weather was fair, thus avoiding a long return journey out of the Golf de Propriano.

At 18.00 we were in Ajaccio and filled our diesel tank at



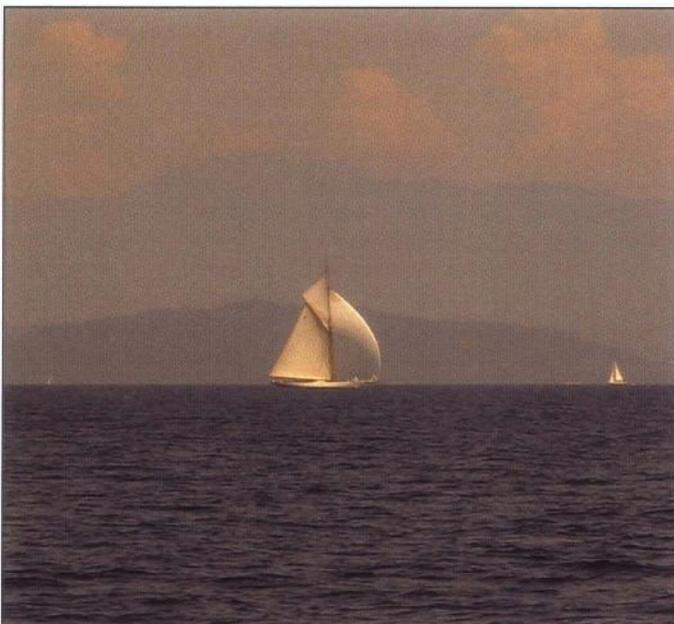
Portomaso Marina from Hilton Hotel Malta.

Port Carlo Rossi, the old port, there being no diesel available in Port Charles Orrans. However, we soon returned to Port Charles Orrans for the convenience of the shopping, and got a rather lumpy visitors berth on the outside of the mole. Good assistance cheerfully given with the mooring-up procedure to a "corps mort" and shore line arrangement.

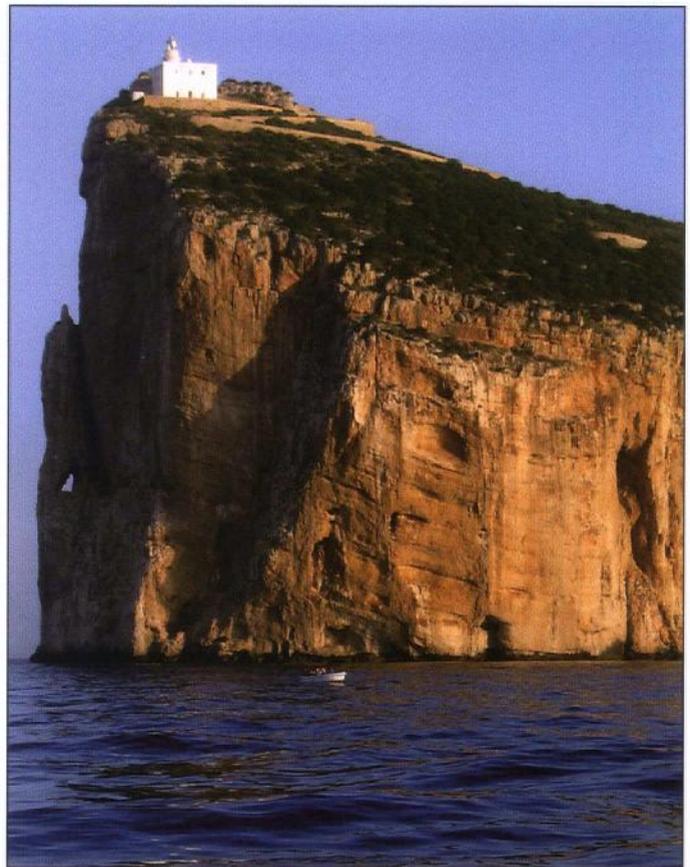
A bit of leg work though, to gain the Super U and Carrefour victualling area, say 2 kilometres, though it looked nearer. The marina-side restaurants were tempting enough to stop on the way back with our heavy bags, and to partake of a little refreshment! I had another long walk later that night, as Susan had "Bebo" fever, so we had to find an internet "nerd" shop, which we eventually found in the narrow streets of the old town. We got back to the vessel about 01.00.

1st July 2008

06.18. We were intending to set a course for Calvi for the jump off-to mainland France. This involved a good many waypoints, with a loop back south to gain Calvi. Instead, after a few hours, we changed course for the Illes Porquerolles, the forecast being for "mer belle". On this overnight passage we had one whale sighting quite near, and very big! seemingly a solo individual.



One of several magnificent Classic Yachts encountered on west coast of Corsica.



Approaching Capo Cassio heading west from Alghero.

Towards evening, we had a wonderful display from our dolphin friends, who gambolled about under the bow for ages, and were very entertaining and beautiful. Two sharks were deemed less interesting!

At 02.39 I noted that Porquerolles light was abeam. I called the Control Station and reported our position, speed and intended destination. The watch-keeper thanked me for letting them know of our presence. I really feel that in truth, they also realised the night watch was long and lonely and did not mind having a little exchange with a small yacht! I was grateful likewise to have the reassuring human contact. Strangely I did not wonder what the lady officer on duty looked like, despite her melodious voice! A sign of near exhaustion perhaps!

By 05.27 the following morning we had Cap Sicie abeam, dawn breaking over a smooth sea. At 08.33 Ile de Riou marking the approaches to Marseilles was abeam and the "mer" still "belle"

As the wind rose to force 6 southerly, we turned into the Gulf of Fos, with a preventer rigged on the mainsail to maintain order. Many large ships, but all at anchor so no worries, unlike during the night when one monster came up obliquely from astern and gave Susan and myself palpitations for some time as we took repeated bearings with the hand-held compass! A large gas carrier, she was festooned with bright lights, which obfuscate the attempts to discern her true navigation lights. Yes definitely a candidate for Automatic Identification System (AIS). We hope to acquire one of these gadgets when TX/RX models become more within reach price-wise, to team up with our Digital Selective Calling Radio (DSC). In the meantime we must evade by running away at 090° to the suspected course of the intruder whilst simultaneously having a good worry!

12.30. We moored to the pontoon at Port Maritime, this leg of 190.12 miles took us 30 hours and 12 minutes since quitting

Ajaccio. The next day we were lifted out and blocked off, and we cleaned the bottom off and put all our gear away inside. A hotel with swimming pool was identified, and we spent our last night in the Relais Louisiana near Marseilles – Provence (MP2) Airport in some comfort, prior to the Ryanair departure at 06.30 the next morning.

In conclusion, we never felt complacent about the sea state or weather, as conditions change so quickly in the Mediterranean. Only by soaking up the best possible sources of weather information using modern technology, were we successful in our endeavours with such a small crew. Of course a large crew would not have appreciated being hurled about in rough seas either, but we could have had more off-watches than our complement of three allowed.

Good sailing to all,
Paul, Patricia and Susan Clandillon.

P.S. At some daytime point in our voyage, our newly fitted and activated DSC VHF radio gave a loud distress alarm sound, increasing with each beep to ear splitting volume. I was able to see the co-ordinates on the radio screen and found that *C'est Formidable* was too far away to be of any immediate assistance. Channel 16 was a ferment of activity in Italian for some time afterwards. Turning off the radio cancelled the alarm.

Total trip distance: 850 nautical miles.

No of Ports Visited: 18.

Under sail 45 miles.

Under spinnaker 12 miles

Remainder sail and motor to maintain 6.5 knots average speeds.

Peter Fernie writes of *Rebound's* return to Galway

Seven years ago, Donal Morrissy and I, assisted by his daughter Aine, sailed *Rebound*, a 48 foot ketch built in the Orient (which is the only yacht I know with a real bathtub), from Vannes in the Morbihan via the Ile d'Yeu to Bilbao on the first stage of her extended Mediterranean peregrinations. Since then she has sailed around Spain and Portugal and to Croatia and back. This year she needed to come back to Galway ostensibly, or so the owner said, for some TLC and to have the taps on the bath changed.

I joined Donal and his crew of Tom, Helen, Sean and Brian in Zumaya, with the objective of a leisurely cruise via San Sebastian to La Rochelle, for a week's pause and where the final crew change for the haul to Galway would take place.

Zumaya has little to recommend – a dearth of restaurants, the shops a half day's march away; we hastened for San Sebastian and secured a berth on the town quay inside the old harbour – we enjoyed the delights of the city for a day longer than we had anticipated until our departure could no longer be postponed. We had feasted on tapas and wine and local delicacies and wine and tapas ... We watched puppet shows which were refreshingly un-PC and would be undoubtedly banned in these Islands.

The crew comprised three sailing neophytes – who had anticipated a succession of day sails and maintained that an overnight passage was not included in the original terms and conditions. The skipper, meanwhile had leant over backwards to accommodate their numerous fancies – even to the extent of installing deckchairs on the aft deck and yours truly serving G&T in a manner redolent of the old *Mauretania*. The sailors amongst us were mutinously quizzed as to the options. The neophytes beseeched Higher Powers.

In the event, the overnight sail to La Rochelle was uneventful if a little lumpy and we arrived about 19.30 at the Port de Plaisance, the largest marina in France or so the pilot said. Despite it being at the tail end of August the marina was allegedly full. In response to our queries, we heard references to L'Exposition. We had arrived just as the Grand Pavois 2008 – a sort of monster Southampton boat show – was about to get under way and there was no room at the inn. Moreover we were advised that all the marinas within a day's sail were most likely equally full.



I beseech you – 'No overnight passages'

Serendipitously we learnt from the advertising posters around the town that Ireland was the guest of honour at the Grand Pavois ... and yet we couldn't get a berth. We protested to the authorities that we were an advance party – we toyed with impersonating the Irish Diplomatic Corps – we dug out an old Cork Week Battle Flag – we found our largest tricolour and flew it ostentatiously. To no avail.

There followed 36 hours of intense Vodaphone diplomacy utilising all our contacts in Ireland – first we managed to stay for a further day then a further 48 hours – finally Christian Lemoine, the Harbour Master in the Port de Plaisance found us a berth in the largely deserted Port des Chalutiers in the centre of La Rochelle where we could berth for the eight days we needed. Merci bien, Christian. The Skipper finally relaxed and opened a bottle of Champagne.

P.S. *Rebound* voyaged north a week later, passing *TS Asgard* at about 21.00 one evening bound for the Grand Pavois. They exchanged brief courtesies and got an update of the meteo. The rest is history.

Arctic Tern to Greenland and Baffin Island

Máire Breathnach

Arctic Tern is a 67' steel cutter and was built to race around the world against the prevailing winds in the BT Global Challenge Race "the toughest race of all time". Andrew and I found her on the hard in Plymouth and bought her in July 2007. By September we had already started to plan our next adventure – we wanted to sail to Greenland.

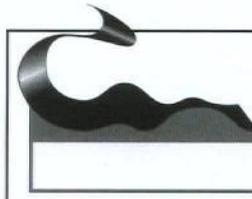
Preparations started for our planned departure in June 2008 involving a major refit including engine and generator overhauls and fitting of watertight bulkheads. *Arctic Tern* was designed to be sailed by fourteen people but to make it easier to sail her short-handedly she was fitted with roller-reefing systems for the yankee and staysail, and an anchor windlass. We met with Paddy Barry and Willy Ker who were very encouraging. They armed us with much useful information and plied us with alcohol. Paddy loaned us all his charts. Willy recommended that we fit a forward-looking echo sounder. For communications we had two email systems: the Began "broadband" system which is fast but only works to 72°N, and the iridium system which is much more expensive to use but works everywhere. Setting sail from Lymington to Castletownbeare we made a few stops – the most memorable were Dartmouth, where we met my brother Donal on *Lady Kate*, and Helvick, Dungarvan Harbour where we spent about ten days with friends and family. In Castletownbeare our friends Jeffrey and Sally O'Riordan and their son Dermot treated us to dinner on board *Adrigole*.

Ireland to Greenland

Our passage from Beara started on Friday 27th June. It is 1200 miles from Mizen Head to Nunap Isua (Kap Farvel). We were bound for Nuuk (Godthåb) which is a further 200 miles and lies on the west coast. In order to avoid the storis or pack ice that flows down from the east coast and around Kap Farvel, we would give the Cape a berth of 120 miles as recommended by the pilot book.

As we set sail my niece Sibéal Turraoin did a pier-head jump despite having no experience of long passage making. Andrew and I did four hours on four hours off and we quickly settled into our routine. Sibéal assisted in watch-keeping when weather conditions allowed. However we were hard on the wind, and as we passed south of the Porcupine bank we had 34 knots apparent wind and had to put a second reef in the main. The third day we had variable winds and on one occasion the boat tacked into a heave-to position. Sibéal and Andrew reported seeing lots of oranges floating past. The wind was only 6 knots for a time but we wondered which way the deepening low to the southwest would track as the glass continued to fall. Towards the end of my watch 00.00-04.00 on the 1st July (day 5) the wind went from 15 knots to 35 knots. The forecast for the east northern section was east-northeast force 6-8 occasionally 9 in southwest later. A third reef was put in the main.

At some stage it became apparent that a sail-slide above the third reef was broken and as a temporary measure Andrew lashed the luff to the mast. Sibéal remained in her bunk ensuring that she was safe. We had wind speeds of 40-45 knots



THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

FOR THE BEST OPEN SEA PASSAGE
WITH PORT TO PORT AT LEAST
1,000 MILES

and for the next four days we experienced gales force 7 to 9. On Thursday 3rd (day 7) the autohelm failed at 04.00 and we hand-steered for one and a half hours at a time. It was still blowing a hooley.

We had 570 miles to go to Cap Farewell. Fortunately the wind was down to about 25 knots and we managed to repair the autohelm (the ram had become disconnected from the tiller). What a relief! Sibéal came on deck for a while, stared in awe at the big sea all around, and was amazed when I told her that it had calmed considerably. When Andrew beat Sibéal at chess she claimed he had the advantage as she had "just spent a week inside a washing machine".

Next day Friday 4th July much time was spent discussing the "party" – not to celebrate the American War of Independence, but rather our arrival at the "fold on the chart". I missed all the fun as I was off-watch. Just before lunch we heard a bang. One of the yankee sheets had broken and, unusually, there was no previous sign of chafe. Andrew replaced the sheet from the bosun's chair, and soon we were enjoying good sailing with moderate east-southeast winds. By Monday 7th (day 10) we were only 21 miles from our waypoint (120 south of Kap Farvel), quickly passed from the Labrador Sea to the Davis Strait and stormed up the coast of southwest Greenland. Our last few days on passage were not easy. We had wind speeds from 45 to 56 knots, and went from 3 reefs to no main and even with staysail only, we were doing 11/12 knots. The nights were very cold and "arctic conditions" had already taken on a new meaning! In the rain and poor visibility (2 miles) the first icebergs appeared, and we used the hairdryer as a small heater between our ten-minute lookouts. Passage time had been thirteen days.

Nuuk to Disko Bay

In Nuuk, the world's smallest capital city (population 15,000), we made fast to a blue tug on the Kutterkaj, a timber quay on the west side of the Vester Vig. Ashore, met a taxi driver who took credit cards, and then Sibéal treated us to a delicious meal of muskox. The weather was marginally better the next day as we explored the "city". The colonial old town near the museum is the most attractive part, and from here we saw fishermen land the day's catch which they would sell at the local Braedtet or fish market. Jim Reeves (RCC) joined us the next day to spend two weeks with us, during which we hoped to sail to Illulsait in Disko bay. Jim was not the only one to arrive. Peter, an Australian bound for the North West Passage rafted up astern of us and a Swedish boat with a broken boom came alongside. The latter had suffered quite a lot of damage during a knockdown. A crewmember Schell had been thrown in the water but luckily for him had his safety harness attached to the jackstays. Over dinner Gung-ho Bjorn the skipper told me how he loves gales and was eagerly looking forward to setting sail again. Schell, a more gentle character, was still very shocked from his experience and had decided to fly home to Sweden and spend the rest of his holidays sailing his own boat. Over the next few days we got stores, re-fuelled and re-watered. We

acquired a new cylinder of gas (propane), a plotter was purchased from one of the local chandlers, and while Andrew and Jim did some sail repairs, Sibéal and I swam in the new award-winning swimming pool which overlooks the fjords; well worth a visit.

Smelly humpback whale

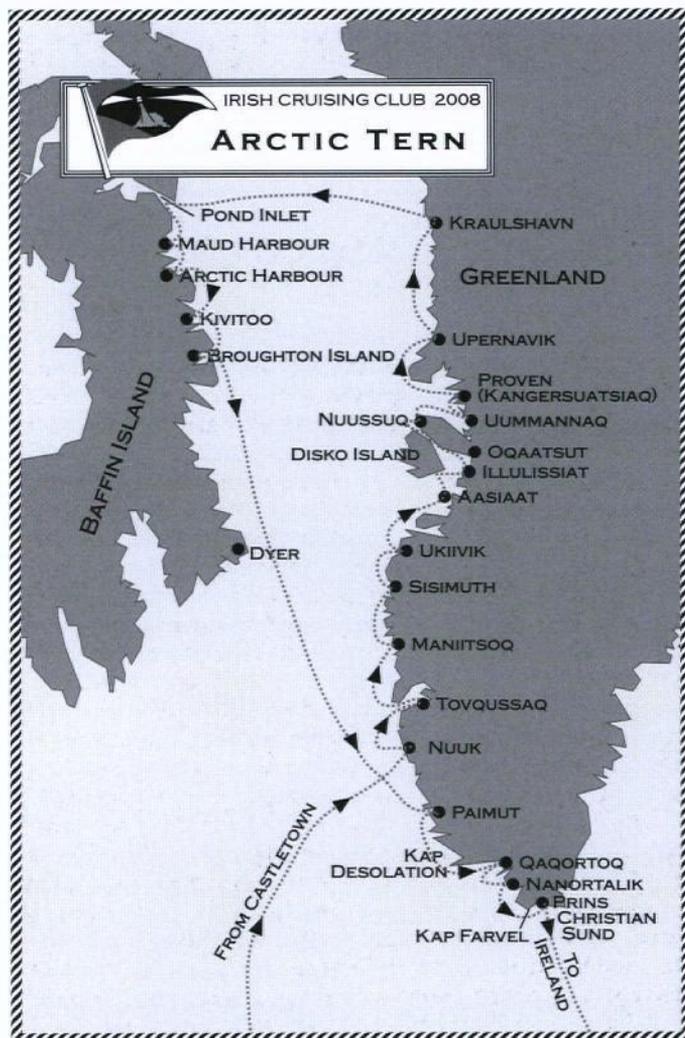
Our first anchorage was in Tovqussaq, an abandoned fishing village about 30 miles north of Nuuk. Next day saw us motoring in calm seas under a beautiful blue sky to Maniitsoq (Sukkertoppen) town. On arrival at its west quay, the locals took our lines and showed great interest in the boat. It was very warm and we had a good stroll around the sleepy town, despite the ubiquitous mosquitoes. Teenagers wearing wet suits were swimming from the quay and having great fun. Obviously swimming outside the harbour is not recommended as there are numerous hump-back and minkie whales in this area! Motoring through the passage between Maniitsoq and Sermersuut, also known as Hamborgersund, we almost collided with a very smelly humpback whale who turned over belly-up and seemed to put his head under the boat. There are spectacular mountains encircling the sound and with their jagged peaks, are some of the highest in West Greenland. We saw our first arctic terns and admired the mastery of their acrobatics. Having anchored one mile to the east of Apimuth we went for a ramble ashore.

On the headland in the evening sun the landscape was reminiscent of the Beara Peninsula in West Cork and equally beautiful. From our vantage point the surrounding snow-capped peaks provided a fantastic backdrop to *Arctic Tern*, snug in that lovely anchorage. The winds continued light and variable and it was dry and sunny as we crossed the Arctic Circle 66°30'N, on our way to Sisimuth (Holsteinsborg) the second largest town (population 5,300). We caught up with Peter on *Ty-hina*, who explained that his wife Maeva would join him in Upernavik and sail with him through the North West Passage. Now that we were north of 66°33'N we had a tot of the Bushmills, given to us by our friend John Cordon on condition that we would not drink it until north of the Arctic Circle. We played a few tunes on concertina and whistle, and Jim sang the Wild Colonial Boy. And all of this before dinner! Next morning Andrew and I visited a fantastic chandlers and came away with blue thermal overalls as worn by the Greenlandic fishermen.

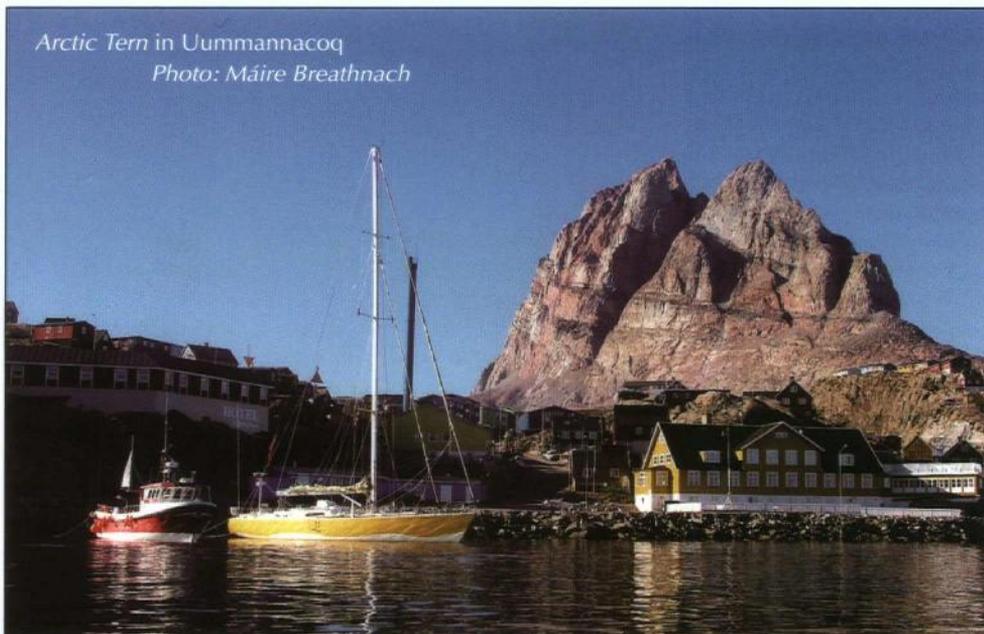
In Ukiivik (Sydbay) we anchored between the island and the mainland in 10 metres and while Jim and Andrew scrambled up to the lighthouse, Sibéal and I had a swim from the island beach which was refreshing but not at all as cold as I had expected, even at 19.30 in the evening. Next day we took the inner lead through islets and rocks and anchored in 6m on anchor-transits surrounded by rocks, off the small village of Attu where there was just enough room to swing. As we arrived a group of men were gathered near the quay, and a few women were enjoying a smoke on a deck outside a house. I wished I had made more of an effort to learn Greenlandic or Danish as nobody spoke English, not even the teenage girls who were also enjoying the evening sun.

Exciting sailing

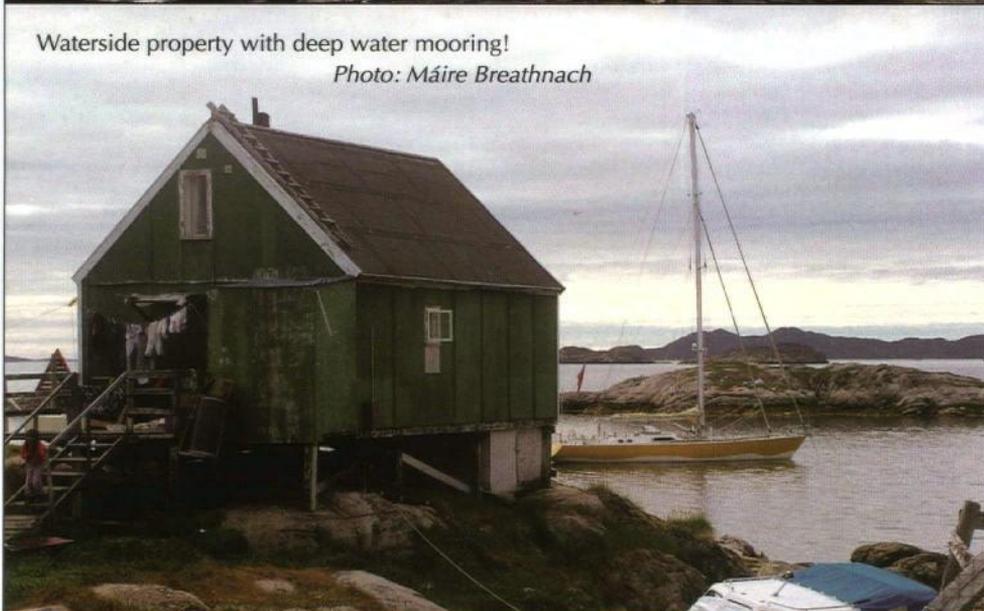
The fog during the night didn't stop the coming and going of the fishermen and hunters, in their small open boats driven by powerful outboards. In the morning it took a lot of effort to clear the anchor of kelp, and by the time we had finished the fog had cleared, the wind had picked up and we sailed with two reefs in the main and yankee. There was very exciting sailing and pilotage through some of the tricky inner leads. On one occasion we had a 1.8m patch to port, a rock to starboard and



were we glad of the plotter! We attempted to put down the hook in Aasiaat Harbour (Egedesminde), but with fresh northerlies, the anchorage was untenable. Instead we motored around to the south side of the island, and having checked out a few possibilities with the forward looking sonar, brought up in 11 metres in a bay which we named "Hot Toddy Bay". Before leaving Aasiaat we checked out another un-named bay on the northeast shore which had 10m, and would also have provided us excellent shelter. Next day and motor-sailing north to Qeqertarsuaq (pronounced keyketarsuak, Godhavn in Danish) on Disko Island, we were soon surrounded by numerous spectacular bergs and had to alter course for some of them. One had almost blocked the harbour entrance at Qeqertarsuaq. Sibéal and I hiked up the ice-cap (900 metres) on the Lyngmark Glacier just behind the town, and were rewarded with a fantastic view of Disko Bay and the 337 gigantic icebergs (yes we counted them!) coming from Ilulissat Kangelua (Jakobshavn Icefjord), one of the most active glaciers in the world. Back on board we enjoyed a stew made by Jim, and had a singsong before turning in. The next day we sailed to a small island group called Kitsissunnguit (Grønne Ejland), and we were surprised to find another boat already at anchor, in an un-named bay on the north of Innarsuatsiaq Island. And what a boat! This 83' seriously luxurious, aluminium powerboat is the latest in Linda and Steve Dashew's FPB (fast powerboat) series. *Wind Horse* has been designed to cross oceans in maximum comfort and safety. There are outriggers for stabilising the boat in bad weather, and it is also possible to rig a jury sail if required. She is self-righting and her ocean-cruising speed is 11-13 knots. Not a bad craft with which to share an anchorage!



Arctic Tern in Uummannaq
Photo: Máire Breathnach



Waterside property with deep water mooring!
Photo: Máire Breathnach



Máire and Andrew in Nuuk.

Photo: S. Turraoin

Ice-berg spotting came into its own as we motored to Illulissiat. The bergs lined up in the wings before taking centre stage. "Spotting shapes in clouds is old hat" cried Sibéal, as she marvelled like all of us at the amazing sight. The game was fun and we saw Sydney Opera house, the Loch Ness monster, blocks of flats, elephants, the leaning tower of Pisa, ocean liners and gables of houses. We sailed past Illulissiat Glacier, which is a Unesco World Heritage site, and one of the reasons why many people visit Greenland. Having managed to get through a gap in the icebergs, we made along the shore before turning in to starboard towards the harbour. A French cruise ship lay at anchor, and the Quark cruise ship which we had seen in Sisimuth was alongside in the outer commercial harbour. I imagine that the population of many of Greenland's towns and settlements must double or even triple when these ships visit.

It being Friday, we rafted onto a trot of fishing boats in the very packed inner harbour. Most of the fishing boats were old double-enders with harpoon guns on their prows and were made fast with what seemed to me like bits of string...or maybe I was just getting used to the heavy mooring lines on *Arctic Tern*!

We walked to the glacier and were gobsmacked by the views. On the way back to town we saw most of the 2,400 chained sled dogs, and it being feeding time heard them too! A drink in the hotel pub was followed by a farewell dinner for Jim and Sibéal back on board. Later Sibéal and Andrew went to check out the other bars in town. Even at 02.00 it was like the middle of the day, such was the level of activity in the harbour, and of course the sun was shining! Jim left at 10.00 next morning 25th July. At this stage Sibéal had planned to take a ferry back to Nuuk and fly home via Iceland, and so with this in mind she treated us to a farewell lunch of Greenlandic buffet and fishcakes. However an hour before the ferry left she changed her mind and decided to stay on for another couple of weeks! We took on diesel (about 40 cents a litre) and tried to get water. That was almost a disaster. We went alongside a pontoon from which a rusty piece of iron

protruded. When we looked aloft we saw a crane which was far too close to the forestay. It was time to go. We would get water from a stream instead! Some time later and further up the coast we managed to do just that but sin scéal eile!

Ilulissat to Upernavik

Oqaatsut (Rodebay) is a lovely harbour 10 miles north of Ilulissat. A sleepy little settlement, it has a restaurant and accommodation for tourists who make the trek from Ilulissat. Not the sort of place you or I would expect to see a whale being butchered ... perhaps in the old days when it operated as a trading post for 18th century Dutch whalers, who gave it its Dutch name which means "bay of rest". A hump-backed whale had become entangled in the nets of a local fishing boat, and they had to shoot it. The whale was then winched up manually onto the flat rocks. Special tools and knives were used to cut the meat away, and a long line to a fishing boat was used to pull out the stomach and intestines. It took all day, and the entire village was gathered around cutting up the meat and occasionally eating raw bits of the tail. There were pickings for all ... even Sibéal. She asked one of the men for a few rib bones for her father. Andrew helped her clean off the flesh, scrub and clean them with disinfectant. They were lashed to the handrail with the hope that we would not get arrested for smuggling out bits of endangered species!

Motor-sailing the next day through the amazing Vaigat, the strait between Disko Island and the mainland, we covered 104 miles and anchored at Nuussuq. This turned out to be a good starting point for a trek on the hills and to the old settlement, the next day. Back on board we felt our rudder touch and decided to leave. When we weighed our rocna anchor we saw a big rock attached to it.

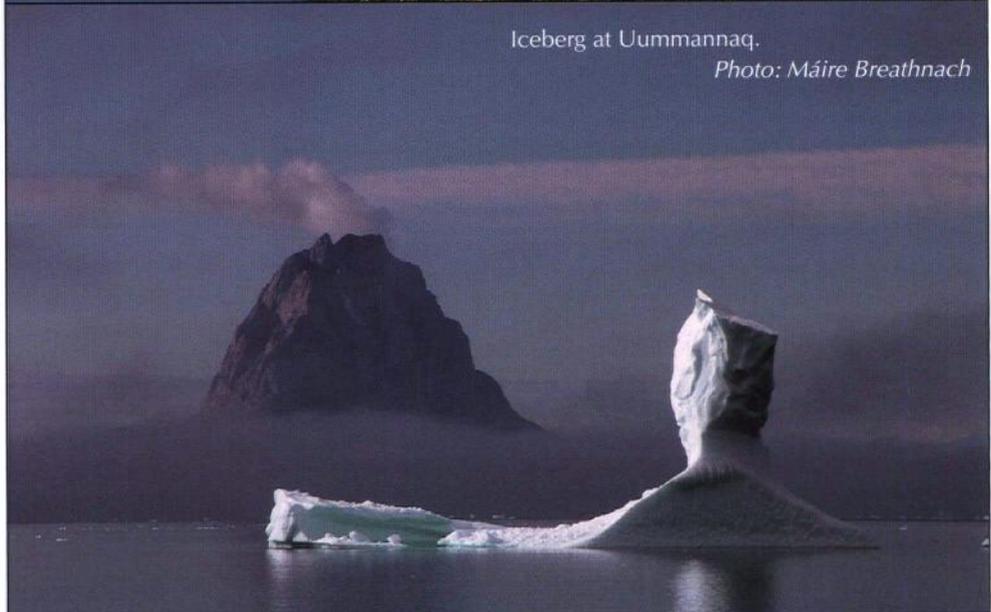
I absolutely loved Uummannaq, a little town dominated by a heart-shaped mountain (1175m). At 70°N the sun does not set for two months of the year and it is not unusual to see children out playing after midnight. The mountain and island is composed of a geological formation known as basement gneiss, which is granite which has been

Apimuth. Photo: Máire Breathnach



Iceberg at Uummannaq.

Photo: Máire Breathnach



Magic!

Photo: Máire Breathnach

metamorphosed by intense pressure and heat into whirls and stripes of wonderful colours.

En-route to the glacier at Qarajaqs, we sounded our way into an un-named bay on Akuliaruessaq, and we spent two nights there due to thick fog.

There were more impressive icebergs with fantastic shapes, which had calved from the glacier and were drifting out of the fjord. Their journey would take them through the channels and bays to the open sea. Then the current would take them north to the top of Baffin Bay, and then south again along the coast of Baffin Island to Labrador and Newfoundland. At the foot of the glacier, Andrew and Sibéal left me at the helm while they went in the dinghy to do a photo shoot. While attempting to line the boat up for the photo, the throttle-cable jammed. You can imagine the expression on Andrew and Sibéals' faces when they saw me going full ahead towards an enormous glacier. I managed to stop the engine in time, and did my best to find a lead through the bergy bits, which was difficult enough as we were still carrying way! The log impellor was damaged in the ice, but the photos were a great success. The story could be a lot worse!

As we entered the tiny harbour back in Uummanaq, Sibéal went below to the engine room with a hand-held VHF, and took gear-change orders from Andrew. My job was to anchor and take lines ashore in the dinghy. All part of a day's cruising!

We searched everywhere for a replacement cable. Everyone was very helpful but the only available cable was too short by half a metre. A temporary repair was made to the gear-control and we were away again. The visibility was extraordinary...we could see a headland that seemed to be just 30 miles away but which was in actual fact 60 miles distant. Having diverted to view the high cliffs at Umiassugssuup at Appat, we made our way through several "alleys" before anchoring in Inukavsait where we dinghied ashore, filled some drums with water, and had a very refreshing shower in the waterfall!

We stopped in Afertuarssuk fjord, having motored through patches of brash ice, and also at Maligiaq, before rounding the black headland of Svartenhuk. With thick fog and visibility less than 0.25 mile, it was necessary to keep a radar watch for the numerous bergs all around us as we made our way cautiously to Kangersuatsiaq (Proven), a beautiful anchorage between two islands beside the settlement. In the spectacular landlocked bay of Tasiusaq, we secured our bow-line to the shore, deployed a stern anchor and managed to water the ship from a stream, using a hose and firehose pipe. It may sound like a simple operation but it took about half a day! Sibéal and I visited the inner lagoon by dinghy, and left Andrew to do some sail repairs! Next day we stopped for lunch and a swim in Qaornoq Kangigdleg, and made very slow progress through pack ice between 72°47N 55°35W and 72°50N 55°54W.

In Upernavik a few hundred people had gathered on the waterside for the local soccer final and having anchored, we watched the rest of the game from the cockpit. It was warm and calm that evening but it blew like stink the next day. Our anchor dragged twice, and poor Sibéal got stuck ashore in the rain for part of the day! The wind abated for Sibéal's departure next day Thursday 15th August and we were sad to see the best galley slave in the world leave!

Upernavik to Baffin Island, Canada

Dermot O'Riordan arrived on the plane on which Sibéal would depart. Dermot would sail with us for ten days and to make his trip worthwhile we wanted to fit in as much as possible. The plan was to visit a few more anchorages in Greenland, cross to Baffin Island in Canada, and have a few days in hand to explore Pond Inlet. It worked out very well.

As we went further north we encountered more pack ice. In

Ikerasârssuk the lads replaced the engine gear-cable and control (one of the many spares which Dermot had brought) while I had a little ramble ashore. In Nnussuaq (Kraulshavn) the children of the settlement cheered and waved to welcome us. Seals were being gutted on the shore. We had seen fishermen shoot them from a good distance with a rifle, motor up, and then finish them off with a club. Fishermen receive DKR300 per pelt which are sent to the Greenland Tannery in Qaqortoq. Traditionally every bit of the animal was eaten or used but nowadays the meat is becoming a partly-used by-product.

Motoring to the foot of Cornell Glacier we found a "Niceberg" with an arch to frame a picture of *Arctic Tern*. Dermot wanted to go through this arch in the dinghy after the photo-call, but minutes later some of the arch collapsed, and we got him back on board quickly before he could get up to any more mischief, or have any more bright ideas! When we reached the glacier we turned off the engine to hear the icebergs calving. On the way back we noted that many of the icebergs had moved, changed shape or turned over. Another iceberg close to the photogenic one had calved and there were bergy bits everywhere.

Baffin Bay

It was a magic evening as we set off to cross the bay. The sun was setting ahead, a full moon was rising astern and the distinctive Kullorsuaq (Devils Thumb) lay to starboard. We sailed north of the direct route, guided by ice reports received from the Canadian Ice Service.

In winter, Baffin Bay freezes over. In the summer the ice melts first in the southern and northern parts. The central part does not melt until late August, and so it is necessary to sail round the centre part to cross the bay.

We saw numerous icebergs but not as much pack ice as we had expected. Huge black mountains with snow-capped peaks made for a really spectacular landfall, spied from a distance of 63 miles. We had logged 390 miles over two and a half days, and had enjoyed some good sailing.

Baffin Island

The anchorage off Pond Inlet is like an open roadstead. We spoke to the radio officer on an oil tanker from Newfoundland who had a distinct Waterford accent. He explained that they were experiencing problems in the anchorage and that deteriorating weather conditions would prevent them discharging their cargo of diesel via a floating pipe. The "Pond" could not provide us shelter either, and in gale force winds, fog rain and snow we ran for shelter to the nearest safe haven; Ragged Island 47 miles to the west. Some things never change... Willy Ker did the same in 1987!

In better weather we tacked up Tremblay Sound (yes, it was very cold) and anchored off the Beta River. Thinking we were the only people for miles around, we came across a hunting camp where some locals were spending the summer months. On our return journey to Pond Inlet we explored a fine bay to the east of Cape Hatt.

Ashore the locals were very friendly, and we also met a kayak group who had spent a fortnight in the area. One of the group, Alistair from Orkney was not very happy, with no alcohol in the town and the group not being able to fill the tankards they had received on completion of their trip as planned!

We walked to the local airport with Dermot next morning. The flight was at 08.00. No two hour before departure here, most of the passengers turned up at 07.50! Dermot flew to Ottawa via Iqaluit and onward overnight to London. On the beach we spoke to Richard Carbonnier an architect from

Montreal, who had spent four years working in the Pond. We needed diesel and he helped us to organise it and arranged for us to hire a dozen jerry cans from a fisherman. We spent all afternoon taking 600 litres of diesel on board via jerry cans and dinghy. We had to load the cans onto the dinghy, launch the dinghy in the beach surf, and paddle like hell before the water was deep enough to start the outboard. Great fun the first time but a bit of a dose after the fifth dinghy trip!

Pond Inlet to Broughton Island

On Sunday 24th August, as we headed east to pass through Albert harbour, we were called on the VHF by Richard who, with his father, had sailed their dinghy to Mount Herodier for the weekend. Later it was necessary to alter course for about twenty icebergs that had grounded in a 20 m shoal area. The wind was southeast force 4/5 as we passed Cape Mac Cullough, and at 04.00 in darkness we slipped into Maud Harbour, 117 miles from Pond Inlet. The harbour is surrounded by steep gullied sides, has a beach at the head and a glacier at the entrance. The anchorage is safe except from northern ice and was named after the whaler *Maud*. She was caught in the ice and crushed in 1892. The wind was still from the southeast and, satisfied that we had good shelter, turned in. We awoke to a strong northerly and horizontal snow. We thought of the *Maud* and reckoned it was time to leave!

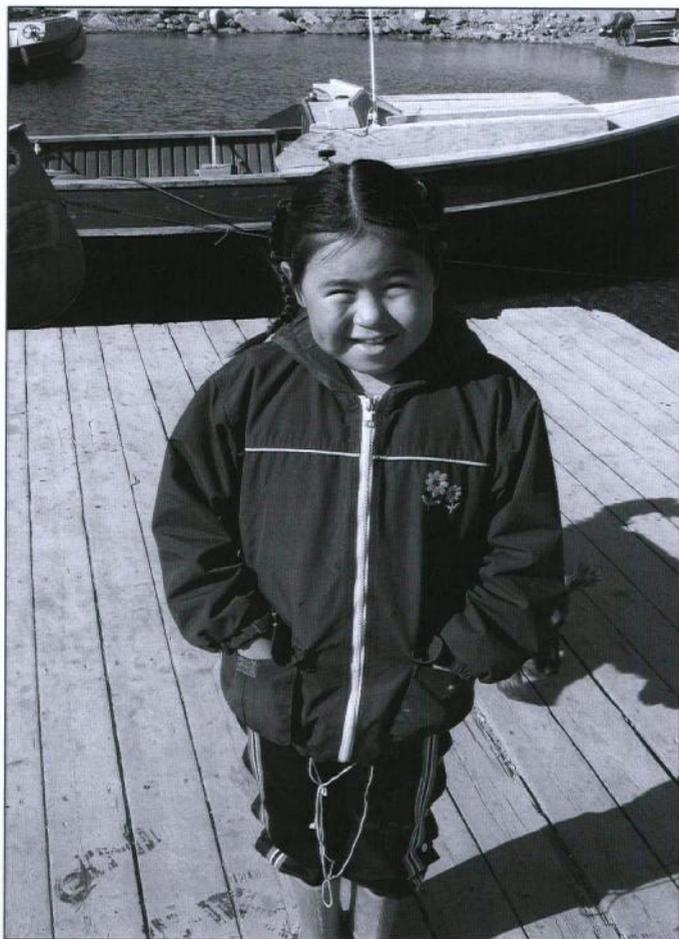
From Maud Harbour we sailed in 60 to 200 mile hops stopping at Arctic Harbour, Kivitoo and Broughton Island. The nights had started to close in a bit and we sailed from dawn until dusk, thus making it easier to spot the many bergy bits and growlers around us. The wind went to the north for some time and we made good progress. Of Arctic Harbour the pilot book said "reported good harbour". And it was.

Kivitoo was an old whaling station. As we approached we saw a cruise ship leave. "There goes our only chance of a pub" said Andrew.

It was dark when we anchored, and even though the wind had gone back into the southeast, we were pleased with the shelter. We awoke to beautiful sunshine and it was flat calm. As we left we saw a polar bear standing on the shore with a seal which he must have just caught. He was very big, in fact he was huge. Apparently summer is a lean time for polar bears, and they spend a lot of time ashore on the tundra searching for food. We had made a decision not to carry weapons on board *Arctic Tern*. Mind you, we could have, every supermarket that we visited in Greenland and Baffin Island stocked rifles and bullets, and a licence is not required outside national parks. We hoped that flares would be a good deterrent in the event of a bear climbing on board, but we did not get a chance to put this to the test!

Broughton Island is a small settlement with a population of 400. We anchored off a new boat harbour, and as in many other places, a group of very excited children came to welcome us and take the painter. People wanted to know where we were from and where we had been. The annual supply ship whose deck cargo included boats, trailers and 4-wheel drives, was lying at anchor and discharging into lighters. The lighters were towed to a beach by a tug. Next the JCBs moved in to lift the containers and place them on the beach. To us it seemed a lot of hardship. One man told us he was about to take delivery of a boat he had ordered a year and a half ago.

Like Pond Inlet and many communities, Broughton Island is "dry"; no alcohol is sold. This decision has been made by a community vote. If you want booze you need to order it months in advance. Many people brew their own because it is so expensive, but I think this is illegal. Joshua, a local fisherman, sold us a salmon for \$20 and he and his granddaughter Mary



Mary – the little who hated my cake! Photo: Máire Breathnach

came on board for a cup of tea. The little girl made an awful face when she tasted my cake!!

Baffin Island-Greenland-Ireland

The nights were cold and dark, and when we re-crossed the Arctic Circle we hoped it would get warmer. I went on deck to investigate a very fast moving iceberg which I had spotted on radar and discovered that it had port and starboard lights! We logged 613 miles motor-sailing with head-winds across the Davis Strait to Paimut (Frederikshåb), arriving there on Tuesday 2nd September. Southbound from Paimut we took the inner lead. It was a "two hat day", sunny but very cold. The scenery was stunning and we wound our way through the channels, guided by the small port and starboard beacons, without a care in the world! We passed a small settlement on the island of Narssalik, and because of the approaching fog from sea-ward and lots of icebergs, we retraced our steps and anchored in 10 metres in Narssalik Havn. It was a fantastic place. Andrew broke off ice from a bergy bit for the gin and tonic, and while we sat in the cockpit marvelling at the beauty around us, an arctic fox crossed the beach and a black eagle soared over the nearby hills. We were bound for the inner lead north of Nunarsuit (Kap Desolation) and had yummy porridge with honey and sultanas for breakfast on the way. The wind headed us and when we turned into the sound it freshened even more and our speed was down to 4 knots.

We entered Torsukatak, and found good shelter from the strong winds funnelling through the sound in a small anchorage a few miles to the east.

Next day we navigated through various narrow channels including the Knaekket, Ikerasassuaq and many others. Even

though the fog and rain stayed with us until we reached Qaqortoq (Julianehåb), it was wonderful.

Qaqortoq (population 3,100) is the hub of South Greenland and a very attractive place to visit. We berthed alongside the root of the container pier and had a lovely view of *Arctic Tern* from the local hotel, where we ate starfish, whale and catfish (which tasted as good as it sounds!).

In Nanortalik we berthed alongside a Danish Hydrographic Vessel, that was surveying Prins Christian Sund at the request of several cruise ship companies. We went to the pub and met a nice friendly lady without a tooth in her head. Nanortalik's "Bunratty", type folk park and museum had opened for the visiting cruise ship, and the locals were paddling umiaks and traditional boats around the harbour to entertain the visitors.

Even though our time was running out, we stopped off to overnight in a bay opposite Narsaq Kujalleq (Frederiksdal) and from there motored through Ikerasassuaq (Prins Christian Sund) which, true to the pilot book description, was "one of the world's most magnificent passages". Magnificent too was the welcome and hospitality shown to us by the officers of the weather station, who came down one hundred and eighty nine steps in the wind and rain to guide us into a berth alongside a dilapidated jetty. The entrance is marked by under-water rocks on both sides, and is barely wider than the boats beam. We had a guided tour of the station, which is manned by Chief Engineer

Fritz; Electrical Engineer Ola, his wife Deathe, and a cook Paul. Their main purpose is to maintain radio-relay equipment used by planes crossing the Atlantic. The forecast was for continuing "severe gales" and we were very pleased to be in a relatively protected berth, not to mention the excellent food and hospitality.

Our passage home to Ireland was plain-sailing and took just over a week. The first few days of the 1,300 trip we experienced very confused seas which had us crashing and rolling about. After that with south or southwest near gale or gale force winds on the beam we made great progress with daily runs of over 200 miles. We were to cover 6,000 miles in total with an average of 50 miles per day. On a beautiful star-lit night, with porpoises alongside, we sailed into Irish waters with the welcome loom of the Tiaracht. When we arrived in Helvick on Saturday 20th September it was great to see my mother May and the rest of the family waiting on the pier, including Sibéal, with an eagle eye for her whalebones. As I was climbing the ladder onto the quay wall a day tripper with picnic on board asked "Where did you sail from"? I answered "Greenland" and from the look on his face I do not think he believed me. Andrew had a much longed-for pint of Guinness in the sailing club. On Tuesday 23rd September in quiet darkness at 04.00 we slipped out of Helvick and returned to the warm waters of the Solent and Lymington.

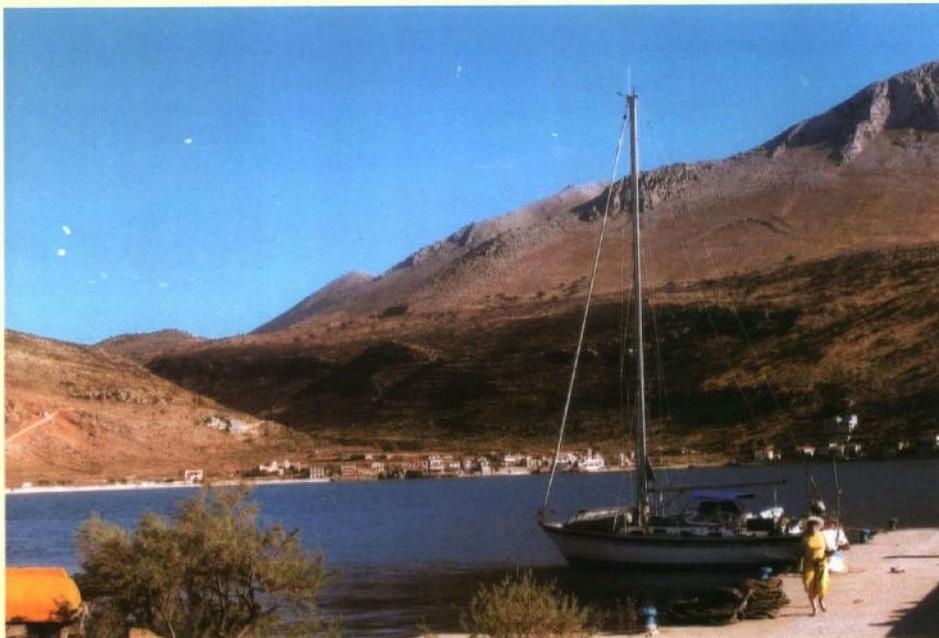
Bernard Corbally writes of cruising from Zakynthos Marina to Kalamata Marina

26th September - 7th October

Our final mini-cruise of the season started by revisiting the delightful Ay Nikolaos Bay at the north end of Zakynthos, where we moored alongside the west quay opposite the recommended Porto Taverna. Dimitris was there to help us and to provide water and electricity if needed. The new crew, Diana and Brian Taylor and Brian Bromwich very

much enjoyed a boat trip to the Blue Cave, where they swam in the crystal-clear water. Ann Woulfe-Flanagan arrived on board after dinner.

A splendid red-ball sunrise enthralled us as we made an early start on Saturday for our 36 mile passage to Katakolon in the Peloponnese to revisit Olympia. Except for a few abysmal attempts to sail in light winds, we motored almost all the way in sunshine. We headed south – 29 miles to Kiparissia on Monday 29th September. The breakwaters on both sides of Kiparissia harbour have been greatly extended and provided with wide quays. We moored alongside the west breakwater, near another



Beowulf at Karavostasi village, Lemini Bay.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

yacht that looked winterised. The harbour appeared to be well sheltered but we were told that storm seas had burst over the massive breakwater and beached a few local boats. The town and its location were really pleasant. The main street up from the breakwater brought us to an Internet Café, bakery, a good supermarket and an excellent fruit and vegetable shop. We dined well in the local Greek restaurant next to the fruit shop.

On Tuesday we continued south, another 29 miles to Pilos, passing close to the shore to view the spectacular Disney-esque castle built by the flamboyant Harry Fournies. It was another warm, light-wind day and ideal for a lunchtime stop and swim off an almost deserted sandy beach. Pilos is on the south side of the

entrance to the large O.Navarino lagoon, where the famous naval Battle of Navarino was fought by ships at anchor in 1827. Admiral Codrington, although vastly outnumbered and outgunned, defeated the Turko-Egyptian fleet, a defeat which led to the independence of Greece from the Turks. We found a berth alongside the marina breakwater a boat-length from the end. There were no services but the place is very well protected. We loved the location and small town, and opted to spend a rest day enjoying the place and visiting the extensive fort complex, which guarded the entrance to the lagoon. An excellent local tavern, just up from the town end of the marina, fed us extremely well on Wednesday night, while an impressive electric storm raged outside and torrential rain flooded the streets. Unfortunately a window was left ajar in the aft cabin and let in an extraordinary amount of water! We had to buy a new gas cylinder because it was impossible to get our green one refilled. We were told that we would have to take it to Athens!

It was only a short 19 mile passage round Methoni Point and down to Port Longos, where we eased our way into the bay, inside a fish farm. There appeared to be a sunken chain across the bay from the farm to the main part of the island, which should be considered when anchoring! This was a truly delightful, well-protected, secluded bay to spend the night. Brian Bromwich joined Diana and Ann in the cooking rota and produced a delicious spaghetti with tuna sauce dish for dinner. At 01.30 on Thursday, we were all awakened by an almighty crash of thunder, as a dramatic electric storm appeared to pass directly over our heads, accompanied by strong wind gusts. We were delighted to be snugly anchored!

Strong winds were forecast for Friday afternoon. So, we moved 5 miles up to Methoni bay early on Friday morning and anchored just inside a large yacht that had been there since we passed by the day before. After a leisurely breakfast ashore, we spent two very enjoyable hours exploring the Venetian fort and attached Turkish tower that occupied the whole peninsular. Our intention was to moor to the mole at Finakounda harbour for lunch. The wind was onshore and the harbour was looking very tiny when we noticed that our C-Map plotter was showing the harbour to be about 2 miles west of us. We followed the plotter right up to the cliffs on the west side of Ak Koliviri point but there was nothing but cliffs despite the clearly shown harbour on the plotter. This was a vivid warning of the risks involved in blindly using plotters!

We continued east through the Venetico sound to Koroni harbour, where we anchored in the west side of the bay in 4.9m before enjoying a very late lunch. Its mole was completely occupied by local small craft, but the anchorage has good protection from the prevailing northwest to north winds. The conspicuous ruins of a Venetian fort turned out to be not much more than a wall with a few towers, but it did have a huge impressive gateway at the eastern end.

It was only a short 15 mile passage to Kalamata on Saturday afternoon, where we arrived minutes before the widely forecast storm. The marina is

immediately west of the main commercial harbour and had plenty of vacant berths. The location is spectacular, under an impressive range of mountains. There are lots of good restaurants and the marina clubhouse was extremely popular. Brian Bromwich was particularly delighted to find a railway museum, with a collection of old engines, where some filming was being done about a local celebrity.

The weather was forecast to be pretty unpleasant for the next few days so we waited until Tuesday before setting forth for Lemini 24 miles away, which we planned to use as a base for a visit to the justifiably famous Caves of Diros. We moored at Karavostasi village in the northeast corner of the bay, to the end of the stone jetty, in 7m. having some concern that we might snag a local mooring chain. It was a delightful place to be, in a wonderful setting under mountains. It was a long walk round to Limeni village on the other side of the bay, however, we were well fed by the adjacent local water edge tavern.

We hired a taxi to bring us to the Caves of Diros early on Wednesday morning and were the first tourists to enter. After being issued with a life jacket and helmet, a boatman poled us slowly through most of the several kilometre route in a flat-bottomed boat. We had to be extremely vigilant not to bang our heads off stalactites in several parts with very low ceilings. Other parts were spacious and lofty and there were dozens of off-shoots that were floodlit into the distance. The whole complex of caves was well-presented and very spectacular. The taxi brought us back in time to enjoy a cup of coffee before casting off at 11.45.

We anchored off a sandy beach in a lovely little bay, just south of Vr Meropi point, where we enjoyed a swim before tucking into a sumptuous lunch in the cockpit.

It was an uneventful passage back to Kalamata, where the boat was booked to spend the winter on the hard. In thirteen days we visited eleven anchorages, most of which were delightful small bays or harbours. We saw very few other yachts at sea and only one or two in the majority of the anchorages. In spite of some inclement weather, we all had a wonderful time and highly recommend the west side of the Peloponnese to members cruising in this part of the Mediterranean.



Bernard Corbally, Brian Bromwich, Brian Taylor, Ann Woulfe-Flanagan and Diana Taylor. The last night in Kalamata.

Alchemist follows Ulysses home to Ithaca

Robert Barker

*Come my friends
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
Yet our purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset*

Ulysses

Ulysses heading home

Following on from our cruises of Sicily in 2006 and of the Italian coast and Aeolian Islands in 2007, tracking the course of the Odyssey, we sailed this year from Malta to the Ionian Islands and to Ithaca. After the Trojan War Ulysses took ten years to return to his home on Ithaca and his lovely and faithful wife Penelope. Greek scholars are divided about his precise route, but there is general agreement that Ithaca was his home and that this Greek island was his ultimate destination. So we were interested in visiting this site. Additionally, of course, we were anxious to experience the passage across to the Ionian Sea, the famous Greek hospitality and the delight of sailing from island to island in the company of friends.

Our crew complement was the same as last year, Pat and Robert Barker, Catherine and Bill Walsh, John McSweeney and Mary Russell. We departed on 27th June from the Grand Harbour Valetta at 01.00 and sailed out into the darkness of the Maltese night with a course set 046° for Corfu. The watch system clicked in immediately and we passed the landfall mark with a sense of excitement and anticipation. The wind was fresh and very tight so we sailed close hauled with full main and genoa. We were anxious about the engine as we had spent the two days before departure trying to identify an intermittent fault. It was not running on full revs when engaged, although it ran beautifully when in neutral. We had consulted all the oracles, including Volvo technical support in the UK and we had checked and eliminated all the obvious sources of the problem. Our Maltese engineer reckoned it was just a fuel blockage, although Volvo had muttered ominously about the governor and the injector.

The sea was lumpy and it took the crew some time to settle down. A certain level of mal de mer was experienced, but in a very gentlemanly way. Honking was executed discreetly and privately and not into anyone else's sandwiches. We had lots of sightings of dolphins and leaping tuna. We saw a turtle paddling gently along about 40 miles south of Sicily. The wind was fairly predictable for the first two days, getting up to 16-18 knots in the mornings and afternoons, and dropping off at night. On the third day, 29th June, the wind got up and stayed at around 20-25 knots all day and the sea state was moderate to rough. The sea bed rose dramatically from some 2,000 metres to 100 metres, adding to the confused state of the sea. About 100 miles out of Corfu we watched a rather strange configuration of four RIBs clearly with some nefarious purpose. We entertained ourselves royally by speculating on the precise nature of their transactions which varied from drug and clandestini-running, to hen-pecked husbands escaping for a

couple of hours fishing! During the passage, nobody was anxious to cook dinners during the bouncy conditions, so we were glad of our foresight in cooking and freezing meals before leaving Malta. Huge troughs of grub were hurled up from the galley into the cockpit and consumed with spoons with great relish.

Landfall Corfu

On Monday 30th June, we spotted Corfu on the horizon and we started planning how to celebrate Pat's 59th birthday. We arrived into Gouvia Marina, just north of Corfu town at 19.00 local time. The marina is enormous and the staff gave us a great Greek welcome. They were warm and friendly and spoke good English. They pointed towards three alternative shower blocks. We dutifully tripped around each one, clutching our towels and wash bags. Although each one was spanking new with modern décor and lovely equipment, none had any water! The marina staff, when questioned, nodded sadly and told us apologetically that the technician had been informed. It was the same story when we tried the drink-link which had the capacity to deal with us in six different languages and to give us a sound read-out of our last ten transactions. Unfortunately, it had run out of cash! More sad nodding from the marina staff who sympathised deeply with our dilemma, but could offer no solution. Our attempts to get access to the internet were equally Delphic. Charming staff showed us the system for using the internet office. They collected our fee and issued an impressive smart card with laminated details of code, name and instructions. They were amazed when we reported that the door to the internet room was locked. More stunning smiles as the gorgeous Greek goddess in charge explained that the previous user had gone off with the key in his pocket and she was just waiting for him to come back, if we would like to wait! The possibility that he had sailed off to Italy or North Africa did not seem to have struck her.

Everyone has to enter Greece in one of the nominated ports to complete the entry registration formalities. We concluded that the Greeks must hold the Olympic gold medal for form-filling. Pat had to queue for two hours in the blistering sun outside the Customs Office with all the other skippers and charter-wallahs clutching their boat registration documents, passports, insurance certificates and VAT clearance information. Eventually, her turn came and she fell into the air-conditioned office dribbling perspiration and gasping for water. The lovely female officer in crisp white uniform apologised profusely for the delay. Pat whispered weakly "No problem". A half an hour of filling forms in triplicate followed. It included issuing invoices, receipts, entry permits; writing up Dickensian ledgers and stamping and re-stamping all the documents with a staggering array of rubber stamps. Money exchanged hands, including a charge of 88 cents for exiting Gouvia, and Pat emerged with a volume of paper including the A3 sized entry record permit.

The marina (one of the few we encountered in the Ionians) is an artificial creation pasted onto the old town of Kondokali. We

stayed there two nights and ate firstly in the marina restaurant, which was good although with Dublin prices. For the second night we ventured into Kondokali to the Takis Taverna. This had authentic Greek food, all cooked and served by the family. Our boys succumbed to a deaf and dumb girl who visited all the tables, selling trinkets. She sold them a multi purpose pen that telescoped out into a pointer with a laser beam and also had a torch with a magnet that could recover nuts and screws dropped into inaccessible places! While we waited for the food, the boys had loads of harmless fun zapping the pert little bums of the passing tourists with the laser, and recovering dropped spoons from under the table with the magnet!

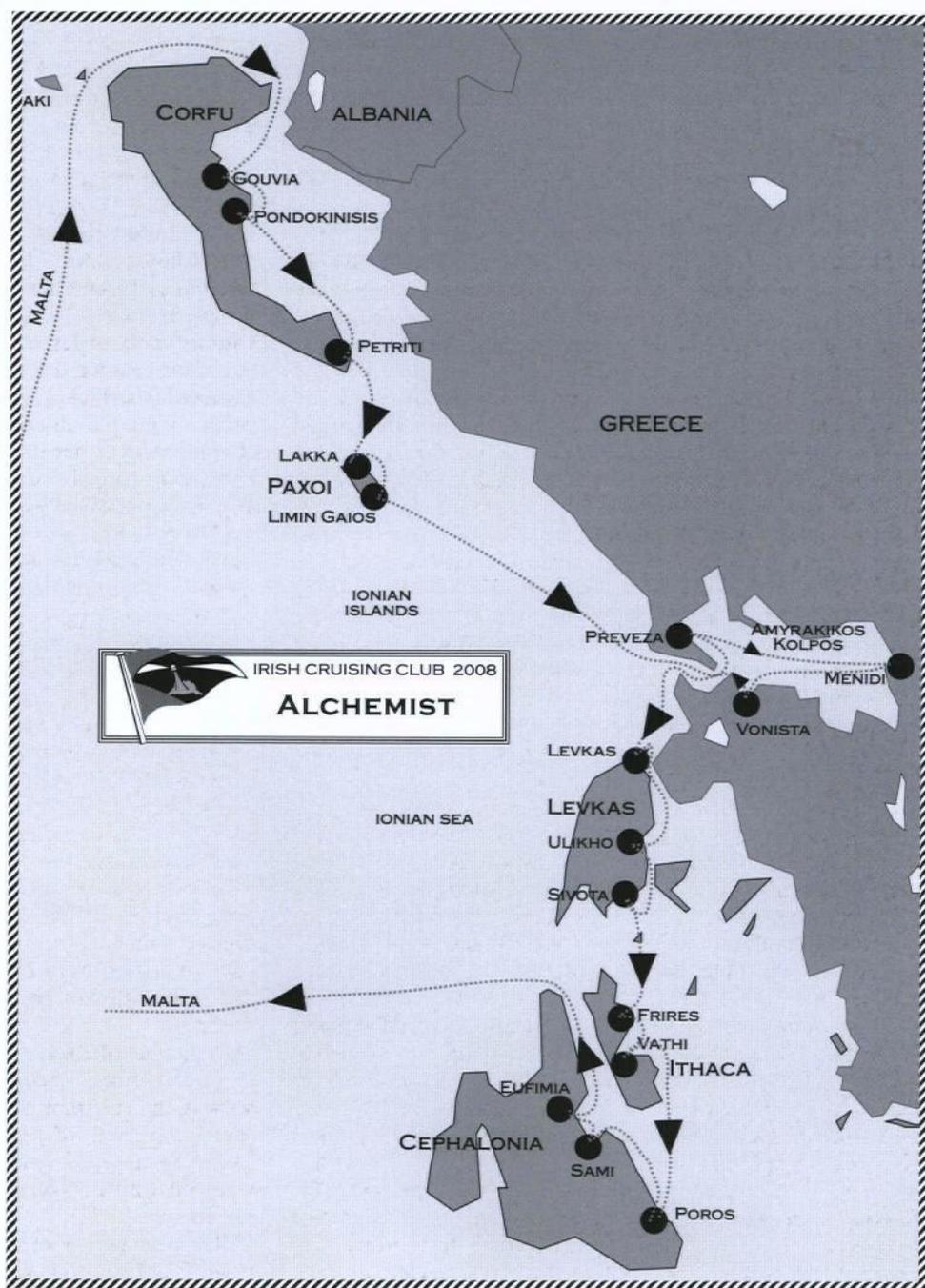
Poseidon's Revenge

We sailed for Petriti the next day. We fuelled up and motored to Pondokinesis for lunch. This is a tiny island, shaped like a boat. The legend has it that it was the boat that transported Ulysses back to Ithaca. Poseidon, still rankling after the dismemberment of his son, Cyclops, is reputed to have been so angry at the Phaeacian people for bringing Ulysses home to Ithaca, that he turned their boat and all its crew into stone! We anchored off the town quay as the water was quite shallow at the quay. We had a comfortable night at anchor and ate on board. We sang for a while over the still waters, and had the usual drink-induced political discussions that resolved most of the world's problems.

Next day we pumped up the dinghy after a swim and motored ashore to the Taverna bar. The pin broke in the outboard engine and Robert had to do open heart surgery to replace it, while we sat right on the edge of the sea enjoying Greek breakfast of scrummy Greek yoghurt with fresh fruit, honey and walnuts. We inspected the fishing boats and exchanged greetings with their Arab crews, who were smoking something unmentionable through a home made tin can hookah with a bit of makeshift piping.

Later we sailed south for Lakka on Paxos. It is a lovely spot with good depth and lovely blue clean water – although it was a little crowded. We dinghied ashore and sat drinking some rather expensive drinks on the water's edge like a bunch of Shirley Valentines. Getting back on board was a frolicsome affair, and Robert took a nose dive off the rubber dinghy in an abortive attempt to tie it up. He ended up swimming in the dark amid much hilarity!! We had a peaceful, calm night and next morning we left early

to get to Limin Gaios before the town quay filled up. The correlation between our plotter and chart along this coast was not correct, and we nearly ended up on some rocks. Luckily the crew, wearing their Polaroid sunglasses were able to see the bottom and we threaded our way safely through the shallows with three or four boats falling in behind and following us! This was the beginning of a problem with the recording of the boat's heading which resulted in our autohelm being unreliable. We had to hand-steer for the rest of the trip. Gaios was tricky to get into from the north side, with a number of other boats arriving at the same time and all of us jostling for space on the quay. The harbour dues were €5.50 per night, although there were no showers or power points. There was a gym on the quay which charged us €3.50 each for a shower. Water was purchased from a tanker that cruised up and down the quay at regular intervals. €10 for 400 litres. Diesel was also available from mobile tankers. We had a good dinner at the Genesis Restaurant, along the quay and just nicely separated from the hurly burly of the town quay. We had thought of staying another day in Gaios, but





Sinota Harbour.

the frenetic activity and heat were too much for us, and one day is plenty to explore its lovely little back streets, museums, bars, and the statue of the local hero who had ignited the bomb that "got the Turks" in the war of independence in the early 1800s. Apparently, for all his heroism, he had his limbs hacked off by the Turks!

Into the Inland Sea

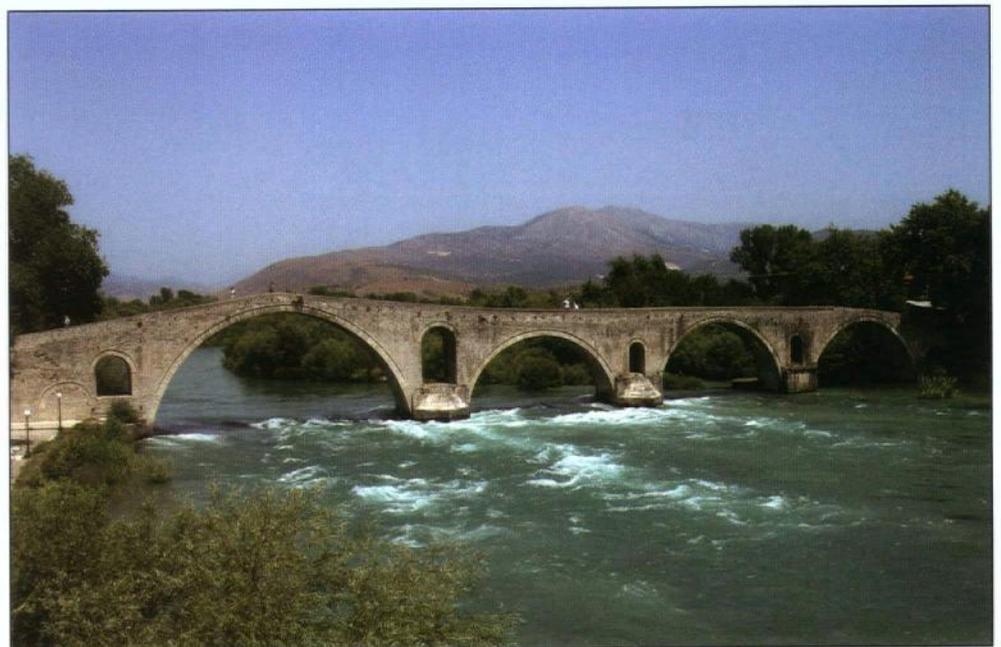
We set sail for Prevesa on 4th July and decided to try exiting Gaios via the southern entrance which reportedly had only 2 metres depth at the gut. We gingerly edged over the narrows and made it, with judicious and nail-biting use of the forward-looking depth sounder. The fluxgate compass or the control box continued to give us trouble, giving us erratic headings. We continued to hand-steer and had the dividers, compass and parallel ruler on standby, looking like some dusty relics of an ancient maritime museum. We motor-sailed the 32 miles to Prevesa and approached the entrance following the marked channel. We had a stiffish breeze into the entrance and the volume of water coming from the gulf gave us a lumpy passage in. We passed Cleopatra Marina, which is a private marina, but still has no shore-power or water, contrary to the indication in the pilot. We motored on to the new marina at Prevesa, hoping for shore power to boost the multiple electronic gadgets on board. However, although the marina is set up with concrete pontoons and mooring rings, there are no facilities. So we tied up alongside the town quay. On the quay, there were water-stand points, but all situated in the flower beds. Nothing daunted, Bill connected up our hose to a stand-point, stood in the flowerbed, and shampooed himself vigorously. Just then, a motorbike rally roared

past, with the watching crowd of female biker groupies not sure whether to watch the parade of motorbikes or Bill, wreathed in a cloud of lather in the flowerbed.

It was hot on the quay, but later in the evening there were plenty of people-watching opportunities, as the parade of gorgeous girls, handsome Adonises, groomed Grannies and adored babies with their faces buried in great balloons of candy-floss, made its way past us. The town is charming, buzzy and has recently had a face lift. We had cocktails in one of the smart bars on the quay, and then went into the back streets for dinner where we had good food while two students played guitar and balalaika, and the owner charged our phones and cameras while we ate.

On 6th July, we all had nice walks along the sea front to the fort Ay Yeoryios, which was part of the

defence system constructed by the Venetians. Prevesa has a long and battle-scarred history, dating back to 290 BCE when Pyrrhus built it and called it Bereneca. There were subsequent occupations by Romans, Venetians, Turks, French and, in the late 1700s, by Ali Pasha who brutally subjugated the city and murdered the inhabitants. Prevesa only became Greek in 1912. There's a little beach at the end of the quay which offers a refreshing escape from the flat heat. We could find no shops open, as it was Sunday, but eventually persuaded a young chap in a burger joint to part with one of his loaves of bread for €2. Then at 12.00 we cast off and headed into the Kolpos Amvrakikos, which is an inland gulf apparently little explored by yachts, as many crews are anxious to head for the islands. We had a lovely sail across the southern shore of the gulf and anchored in the nice snug little bay east of Vonista. There was certainly no evidence of the ubiquitous flotillas, with young flotilla organisers in shorts and all-over tans waving clipboards



Ancient bridge at Arta.

at the variously qualified skippers and crew. The Kolpos was interesting, quiet and clearly undeveloped, and gave us three lovely quiet, peaceful days, with plenty of opportunity to take the rays and cultivate our all-over tans.

We had picked up a swarm of flies in Prevesa that drove us mad and no amount of swatting would reduce their numbers. Eventually, Pat cleared everyone out of the saloon and cockpit and sprayed the place. The flies were all wiped out, but the saloon was in bits from the bullet holes! We had a lovely afternoon and night at anchorage off the wooded shores of Nisi Koukouvista. After dinner, we played poker until the wee hours and Catherine cleaned us all out. We were up early next day for swims and showers. Robert, arising later, stood on a plastic bottle of shampoo that had been left in the cockpit with such force that the top popped off, and it had an ejaculation all over the back of the cockpit. Bubbles cascaded down onto us in the water as he attempted surreptitiously to clean it up with the shower. The shortage of access to fresh water, supplies and power in the gulf was something of an issue for us, and we had to conserve carefully, but that did not cloud our enjoyment of the isolated tranquillity for a couple of days. We sailed down towards Menidihon (known locally as Menidi). There has been some silting in the little harbour here since the pilot was written, and we were unable to get into the quay, but there was good shelter and holding off the beach for anchoring. The water was very warm for swimming – so warm that it attracted hoards of elderly bathers morning and evening. They stand in the water and chat volubly, competing with the noisy crickets along the shore line. One or two of the octogenarians even made it out to us and cross examined us in broken German about our origins.

We went ashore and dined in the only restaurant along the water front. We negotiated a price for fish which was priced by weight, but we were charged well over the agreed price and were given a more expensive wine than we had asked for. We had met such friendly people up to then and the fish and wine were actually excellent, and our Greek and their English were so poor that we were reluctant to conclude that we had been ripped off, but we determined to be very careful about fish by weight in future.

We were up early on 8th July to catch the bus to Arta. We were told that the bus would come at 0900. It eventually came at 0945 and was too full to take us, so we waited patiently for

another 20 minutes and eventually, another one turned up. Our visit to Arta focussed on the Turkish bridge thought to have been incorporated into Alexander the Great's bridge. The legend is that the overseer's wife had to be buried alive in the structure of the bridge to assure the solidity of the structure. According to legend, this was common practice, although it was normally a Moslem or a Jew who was sacrificed. The bridge was attractive and well worth the long hot walk to get there. We ate on board and some of the crew swam ashore, towing the dinghy, to have a shower on the beach. The dinghy was filling up and we discovered a leak along the floor seam which would need repairing.

We had discovered that the crowds of octogenarian bathers who disgorged from the blue busses each day were coming for the warm volcanic mud-clouded healing properties of the waters. There were literally hundreds of hatted heads bobbing around, forming little committee meetings, chatting away and paddling gently. We were about to have a swim before departure on 9th, when we spotted a small slick of suspicious matter around the boat. We checked the holding tank, but it wasn't us. John speculated that it might be the wrinklies' leaking colostomy bags! We hauled the anchor and threaded our way carefully through the floating chapeaux. They waved gravely and ceremoniously to us as we passed. We waved back and bowed to them. The wind gradually increased to 30 knots and we amended our plan to head for the Levkas Canal, which is difficult to spot and enter at the best of times, situated as it is behind a large sand spit which obscures the entrance to the narrow channel. The prospect of pouring down onto a lee shore with breaking surf and a 30 knots following wind was not attractive. So we stayed the night in Prevesa again. A very pleasant and comfortable night on the quay, although the wind blew all night.

Where is this ***** Canal?

10th July saw the wind down to 7 knots and we set sail for the Levkas canal at 09.00 to take advantage of the early morning calm. All we could see was a sandy shore and we only spotted the entrance to the canal when we saw the boats apparently emerging through the sandbank from the south after the 11.00 bridge opening. We had to wait an hour for the next opening and had a swim to cool down in the basin. A German yacht with

a very loud skipper and very jolly skipperess, came in and made a complete dog's dinner of tying up, much to their amusement and to the alarm of the crew of waiting boats. It seemed that we all might be targets of the German's very dangerous looking bow anchor as it careered at high speed backwards and forwards towards us. Eventually, with assistance from all quarters, they tied up and cheerfully thanked us all. Levkas Canal is an interesting place. The 'bridge' that opens hourly to let boats north and south is actually a floating bridge called a 'ferry boat'. They could not have a fixed structure as that would negate Levkas' status as an island, thereby invalidating its claim for tax and other benefits available to EU islands. The canal, in some shape, has been here since the seventh century B.C., although in its



Assos on Cephalonia.

current dredged form it was constructed by the Greeks with British assistance in 1905. We pulled into Levkas Marina and were told that we could only stay one night, as the flotillas would be arriving on the morrow for change-over day. We immediately plugged in, filled up with water and delivered several bags to the laundry. We scrubbed the boat, charged up phones and cameras and repaired the dinghy. We then spent the afternoon exploring the interesting town of Levkada. This was the home of Levkada (aka Lafkadio) Hearn, the Japanese national poet whose father was Irish and whose bust appears in the town gardens. It was a touristy, chic place which offered a different aspect of the Ionian Islands after our few days of tranquillity. Many of the buildings, like other towns we visited, were destroyed in the traumatic earthquake of 1953 and evidence of rebuilding in anticipation of further tremors was clear. Only the churches seemed to have survived in many of the towns and villages. No buildings are now more than two stories high and many of the second floor structures are of corrugated iron, whitewashed to merge with the rest of the building.

On July 11th, we had an early morning walk around the lovely cool streets of Levkas and bought fresh fruit and vegetables in the town. Other supplies were available at the marina supermarket. We filled with diesel before we left and bought gas here. Fuel was an exorbitant €1.60 a litre – obviously they have a monied clientele at Levkas Marina. We enjoyed the trip down the narrow canal for 10 miles and sailed into the hurricane hole at Vlikho. It was relatively uncrowded compared with the packed Tranquil Bay opposite Nidiri. We spotted *Bailey of Howth* at anchor, but there was no sign of life on board. Vlikho was populated enough to satisfy Bill's need to have boats around him to inspect, and quiet enough to fulfil John's yearnings for quiet, isolated anchorages away from the teeming masses. The holding was good and shelter excellent. We drank champagne to celebrate John's son, Ian's examination success.

The glorious 12th saw us all up early and swimming around in the inviting waters. Robert and Bill scrubbed the propeller and cleared most of the fouling. We motored slowly past Skorpios – which was the island bought by Onassis for Jackie, and travelled down the Stefanos Meganiso – which reputedly offers the most beautiful vista in the Ionian Islands. We headed towards Sivota, which Heikell says in his pilot has foul water which is not suitable for swimming. However, we found it otherwise and really enjoyed our stay there. We tied up off the old southwest quay and had a lovely breezy spot with a nice taverna (a reconstituted old mill building) only five steps from our passerelle. By 16.00 the flotilla boats came streaming in and there was lots of scrooching-up to find space for everyone. A Scottish motorboat made a bit of a mess of setting his anchor and had to be assisted to come in alongside us. We felt we might have difficulty when we would leave, as it looked as if he had fouled our anchoring position. Bill cooked on board, and we tottered over to the taverna for post prandials, and to drink good health to Rose Michael who had had surgery that day in Dublin.

We stayed in Sivota for a day and found an internet café, swam, ate ice creams and walked the picturesque hills around the town. We gagged at the smell of sulphur as Mary tried to make scrambled eggs with the eggs bought at Levkas Marina. They were all rotten and had to be unceremoniously dumped. We had a lovely dinner at the quay front, and gossiped and bitched unmercifully about the antics of the newly arrived flotilla crews who were tying up right in front of us – great entertainment! They were pale and citified and displayed various levels of seamanship, and the 22-year-old children who masqueraded as charter managers paraded up and down

displaying their tanned bodies and their clipboards as they spotted the current crop of talent.

The Home of Ulysses

Next day we filled with water from the metered tap. It cost 2 for nearly 200 litres. You have to line everything up and when the hose is in position and the crew standing by, you pop in the 2 and stand back while 200 non-stop, high-speed litres gush out. We set off at 11.15 and, sure enough, we were fouled by the Scottish anchor. We had good practice at hooking the fouling line, dropping the anchor and then lifting again. We had a lovely sail towards Ithaca with a northwesterly wind force 4. We had some qualms at switching off the engine as we really needed to charge the batteries, but we couldn't resist the unrestrained leap of the boat under sail as the water swished across the hull and we creamed along towards Ithaca feeling like Ulysses coming home. The wind died as we neared the entrance to Frikes and we headed for Ormos Limenia to have a nice quiet anchorage for the night. However the wind freshened and, when we got there, we discovered that we had to anchor in 20 metres. There were two other boats anchored there and two others came during the course of the afternoon. We held well, but others started to drag and one by one they all moved into Frikes. The wind was gusty and blowing about 18 knots and it seemed to curl strongly down the steep wooded slopes of the cove. A 60 metre Maltese yacht came and took a long line ashore and by darkness, we were the only two remaining on the windy anchorage. The wind remained fresh and gusty all night and we kept an anchor watch. In the morning, a change in wind direction gave us some cause for concern, as we swung nearer to the beach and we lifted the anchor and sailed south, having our breakfast underway.

We pulled into Vathi, the capital of Ithaca, with a force 4 blowing. There were some strong gusts and we had to time our anchor-dropping and reversing to the town quay appropriately. A Belgian skipper in a chartered boat followed us and made several attempts to anchor and tie up beside us. We knew he was making a hames of several anchors when he repeatedly took a dive out of his boat into the sea, and threaded rope around various anchor chains (including ours). Eventually, a French skipper motored out in his dinghy, took control and brought it in for him. (Oh God! The indignity of that!!) Vathi is a lovely town with interesting museums to visit, but surprisingly low key about its Odyssey heritage. In the afternoon, the wind increased to 35 knots on the quay and there was a huge flurry of fender rearrangement and line checking. The harbour-master told us that we would have to get off the quay in the morning at 09.00 as a cruise ship was expected and also indicated that a mistral was expected to blow for a further 36-48 hours. When we asked where we might go in such conditions, he smiled and waved vaguely in the direction of the harbour. Pat and Robert stayed with the boat while the others went ashore for dinner. The wind increased up to 40 knots and we started the engine to drive *Alchemist* off the quay in the severe gusts. We had a very fraught five hours but bonded well with other boats' crews along the quay, as everyone worked hard to maintain the security of their boat in the difficult conditions. The wind gradually decreased to 25 knots but we kept a watch all night.

In the morning Pat and Mary set off at 07.00 to walk to Aratheusa's Well, a place reported in the Odyssey as the spot where Ulysses' faithful swineherd kept and watered his pigs. None of the Ulysses sites are commercialised. This was a poorly marked trail of some 15 kilometres, including a track through thicket and thorn along the side of a mountain. It was clearly not well-trodden, although it is well documented in all the literature and in the tourist information. The path has

wonderful vistas out to sea, but is completely exposed to the hot sun. Eventually, after two hours scrambling, the ravine appeared where the cave, with its small deep well, is located. Pat and Mary both took advantage of the large yoghurt tub and long line that had been left there to dip down into the cool refreshing water and pour its chilly liquid over their heads. Bliss!! Then, after some time sitting in the shade of the olive trees with only the company of a flock of goats, they filled up their water bottles from the well, having drunk deeply to test it out. The possibility of Delhi belly was worth risking in the blistering conditions of the mid-morning heat. Meantime, back at the boat, the harbour master, as promised, chucked all the boats off the quay wall and the crew had to contend with the fouled anchor and re-locate in the northeast corner of the harbour at anchor. The Marina in the northeast of the harbour was full, but didn't have any services anyway. The holding was good in the strong winds and the forecast was for the wind to abate about 10.00 the following morning. So we spent the afternoon aboard and cooked and dined aboard too. The conditions were not fit to take a dinghy ashore, especially since the repair had not been entirely successful! The effect of the unrelenting howling and whistling of the wind was palpable on the crew and we all admitted to feeling various shades of depression because of it.

Tracking Captain Corelli

Luckily it did not last too long and by morning some magic had switched off the noise and all was again peaceful and calm. We motored south, bound for Cephalonia and the small town of Poros where we hoped to get some water and some supplies and a good breakfast. It is a very mountainous island with high peaks dropping right down to the sea. We arrived at Poros at the same time as a huge ferry. The building development work mentioned in the pilot is still not complete, and the harbour has silted up more than indicated. So we found that we could not get in with our 2+ metre draft. Depths all along were less than 2 metres and we were touching the sandy bottom as we reversed towards the town quay. So, we headed back towards Sámí. We could wait no longer for breakfast, and had a strange melange of ship's residual stores to stave off the hunger pangs. There was no problem getting in at Sami and the anchor again held well, although we had to drop it twice. Water is available at the quay, but not immediately obviously. The manhole covers can be raised to reveal a water access point, and water is potable and free. Sami is a nice town where much of the film '*Captain Corelli's Mandolin*' was filmed. They have not done a Ballykissangel on the theme, which is refreshing. We had an energetic walk across to Antisami – another site of the filming. After a swim there we walked back along the marked trail to Sami for dinner at the Mermaid Restaurant. The tourist office staff were efficient and helpful.

Exploring Cephalonia

Next day, on 18th, we decided to hire vehicles for the day to explore the picturesque inland and coastal scenery of Cephalonia. Bill and Catherine hired a motorbike and the rest of us pitched into a little car. We explored the spectacular underground cave at Mellisani, visited Ay Euphemia and drove the stunning road that culminates in the simply spectacular beach at Myrtho. This is the beach that was used for the unexploded bomb scene in *Captain Corelli*. The book told the true story of the WWII experience of the people of Cephalonia and included the gruesome decision of the Germans to massacre the Italian occupying force which resisted Moussilini's capitulation and refused to hand over control to the Germans for seven days. The spine-chilling hair-pin bends

down to Myrthos and also down to Assos, which we also visited, have to be experienced to be believed. We had nice refreshing swims at both places and lunched at leisure on the waterfront at Assos, which must be a competitor for the prettiest place in the Ionian Islands. We regretted that we did not have enough time to sail around and anchor in this truly beautiful place. We then drove on to Argostoli to have a whistle stop glance and ended the day in the private winery at Robos, supposedly the source of Greece's best wines. This may be true, but it would not be difficult, as we found little strong competition in our painstaking researches of the local wines. Back at Sami, we had dinner and participated in some fairly wild Greek dancing to live music on the quay wall – great fun and a source of some much needed exercise.

On the 19th, we arose early and had Mary's long promised vegetarian breakfast – previously abandoned due to rotten eggs! We viltled up and had a deep cleanse of the boat and scrubbed the decks (not allowed in our next port of call – Ay Euphemia). Pat went to the pharmacy to get something to treat a nasty wasp sting that was getting more and more inflamed, and we set sail across the bay. Ay Euphemia is well organised and welcoming. They have power and water and can organise diesel. We plugged in everything – the phones, the cameras, the CD player, fan and 'fridge and enjoyed the luxury of shore power again. Pat and Catherine cooked dinners for the freezer, for the passage back to Malta, and we organised ourselves for three days at sea. We came across China, flying the ICC burgee, anchored in the harbour, but got no response to our hails. We had a last dinner in Greece at the Staki restaurant on the quay.

Windy passage back to Malta

We left for Malta at 06.00 on Sunday 20th and had to contend with one last crossed anchor chain! The passage back gave us plenty of wind. For the first day it was on the beam, but the sea state was 'rough' and dinner was again served in troughs with forks only. The wind came around onto the nose, and we had to ease off from our course on Tuesday morning. The crew were tired and probably a little under-nourished. Some had decided to reduce liquid consumption to cut down on visits to the 'leaping lav'. Just south of Sicily the wind increased to a full gale with gusts of 40 knots and we decided to run for Syracuse or Marzememi. At that stage, with three reefs in the main and a handkerchief on the forestay, we had had enough hammering and it was with great relief that we pulled into Marzememi for an overnight and to regroup. We did some repairs of gear that had been damaged during the gale, dried out clothes and lifejackets, showered and cleaned up and made some sandwiches for the final 60 miles to Malta. The forecast for the Maltese Channel is notoriously unreliable and we had been given no warning of the conditions we met. We found other boats in Marzememi who had been forced in, like us, and we exchanged weather information. An Italian site, Lommo, provided excellent details in graphic form. It appeared that there were still gale-force winds grumbling around, but there seemed to be a window between 06.00 and 16.00 on the morrow, although the sea state was expected to be rough. The wind was predicted to be 25 knots in the morning, winding up to gale-force by afternoon in Malta. John and Mary had flights from Malta on Thursday, so we agreed that we would go for it, leave early on Wednesday morning and give her wellie to get there before the gale. We battened everything down and prepared the boat for passage after a nice dinner, but all feeling somewhat apprehensive.

On 23rd we left Marzememi with another boat, *Margareta*, also bound for Malta, at 05.45. Conditions were good and the first three hours were reasonable with 20 knots of wind from west-southwest. We sailed and added some auxiliary engine to



Alchemist at Vonista.

bring the speed up towards 7 knots, although the high seas reduced speed from time to time. By 11.30, the wind had increased to 25 knots and the seas were rough and confused. We cut the engine and sailed only on genoa with wind 60° on the beam. Twice we rolled more genoa as the wind increased with gusts of 29 knots and huge walls of water flushed over the decks and into the cockpit. We watched anxiously as the miles to Malta showed 35, then 30, then 25. Then John went to the galley to get a drink of water and, as *Alchemist* fell off a large wave, he was hurled towards the chart table and all we could see in the cockpit was a Rudolph Nureyev jeté and his two feet

flying past, closely followed by the kettle which, miraculously, missed him. Luckily he only suffered minor abrasions and some nasty soft tissue contusion. We wolfed down our sandwiches and at 15 miles to go, spotted Malta. All eyes were fixed on the rapidly advancing land and we prayed that we would get in before the predicted gale exploded. There were collective sighs of relief when we crossed the harbour entrance at 14.30 into Grand Harbour Valetta, and suddenly the boat levelled and the whistling wind quietened and the drenching seas abated. We tied up after 26 wonderful days.

Our abiding memories of Greece were lovely sunshine; the almost casual reference to the centuries of history and to the

famous Odyssey; the free access to town quays; having to cope without regular fixes of shore power and fresh water; yoghurt, honey and walnut; lovely friendly people with a civilised laid-back attitude to life; simple delicious food that didn't cost a three-year term loan; wiping our bums and putting the paper into the basket; towns devastated by earthquake that had picked themselves up and got on with life, and winds, williwaws and wasps.

Vital Statistics

Total distance logged	1,011 miles
Best 24 hour run under sail	162.6 miles
Total fuel used	431 litres
Hours under engine/motor-sail	130.6 hours



Sculling race. (Alan Rountree with the white hair)

Photo: David Nicholson

Ocean Cruising Club Rally in Desolation Sound, British Columbia

Joan Nicholson

In September this year David and I took part in the Ocean Cruising Club Rally in British Columbia, Western Canada, having enjoyed the previous one so much.

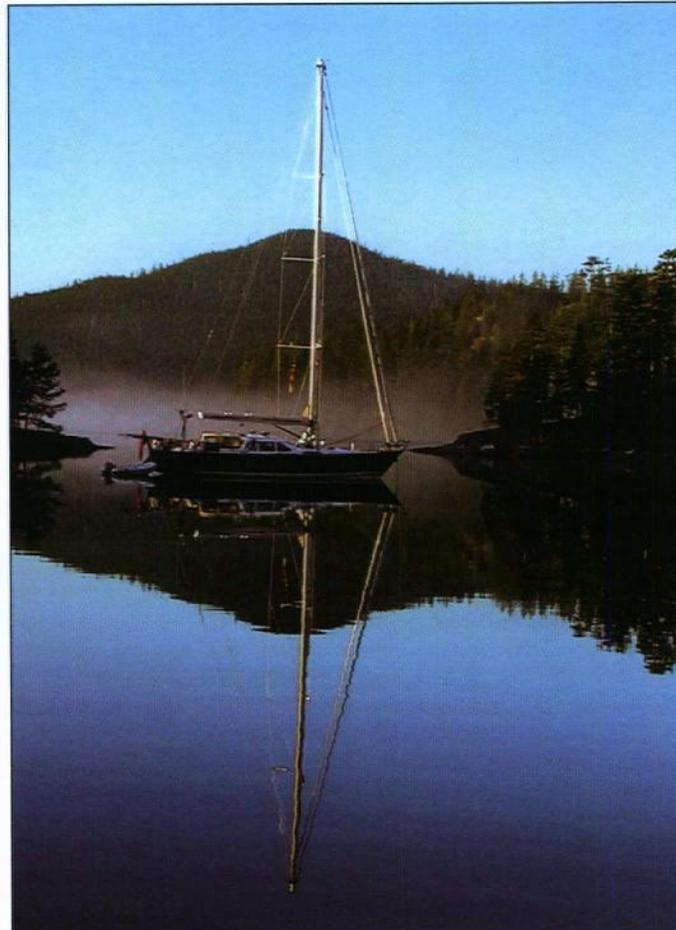
It was a much smaller rally than the one in 2004, this time just 18 boats, and we took a different route – starting up in Comox on Vancouver Island and continuing in a northerly direction to Desolation Sound which is about 100 miles northwest of Vancouver.

We chartered a Dufour 385 from Desolation Sound Yacht Charters. It was a new boat, very easy to manoeuvre, with plenty of storage and comfortable accommodation. With us were I.C.C. members Angela and Alan Rountree, Flor and Brenda Long, both fellows being O.C.C. members, and Doreen Player, my cousin from Vancouver. She was a mine of information about British Columbia and its flora, fauna and geography.

Les Auchincloss (ICC) in *Morning Calm* joined the rally from Vancouver, with Les's wife Marie and Stuart Nairn and Janet on board. As we were going to be in areas where there were no shops or other facilities for a good part of the trip, we had to do a mighty shop in Comox to provide for seven people before setting off.

Monday 8th September. There was a long briefing by the charterers describing different aspects of our proposed route. The weather forecast was most encouraging – sunshine and high temperatures for two weeks!

The rally began with an exhilarating sail to Cortez on the mainland, passing the huge Powel River timber yard on the way. At Cortez we moored at the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club's out-station, where we were graciously permitted to use



Morning Calm at anchor in the early morning mist.

Photo: David Nicholson



Front row, l-r: Angela Rountree, Doreen Player, Brenda Long. Back row, l-r: Joan Nicholson, Alan Rountree, Flor Long.

Photo: David Nicholson

their facility. A barbeque here allowed us to mingle and get to know each other.

The weather lived up to predictions and we had no wind and glorious sunshine, motoring all the way for most of the rally.

Teakerne Arm was our next stop, where we anchored and took a stern line ashore around a tree. Later all the boats rafted together, some anchored with lines ashore and some tied to the anchored boats. Each time we rafted, boats were arranged to be next to a different boat and so we mixed and got to know new neighbours. Evening gatherings took place on

selected boats for drinks and nibbles – everyone bringing their own and sharing.

After an energetic hike to a lake for a swim in the warm water, we all went by dinghy to an Indian reservation, to a restaurant where the most delicious local prawns were served.

The following day was still calm and hot. We called to a small outpost – Refuge Cove, to fill up with fresh water and visit the small shop. This was the last opportunity for supplies for a week. There was no phone coverage here, or anywhere else we stopped, though news of the *Asgard's* sinking did percolate through on a text.

The scenery in this area is spectacular, with snow on the distant mountains and glimpses of a glacier seen from time to time. The fir trees grow right down to the waterline and the water gets very deep quickly. There wasn't a soul anywhere. All one could see were eagles, seals, kingfishers, and we did see a bear! One appeared on the shore very close to where some of the crew had just returned from a walk! As the media were reminding us, it was a bad year for bear attacks!!!

A choir was formed with a variety of voices, calling themselves the "Barrel of Monkeys". They entertained at special functions such as birthdays, barbecues or prize-givings, and the final farewell dinner in the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club.

If the rafted boats were in the shade in the evening there was a dinghy "raft-up" in the sunshine for the drinks party, which became interesting if someone in the middle of the "raft" wanted to leave first!

We went from Tenedos bay to Walsh Cove at the end of the Waddington Channel to Von Donop Inlet. By now the warm waters of Desolation Sound had become glacial – but swimming continued as a matter of hygiene!

15th September. An early start was essential, to be in position at slack tide to pass through the "Hole in the Wall" rapids. The currents are too strong at any other time.

We fetched up at Octopus Islands – a nature reserve where we spent two days rafted together. The organisers, Andy and Lisa Copeland, had done their research and found an interesting hike for those with energy to view the scenery from on high, or for those not so energetic to follow a trail to a lake, where woodpeckers abound and where a racoon was spotted.



The lay day was spent in individual exploring and in the afternoon a watersports event was held. This was ably managed by George Curtis, an army colonel well used to organising the troops! Included were blindfold rowing races, a tug of war and a single sculls race, with much laughter from those not taking part! All was followed by a drinks party and prize giving hosted by the Commodore, Martin Thomas, on one of the larger islands.

Fishing was an activity tried by a few with some results, though not much on our boat in spite of rods, crabpots and prawn pots. However rock oysters were there for the picking and we learnt an easy way of opening them by putting them on the barbeque. Lisa and Andy had a marvellous result from their prawn pots. They got 200 prawns, caught at 180 ft using cat food as bait, and they generously shared this with everyone at the final barbeque at the R.V.Y.C. out-station in Cortez.

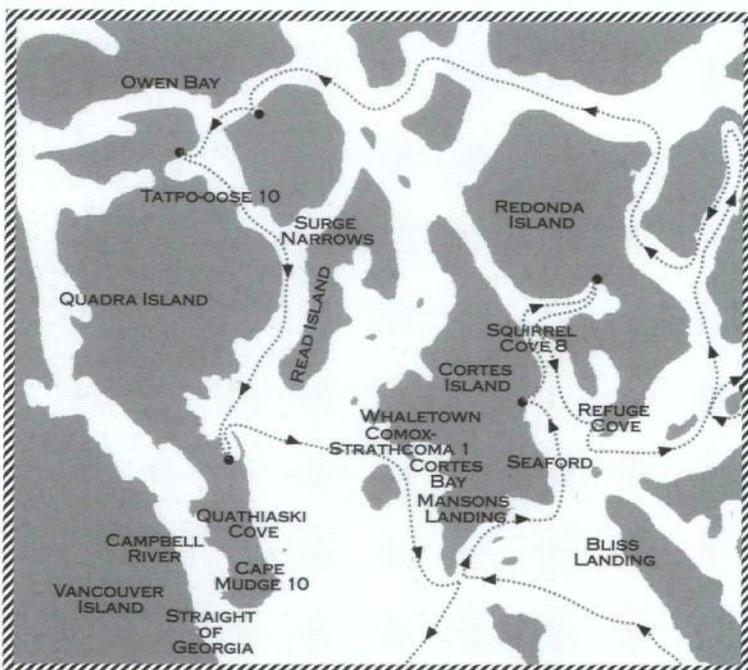
There were more rapids to negotiate at Surge Narrows in Beasley Pass, again timing the slack tide, and this led us to Heriot Bay, where there was a marina and many facilities. The rush for showers was hectic, as a dinner was organised in the hotel that night.

Unfortunately, due to a faulty pontoon, there was an accident and I fell through a hole which gave me a nasty injury to my leg. With many doctors and nurses in the gathering I was well looked after, with Commodore Martin Thomas, a London surgeon, doing his rounds morning and evening till we returned to Comox.

On our way to Vancouver Island and our last day on the boat, the weather changed. There was no more sun and it was overcast. However we were cheered by a surprise display of dolphins prancing and jumping as they fed. There must have been 100 of them. It just summed up this great trip which was so much fun. Our crew gelled so well and the craic was mighty and we made many new friends.

The Rally was officially over at Comox, but there were two more shore events planned for Vancouver. The first was a tented show in the park, of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" 1920s style, where it poured rain during the performance, and finally the farewell dinner at the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club.

Our thanks and admiration go to Andy and Lisa Copeland who organised this rally so well.



"Smelling The Roses" - Part 2

The Atlantic Islands

Andy McCarter

By the deadline for 2007 ICC log submission, *Gwili 3* was lying in Ayamonte on the Guadiana River. We missed our original plan for phase one of our trip which was to reach Seville, (nine weeks just wasn't enough time!), before returning to Ireland for a month. The time passed quickly and the start of October saw Paddy and me once more back on *Gwili 3*, heading back to the west from Ayamonte to the Algarve in glorious weather, to join up with *Santa Faustina* and her crew from Lough Swilly in Lagos for a few days, to help them celebrate their safe arrival in Portugal for the winter. Lagos also saw the arrival of son Sean and his girlfriend Sofia again, for the final leg of the trip to Madeira and ultimately La Gomera in the Canaries. The craic was ninety in Lagos, and it was great to see all the lads (including Paddy's youngest son, Conor) together again, but frankly if it had extended beyond the few days we would have been in need of a liver transplant!

So on the morning of Tuesday 9th October we bade an emotional farewell to the Santa Faustiniacs and set sail for Porto Santo, approximately 420 miles southwest of Lagos, in almost perfect conditions of force 4 from the north. It was great to dry out from the excesses of Lagos and the four of us (Paddy, Sean, Sofia and myself) settled back into our four-hourly watches. Crossing the shipping separation zones out from Cabo St Vincent in the pitch dark was interesting, and we were happy with the assistance of our newly installed radar to avoid any major collisions arising out of several close encounters with some very large vessels. We finally plucked up the courage to fly our spinnaker (which hadn't seen the light of day for several years) in the daytime, and at night reverted to full main with a poled-out genoa, which allowed us to average over 6 knots for the journey.

Porto Santo

Porto Santo is the smaller of the Madeira Islands, but absolutely gorgeous with 12 miles of glorious yellow sandy beach. The local museum is in the house where Christopher Columbus lived for a couple of years when he was married to the governor's daughter. We tied up in the marina and found to our initial delight that the one and only harbour bar/restaurant was showing the England v France rugby semi-final, on account of it being owned by a Romanian rugby fanatic. Our delight was short-lived when the very noisy crew of tall ship *Pelican of London* joined us, and as it became clear that the result was going in a certain direction we slunk out and left them to it!

From Porto Santo it is a relatively short sail of about 40 miles across to the thriving city of Funchal, the capital of Madeira, where we were fortunate to have our own shipping agent in the guise of Tom Gallagher, to make arrangements in the extremely crowded city marina for a berth for two nights. Madeira is a major tourist resort and destination for cruise liners, and in the two days we spent there six ships came and went, with thousands of extremely large passengers being disgorged daily. For us the highlight of our visit was a trip to the summit by cable car, and then to come back down by traditional wicker toboggan guided at considerable speed by

two gentlemen in straw hats and goatskin boots. It was similar to sleighing but without the snow!!

We had to vacate our Funchal berth after two nights as the Transat racers were due to finish a leg of round-the world there, and so we took ourselves further west to the brand new marina of Calheta. Here we found very nice facilities, reasonably priced, and also the advantage of a Pingo Doce supermarket which we took advantage of to provision for the final leg of our trip from Madeira to La Gomera.

The forecast was for very light winds for the first day then increasing to force 4-5 northeasterly, so we resigned ourselves to motoring for nearly twenty hours until the wind came up, after which the sailing was perfect under spinnaker all the way to La Gomera. As we now had a crew of five with Tom having decided to join us for the last leg, we modified the watch system to 3 hours on and 4½ off which worked very well.

Magnificent sunrise

Two days later as dawn broke we sighted El Teide and witnessed a truly magnificent sunrise over the peak. San Sebastian the capital of La Gomera was barely 10 miles away, and at 10.00 we happily entered the marina to our waiting berth where we tied up, did a minimal clean and retired to the nearest bar to enjoy breakfast washed down with a bottle of champagne, miraculously found and generously provided by Tom to celebrate the safe completion of our three month cruise from Fahan to San Sebastian.

The temporary crew (Tom, Sean and Sofia) eventually departed to resume their normal lives, and for the next few months *Gwili 3* remained tied up, for the most part in Marina de San Sebastian side by side for several weeks with Ed Wheeler's *Witchcraft of Howth*, with little time for sailing as we turned our attention to furnishing and moving into our new apartment in Pueblo Don Thomas, a delightful development by Fred Olsen (the shipping company) in Playa Santiago, approximately six miles further south. *Gwili 3* was pressed into commercial service on a number of occasions, as we went shopping for furniture and household essentials in Santa Cruz de Tenerife and, loaded down to the plimsoll line with beds, kitchens and Indian rubber plants, we sailed them across to Santiago for installation in the apartment. We also went out one Sunday morning in late November to witness the start of the biannual transatlantic rowing race, with over twenty plucky (some might say foolhardy) entrants setting off in what appeared to be little more than double-ended canoes to row from San Sebastian to St Lucia. We followed with interest the Atlantic Arc which brought several Irish competitors and followers to La Gomera en route to the start at Las Palmas. We followed their progress on-line and delighted to see Neil Prendergast from Kinsale on *Mary P* arrive safely, even if no records were broken. Not so lucky were John & Frannie from Downpatrick who were not participating but left La Gomera for St Lucia around the same time on their Westerly Centaur *Barbary Duck*. After an appalling run of bad luck which saw them lose engine and generating power, John got a serious blow



Sleighing in Madeira.

to the head from the spinnaker pole requiring multiple stitches, and the final straw – a shroud plate pull-out presenting imminent danger of dismasting, they evacuated the boat to be picked up by *Gigi* one of the Arc leaders. Also we were very saddened to read of John Thompson's tragic death. I knew John, a fellow Ulsterman as a fine sailor and gas man, and his untimely death serves as a sharp reminder of the constant dangers encountered by people who go to sea in boats.

At this point I should mention some other Irish friends, Graham & Joan Todd, on *Karma of Strangford*. Graham owned Irish Spars & Rigging until selling up a few years ago, so he and Joan could also go smelling the roses. They pulled into La Gomera via the Azores in October, intending to reprovision before heading on to the Cape Verde Islands and crossing to Brazil for the winter. Alas the smell of La Gomera's roses enticed and held them and even though we attended several send-off parties, departure did not eventually take place until April. Even then they didn't go to Brazil but to Madeira, where they have spent the summer and are now back in Tenerife with a view to spending another winter in San Sebastian.

After an Irish Christmas our own thoughts turned once more to resuming our retirement cruise, and plans were made for a spring/summer trip around the other Canary Islands of which we had relatively little experience other than occasional sun holidays in the tourist resorts of Tenerife & Gran Canaria, which as we've grown older now hold little or no appeal. We found a German engineer (Andy's Yacht Services) in San Sebastian and with his help constructed a rugged stainless steel stern platform to support the radar, which had sat on my jury-rigged garden rake perfectly satisfactorily since its "temporary" installation in Vigo last year. We also took the opportunity to fit a wind generator to augment our charging capacity while at sea.

With these works complete and a thorough spring clean, *Gwili 3* set sail early May in an easterly direction, the general plan being to do daily hops to La Graciosa, the most northerly of the Canaries. There we would rest up, and with the addition of my nephew, Austin we would make one long overnight sail with a fair wind behind us back to Santa Cruz de la Tenerife, and from there continue west to La Palma and El Hierro.

Up to now I have mostly viewed the Canaries solely as a destination or a transit to somewhere else like Africa, the Caribbean, or South America, but before I go into detail let me say how pleasantly surprised we both were with the Canary Islands as a cruising ground in their own right. Let me enumerate their attractions as follows:

1. Each is hugely different, demanding detailed individual exploration.
2. The climate is fabulous. In May/June time you can predict with some certainty there will be near zero rain, temperatures of 26°C in the daytime and 20°C at night, winds that vary between north and east in direction and twelve and twenty knots in speed and a water temperature approaching 25°C.
3. It is relatively undeveloped meaning on occasions you can cruise for days without meeting another yacht.
4. The inhabitants are friendly, helpful and charming (provided always that you present yourself in a similar manner.)
5. All facilities required by cruising yachtsmen can be found in the main centres like Santa Cruz, Las Palmas and Rubicon which are easily accessible by yacht, ferry, or Binter Airlines,

while many other lesser marinas and numerous anchorages are available throughout the islands. Fortunately or unfortunately (depending on your viewpoint) facilities are improving all the time, leading to increasing bareboat chartering and other marine tourism.

6. Eating and drinking works out at near half the cost of Ireland or Scotland.
7. There appear to be no animals, insects or other creepy crawlies which feed on, or present a danger or discomfort to, sailors. (Perhaps St. Patrick had some influence with the local island saints).
8. They have not been discovered at all by America!

From San Sebastian we had virtually a broad reach round the south of Tenerife with some stunning views of El Teide as well as La Gomera to our stem. The weather was beautiful. (and to save repetitious boredom I won't mention it again unless it was bad!) We made our first landfall in the new Marina del Sud at Las Galletas, which is a nice little town with a pleasant sea-front and is preferable to San Miguel five miles to the northwest, which although not a bad little marina has the disadvantage that the surrounding town is the artificially created Golf del Sud with all attendant Irish bars, all-day English breakfasts, and Kentucky fried chicken.

The following morning we continued east for a further 55 miles to Puerto Mogan on Gran Canaria. This was a brisk sail as we encountered some wind acceleration between the two islands. This is a phenomenon which one sees from time to time in the Canaries, where due to the significant heights of the islands and their relative proximity, the wind under certain conditions funnels between them causing acceleration by as much as two forces. On first encountering this it can be somewhat alarming, and if wind and current are opposed it can also be uncomfortable, but after a while it becomes easier to predict, and even first-timers in these waters will see the change in the water surface in sufficient time to reef down, or change direction, before being flattened. Puerto Mogan was one of the first marinas in the Canaries, custom-built some 25 years ago as the centrepiece of a pleasant little low-rise holiday and retail development. Unfortunately today it shows its age and needs investment in new facilities, but nevertheless is a popular spot

with cruisers, and consequently a reservation is recommended. Our primary purpose in calling here was to facilitate our *Santa Faustina* friends who wanted us to make a winter reservation for them, when they move from Lagos in October. On the rickety berth we had a drink with an English-school educated Gran Canarian. He had a motor-cruiser which he normally kept in another marina 12 miles to the south called Posita Blanco, and which he recommended highly, leading us to stop there after a leisurely departure the following morning. It did seem like a good marina with good boat facilities and very sheltered, but on the downside it had not a single bar, restaurant or café on the shoreside. Fortunately we had more than adequate provisions on board and we took the opportunity to recommission our gas grill and test the temperature at which the fridge was able to deliver cold beers.

Next morning the northeast wind was blowing about 25-30 knots (more acceleration) as we motored up the east coast of Gran Canaria intending to make Las Palmas, but it was such an awful slog and Las Palmas not that appealing, that we decided to shorten the passage and pulled into Taliarte, a small Spanish resort town with nice beach, about 15 miles south of our original destination. There is a harbour with some pontoons but these were mostly taken by local boats and so we opted to anchor off the sandy beach, in good shelter, just outside. We re-commissioned our dinghy and motored ashore past an imposing statue of King Neptune with water almost to his armpits at high tide. Several restaurants ashore offered reasonably-priced and good food, and we opted to have a dander round the town and eat out before our next crossing to Fuerteventura the next day.

We had another broad reach across the 55 miles to the southern port of Morro Jable which is a sizable harbour and also is the ferry port for crossing to Las Palmas. Anne Hammick's Atlantic Islands Cruising Guide, which we used extensively on our trip, was last updated in 2004 and listed Morrovable as having three pontoons apparently unconnected with the shore! I can now report that these pontoons are connected, although I'm not sure about shorepower and water, as we didn't have to stay on them as the very friendly harbour-master found us a berth among local boats, which was fully serviced and closer to on-shore facilities, with an all-in charge of only £8.95 per night. From the marina to town it is a ten minute walk by steps and path, or you can take a No. 2 bus every 30 minutes which goes a more roundabout way but is easier for carrying groceries and provisions. We also found an excellent fish shop (pescaderia) attached to the fisherman's co-op and open from 09.00 – 13.00 daily. Camping Gaz, diesel, ice and limited supplies were available conveniently at Estacion de Servicios, on the harbour wall where you could tie up alongside.

Just round from Morro Jable harbour is a very attractive yellow sandy beach, reasonably sheltered with good holding and we opted to anchor there the next evening (us retired folks like to save wherever we can ... even at £8.95 per night!) As far as we could see, sailing north the next day, the east coast of Fuerteventura is almost one long continuous yellow sandy beach

with a few mostly unobtrusive developments. By lunchtime we were still a few miles short of Gran Tarajal when we spotted a secluded beach called Giniginamar with a row of fishermen's cottages, a small restaurant and not a tourist in sight. These are the places we just can't pass by and always good for a wee smell of the roses, so in we went, dropped the anchor off the beach and dinghied ashore. It did not disappoint and after the requisite dander around we found a table at the restaurant where we had salad and lovely fresh fish, washed down with a very nice bottle of chilled white wine. We weren't in a rush and on our return to *Gwili* we had a siesta and then a swim. Idyllic. We could have stayed the night but Gran Tarajal was only round the corner so we upped anchor and pulled into a fabulous new marina (unmentioned by Anne Hammick), with about 200 fully-serviced finger-berths of which almost half were empty. It was very sheltered behind a massive breakwater and wall, and adjacent to a small boatyard and travel-hoist. The pretty town was only a few minutes walk away with plenty of shops, restaurants and a bus station, from which we took a bus the next day (Saturday) to the capital Puerto Del Rosario approximately 40 minutes and £4 away. This is the sculpture capital of the Canaries with some major piece on just about every street corner. The harbour itself looked small with very limited room for yachts but we spotted a couple of potential sandy anchorages close to the centre of town. Our bus tour continued to the west of the island and back to Gran Tarajal. Inland there really wasn't much to see other than massive sand-hills with very barren scrub and ground cover.

On Sunday Paddy attended the local church while I tried to contact a harbour master or marinero in order to pay our dues. I might add this was my third attempt, including Friday evening and Saturday morning, without success. In the end we left a note on what I presumed was the marina office door and set sail for Correlejo at the north end of the island. Again this was a bit of a slog into the wind and I also need to mention we encountered rain for the first and last time, but made it safely through a flock of wind and kitesurfers, round the northeast corner of Fuerteventura and into the harbour of Correlejo where there are three or four pontoons with about 100 berths. It was dark and we were unable to contact the harbourmaster but found an empty berth and tied up for the night. We had no option but to stay on board as we found ourselves locked in by



The magnificent view over La Graciosa from the Mirador.

a substantial gate at the end of the pontoon. Once again we enjoyed Paddy's inventiveness and *Gwili's* adequate larder and cellar facilities and had a quiet and undisturbed night.

Next day we awoke to the sunshine we normally expected and called up the harbour office on the phone. A very helpful and friendly man came and opened our gate so we could go and check-in. It transpired that there is in fact a pontoon specifically for transit yachts. It is the first long pontoon you see on entering, across from two or three whale and dolphin tourist boats, and is fully serviced. We pulled round to it and were the only transit yacht on it for the couple of days we stayed. Corralejo had a nice feel to it, being quite an old Spanish town with a newer more modern tourist development well off to the east side of it. There are good supermarkets close at hand and plenty of bars, restaurants and shops. Ferries run very frequently from here across to Playa Blanco on the south end of Lanzarote. We also discovered they have 24 hour security which you could call on phone or VHF to let you in or out of the pontoons which were locked each evening at 20.00.

New marina

Isla del Lobos was a few miles out of our way, and although we were tempted to visit, we had a date on Lanzarote which dictated we head north the next day across the Bocaya Straits to Rubicon marina. This is relatively new and with some 500 berths undoubtedly one of the largest and best marinas in the Canaries but is also expensive at around £28 per night. It is very well run and showers, laundry etc were all excellent and spotlessly clean. There are a lot of high-end-brand shops and elegant restaurants in very attractive setting around the marina but way too expensive for us retirees! Actually on reflection they were probably on a par with Irish prices, but still we opted to grill some merluza steaks on *Gwili* and made do with a few beers on shore while waiting for our laundry. The following morning before heading north again we had a lovely walk along the sea front between Rubicon and Playa Blanco. This is a bit touristy, but the nice thing about Lanzarote (and Fuerteventura to an extent) is they have learned a bit from earlier developments on the other islands, and guided by artist, sculptor and architect Cesar Manrique, they have restricted building height and density and tried with some success to reach acceptable compromise between commercial necessity and environmental sustainability.

We departed Rubicon around the crack of noon and pulled a few miles round to the beach where we anchored for the daily requisite lunch siesta and swim after which we went all of 12 miles to Puerto Calero, another excellent marina, somewhat smaller than Rubicon but with full facilities, helpful friendly staff, and a few nice restaurants and bars shoreside. We particularly liked La Trattoria an Italian place upstairs overlooking the marina, where we had a first class pasta and fish with a bottle of wine at very reasonable cost. The Siemens Volvo Ocean Race team were situated in Porto Calero, with two boats for several months training for this year's race, which I understand, will have a stopover in Galway.

Lanzarote had a major volcanic eruption 300 years ago from which the lava flow engulfed several villages, and although not a single life was lost many homes disappeared forever and the islanders did not see the sky for almost seven years, according to a very detailed report written by the local parish priest at the time. We rented a car from nearby Puerto Del Carmen and went off to see for ourselves. First stop was Timafaya National park which was absolutely spectacular. As far as the eye could see were flat fields of black lava only interrupted by islands of high rock from previous eruptions, probably several million years earlier. We took a tour bus through the fields to the craters themselves, and looked down into the bowels of the earth

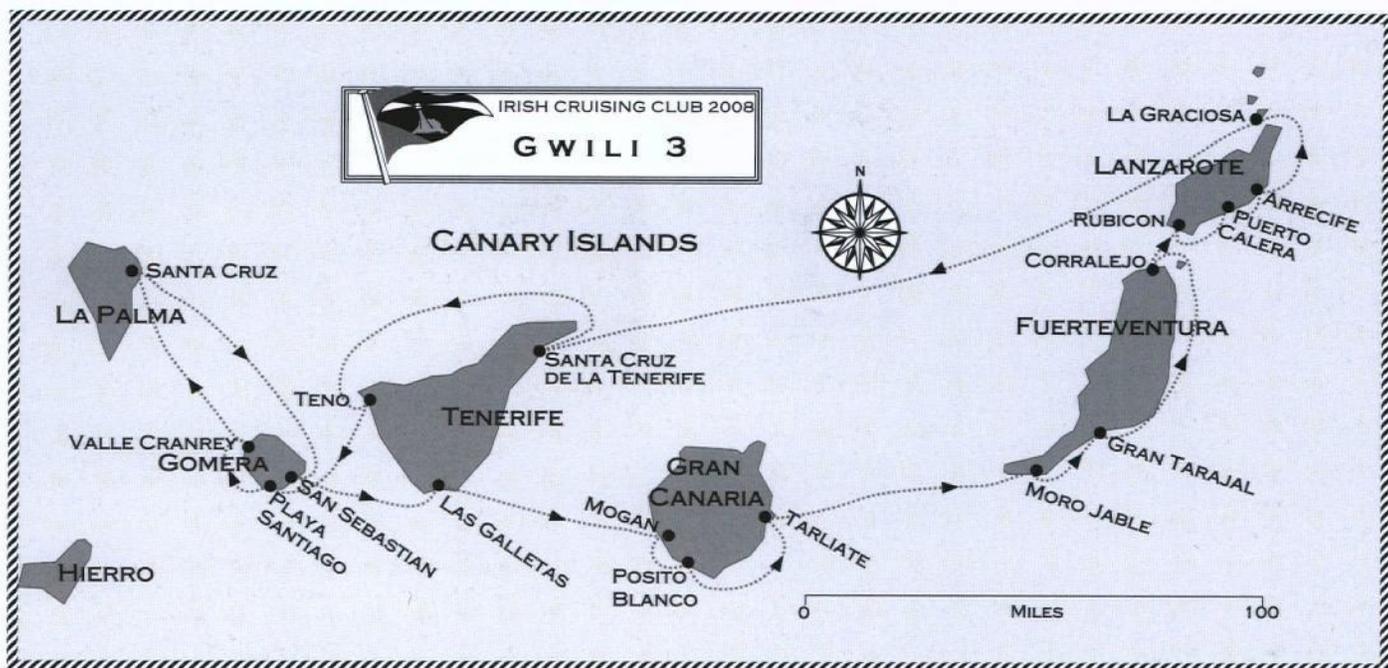
which had thrown up thousands of millions of tons of lava and ash to form the lunar landscape which surrounded us. We suddenly knew what "awesome" really meant! We watched the park attendants drop water down boreholes to create "Yellowstone"-like geysers of steam & boiling water while others grilled steaks and chicken over lava craters. Elsewhere in Lanzarote we were amazed with the efforts that farmers had made to turn black barren lava fields into beds for growing grapes, vegetables and even potatoes. Everywhere we saw the hand of Cesar Manrique, but nowhere more so than the fabulous Mirador, a restaurant and viewing platform built into the top of the cliff at the north end of the island, in the style of Dun Aengus except that here you could get a drink and a bite inside while enjoying spectacular views across El Ria and the archipelago of La Graciosa, Alifanra and Montana Clara. We looked down from several thousand feet at the tiny marina on La Graciosa which was our destination and with the help of binoculars were able to establish they had plenty of berths available.

I mentioned earlier we had a date. This required us to be in the Spinnaker Bar in Puerto del Carmen at 20.00 that evening, to meet with Irish proprietors Gilbert & Hazel Brown, neighbours from Inch Island in Donegal, who had given up on Irish fishing almost ten years ago and come south in search of better times. We were impressed with the business the family had built up in a town where every other bar is Irish and competition is fierce! Food and drink were excellent with Spanish and Irish options available (Personally I can recommend the liver and bacon), the craic was mighty, and well worth the sore heads the next day as we continued northwards to Arrecife the capital of Lanzarote.

Arrecife

Arrecife has three harbours more or less together. We went the first night to Puerto de Naos which is small and crowded with local boats, both on the two small pontoons and at anchor, but very sheltered and an easy walk to centre of town. We anchored in mud just out from two rusting hulks named *Amoresse 1* and *Amoresse 3*. If I had more time I would have loved to find out their history and what happened to *Amoresse 2*! The commercial harbour shares an entrance with Puerto de Naos, but by far the most attractive place to spend time is the anchorage of Puerto de Arrecife a mile to the south to which we motored for our second night, and anchored in sand behind the substantial breakwater. There are three pontoons directly inshore in front of the large hotel (not mentioned by Ann Hammick) which would be suitable for tying dinghy up to. It even seemed as though there might be sufficient depth to take *Gwili 3* in. They remained empty during our visit but as the wind was offshore we elected to take the dinghy to steps on the breakwater behind us and walk round to the town centre instead. Arrecife we thought was a very attractive town and well worth a visit. Next time if the winds were lighter, I would attempt the dinghy ride into the inshore lagoon, which has several attractive cafes and buildings around its periphery.

The next day saw our final slog motoring against the prevailing northeasterly winds 22 miles up the east coast of Lanzarote. Conditions eased as we rounded the Fariones into El Ria, and across to the small marina of Caletto Del Sebo on La Graciosa, where we selected one of several empty berths which remain (as described by Anne Hammick) without water or electricity. La Graciosa is the northern most of the inhabited Canary Islands and we had first heard of it in Dingle the previous July in discussion with Declan and Debbie from Kinvara, who had spent several very pleasant weeks there before returning home via the Azores. How can I describe it? Well, if you've ever set foot on Tory Island, then La Graciosa is



Tory with lots more sand, sun and possibly a few more bars, restaurants and shops! No roads, but any respectable 4-wheel drive can negotiate the flat rolling sandy landscape with relative ease. For cruisers with small children aboard it is paradise as they could safely roam with minimal supervision. We stayed four days to await the arrival of my nephew Austin during which we walked the length and breadth of the island and climbed two of its volcanic craters, one of which has a striking lava formation which Cesar Manrique adopted as his brand or artistic signature.

We finally worked out the port captain's working hours which are 08.00-14.00 daily except Thursday, Sunday (and maybe Saturday). His office is at the head of the main pier, and we checked in at a daily rate of £6.95 and found that water was also available on the main pier from a long hose provided by the port captain during office hours only. Internet is available just round the corner from Café Varadero but with hours that varied daily at the whim of the operator. There is a regular ferry service three or four times per day between the island and Orzola on the northeast coast of Lanzarote, and from there to Arecife is about 30 minutes drive by bus or taxi.

At the end of our pontoon we met Kevin from Preston a keen diver with a 36 foot catamaran. With his fiancé he had taken three years out from his job as a software engineer to visit the fifty best dive sites in the world and still had three years and forty-two weeks to go. Given the unfolding global financial and economic crisis we thought his timing was absolutely spot on!

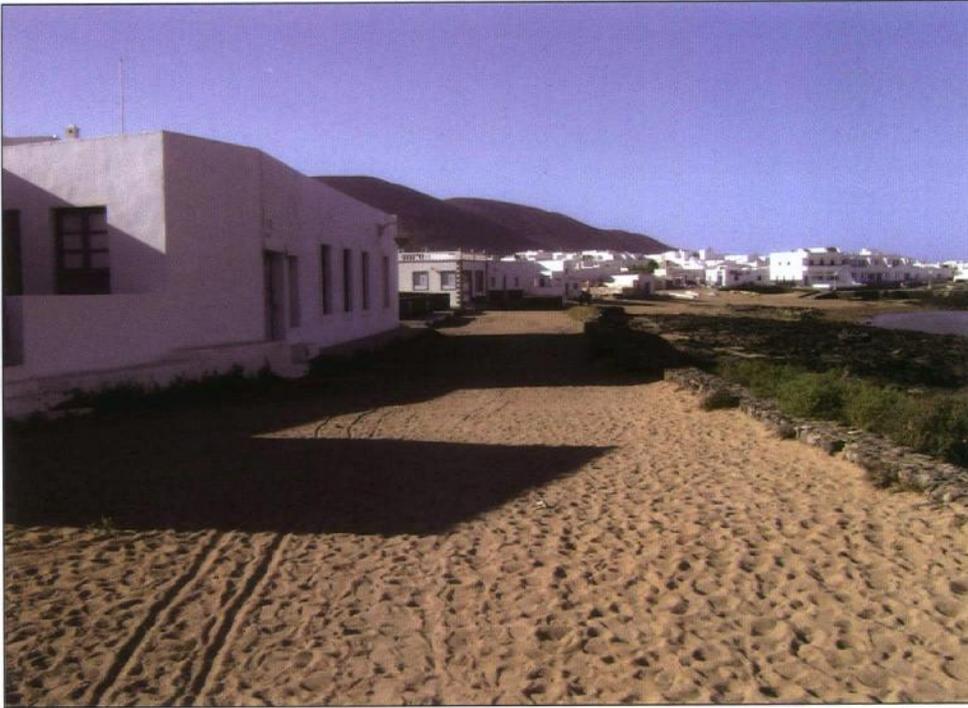
We also met Veronica and Jean-Paul on a forty-foot steel yacht which they had bought in nearby Corralejo four years earlier for three grand, and were in the process of "slowly" bringing her up to sailing standards while living aboard. Over a bottle or two of wine with this lovely couple, Veronica gave us a small but happy insight into her life. She was a war baby, having been born in Germany just after the war to a German mother and US marine father who was already married back in the US, and who, within a few months of her birth, duly shipped out and back home. Veronica's mother found a nice German husband and Veronica was brought up as his child with brothers and sisters in Munich. She was totally unaware of her real father until her mother passed away in 2000, when going through her personal effects she found letters to and from her real father and her original birth certificate. After getting over her initial shock she set about finding out more about her father

who had signed his letters only as "TJ". Against all odds she succeeded in tracking him down; five years later she emailed her half-sister in Atlanta and after initial suspicion was invited to visit the USA where she met and established an on-going relationship with her half sisters and brother in Georgia and Alabama. Regrettably her father had died a few years earlier. Jean-Paul was from French-speaking Belgium, and we learned a little about the serious depth of bitter feelings there are in this divided country when I mistakenly asked him if he was Flemish. We came away thinking that maybe Northern Ireland wasn't so bad after all!

Austin arrived safely having flown to Lanzarote from Dublin, courtesy of Ryanair, and we prepared for our trip westward back to Santa Cruz on the northeast corner of Tenerife. We had to delay our departure for another day, due to a crisis situation where both local supermarkets had run out of beer, and since we had already moved over to the main pier to fill up with water and take on provisions we decided to pass the rest of the day by sailing round to a beautiful sandy beach we had spotted on our walks, to anchor, swim and fish with the new rod and reel which Austin had immediately bought on his arrival in La Graciosa.

Beer supplies at last!

Next day around noon having finally got our beer supplies we headed off in northeasterly force 5-6 under full sail at a cracking 7.5 knots and settled into a three hour watch system for the 150 mile trip to Santa Cruz. Apart from avoiding several fishing vessels and a couple of fast ferries, it was an uneventful and pleasant voyage which put us into Santa Cruz around 10.00 the following morning. Santa Cruz is the second major port of the Canaries and access to the excellent Marina del Atlantico is via the commercial harbour, so it is necessary to call port-control prior to entry and await their permission to do so. Having negotiated the main harbour past the Sydney-Harbour-Opera-House-look-alike, Auditoria, we entered the yacht marina and were guided to our allocated berth by a marinero in a rib. It is an excellent marina and ideally situated right in the centre of the beautiful city of Santa Cruz. The only slight drawback is the lack of a fuel station, but fuel is readily available in Puerto Pescadero about 2 miles to the north. A fully serviced berth for *Gwili* worked out at £16 per night. We loved



Main Street, La Graciosa.

Santa Cruz and plan to return in the autumn for a week or so to attend some of the cultural events scheduled for the impressive Auditoria. There are excellent restaurants, La Yerbata and Blues to name but two we experienced, and the shopping is wonderful (for those inclined in that particular direction). Santa Cruz has all services available for yacht maintenance/repair with several good chandleries close by. It is a good place also to stock-up with wine where a wide range at very attractive prices can be found in superstores Alcampo and Carrefour, to suit all tastes. In our case we also took the opportunity to visit Ikea and Leroy Merlin, to pick up some bits and pieces for our apartment back in La Gomera. We met an old friend, Jimmy Willis, the retiring honorary Irish Consul, for drinks in the Plaza de Candelaria, a large square and park adjacent to the marina. Many years ago Jimmy was our agent when we used to ship National Brand underwear down to the Canaries. As I recall the biggest seller was the passion-crushing "Directoire Knickers" a sort of pure cotton pantaloons with elastic cuffs on the legs, available in white, pink and eggshell blue! Our pleasant drink came to an abrupt end with the cranking up of a heavy-metal free open-air rock concert in the Plaza so we bade farewell to Jimmy and adjourned to the boat while young Austin went on the tear! I'm not sure what devilment he got up to, but his body was on board when we woke the next morning and departed for Marina Pescadora, to top-up with fuel before proceeding round the top of Tenerife with a half idea of pulling into Puerto De La Cruz, if that turned out to be possible. However we found the whole of the north coast of Tenerife, while spectacular, was subject to significant swell even though the winds were relatively light and this dictated that we bypass Puerto de La Cruz and also San Marcos. We eventually found some relief as we rounded Punto de Teno, and were able to tuck into a small harbour with no facilities onshore but reasonable holding, which we augmented by also picking up a mooring for our stern.

Our next stop according to plan should have been La Palma, but concern for houseplants by Paddy led to a decision to divert to La Gomera en route, and we enjoyed a pleasant broad reach across to that island. As we passed San Sebastian and headed round to Santiago we were startled by a loud buzzing

noise which turned out to be Austin's fishing rod ... we had finally caught something after three or four days with the rod out at the stern. There was great excitement as Austin reeled in, and to his and our delight we had a small tuna about 10 lbs in weight. Austin battered it to death with a winch handle while we looked the other way, and then very proficiently proceeded to gut and clean it. That evening, tied up at the pier in Santiago, having seen to the houseplants we reaped our reward with the tuna wrapped in foil with butter and lemon, cooked on our gas grill and served up with peppers, marrow and potatoes. Delicious. Our stay at the pier in Santiago cost £16 (same as Santa Cruz) but offered no services such as water or electricity, although we were able to get water the following day from a tap in a

locked compound, thanks to a local fisherman. The other problem with tying-up to piers is that it is very sore on the warps which chafe where they pass over the edge. We solved this problem by tying up to a ladder, with warps run from bow and stern to amidships. These springs took the main tension and kept the boat in position, allowing the main shorelines to lie loosely over the pier edge. The other solution which I plan to adopt in the future is to carry a couple of chain loops which we can throw over the bollards, so the chain lies over the pier edge, and tie up to those.

From Santiago we broke our journey to Veultos with a pleasant stop to anchor off Playa de la Negra in pure sand (even though the beach was all stones) for lunch and a swim. Veultos is the western harbour of La Gomera, bigger than Santiago, but a similar arrangement is required to tie up to the pier, well back from the berth of the Garajonay Express which runs three times a day to Los Christianos. Veultos is at the foot of the spectacular Valle Gran Rey, with two mighty cliffs maybe a thousand feet high and almost totally sheer either side, where this fertile valley meets the sea. Having passed beneath these I don't think I'll ever be able to go back to Clare or Donegal with quite the same sense of awe I experienced when we first sailed past Slieve League and the Cliffs of Moher!

A short walk ashore across to the neighbouring beach and village of Gran Rey offers an opportunity to see perfect sunsets complete with the fabled green flash virtually every evening. This part of La Gomera has a large German population and each evening it's possible to see a strange ritual as they gather on the sand to watch the sunset, drink beer and be entertained by numerous jugglers, flame eaters and drummers.

Next stop was Santa Cruz de La Palma forty miles away, which we fetched in warm sunshine with the usual 15-20 knot winds over relatively calm seas. There is a new marina under construction in Santa Cruz, which when completed before the end of 2008 will offer 200+ berths. On our visit, the marina enclosure was complete and installation of pontoons was on-going. We berthed stern-to on the existing Real Club Nautico pontoon, and for the duration of our stay we availed of the Club facilities, including toilets, showers indoor and outdoor swimming pools, gymnasium, free internet and restaurant/bar at an all-in charge of £16 per day. From the marina it is a short walk into the picturesque centre of town

with narrow streets full of delightful places to eat and drink, and interesting architecture probably not much changed for five hundred years since the original Spanish conquest.

We had to get Austin up early the following morning to catch a bus to the local airport, and then a Binter Airlines flight to Tenerife for his return to Dublin. It was hard to believe he had been with us for 8 days ... it seemed like a lifetime! On our way back to the harbour we climbed up to the Church of Las Nieves from where we had a magnificent view over the port area of the town. Later in the day we bought bus tickets for £5 to Tazacorte on the west coast but via the south of the island. This gave us a first hand view of the lava flows still warm from 1973 eruption and the famous "ledge" which it is claimed will cause a massive tsunami on the US east coast should it ever break off and topple into the sea. Tazacorte is a small tourist resort with a fishing harbour and small yacht marina which looks as if it might be more sheltered and less prone to swell and less noisy than Santa Cruz, but for all that I would still advise staying in Santa Cruz to experience the wonderful ambience of this unique little town. We could also have taken the bus around the north coast as a very inexpensive means of sightseeing, but we were particularly anxious to visit the Major Observatory on Roque de los Muchachos, the highest point (2426 m) of la Palma and so decided to lash out £20 and hire a car for the day. It was well worth it and the observatory turned out to be not one, but actually about ten, belonging to several European countries. Unfortunately because they are all working observatories, they are only open to the public on two days a

year and today wasn't one of them! Even at this height we were struck by the lush growth, the forests and tremendous greenery of La Palma compared to the other islands. It has to have more rain, but why this should be we weren't able to establish. It is also the banana capital of the Canaries and export of these tasty fruits are the mainstay of the island's economy, with tourism a close second.

We had a nice time on La Palma, with plenty of roses to smell and resolved to return on a later date for a longer stay, but in the meantime once again we found ourselves under pressure with a flight home to Ireland for the summer (sic!) looming. Our last island should have been El Hierro about 50 miles south from La Palma, to which we could have sailed easily, but this would have left us with an upwind trip back to La Gomera, and with relatively strong northeast winds forecast for the next few days we were forced to cut short our planned circuit of the islands and return direct from La Palma to San Sebastian. The final leg was a very pleasant sail, opting this time to go via Los Organos the northernmost point of La Gomera. This is an impressive basalt-column rock formation not unlike our own Giant's Causeway "Was the great builder Finn McCool here at some time in the distant past?" we wondered and if so where was he planning to go, or who was he chasing?

And so we returned to our berth in San Sebastian having managed to visit seven out of the eight inhabited Canary Islands. In just under seven weeks we had covered almost 800 miles of which 70% was under sail

Is this the end of "smelling the roses"? I think not.

Nigel Lindsay-Fynn writes of *Eleanda* entering les Voiles de Saint Tropez

We entered *Eleanda* our HR62, for the 2008 classic Les Voiles de Saint Tropez held 29th September to 4th October. To our surprise the application to enter the modern class was accepted. Our crew, mostly from

Dublin, included ICC members Conor Doyle, from Kinsale, and Des Cummins with Angela, Robert and Julie Dix, Drewry Pearson from Donegal, Michael Rowan, and Paddy Blackley from Fermoy plus our Piers and Miranda.

They all arrived in time for two days of crew training. *Eleanda* is no racing yacht and we had to make some compromises. Due to the hydraulics, we were unable to remove the cutter stay. We had to tack by furling the genoa two-thirds, with the foredeck crew pulling the rest past the stay, and then unfurling on the other tack. We had to be careful with the hydraulic furling as constant furling and unfurling under tension twice tripped the overheat sensor. We only had our cruising sails, no extra light or heavy weather sails. But our furling code 0 cruising chute was excellent and on a good reach in 15 knots wind we found ourselves overtaking faster boats. We were the only boat of our size without paid crew and had the second lowest IRC rating in our class.

On day one in very light winds we

finished last. Sadly three crew members then had to return to Dublin to deal with the financial crisis. So from Tuesday we were rather light. In the second race we were right at the front over the start line and within the first six at the windward mark. We then fell back during a 6 mile reach as the wind died away. *Eleanda* is too heavy to go well in a 5 knot wind. The finish was most disappointing. In very light winds the computer was telling us that we would pass the finish line on either side of 18.30. We were 100m from the line, with several of our class behind us, when the race officer closed the finish line.



Heleen relaxing for her birthday off Cape St. Vincent.

On Wednesday the wind was variable and unreliable. You would see groups of boats totally becalmed while others were still sailing well. We were caught twice in wind holes and suffered severely. We crossed the line with two boats behind us.

A mistral blew for Thursday and Friday. Most classes were cancelled for the Classics-only day on Thursday, and racing was cancelled on Friday. We had over 40 knots of wind in the harbour. The start on Saturday, the last day, was delayed to 14.30 with a shortened course. The wind had still been over 30 knots in the morning but dropped to 10-15 knots in the afternoon. We had a great race with a thrilling finish off St. Tropez, watched by a large crowd, on a tight tack within 100m or so of *Phenix Dixi*, a much faster French boat that could not shake us off. There were several others behind us.

We later learnt that on Wednesday we had passed the wrong side of a mark and were penalised 20%. Despite that and failing to finishing on Tuesday we came 40th out of our class of 42. *Grand Cru*, owned by John Walsh of the RIYC and with Des McWilliams among the crew, came in behind us, having missed the race on Saturday.

The races are only part of the experience. On Monday morning our mobile rang. It was the race organisers to say *Eleanda* where are you? You were not in St. Tropez Port last night. We have a berth for you. We were totally unaware of this and had booked a berth in Port Grimaud. We naturally

accepted this invitation and from Monday were berthed, rafted up on the inside of the outer mole, with the very few other modern yachts of our size lucky enough to be invited into the Port otherwise crammed with all the classic yachts. It was a spectacular position with a ringside seat as the classic yachts arrived and left the port.

Between races, thanks to much help from Heleen's brother, Robert, who has a flat in the centre of town, we could book the entire crew and friends into some excellent local restaurants, well away from the tourist traps. There was much socialising and lots of regatta parties. We were invited to several other yachts to all of which we returned hospitality. *Eleanda* was a curiosity to many. A beautiful but comfortable cruising boat and what was she doing here racing, they asked. Other crew entered the fancy dress parade and competition as 'Razzle dazzle'. Fewer than ten boats entered crews and we were the only amateurs. We did surprisingly well, scoring 90 points (out of what?) If this success could have been added to our racing results ...

We extend all our thanks to our crew who sailed and nursed *Eleanda* with quite some success and always with humour and fun. For all of us it was quite an experience.

Our plans for *Eleanda* next year are slightly vague. We will leave Grimaud in the spring and sail the Italian coast southwards via Corsica and Sardinia. We expect to end up in Greece.

Alan Leonard writes of 10 days in Galicia

For a variety of reasons, my cruising plans for *Ariadne* this season had to be cancelled, so I was pleased to be asked to join Connla Magennis on *Starfire* (as sistership to *Starlight 35*) for 10 days in Galicia, at the end of September. I flew Aer Lingus to Santiago de Compostela, and then took the Distancia Media train to Villagarcia, where Connla and Pat Crawley were already on board. Geraldine had left to fly home that morning. Throughout the week, the forecast for southern Fitzroy seemed to be for gale-force northeasterlies, but we never had to reef. It was, pretty much without exception, warm, sunny, and light winds.

Next morning, we drifted down the Ria de Arosa in calm conditions, to Isla Salvora, where we hardened up to head north for Corrubedo. Many years ago, I had taken *Wishbone* through the Paso del Carreiro and the Canal de Sagres (described in the sailing directions as being for dedicated rock hoppers) but not in someone else's boat! After a gentle beat we arrived at Corrubedo, where, rather than anchoring in the bay to the west, Connla took her into the harbour. We were touched when a local man rowed out, in an improbably small pram dinghy, to show us his mooring, and to say that it would be adequate for *Starfire*. He then disappeared ashore, before he could even be offered a drink! We found Corrubedo a pleasant and largely unspoiled village.

From there, we had a pleasant beat to Muros, where we anchored. Pat was leaving by bus, back to Santiago, to fly home, next morning. After his departure, Connla and I had a good walk and then beat across to Portosin (what did its occupants do, to deserve such an accolade?) after sailing up the Ria towards Friexo. While the marina at Portosin is excellent, it is some distance out of town.

It was now time to head south. We ran down the Ria and reached across the mouth of the Ria de Arosa, in company with a brand new French Allures 40, under headsails only.

Later, when we met them, they said "We have an injury to our boom" We never did find out what the problem was. We spent the night in the marina in San Vicente. This is a tiny marina (think Ardglass) in a holiday village, which was very quiet at this time of year. The small supermarket mentioned in the sailing directions has closed. There is a nice coastal path, on the south side of the O Grove peninsula.

From there, we motored south in a flat calm, inside the Isla Ons and Islas Cies, to Baiona, where I had last been 33 years ago. It has become a bit busier! We spent the next day there, as there was a festival, complete with street markets and an Oom Pah Pah band playing in the square outside the church. Next day, we went to the Islas Cies, which are more like tropical islands. Being Saturday, the anchorages were busy, but at teatime, most of the boats left to return to their marinas in Baiona or Vigo and we had the anchorage almost to ourselves. A walk to the Monte de Faro lighthouse (186m) and along the beach provided some exercise.

I had asked Connla if we could go to Combarro, as I wanted to see the old village and was looking forward to anchoring, but no, there is now a large, very shiny and brand new marina. The restored old village is worth seeing, but the fishermen's cottages are now occupied by restaurants and shops selling tourist nick-nacks. After lunch, we sailed back down the Ria de Pontevedra, past the large marina at Sanxenxo, to the smaller one at Porto Novo, where we spent the night.

Next day was to be my last one on board, and what a day it was – warm and sunny, with 10-15 knots northeasterly breeze. We close reached back to the north past San Vicente, and then hardened up, to beat up the Ria de Arosa, dodging rocks and Viveros as we went, back to Villagarcia. A wonderful and most enjoyable short cruise, for which I am most grateful. Geraldine and some friends returned for a further week's cruising, before *Starfire* was laid up, but were not so lucky with the weather!

Spring and Fall US Caribbean deliveries – pick your window!

Brenda Kelliher

Delivering *Venture* (Oyster 62, sloop) from St Thomas, US Virgin Islands, 1574 miles due north to Stonington, Connecticut

In April 2007, the first crew action, on arrival from the chilly USA at Red Hook Marina, was to dive in to swim in the warm waters of the Caribbean. We were four – professional skipper Mark Meyer, crew Mike Manning (both from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and veterans of many Mackinac Races) Dermot Bremner, and myself. This was a textbook trip starting with unusual light southwest breezes and various close and broad reaches all the way. Even as we crossed the Gulf Stream south of New England we had a light reach and very moderate seas. Total 1,574 miles, average speed 8.2 knots!!!

But the following week an unexpectedly violent tropical storm hit several north-bound yachts 250-300 miles southeast of Hatteras, well outside the Gulf Stream. The US Coastguard rescued the crews of three boats but no trace was found of another, a Little Harbor 54, *Flying Colours*, en-route from St. Thomas to Annapolis, Maryland, with its very experienced crew of four. Tropical storm 'Andrea' was building in the area, a busy shipping route where forty (40) foot seas were logged by the NOAA wave recording buoy. *Flying Colours'* EPIRB was set off at 03.00 and the signal was lost six hours later before the Coastguard could get to the area.

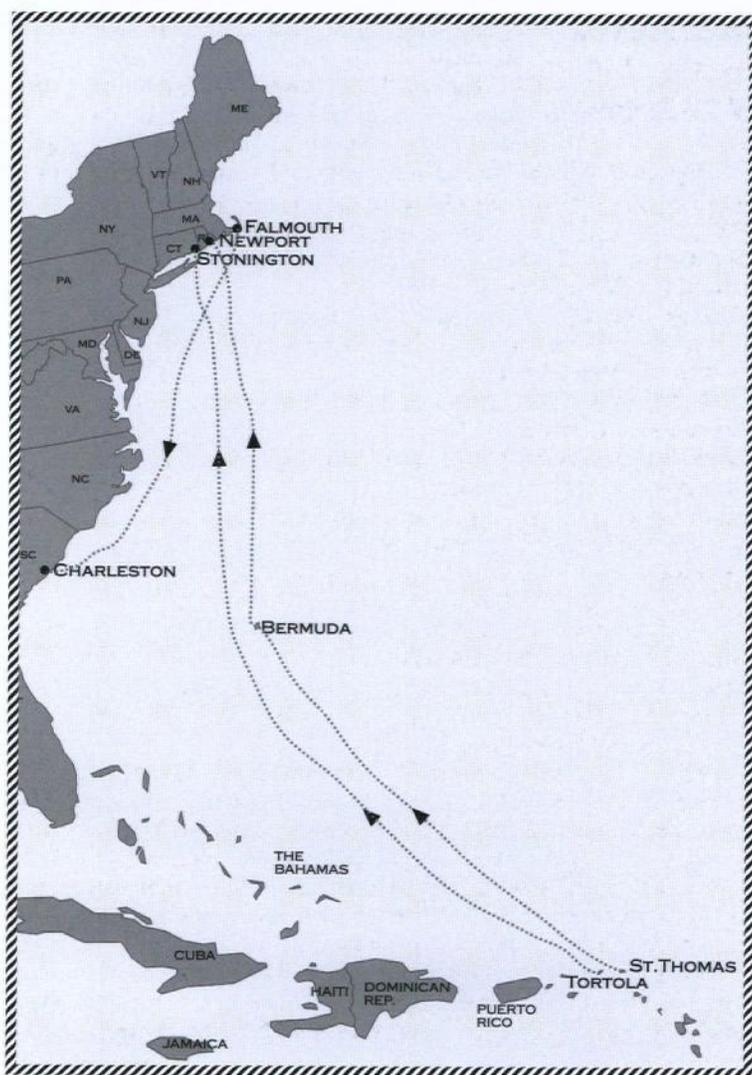
The Coastguard rescued the crews of three other boats but there was no sign of *Flying Colours*. After a week, the Coastguard finally suspended its search after using planes and cutters to search a 282,000 square mile region. (Rhode Island measures 1,214 square miles).

Sailing *Ushuaia* (Oyster 48.5) from Tortola to Newport

In spring 2008 in the Caribbean, skippers and owners waited patiently as an endless cycle of strong cold fronts rolled across the continental USA, pouring offshore and turning into violent nor-easters. The traditional early-April date passed with no change in the weather pattern. Finally it looked as though the second week of May would be safe to leave the Caribbean to head north. I was invited to help owner Cliff Feehan (Royal Canadian Yacht Club) and Dermot Bremner sail *Ushuaia* (Oyster 48.5) north from Tortola (British Virgin Islands) to Newport, Rhode Island. We made slow passage north, due to northerly light airs, but as we climbed latitude, the air increased and varied from northeasterly to north-westerly very closed hauled, with building seas. Although we were able to download NOAA grib files by Iridium phone, after six days at sea, the skipper was finally able to get a full composite weather outlook for the seven days ahead, from 'Commanders' weather service.

By this point we had shortened to two reefs in the main and much reduced headsail, and were making poor progress but were at about 33°N, and well west of Bermuda.

'Commanders' detailed the havoc being wreaked right then by a front, as it charged across the Chesapeake, with up to 65 knots of wind, and then roaring out across the Mid-Atlantic right across our route. The "good" news was that two more fronts were stacked up across the continental USA. Decision? A no-brainer – turn right for Bermuda. We reached 10 plus knots as we surfed east for a day and a half and were very glad to find an anchorage in St. Georges. There we found over a hundred boats sheltering – many bound for the USA, but also the east-bound ARC fleet waiting to head to the Azores. It blew steady 40 plus knots for the next three days. I left to return to work – *Ushuaia* finally got to Newport ten days later.





Brenda relaxing.

Bringing boats south – *Nocturne* from Connecticut to South Carolina. October 2008

Bringing boats south for the winter is equally “weather-challenging”. In November 2006 I had crewed for Larry Green and friends to bring his Tayana 52 *Nocturne* south from Mystic, Connecticut to Charleston, South Carolina. This should have been a five day trip at most. We got on board and the wind started to blow. The forecast kept changing as another cold front roared across the Mid-Atlantic, culminating in 68 knots true measured at our mast-head – luckily we were moored safely in Correja’s yard well up the Mystic River. We set out three days later to motor-sail in a forecast 15-20 knots southwest. Ha! The seas a mile off Montauk were about 12-15 feet, wind steady 30-33 knots with gusts of 40. After battling this for a couple of hours, we turned and headed for a deserted Block Island Great Salt Pond, and gratefully picked up a mooring for the night. If you have seen the movie Groundhog Day you will smile. Sure enough we tried again to go southwest towards Hatteras next day, same story. And the next day. By now we were all out of vacation time, so sadly turned towards Mystic to make arrangements to winter *Nocturne*.

Two years later on 4th October I joined Larry Green on *Nocturne* and an old friend Paul Rohrkempter (on whose Bristol 56 I did a number of passages north and south). We had been watching the tropical weather/hurricane patterns on

www.nhc.noaa.gov plus the continental weather, and the Gulf Stream daily flows on <http://marine.rutgers.edu/mrs/sat/data/?nothumbs=0>.

We headed out of Falmouth, Massachusetts where *Nocturne* had been hauled and a new mast and new main installed. Light southeast winds had us motor-sailing way off Montauk, and we made good progress offshore, down past the Delaware and Maryland coast. The wind increased somewhat, and sadly, the new main and furling jammed badly during reefing, and pulled the mainsheet car entirely off the track! Ball-bearings flying everywhere! So we put in to Little Creek, Norfolk Virginia, just inside Chesapeake Bay. The sailmaker would not do a hand repair, or with a portable machine – wanted the entire main taken off and trucked up to his loft, so I handstitched the luff and boltrope – just a four hour job with a palm, hammer, vicegrips etc, while the owner of the little Cutter Sark Marina help to try to straighten the aluminium inner feed channel. Off to sea, and motor-sailing comfortably down towards Hatteras with a faint northerly air. But a small warm air mass off the Gulf Stream (which is well inshore and flowing at its hardest north at this time of the year) was stalled by a cold front to the north of us, and it started to deepen, drawing a warmth and moisture from the warm seas, and turned into a revolving tropic storm positioned between South Carolina and Hatteras. Oh boy! Luckily the wind stayed north, even though it piled up the short seas against the north-bound Gulf Stream current (up to 2 knots over shallower areas!) We reefed the mainsail completely, and lashed the main boom several ways. With one-third of the genoa out, we flew! Blinding rain for two days, winds steady 30 plus knots – some periods of 38-40 and sustained gusts for a short time of 48-49 knots (true)!!!! I joked that in ISORA we would have had the leather spinnaker up! *Nocturne* revelled in the surging seas and we clocked an average of 8+ knots for the passage from Hatteras to the breakwater at Charleston. *Nocturne*’s insurance does not allow her south of the Georgia border before 15th October – other insurers do not allow boats south of the Chesapeake Bay before 1st November or even 15th November (well past the traditional end of hurricane season).

From this it is clear that the weather patterns for the north and southbound passages vary greatly from year to year, that the windows are short and conditions may change dramatically despite NOAA forecasters’ best efforts. Have plenty of time and flexibility on hand!

In days gone by, yachts didn’t have fridges; fresh milk didn’t last long. An American yachtsman, James Gordon Bennet Jr., solved this problem by having a specially padded room built for a cow, on his steam yacht *The Lysistrata*.

Afar's Franco Iberian Rambling

Brendan Bradley

Afar VI is a Moody 47 which fellow ICC member Ivor Cherry and I have owned in partnership for the past three seasons. Having sailed from West Cork via the Scillies and Falmouth to Brest, Ivor left the boat there at the end of August 2007. Pamela and I arrived by car and, after sussing out a suitable location in advance, sailed *Afar* south to Port La Forêt, where she was laid up for the winter, on the hard at a small family owned yard called Extrado.

Our plan for this year was to sail south along the Atlantic coast of France, and then the north coast of Spain to Galicia. Apart from a short cruise together in Brittany with our wives, we planned to time-share so as to suit our respective other commitments, which we had done in previous years, and which had worked out very well.

Ivor and I travelled to France by car via Rosslare and Cherbourg with a full load of gear a few days before our prearranged launch date on 11th April, so as to have sufficient time to do the necessary jobs and to commission the boat. Our wives Pamela and Melissa flew via Nantes to join us the following weekend. We set sail on 16th April, a day later than originally planned, for our spring cruise. As soon as we left Port La Forêt we realised that the autohelm wasn't working, but we carried on to our first port of call, and tied to the visitors' mooring in the Belon River. After a day and a couple of nights there, during which we tried to fix the autohelm without success, we set out for Port Tudy on Ile de Groix, in pretty inclement weather with a force 7 on the nose. The weather improved next day and with a following wind enabled us to reach Port Haliguen before nightfall.

After a day's rest we sailed to Pornic with a good following wind, but it was foggy and wet and blowing hard when we



Transporter bridge at Bilbao.

Photo: Trevor Wood

arrived, making it difficult to go alongside the visitors' berth at the marina. This concluded our spring cruise and we returned home, Ivor having made arrangements for the autohelm to be fixed by the local representatives of Raymarine.

Unfortunately, I had assumed that being several hundred miles south of Ireland we might have had some good weather in Brittany in April. However the verdict of our wives was different. It was too cold, too wet and too early in the season. I doubt we will repeat the exercise.

During the first week in May Ivor returned to Pornic, accompanied by Brian Denham and Joe Hayes. To his consternation he found the autohelm only worked in one direction, and on investigation was advised that it needed a new hydraulic ram as the old one was a sealed unit and could not be repaired. A new ram was available and duly installed, enabling Ivor to proceed with his cruise. Subsequently, the old one was returned to the manufacturer in England and repaired at a fraction of the cost of the new one, so now we have a spare.

During the next three weeks Ivor made his way south along the



Tom Cooke, Michael Knatchbull and Trevor Wood at the market in Santoña.

Photo: Brendan Bradley

French coast calling at Ile d'Yeu, Bourgenay, Ile de Ré, Marans, Ile d'Aix and La Rochelle, where Joe returned home and Tom O'Connor joined the crew. They then made the only overnight passage of the summer to Santander, where we had planned to have our base for the next couple of months, as there were regular flights by Ryanair from Dublin and the airport is close to the marina. The only drawback was that the flights left Dublin at 06.15, which made for very early starts.

On 22nd May, Pamela and I accompanied by Phil and Leo Conway, decided to avoid the early start by flying Aer Lingus to Bilbao, renting a car and driving to Santander to meet Ivor and his crew for dinner at La Posada del Mer restaurant. We decided to keep the car an extra day to explore the hinterland in the foothills inland from Santander.

We enjoyed a very pleasant week's sailing east to Bilbao, Elanchove and Zumaya and then back to Bilbao. Elanchove became a favourite spot of mine and I later returned there several times. The pilot book says "there is little for the dilettante in this unspoilt and undeveloped village". That suited us just fine. We took the local bus to Gernika and visited the site of the original Basque parliament, which was held in the open air under an oak tree. The tree is still standing, but is now a lifeless stump. From Gernika we travelled by train to Bermeo, where we had a lunch, but decided that as the facilities in the harbour were limited, we wouldn't visit by boat.

When we arrived at Elanchove, we were flying a Spanish courtesy flag, but we soon learned that as in most places in the Basque country this was not appreciated, so we bought a Basque flag in Gernika, and when we hoisted it in Elanchove the atmosphere became noticeably more friendly towards us.

At the yacht club at Las Arenas near Bilbao, where it was not wise to fly the Basque flag, the Irish Cruising Club is remembered with affection following the visit there during the club's Basque cruise in 2006. Leo had been on that cruise and introduced me to Alvarro Basterra, who is in charge of the marina at the club, so we had no problem getting a berth there. Unfortunately, the club premises had suffered severe damage from a car bomb, which had been parked outside the door of the club by ETA sympathisers a couple of weeks previously. Not only had it blown out all the windows in the main club building, but extensive damage had been caused to adjoining buildings and to the club's shore-side facilities.

Pamela and I left the boat at 06.00 on 31st May to fly to Malaga via Madrid, as we had been invited by Margaret and Eric Hill to attend their daughter Lorna's wedding in Marbella. After three very pleasant days of festivities, we returned to *Afar* at Bilbao, and were joined a day later by our son Stephen, his wife Deirdre and their three year old daughter Holly, our first grandchild. I had acquired some netting to put up around the lifelines for child safety, which proved useful not only for Holly but also, later in the summer, for Ivor's grandson Sam.

We sailed east and again visited Elanchove on our way to Lequeitio, where the pilot book states "the quietest berth is immediately inside on the west side of the Muelle Sur where there is a pontoon". We duly settled ourselves into this location and everyone except me went to explore the town. After a while, a small motor boat came alongside and its driver informed me that I could not remain at the berth, and pointed to a notice, which I hadn't seen because it was partially defaced by graffiti, indicating that the pontoon was reserved for boats taking on water and electricity, and that a stay was limited to three minutes. How much water could be loaded in three minutes, not to mention electricity, I do not know. I indicated that I intended to stay put and anyway could not move the boat on my own. However, my caller persisted in an aggressive

manner and told me that if I didn't move he would call the police, which he duly did. Two policemen arrived (I still have their numbers) and without a common language between us, gesticulated that I must move, which I steadfastly refused to do. I think I was on the verge of being arrested when Stephen, who had been watching from a distance, arrived to keep the peace so we had to move and tie off between two bollards in another corner of the harbour.

We then moved on to Zumaya, and from there to Getaria, where we were lucky to get a spot on the limited marina. Holly played on the beach with her parents and we all enjoyed dinner at the Kaia restaurant, where Leo and Phil had kindly entertained Pamela and myself a week or so earlier.

San Sebastian

Stephen was keen to visit San Sebastian, which is only about 12 miles further east from Getaria, so we moved on and were fortunate to be able to go alongside the only visitor's pontoon in the old port. Apart from being very cheap, just over €40 for a four day visit, it was an ideal location being very close to the tapas bars and other attractions in the old town. A film which Stephen directed had been chosen to be shown at a film festival at San Sebastian about five years ago, so we were very interested to see where all the activity had taken place.

After two days there it was time for Stephen and family to return to their home in London via Ryanair from Biarritz. We hoped they had enjoyed their seaborne holiday as much as we did having them with us.

Next day, Pamela and I took the train to Irun on the French border, where we were to meet Larry Martin arriving from Dublin via Biarritz later in the day. But first we went by taxi to Hendaye which would be our next port of call. Larry duly arrived more or less on time at the SNCF station which is separate from the Spanish one, and we had time for some quick refreshment before catching the train to San Sebastian. As the weather wasn't great we decided to stay another day there so that we could introduce Larry to the delights and sights of San Sebastian.

Together we sailed to the extremity of the Basque country as far as Cap Breton in France, calling at Hendaye, St Jean de Luz and Port Anglet-Bayonne on the way. There is a very narrow entrance to Cap Breton with a large marina there. We were most fortunate to arrive at high water, more by good luck than by design, when sea conditions at the entrance were relatively calm. Thinking of departing next morning, I took the precaution of going on foot to inspect conditions at the entrance. It was an hour or so after low water and it would have been quite impossible to exit, with waves breaking continuously across the narrow entrance, so we spent a few hours on the beach until we saw other boats being able to make safe passage out through the pier heads. We had a favourable wind northwest about force 3/4 and very good sailing conditions, backtracking our route for the previous three days, passing quite close to Biarritz where there is no viable harbour, and reached Hondarribia, on the Spanish border, opposite Hendaye by evening.

After a swim on the beach and an hour's sunbathing, a favourite pastime for Larry, we left early afternoon to return to San Sebastian. It appeared that our berth in the old harbour was occupied, so we attempted to pick up a mooring in the bay outside, only to be chased away by the occupant of an adjoining one. However I decided to have another look inside the old harbour, and was fortunate enough to be able to raft-up alongside a boat already at the visitors' pontoon. This was far prefer-

able than an uncomfortable mooring or anchorage in the roly bay. There are numerous restaurants on the quayside and the old town is only a short distance away with a wonderful atmosphere.

As Pamela had to return home, she caught a train to Irun and then took a taxi to Biarritz for her flight home. Larry and I continued our journey west calling at Zumaya, Bilbao and Laredo on our way back to Santander. At Bilbao we took the train from near the yacht club at Las Arenas, into the city to visit the Guggenheim museum, but when we got there we found the museum was closed. It was a Monday when the museum is closed except in July and August. This was the last Monday in June. However it was a nice day, so we enjoyed a stroll around the outside of the museum admiring its distinctive architecture. Some would say this is more interesting than the display inside, but I wouldn't know. Later we walked along the river and crossed the bridge to the old town, from where we took the train back to the boat.

Generally speaking we had good weather and the beaches were crammed with sunbathers and swimmers, which suited Larry down to the ground. We had our last swim on the beach at Laredo, where we spent a night on a club mooring before the last leg of our journey to Santander, whence we returned home via Ryanair.

Ivor and Brian Denham arrived there a couple of days later, and were joined the following day by Ivor's son-in-law Daniel Berman and his four year old son Sam. They had a short cruise for a week or so, visiting Santoña, Elanchove, Bilbao and Castro Urdiales.

Afar then had its longest rest of the summer for about two weeks at a berth on the Marina Del Cantábrico at Santander. As I already mentioned, it is convenient being close to the airport but is expensive, far more than anywhere else we visited on the Spanish coast, but is very secure.

Return to Santander

Pamela and I returned to Santander on 23rd July and were joined a couple of days later by Bruce Lyster. We had a very pleasant week with good weather, revisiting some of my old haunts along the coast, as far east as Getaria, where we tied up to a large metal buoy in the fishing port as there was no space on the marina. To prevent the boat riding up on the buoy Bruce tied a long line ashore using the 150 metre warp he had donated to *Afar*. He treated us to an excellent meal at the Kaia restaurant. Next morning at about 08.00 a fishing boat arrived and unceremoniously cast our shore line adrift. However, having slept well, we had no complaints, so we left immediately and had breakfast at nearby Zumaya.

Pamela and Bruce having returned to Ireland, I was joined by Tom Cooke, Michael Knatchbull and Trevor Woods – all ICC members. At this stage, I was becoming an experienced tour guide of the Basque country, as we sailed east again from Santander. We called at Laredo where the boatman at the Real Club Nautico de Laredo, tried to turn us away, but mention of the magic word "Irlanda" overcame this difficulty and we were immediately directed to a vacant mooring. We were given a great welcome by members when we dined in the club that evening.

Next day we moved on to the Real Club Nautico del Abra at Las Arenas near Bilbao. It required some persistence to be allowed stay at the marina, as Alvarro was away and I was struggling to communicate with his deputy. I wasn't the flavour of the month next morning with Alvarro, as he was trying to make space for boats arriving for a race later in the week.

However he allowed us stay a second night which enabled the crew to visit the Guggenheim museum, while I did a few jobs on the boat. Unfortunately, because our visit was on a Sunday and Monday, we were unable to dine at the club which was closed. Instead we crossed the famous Biskaia transporter bridge to the other side of the river and walked to Portugalete, where I been advised there was a good fish restaurant, which we found was also closed. We looked everywhere for an alternative and when we had almost exhausted ourselves, Tom found a Chinese restaurant that fed us well.

We moved on to Zumaya and then to Getaria, where I had been able to make an advance booking, so we were tucked into a corner of the marina. It was fiesta time and there were hurdy-gurdies on the quayside and dancing threatened at night, which alarmed us, but after we had eaten well at the Kaia restaurant, courtesy of the crew, we were enthralled by the performance of a troupe of Flamenco dancers, probably about 100 or so strong, which was brilliant entertainment. When we finally turned in that night we never heard another thing.

Overcharged

Next day we braved the elements and motor-sailed into a westerly force 5/6 more or less on the nose for about six hours to reach Elanchove by early evening. Having had enough exercise walking up the steep hillside, the crew opted for a meal at the "Bar" restaurant on the quay. Tom was particularly annoyed when we decided to share a sea bream between three of us without first checking the price. We were charged €115 which we felt was somewhat exorbitant. This was unfortunate and the only occasion all summer when I was overcharged.

On the return journey to Santander we called at Castro Urdiales and Laredo where we dined at the Club Nautico once more, having earlier enjoyed a swim in their pool. We also visited Santoña which was humming with activity, it being high summer. It was quite a different atmosphere from when we called there in May with the Conways, on a Sunday when the place was dead.

It was around lunchtime when we arrived at the entrance to Santander in beautiful sunshine, so we dropped the hook opposite a beach for our last meal aboard and did our best to empty the larder, so that we could clean up when we arrived at the marina and leave everything shipshape for the next crew.

Ivor, Melissa and their sons Alec and Jack arrived the next day on the same plane from Dublin that took us home. We saw them in the baggage hall at the airport but didn't meet, as Ryanair's rapid turnaround isn't conducive to socialising with incoming passengers.

With friends on board for some of the time, they sailed west from Santander to Sada, with about ten overnight stops on the way, including four days at Gijon.

On 30th August, I flew to Santiago de Compostela with Aer Lingus and managed to have a few words with the Cherrys at the airport as they waited to board the flight home. They had left *Afar* at Sada, a few miles east of La Coruña, where I was joined three days later by Pamela and our friends Gillian and Stewart Armstrong, who are members of the Down Cruising Club in Strangford Lough. Most of their cruising has been in local and Scottish waters, so it was a new experience for them to come south to Galicia.

It poured with rain the first day, so we stayed put. We ventured to sea next day bound for Camariñas, but on hearing a gale warning on the VHF decided to put in to La Coruña where we spent the next couple of days allowing the gale blow through. When we eventually set out we were confronted with

waves of four and a half metres, which the Armstrongs hadn't seen before, but *Afar* was well able to manage and we duly arrived at Camariñas before nightfall.

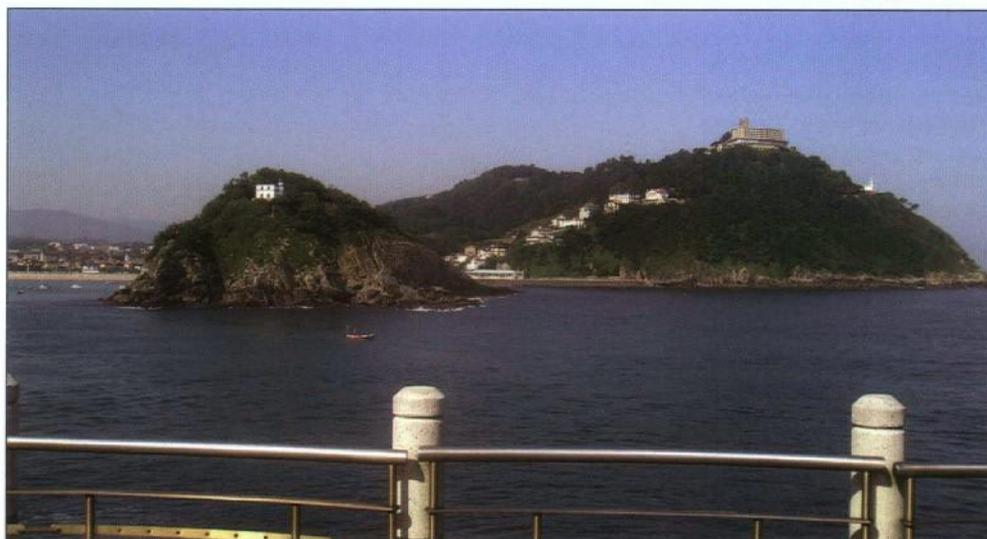
Next day we moved south to Portosin, where we dined at the yacht club which I had last visited during the Irish Cruising Club's 1998 Cruise to Galicia. We could not miss a return visit to Pobra do Caramiñal, where we were given royal treatment by Pablo at the restaurant Olagar and much enjoyed the seven course tasting menu. Richard Cudmore was there awaiting new crew for *Toirse*.

We later visited Combarro in the Ria de Pontevedra, where there is a new marina with substantial facilities in the process of being built, and then moved on to Baiona



Inner harbour at San Sebastian with *Afar* alongside.

Photo: Larry Martin



Entrance to San Sebastian.

Photo: Larry Martin

having had a lunchtime stop at Islas Cies. We were fortunate to find a berth at the Monte Real Club de Yates and dined there the evening we arrived. We spent another day at Baiona and then had a glorious day on the Islas Cies, before our best sail of the cruise with a broad reach in northerly force 4/5 to Vigo. We tied up at a berth on the marina at Davilasport, where *Afar* is laid up ashore for the winter, along with a number of other Irish boats including Joe and Mary Woodward's *Moshulu III*.

Hugh Barry writes of cruising with Killen

Those fortunate sailors who have cruised with Peter Killen will know that his philosophy could be described as Monty Pythonesque: "always look on the bright side of life." Life unfortunately throws up its share of adversity in the form of unheralded gales, engine failures etc., and this has led more than one crew-member to declare that a particular circumstance was **not** in the brochure. This (apocryphal) brochure is suggested.

The Brochure: Cruising with Killen

You are invited to participate in a guided tour of the Arctic. Departing from Howth, our itinerary will take us to the boreal high latitudes via the Outer Hebrides, Shetland and the oil-fields of the North and Norwegian Seas. You are encouraged to participate in all aspects of the voyage. You are invited to the galley, the chart table and bridge – cockpit does not adequately describe this work station – where you will spend considerable time, often at unsociable hours. There will be

ample opportunity to indulge in introspection and reflection, theology, geology, meteorology and other-ologies, leading to interesting discourses and debates.

Expeditions and excursions ashore will be undertaken when time and weather permit and will have an urban-rural balance. Urban trips will be designed to facilitate study and participation in the life, culture and customs of the indigenous peoples – where there are any! They will for the most part be held in the afternoons and evenings, will be relatively unstructured and will have no time limit. Opportunity will be provided to demonstrate your linguistic talents in the local supermarkets, restaurants and pubs. While the pub visits will be occasions for studying comparative brewing techniques as well as getting rid of large quantities of foreign currency, the restaurant menus will afford the opportunity to sample dishes not normally included in your diet (and which common decency should prevent you ever admitting to having eaten). "What! No libraries, theatres, art galleries, no culture?" Well, no, but we might manage a last minute, slightly rushed and hung-over visit to a museum.

Rural trips will be varied and may occur at any time of the



The only participant at 78°27'North!

day or night, thanks to the twenty-four hour daylight prevailing. It may be possible to disturb nesting birds, awaken roosting walrus, enrage swimming polar bears all combined with a chance to trample over the delicate flora of the tundra. For those of you strong and hardy of body (but very weak of mind) there will be swimming excursions led by the captain, usually the only participant.

In summary, you will sail further north than you previously have been. You will gain first-hand experience of galley cooking, lavatory maintenance, navigation and other sailorly arts. You will see sharks, dolphins, whales of some sort or other, birds of many sorts, arctic fox, reindeer, seals, walrus and polar bear. You will see many snow-capped mountains and glaciers and lots of sea-ice.

Your fellow-travellers will be for the most part good-natured and long-suffering, congenial companions but occasionally will revert to type and reveal the egocentric, irascible and cantankerous b-ll-x lurking within. Be patient and enjoy yourself; your next cruise could be with Saga.

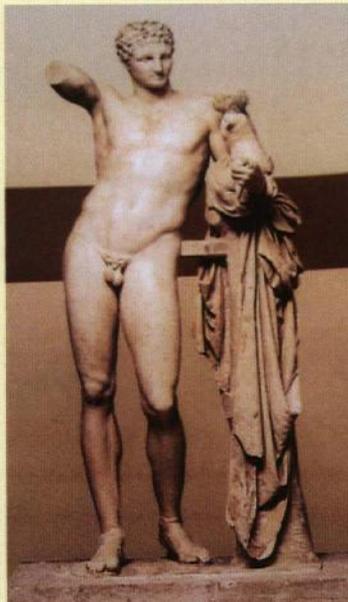
Clive Martin writes of another cruise in the Ionian Inland Sea on *Beowulf*

Another cruise in the Ionian Inland Sea on *Beowulf* (see Bernard Corbally's log) had many enjoyable moments, but one of the highlights was a visit to the site of the Ancient Games at Olympia.

Bernard planned our schedule so that we could sail from Port Zante in Zakynthos across to the Peloponnese mainland where we landed at Katacolon.

We took a bus from the large car park where we berthed *Beowulf* and changed at Pyrgos. This enabled us to see how the devastating fires of 2007 had scorched the countryside burning trees and vegetation. The town of Olympia was very smart with modern good quality shops.

It is only a short walk from the main street to The Altis or sacred grove at Olympia. This was mainly a place of pagan worship devoted to Zeus. It was also a major cultural and sporting centre which originally took shape in the 10th and 9th century BC. It contained all sorts of structures which have been brilliantly restored by archaeologists. Here can be seen the Gymnasium where athletes trained for running



events and the pentathlon and an area where they trained for wrestling, boxing and jumping. There are ancient baths and the official residence of the priests of Olympia and a guesthouse for official visitors to the sanctuary. There are numerous stoas or small temples which house the treasures and valuable dedications made in the sanctuary.

The temple of Zeus, a Doric peripteral building with 6 x 13 columns, is the most important building.

A vaulted passageway known as the crypt leads from the Altis to the



Peter Wallis, Mary and Bernard outside the Ancient Gymnasium.

stadium where the athletic games were held. Rectangular in shape it is 212.54 metres long and 28.5 metres wide. There were no seats but the embankment could easily seat 45,000 spectators.

Games were held in the area in prehistoric times but were fully recognised from 8th century BC when they were held every four years. The athletes competing had to be true-born free Greek men who had reached pubescence. Women were not allowed to watch the games. Victors were crowned with a branch of an olive tree. Mary and I ran over the finishing line in hopes that we might be considered for Beijing!

The entire Altis has been beautifully preserved and presented and many of the archaeological treasures recovered from it are now in the Olympia Archaeological Museum on the site. Here one can view items from prehistoric times, and right through the ages. These include the gold and ivory statue of Zeus, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. There is also the famous statue of Hermes in polished Parian marble regarded as one of the late Classical Period's finest works of art.

We returned to *Beowulf* by fast electric train and anyone cruising in that area should seriously consider a visit as it is so accessible from Katacolon.

2,400 miles from The Solent to St. Tropez in *Eleanda*

Nigel Lindsay-Fynn

Our summer of 2007 was taken up with sailing *Eleanda*, our new Hallberg Rassy, from the yard in Sweden the long way round, via Norway, Scotland and the west coast of Ireland, to Hamble Point, on the Solent, where she spent last winter. Where to sail for 2008? Heleen's brother Robert has a holiday home in the South of France and, over a family Christmas skiing in Austria, he urged us to sail to St. Tropez and compete in Les Voiles de St. Tropez, held every October. Pressure also came from our grown family, who don't enjoy cold-water sailing. It was all at least six months away and gradually many of our friends were saying "We hear you are sailing to St. Tropez." The decision seemed to have been made for us. It couldn't be that far, well under the 2,000 miles, of our Sweden – UK adventure. We would leave in mid July with two legs, one of three weeks and a second, in late August into September of two weeks, back home for three weeks and then Les Voiles. We weren't thinking about Biscay, crews or detailed planning.

Three months later the doubts began. Once plotted on the laptop it was 2,500 miles and how do you enter Les Voiles, largely reserved for the Classics? But gradually it came together. Crews accepted and cancelled, and others filled in, while Monsieur Beaufils, Les Voiles Secretary, accepted our application, for which a largely Irish crew plus wives paid a deposit on an outrageously expensive villa on the edge of St. Tropez.

On Saturday 19th July we assembled at Hamble Point, on the Solent for an early evening departure at 17.10 to catch the ebb tide towards the Needles. With us were Bruce Mauleverer, a retired litigation barrister, our Yachtmaster daughter, Miranda and her brave friend from South Africa, Antonia, who had never said before and was looking forward to experiencing Biscay. If possible we don't do nights. So after a brisk reach in 15-20 knots wind, just under two hours and 13.4 miles later we anchored in 14m off Yarmouth, ready for the last hours of the ebb tide at 06.00 on Sunday.

The Biscay crossing was planned to leave from L'Aber Wrac'h mid morning, Tuesday. So St. Peter Port, Guernsey, and dinner with island friends was planned for Sunday. We left on time in calm conditions and after the 5.2 miles to the Needles found 11 knots of wind from 330°, which steadily rose to 18 knots giving us a grand reach on our course of 206° straight to the Roustel lighthouse between Herm and Guernsey. at 16.20 after 86.9 miles in 10 hours and 20 minutes we anchored just south of St. Peter Port in Havelet Bay in 9.5m. After drinks on board for our friends we took a dinghy ashore for yet another return to the traditional Da Nello's for a true Italian dinner.

With 100 miles to L'Aber Wrac'h, it was wake-up at 06.00 to depart at 06.30. It was a totally calm day under engine but by midday there was enough northerly breeze to cut the motor and reach until 16.30. The northerly entrance to L'Aber Wrac'h leaving the rocky island of La Malouine to port can be exciting. But with blue skies and calm seas it was just dramatic and without danger. Once again we did not go right into the moorings but anchored half a mile out at 18.35 in total tranquility. The crew looked doubtful, as there were no boats

near us. But it is what Heleen and I love. We had covered 98.9 miles in 12 hours. There followed a quiet dinner in the tiny restaurant, Escale, small, cheap but good quality. The previously famous Le Brenig has shut down – tant pis.

Tuesday – we could lie in and finally rose to a heavy dew and blue skies. The estuary was so peaceful and we enjoyed breakfast in the cockpit. We were due to go just east of Ushant, and to catch the best of the southerly tide we couldn't leave until 11.00. Miranda and Antonia even had time to go shopping. It is a 2km hike to a small supermarket, patisserie, pharmacy and a fish and fruit market. We left on time and 22 miles later passed the Kereon lighthouse with Ushant to starboard. We turned onto our course for Spain, 209°, and motored in flat calm with curious dolphins never far away. During the long evening twilight an easterly breeze built to 10-12 knots from 67° and at 21.30 we could unfurl and motor-sail at 9-10 knots. As the sun set an even larger group of dolphins came to play around us.

The wind strengthened as the barometer dropped. At midnight we could stop the engine, enjoying 18 knots from the east through the quiet clear night. From time to time we saw the lights of fishing boats in the distance. To enliven the night, at about 01.00, Bruce dozing in the cockpit was surprised by a roll, slid off his seat and, to avoid Heleen opposite, somersaulted backwards down the companion-way. He survived but quite bruised.

Living on borrowed time

The sun rose at 07.00 on Wednesday, 23rd July, just peeking through a cloudy sky. We were living on borrowed time. As the wind moved towards the southeast we turned to 217°, but the barometer continued to fall. The GRIB forecast had the wind moving to the south at 20-25 knots. In the meantime it was good fast sailing but choppier than yesterday.

At 11.00 I was dozing in one of the saloon armchairs when I heard a new non-*Eleanda* clunking/clanking noise. I looked up through the deck hatch above me to see the lower starboard diagonal stay flopping around doing just nothing. At least we were on port. The bottle screw had worked loose and might fall off. We furled the sails, woke Miranda who had recently gone off watch, motored at dead slow on a rolling run and held our breath while she went up the mast. With the screw tightened and duct-taped, at 12.50 we turned back onto our course now motoring with only the main out. The wind continued to move to the south.

As the evening wore on it got increasingly uncomfortable. We had 25 knots of wind on the nose and a huge sea. We had to slow down with just half the main sheeted tight to stabilise, but still we crashed into a trough every few minutes almost stopping the boat each time.

Nothing changed during the night watches into Thursday, 24th. We saw several fishing boats and as we neared the Spanish coast the AIS picked up plenty of shipping on the chart screen but none that caused us to alter course.

I had aimed to get as far south as possible, as our three guest crew wanted to leave us on Friday. Early in the crossing doing

almost 10 knots in flat calm I had hoped for Leixos or Figuera da Foz. But having slowed down to 7 knots for comfort, we had lost too much time. So I plotted our course for Baiona. As Heleen, ever active, cooked lunch, the wind began to abate and the sea became much less uncomfortable. We passed close to Cape Finisterre just before 12.00 with 50 miles to go. In relative calm we motored on to Baiona, where we arrived at 18.00. Anchoring off looked well sheltered but we wanted the city life and our crew was leaving. Outside the marina a mariner picked us up and led us in. We were soon moored to a very short finger pontoon. We had covered 457 miles in two days and 8 hours, since leaving Hamble Point we had covered 657 miles.

On the other side of the pontoon was a motor boat, *Vollare II* or *III* from Cork, which we discovered was owned by ICC member, John Rohan! He was very friendly.

Late that evening, after *Eleanda* had been washed tip to toe, we strolled down the sea front to an unnamed but friendly restaurant to consume quantities of tapas, ordered by Miranda in fluent Spanish, washed down with local Albarino, while we relived our adventure into the small hours. Sadly Miranda left at 6.30 the next morning, Friday 25th, and Bruce and Antonia not much later. Now reduced to Nigel and Heleen only, we contemplated the next two weeks with 900 miles still to go, if we were to get to Cartagena by Saturday 9th August. We had, say, 13 days sailing and two at rest. We had to cover around 70 miles a day, about 9 hours at 8 knots. By the end, we were going to feel like a delivery crew!

It was drizzling when we left the marina at 12.15 having spent the morning on laundry, cleaning and engineering. We motored south along the coast bound for Leixos, 63.4 miles away. At around 14.30 we passed the Estuary of Rio Mino and into Portuguese waters. Within 30 minutes the Portuguese Port Control had radioed us, presumably seeing our AIS transmission. Where were we going? How many on board? Skipper or owner? etc. etc. and finally Have a nice day! This happened every day and sometimes twice a day while we were in Portugal. Almost every marina had a separate police office that required passports and ship's papers. Contrast this with Spain, where there are no checks and no radio calls.

We reached Leixos at 20.15 and anchored in the northeast corner of a very commercial and unattractive harbour. Unlike Cormac McHenry, who wrote in the 2007 Annual about an anchor drag, on our second attempt, our anchor dug in and held fast. At least it was a peaceful and quiet spot. Our next stop, Saturday, after motor-sailing 64 miles, was Figuera da Foz, an attractive old town on a river with the marina on the north side. They put us on the reception pontoon as we were too big for the marina pontoons. No electricity or water, but they only charged us £30, half price. They also booked our popular, excellent and crowded Restaurante Cacarola, Rio Candido, serving the best seafood. Altogether one of our favourite stops.

Two further days' motor-sailing and 101 miles took us to Cascais, where we stayed two nights in an expensive, luxurious but empty marina so that we could visit Lisbon. On the way we had tried to anchor in the attractive horseshoe bay, Sao Martinho, but the entrance was too shallow, less than 2.5m, and we had to turn back to Nazare, where we spent a wakeful night on the piles of the smelly, fishermen's pier. Fortunately we carry fender boards. But more bureaucracy; we were immediately accosted by a Stasi-cloned marine policeman wanting our passports etc, before we had even finished tying up. He didn't even offer to help! Early next morning the friendly Captain Haddley, RN retired, the marina manager, told us to leave by 08.00 so that he need not charge us for our uncomfortable berth.

Back to Cascais, where at 16.20, on Monday 28th, we

moored to the reception pontoon of the ultra-modern marina building. Having signed in, three young men in smart uniforms in a rib were ready to push us if Nigel couldn't back onto the pontoon (some chance), took our ropes and connected electricity. Later we walked over to the deserted shopping and restaurant area. Most of the shops were unoccupied. It must be a disaster for the developer. This was our first sight of the excessive development of modern Spain and Portugal. Half-finished buildings, idle cranes and hundreds of apartments for sale. Despite this we found Cascais most attractive, for our first night restaurant booked for us by the marina, 100 Mineras, with a window table overlooking the promenade, to the relaxed atmosphere of the old town centre.

Trip to Lisbon

On Tuesday we took a 30 minute train ride to the centre of Lisbon where we bought a tourist bus pass for the day. We walked rather too far up Rua da Praia to bus stop 3 where we found an excellent busy, locals only, fish restaurant on the south corner of Pinoquio Square. Our cultural needs were then satisfied with a bus trip to the Calouste Gulbenkian Art Museum, an extraordinary mixture of Turkish and Ottoman rugs, tiles and velvets, fascinating Lalique glass and just awful French furniture. There were more than 30,000 items. Where on earth did he put them all before he gave them away? We returned to Cascais by a very circuitous bus route and the commuter train. It was a tiring day. We rather thought we should have relaxed in Cascais instead. Much later a very loquacious patron entertained at his well known O Pescador Restaurant, not gourmet, but good fun. +351 214 832054.

On Wednesday 30th and we had 15 knots wind from 310°. We sailed the 53.6 to Sines, averaging 7 knots. It has a very beautiful beach, with a small marina in the south corner, with 2 helpful mariners to take our warps. It is just possible to anchor off. But a 50ft ketch, that came in after us, tried and had to move twice.

Heleen's birthday

Thursday was Heleen's birthday. We awoke to dense fog and dew-covered decks. We left in the mist at about 10.00 and motored in flat calm. After 56 miles we began to round Cape of St. Vincent. It was very dramatic – the lighthouse built on the high cliff band, dotted with grottoes and caves. But then the wind got up from the northwest, gusting up to 25 knots, and we had a cracking sail to Lagos where, after 76.2 miles, we anchored off the beach. The evening was warm and we dined in the cockpit enjoying a glorious sunset. Despite the gusty wind we hardly rocked, and slept soundly.

The next day, Friday, we took the dinghy up the river to a pontoon on the west bank used by the tripper boats, where the friendly ticket tout pointed us to the fish and vegetable market. Everything was perfectly fresh but basic, no lobsters or luxury. We bought sardines, anchovies, avocados and salad, and returned to *Eleanda*. We were under way again by 12.15, heading for the Faro estuary where we intended to anchor north of Ilha da Culatra, 41.7 miles away. We managed 45 minutes sailing before the wind dropped. It was engine on, engine off all the way. At the entrance to Cabo da Santa-Maria, to prevent silting there are long moles projecting out to sea, between which the tide was running at 2-3 knots with plenty of tiny whirlpools. The island itself is no more than a scruffy sand dune with numerous wooden shacks loosely gathered into a couple of villages. At 17.30 we anchored half way along the island in 6.5m at half tide. We did not fancy landing on the island as there were no suitable jetties and we don't like sand from the beach in the dinghy. So we dined on board interrupted



Eleanda racing in Les Voiles de St Tropez.

by the incessant passage of ferries to Olhao and buzzing ribs, long into the night. Add to that weed everywhere and in the filters; so it's not recommended!

On Saturday we awoke to perfect blue skies, but cool and no wind. The water was like an oil slick. We were going 80.4 miles to the east side of the bay of Cadiz, to Puerto de Santa Maria, so we departed early at 08.30. Our course was 107°, when there was enough wind it was a run. Another engine on, engine off day. In mid afternoon there was a steady and noticeable increase in both air and water temperature – it had got so hot! Portugal was cool, southern Spain definitely was not. Since Baiona we had hardly seen another sailing boat. But we arrived in the middle of a regatta, bedlam, and full marinas. We anchored easily between the Puerto Sherry Marina and the northern mole at the entrance to the Rio Guadelete. Later we took the dinghy ashore – and walked a mile or so along the promenade beside the Playa de Puntilla with a couple of simple restaurants. We booked the Michelin-starred restaurant, Porto del Faro, but were not quite certain where it was. It was a long, long walk there, 60 minutes, and back

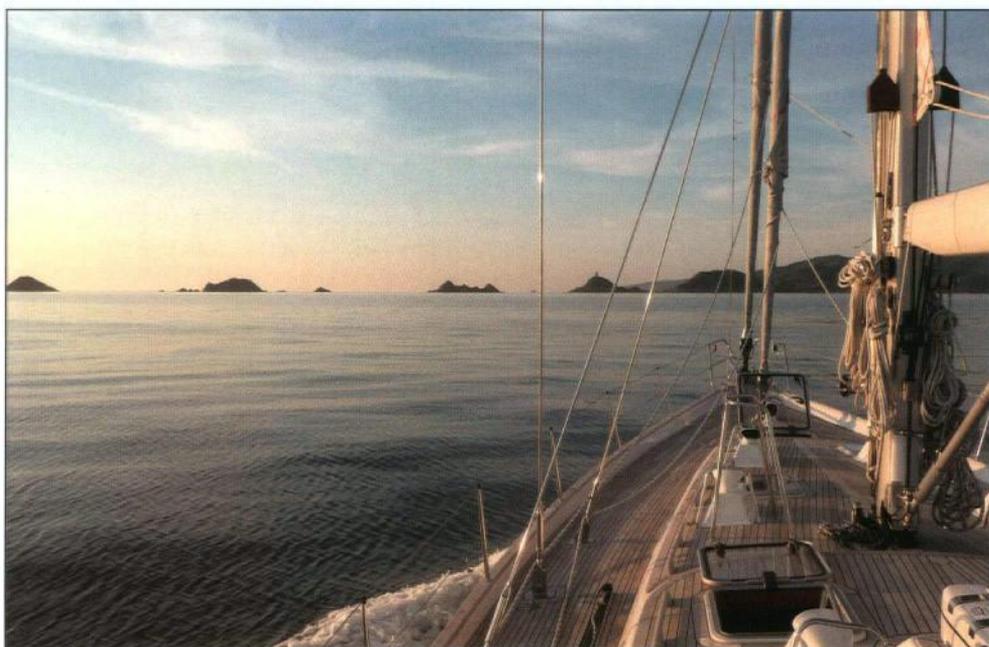
again as we couldn't get a taxi. Nevertheless it was a wonderful Spanish experience. Once again we were the only foreigners there.

What wimps!

We had two attempts to sail to Gibraltar, about 72 miles away. On Sunday there was 8 knots of wind at 8.40 when we left. But by midday it was gusting 30 knots on the nose and we were managing a very uncomfortable 6 knots. We got past Cape Trafalgar, but as we turned east it became less and less tenable and at 13.20 with 40 miles still to go, we turned round. What wimps; but it was holiday! At least we had a great sail back on a near run at +30 knots of wind. We spent the night in the Puerto Sherry Marina, another desolate half-finished development, and set out again on Monday at 08.50. The wind had died and we motored all the way, passing Tarifa and turning gradually northeast into Gibraltar bay. It was quite a sight, with hundreds of ships and tankers at anchor both east and west of the Rock. At 17.20 we entered the harbour and by 17.30 were moored to the fuel pontoon where we took on 1,845 litres of diesel at the so-called duty-free price of GB£0.83 per litre. We had covered 1,301 miles since leaving Hamble Point with full tanks on 19th July. 45 minutes later we were moored stern-to in the pleasant Queensway Marina. Almost immediately an English delivery crew on an Oyster 56 moored next to us, on their way to Ibiza.

Gibraltar is a duty-free dump. Contrast tapas in Spain, sardines and shellfish in Portugal, with over-cooked steak and chips and very basic English pub food in Gibraltar. Tax haven signs are everywhere. Our neighbour at the waterside restaurant was the marketing manager of a Gibraltar based internet poker company. The shops sell duty-free alcohol and cheap gold jewellery. We had no need to stay.

The following day, Tuesday 5th August, we were to motor 74.2 miles along the coast to Puerto Caleta de Velez. But first we thought about the famous cable car to the summit of the Rock. Heavy mist made that a useless idea, so we left at 11.00. We had to weave our way through countless anchored ships as we turned east. We even took a photo of the computer screen with all the AIS targets, as we had never seen so many. It was flat calm in a Mediterranean temperature well over 30°C. At 19.43 we anchored just west of the harbour of Caleta de Velez and cooled off in a very warm sea. But we were too close to the



Approaching the passage of Iles Sanguinaires.

fishing harbour and throughout the night were disturbed by the wash and noise of all the boat traffic.

Calahonda

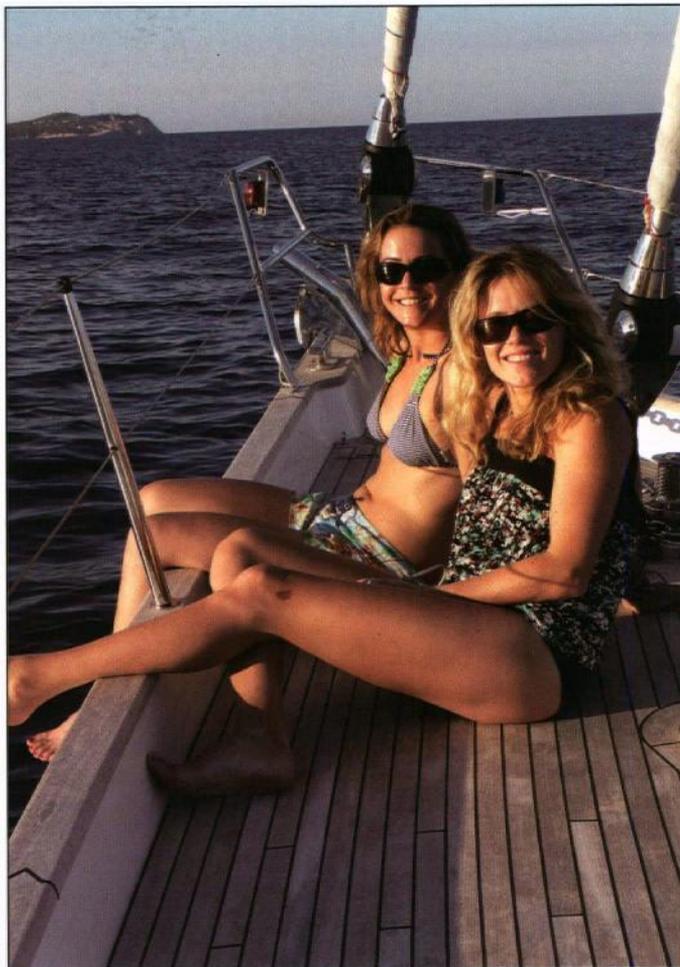
Wednesday 6th, departing at 09.45 we could motor-sail with some wind from the south. We were heading for Almerimar, 61.6 miles away, and had time to stop for lunch and a swim. Punta de Carchuna was just 32 miles, and at 13.45 we anchored in a small rocky inlet just east of the point and a mile or so from the tiny resort of Calahonda – no cranes, no high rise, just families on holiday. Swim, lunch, cold white wine and depart at 15.10. We motored to Almerimar where we anchored off the marina at 18.25. We went ashore to find a typical Costa del Sol development. The tourists were mostly English and a few German. The restaurants served English more than Spanish food and two thirds of the modern apartments were empty. They were all built round the marina, which looked excellent. It was full of Brit live-aboards.

For Thursday we had planned just 50 miles to a south-facing anchorage. Agua Amarga. We swam and had a lazy morning finally departing at 11.30, leaving the Costa del Sol and turning north for the Costa Blanca. By 13.00 we turned off the engine and reached in a 15-20 knot southerly wind at over 7 knots. But now anchoring at Agua Amarga would be too uncomfortable. Instead we headed for Las Negras, sheltered from the west and just 45.2 miles from Almerimar. The wind veered to the west and as we approached was gusting over 30 knots. We anchored off the tiny resort at 17.25 in 7m. We ended up with 35m of chain, as there were signs of dragging. It worked. By 20.00 the wind was gusting to 40 knots, so we stayed on board and then, within an hour, it died to nothing. There was one restaurant and plenty of activity including an all night beach party with numerous bodies still comatose on the beach the following morning. A couple of idle cranes threatened the future. From here to Cartagena was easily the most beautiful coast we had seen since Baiona.

Friday was our last full day. We intended to enter Cartagena early on Saturday morning. We had about 60 miles to go and left at 10.55. We motor-sailed north along the coast aiming for San Juan de los Terreros, a small south-facing bay sheltered from the east, for lunch, where we anchored at 14.45. An hour later we left, heading for the tiny hidden lagoon of Cala Carreda, where we anchored at 18.45, but for 30 minutes. It was so small that our 62 ft needed a line ashore, and if the wind got up with only two of us, we might not get out. After a drink admiring this glorious setting, we motored out and round the corner west to La Azohia, which proved a popular mooring and anchorage, and anchored at 19.15 in flat calm. We stayed on board for dinner but suffered from unbelievably loud music until very late!

We left at 08.40 on Saturday for Cartagena just 11.7 miles away. We had booked in the Club Real Nautico, but on arrival saw to starboard a virtually empty marina with a mariner standing on a pontoon waving at us. He turned out to be English. This was far superior to the crowded and noisy Club, so we instantly changed. Yacht Port Cartagena, +34 636 877 374, isn't in the 2008 pilot book or on the internet. It was built for super-yachts, but extra pontoons have now been added for smaller boats. We recommend it with confidence along with the interesting old town of Cartagena. We found and recommend a local fish restaurant, within walking distance. Restaurante Varadero, +34 968 505 848.

Now it was time to pack up. We had covered 1,558.9 miles in total, 909.3 in the last 15 days on our own. On Sunday 9th August we flew back from Alicante, an hour by taxi, to Exeter. We returned on the 21st from Bristol to the much closer Murcia Airport where we hired a car and waited for our guests to arrive



Miranda and Hannah off the east coast of Mallorca.

for the next two week leg to St. Tropez. We found *Eleanda* well looked after by the marina staff, all polished and clean.

Our crew was to be Miranda again and Tom Caplin, a friend from London, both of whom we picked up at Murcia on Saturday morning and Urs Biasi, a skiing friend from Zurich who flew into Alicante. We were to pick up Miranda's sailing friend Hanna, from South Africa, and our 19 year-old son, Charles, later on Sunday.

The Grib weather files predicted little wind for the next few days. We left at 09.40 on Sunday and motored towards Alicante. We passed commercial harbour, Escombreras, as we turned east along the shore, 21.3 miles to Cabo de Palos, which shelters islas Menores and the bay of Isleta from the south. We turned north at the cardinal, 42.1 miles to Alicante. There was just enough wind from the southeast to motor-sail. Charles had by now arrived at Alicante and joined us when we arrived at 16.60 on the fuel pontoon to take on 600 litres of diesel. It looks an excellent and well developed marina in the northern end of a substantial tourist and fishing harbour, visited by numerous cruise liners, one of which was just about to leave as we did. Opposite us we the Oyster 56 that had been moored next to us in Gibraltar.

At 19.50 after a day's run of 66.5 miles we anchored in 4.3m just 3 miles up the coast opposite Sierra Grosa, just off the numerous moorings, and sheltered from the east by Cabo de la Huerta. While Miranda and Charles went to the tiny fishing harbour in search of Hannah, who was arriving by another bus, the rest of us swam in the gloriously warm water. Much later we all went ashore and walked up the hill to a rather deserted hotel to enjoy tapas in the garden. We debated the options for our route. We would leave for Ibiza early the following

morning and go on to Palma, Mallorca. There we would assess the weather and either continue to Menorca, Sardinia and Corsica or, if bad weather, go north to the Golfe du Lyon and along the French coast.

We had around 98 miles to go for Ibiza town, so we left at 07.20. Once round the Cabo, our course was to have been 73° for 90 miles, through the gap south of Isla de los Ahorcados, and 8 miles north up to Ibiza town. But after 4 hours we decided to go up the west coast instead and altered course for Port Roig, a tiny bay tucked in behind Cabo Negret in the southwest of Ibiza, now some 51 miles away. A Spanish neighbour at Cartagena marina had recommended the anchorage and a restaurant. There was enough southwest wind after 14.00 to sail on a close reach to the entrance of the bay where we furled the sails and motored in to anchor at 17.30 in 9m with 35m of chain. We had covered 87.1 miles. The young went ashore for a drink. We joined them later at what was no more than a simple beach restaurant (Estorrent, +33 971 187 402). May I see the wine list? I asked. The patron pointed to the glass-fronted cooler. It was largely full of Dom Perignon and other premium champagnes. From now on, every mile closer to St. Tropez seemed to cause an increase in prices, even here, nearly twice the price in mainland Spain. Despite this we had excellent paella and sea bream.

We were a day ahead and Tuesday could be a day off. After a lazy morning we motored just 7 miles northwest at Cala Vedella, an attractive but narrow and shallow inlet mostly taken up with moorings and a beach restaurant at the end. At 11.45 we anchored in the entrance for lunch, snorkelling and swimming. Later we sailed most of the way to Cala Salada, some 9 miles north up the coast. But on arrival we found it far too crowded and motored south to the next bay, Punta Galera, which, with no beach restaurant, was deserted. It is just 1.7 miles from the raucous San Antonio. It was deep. On the second attempt we anchored in 16m with 50m of chain. The young went off to meet friends, not returning until after 05.00. The oldies dined on board – just perfect.

Time to move on

It was time to move on and at 08.15 on Wednesday 27th we set out for Palma. The course was mostly northwest, so was the 10 knot wind. Once again we motored all the way. For 14 miles we followed the coast which gradually fell away to the south as we headed on 67° for Punta da Cala Figuera, our landfall in southwest Mallorca, and so on to Palma. Miranda rang and booked a berth at the Real Club Nautico de Palma, extravagant, at over £100 per night, but right in the centre of the old town. After 73.7 miles we arrived at 16.40. After quite a wait, we went stern-to on a big boat pontoon next to two monster Wallys. We were dwarfed! Hugh super-yachts surrounded us. Later we went to Restaurant Forn de Saint Joan, +34 971 728 422, where we enjoyed yet more excellent tapas and main courses.

Thursday 28th August was a day of rest and tourism. Miranda rented a large 9 seater Renault mini-bus and the *Eleanda* hillbillies set off the monastery town of Valdemossa, where Chopin and George Sand had spent the summer in 1839. It is an attractive hilltop town. The shops are inevitably touristy. But the church, monastery and palace are fascinating. Later we lunched at the famous Hotel Valdemossa, with glorious views from its terraces. We had dinner that night at another excellent, good value, old town restaurant, that we discovered by chance, "La Cauxa" Restaurante Almazara. Despite the razzmatazz and the conspicuous consumption, we had enjoyed Palma. But it is definitely the southern entrance to the playground of the super-rich.

By Friday we had decided on the island route to Menorca

and Sardinia. We departed 10.05 to motor along the south and east coasts to Cala de sa Font, just south of Cala Ratjada in the northeast. On the way, after 38 miles we turned into Porto Petro, a most attractive inlet with expensive villas and a pretty fishing village, where we picked up a mooring for a swim and lunch. We left at 16.45 and motored up the east coast. We arrived at Cala de sa Font at 19.30, after 61.4 miles for the day, and anchored in crystal clear water in a small inlet with a 1970s hotel at the head.

The next morning, after some anchor-winch maintenance, we left at 12.25 to motor the 1.7 miles to Puerto Ratada, where we anchored off for lunch and a swim. Hannah would leave from here by bus to Palma for her late flight to London. After lunch we gently motored into the small port and dropped Hannah on the stone breakwater. We left at 15.30 and motor-sailed at 81° in an 8 knot southeasterly, towards the passage between Isla del Aire and the south-east corner of Menorca, where we turned north, up the east coast and eventually into the estuary for Mahon. There was a classic regatta in progress, but at 20.35 we found berth on a pontoon off Isla del Rey in the middle of the harbour, which still cost £130 for the night! We had covered 47 miles. We went ashore and found a tapas bar near the Yacht Club and admired the classics.

Pedro, Miranda's friend from London Business School, arrived the next morning, Sunday. Miranda, Charles and Urs took the dinghy to meet him and do some shopping. We were now heading for Sardinia, an overnight crossing of 230 miles. We left at 12.05 and motored down the estuary then turning north. But we had time for lunch first. So it was just 6 miles to an anchorage behind Isla Colom. We left at 15.00 and motor-sailed into the evening with a 12 knot southerly. The sea was calm and it was a fine night; but the wind died down and at 03.30 on Monday we furled the sails. We operated 3 hour night watches, one crew coming on every 90 minutes, followed by 6 hours off. The sun rose at 07.00 and, as the day warmed, the wind got up from the north, enough to motor-sail. At 14.10 after 199 miles we rounded Punta Dello Scorno the tip of the northwest finger of Sardinia and a nature reserve. We furled the sails and turned south. After a few minutes we stopped. While *Eleanda* drifted, we swam in the warmest water yet. The air temperature was well into the 30s. We then motored on to Castelsardo in the northeast of the Golfo dell' Asinaro. The marina just had enough room for us. But it was a hike to the town.

We took a taxi from the marina to the citadel and admired the near 360° view from the top. In the end we didn't like any of the tourist restaurants up there and chose the hotel on the sea front – good fish.

On Tuesday morning we said goodbye to Charles, who was to fly from nearby Olbia to Bristol. We motored out at 12.30, but were soon sailing in a stiff breeze, heading for a late lunch and swim in the Baia di Santa Reparata, 30 miles away on the south side of the straits between Sardinia and Corsica, so convenient for Bonifacio. The straits are known as a wind machine! It was a windswept sort of place but warm and suited our purpose. Several boats were already anchored there. We anchored at 15.35 and departed at 17.30. Bonifacio was just 9 miles away but we found 18 knots of easterly wind, giving *Eleanda* a good 9 knots with everything up, even if only for an hour.

Dramatic entrance

The entrance to Bonifacio is very dramatic, steep white cliffs and a fortress citadel that was once the HQ of the French Foreign Legion. We were lucky to be given a finger pontoon, although near the large powerboats. We were close to the centre, but not the disco-bars. We chose restaurant Le Voilier,

from the Guide Michelin, good value with a 3-course menu for £35. Along the promenade were some chic clothing shops, a fishmonger charging outrageous prices, a butcher and a Spar. It was one of the most scenic and buzzy places and we would definitely return, but not in July or August.

We now had two days sailing up the west coast of Corsica to Calvi. Before leaving we had bought lobster for a dinner at anchor. We ignored Ajaccio, the birthplace of Napoleon. The weather was so stable, we could stop anywhere so long as we were out of the swell from the southwest. After 91 miles all motoring and glorious mountain scenery, we motored into Calvi at 18.45 on Thursday 4th September. The approach is glorious with its 13th century citadel with ramparts and battlements guarding the entrance to the wide marina. Lots of room and a friendly mariner soon sorted us out.

We were moored with other smaller sailing boats and a large gas-guzzler on the outside. On the outer pontoon were the super power boats including an outrageous black, sleek monster, belonging to the Rolling Stones Manager. The promenade alongside the marina was one long stretch of cafés, bars, ice cream parlours and restaurants. We had some expensive cocktails at a bar, watching the world go by, followed by a rather mediocre restaurant.

Friday 5th September was our last full day and a 108 mile crossing to France. I had planned the tiny inlet of Port Man in the northeast of Ile de Port-Cross as our landfall, just 25 miles from St. Tropez. We were up at 06.30 for an early shop and departed at 07.30. Within a couple of hours we had 15-20 knots of wind and more from 170° and reached at 9 knots on 284°

even shortening sail for a time. Urs and Tom helmed for 3 or 4 hours. We, being lazy cruisers, prefer the autopilot! But by 16.30 the wind was dropping to 10 knots and we motor-sailed to the cover of Port Man, where we anchored in 9.5m at 19.45 sharing it with two other small yachts. We were nowhere near any civilisation, but Heleen made incredible lobster soup!

My farming brother Adrian had introduced us to David Varley, Repco Marine, +33 607 346 515, a yacht agent in Port Grimaud. He had organised a berth for *Eleanda*. So after our last swim and breakfast, we motored out at 09.00 for the 28 miles to Grimaud. It was dull and overcast. Eventually we turned into the Golfe de St. Tropez. The anchorage off the harbour was full of enormous super-yachts that should have belonged to a James Bond movie, as was the harbour itself, we discovered later.

David Varley met us at the entrance to Port Grimaud, just 1.5 miles from St. Tropez. We followed him through the winding canals to berth outside one of the fishermen's waterside cottages. It was meant for no more than a 30' boat and a diver came to lay a stronger mooring for us. But she was safe for the moment. After our October racing in Les Voiles we moved to the marina in the centre, Grimaud III, ideal for the winter months ahead.

We had arrived after 35 days sailing, 15 with just Nigel and Heleen alone, but with too many engine hours. We had covered 2,426.3 miles and consumed 2,565 litres of diesel for 226.3 engine hours. We had brought *Eleanda* safely to St. Tropez, ready for 2009 when Italy and Greece will beckon. We thank all our friendly crew for all their entertainment and help.

James Nixon writes of rock crawling in Strangford Narrows

One of the many joys of cruising is in cutting corners, and in finding shortcuts avoiding a tedious race or the like. "Not to be undertaken without local knowledge" is enough to excite us, and there are many potentially heart-stopping examples around the Irish coast.

"The Narrows", the fearsome entrance to Strangford Lough from the Irish Sea, with streams exceeding 7 knots at springs is one such area. The latest edition of the Club's Sailing Directions is more adventurous than earlier ones, with the passage west of the Angus Rock now well described.

On the east side, the passage north of the Bar Pladdy is also described, with a warning about the 1.8 metre patch near the transit line of Kilclief Castle and the Rock Angus beacon. Beware of the difficulty in identifying the square keep of Kilclief Castle sometimes, and do not mistake the church on the skyline for it! This useful shortcut can avoid the race on the Bar Pladdy itself, and further south.

Racing can make cautious cruising folk do silly things. This year I have been competing in Faughan one of the elegant River Class, designed in 1919 by Alfred Mylne. Only 12 were ever built and all sail from Strangford Lough Yacht Club at Whiterock. The annual "Narrows" regatta series in July starts with the Bar Buoy Race. The start line is between Portaferry and Strangford villages, and is timed to coincide with the last hour of the ebb. The course is round the Bar Pladdy buoy and back up "the river" to finish off at Portaferry. Boats varied from 14 feet witchcraft dinghies up to racing boats of over 50 feet LOA.

The start has to be managed carefully, especially in the light northerly we experienced, as once over the line there was no hope of returning. In a fleet of over 100 boats we ran quickly under spinnaker south to the Bar Buoy. As the ebb was still fairly strong, we opted to try the rock-strewn passage inside the Pladdy Lug on Ballyquintin Point. The beacon on it looks like a white-tiled miniature of the Canary Wharf tower in London. There is a shallow rocky channel to the east and north of it. See pages 88 to 90 in the Sailing Directions. A Rivers only draws 3'5" (1.04m), and we dared to follow a small group of local Flying 15s and a Squib into this daunting area of weed-strewn channels and pladdies.

Many hazards were showing near low water, though by this stage in the cycle the sea level was starting to rise near the Bar, though still ebbing from the Lough. A strange but logical paradox. The Squib struck a rock just ahead, encouraging us to tack westwards out into the last of the ebb. By hugging the east shore, often within touching distance of rocks, we struggled back towards Portaferry. Approaching the Routen Wheel, the celebrated "whirlpool" just south of Rue Point, the stream was slackening, but it was still slow progress to the finish in the light conditions.

This passage inside the Pladdy Lug should never be described in any Sailing Directions. Racing really does make us to do some very silly things.

The Commodore introduces Hilary Keatinge's book detailing the Club's history over the last 25 years

It gives me great pleasure as the newly elected Commodore of the Irish Cruising Club to introduce this book which has been produced as part of the Club's celebrations marking its Seventy Fifth Anniversary in 2004.

Written by Hilary Keating and handsomely illustrated with members' photographs and illustrations it details the Club's history since "To Sail the Created Sea" was written by W M (Winkie) Nixon to celebrate our fiftieth anniversary in 1979. The Club's sincere thanks are due to Hilary for the huge amount of enthusiasm, hard work and patience she has put into the production of the volume.

The book captures perfectly the essence of the Club, with its diverse membership and equally diverse fleet of boats, which has been reflected over the years through contributions to the Club Annual. The past quarter of a century has seen huge

changes in all aspects of cruising from the ever increasing size of boats, to the sophistication of instrumentation and the vast improvement in harbour facilities all of which have contributed to much more ambitious and wide ranging cruises being undertaken by members. The book provides an invaluable record of these and other social changes as experienced by the members of the Irish Cruising Club.

Throughout all the changes that have taken place some things thankfully remain the same. Among these are the camaraderie and good fellowship which Club members enjoy both afloat and ashore. I hope this book will help enliven the conviviality aboard in remote anchorages and even in marinas in years to come, I commend it to you and I hope you will agree that it was worth waiting for.

*Peter Ronaldson, Commodore
March 2008*



Sandy Taggart congratulates Hilary Keatinge on the production of her book: "The Irish Cruising Club 1979-2004"

To Russia on *Ann Again*

Brian and Eleanor Cudmore

Even though we had spent the last few years cruising in northern European waters we never managed to spend much time in the Baltic. This year we decided to give it a go and hopefully get to St. Petersburg. As the whole trip would be over 4,000 miles we decided a minimum of three months was needed so we set off on 6th May. As we had cruised the waters between Cork and the Kiel Canal before, our plan was to get to and through the canal as quickly as possible and then cruise the Baltic at a more leisurely pace. When with just two on board, cruising in coastal waters in close proximity to busy shipping lanes, we find overnight passages can be very demanding and tiring, so we invited fellow ICC member Gerry Donovan to join us and we had the pleasure of his company for four weeks as far as Tallinn, Estonia in the north Baltic.

We left Crosshaven in windless sunny conditions, which persisted for the next couple of days, and apart from stops in Weymouth to refuel and in Poole to replace our chart plotter which was acting up, we motored the whole way to Calais. After topping up our wine stocks we headed off north. Deciding not to cross the busy Euro port TSS in the dark, we went into Stellendam for the night arriving at 04.00 to be met by customs police who came on board and checked our papers. Our intention was to go round outside all the Frisian islands directly to Cuxhaven, but with strong northerlies, short steep seas and tide against us, we altered course and went into the Waddenzee at Den Helder and the shelter of Oudeschild on Texel. Next day, having got local advice on the tide, we made our way 35 miles across to West Terschelling. This was a very interesting passage, picking our way through the withies and narrow buoyed channels with the very strong flood tide, at times we were doing 10 knots SOG. While in the Waddenzee we saw many large Dutch barges sailing through these narrow channels and were amazed at the skilful way these cumbersome vessels were handled. There are nearly 500 of these barges still in existence, beautifully maintained, making their living by taking charters. The very large ones can accommodate 30 guests. We thought what a lovely way for the ICC to spend a spring or autumn break. You have to get the tide right in these waters and the only way is to seek local advice. We left Terschelling next morning two hours before low water and got out into the North Sea as the tide changed to the east-going flood. After a lovely brisk 30 hour fetch we freed sheets and turned into the river Elbe, and had a fast down-wind sail with the last of the ingoing tide under us to Cuxhaven.

Bikes can be borrowed at the marina and we did so and cycled to the supermarket to replenish our fresh food supplies. In the morning, tide and wind with us, we sailed 16 miles up the very busy Elbe to the entrance to the Kiel Canal. The canal is 56 miles long and is used by up to 80 ocean going vessels a day. It is a great experience motoring along in close proximity to such big ships. Great entertainment at €37 for a 13 metre yacht. On leaving the canal we motored across the Kieler Bucht to Laboe Marina, which is an excellent facility. Laboe is a pretty little seaside town and we had a super dinner in a fish restaurant, Fisch-Kuche, on the quayside overlooking the marina.

Next morning 19th May we set off for Rugen in northern Germany, but as the weather was so settled and it was a beautiful calm, bright moonlit night, we decided to keep going 330 miles to Gdynia in east Poland, which took us 60 hours. Gdynia is a nice town but has not yet managed to shake off the influence of the communist era. It has a large marina with good facilities and considers itself to be the sailing capital of Poland. Next day we had a 10 mile broad-reach, under genoa only, across the Gulf of Gdansk in glorious sunshine to enter the Kanal Portowy, and motored an interesting, winding five mile journey to the marina in the heart of the old city of Gdansk, passing many large ship-building yards on either side. Gdansk has a lovely modern marina which is next to the Maritime museum, adjacent to the old town. The museum is well worth a visit and one of its exhibits is the first ship built there after WWII. Gdansk suffered badly in the wars and the city was flattened. Luckily the original plans were not destroyed and the Old City was rebuilt to its original splendour. Amazingly this was done while under communist reign. It is a truly stunning



Ann Again tied to trees at Flakholm in the beautiful Barosund.

city with buildings from many different eras and styles. Its people were a joy, very helpful and friendly, and most spoke very good English. It has many very good restaurants all in close proximity to the marina. We delayed our departure so we could see the Heineken Cup Rugby Final, but no matter how hard we tried we could not get TV coverage. We did however get the first half on the radio, via internet, and then had to rely on texts from home. Happy with Munster's win, next morning we headed off for Klaipeda in Lithuania, a distance of 144 miles, keeping well off-shore of the Russian territory of Kaliningrad. We were told the Russians diligently patrol this stretch of coast, and that boats that strayed into these waters without visas have been arrested and had to pay very substantial fines before being released. The Baltic coast from Poland to Estonia is very flat and forested. It is a shoal coastline and virtually one long sandy beach with very few harbours. The pilot advises to stay outside the 10 metre contour to avoid the many WWII wrecks.

Upriver to Klaipeda

On arrival in Klaipeda we went three miles upriver to the Yacht Club marina but with 2 metres draft we were directed across the river to a marina that was still being completed, in an old dockyard adjacent to the town centre. Here there was a new building with showers and a restaurant. Next morning we left early in lovely sunshine but no wind to sail to Liepaja in Latvia about 70 miles north. Shortly after midday in a matter of five minutes the wind went from 0 to 25 knots northerly, giving us a tough beat for the last 25 miles. Once in through the harbour walls we motored in to the town centre, where they have recently put pontoons along the quay walls, with shore power and water, and have built a harbour block with bathrooms, a sauna and a laundry. Since joining the EU there are lots more yachts cruising in the Baltic States and the few ports here all have built new facilities. From quite a distance off-shore we could see, towering above the tree line, the golden domes of a Russian Orthodox Church shining magnificently in the sunlight. We took a local bus to visit it. Built originally in beautiful parkland it is now cramped, totally surrounded by block after block of Russian-built, concrete tenement flats, all five storeys high. Still it was an impressive sight. We sailed 60 miles to Ventspils, still in Latvia, where the harbourmaster whose son works in Castleblaney, was delighted to welcome his first Irish yacht. On leaving Latvia we visited the Estonian Islands of Saaremaa and Muhu, and Haapsalu on the mainland on our way to Tallinn. This coastline is extremely shallow with barely 2 metres in places and needs careful navigation. It has though a sandy bottom!

Estonia was formerly under Russia rule and the marina in Tallinn was built to host the sailing events for the 1980 Moscow Olympics. The yacht club here has a very good restaurant, where we enjoyed several lovely meals, and very patient office staff who gave us weather updates daily. The marina is about 8 miles east of the city with a quarter-hourly bus service. Unfortunately Gerry whose company we had enjoyed for four weeks had to leave us here and we spent the next few days doing the touristy thing. Tallinn is a beautiful, medieval walled city with narrow cobbled streets, lots of interesting Lutheran and Orthodox churches. We climbed the spire of St. Olav's and had a panoramic view of the city and large harbour.

Our eldest daughter, Sally and Eleanor's brother Tom, joined us here for the journey to St. Petersburg. Sally arrived with the news that because it was hosting a European Economic Forum, the port of St. Petersburg was closed to pleasure craft until 10th June! We had to delay our arrival, and unfortunately our stay, by two days. We sailed to Haapasari, a tiny island in Finland

close to the border, to clear customs and immigration before crossing into Russian waters.

This part of the Baltic is very busy with shipping and there is a very elaborate TSS all the way from the entrance to the Gulf of Finland at Estonia. A buoyed channel starts 80 miles out from St. Petersburg. It is relatively wide and deep for 65 miles to the island of Kronstadt, once an important Naval Base, with sea walls built out each side to the mainland, to protect the city which was Russia's capital until 1918. There you can see painted on the quay walls, numbers which were used by the naval ships in past times to swing their compasses. Then you continue on into the narrow Morskoy Canal, dredged to 8 metres, 15 miles to the main port. This canal is not wide enough for large ships to pass, and with only two commercial ports in the Baltic, Russia cannot cope with the needs of its booming economy. We counted 72 ships at anchor west of Kronstadt awaiting instructions to proceed to St. Petersburg. They are urgently trying to redress this, and are building a new port at Kronstadt and a road system to the mainland

Russian bureaucracy

At 19.00 on 9th June we set off from Haapasari and no sooner had we crossed the border at 21.00 when the Russian Coastguard called us on the VHF requesting our nationality, call sign, number of people on board, last and next port of call etc. This was the start of the bureaucracy we had to endure from the Russian officials for our entire stay. If you want to visit Russia as an individual as opposed to going with a tour operator, you need an invitation from a Russian citizen, and this we got from Vladimir Ivankiv, the OCC port representative for St. Petersburg. With this invitation we then had to apply to the Russian embassy in Dublin for a visa. On this experience alone we could write a book! At this time of year, close to mid-summer, this far north you get "white nights" and with good visibility we had a very interesting overnight passage, arriving early morning when the port opened again on the 10th. We had travelled 2,070 miles from Cork. We were met on the dock by two uniformed guards who escorted us to the Immigration building where Vladimir was waiting for us. Vladimir who speaks fluent English was of great assistance to us during our entire stay. He went to great lengths to try to overcome the red tape imposed by the officials. He took us and helped us fill in the many forms (in triplicate) to clear immigration, and then took us to customs where we had to fill in more forms, before we were free to enter the country. It was quite a daunting experience, as we were being watched over by the two guards all the time. Even Vladimir seemed tense. This took an hour and a half and then we were told 'rules' had changed just before our arrival and we were not allowed leave the Immigration Dock to go to a marina as yachts formerly did. We had to moor up with the cruise liners and ferries. This meant that every time we wanted to leave the boat we had to go through immigration where, each time, the officials scrutinised and checked our passports against a list. On occasions we found ourselves queuing with a couple of hundred passengers from a cruise liner. Once through immigration we were free to roam as we wished and we spent several days touring this spectacular city.

Domes, turrets, minarets and spires

We toured the magnificent Winter Palace and Hermitage, and later went to see the ballet Swan Lake, in its small theatre built by Peter the Great for his wife Catherine to entertain her guests. The skyline is dotted with gold domes, turrets, minarets and spires. We went to as many as time allowed, Peter and Paul Fortress, St. Isaac's Cathedral, the impressive arc of 24 columns with Our Lady of Kazan Cathedral in the centre. The

city was built on the river Neva delta in marshland, and has many canals affording wonderful views of the Baroque and Neo-Classical architecture and decorative bridges. The Church on Spilled Blood is built on the site where Tsar Alexandra II was assassinated and is very different. It is a riot of colour, the exterior is covered in ceramic tiles, mosaics, Norwegian marble, Estonian granite, carved stone and colourful enamel which was used on five of its very ornate domes, the other four are gold. The inside is amazing. It is covered with mosaics, all 6,000 square metres of it. June 12th is Independence Day, and they had a Marching Band and a Flower Parade. Bands came from all over Russia and other parts of the world,

and marched down Nevskiy Prospekt, the main street, with very exotic fresh-flower floats between each one. We were at a good viewing place because each band stopped and did an amusing marching routine, right in front of us. To hear the cheering and camaraderie between the bands and public was great fun. Certainly it was not our preconceived impression of Russian people. When the parade was over we were taken by three local ladies to hear international choirs singing in the Summer Gardens.

Sally had to leave on Friday 13th June to attend a conference in Warsaw, and at 20.00 that evening Vladimir came to help with all the necessary paperwork. This completed, we were escorted by a lady customs officer who searched the boat before we were allowed to leave. With a good forecast we headed off again to Haapasari to clear back into the EU. As we approached the border at 07.30 next morning we were called by a patrol boat who wanted to know if we were the *S/Y Ann Again*. Big brother is still alive and very active! We spent the next four days gently pottering through beautiful islands to Helsinki where Tom was leaving us.

Quite a night!

A lot of the Finnish and Swedish islands are privately owned by yacht clubs, and only members may use them, in fact in the rules of some of these clubs, members are obliged to ask non-members to leave. Unknowingly we wandered into one of these islands and went to where two boats were tied, but because of our ICC ensign they welcomed the only Irish yacht they had ever encountered to tie onto their jetty and invited us to join them in their barbeque hut, bringing our own food and copious bottles of wine, and they also offered us the use of the sauna. The two men had been in a jazz band in their youth, we had quite a night! Not all of the islands are privately owned, many are state run and have BBQs and saunas where you chop your own wood from the blocks, with the axe provided, and light them yourself. We got quite expert at it! It is quite shallow between the islands of Finland, but the passages are well-marked. We sailed on west to Helsinki and went to the marina right in the heart of the city, arriving in heavy rain and high winds. Tom left us next day and we spent three days sight-seeing, catching up on another cruising couple we made friends with in Gdansk, and planning the next part of our journey through the Finnish and Swedish Archipelagos and the Aaland Islands to Stockholm.

Now with just two of us on board for the homeward journey,

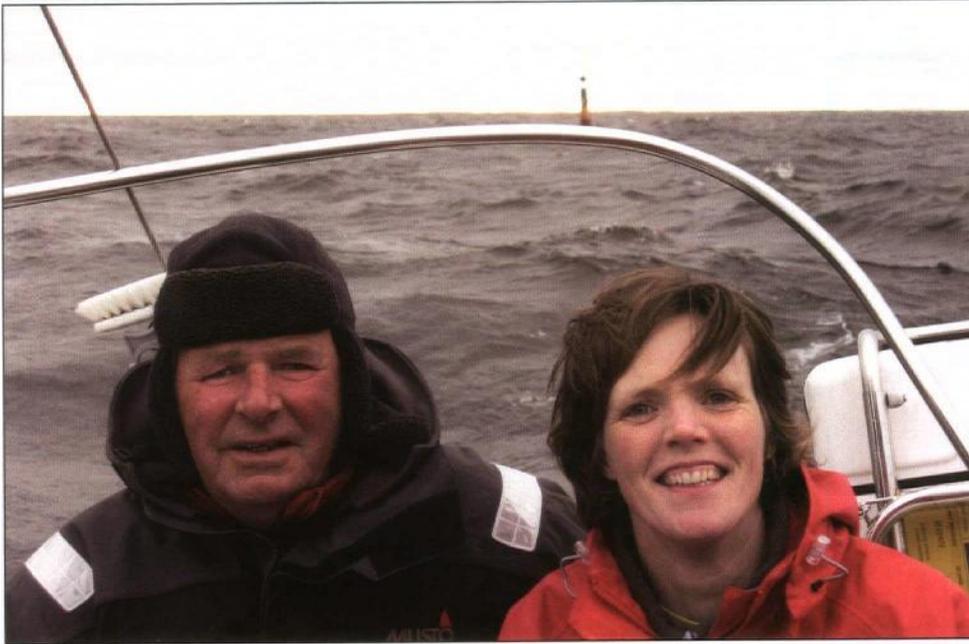


we departed Helsinki on 20th June and over the next ten days we gradually made our way west to Marihamn in the Åland Islands. Cruising through the tree-clad islands of Finland one American journalist has likened it to sailing in a forest. Passages are very narrow between the islands, often only a matter of feet from the rocks. We did find some spectacular places to drop a stern anchor and tie the bow onto a tree. There are thousands of boats cruising in this part of the Baltic, and to be sure of a place for the night you need to get to an anchorage early afternoon settle down, and watch the chaos unfold as more boats arrive and squeeze in. What amazed us was the calm and silence during all this manoeuvring.

Rain on Midsummer's Day!

Midsummer's Day it rained heavily all day, so we decided to go to a marina at Porkkala, where we happened upon a trio of German yachts we had helped into their berths in the high winds in Helsinki. Recognising *Ann Again* they called us over to tie alongside them, and invited us to join them later for a musical evening.

We always asked the locals which were their favourite places, and where we should go, and one suggestion was the very narrow, beautiful Barosund where we overnighted at Flakholm tied to a tree. It was the first time we had done that and we got great help from a young Finnish couple, whom we invited on board for a drink and to pick their brains! One place they told us about was Helgingholm on the Aaland archipelago. After a couple of nights tying to trees in beautiful and remote places, we luckily went to the civilisation of a marina in Hango, where we were weather and tummy-bug bound for three days. When able, we left and went to Helsingholm, a small island with just one family living on it. We tied bow-to its small jetty thinking how lucky we were to fit in. More and more boats came and eventually it was so crowded that one boat inched its bow between us and the boat next to us, and unable to get past our cockpit, she tied amidships to us and had to cross over us to go ashore. Even though the boat on her other side was not happy, this was all done in silence. Here we could buy freshly baked bread, freshly laid eggs and freshly smoked fish. These things were just out on display and you helped yourself and put the money in an honesty box. They also had a sauna which you booked for a specific time and they would light it and have it ready for you. The family lives on this tiny island all year round, and when we asked what it was like in winter they explained that they could drive to the mainland 6km away over



Brian and daughter Sally just past the buoy marking the Russian border.

the frozen sea, and in the autumn and spring when the ice isn't thick enough they used their hovercraft!

Aaland is an archipelago of 6,000 islands and skerries, and is the oldest inhabited part of Finland. Even though it is part of Finland, Swedish is their native language, it has its own parliament and flies its own flag. In the 19th century Aaland dominated the world grain-shipping trade and some of the sailing ships were in commission until 1945. To day the beautifully preserved four-masted barque *Pommern* lies in the west harbour as a museum, and is an interesting visit.

On July 1st we sailed across the Gulf of Bothnia and into the wonderful Swedish archipelago towards Stockholm. We stopped first at Fursund, which is on the main route from Stockholm to the Aaland Islands and Turku in Finland. We tied up in a small marina and watched in awe the huge ferries and cruise liners slowly passing by about 50 metres from us. On arrival we noticed a yacht dressed over-all and flying an unusual house flag, with a long line of people waiting to go on board. We thought what a lovely welcome for a new boat; she was in fact the Vaccination Yacht. There is a tick which lives in the grasses here, which can cause life threatening encephalitis and the yacht visits all the islands to vaccinate as many people as possible, from April till the end of July. These islands are very different from the Finnish ones, being much more rocky, barren, and wilder. Most of the islands are protected nature reserves. We did stay on the Rodloga group, thinking, on looking at its remoteness on the chart, that we would have the place to ourselves ... but absolutely not. We were constantly amazed at the number of yachts. Everyone in Finland and Sweden must own a boat. We stayed on Sandhamn, the

"Cowes" of east Sweden, where the Round Gotland race had just finished and at Waxholm back on the mainland where we were amused by the comings and goings of the ferries, just like buses. We sailed south through hundreds of little islands on the outskirts of Stockholm, all with beautiful houses, on a bright sunny day, motoring all around the spectacular harbour before going into the marina at Wasahamnen. What a sight to see the many commercial and pleasure craft enjoy this beautiful harbour, overlooked by stunning residences perched high on the hills around it.

Stockholm is a city of islands all joined together by bridges. You can walk, cycle, take a bus or go around by ferry. The marina is next to the Vasa Museum and a five

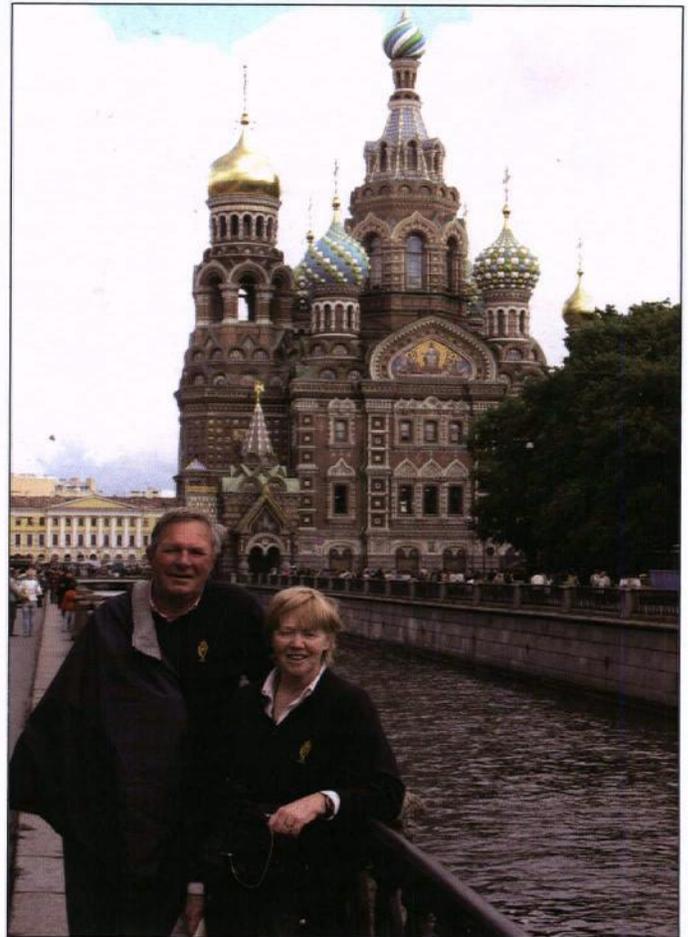
minute ferry ride to the city centre. We met boats from all nationalities on the marina, from as far away as Australia, South Africa, Canada and America. If visiting Stockholm the Vasa Museum is a very definite must. In 1628 the 'fearsome fighting' warship, the *Vasa*, with three masts and 64 guns and 300 soldiers was launched. She was very splendid, adorned with hundreds of carved sculptures and had more cannons than any other ship before her. Just a couple of kilometres into her maiden voyage she lent over in a puff of wind, water poured in through her open cannon port-holes and she sank immediately in Stockholm harbour. She lay for 333 years under the sea until her salvage in 1961. Lying in mud she was virtually intact and 95% of her is original. She was floated into an old dry dock where she was restored and the museum built around her.

On Saturday 12th July, in a 20 knot southerly, we set sail again through the exciting and intricate passage, narrow and shallow at times, winding around islands, sail adjusting all the way to Dalaro. There is a continuous procession of yachts up and down this passage and we seemed to meet the north-going



Tight squeeze in Dutch lock.

ones in all the narrow places! We had our best sailing over the next few days, in good westerly winds, fetching south, at times having to beat between islands, and sometimes 'racing' the boats coming south with us all the way to Landsort on Oja right at the end of the Stockholm archipelago. From there we had planned to visit the beautiful turreted and walled city of Visby on Gotland, which was the most important trading centre, and the principle Hanseatic League port in the Baltic, but changed our minds as it would have meant a long beat back to Oland. We left the islands and had a 60 mile open sea passage, sailing into thunder clouds and rain squalls but they parted as we neared them, to the mainland. Over the next couple of days we sailed down the marked route through the myriad of islands to the island of Oland, and under the bridge linking it to the mainland, to Kalmar one of Sweden's oldest towns, originally a Viking stronghold. It is a lovely town with a mixture of influences. Next we had a bouncy trip on a dull overcast day to Utklippan, on the southeast corner of Sweden, a collection of tiny islands joined together by concrete quays to form a miniscule harbour, entry only possible in calm weather. Being a hazard to shipping there is a lighthouse on it, and the keeper collects dues. We had hoped to go to the Danish island of Bornholm but with a dreadful forecast for the next few days we decided that the mainland in the south tip of Sweden where we had a choice of three places to go, was a better option. We left next morning at 06.00 in southwest winds and had a hard slog, but we made the most southerly port of Skillinge, in increasing wind strength. It was not very user-friendly marina. We could not get a forecast here and we were out of VHF coverage, so had to rely on the other yachts for information, the Swedes and Danes having very different forecasts. We set off at 09.00 next day sailing 75 miles to Klintholm on the Danish island of Mon, comfortable with our ETA in fading light, as we had been here before in 2003 and remembered the miles of fishing traps, their stakes barely visible above the water, that line the coastline. The marina was full to six deep at each berth so we went to the harbour and tied up to a Swedish yacht, who told us they could not leave Mon that day due to the high winds, consistent heavy rain and poor visibility, which had lasted eight hours. We got none of that even though it threatened it all day. We had a good sail to Gedser, still in Denmark, next day staying in the huge marina; lucky to squeeze in. On the coast just west of Gedser



Brian and Eleanor at Church on Spilled Blood.

there is a wind farm with 72 massive turbines standing like soldiers. We sailed close by them and crossed over to Germany, past the island of Fehman, then back to Kebeo in the Kieler Bucht, motoring all the way on hot windless mirror-like sea. We left at 06.00 next morning anxious to get the first lock opening at Haultenau into the Kiel Canal, hoping to get through and refuelled at Brunsbuttle and out into the Elbe before the lock closed, and across to Cuxhaven. Pleasure craft are only permitted to use the canal in daylight hours. There are plenty of pretty places to stay but we wanted to keep going.

Our departure from Cuxhaven coincided with a spell of settled weather but unfortunately very light easterly wind. We hoisted the main and sailed out the Elbe but once we altered course to the southwest we had to turn on the engine and motor-sail 65 miles to the German Frisian island of Norderney which by the time we arrived was chock-a-block. Next day with a wind that couldn't make up its mind we had motor all 90 miles to the Dutch Frisian island of Vlieland. When we arrived the marina was full and we tied up in the outer harbour outside several old sailing barges. The one we were alongside had 30 guests, a



Gerry jumping ship – he got a better offer in Estonia!

singles-only charter. The skipper told us she had often sailed to Ireland, mostly west Cork, as mate on other barges. As we love Vlieland we planned on staying two nights here, and next morning we moved to a berth on the marina. We rented bikes and spent a pleasant day touring the island, the highest point being 40 metres, of which they are very proud. Again getting advice on the tides we left Vlieland at 11.00 to cross the Waddenzee towards Harlingen, and then turn into the Boontjes channel at high water to the Kornwerderzand lock in the dyke which separates the inland sea, the Ijsselmere, from the Waddenzee and from the ferocious the North Sea. There was a steady stream of yachts and barges going with us. We scraped our way over the sandy buoyed Boontjes, which dries at low water and made the 16.30 lock opening and then had a great sail 20 miles to Enkhuizen, arriving as it was getting dark, and rafted up five deep in the outer harbour.

North Sea Canal to Amsterdam

We quietly slipped out next morning, through the lock into the Markermeer, and sailed to the Orangesluisen lock and into the North Sea Canal to Amsterdam, where we berthed in the marina at Sixhaven directly across the canal from the city centre. The marina is very convenient to the city, always very full but the marina master will always squeeze another yacht in. There is a free ferry running continuously across the canal to the back of the central station, and when you walk through to its magnificent front, you are in the heart of Amsterdam. The station is only about a 15 minute train journey from Schiphol airport. We planned on spending a few days here but the heat was unbearable and having been here a couple of times before we decided to leave after two days. On Thursday 1st August we woke to very different weather, a nice breeze had filled in and there was the odd cloud. We motored 15 miles along the Canal and locked out at IJmuiden and into the marina, as it was now blowing very fresh from the south. We went to check the weather forecast to find force 7s, 8s and 9s southerly, for the next couple of days. We walked out to the end of the harbour walls to look and the seas which were all white. We decided to stay and wait for a weather window which never materialised. The only happy people here were the kite surfers; we counted

25 kites speedily surfing and jumping the waves. In the rain and gale next day we took a bus into pretty Haarlem. Checking the five day forecast we could see gale after gale coming our way for the duration, so in order to keep going south and home, we decided to turn back into the canal system and go inland via the Stand Mast Route to Vlissingen, 110 miles to the south, where we locked out at 14.00 into the North Sea again and we had a great sail in increasing winds to Calais, arriving with spectacular thunder and lightning to light our way. You can only get into Calais marina when the cill is open, which it was at 04.00 when we arrived, so we called on VHF for the bridge to be opened and in we went to the shelter of the marina. After a well-earned sleep we took a bus to the Eurocity shopping centre where we bought our winter supply of wine, getting a taxi back to the boat. Next morning with a slight list to port, we left the marina at the 06.34 bridge opening, waited 20 minutes for a break in shipping movements and the traffic lights to turn green to allow us leave Calais Port.

Romping sail

We had a romping sail to Brighton in 15 to 20 knots north-westerly. Overnight the winds changed again giving south-westerly gales. We had to stay for three days until the winds moderated enough for us to make the 60 mile hop to Portsmouth, but as we had a good tide under us entering the Solent we kept going another 10 miles to Cowes. We were stuck here for another three days, but it was most enjoyable as it is where Brian's cousin Harold lives, and he took us under his wing. Friday 15th August, a day we thought we would be well home by, we left Cowes at 09.30 with the west-going tide and sailed out through the Needles Channel for Land's End and Cork, keeping a sharp ear on the weather forecast every four hours on the VHF. On rounding the Lizard we heard of northerly gales in Lundy and Fastnet so we altered course for Newlyn where we sheltered in their new marina for five days as low after low passed through. Eventually we left on Wednesday morning, arriving back in Crosshaven at mid-day the following day. We spent 3½ months away visited 14 different countries and travelled 4,062 miles.

It is apparently unlucky to begin a voyage on a Friday, the day Christ was crucified. In the nineteenth century the British Navy thought it would step on this notion. It laid the keel of a new vessel on a Friday, named it HMS Friday, launched it on a Friday and set to sea on a Friday. Neither the ship nor the crew were ever heard of again.

Back to the Balearics – again

Peter and Evie Ronaldson

Our cruising plans for 2008 were thrown into disarray at the end of May, when Evie fell, breaking her wrist and injuring her back which caused painful sciatica. At one stage it seemed that these injuries would scupper our plans totally, but by the beginning of August she felt fit enough to face what we hoped would be a modest and gentle cruise in the Balearics. Our cruising philosophy is simple: we usually cruise on our own to avoid meeting deadlines, we avoid marinas as far as possible, preferring the peace and quiet of a good anchorage, we eat on board most of the time, preferring our cockpit table to crowded restaurants with indifferent and expensive food, and we try not to put ourselves under pressure by “biting off more than we can chew”.

Seascope of Down is our 26-year-old Westerly Conway ketch, 36 feet LOA with a Beta Marine 43 hp engine installed in 2001. She has been based in Alicante Marina in southeast Spain for several years, and has provided us and other family members with many happy and some scary experiences, mainly around the Balearics in that time. In July Evie's son John Driscoll with his wife Clea gave their eleven month old son Bobby his first taste of cruising, taking the boat from the mainland for two weeks around Ibiza and Formentera. We joined the boat on 2nd August at anchor in San Antonio, Ibiza, having endured an appalling flight from Belfast – appalling because of the behaviour of our fellow passengers rather than any fault with EasyJet. We had always avoided the Balearics in early August, fearing that crowded anchorages and marinas combined with the heat would destroy any pleasure, so we approached the next couple of weeks with some trepidation – with justification in some cases.

Disco culture

San Antonio is one of the main centres of the well-known Ibiza disco culture and as such is an unattractive place, but from a sailor's viewpoint offers the only reasonably safe haven on the west side of the island. It has both plenty of anchorage space and a marina, which is currently undergoing a huge expansion and is run by the Club Nautico. The best anchorage area is largely occupied by moorings, so visitors are forced towards the harbour mouth the south side of which is well-sheltered except in northwesterlies. It is now impossible to land in the dinghy at the Club Nautico so finding a safe place to land can be difficult – we overcame this problem by befriending the owner of a beach bar with a jetty attached, who kept an eye on the dinghy – in exchange for our custom! Having seen the family safely on their way we spent a couple of days at anchor victualling and squaring up the boat and using our hire car to see a little of the interior of the island, most of which is peaceful and beautiful, totally dispelling the popular view.

We spent our final night in San Antonio in the marina. The staff were extremely friendly and helpful and we were allocated a berth on a recently completed (almost) pontoon. Once secure, I connected the shore power and went ashore to return our hire car and no sooner had I left than Evie smelt burning and was horrified to see black smoke issuing from the battery charger.

She had the presence of mind to disconnect the power and a reassuring word from a helpful Spanish neighbour and crew restored calm, but on my return the battery charger was dispatched to the bin. San Antonio is not the gourmet capital of Ibiza so we ate on board, and were fascinated by our neighbour who sat in the pulpit drinking beer while quite aggressively issuing instructions to his wife and family cleaning the boat, without lifting a finger himself.

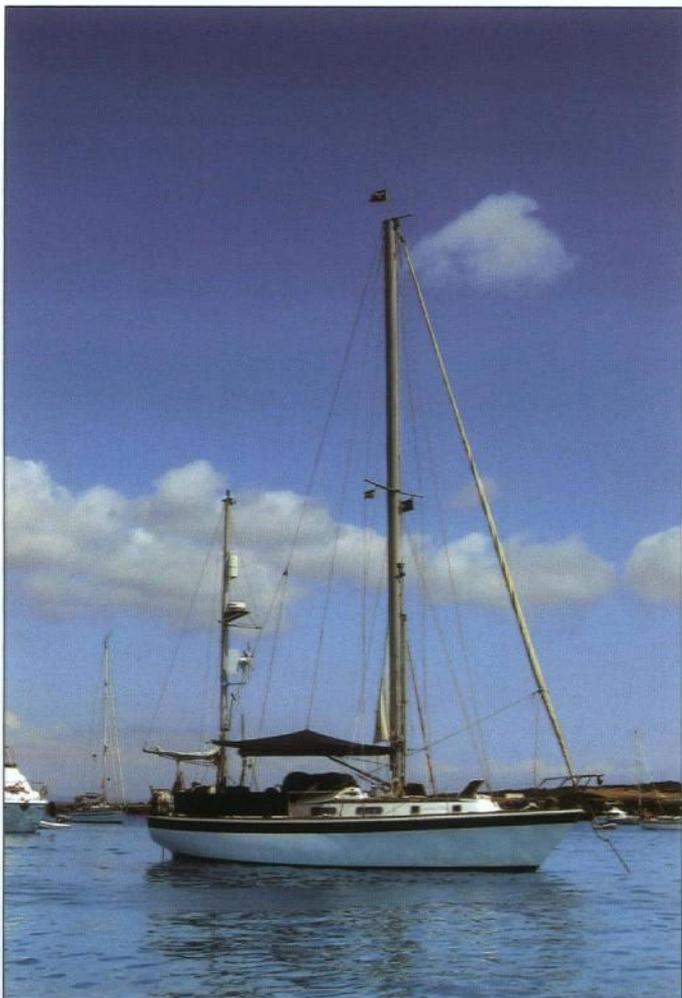
Ordered out

At two minutes past noon the next day (Wednesday 6th August) the chief marinero arrived and demanded that we leave immediately – we were only permitted to stay until noon apparently – he had all the charm and flexibility of Hitler and would not even let us stay for a few minutes to wash the boat down. He was of course technically correct, but his attitude left a sour taste and was in complete contrast to the rest of the staff. We immediately departed heading north and west motor-sailing in a fitful easterly breeze along the spectacular and rocky Ibiza coastline, the first seven miles of which offer few anchorages although we did see many dive boats and one or two yachts anchored in the most unlikely spots, particularly near a natural arch at Punta de ses Torretas.

We anchored for a couple of hours, swimming and snorkelling in the attractive Cala Binirras about twelve miles away, which despite many threats is still undeveloped although crowded with trippers and power boats. It was too crowded to contemplate an overnight stop, so we motored a further two miles along the coast to Cala Blanco, one of our favourite Ibiza anchorages which is rarely crowded – beautiful with good holding in sand and deserted, except for a couple of private (and very opulent) houses. We were not disappointed and by sunset there were only three other boats in the bay. The swimming and snorkelling were excellent but we saw the first signs of jellyfish, which were widely predicted locally to become a plague which would virtually wipe out the tourist industry. A beautiful sunset, delicious food and wine on board accompanied by suitably atmospheric music combined to make our first evening of proper cruising memorable.

Jellyfish everywhere!

The following morning, Thursday 7th August, Evie was bitterly disappointed to find the boat surrounded by swarms of jellyfish which put paid to any further snorkelling. It was sunny, hot and windless as we weighed anchor at 11.45 and headed northeast towards Puerto de Andraitx on Mallorca 50 miles away. There was absolutely no wind and the sea was glassy calm, forcing us to motor until we were about five miles off Mallorca when a gentle easterly sprang up allowing us to sail for the final hour of the passage. We were disappointed to see little wildlife on the crossing, although we did enjoy the company of a few dolphins for a short time and passed through several huge swarms of red jellyfish which did not augur well for future snorkelling and swimming. We arrived off Puerto de Andraitx at 20.15 and



Seascape of Down at Cala Sahona.

Photo: Peter Ronaldson

experienced for the first time one of the main disadvantages of cruising in the Balearics in high season – the anchorage was so crowded that it was impossible to find a space anywhere near the town, and we were forced to anchor about half a mile away outside the outer breakwater protecting the harbour. Puerto de Andraitx is described in the Pilot book as a safe harbour of refuge which can be entered in any weather, but clearly this is not the case in high season when there is simply no room.

We eventually found a spot, were anchored by 20.30, and after our arrival drink decided not to go ashore but sat and enjoyed another glorious sunset with the evening light on the hills behind the port. We are still very fond of Andraitx – it is where we bought *Seascape* eight years ago – so we stayed there for the following day. The countryside round the port is stunning, and despite modern development and the inevitable crowds, it remains attractive. It is still very much a working port, with an expanding and modern fishing fleet landing its catch every afternoon and leaving every morning in the early hours. Those

at anchor outside the harbour are painfully aware of the fleet's departure.

The following morning (Saturday 9th August) we became aware of another drawback of high season cruising in Mallorca – the queue for fuel and water. Queuing for fuel at the only pump in the port can be frustrating, fraught and sometimes ill-tempered. It can take an hour or more, especially if, like us, you end up behind a large motor boat which takes on 1000 litres – in each tank. We finally got our fuel and motored the three miles from Andraitx to the small resort of San Telmo to cool off, have lunch and regain our composure. It was crowded with boats all seemingly trying to anchor on the same bit of sand, with the inevitable collisions and gesturing, so we left after lunch heading up the northwest coast of the island towards Puerto de Soller 21 miles away.

The northwest coast of Mallorca is by far the most spectacular in the entire Balearics, stretching for about fifty miles from Isla Dragonera in the southwest to Cabo Formentor in the northeast. It is dramatically rugged with high cliffs backed by higher mountains, and has only one decent harbour – Puerto de Soller – throughout its entire length. With the benefit of hindsight I'm not even sure that "decent" is an appropriate description! In a severe northwesterly gale the whole coast must be awesome. On this occasion however it was relatively benign with a light southwesterly coming and going, and teasing us into thinking we could sail one minute but making us motor the next. There was a big swell running which just made sailing more difficult, so in the end we gave up trying and motored to Puerto de Soller having first looked closely at the curious L-shaped Peninsula de la Foradada behind which there is a fair weather anchorage. We anchored in a crowded and somewhat rolly Puerto de Soller at 20.05 and with our arrival drink admired yet another fine sunset and the dramatic panoramic backdrop to the town, from the comfort of our cockpit. Tempting aromas from the galley soon put paid to any idea of eating ashore.

The next morning we moved anchorage once the bay cleared, to be in a more sheltered part of the bay which was also more convenient to the town centre, and we spent the day swimming, reading, watching the comings and goings, going for short walks ashore and generally relaxing in the sun – we felt under no pressure to rush on, the forecast was settled and



Evie at Cala Sahona, Formentera.

Photo: Peter Ronaldson

all was well with the world. We finally tore ourselves away after lunch on Monday 11th and headed northeast along the coast, which is even more spectacular than that south of Soller. There was no wind so once again we were forced to motor – we looked into the attractive Cala Tuent which is overshadowed by Puig Mayor, the highest point of Mallorca, and then into Cala de la Calobra which was also very beautiful but overrun by tourists. As we approached the headland of Cabo Formentor the sea became very confused, and once round the point not only was the sea disturbed but a force 5 southwesterly sprang up, which gave us an uncomfortable hour or so before we anchored in the very shallow but well-sheltered bay of Puerto de Pollensa at 19.15 – time to relax again.

Our original plan was to sail from Puerto de Pollensa to Menorca about 30 miles away, but as Evie was suffering great discomfort in her back we decided to stay for a day or so to see if things improved. It was very hot and crowded ashore, breakfast and lunch were very mediocre, the town centre supermarket was barely adequate regarding fresh food, and my efforts to find a simple spare part for the outboard were totally unsuccessful. By this time Evie was hobbling so we returned on board to find life was relatively pleasant with a cooling breeze, plenty of reading, rest for the back, games of Scrabble and the odd glass of wine to pass the time. There is an Air Force seaplane base across the bay and we were fascinated watching these awkward looking aircraft landing, taking off and practising their fire fighting drill in waters relatively crowded with small boats.

As luck would have it on Wednesday 13th the morning forecast was full of easterlies and northeasterlies up to force 6, which would mean an uncomfortable slog to windward to get to



Cala Tuent, Mallorca.

Photo: Peter Ronaldson

Menorca – not a very inviting prospect with a bad back. The forecast proved to be accurate and indeed on the following day it was still blowing from the east – freshly enough to force a change of mind, and we decided to retrace our steps and sail 35 miles back down the sheltered Mallorcan coast to Puerto de Soller. We departed at 11.15 on Thursday 14th and found conditions outside the bay fairly lively to say the least. We gave Cabo Formentor a berth of a couple of miles but still found a very confused and disorganised sea, which diminished our enthusiasm for lunch somewhat – it didn't really flatten out until we were about five miles south of the headland. The passage down the coast was as spectacular as ever but as we approached Puerto de Soller in the late afternoon we received a warning that a force 7 northwesterly was expected during the night – the worst possible direction for the harbour. We entered the bay at 18.15 and decided that a marina berth would be preferable to anchoring, in the expected conditions which would leave the anchorage very exposed. With little difficulty we were allocated a berth on the "molo transit" – a somewhat rickety pontoon on the edge of the marina but still in a relatively sheltered area of the harbour. We were joined by other similarly-minded crews and soon the pontoon was full, with our immediate neighbour on the starboard side being a Fairline Targa 47 motor boat with huge freeboard and totally inadequate fenders. The Fairline was on a demonstration trip for prospective new owners, who on hearing the forecast promptly flew back to their home in Ibiza leaving the demonstrator on board on his own. He was called Santiago and we took pity on him and invited him aboard for a drink and to join us for a meal ashore – he seemed to be



Contented Commodore.

Photo: Evie Ronaldson

very knowledgeable and interesting and, as it turned out, helpful during the following 24 hours.

Not a very happy scene

At 06.00 the next morning we were awakened by the shrieking of the wind and an uncomfortable motion with all hell beginning to break out on the pontoon. While the pontoon was still sheltered from the wind a nasty surge was developing inside the harbour, which was forcing the line of moored boats and the pontoon itself backwards and forwards with ever increasing power. Some of the moored boats also began to roll and during one particularly violent roll our motor boat neighbour demolished our horseshoe lifebelt and its holder. Conditions gradually worsened during the morning with the constant jerking motion sending violent shudders through the whole boat. Everyone was busy adjusting fenders, laying out new lines and generally doing their best to avoid damage. One large power boat with outdrives was forced back against the pontoon with disastrous consequences. The motion of the pontoon was such that it was impossible to walk on it, and crawling was the safest option. Masts clashed with much damage to masthead fittings, but most frightening of all during the early afternoon the pontoon itself began to show signs of disintegrating. One of the electric/water pillars fell over and others became loose while a gap appeared between two sections of the pontoon, opening and closing with each passing wave: our shore power cable fell into the gap and snapped with a shower of sparks when it closed. The rail on which the cleat which held one of our bow lines was mounted, pulled off the pontoon and we had to resecure our lines to the opposite side of the pontoon, creating even more obstacles for those trying to pass along it. All in all it was not a very happy scene, and worth a warning that if possible the visitors' berths in Puerto de Soller are best avoided in such conditions, but at least we established a great camaraderie with our fellow sufferers and Evie had an opportunity to use her considerable knowledge of Spanish. In retrospect we wondered if we would have been better off anchored in the harbour, where although there was a considerable swell there was no broken water.

The forecast suggested that there would be an improvement by 17.00 and indeed this turned out to be the case. By 19.00 the wind had died, the sea calmed down and things almost returned to normal allowing us to relax a bit although we didn't feel like going ashore for any length of time. We entertained Santiago to supper and in return he showed us over his floating palace, and gave us most of the provisions that his prospective purchaser had put on board. All things being considered we were lucky that our only damage was to the lifebuoy and its mount, others were much less fortunate.

No discount for damage!

The following morning (Saturday 16th August) it was all as if nothing had happened and we went ashore to pay our marina dues (no discount for damage!) which were only about €30 per night – not bad for the Balearics in high season – but on the other hand we didn't get much for our money. We said our farewells to our fellow victims and cast off at 12.45 heading southwest towards Dragonera twenty miles away. The forecast was for east or southeast force 3 or 4 which would have been ideal, but we soon discovered that just like Scotland the local topography dictates what really happens. It was a grey day with little sun and the wind was generally southerly, with some vicious squalls blowing down the valleys and round the headlands. We were motor-sailing with only the mizzen set and were towing the dinghy, fortunately without its engine and fuel tank, when one particularly violent squall picked up the dinghy,

kept it airborne for a few seconds and flipped it upside down in the water. It wasn't too difficult to right it from the bathing ladder, but about five minutes later an even more ferocious squall repeated the trick, but this time the dinghy's bows were forced down and the resulting sudden jerk pulled out the towing bridle rings from the hull. The dinghy took off on its own, upside down and doing about five knots downwind. We turned and chased after it, and with Evie at the helm and me with the boathook in hand performed a perfect man overboard exercise, bringing the dinghy alongside the windward side. With the boat on auto pilot we hoisted it aboard with some difficulty, lashed it on the foredeck and continued on our way. After all this excitement we thought a cup of tea would be nice, but when Evie turned on the tap to fill the kettle she discovered that there was no water. We couldn't believe that this was possible (we carry about 100 gallons) but concentrated instead on the rest of the passage reaching Puerto de Andraitx at 18.10 and once more were forced to anchor a long way from the town. A quick inspection revealed that the bilges were full of fresh water. This was turning out not to be one of our better days!

We were tired after our adventures, and as we had plenty of bottled water on board we decided to relax, have a glass of wine and a meal, and leave the investigation of our water problem until the morning – we obviously had a serious leak somewhere so there was no point in rushing to fill up. Maybe the fact that there was a spectacular eclipse of the moon that night influenced our luck that day.

Running repairs

It turned out that an outlet pipe from the calorifier had disconnected itself – this was easily repaired – but on checking all the other connections I discovered that one of the nylon gland connections to the water pressure pump was cracked, and when touched it broke off completely. Luckily we had a spare on board but in order to get the remains of the old gland out of the pump I had to take it off and the whole business turned into a long, tedious and tiring exercise. We celebrated its successful completion with an excellent sea-food meal ashore in a Galician restaurant, and the next morning being a Monday we managed to fill up with fuel and water at a relatively quiet fuel berth. We left Andraitx at 11.50 heading southwest towards Ibiza, and soon forgot about the troubles of the last few days. It was an absolutely perfect day for making a passage – bright sun, force 4 southeasterly which lasted the whole day – and *Seascope* and her crew revelled in it. A cold crab-salad lunch with a cool beer added to the feel good factor – this was Mediterranean sailing at its very best and by 18.00 we were off Punta Moscarte, the northernmost point of Ibiza with its distinctive candy striped lighthouse, having covered 42 miles in just over six hours. We looked into Cala Portinatx but found it very full, went round the next headland to Cala Charraca, but all the best spots there were full too, so returned once again to our old favourite Cala Blanco two miles further down the coast, where we anchored at 19.45 well satisfied with an absolutely fabulous day's sailing – what a difference a day makes!

A relaxing day swimming and snorkelling (until the dreaded jellyfish appeared), reading, boat tidying and generally doing nothing in particular followed, but during the night a light northerly breeze sprang up which made the anchorage slightly uncomfortable. Since the forecast was now for westerlies we decided to sail down the east side of Ibiza and left at 09.20 on Wednesday 20th, motoring north to Punta Moscarte. Having rounded the headland we sailed under genoa and mizzen along the northeast coast, but as it was not a particularly pleasant morning, relatively cool and grey with a rolly beam sea, we persuaded ourselves that a night or two in the decadent surroundings of a marina might be a good idea. If we have a

marina that we like in these waters it is Santa Eulalia, which was only about eight miles away, and as we approached we made contact by radio and were promised a berth in 45 minutes. True to their word they came back in 45 minutes and directed us to a vacant berth where we secured at 13.15. After lunch and a rest, for the first time on the cruise we dug out our portable TV hoping to see some action from the Olympic Games, but were deeply saddened and depressed to see live pictures of the Madrid air disaster which had just occurred.

Having experienced enough of town and marina life and having allowed Evie's sciatica some rest, we finally left Santa Eulalia at 13.00 on Friday 22nd and headed south towards Formentera, which is probably our favourite Balearic Island. It was hot with little wind from an indeterminate direction, so

it was a case of motoring with odd bits of sailing thrown in for most of the trip, particularly later on. Espalmador is a small island between Ibiza and Formentera with a popular anchorage into which we looked at about 16.00 – there must have been two hundred boats in the bay so we quickly dismissed any idea of anchoring there for the night, deciding instead to find a spot off the three-mile long Playa Trocados between Espalmador and Sabina, the main harbour of the island. This beach is greatly favoured by giant superyachts and their super rich owners but there is plenty of space with good holding in sand for everyone, and we found ourselves a good spot for a peaceful night. After a relaxing swim which was jellyfish free, we enjoyed the spectacle of sunset which attracts thousands to the beach bars to witness it. We must appear in hundreds of tourist photographs! The only drawback of the anchorage is the wash from the frequent ferries which ply to and from Ibiza, but as these stop in the evening they don't disturb sleep.

Adrian Stokes has been an unofficial representative of the ICC in Formentera for many years having sailed his beloved *Dom Perignon* there from Cork in the late nineties. He spends about six months a year aboard providing his family and friends with great cruises, and has been a wonderful help and advisor to many ICC members who have passed through these waters. We texted him on Saturday morning and were delighted to find that he was in Sabina Marina (fixing a water problem!) with his daughter Mandy and family aboard. An arrangement was made to meet and we enjoyed a most convivial extended lunch with the family, which only ended when Mandy, Pat and their lovely boys had to leave to catch a plane back to Cork. Following a very necessary siesta back on board, we again spent a relaxing evening with swimming, Scrabble, food and wine accompanying another glorious sunset.

By now the weather was very settled with light easterlies forecast for days ahead, so we spent the following three days at Cala Sahona, an excellent anchorage in easterly winds, about four miles away on the west side of the island. It tends to be very crowded in high season and so it was when we arrived. We know the anchorage well and were able to find a clear spot in good sand quite close to the beach on the south side of the bay. There are always a lot of power boats, but few of them ever spend the night away from their beloved marinas and restaurants, so by early evening even the most crowded



Seaplane among the yachts at Puerto de Pollensa, Mallorca.

Photo: Peter Ronaldson

anchorage are mostly inhabited by yachts. The power boats take their attendant jetskis and ribs away with them so by sunset peace reigns. The water in Cala Sahona is a quite outstanding turquoise colour, and the swimming and snorkelling along the rocks bordering the bay are excellent. There are crowds of holidaymakers on the beach, but they add life and colour to the place – and are gone by sunset leaving the bay peaceful and quiet for us to enjoy. We are such frequent visitors to this idyllic spot that the bar staff in the friendly beach bar look on us as regular customers, welcoming us with open arms each year. Evie found the snorkelling this year in Cala Sahona the best she has experienced in the Balearics, with many species of colourful fish both large and small, but some of the other sights we noticed further out along the rocky headland would have rated an X certificate in the cinema – Formentera is that sort of place! She spent hours in the water while I acted as mother ship in the dinghy on her more adventurous expeditions, she even saw one fish about 18 inches long attempt to eat another almost as big as itself.

On our final evening in the anchorage Adrian Stokes came aboard for sundowners and having put the world to rights we took the sun awning down, hauled the dinghy aboard and generally prepared for the passage to the mainland.

Wednesday 27th August dawned sunny and warm with a gentle southeasterly breeze. At 09.05 the anchor was aboard and we headed due west towards Moraira on the mainland sixty miles away. It was a largely uneventful motor-sail although there was an awkward swell which became worse as we approached the Spanish coast, making things somewhat uncomfortable below. We saw little wildlife of interest except for two dolphins which accompanied us for a few minutes and there was little traffic apart from a couple of other yachts and a huge, ugly, Japanese car-carrier for which we had to give way. By 19.10 *Seascope* was secured alongside and by 20.30 Maurice Flowers (ICC) and his wife Edna who have a villa in Moraira were aboard for sundowners which we followed with an excellent meal at the Club Nautico.

We spent two further days in Moraira and met up with Stuart and Yvonne Osborne who also live nearby. Stuart and I crossed the Atlantic together with John and Ann Clementson in 2000, and Evie was even persuaded against her better judgement to play tennis. We also befriended our next door neighbours –

Antonio, a Spanish architect and his two delightful daughters (Elena aged eleven and Teresa thirteen) who were on their first cruise aboard a newly-acquired ex-offshore racing boat which was in need of considerable TLC. All spoke nearly perfect English, and the two girls were astonishingly talented – in the space of a couple of magical hours they spoke to us in English, Spanish, French and German, sang and danced for us, drew portraits of their father, Evie and me in the ship's log, and Teresa demonstrated a secret language which she and her three best friends had invented. The language had a vocabulary of more than one hundred words and was complete with verbs in future, present and past tenses. The evening spent with this charming family was totally unexpected, and turned out to be one of the highlights of the whole cruise.

The final leg of the cruise took us from Moraira down the coast to our berth in Alicante Marina, some 38 miles away, on

Saturday 30th August – exactly four weeks after we left home. This part of the Spanish coast is attractive when viewed from the sea with high and fairly rugged mountains rising behind the coastal strip which of course includes the delightful Benidorm – definitely best seen from the sea. It was a quiet motor-sail with little wind most of the time, but as we approached Alicante it freshened sufficiently to allow us to sail the final few miles of our cruise. We were secure in our own berth at 18.30 having enjoyed a very modest cruise in terms of miles covered, but having experienced the very best and very worst of sailing in the Balearics in high season. The most important thing was that we enjoyed ourselves and had a mostly relaxing time with a few challenges thrown in for good measure to keep us on our toes, and that, after all, and as far as we are concerned is what cruising is all about.

Peter Fernie writes of The Lotophagi in the Eastern Sporades

We are inexorably running out of Islands. The usual suspects, Ray O'Toole, Olaf Tyaransen, Peter Fernie (all ICC) together with Peter Tattersall, Royal Vancouver RC, Eoin Bresnihan and Niall Murphy, ventured north to the Eastern Sporades. FCF had star billing again.

A pit stop on Skiros renewed old friendships with a restaurateur who never forgot the last time we ate with him. Evstratios lived up to its reputation as a former penal colony although we did not agree with the various guides that slated it the ugliest island in Greece.

Mirini, on Nisos Limnos, was quiet and unspoilt with only one other yacht in the harbour. One of the highlights of Limnos was the loss of a crew member's bag of laundry which he suspected had been thrown out with the rubbish. He spent several hours going through various municipal garbage skips. We were stormbound for two day in Moudros Harbour where the Gallipoli expeditionary force had been based during WWI. The small military cemetery is predictably poignant and a bronze plaque at the entrance to the town tells of the hardships and horrors.

Lesvos lived up to its reputation as the jewel of the eastern Sporades – Mithini or Molivos, with its wisteria enveloped maze of cobbled streets rising up to the Kastro, is a gem. The capital Mitilini is commercial and the boom-boom bars go on into the early hours. We compensated by spending a quiet following night at anchor in Kolpos, an isolated bay opening to the south where the only entertainment was getting text updates of the Heineken Cup final.

Mandraki harbour on Nisos Oinoussa coincided with a major electrical problem, and we opted for the safer surroundings of the neighbouring island Khios, spent two days in yet another dispiriting half-built marina outside Khios town whilst we tried to fix the winch and the electrics. This particular marina has become the graveyard for condemned Minoan Line ferries.

A crew member at this point, maintained he had lost a day in his personal diary and looked accusingly at the navigator who assured him all days were accounted for, and to his knowledge no days had been mislaid, suggesting LOMA (less ouzo more aqua).

There are mighty harbour infrastructure works going on in Ormos Mesta on the southwest corner of Khios, and once



Windy deserted Moudros Harbour.

work had finished for the evening, this becomes a safe and peaceful anchorage with a most obliging and voluble restaurateur. He was so expansive in his descriptions of the various dishes, that we all totally forgot what we had ordered and ate what was closest to us. No shop but the restaurant sells bread, tomatoes, wine and ouzo.

Two slow days back to Lavrion via Gavrion, on Nisos Andros which must hold the record for the largest number of ferry turnarounds in the shortest period. We counted four, and these were big Irish sea-type ferries, in the space of 20 minutes. Otherwise an unexciting location. Nul points. On to our favourite bathing beach on Nisos Makronisi for a final lunch, swim, aimless unfocussed discussion on such arcana as the Higgs boson, dactylic hexameter and DNA legislation – ending up as usual with medical industry gossip which is always unintelligible to the non medics on the boat, who normally at this point fall asleep.

The slow and sleepy termination to another Lotophagi cruise – lot of miles, lots of islands, lots of ... well, you can guess the rest.

Beowulf continues her Odyssey

Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

Ak = Cape, Ay = Saint, Nisos = Island, Ormos = Bay, Dhiavolos = Channel.

Beowulf retraced her steps quite a bit this season before heading to pastures new. On Saturday 1st June Robert Fowler (ICC), Leonora Dand, Elizabeth Seigne and I flew to Athens. We spent the night in a Best Western Hotel, very close to Omonia Square. As we were having a late dinner we heard a lot of shouting and observed a man walking around with a large kitchen knife; the restaurant owners were quite agitated by all of this. In the morning we visited the Acropolis. There was no queue and a passport is needed to avail of reduced entrance. It was very crowded up there and it was an experience marvelling at the view (no smog), before turning one's attention to the massiveness of the temple which is under restoration in places, and particularly admiring the six copies of the statues of the beautiful priestesses known as The Caryatides. They support the roof the southern balcony of the Erechtheion (420-406BC). This is the most holy site of the Acropolis and the goddess Athena planted an olive tree, her sacred symbol. It was destroyed by Persian invaders and it is said that the present tree sprouted from the destroyed tree.

We caught the 16.30 bus from Kifissia bus station to catch the 21.30 ferry at Killini, the main port for Zakynthos which is situated in the southern approaches to the Gulf of Patras on the Peloponnese. We were whisked by the bus up to the bus station where we had to then get a taxi back down to *Beowulf* on the northeast pier.

In the morning the harbour master Mirinos took our names on a piece of paper, looked at our permit, changed the figure for number of crew and said 'that is fine' and charged us €15.00 per night. With other yachts he took their papers, brought them to the Customs office and then brought them back the next morning. He took our permit when I returned in September. I have spoken to other yachts and they have said they were charged in some places and not other – there seems to be no hard and fast rule.

There is electricity €5.00 per night and metered/padlocked water €5.00.

Zakynthos (also known as Zante by the French) is a fine island with a central plain surrounded by mountains, and its social history has been very varied from plunder to depopulation in 1479 by the Turks. The Venetians brought calm in 1489 as they needed the Island of Zakynthos to safeguard their trade route around

the Peloponnese and on to the east. The city of Zakynthos was described as one of the most beautiful cities in the Ionian with its enduring Venetian architectural legacy. Sadly along with a lot of other towns in the islands it was flattened in 1953 by a massive earthquake. It was rebuilt along the lines of the old city and thus one can see the Venetian design follow through. We had a lovely time pottering around with many designer shops interspersed between the tourist ones. There are a few good supermarkets and vegetable shops.

The church of St. Nicholas on Solomou square and near the northeast pier is worth a peek, open in the evenings.

We celebrated Leonora's birthday with an excellent fish dinner in restaurant 'Zobon' in Ayiou Markou Square – family-run and locals eating there until after midnight.

On Wednesday 4th we dragged ourselves away and had a pleasant 24 mile crossing to Katakolon on the Peloponnese mainland (the Harbour for Olympia). We gave the cape a wide berth to avoid the reef and our hearts sank as we rounded into the harbour to find three large cruise ships, probably all looking at Olympia, but by evening they had sailed away. We berthed on the west quay wall by the very large car park. The marina had been destroyed by a storm.

A young man by the name of Yannis, with a bicycle, approached us and gently told us that if we needed any help, or a shower, to contact him at the blue door on the hillside approached up a flight of whitewashed of steps from the main street. We met his parents and bought his first-press olive oil, olives and apricots. He also lets rooms with shower at €20.00 a night.

The train for Olympia left at 8.30 and made its way through



Sivota by night.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

farmland, with a lot of burnt ground from last year's fires. It was International Environmental day, no entrance fee and the added bonus of very few visitors – no cruise ships. The massive area ahead of us was awe-inspiring. We spent a few hours pottering along the streets and through the rubble of temples and houses, before watching a family run the length of the area to resounding cheers. Clive Martin has written about this amazing site.

On Friday at 10.30 it was a leisurely breakfast as we headed to Poros on the southeast coast of Cephalonia. By 14.30 the wind had picked up to southeast force 5 and we bowled along at 7 knots. An hour later we were putting in a reef as it increased to force 6 from the west and we experienced a gust of 32 knots. We completed the 44 mile trip in seven hours and were glad to tie up stern-to on the south pier near the entrance to the small fishing harbour. The ferry ties up near to the north mole with a line to a hauling buoy just north of the fishing harbour mole.

We found a small beach for a cooling swim, before walking up behind the harbour to find a lot of new apartment buildings and then dinner in the Dionisos restaurant by the harbour where Internet is also available. The morning found us swimming from the waterside café Remetzo and enjoying a good breakfast.

From here on Saturday we headed to a new town for me, Vathi, the capital of the Island of Ithaca. It is situated on the east coast of the Island and from the south it is reached by heading around Ak Skhoinos into the Gulf of Molo which in summer is a very windy place. As one approached the chapel and light tower on Ak Andreou the large bottleneck bay began to open up on the southeast side of the gulf.

We motored down to the head of the bay and had a look at the quay east of the ferry berth and then decided that the north quay would be more peaceful. As we finally anchored at 17.00 the wind blew up suddenly from the southwest making us a lee shore. Try as we might we could not get comfortable. And with strong gusts still continuing we reluctantly upped anchor at 19.30 and re-anchored on the town quay. The wind then backed into the east again making us a lee shore again and it did not die down until very late evening. We had an enjoyable meal ashore.

Steve and Maggie White whom we had met in Croatia came along side us in *Rassy Lady* an HR39. They were also going to winter in Kalamata.

Leonora and Elizabeth came across a marvellous jewellery shop opposite the ferry port, where everything is made on site. There is a large ship's funnel outside. As we were leaving there was a tremendous noise and it was a seaplane landing quite close to us.

Time was moving on and we had to get back in Zakynthos by Tuesday 10th. We headed north up the coast on a sight-seeing tour, motored into Kioni where the wind was whistling down the valley, Bernard has already written about Kioni. We also headed into Frikes which from the sea does not look very exciting (more later) and then around the north coast to Fiskardho on the northeast tip of Cephalonia. The lovely old, round, Venetian lighthouse and the new lighthouse are on the north side of the entrance to welcome one in. Again we just motored around and again a lot of wind and it was interesting to note that 14.30 the pontoon was full and the quay wall empty. Heading south down the coast we anchored in Xy Okaravo for a quick swim and lunch – there was quite a current. As we approached Ay Eufimias the wind again whistled down from the west through the valley making stern-to berthing to the north quay wall quite difficult. While here we met the owner of a fine Oceanis 50 who complemented Robert on his reversing skills. We heard from him that he had to run out of a house he was working on, due to an earthquake on the mainland. The

restaurant 'To Perasma' near the east breakwater provided us with lovely dinner.

Monday the 9th was a long leg south to Zakynthos and as we approached the southern end of Cephalonia the wind piped up to north northeast force 5 and we had quite a sail down to Ormos Ay Nikolaos which is a bay on the east side of the north tip of Zakynthos. We rounded the southern end of Nisis Ay Nikolaos into the harbour, had a look around, decided we did not like it, and left to head down to the town of Zakynthos. But that was another two hours away, so back we went and we were able to tie up alongside the south quay after a 33 mile passage. There is a large parking area with a ferry area at the end of the pier and a car ferry runs from the west quay to Pessade on the south coast of Cephalonia. Local boats run trips to the local 'Blue Grotto' on Ak Skinari – rivalling Capri. There is a petrol station, a few restaurants and some shops. We were approached by a Customs official with a crew-list form to be fully completed, despite already having a crew-list, and a payment of €9.00 for the night.

Luckily we had decided to dine on board as I spent half the evening up the mast trying to fix the "windy balls" while Leonora and Elizabeth cooked a delicious meal. I became so numb that I had to be revived with a hot coffee and a good dollop of Jameson.

It was a peaceful motor down on Tuesday 10th to Zakynthos where we tied up on the northeast pier. The temperature was in the high 20°C and we had many good swims.

Deirdre Leonard joined us that evening from Athens on the ferry from Killini and Robert, Leonora and Elizabeth left for a direct flight home on Wednesday.

Wednesday 10th June to 18th June

Bruce Lyster (ICC) and Monica McWeeney were to join Deirdre and myself on Thursday 12th but thanks to Olympic Airways pulling the plug they made a taxi-dash for the 21.00 ferry, but missed it. They stayed the night in Killini and finally arrived very cheerful at 09.30 on Friday morning needing a day to get their breath back. It was great to welcome them back on board. We again had a very good dinner at Zobon Restaurant.

Our names were again taken on a piece of paper and we were free to make an early start on Friday 13th, heading north to Ay Eufimias.

It was a pleasant sail up in a west-northwest force 4 wind to anchor in Andisamos bay on the south side. It has a long pebbly beach and is where some of "Captain Corelli's Mandolin" film was made.

It was a 40 mile trip and we arrived in Ay Eufimias at 16.15 where again the wind was gusting down the valley until late evening. A lot of skill was required to go stern-to on the north quay. We had a great appetite for an enjoyable meal at To Perasma Restaurant.

In order to see as much as we could in our week we left at 9.20 for the southwest corner of Ithaca to Ormos Ay Andreou a steep sided inlet. This had been recommended to me but it means anchoring in 8-15 metres. The bible says it takes three boats but we felt three was a crowd. The best places had been taken and we anchored in 13 metres. The holding was not great, it was difficult to get enough swinging room, but it is an idyllic place. We reluctantly went on our way round Ak Ay Ioannis and headed up the east coast to Kioni, where yet again strong gusts of wind came down the valley, thus requiring more nifty manoeuvring to go stern-to on the north quay. There was plenty of help to take lines.

Kioni was as lovely as ever, and swimming parties sallied forth to the south shore or the shallow beach at the head of the bay, with the last rays of sun warming us. Water is available. €5.

The short 10 mile hop to the ever popular Fiskardho was made on the 16th June, going stern-to on the pontoon. We dined at Alexis, in the square and had a lovely but expensive meal. There are plenty of shops to suit everyone. We walked around the south coast from the harbour and I found the Fnc Museum, run by Volunteers, up steps from the sea. It is trying to promote ecological ideas and is well worth a visit.

We then pushed on to Ormos Sivota at the southeast end of Levkas. Sadly not enough wind to sail and we had a couple of ferries to avoid before trying the west town quay, only to find it too shallow. We retreated to the end of the south quay opposite Aiotpibi Restaurant. This was a great spot as there was clear water for swimming. We sat and watched all the yachts piling in, as we enjoyed yet another of Deirdre's delicious lunches. Frappé coffees at the restaurant were enjoyed by all. I asked a regular visitor about restaurants and he confirmed that our usual restaurant Stavos was perhaps the best. And so another enjoyable dinner. The temperature was now getting hot and it was 31°C in the cabin and the water temperature was 27.8°C.

During breakfast at 'our restaurant' on the 18th I watched a small yacht leaving, and I could not believe my eyes as I observed an anchor chain come up the side of the hull. The yacht gathered speed and there was suddenly a commotion as it dragged a 54ft yacht owned by a group of Russians from the quay. How the anchorman did not feel the weight of it I do not know. Great shouting and Bruce went on board *Beowulf* and tried to communicate instructions to the culprit.

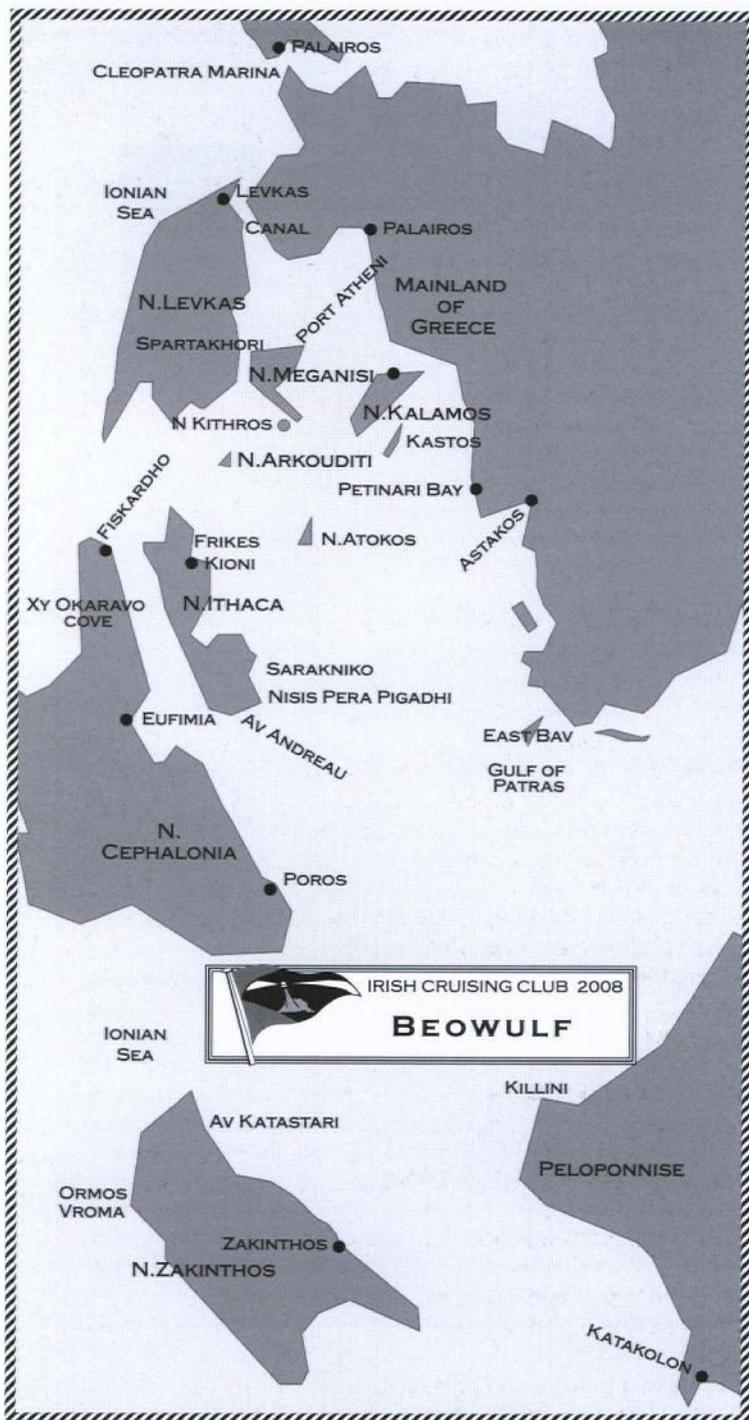
With two days left it was up the east coast of Levkas, to a large bay Spartakhori (Port Spiglia, Ormos Spiliou) on the northwest coast of Nisos Meganisi, with a small harbour on the west side. We favoured Spiglia at the head of the bay. There are some laid moorings on the south quay, where we went bow-to as it shelves close to the wall.

We were welcomed back, as we have been many times to this pleasant place to ease our way into a cruise, or to wind down before going home. If there are not too many yachts, swimming off the back of the boat is great, or for a leisurely time, the beach. The walk up to the village of Spartakhori gives one an appetite, marvel at the view or buy provisions if one feels like carrying them.

Thursday was our last sailing day and we made an early start northwards, with breakfast under-way to pick up the two conical buoys marking the entrance to the channel. Look for the Fort Ay Yeoryiou on the eastern side and Nisis Volios with a light. There is a reef to the east and an old breakwater to the west. It is a two hour motor or sail and the depth varies from around 4 metres to 6 metres.

The large Levkas Marina is situated just south of the town quay wall with all facilities and a swimming pool is available. It is a great place for a crew change. Monica and Deirdre went exploring and restaurant hunting; there are plenty. Monica came back with the Lighthouse situated off the main street, Booking is essential in high season Tel. 0030-26450-25117. We ambled up following leisurely drinks and had to wait, and who should suddenly appear from within but Tim Pearson with friends just finishing their cruise. It certainly was a most enjoyable meal and well recommended.

This was the end of my early summer cruising and it was great to again have Robert, Leonora, Elizabeth, Bruce, Monica and Deirdre back on board for their good company, and the many laughs along the way, and great entertainment amongst



ourselves. I was sorry our trip had ended. With Robert we managed 22 miles sailing out of 162 miles travelled and with Bruce it was nearly 100 miles with only a few sailed.

Wednesday 24th August to Wednesday 10th September

Beowulf again spent her summer sitting on the hard in Cleopatra Marina near Preveza. We – Brian and Eleanor Cudmore (ICC), Gail Varian, Peter Pearson and I joined her on Thursday 26th from Athens. We had stayed in the Apollo Hotel and had a marvellous night-time view of the Acropolis from the roof top restaurant. We left Athens at lunchtime following a quick but enjoyable trip to visit the Acropolis. The bus trip is similar to the trip to Levkas, already described in Bernard Corbally's log save to say that for Preveza we were taken the whole way around the virtually landlocked Gulf of Amvrakia, a

trip taking around 6.5 hours. The local restaurant supplied us with an excellent dinner. We were launched the next morning into the new pontoon marina; the strong current is still there. A few hours later we left for Preveza quay wall to stock up and to clear our 'lift-out and lift-in papers' and get the cruising permit stamped. Although the permit was a year old I did not have to renew it. A Certificate of Competence was still being asked for, the only place. This year we paid a €9.00 berthing fee.

Beowulf had a new 'hour meter' installed, and as we approached Preveza Brian noticed the rev. counter was not working – immediate phone call to the marina. As a result of this we stayed the night in Preveza, which was fortuitous as Brian and Eleanor met good friends from Cork, Leonard and Mary Curtin (ICC) on their lovely boat *Chain*. They are taking her out of the water for the winter. We had a very splendid evening and an excellent dinner: €85.00 for seven hungry souls.

We finally left Preveza at midday following the buoyed channel and then a leisurely 4 mile sail down to the floating bridge 'Ag Maura' at the northern end of the Levkas canal. We anchored opposite the Santa Maura Fort and had a quick swim before making the 14.00 opening. There was a large number of yachts heading north – a number being Italian probably heading home.

We traversed the canal past Nisis Skorprios, the ex-island of Onassis, to Spartakhorri or Port Spiglia a large bay on the northwest of Meganisi, already mentioned. We were handed a lazy line – either stern or bow-to, on the east quay opposite the two new houses. €7.00 for electricity, which seemed to be turned off at 11.00 and €5.00 for water.

A chartered yacht tied up beside us and on board were acquaintances of Brian and Eleanor from Cork. A swim from



Monica McWeeney, Ann Woulfe-Flanagan, Bruce Lyster and Deirdre Leonard having another good night out.

the stern and a walk up to the village of Spartakhorri whetted our appetite. We were welcomed back to Taverna Spilia to yet another good dinner.

This was a lazy cruise – up late and leaving late – 13.00 on Sunday 31st to head northeast around the top of Meganisi heading for Port Atheni, leaving Makro Nisopoulo and Mikro Nisopoulo islands to starboard. This delightful place was recommended by Leonard. We anchored in 4 metres at the head of the west bay taking care of the sunken reef running out into the middle of the bay. Eleanor swam a line ashore.

Following cooling swims and a large lunch, we rounded Kefali point at the southern end of Meganisi. The awe-inspiring swirling cliffs demanded a detour, and we headed back north and then rounded the top of Kithros island, resetting a course to Frikes (also recommended by Len) which is tucked into the westernmost corner of Ormos Frikes on the northeast of Ithaca.

There is a small harbour, yachts can go stern-to on the northwest quay or alongside the southeast quay – we found a ready-made spot for us there. The detached pontoon looked very battered. Having shunned it a few times we found it to be a delightful little place, nestling at the bottom of a steep wooded valley, with many restaurants and shops around the harbour and two splendid old windmills guarding it – proof that the wind can be very strong. We ate on board so only had coffees, drinks and ice creams ashore, but Bernard Corbally reported they had had an excellent meal at the restaurant Rementzo.

Monday 1st September was 'D-Day' to pick up Geoffrey Sarratt at Sami, the main ferry port for Cephalonia (arriving by ferry from Patras, Peloponnese). Gosh – an early start 09.00! in bright



Robert Fowler and Leonora Dand enjoying a sail.

Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan



Geoff Scarlet, Gail Varian (sitting), Eleanor Cudmore and Beowulf at Eno Bay, Nisis Oxia. Photo: Ann Woulfe-Flanagan

sunshine heading north around the top of Ithaca to Fiskardho at the northeast tip of Cephalonia. It was an uneventful trip and passing the ever-vigilant old Venetian lighthouse, found the pontoon full. We attempted the quay wall but were shouted at that it was too shallow at that spot. Just then a yacht left the east end of the quay and we hopped in there, only to find ballasting under water. We were luckily able to use a large tyre to climb ashore. The tourist ferry uses this berth. All through this period it was very warm and iced coffees were the order of the day. The usual stock replenishments were made, as we enjoyed many fine dinners on board. We nearly lost Gail here to the clothing shops.

Swims were seriously needed so we high-tailed it down to Sidiki Bay only to find it full, so headed to the much wider Xy Okaravo cove, with trees and a ruin at the head of it. Dragging ourselves away at 15.00 we made the dash to Sami arriving at 16.30 to find Geoff well established with a beer. It was great to welcome him for his first visit.

Sami is situated at the south end of Dhiavolos Ithakis in Ormos Sami and the prevailing wind blows straight into the harbour which can make it uncomfortable. There is a new pier inside the basin with only a few yachts, though a small flotilla did arrive. Even this new pier did not have lazy lines but it was the usual mud bottom so holding was good. Water only at the foot of the mole. A minesweeper was alongside at the entrance.

There are taverns and shops all along the south-southeast quay and back into the hinterland. The coast guard office/Port Authority and public loos are situated at the head of the northeast ferry pier. A stony town beach is also here and we had

a great swim in the waves. There are no showers but we were told that a better beach was to the west of the town – with showers. The town was totally destroyed in the 1953 earthquake and thus is modern, but it has all the services that one might need and is a good place to stock up and change crew.

For a restaurant, we chose “Dolphins”, partly because it had cloth tablecloths and also there was live music that evening. We were allowed to go to the kitchens to choose our meal but sadly it was not one of our highlights though the entertainment certainly was. A table of four musicians – mandolin, guitar etc. and a Pavarotti look-alike with a lovely voice had us all enthralled, particularly Brian. Then there was a Greek dancing snake-voyage around the tables with most

of the diners joining in, a memorable evening.

Following adding Geoff to the crew-list and taking another swim it was off to we did not know where. Initially the idea was to have a swim in the steep sided inlet of Ay Andreou at the southwest corner of Ithaca. There is really only room for three yachts and it was packed so we continued east to round Ak Ay Ioannis, and headed north to pass between Nisis Pera Pigadhi and Ithaca to anchor in 7.6 metres of clear clear water. Gorgeous swim (with quite a current) and lunch but we nearly ended up with ham-wasp roulade. We eventually found that a small glass of apricot juice killed quite a few. There is a quay wall on the island but it is reported that large rats abound there!

We then retraced my steps of last year to the lovely, long inlet of Ormos Sarakiniko, situated just under Ak Ay Andreou, and just past the Osmosis water plant. It was much the same as before, save that there were now notices in white paint on a rock on the south side “Swimming area; anchoring prohibited within 150 metres from shore line. Notice from port Police”,



Ann Woulfe-Flanagan, Gail Varian, Peter Pearson, Eleanor and Brian Cudmore.

Photo: Geoff Scarlet

and a large red buoy "Warning: anchoring prohibited within 100 metres" etc. Leaving Brian on board, we rowed to the small landing stage for the fishing boats, on a pebbly beach, and stretched our legs – walking up the hill to look north into the next bay. The wind was northwest force 5 and did not die down until well into the night. Very definitely it is not tenable in an easterly.

Another memorable meal on board: steak, beans, carrots potatoes followed by the video of "Captain Corelli's Mandolin".

The morning was magical with dark foreboding corners not yet reached by the sun, a leisurely time in the water looking through goggles at the translucent blue fish brought one to another world. Eleanor and Peter rowed to the beach at the head of the bay. Gail and Peter then rowed over to a newly returned fishing boat for our lunch menu. Sadly he 'did' us and the fish had to be dumped.

Vathi then beckoned and we tied up on the southwest town quay near the ferry. We had an excellent breakfast, omelettes (specially made for us as they are not on the lunch menu) at Porto restaurant on the seafront and met an elderly man who had retired here six years ago. The town is worth a look around and we came across a floating theatre company. The supermarket etc. closed between 14.00 and 18.00, but disaster, the cake/ice cream shop was open.

Where to next

Where to next – an unanimous decision to aim for the mainland – thus we set course northeast. We could see the ripple of wind off to the northeast and suddenly it was an easterly force 4 with a lovely flat sea, which then increased to west-northwest force 6 gusting 7 and we scampered along at around 7 knots. It was planned to stop at Nisis Atoko for a swim but this was shelved and we raced on to the southern point of Nisis Kastos, reefing as we headed north up the east coast to Kastos Harbour. A mill on the south side is the first indication of a village and harbour. Since my last time here in May, the southeast and northeast quay had become crowded, were full and there were yachts with lines to lamp posts on the west side of the harbour. We like our solitude when we can, so we anchored in 11 metres just off the north mole and opposite the beach. Some of the crew from a large yacht to the east of us were trying their water-skiing skills.

None of us had the urge to go ashore, anyhow it was in-house cooking again with Eleanor and Gail producing delicious souvlaki, courgettes, carrots and potatoes, of course washed down with copious wine. Poor Geoff had been regaled of tales of a 'dry boat'.

At 06.00 on Thursday 4th there was a lot of rocking and Peter reported that a small packed ferry was heading for the mainland. In 1977 the village population was only around 30 people, due to a suspected typhoid outbreak in 1976, but now there are many new houses, and it has probably become a dormitory town.

We headed to Astakos on the mainland for serious supplies, like more food and wine. It was a peaceful 1.5 hour trip and no one stopped us picking up a lazy line on the north quay, (probably a private one) which was a bit short for us. Brian stayed with the boat as the rest of us dispersed to fill the lockers and water tanks (paid for at a restaurant on the quay side). It is an agricultural town and a DIY's dream stop. The shops shut at 13.30 and I presume re-open around 17.30. The supermarket stays open. There is a pleasant beach just to the west of the mole. The temperature was around 35°C.

True indecision set in, as we drifted south in a west-northwest force 3. The reefing line on the jib had become tight so this was a good time to drop the jib and re-roll it. South of

Nisis Provati was too near, so finally, with our collective minds made up, we headed to Ak Aspro at the south of Nisis Petalas, to round up the east side to an enclosed shallow bay. To the north there is a swampy area where the depth shallows to nothing. Despite the fact that there were eight cruising yachts here this was our most tranquil and peaceful night anchorage, protected from the prevailing wind by the high island of Petalas. The view south was of a large sugar-loaf-like mountain, probably Nisis Oxia, and to the west just green. Again an excellent dinner on board – nowhere else to go.

That evening the immortal words were uttered "I never talk on Fridays".

Friday was another beautiful morning and the said crew member was swimming and chatting in the water, only to climb on board to find a notice stuck to the steering wheel "To day is Friday". Gulps all around and everyone did something quiet, reading or watching Peter paint or getting breakfast, a sombre affair. Most mornings Peter would get up early to paint in the dawn light.

This was a truly idyllic spot and when the anchor broke the surface it was caked in globular mud, much to the delight of Peter and Gail, who reverently scrapped it off to use for pottery. Dispensation was given forward of the mast and by midday all chat was on again.

We potted slowly past the shallow water off Nds Falaridhes, to the north coast of Nisis Oxia, the last island before the Gulf of Patras. It has a jagged ridge along its spine. North bay is now filled with fish farms and there are also farms along the east coast. Rounding into East Bay at the narrowest part of the island was breathtaking, with its amphitheatre like cliffs covered in trees. We anchored with a buoyed anchor in 26 metres at the second time of asking. It was calm and still and we swam to the small beach with its artistic bleached white broken tree trunk at the northeast side. There is a fish farm on the western side. This was a place we all enjoyed and were sad to leave, it was not suitable for an overnight and we had 20 miles to get to Poros on Cephalonia. An excellent lunch was served on the wave and, as if on cue, as soon as we finished the wind sprang up from the west and then veered west-northwest force 4, giving us seven miles of good sailing.

As we entered Poros we noticed with delight that the new ferry quay on the southeast side was in use. Spotting a nice gap on the south quay we dropped the anchor and then discovered where that shallow patch was that everyone mentioned. Retrieving ourselves from that, we reversed into a space nearer to the small fishing harbour and then sat and watched everyone else find the same patch. Brian counted eight different nationalities and again no charter boats. In the morning a swim near the harbour and a 'Fawlty Towers' breakfast at the shore side café. This time we walked up the hill into town and saw the beautiful beach and a fine looking restaurant "Romantza". We were sorry we had not tried it the night before. Peter asked for meat from the harbour supermarket – they had to order it from the town and we ended up with €37.00 worth of souvlaki and T-bone steaks.

Glad to leave

We were glad to leave, and motored down the coast of Cephalonia to Zakynthos. As we cleared the shallow water beyond Ak Mounda the wind piped up to force 4 from the southwest. Then to west southwest force 4 and then force 6, so with reefed main and jib we raced across the open water in a relatively flat sea for another 7 miles; great sail. We had thought of going to Ormos Vroma, near the northwest corner of Zakynthos, but it is not safe in southerlies and it is a long way to go if one cannot stay. Change of plan, to head for Ormos Ay Nikolaos on the east side of the north tip. The wind was gusting

up to force 7 as we entered the northern entrance keeping clear of the rocks on the northern shore and very mindful of the large concrete blocks that had been laid from the island to improve the shelter inside the harbour. 18 metres in the centre, the small stick beacon was nowhere to be seen.

Once inside the wind was still gusting down over the hill and we went alongside the south quay, helped in by a local man, who sold honey etc. on the quayside. We helped in a few more yachts and met Chris and Siobhan Guy from Cork on *Wiki III*. They did not know Eleanor and Brian but had mutual friends. We found a lovely beach just behind the south mole. Chris told us about a lovely bay just north of Ay Katastari 2.4 miles away. A long, sunny, well-attended beach with palm umbrellas and a couple of restaurants. We anchored on the south side and spent the day and night there, in and out of the water with the temperature 33°C in the shade and over 42°C in the sun. Peter and I rowed ashore for ice creams. The water temperature rose from 29.7° to 31.5°C during the afternoon. The barbeque was erected on the stern and Gail and Peter did a wonderful job with our beautiful T-bone steaks. *Wiki III* anchored near by that night and Siobhan, Chris and his sister Susie O'Morchoe joined us for coffee in the morning.

Our last day of sailing on Monday 8th September was sad, as we motored out from this idyllic restful place with 12 metre

visibility. We potted down the coast to Zakynthos stopping to watch a large fishing boat dragging in its nets, a lot of hard work for what appeared to be little reward.

We then drifted off the harbour for lunch, delaying our tying up on the northeast quay wall as long as possible; it can become quite busy. This time Mirinos did take our papers and brought them back the next morning.

It was still very hot and as we swam behind the wall little fish were nibbling at our legs and feet, particularly if one had a cut. It is a medium length walk south through the town to the bus station. I suggest book early, as the bus time we wanted was booked out.

Our harbourmaster suggested the Komis fish restaurant, near the Port Authority at the south end of the harbour. A lovely location and an interesting meal but very very expensive, despite the fact that they gave us a dessert.

We took a taxi up to the castle above the town and then wandered down which gives one a great feel for the area. We had another enjoyable meal in restaurant Zobon.

This was yet another great cruise – plenty of laughs and swims, particularly as the temperature did become very hot for us. We had 42 miles of great sailing out of 187 miles travelled. Again the area came up trumps with well-known and new places giving everyone an interesting time.

JP Bourke writes of *Hobo Six* going west

It has been our practice every few years to take *Hobo* to Schull in West Cork for the Calves Week series of regattas.

On occasion a number of Shipman 28s have come too and have added a one-design interest to our handicap racing in Class 3. The racing is very well-organised and the courses among the islands are spectacular.

This year we raced with the Shipmans to Wicklow on Saturday 19th July. Having crossed the line we carried the tide round to Arklow where we left *Hobo* in the comfortable little marina there before joining the rest of the fleet for dinner in Wicklow Sailing Club.

I, with co-owners Paul Montgomery and Harry Byrne, convened with wives the following Friday 26th for dinner in Kittys. The ladies then went home while the three mariners slept on board for a 04.00 start in order to round Carnsore Point with the last of the tide. Winds were light and we motor-sailed between the banks, close by the Point, over St Patrick's bridge inside the Saltees, and into Kilmore Quay shortly after midday. It was a lovely sunny day and the marina there was full of activity including a race that afternoon back out to the Saltees. ICC members Michael Buckley and David Freeman, already well-installed, invited us to participate. We thanked them but decided to rest, tidy and prepare ourselves for supper in the Silver Fox instead. It has reopened and is as good as ever

I had heard that Dunmore East had become more welcoming to yachts and so we motored the short distance there past the Hook on the following morning. We found Waterford Sailing Club most welcoming, busy, colourful and full of family activity on this sunny Sunday. However the Harbour itself though big and largely empty, is less so and though no harm came to us overnight, the local fishermen would not encourage us to return. What a pity in such a beautiful place.

A family event caused Paul to have to return unexpectedly to Dublin. Harry and I motor-sailed on in a gentle easterly, putting in to the Royal Cork Yacht Club in Crosshaven, always a pleasant stop. Richard Hooper joined us by train and

taxi the following morning just in time for the wind to change to a strong southwesterly. It was a tough plug up to Kinsale as a result, where we tied up to the Club marina and rang my old shipmate Keith Hunt who, with Poppy, joined us in Crackpots for an excellent dinner. The next day it blew even harder, so we stayed put and the Hunts reciprocated with lunch in their lovely home, looking out at the white horses glinting across the harbour entrance.

The wind eased on Thursday morning so we pressed on west, leaving early and arriving in Schull by 17.00 to find our RIB anchored where it ought to be in the middle of the harbour. Our ladies who had arrived by car, were on the pier to meet us, offering refreshments and showers.

The racing started in Schull on Sunday 3rd August. The first race was round Cape Clear and into Baltimore. We won our class under IRC in a good breeze. For the rest of the week however the wind was very light, which gave us an opportunity to admire the scenery, but little glory. The final race was the Schull Regatta on the 10th. It blew 25 knots plus and with two reefs and a No. 3 we finished second. There were lots of retirals in the 100 boat fleet, but Shipmans are made of sterner stuff.

The very next day we set out for the return trip, myself, Richard and Pippa Coughlin, putting in to Castlehaven and pints in Mary Anns. It rained heavily that night. Leaving early in the morning we enjoyed a fast beam-reach down the coast in an increasing northerly and eventually a gale warning. We decided to again seek the shelter and hospitality of the Royal Cork, and tied alongside as the heavens opened and stayed open. We were still on track to reach Dun Laoghaire in time for the Shipman Championship, but as gale warnings followed one after the other, with driving and heavy rain (you might remember the floods all over the country), we finally capitulated and returned home. *Hobo* was collected later without incident.

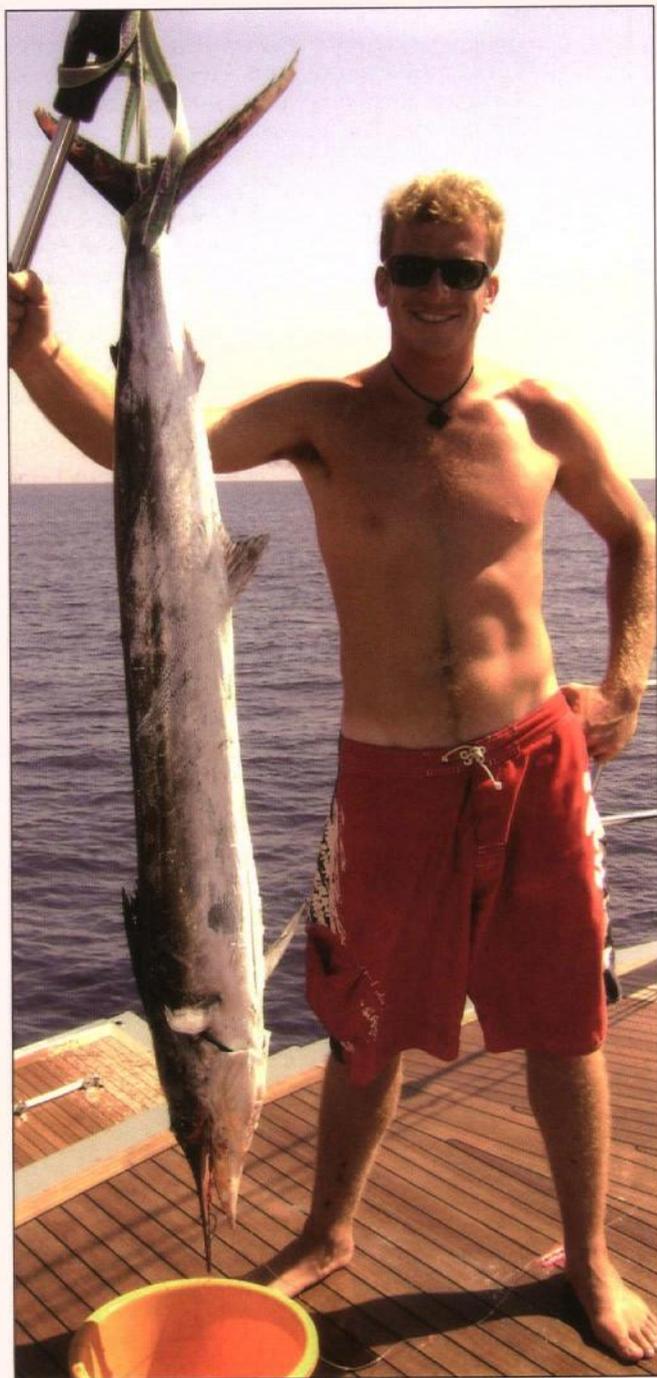
It was a splendid expedition all round as ever, with great racing and sociability in that lovely corner of our island. I commend it to you, wind rain and sunshine all included.

**Andy McCarter
writes of how the
other half lives!!**

Like most parents I have often wondered about the vast amounts of money invested in my children and their education and

what tangible benefit if any might accrue to me as a result. Well my dividend cheque arrived in early July this year in the form of a phone call from Dubrovnik. It was my son, Sean. "Dad! Can you get yourself to Venice by Sunday lunchtime? We need an extra hand to bring the boat back to Palma."

Now I should explain that Sean, after a few false starts got himself a degree in Marine Leisure Science from Plymouth a few years ago and subsequently went to work in the superyacht industry. He is currently Second Mate & Chief Engineer on a 107' Wally based in Palma and this year the



Sean with swordfish.

owner (a rather wealthy Argentinean widow) had her summer cruise in the Adriatic and Greek Islands ending up in Venice. Hence the reason for my excitement as I was now presented with the opportunity to sail from Venice to Palma on a superyacht!

I was on the internet in nanoseconds and two days later was winging my way to Treviso courtesy of Ryanair for the princely sum of £52. From Treviso I caught a coach to Venice and walked across to St Mark's Square from where I could see the boat moored to pilings about 100 metres out in the lagoon. I flagged down a water taxi for the last leg of my journey and nearly had apoplexy when he charged me €50 (almost the price of my flight from Dublin).

The Wally is the creation of Italian designer Luca Bentra and is more than just a boat. It is truly a work of art with vast areas of flush teak decking and probably the most fabulous lines of any yacht I have ever seen.

The owner had left an hour or so before I arrived and the Captain, Englishman Tom Edwards and crew which comprised my son Sean, and New Zealand deckhand Kelsey who had all been on duty for six weeks, were in celebratory mood and ready for home. After a sumptuous farewell lunch ashore in Venice the mariners arrived at 15.00 to untie us from the pilings and we were off ... next stop Brindisi. What can I say about sailing away from St Mark's Square and out of Venice? Well I'm not often at a loss for words but nothing I can write or say would do justice to this wonderful experience of a lifetime. The weather was fabulous and once clear of Venice we settled into a pleasant routine of 3 hours on and 9 hours off as we glided down the Adriatic coast of Italy at an astonishing 14 knots in not much more wind. Very little physical work to do as all winches and sail controls were hydraulic! On the trip we confined ourselves to the crew quarters which were more than adequate with comfortable A/C, en-suite cabins and spacious cockpit and galley area. The owner's quarters were forward and about the size of a sweepstake apartment! A day later we pulled in to Brindisi on the heel of Italy and topped up with 2800 litres of fuel, then tied up alongside the main street to go ashore, to help Captain Tom celebrate the stag for his upcoming marriage a few weeks later. Four sore heads set sail at noon the following day, to continue round Sicily and then head west for Palma. The shipping was thick and required a sharp lookout at all times but with radar and AIS to assist we had little problem keeping out of people's way. The fishing rods were out the back and about 100 miles west of Sicily we had our first strike ... Kelsey caught a seagull!! A few miles further our patience was rewarded and Tom reeled in a 39-pound swordfish. It was steaks all round that night and still a load to put in the freezer for his wedding party! Next day we caught two tuna around 20 pounds apiece so the larder was fuller when we arrived in Palma than when we left Venice.

In total we covered approximately 1100 miles in 7 days including our stopover in Brindisi. It was a most enjoyable trip not the least because it was my first experience of seeing my son in a professional light and he acquitted himself well, but the final bonus came in Palma when I was saying farewell to the Captain and crew and to my absolute surprise I was given €250 as reimbursement for my expenses! Could this herald the start of a new career?

Adrian and Maeve Bell write of a recce round Brittany

Early May found us flying into the small airport at Brest to sail with our French friends and have them show us the best of Brittany, much as we had tried to capture the secrets of Scottish waters for them the previous summer. After a day settling in and provisioning their 40 foot Jeanneau, *Beryanick*, we met Jean-Pierre's parents at the Moulin Blanc marina in Brest; Jacques and Marie-Thérèse were in charge for the first couple of days en-route to L'Aberwrac'h where Jean-Pierre and Philip would take over. Armed with dictionaries Marie-Thérèse and Maeve sorted the introductions, the essential nautical vocabulary and the bulk of the conversation, while Jacques and Adrian looked after the seamanship and the ship. A short hop through the Goulet de Brest brought us to Camaret in time for a leisurely lunch in the cockpit enjoying the warm sunshine.

More hazy sunshine greeted us the next morning as we prepared for an 11.30 departure in order to arrive at the south entrance to the Chenal du Four at slack water. The advantages of being a guest on a local's boat were immediately apparent, as Jacques motor-sailed confidently northwards while we studied the chart and re-read the pilot book, thoroughly confused by the plethora of day marks, towers and lights. As we turned for the entrance at the Petit Pot de Beurre cardinal mark, the wind freshened and we had a brisk sail up the very pretty estuary to the now much-extended marina at L'Aberwrac'h. After the arrival of the lads followed by drinks and dinner, Jacques rounded off an excellent couple of days with a wistful rendition of "I wish I was in Carrickfergus" on his accordion.

Next morning we set off for Ouessant/Ushant [an unhealthy area in thick weather according to the almanac] under overcast skies with intermittent drizzle. Despite its fierce reputation the Passage de Fromveur could only assist us to 9.8 knots on the log, much to the disappointment of Jean-Pierre who had hoped to rival the 13.9 we had clocked up going through the Gulf of Corryvreckan last year. Three hours took us through the menacing jagged-toothed rocks to the anchorage of Lampaul on the southwest corner. A splendid afternoon followed, walking out to the west coast of the island to Créac'h lighthouse – one of no less than five on the island – serenaded by at least half a dozen calling cuckoos.

On our return, the little village had filled up with the most motley assortment of musicians we had ever seen. We found ourselves in the middle of a Breton fleadh ceol composed of brass bands of varying musical ability, the members of which were decked out in fancy dress – fluorescent wigs, tartan kilts, gypsy prints, and gaudy tights. And that was just the men! Wine ranging in price from a mere €1.30 to a maximum of €2.50 encouraged a lengthy stay and lots of applause.

The intended destination next day was the tiny low-lying island of Île de Sein, in order to sample the lobster ragoût. However by mid-morning steady rain and a moderate northeast breeze meant the anchorage would be untenable so Plan B came into operation. Running fast under spinnaker we passed through the Raz de Sein at

almost slack water and plugged on in the rain as far as Bénodet. An excellent dinner ashore where the highlight was scallops with galette de pomme de terre [known as potato bread in our parts], lifted spirits while Philip remarked that it was a good thing we were not Parisians otherwise we would have done nothing but whinge about the weather.

Eventually next day the grey skies lifted and we motored the twelve miles to the Îles de Glénan. As we got closer we spied an absolute forest of masts in the lagoon but our hosts dismissed the numbers as very average and said we should see it in midsummer. We anchored for lunch off the less crowded Île de Penfret and dried out oilskins, towels and pillows in the welcome warm sunshine. That evening we tied up in the shadow of the massive fortifications of Concarneau and went ashore to explore La Ville Close, the exceptionally well-preserved walled town sadly marred by shops full of tourist tat.

In the morning the covered market in the town centre offered an enticing selection of fresh bread, fish, fruit and vegetables. Shopping complete, we had a beautiful sail to Île de Groix, a former tuna-fishing centre. The pilot book said that Port Tudy harbour tended to be rather hectic but we were not prepared for the sheer volume of craft ranging from vedettes to RIBs and everything in-between, jostling for position. Jean-Pierre was quite unfazed and soon had us tied up to another couple of yachts in the outer harbour. In the heat and bustle the Irish wilted and had to escape ashore to explore. On our return the party on *Beryanick* was in full swing, as three Groix residents including Albert, a chain-smoking fisherman, had joined the crew. He recounted how some years ago he had sailed up the Irish Sea and through the Hebrides on his way to Iceland; it transpired that it had been an official visit by the French Navy's sail training vessel, and they required a fisherman to show them how to catch fish once they arrived.

We rather let the side down by declining to go ashore around midnight to continue the party, but as a result were the only ones fit to surface at breakfast time. We added to our French vocabulary – to suffer from a hangover is to be shipwrecked! There was more lovely sunshine for our last day on board as we circumnavigated the island before heading for Lorient and then home.



One said Port and the other Starboard – Adrian and Maeve Bell in Brittany.

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	Wallace Clark	<i>Zamorin</i>
1952	P. O'Keeffe	<i>Mavis</i>
1953	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1954	B.C. Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1955	C. Love	<i>Galcador</i>
1956	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1957	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1958	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1961	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1962	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>
1963	R.H. Roche	<i>Neon Tetra</i>
1964	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1966	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1967	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1968	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>
1969	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1970	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1971	R. Sewell	<i>Thalassa</i>
1972	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1973	A. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1974	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1975	J. Eves	<i>Aeolus</i>
1976	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1977	B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1978	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1979	M.P. O'Flaherty	<i>Cuilaun of Kinsale</i>
1980	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1981	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1982	E.P.E. Byrne	<i>Beaver</i>
1983	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1984	O. Glaser	<i>Verna</i>
1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	B. Bramwell	<i>Tor</i>
1987	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1988	Terence Kennedy	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
1989	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1990	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>

1991	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
1993	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1994	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
1995	Peter Killen	<i>Black Pepper</i>
1996	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1997	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1998	John Waddell	<i>Heather of Mourne</i>
1999	Brian Black	<i>Caelan</i>
2000	John Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
2001	Paddy Barry & Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Northabout</i>
2002	John & Ann Clementson	<i>Faustina II</i>
2003	John Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
2004	Máire Breathnach	<i>King of hearts</i>
2005	Peter Killen	<i>Pure Magic</i>
2006	Mike Alexander	<i>Katielok II</i>
2007	Michael Holland	<i>Celtic Spirit</i>
2008	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</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	Wallace 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 and Ann Woulfe-Flanagan	<i>Beowulf</i>
2008	Michael Coleman	<i>Oyster Cove</i>

THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

Year	Winner	Yacht
1978	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>
1979	A. Doherty	<i>Bali Hai</i>
1980	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1981	M.H. Snell	<i>Golden Harvest</i>
1982	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1983	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1984	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1985	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1986	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1987	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1988	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilaun</i>
1989	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1990	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1991	Ronnie Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1992	David McBride	<i>Deerhound</i>
1993	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1994	Jonathan Virden	<i>Twayblade</i>
1995	Henry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
1996	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1997	Brendan Bradley	<i>Shalini</i>
1998	Adrian Spence	<i>Madcap</i>
1999	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>
2000	Henry and Ivy Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
2001	Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
2002	Peter Killen	<i>White Magic</i>
2003	Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
2004	Noel Casey	<i>Kish</i>
2005	Marilyn Kenworthy	<i>Flica</i>
2006	Peter Killen	<i>Pure Magic</i>
2007	Seamus Salmon	<i>Saoirse</i>
2008	Máire Breathnach	<i>Arctic Fern</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'Keeffe	<i>Orion</i>
1986	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1987	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1988	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1989	Tony Morton	<i>Lamorna III</i>
1990	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1991	Robert Barr	<i>Ar Men</i>
1992	No Award	
1993	G. Nairn & M. D. Whelan	<i>Lola</i>
1994	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
1995	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1996	Michael McKee	<i>Isobel</i>
1997	No Award	
1998	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1999	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft</i>
2000	Harry Byrne	<i>Alphida of Howth</i>
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>
2008	Fergus Quinlan	<i>Pylades</i>

THE FORTNIGHT CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1958	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	J.W.D. McCormick	<i>Diane</i>
1963	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1964	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
1965	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1966	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1967	Miss E. Leonard	<i>Lamita</i>
1968	P. Dineen	<i>Huntress</i>
1969	R.C.A. Hall	<i>Roane</i>
1970	N. St. J. Hennessy	<i>Aisling</i>
1971	J.R. Olver	<i>Vandara</i>
1972	C. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1973	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1974	J. Wolfe	<i>Gay Gannet</i>
1975	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1976	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>
1978	R. Dixon	<i>Oberon</i>
1979	B.J. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1980	R. Paul Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1981	S. Orr	<i>Den Arent</i>
1982	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1983	C.P. McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>
1984	B.H.C. Corbally	<i>Puffin</i>
1985	R. Barr	<i>Joliba</i>
1986	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1987	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1988	John Ryan	<i>Saki</i>
1989	Brian Hegarty	<i>Safari of Howth</i>
1990	Seamus Lantry	<i>William Tell of Uri</i>
1991	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>
1992	Clive Martin	<i>Lindos</i>
1993	Brendan O'Callaghan	<i>Midnight Marauder</i>
1994	Frank Larkin	<i>Elusive</i>
1995	Dick Lovegrove	<i>Hobo V</i>
1996	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
1997	Michael d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1998	Jim Slevin	<i>Testa Rossa</i>
1999	Jim Slevin	<i>Testa Rossa</i>
2000	No Award	
2001	Gary Villiers-Stuart	<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>
2002	Andy McCarter	<i>Gwili 3</i>
2003	W.M. Nixon	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
2004	Roy Waters	<i>Sundowner of Beaulieu</i>
2005	Bill Rea	<i>Elysium</i>
2006	Alan Leonard	<i>Ariadne</i>
2007	Pat Lyons	<i>Stardancer</i>
2008	David & Grainne FitzGerald	<i>Ajay</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>
1939	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
1940	K.McFerran & Dr. O'Brien	<i>Hazure</i>
1941	D. Keating & R. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1942	J.B. Cotterell & J.F. McMullan	<i>Minx</i>
1943/45	No Award	
1946	J.B. Kearney	<i>Mavis</i>
1947	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1948	Dr. R.H. O'Hanlon	<i>Evora</i>
1949	P. O'Keeffe	<i>John Dory</i>
1950	A.W. Mooney	<i>Evora</i>
1951	P. O'Keeffe	<i>John Dory</i>
1952	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>
1953	No Award	
1954	T. Crosby	<i>If</i>
1955	R.P. Campbell	<i>Alata</i>
1956	S.F. Thompson	<i>Second Ethuriel</i>
1957	Col. W.S. Knox-Gore	<i>Arandora</i>
1958	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1959	G. Kimber	<i>Astrophel</i>
1960	J.C. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>
1961	S. O'Mara	<i>Fenestra</i>
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>
1963	Lt. Com. T. Sheppard	<i>Greylag of Arklow</i>
1964	T.F. Doyle	<i>Elsa</i>
1965	S. O'Mara	<i>Oisín</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	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1992	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1993	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
1994	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1995	Paul Butler	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1996	Brian Black	<i>Cuillin</i>
1997	James Nixon	<i>Ardnagee</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
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>
2008	David Williams	<i>Reiver</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>
2008	John Madden	<i>Bagheera</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>
1998	Brendan Travers	<i>Sea Maiden</i>
1999	Máire Breathnach	<i>SeaDance</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
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>
2008	Harry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</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>
2005	Brian Black	<i>Caelan of Strangford</i>
2006	John Clementson	<i>Faustina II</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
2007	No Award	
2008	Paul Bryans	<i>Odysseus</i>

THE GULL SALVER

Awarded for the highest placed Irish boat in the Fastnet Race.

Year	Winner	Yacht
1971	Otto Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>
1973	Mungo Park	<i>Tam o' Shanter</i>
1975	Otto Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch II</i>
1977	Otto Glaser	<i>Red Rock III</i>
1995	Donal Morrissey	<i>Joggernaut</i>
2001	Denis Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
2003	Dianne & Tom Andrews	<i>Amethyst</i>

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>
2008	No award	

THE PERRY GREER BOWL

Awarded for the best first ICC log

Year	Winner	Yacht
1995	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>
1996	Jimmy Conlon	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
1997	Hilary Keatinge	<i>Kilpatrick</i>
1998	No Award	
1999	Jack McCann	<i>Mary Lee</i>
2000	David Beattie	<i>Aeolus</i>
2001	Noel Casey	<i>Chartered</i>
2002	No Award	
2003	Paddy McGlade	<i>Sabrone</i>
2004	Sean Fergus	<i>Estrellita</i>
2005	Robert Barker	<i>Alchemist</i>
2006	Ian Stevenson	<i>Raptor</i>
2007	Nigel Lindsay-Finn	<i>Raptor Eleanda</i>
2008	Patrick Dorgan	<i>Verdi III</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>Arndagee</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>
2008	David Beattie	<i>Reespray</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
2008	Norman Kean – 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>Suzette</i>	
1965	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1967	S.F. Thompson	<i>Wye</i>	
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1969	F. Cudmore	<i>Setanta</i>	
1970	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1971	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1972	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1973	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1974	G. Radley	<i>Cecille</i>	
1976	J.C. Butler	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	
1977	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1978	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1979	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	
1980	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1981	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1982	C. Love Jnr	<i>Rebel County</i>	
1983	S. Mansfield	<i>Luv Is</i>	
1984	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1985	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1987	T.E. Crosbie C.J. Fitzgerald	<i>Senta</i> <i>Mandalay</i>	
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 McMahan	<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	
2008	Paul Bryans	Outstanding seamanship

WRIGHT MEMORIAL SALVER

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

Year	Race	Yacht	Recipient
1943	Whit	<i>Marama</i>	H. Osterberg
1945	Whit	<i>Mavis</i>	J. B. Kearney
1949	Whit	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney
1950	Whit	<i>John Dory</i>	P. O'Keefe
1951	Whit	<i>Alata</i>	R.P. Campbell
1952	Whit	<i>Setanta</i>	F. Cudmore
1954	Whit	<i>Euphazel</i>	N. Falkiner
1955	Whit	<i>Suzette</i>	A.E. Pope
1956	I.O.M.	<i>Zephyra</i>	S. Cresswell
1957	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1959	Cork-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler MC
1960	I.O.M.	<i>Harmony</i>	R.H. O'Hanlon
1961	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1962	Howth-Port St. Mary	<i>Cu-na-Mara</i>	D. Barnes
1963	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler
1964	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Twayblade</i>	E. Tweedy
1965	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1966	Dun Laoghaire-H/head	<i>Fionnuala</i>	R. Courtney
1969	Cork-Fastnet- Castletownshend	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1972	Dun Laoghaire-Arklow	<i>Tryphena</i>	F. Ryan
1973	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Cecille</i>	G. Radley
1974	–	<i>Korsar</i>	J.P. Bourke
1976	ICC	<i>Querida of Howth</i>	I.R. Morrison
1977	Crosshaven-Fastnet- Baltimore	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler
1978	Howth-Strangford	<i>Leemara</i>	W.R. Cuffe-Smith
1979	–	<i>Four Seasons</i>	L.G.F. Heath
1980	–	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1981	–	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mollard
1982	–	<i>Tritsch Tratsch IV</i>	Dr. O. Glaser
1983	–	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1984	–	<i>Beaver</i>	E.P.E. Byrne
1986	–	<i>Misty</i>	M.W. Knatchbull

From 1993 Awarded by the Northern Area Committee

Year	Recipient	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

Year	Recipient
2006	James Nixon
2007	Andy McCarter
2008	Hugh Kennedy – Services to Irish Cruising Club

DONEGAN MEMORIAL TROPHY 1940

Year	Yacht	Recipient	Race
1945	<i>Evora</i>	R.H. & D.M. O'Hanlon	
1946	<i>Mavis</i>	J.B. Kearney	Kingstown/Cork
1947	No Award		
1948	<i>Aideen</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1949	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney	Kingstown/Clyde
1950	<i>Sonia</i>	D.J. & P.M. Purcell	Clyde Race
1951	<i>Minx of Malham</i>	B. Maguire	Clyde Race
1952	<i>Viking O</i>	Col Hollwey	Clyde Race
1953	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Beaumaris-Week
1954	<i>Flying Fox</i>	F.W. Brownlee	Clyde Race
1955	<i>Glance</i>	F.C. Hopkirk	Puffin Sound Race
1957	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1958	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Dun Laoire/Cork
1959	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1960	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle	Dun Laoire-Cork
1961	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Irish Sea Race
1962	<i>Vanja IV</i>	I. Morrison	Irish Sea Race
1963	<i>Fenestra</i>	S. O'Mara	Morecombe Bay
1964	<i>Susanna</i>	J.C. McConnell	Irish Sea Race
1965	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Morecombe Bay
1966	<i>Orana</i>	P.D. Pearson	Irish Sea Race
1967	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1968	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1969	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1970	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Cowes/Cork Race
1971	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1972	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>	O. Glaser	Irish Sea Race
1973	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecombe Bay
1974	<i>Assiduous</i>	C. Love	(1st ICC Boat)
1975	<i>Dictator</i>	D.M. Irwin	Morecombe Bay
1976	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler	Irish Sea Race
1977	<i>Red Rock III</i>	O. Glaser	Morecombe Bay
1978	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1979	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mollard	Morecombe Bay
1980	<i>Standfast</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1981	<i>Bandersnatch of Howth</i>	R. Courtney	Morecombe Bay
1982	<i>Joggernaut</i>	D.J. Morrissey	Irish Sea Race
1983	<i>Imp</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecombe Bay
1984	<i>Little Egypt</i>	R.B. Lovegrove	Irish Sea Race
1985	<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race
1986	<i>Rob Roy</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1987	<i>Demelza</i>	N.D. Maguire	Irish Sea Race
1988	<i>Red Velvet</i>	M. O'Rahilly	Irish Sea Race
1989	<i>Comanche Raider</i>	N. Reilly	Irish Sea Race
1990	<i>Woodchester Challenge</i>	H.R. Gomes	Round Ireland
1991	<i>Finndabar of Howth</i>	P. Jameson	Round Ireland

From 1993 Awarded by the Eastern Area Committee

Year	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
2000	Arthur Orr ICC Publications
2001	Mungo Park Sailing into his 80s
2002	Cormac McHenry Holland to Dun Laoghaire

Year	Recipient
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
2008	Cormac McHenry Spain to the Canaries

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
2008	Michael Craughwell

THE MARIE TROPHY

Awarded for the best cruise in a yacht up to 30ft overall

2008	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
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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
2008	Hugh Barry

Trans oceanic pennant

Awarded by the Committee – on application

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	

List of Yachts

To amend an entry, email Grainne FitzGerald.

Yacht	Owner	LOA	Hull Colour	Sail No.	Rig/Built	Designer	Class
<i>A Lady</i>	S J. Hyde	56ft	Navy	1758. IRL	Bermuden Cutter 2002	Rob Humphreys	Oyster 56
<i>Adrigole</i>	J O'Riordan	11m	White	R	Sloop1987	P Brett	Rival 36
<i>Aeolus</i>	M L Harris-Barke		Blue	IR 416	Sloop1971	M Dufour	Arpege
<i>Afar VI (PO)</i>	B Bradley / I Cherry	14.5m	White/Blue		Cutter2001	Bill Dixon	Moody 47
<i>After Midnight</i>	A FitzGerald	8m	White	IRL 1797	Sloop1998	Tony Castro	Cork 1720
<i>Agivey (PO)</i>	W Clark, MBE DL	9.75m	Dark Blue		Ketch1975		Colvic
<i>Ain Mara</i>	H Gomes	11m	Dark Blue		Bermudan Yawl 1912	JB Kearney	One-off
<i>Ajay (PO)</i>	D HB FitzGerald	8.9m	White	IRL 2351	Sloop1980	Laurent Giles	Westerley Konsort
<i>Alakush</i>	G A [Hon Sec] FitzGerald						
<i>Alakush</i>	M Guinness	12.8m	White	IR 426	Sloop2004	Jim Taylor	Sabre 426
<i>Alannah</i>	J F Crebbin		White	N 86	Ketch1979	A Buchanan	Neptunian 33
<i>Alchemist</i>	R G Barker	11m	White	IRL 3700	Sloop1999	Norlin/Ostmann	Sweden 370
<i>Alphida of Howth</i>	H E O'C Byrne	10.36m	White	IRL 1517	Sloop1986	Jaques Fauroux	Jeanneau Sunrise 34
<i>Altair</i>	J Andrew Smullen	10.2m	Pale Blue	39	Sloop1937	Bjarne Aas	Intl One Design
<i>Alys</i>	D S Park	10.36m	White		Sloop1984	David Sadler	Sadler 34
<i>Amethyst (PO)</i>	T M Andrews / D MH Andrews	12.2m	Dark Blue	GBR 6640	Sloop2002	Rob Humphreys	Elan 40
<i>Ann Again (PO)</i>	E Cudmore / B Cudmore	12.80m	White	IRL 1182	Sloop2000	J&J designs	Bavaria 42
<i>Aoibhne (PO)</i>	M O'Gallagher	10.4m	White		1990	Stevens	Stevens 1040
<i>Aoife (PO)</i>	J O'Donnell / D O'Toole	9.5m	Blue	21	Sloop1978	John Sharp	Dolphin 31
<i>Ar Seachran</i>	P Barry	13.72m	Black		Sloop1979	German Frers	Frers 45
<i>Arcady</i>	R Heard	12.6m	Blue				Motor Cruiser
<i>Ariadne</i>	A G Leonard	10.67m	White	6094 T	Sloop2000	Stephen Jones	Starlight 35
<i>As Lathair (PO)</i>	R Casey	9.98m	White		Fractional sloop1998	Bruce Farr	Beneteau First 337
<i>Atlantic Islander</i>	F McCarthy		White		Ketch1980	Walter Raynor	Atlantic Power Ketch
<i>Auretta II</i>	D Cudmore	8.7m	White	2929	Sloop1984	David Thomas	Sigma 292
<i>Bagheera</i>	D Madden	12m	White	KH7125	Sloop1990	Jean Faroux	Jeanneau Sun Charm
<i>Baily of Howth</i>	M J Hall	14.02m			Ketch1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 46
<i>Baily</i>	T Fitzpatrick	11m	White	IRL3607	Sloop2005	Bruce Farr	Beneteau First 36.7
<i>Ballyclaire</i>	D F White		White	156	Sloop1976	Finot	Fastnet 34
<i>Barintha</i>	M Buckley						
<i>Belladonna</i>	R Lovett		White		Sloop	Marc Lombard	Privilege Catamaran
<i>Beowulf (PO)</i>	A Woulfe-Flanagan / B HC Corbally	12.8m	White		Sloop2001	German Frers	Hallberg-Rassy 42
<i>Birmayne</i>	S G O'Loughlin	13.6m	White	IRL 756	Cutter1992	Bruce Roberts	Cruiser
<i>Black Pepper 2</i>	H J Barry	11m	White	IR 3636	Sloop1984	D Thomas	Sigma 36
<i>Blackjack (PO)</i>	P Coad	11.4m	Blue	IRL 1988	Cutter1980	M Pooock	
<i>Blue Lady (PO)</i>	M GM Pritchard	10.45m	Blue		Motor Yacht	Halmatic	Weymouth 34
<i>Blue Oyster</i>	J Powell	11m	Blue	IR 3854	Sloop1979	Holman & Pye	Oyster 37
<i>Blue Squirrel (PO)</i>	S Furney / G Taylor	13.41m	Blue	5500C	Sloop1989	Daniel Andrieu	Jeanneau Sun Magic 44
<i>Bluebell</i>	A Walsh	5.7m	Blue		Lugger2003		Drascombe Lugger
<i>Bonnie Boots</i>	D H. T. Greenhalgh	13.2m	White	87	Sloop2007	U. Felci/P. Rosbo	Dufour 44
<i>Boston</i>	B Brady	6.1m	White		Power Boat1996	Boston Whaler	Whaler
<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>	J E Ley / A Ley			IR 615	Sloop1990	J Berret	Beneteau First 32s5
<i>C'est Formidable</i>	P K Clandillon	10.9m	White	IRL 2036	Sloop1999	Mortain & Mavrikios	
<i>Cadenza</i>	R J Fowler	10.75m	White		Sloop2004	Marc Lombard	Jeanneau Sun Odyssey
<i>Caelan of Strangford</i>	B Black		White	2 FD	Cutter/Ketch1973	Luders	
<i>Capercaillie</i>	J W Clow	14.63m			Bmu Ketch1978	Nicholson	Nicholson 48
<i>Captain O'Brien</i>	M Wood	13.41m			Sloop1995		Bavaria 44
<i>Cara of Quoile</i>	D J Gillespie	10.06m	White	33	Sloop1972	Van de Stadt	Contest 33
<i>Caranja</i>	J F Menton	12.19m	White	IRL 801	Sloop1981	A Primrose	Moody 40
<i>Carna</i>	J D Currie	8.84m	White	4945 T	Sloop1980	Ed Dubois	Westerly Konsort
<i>Carragheen</i>	M McKee	7.92m	White		Sloop1980	Ed Dubois	Westerly Griffin
<i>Carraig Ban</i>	C Layng	10.5m	White		Motorboat2000	J Bennett	Rosebank 34
<i>Carrigdown</i>	W Walsh	13.8m	White		Sloop2001	Bruce Farr	Jeanneau 45.2
<i>Catre</i>	E JF Rea						
<i>Celtic Spirit</i>	M Holland	21.3	Navy Blue		Ketch1993	Ed Dubois	Custom Built 71
<i>Chain</i>	J Curtin	11.40m	White		Sloop1991	Bill Dixon	Moody 376
<i>Changeling .</i>	K J Jameson	11.58m	Dark Blue	IRL 8331	Sloop1989	D Thomas	Sigma 38
<i>Charm of Rhu</i>	M Thomas	12.19m	Varnish	K 12	Sloop1963	Macmillan	8-metre cruiser/racer
<i>Clarabelle</i>	P J O'Mahony	12.19m	White		Sloop1999	Group Finot	Beneteau 40 CC
<i>Clio</i>	J St George Banim	9.9m	White		Sloop1984	Joubert/Nivelt	Jeanneau Attalia 32
<i>Cliodhna</i>	P Butler	9.3m			1990	Northshore	Fisher 31
<i>Clipper</i>	M Stokes		White		Sloop1990		Wauquies Amphitrite
<i>Coco</i>	A Doherty	11.75m			Sloop1985	Group Finot	Jeanneau Sun Fizz
<i>Colla Voce</i>	D T Laurence / P Lavelle	8.23m			Cutter1982	R Harris	Vancouver 27
<i>Concerto (PO)</i>	B Craig	13.76m	White		Sloop2006	Umberto Felci/Patrick	Dufour 455
<i>Confusion</i>	B Scanlon	10.6m	Blue	IRL 955	Sloop1999	Neils Jeppesen	X3625
<i>Crackerjack</i>	A Markey	9.3	White		Sloop2000		Bavaria 31
<i>Crackers</i>	D C Waldron						
<i>Crimson Rambler III</i>	H du Plessis	7m	Red		Sloop1985	GL Watson	Colvic 23 motor-sailer
<i>Crosby</i>	P J D'Arcy	13.11m	Blue		Sloop2005		Jeanneau 43DS
<i>Cruiskeen</i>	D D Park	14.09m	Blue		Sloop2007	Berret-Racoupeau	Beneteau Oceanis 40
<i>Cu Two</i>	S Barnes	12m	White		Ketch1989	Sparkman & Stevens	Nauticat 40
<i>Cuchulain</i>	M O'Farrell	9.6m	White	Z 598 Y	Sloop1971	P Brett	Rival 32
<i>Cuilawn (PO)</i>	M P O'Flaherty / B P Smullen		Varnish	K 1988 T	Ketch1970	GT McGruer	McGruer One-Off
<i>Daedalus</i>	T Barry	12.5m	White		Fractional2000	Van de Stadt	Dehler 41
<i>Deerhound</i>	C A Chapman	15.24m	Green	IR 1973	Ketch1970	Ted Hood	Hood 50
<i>Delphin</i>	L Conway	10.5m			Sloop1976	R Holland	Nicholson 345
<i>Dom Perignon</i>	A Stokes	12.19m	White		Sloop1970	L Giles	Salar 40
<i>Doran Glas</i>	P Horan	35ft	White	9	Sloop1980	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35

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<i>Dux</i>	A Gore-Grimes	9.1m			Sloop	X-yachts	X 302
<i>Eala Ban (PO)</i>	M Bell / A Bell	12m	White		Sloop2005	Stephan Qviberg	Arcona 400
<i>Eblana</i>	A Dunn	10.06m	White		Sloop1989	Bill Dixon	Moody Eclipse 33
<i>Eleanda</i>	N Lindsay-Fynn	18.8m	White	19	Cutter2007	German Frers	Hallberg Rassy 62
<i>Elaion</i>	C Jones	6.71m	White	UAES	Bermudian Sloop2001	?	J22
<i>Elgin</i>	D O'Rahilly		Black	R 19	Lugger1999	Nigel Irens	Romilly
<i>Elixir</i>	J Godkin	13.72m	White	IRL 5410	Sloop2001	J&J designs	Dufour 45 Classic
<i>Elysium</i>	B Rea	8.8m	White	IR 653	Sloop1988-1990	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Encore</i>	F Eves, MBE						
<i>Enigma</i>	S S Adair						Oceanis 411
<i>Estrellita</i>	S G Fergus		White		Sloop1979	J Cisiers	Noray 38
<i>Euphanzel III</i>	G D Crisp	8.4m			Sloop	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>	T Dunphy / G F Whelan		White	IR 1345	Sloop1987	P Briand	First 345
<i>Excuse Me</i>	T Crosbie		Navy		Fractional1998	N Jeppesen	X 332
<i>Fable (PO)</i>	S J Garvin	10.2m	Blue	K 8105 Y	Sloop1986	Van de Stadt	Legend 34
<i>Family's Pride</i>	R G Monson		Red		Ketch1932		Fife Ring Netter
<i>Fastnet Dancer</i>	F J Rogerson	14.1m	White	32	Cutter F.1990	German Frers	Hallberg Rassy 45
<i>Faustina II (PO)</i>	J Clementson / A Clementson	12.17m	White	GBR9862	Cutter1991	Chuck Paine	Bowman 40
<i>Feeric</i>	S Cullen						
<i>Fiacra</i>	P Bourke	7.92m	Blue	CR 3581	Sloop1979	L Giles	Westerly Centaur
<i>Flica</i>	M Kenworthy	16.15m	White	5312	Cutter2001	Rob Humphries	Oyster 53
<i>Flight of Fantasy</i>	N Smyth	12.6m	White		Sloop		Oyster 42
<i>Foam</i>	D Whitehead	6.6m			Cat ketch1983	David Thomas	Hunter Liberty 22
<i>Free Spirit</i>	D MR Taplin	10m			Sloop1998	Tony Castro	MG 335
<i>Freycinet</i>	G J O'Connor		White	GBR	Sloop1995	Bill Dixon	Moody 44
<i>Gay Gannet (PO)</i>	L Sheil / L Sheil Jr.		White	24	Sloop1963	CR Holman	Sterling
<i>Genesis of Drumbooy (PO)</i>	I RV Morrow	12.8m	Cream		Cutter2000	H Johnston	Island Packet 420
<i>Gentle Spirit</i>	H C Boyle	38ft	Cream	K 4291 T	Sloop1979	Olle Enderlein	Hallberg-Rassy
<i>Giggles</i>	P Morehead	9m	White	IRL 3739	Sloop1996	Bill Dixon	Moody 531
<i>Golden Nomad</i>	A Aston	30' + bowsprit	Yellow	6	Gaff Ketch1981	R Dongrey	Cornish Crabber Pilot Trader
<i>Greenfly (PO)</i>	M B Balmforth	4.5m	Green		1985	Norman Turner	
<i>Greylag of Arklow (PO)</i>	L Sheppard, RN Retd		White	1734	Sloop1961	Laurent Giles	
<i>Gwili 3</i>	A McCarter	10.67m	White	IRL 839	Sloop1997	Stephen Jones	Sadler Starlight 35
<i>Harklow</i>	A O'Hanlon		Blue		Motor1963	J Tyurell	Motor Cruiser
<i>Hecuba</i>	J P Duggan	12m	White	GBR 3778 T	Sloop1989	T Castro	MG CS 40
<i>Hibernia (PO)</i>	F JK Espey	14.02m			Yaw11976	Holman & Pye	Bowman 46
<i>Hobo Six (PO)</i>	J P Bourke	28 feet	White	IRL507	Sloop1974	Olle Enderlein	Shipman 28
<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>	I M Barnwell / H Barnwell	12.73m	White	IRL 1413	Sloop1985	German Frers	Hylas 42
<i>Ibaraki (PO)</i>	P Ryan				11		GK 34
<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>	B Kennedy		White		Sloop1980	A Primrose	Moody 36
<i>Imagine</i>	N G Kenefick	16.2m	White		Sloop2005	Bruce Farr	Farr 545
<i>Insouciance</i>	G LD Ralston	17.68m	White	GBR	Ketch1983	Van Dam Nordia	Nordia 58
<i>Intrigue</i>	D Tucker	12.5m	White	IRL 906	Sloop1984	David Thomas	Sigma 41
<i>Ionian</i>	B R. Lynch	10.67m	White		Sloop1990	Ed Dubois	Westerly Seahawk 35
<i>Irish Mist I</i>	A R Baker	11.2m	White	IRL 1172	Sloop1974	D Carter	Carter 37
<i>Irish Mist</i>	A O'Leary		Navy Blue	1994	Motor		Nelson 40 TSDY
<i>Irisha</i>	A F Lee	14.53m			Sloop		Beneteau 47.7
<i>Island Life</i>	C McHenry	12.19m	Ivory		Cutter1998	Bob Johnson	Island Packet 40
<i>J'abbesse</i>	H P Beck						
<i>Jabberwock</i>	P Courtney	12.8m	White	IR 9377	Sloop1984	David Thomas	Sigma 41
<i>Jaded</i>	J Martin				Sloop1982	Johnson	J 24
<i>Jap</i>	C Love Jr.		White	C4	Gaff1897	Fife design	Cork Harbour One
<i>Jigtime</i>	D D Smyth, OBE	11m	White	35-60	Sloop1996	Stephen Jones	Bowman Starlight 35
<i>Jomora</i>	A Robertson		White	2203 C	Sloop1996	Stephen Jones	Starlight 35
<i>Joyster</i>	D Whitehead	10.67m	White	GBR 3625 T	Bmu. Ketch1981	Holman & Pye	Oyster 35 Mariner
<i>Juffra</i>	D J Hill		White	2246	Sloop1966	Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>Jura (PO)</i>	W P Kellert	10.83m	White	133	Sloop1984	Holman & Pye	Pretorian 35
<i>K-Sera</i>	G C Coad	11.28m			B.M.U.Cutter F.1993	WIB Craelock	Craelock 37
<i>Kacana</i>	L Christie Johnston	13.25m	White	GBR 9122	Sloop2005	Peter Norlin	Sweden Yacht 42
<i>Kala</i>	M T McConnell				1974	Motor	Dowencraft 21
<i>Kish</i>	N Casey	12.5m	White	315	Cutter1982	Derek Stukins	Tayana 37
<i>Knight Hawke</i>	R E Drew						
<i>Koala (PO)</i>	P C Cullen	12.6m	White	IRL 2021	Sloop1995	Gerry Douglas	Catalina 42 Mk 2
<i>Kumaree</i>	K Cooke				Sloop1970	Dufour	Safari
<i>Kylie</i>	J W Wolfe				1984		Kelt 8.5
<i>L'Avenir</i>	G Donovan	12.0m.	White	IRL3904	Sloop2004		Sunbeam 39
<i>Lady Kate</i>	D Walsh		White		Sloop1986	Dixon	Moody 31
<i>Lark</i>	E Kelliher	6.9m			Sloop		Alberg Ensign 23
<i>Lazy Life</i>	L Glentoran, CBE, DL.						
<i>Leemara of Howth (PO)</i>	M R Butler		White	K 3711 T	Sloop1990	Stephen Jones	Sadler Starlight 39
<i>Leprechaun</i>	D O'Connor				Sloop1962	Peter Thuesen	Dragon OD
<i>Lindos</i>	C C Martin	8.29m	Blue	IR 1181	Sloop1977	Van de Stadt	Prospect 900
<i>Lively Lady</i>	F Martin	13.62m	White	IRL 1644	Sloop2004	Bruce Farr	Beneteau First 44.7
<i>Lonchort</i>	D Lovett	12.19m			Sloop1971	Laurent Giles	Salar 40
<i>Lutanda</i>	R E Eves		White	585	Ketch1977	Olle Enderlein	Hallberg Rally 35
<i>Mac Duach</i>	D Brogan		Black		Gaff Cutter1979	Colm Mulkerrins	Galway Hooker
<i>Macaria</i>	J Law	10.36m	Black	73 C	Gaff Yawl1922	Dickie of Tarbert	Gaff Yawl
<i>Madcap</i>	S A Spence	13.11m	Cream		Gaff Cutter1875	Davies and Plain, Cardiff	Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter
<i>Maelduin</i>	PH Blaney	17m	White (Blue Stripe)		Bermudan Sloop Due April 2009	German Frers	Hallberg Rassy 54
<i>Maimoune (PO)</i>	H Barr / R GM Barr		Green	F 2	Sloop1902	Linton Hope	Fairy
<i>Mairi</i>	T Magowan						
<i>Mandalay</i>	C FitzGerald		Dark Blue	IRL 924	Sloop1974	Saltalia Finland	Nauticat 33 Pilot House
<i>Maria</i>	B Siggins				1979		Dufour 2800
<i>Marie Claire II</i>	S McCormack		Cream	IR 806	Sloop1980	A Mauric	First 30

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<i>Marula</i>	S C McConnell		White		Motor Yacht1982	Bederbeke	Pedro 35
<i>Mary Lee</i>	J McCann		White		Cutter1984	Borealis Yachts	Reliance 44
<i>Mary P</i>	N J Prendeville				Sloop1990	German Frers	Grand Soleil 42
<i>Marydom</i>	D O'Flynn	25 ft	White		Berm.1975	Per Brohall	Albin Motorsailer
<i>Maximizar (PO)</i>	P MC Branigan / B Branigan	13m	White		2001 2007	Nord West	MY
<i>Maximum (PO)</i>	W Naim		Navy Blue	IRL 5322	Sloop1995	Pelle Petterson	Maxi-1000
<i>Medi-Mode (PO)</i>	D M Dwyer		Blue	IRL 6330	Sloop1979	A.Primrose	Moody 39
<i>Merette</i>	J Kidney				Sloop1998	John Harker	Dragon
<i>Merlin</i>	D Cummins		White	IRL 1818	Sloop2003	Castro	1720
<i>Miss Demena</i>	F Long	36'/11m	Oxford Blue	2303	Sloop1966	John Alden	Mistral
<i>Miss Milly</i>	D Whitaker	9.14m	White		Fractional Sloop2003	Etap Yacting NV	Etap 30i
<i>Misty of Clyde</i>	C J Bruen	7.1m	Sky Blue	K 8136	Sloop1976	Oliver J Lee	Hunter 701
<i>Misty</i>	T RC Wood	12.71m	White	IRL 7411	Sloop2000	Group Finot	Beneteau Oceanis 411
<i>Modus Vivendi (PO)</i>	P J Adams		White		Cutter1991	Holman & Pye	Clipper
<i>Mollihawk's Shadow</i>	D Nicholson / E Nicholson	13.2m	White		Sloop2007	Judel/Vroljijk	Oyster 55
<i>Molly Bán</i>	H Sisk	19.3m	Cream	—	SSMY2008	Nigel Irens & (single screw motor yacht)	Najad 440 AC
<i>Moondrifter</i>	M J Webb				Ketch1978	J. Roy	One Off
<i>Moonshadow (PO)</i>	J Kilkeny		White/Blue		Sloop1984		Theo Rye
<i>Moonstruck</i>	J Doran		White		Cutter1995	Bruce Farr	Macwester Seaforth
<i>Morene</i>	J Stevenson				1974		Moody 29
<i>Morning Calm 3 of Sark</i>	L Auchincloss	19.8m	Green		Cutter2002	Ron Holland	Beneteau 44C
<i>Moshulu III (PO)</i>	J B Woodward / M Woodward	12.19m	White	2755	Sloop1976	Laurent Giles	Trintella 65
<i>Muglins (PO)</i>	P Butler	10.93m	White	IRL 1327	Sloop F2003	J & J Designs	Salar 40
<i>Muirneog</i>	P Gallagher		White	K 9429 Y	Sloop1985	David Sadler	Bavaria 36
<i>Mystique of Malahide</i>	R S Michael	11.7m	White	IR 387	Sloop1983	Phillipe Briand	Sadler 29
<i>Narnia</i>	D R Jones	13.41m	White	6667 T	Cutter1999	Najadvaret	Jeanneau Sun Fizz
<i>Nerina</i>	E K Devenney	9m	White	1436 Y	Sloop1977	Holman & Pye	Najad
<i>New Moon</i>	J Massey		White		Cutter1935	David Hillyard	Hustler 30
<i>Nicu</i>	P Ryan		White	1490	Sloop1976	Camper & Nicholson	6-ton Hillyard
<i>Nimrod of Down (PO)</i>	K M Boyd		Blue		Sloop2002	Davis Thomas	Nicholson 31
<i>Nisha</i>	F A Sadler				motor-sailer		Hunter Pilot 27
<i>Northabout</i>	J J Cunnane	15m	Aluminium		Bermudan Cutter2001	Caroff-Dufloss	Fairy Fisherman
<i>Now What (PO)</i>	D Morrissy	9.9m	White	IRL 3865	Sloop1986	Gerg Stadelujr	Nadja
<i>Nyabo</i>	T C Johnson	14.2m	Dark Blue		Sloop1994	Dick Zal	Dubois 33
<i>Ocean Sapphire</i>	L A Bohane	12.5m	Blue	IRL 1741	Sloop1998	Judel/Vroljijk	Contest 46
<i>Odysseus</i>	P MA Bryans	10.97m	White	IRL 7171	Bermudan1997	Fauroux	Dehler 41
<i>Oneiro</i>	P F Cudmore	39 ft	White	IRL 3930	Sloop2002	Berret/Racoupeau	Jeanneau SO 36.2
<i>Orchestra</i>	M Craughwell	28m			Ketch1984	Petersen	Oceanis Clipper 393
<i>Orion na Mara (PO)</i>	F Hand	10.8m	White	IRL 1995	Sloop1977	Sparkman & Stephens	Jongert 28
<i>Paloma</i>	C B Scott	14.02m	White	4646C	Sloop1989	Dick Zaal	She 36
<i>Pan</i>	D Lynch	9.14m	Varnished	IRL 151	Sloop1965	Johan Anker	Contest 46
<i>Papageno</i>	P D Haden	10.67m	White	SK 23	Sloop1985	Ed Dubois	Dragon
<i>Pascal</i>	J I Taggart		White	IRL 931	Sloop1983	R Holland	Westerly Seahawk
<i>Passe Partout</i>	R Aplin			IRL 1081	Sloop2003	Mortain & Mavrikios	Swan 391
<i>Pegasus</i>	P O'Connor		White	2701	Sloop2000	J&J Designs	Dufour 36 Classic
<i>Peggy Bawn</i>	H Sisk	11m	White	—	Gaff Cutter1894	George Lennox Watson	Dufour 32 Classic
<i>Phoenix</i>	C D O'Carroll	9m	White	IRL 126	Bermuda1980	Johann Anker	One Off
<i>Picnic</i>	T S Foote	9.45m	White		Cutter1983	Harry Becker	Int Dragon
<i>Pilgrim Soul</i>	D Curtain	11.89m	White	IRL 1920	Sloop2003	Leif Angemark	Vagabond 31
<i>Pip (PO)</i>	G M Sargent	9.85m	White	IRL 3312	Sloop1989		Malo 39
<i>Piper of Dart</i>	P D'Arcy	9.7m	White	IRL 1687	Sloop1981	Angus Primrose	LM Vitesse 33
<i>Playtime</i>	G A Sheridan	10.45m	White	IRL 2558	Sloop2006	Rob Humphreys	Moody 29
<i>Poppy (PO)</i>	W Lyster	8.84m	Navy Blue	IR 639	Sloop1980	Olle Enderlein	Elan 333
<i>Prince of Tides (PO)</i>	J C Marrow	14.4m	White	IRL 747	Sloop1994	Jeanneau	Shipman 28
<i>Pure Magic (PO)</i>	B G Killen / P R Killen	16.2m	White		Ketch2004	H Amel	Sun Odyssey
<i>Pylades (PO)</i>	F Quinlan	12.19m	Grey		Cutter1997	Van de Stadt	Super Maramu 2000
<i>Pylades</i>	V Quinlan	12.19m	Grey		Cutter1997	Van de Stadt	Caribbean 12m
<i>Quaila</i>	H F Morrison	12.80m	White	2860 C	Sloop2000	W Dixon	Moody 42
<i>Quiver</i>	A Browne	14.9m	White	GBR 400	Sloop2005	German Frers	Hallberg-Rassy 48
<i>Rafiki (PO)</i>	H J. Keatinge / W D. Keatinge		White/Red	GBR	Ketch1987	Guy Beyer	Aphrodite 42
<i>Rapparee XXX</i>	D C McKenna	12.80m	White	IRL 1903	Sloop1993	Cary Ribadeau Dumas	Jeanneau Sun Odyssey 42
<i>Raptor</i>	D J Stevenson	12.95m	White	GBR 5517 T	Sloop1994	Bruce Farr	Beneteau First 42s7
<i>Rathlin</i>	N SR Duffin	10.6	White	RA 55	Sloop1990	Ed Dubois	Westerly Riviera
<i>Rebound (PO)</i>	D Morrissy	14.63m	White	IRL 3865	Ketch	Gerg Stadelujr	Mayflower 48
<i>Ree Spray (PO)</i>	D Beattie	12.2m	Black		Bermudian Cutter2006	Bruce Roberts	Spray 40
<i>Reiver (PO)</i>	W Williams / J Williams	10.67m	White/Green	IR 576	Sloop1988	A Mylne	Motor
<i>Rezy</i>	J Lyons	9.5m	White		Motor Cruiser 1974	de Vries Lentsch	Motor
<i>RicJak</i>	J J Cahill		Blue		Cutter1982	Cahill	One off
<i>Roaring Water</i>	J B Forde	10.06m	White	IR 360	Sloop1978	Angus Primrose	Moody 33
<i>Rockstar</i>	F P Ennis	12.85m	White	IRL 2575	Sloop2007	Marc Lombard	Jenneau 42i
<i>Rosemarie of Cuan (PO)</i>	T S Anderson	12.19m	White		Sloop1984	Van der Stadt	E&A 40
<i>Rosemary</i>	C Jones	6.40m	Blue	12	Gaff Sloop1907	Herbert Boyd	Howth 17
<i>Royal Tara</i>	C Love Jnr.		White		Ketch1979	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 70
<i>Ruinette (PO)</i>	D Brazil		Blue	1475 Y	Sloop1971	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 32
<i>& Kilpatrick</i>	D Brazil		White	GBR 8360 Y	Sloop1986	Holman & Pye	Oyster Heritage
<i>Ruinette (PO)</i>	D Gallagher	Blue	1475 Y	Sloop 1971	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 32	
<i>& Natian (PO)</i>	D Gallagher	Blue	1475 Y	Sloop 1971	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 32	
<i>Running Wild (PO)</i>	R A Sullivan		Blue	IRL 9570	Sloop1980	David Thomas	Hunter Impala
<i>Rusalka</i>	R Butler	6.25m	Dark Green	37	Sloopc 1970	P. Milne	Coribee Mk 1
<i>Sabrone</i>	P McGlade	13.13m	White		Sloop1991	Bill Dixon	Moody 44
<i>Sai See (PO)</i>	C JH Thornhill	12.2m	Green		Yaw1979	Sparkman & Stephens	
<i>Saki</i>	P J McCormack		White	IR 246	Sloop1979	Camper & Nicholson	Nicholson 31
<i>Salar</i>	B McMahon		White		Sloop1970	White & Hill	Cutlass
<i>Samphire</i>	P JF O'Sullivan	10m	white		Sloop2008	J&J designs	Dufour 325
<i>Sandy Ways</i>	T Cooke	35ft (10.6m)	Green	IRL 741	Ketch1979	Holman & Pye	Oyster Mariner 35
<i>Saoirse of Cork</i>	C Hayes	15.85m	White	IR52000	Cutter1996	Carl Beyer	Najad 520
<i>Saoirse</i>	S Salmon	11.28m	White	IRL 3750	Bermuda1985	J Berret	Beneteau First 375

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<i>Sapphira</i>	R Brown	9.5m	Blue		Sloop1980	John Sharp	Halmatic 30
<i>Sattwa</i>	D P Moran		White		Sloop1999	Daniel Andrieu	Jeanneau Sun Odyssey 40 DS Nicholson 43
<i>Sceolaing</i>	J Delap	12.9m	Navy Blue	2455	Sloop1965	R Wall	Lemsteraak
<i>Schollevaer</i>	D Beattie	17.98m	White	VA32	Gaff Cutter2006 /1913	van Groningen	Oyster 435
<i>Scilla Verna (PO)</i>	P R Nixon	13.25m	Blue		Ketch1983	Holman & Pye	River
<i>Faughan (PO)</i>	P R Nixon	8.84m	Green	R3	Bmu Sloop1946	Alfred Mylne	Amel Super Maramu
<i>Sea Fever of Cuan</i>	T Lusty	15.97m	White	425	Ketch2004	Henri Amel	motor-sailer
<i>Sea Fox</i>	J R Magee		White	1940	Ketch1940	WM Hand	Jeanneau Symphonie
<i>Sea Sprite</i>	C E. Hilliard	9.6m	White	IR 7435	Sloop1982	Philippe Briande	Victory 40
<i>Seadrifter</i>	J A Petch	12m	White		Ketch1975	Van der Stadt	Westerly Conway
<i>Seascope of Down (PO)</i>	P Ronaldson	10.9m	White	255	Ketch1981	Laurent Giles	Westerly Conway
<i>Seascope of Down</i>	E Ronaldson	10.9m	White	255	Ketch1981	Laurent Giles	Cornish Crabber 24 Mk 1
<i>Seoidin</i>	B Travers				Gaff Cutter1978	Ron Dongray	Jeanneau Sun Odyssey
<i>Setanta</i>	D Cudmore		White	IRL 1566	Sloop2000	J Fauroux	Oyster 38
<i>Shady Maid</i>	F Ranalow	12m	White		Ketch1979	Holman & Pye	Norseman 40 Catamaran
<i>Shangan</i>	V J O'Farrell					Alexander Simonis	Dufour 34
<i>Shelduck</i>	N D Hegarty	10.6m	White	IRL 412	Sloop2003	Umberto Felci	Ruffian 23
<i>Siamsa (PO)</i>	M MA D'Alton		White	268	Sloop	WP Brown	44' motor-sailer
<i>Simon den Danser</i>	J B Ballagh		Navy Blue		Ketch1991	Holtman & De Vries	Victoire
<i>Siolta</i>	W W McKean				Cutter1998	Koopmans	Nicholson 32 Mk VII
<i>Sirikit III (PO)</i>	G B Johnston / B Colfer	9.75m	White	IR 32	Sloop1968	Nicholson	Shipman 28
<i>Skua</i>	J Phelan	8.53m	White	IR 134	Sloop1975	Olle Enderlein	Westerly Corsair
<i>Slioch</i>	F G Smyth	10.97m	White		Sloop1988	Ed Dubois	Beneteau Oceanis 47.3
<i>Sokai</i>	P W Knatchbull	15m	White		Sloop2006	Farr	Jeanneau Sun Odyssey
<i>Solitaire</i>	D E Turvey	10.8m	White		Sloop		
<i>Southerly (PO)</i>	J R Osborne	17.07m	Blue		Ketch1973	Sparkman & Stephens	Jeanneau 43DS
<i>Sparetime</i>	P D Crowley	13.1m	Blue	IRL 1203	Sloop2004		Sadler 34
<i>Sparkle</i>	B N Gallagher		White	IRL 702	Sloop1986	Martin Sadler	Jeanneau 925
<i>Spellbound</i>	D J Fielding	9.6m	Cream				Dufour 40
<i>Splashdance</i>	G Roberts	12.2m	White	IRL 4073	Sloop2003	U Felci	Rhodes 22
<i>Star</i>	B N Watson	6.71m	Blue		Sloop1995	Rhodes	Dufour 385
<i>Stardancer (PO)</i>	P Lyons	11.7m	White	1511	Sloop2007	Umberto Felci	Starlight 35
<i>Starfire</i>	C Magennis	10.54m	Blue	IRL 8835	Sloop1998	Stephen Jones	Roberts 45
<i>Stealaway</i>	T Irvine				Sloop	Van de Stadt	Fisher 37
<i>Stella Maris</i>	M C Coleman		Blue		Sloop1986	Bruce Roberts	Nicholson 35
<i>Storm Boy</i>	L McElligott	11.3m	Blue		Ketch1978	David Freeman	Oyster 39
<i>Suaeda</i>	A Hutchinson	10.67m	Navy Blue	2199 Y	Sloop1973	Camper & Nicholson	Moody 40
<i>Sundowner of Beaulieu</i>	C Waters	12.7m	White	6273 Y	Ketch1980	Holman & Pye	Legend 34
<i>Talisker</i>	N Wright		Blue	1355 C	Sloop1998	W Dixon	Chance 37
<i>Tallulah</i>	A H Rountree		Cream	IR 527	Sloop1987	Van der Stadt	Contessa 35
<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	B Kenny / A Kenny	11.28m	Dark Blue	IR 119	Sloop1972	Britton Chance	Sadler Starlight 39
<i>Tertia of Lymington</i>	W B Dickinson		White	K 4187	Sloop1978	Doug Peterson	Canal Boat
<i>Testa Rossa (PO)</i>	J Slevin	11.7m	White	14	Sloop1990	Stephen Jones	Colvic Watson 35
<i>The Lady Avilon (PO)</i>	R V Lovegrove		Green		1935		Dehler 41
<i>Tieveara</i>	T C Hutcheson				Ketch1979	GL Watson	Sun Odyssey 37
<i>Tillygreig</i>	S Musgrave	12.5m	White	IRL 4114	Sloop1998	Judel/Vroljik	She 36
<i>Toirse</i>	J R Cudmore	11.1m	White	IRL 1046	Sloop2001	J Fauroux	Oyster 39
<i>Tosca V</i>	H Kennedy		White	5828	Sloop1980	Sparkman & Stevens	Poppeteer 22
<i>Tremlett</i>	J O'Brien						Atlantic 40
<i>Tresillian IV</i>	J F Clapham	12.05m	White	K 4406 T	Ketch1981	Holman & Pye	F&C 44
<i>Trick or Treat</i>	A John Pearson	6.6m	Red	15	Sloop1981	Chris Boyd Yachts	X332
<i>Trininga (PO)</i>	D B Johnston		White		Ketch1979	WF Rayner	Norman
<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>	D E Glaser		Red	IR 381	Ketch1981	German Frers	Shipman 29
<i>Tux</i>	M O'Keefe		White	IRL 892	Fractional1997	N Jeppesen	Carbineer
<i>Twayblade</i>	J Virden		Blue		Sloop1961	A. Buchanan	Hallberg-Rassy 312
<i>Twocan</i>	F Freeman		White	IR 553	Sloop1973	Olle Enderlein	Jeanneau Sun Odyssey
<i>Ultimate</i>	R L Sharp	46ft	White	4044 C	Ketch1975	Laurent Giles	Hallberg Rassy 42F
<i>Ursula</i>	RR Watson		White with blue stripe		Sloop1985		Princess 50
<i>Uzume</i>	T Weston	10.8m	White	GBR 8597T	Sloop2004	Lombard & Levett	Sweden 42
<i>Verdi III</i>	P Dorgan	13m	White	none	Sloop1997	Frers	Voyager 35
<i>Volare</i>	J Rohan	15m	White		Motor Cruiser		Moody 376
<i>Voyager</i>	B MacManus		Blue		Sloop2004	Norlin	Rival 41
<i>Voyageuse</i>	L F Kavanagh		Green		Sloop1978	Angus Primrose	Hallberg-Rassy 36
<i>Wave Dancer</i>	J E Daly	11.45m	White	IR 1376	Sloop1989	Bill Dixon	Nicholson 35
<i>Waxwing (PO)</i>	P C Gray / S D Gray	12.5m	White		Cutter1980	Peter Brett	Beneteau Clipper 473
<i>Wayfarer</i>	D J Whitaker				Sloop2000	German Frers	Rebel 42
<i>Wheesh</i>	W Escott	10.7m	Blue	K 468 C	Sloop1974	Camper & Nicholson	Vancouver 38
<i>White Hatter</i>	M H Flowers	14.3m	Blue	GBR 8381 T	Sloop2001	Group Finot	Bowman 40
<i>Whitefire</i>	N V McFerran		White		Ketch1985	Van der Stadt	Contessa 35
<i>Wild Bird</i>	G Fasnfeld		Navy Blue		Cutter1997	Chuck Paine	Northshore 33
<i>William Tell of Uri</i>	S Lantry	12.19m	White		Cutter1988	Admiralty	Swan 43
<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>	G Villiers-Stuart				Cutter	Douglas Peterson	Frers 48
<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>	E M Wheeler				Sloop1976	J Kaufman	Sadler 25
<i>Wizard</i>	D Glover	10m	White	6349	Sloop1983	Ron Holland	Sweden Yacht 45
<i>Wolfhound</i>	M Horgan / A McGettigan	12.9m	White	IRL 1110	Sloop1987	German Frers	
<i>Xanadu (PO)</i>	N Kean		Blue		Ketch1982	D Sadler	
<i>Yami Yami</i>	M Kirby		Red	IR 12	Sloop1978	Norlin/Ostmann	
<i>Yoshi (PO)</i>	D Cross	14.1m	White	IR 4541	Sloop2003		
<i>Zephre</i>	T Clarke						
<i>none</i>	B Hegarty						
<i>o mare e tu</i>	J Eddie Keating		White	IRL 1601	Sloop2002	J&J Designs	Gib'Sea 33

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 2008. To amend an entry, email Grainne FitzGerald.

We invite members who wish to have their partner's name included in future listings to advise the Honorary Secretary, Grainne FitzGerald.

This list has been taken from the website and as far as possible errors which occurred in the 2008 Yearbook have been corrected; members should inform the Honorary Secretary if errors concerning their entry still remain.

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
2002 Adair, Stanton S (Patricia)	Villa Le Bas, 62 Ballyholme Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5LA (H: 028 9127 0998 / W: 028 9032 1313)	<i>Enigma</i>
+ 1970 Adams, Peter J (Gillian)	Ballyholme, Manor Bourne, Down Thomas, Plymouth, Devon, PL9 4SP (H: 0044 1752 269705)	<i>Modus Vivendi (PO)</i>
+ 1990 Ahern, Michael J (Ronnie)	Belmont, Rochestown, Co. Cork (H: 021 436 3092)	
2004 Alexander, Michael (-)	3 Newtown Villas, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 6522)	
1991 Anderson, Terry S (Maureen)	37 Bayview Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6TW (H: 028 9754 1044 / M: 07725 010822)	<i>Rosemarie of Cuan (PO)</i>
1988 Andrews, Dianne MH (Tom)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Co. Down, BT23 5NP (H: 028 9187 2233 / M: 07836 385129)	<i>Amethyst (PO)</i>
1988 Andrews, Tom M (Dianne)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 5NP (H: 028 9187 2233 / M: 07836 385129)	<i>Amethyst (PO)</i>
1972 Aplin, Roger (Jane)	Romanesca, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 0434 / M: 087 290 7883)	<i>Passe Partout</i>
1997 Aston, Alan (Irene)	1 Marino Station Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 OAH (H: 028 9042 6497 / M: 07921 050400)	<i>Golden Nomad</i>
1992 Auchincloss, Leslie (Marie)	Beau Manoir, Rue Maindonnaux, St. Martin, Guernsey, GY4 6AH (H: +44 1481 39840 / M: +44 777 337 5520)	<i>Morning Calm 3 of Sark</i>
1990 Baker, Arthur R (Marjorie)	Shournagh Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork (H: 021 487 0031 / M: 086 837 9100)	<i>Irish Mist I</i>
1998 Ballagh, John B (Rosie)	Camelot, 19 Seafont Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co Down, BT18 0BB (H: 028 9042 8335 / M: 07815 743077)	<i>Simon den Danser</i>
2000 Balmforth, Alison (Michael)	Westgate, Toward by Dunoon, Argyll, PA23 7UA (H: 01369 870271 / W: 01369 870251 / M: 07979 527487)	
# 1966 Balmforth, Michael B (Alison)	Westgate, Toward by Dunoon, Argyll, PA23 7UA (H: 00 44 1369 870271 / W: 00 44 1369 870251 / M: 00 44 7899 912388)	<i>Greenfly (PO)</i>
2006 Banim, John St George (-)	Castlecove Lodge, Ballymahon, Co. Longford (H: 09064 38393 / M: 086 824 9444 / 087 244 6938)	<i>Clio</i>
2004 Barker, Robert G (Patricia)	Karibu Sana, Broomfield, Malahide, Co. Dublin, R o I (H: 01 8460919 / M: 087 636 0216)	<i>Alchemist</i>
1998 Barnes, Sean (Brioni)	Lynwood, Cunningham Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 8088 / M: 086 810 4104)	<i>Cu Two</i>
1990 Barnwell, Henry (Ivy)	Menapia, Silchester Park, Glengearry, Co. Dublin (H: 01 230 3831)	<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>
1990 Barnwell, Ivy M (Henry)	Menapia, Silchester Park, Glengearry, Co. Dublin (H: 01 230 3831 / M: 086 086 3459)	<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>
1971 Barr, Hazel (Ronnie)	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 4TB (H: 028 9181 3369)	<i>Maimoune (PO)</i>
#+ 1969 Barr, Robert (Mary)	Heather Lodge, Kerry Mount Avenue, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (W: 01 289 3269)	
1973 Barr, Ronnie GM (Hazel)	60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 4TB (H: 028 9181 3369)	<i>Maimoune (PO)</i>
1983 Barrington, Desmond J (Helen)	Aoibhgreine, 37A Ballinlea Heights, Killiney, Co Dublin (W: 01 285 5732)	
+ 1990 Barry, Frederick (Elaine)	59 Nutley Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4.	
2004 Barry, Hugh J (Christine)	Clonkellure, Clashavanna, Kilbrittain, Bandon, Co. Cork (H: 023 49488 / M: 086 1698739)	<i>Black Pepper 2</i>
1984 Barry, Paddy (Mary)	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (W: 01 280 0820 / M: 087 928 2393)	<i>Ar Seachran</i>
2001 Barry, Tim (Judie)	Innishannon House, Innishannon, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 5333)	<i>Daedalus</i>
1999 Beattie, David (Mary)	Abha na g-Carad, Derry, Ballymahon, Co. Longford (H: 01 664 4201 / W: 090 643 8088 / M: 087 255 6241)	<i>Ree Spray (PO) / Schollevaer</i>
#+ 1963 Beck, Horace P (-)	Ripton Middlebury, Vermont 0766, USA	<i>J'ablesse</i>
1975 Beirne, Ronan M (Sheila)	5 Doonanore Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 867 1888 / W: 01 284 0759)	
1996 Bell, Adrian (Maevae)	1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast, BT9 5EG (H: 028 9066 8435 / W: 028 9066 7914)	<i>Eala Ban (PO)</i>
1994 Bell, J Alan (Gillian)	The Coach House, 1A Carnathen Lane, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0EH (H: 028 9188 8949 / W: 028 9042 8136)	
1996 Bell, Maevae (Adrian)	1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast, BT9 5EG (H: 028 9066 8435)	<i>Eala Ban (PO)</i>
1981 Black, Brian (Lesley)	Fiddler's Green, 135a Shore Road, Strangford, Co. Down, BT30 7NP (H: 028 4488 1678 / M: 07967 108111)	<i>Caelan of Strangford</i>
2004 Blaney, Patrick H (Camilla)	Castlelough, Portroe, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary (H: 067 47994 / W: 067 47994 / M: 086 850 3600)	<i>Maelduin</i>
1990 Bohane, Liam A (-)	14 Siddons Court, Aghada, Co. Cork (M: 087 2202877)	<i>Ocean Sapphire</i>
1975 Bourke, Dr. Michael P (Gabi)	Ballybla House, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (M: 087 258 0959)	
# 1965 Bourke, John P (Margaret)	Parkwood, Carrickbrennan Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 1657 / W: 01 280 1657)	<i>Hobo Six (PO)</i>
1983 Bourke, Philip (Ann)	Avon Wood, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (W: 01 288 7491 / M: 086 246 6823)	<i>Fiacra</i>
1987 Boyd, Kenneth M (Hilary)	Coolbeg, 23 Seafont Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0BB (H: 028 9042 4422)	<i>Nimrod of Down (PO)</i>
2002 Boyle, Harold C (Vivienne)	59 Malone Heights, Belfast, BT9 5PG (H: 028 9061 0896 / M: 07785 793729)	<i>Gentle Spirit</i>
1980 Bradley, Brendan (Pamela)	Blue Rock, Killough, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 2869645 / M: 086 811 2643)	<i>Afar VI (PO)</i>
! 1985 Brady, Bill (Eileen)	Mahonville, Castle Road, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 4357963 / W: 021 4553042 / M: 087 261 7634)	<i>Boston</i>
1989 Branagan, Michael (-)	14 Blackberry Rise, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin (W: 01 846 2554)	
2005 Branagan, Owen	14 Blackberry Rise, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin (W: 01 846 2554 / M: 086 160 1262)	
1990 Branigan, Brenda (Pat)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandycove, Dublin 18 (H: 01 295 6273)	<i>Maximizar (PO)</i>
1982 Branigan, Patrick MC (Brenda)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandycove, Dublin 18 (H: 01 295 6273/W: 01 269 6000)	<i>Maximizar (PO)</i>
1990 Brazil, Donal (Clare)	Killard, John's Hill, Waterford (H: 051 875636)	<i>Ruinette (PO) & Kilpatrick</i>
1997 Breathnach, Maire (Andrew)	Old Coastguard House, Lymington, Hants, SO41 3QA (H: 0044 1590 678770)	
1997 Brogan, Dr. Michael (Laura)	Doctor's Road, Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo (H: 0907 30016 / W: 0907 30992)	<i>Mac Duach</i>
2004 Brown, Robert (Linda)	Rathmullan House, 3 Orchard Road, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 8TA (H: 028 448 51255 / M: 07793 564041)	<i>Sapphira</i>
* (2005) Browne, Anthony [Commodore RCC] (Monique)	Matravers House, Uploders, Bridport, Dorset, DT6 4PH (W: 0044 1308 485222)	<i>Quiver</i>
1990 Bruen, Chris J (Maureen)	Calypso, Fairy Hill, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 486 3510 / M: 087 251 1077)	<i>Misty of Clyde</i>
2005 Bryans, Paul MA (Ruth)	Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: +353 (0) 21 437 8595 / W: +44 (0) 1483 282697 / M: +44 (0) 7785 990762)	<i>Odysseus</i>
1969 Bryce, Robert G (-)	St Benedicts, Thormanby Road, Bailly, Co. Dublin (W: 01 832 2829 / M: 087 248 2826)	
2004 Buckley, Michael (Rosemary)	14 Stillorgan Wood, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (W: 01 288 4938 / M: 086 255 5003)	<i>Barintha</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
1986 Bunting, Christopher J (Claire)	27 Sheep Cottages, Amersham Road, Little Chalfont, Bucks, HP6 6SW (H: 0044 1494 762907 / W: 0044 1494 542579 / M: 07833 681689)	
1962 Bunting, Peter J (Elaine)	Keeper's House, West Tytherley, Salisbury, SP5 1LY (H: 0044 1794 341521)	
2000 Butler, Maurice R (Margaret)	274 Seacliffe Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HS (H: 028 9146 5066)	<i>Leemara of Howth (PO)</i>
1987 Butler, Paul (Noirin)	32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 888 6580 / W: 01 288 4393 / M: 087 618 2141)	<i>Muglins (PO)</i>
1995 Butler, Pierce (Vivienne)	Rosenallis, Barnaslingan Lane, Kiltarnan, Dublin 18 (W: 01 295 5166 / M: 087 255 1519)	<i>Ciodhna</i>
2008 Butler, Rikki (Alex)	Spinney House, 160a Drum Road, Cookstown, Co. Tyrone, BT20 9DW (H: 028 8676 3500 / W: 028 8676 2148 / M: 07722 304878)	<i>Rusalka</i>
+ 1982 Byrne, E Philip (Rosemary)	Sunnydale, 4 Nugent Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14 (W: 01 298 1951)	
+ 1974 Byrne, Harry E O'C (-)	Lismoyle, Coast Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 0498)	<i>Alphida of Howth</i>
1978 Cahill, James J (Katherine)	Ellison St, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (W: 094 902 5500)	<i>RicJak</i>
2005 Casey, Dr. Tony (Margaret)	Brooklodge, Blackwater, Co. Clare (W: 061 344658 / M: 087 254 9052)	
2001 Casey, Noel (Mary)	19 Rostrevor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6 (H: 01 497 9611 / M: 087 258 1805)	<i>Kish</i>
2005 Casey, Rory (Eavan Mongey)	2 Knockthomas, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (H: 094 9027822 / M: 087 2860235)	<i>As Lathair (PO)</i>
1978 Cassidy, Liam (Vera)	5 St. Helens North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 3717)	
2006 Chambers, Graham A (Julie)	88 Clea Lough Road, Killyleagh, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT30 9SZ (H: 028 4482 8106 / W: 028 9181 2222 / M: 07719 573388)	
1989 Chapman, Colin A (Jeanne)	The Old Rectory, Comeragh, Kilmacthomas, Co. Waterford (H: 051 291166 / W: 051 875855)	<i>Deerhound</i>
2006 Cherry, Ivor (-)	9 Shrewsbury Park, Dublin 4 (W: 01 269 3233 / M: 087 686 8248)	<i>Afar VI (PO)</i>
2005 Clandillon, Paul K (Patricia)	Belmont Lodge, Ballinclea Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 4404261 / M: 086 222 6058)	<i>C'est Formidable</i>
1965 Clapham, John F (Rosie)	Mertoun, Cliffside Road, Torquay, Devon, TQ1 3LB (H: 0044 1803 297337)	<i>Tresillian IV</i>
*#+ 1951 Clark, MBE DL, Wallace (June)	Grangeate Cottage, 115 Kilea Road, Upperlands, Co. Derry, BT46 5SB (H: 028 7964 2737)	<i>Agivey (PO)</i>
2002 Clarke, Deirdre (-)	Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co. Limerick (W: 061 229035 / M: 087 8360775)	
1985 Clarke, Tony (Eileen)	Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co. Limerick (H: 061 414852 / W: 061 229035 / M: 087 618 8512)	<i>Zephre</i>
# 1969 Clementson, Ann (John)	Ballyreagh, 84 Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 8SN (H: 028 9181 2310 / M: 07767 270858)	<i>Faustina II (PO)</i>
! 1997 Clementson, John (Ann)	Ballyreagh, 84 Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 8SN (H: 028 9181 2310 / M: 07767 270858)	<i>Faustina II (PO)</i>
+ 1991 Clow, John W (Joan)	Mid Linthills, Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, Scotland, PA12 4DL (H: 0044 1505 842881)	<i>Capercaillie</i>
1991 Coad, Geoffrey C (Catherine)	Pine Cottage, Ballinakill, Dunmore Road, Waterford (H: 051 875651 / M: 087 238 5559)	<i>K-Sera</i>
2006 Coad, Peter (-)	12 Airfield Point, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford (H: 051 385573 / M: 087 2991978)	<i>Blackjack (PO)</i>
1988 Coleman, Michael C (Eileen)	Mount Carmel, High Road, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co. Cork (H: 021 4811397)	<i>Stella Maris</i>
+ 1999 Colfer, Bill (-)	Grangecon Demesne, Grangecon, Co. Wicklow (W: 045 403212 / M: 087 280 0305)	<i>Sirikit III (PO)</i>
#+ 1975 Collins, Michael D (-)	Inniskeel, Quill Road, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow (W: 01 286 8109)	
1988 Condon, K Cal (Peg)	Montana, Crab Lane, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 4294165 / W: 021 4543102)	
+ 1996 Conlon, Jimmy (Kathleen)	9 Avondale Crescent, Killiney, Co. Dublin (W: 01 235 1869)	
1980 Connor, Brendan (-)	22 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13 (M: 087 255 4013)	
1991 Conway, Leo (Phil)	Windrush, Killiney Road, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 1870 / M: 087 256 2373)	<i>Delphin</i>
#+ 1959 Cooke, KL (-)	Salia, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2348)	<i>Kumaree</i>
1996 Cooke, Tom (Stephanie)	Fortal, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 5797 / W: 01 285 5797 / M: 086 2510743)	<i>Sandy Ways</i>
+ 1984 Cooper, Paul D (-)	3 Bayside Park East, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4289)	
! 1984 Corbally, Bernard HC (Erica)	Gilspear, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 286 3261)	<i>Beowulf (PO)</i>
1979 Costello, Walter F (Susan Luke)	17 Porter Street, Bondi Junction, NSW 2022, Australia (H: 0061 2 93693390 / M: 0061 41 872 3030)	
2000 Cotter, Maevie (Martin Dooney)	Seamark, Glandore, Co. Cork (H: 028 33271 / W: 028 33271 / M: 087 2727883)	
! 1982 Courtney, Peter (Helena)	Seamount, Balscadden Road, Howth, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2008 / W: 01 449 8716 / M: 087 257 0488)	<i>Jabberwock</i>
2005 Craig, Brian (Anne)	Colhugh, Kilmore Avenue, Killiney, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 7278 / M: 086 256 3351)	<i>Concerto (PO)</i>
1997 Craughwell, Michael (Anne)	39 Threadneedle Rd, Salthill, Galway (H: 091 52118 / W: 091 568222)	<i>Orchestra</i>
1992 Crebbin, John F (Jennifer)	3 Eaton Brae, Corbawn Lane, Shankill, Co. Dublin (W: 01 282 4468 / M: 087 255 4838)	<i>Alannah</i>
2000 Crisp, Graham D (Patricia)	5 Percy Place, Dublin 4 (W: 01 668 1560 / M: 087 255 8397)	<i>Euphazel III</i>
2003 Cronin, Kevin (Suzanne)	13 Grange Park, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (W: 01 289 5102 / M: 086 262 2987)	
#+ 1957 Crosbie, TE (-)	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork (H: 021 450 1963 / W: 021 427 2722)	<i>Excuse Me</i>
! 1986 Cross, Dan (Jill)	Woodhouse, Aghamarta, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1521 / M: 086 259 8770)	<i>Yoshi (PO)</i>
2001 Crowley, Peter D (Marie)	47 Lindville, Blackrock Road, Cork (H: 021 491 6747 / W: 021 432 2444)	<i>Sparetime</i>
1979 Cudmore, Anne L (Ron)	Aghowle Upper, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (H: 0404 49925 / M: 085 131 9593)	
1966 Cudmore, Brian (Eleanor)	Cloudhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 489 3625)	<i>Ann Again (PO)</i>
1986 Cudmore, Denis (Brid)	The Anchorage, Harbour View, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (H: 023 49665 / M: 086 803 5980)	<i>Aurette II</i>
1977 Cudmore, Dr. John (Aideen)	6 The Garden Village, Talbots Inch, Freshford Road, Kilkenny (H: 056 776 5838)	<i>Setanta</i>
! 1997 Cudmore, Eleanor (Brian)	Cloudhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 489 3625 / M: 087 310 0538)	<i>Ann Again (PO)</i>
1966 Cudmore, Fred (Mary)	Coast Road, Myrtleville, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1541 / W: 021 435 5830 / M: 087 950 4800)	
# 1959 Cudmore, Harold (Lauren)	4 Queens Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight, PO31 8BQ (H: 0044 1983 280466 / M: 0044 7710 270952)	
1966 Cudmore, Justin R (Kate)	Southcourt, South Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 489 2242 / W: 021 427 4019 / M: 087 239 2760)	<i>Toirse</i>
1966 Cudmore, Peter F (Claire)	18 Willowmere, Rochestown Road, Cork (H: 021 436 4257 / M: 087 639 0009)	<i>Oneiro</i>
# 1964 Cudmore, Ronald (Anne)	Aghowle Upper, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (H: 0404 49925 / M: 086 811 1235)	
+ 1971 Cullen, Maurice (Elizabeth)	5 The Fosters, Mount Merrion, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 8356)	
1999 Cullen, Peter C (Kerri)	Tedburn, Claremont Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 2774 / W: 01 230 0711)	<i>Koala (PO)</i>
2001 Cullen, Stephen (Maryvonne)	5 Montevella, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 284 8098 / M: 086 243 5450)	<i>Feeric</i>
2005 Cummins, Desmond (Angela)	37 Eglinton Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4 (H: 01 2837916 / W: 087 2437916 / M: 087 2437916)	<i>Merlin</i>
1988 Cunnane, Jarlath J (Madeline)	Terra Nova, Spencer Park, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (W: 094 902 5231 / M: 087 616 8532)	<i>Northabout</i>
1998 Cunningham, Dr. Jack (Patricia)	Bridge House, Tuam, Co. Galway (W: 093 24155)	
2004 Currie, Chris (Susan)	11 Carshaulton Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 00B (H: 028 9188 4325 / W: 028 9188 9340 / M: 07831 203321)	
1985 Currie, John D (Wendy)	4 Shore Street, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0DG (H: 028 9188 3517)	<i>Carna</i>
1971 Curtain, Dr. Andrew (-)	Riverview, 47 Sundays Well Rd., Cork (W: 021 434 2080 / M: 087 2543010)	<i>Pilgrim Soul</i>
1993 Curtin, J. Leonard (Mary)	Springmount, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork (H: 021 487 1508 / W: 021 454 5222 / M: 086 815 7909)	<i>Chain</i>
# 1956 D'Alton, Michael MA (-)	Kilda Lodge, St. George's Ave, Killiney, Co. Dublin	<i>Siamsa (PO)</i>
2008 D'Arcy, Patrick J (Michelle)	33 Forge Meadows, Ballon, Co. Carlow (H: 059 915 9784 / W: 059 913 1888 / M: 086 258 3278)	<i>Crosby</i>
2005 D'Arcy, Patrick N (Eileen)	Barrow View, Crossneen, Leighlin Road, Carlow (H: 059 913 1050 / M: 086 074 9006)	<i>Piper of Dart</i>
# 1967 Dalton, Brian (Lise)	89 Rockport Shores, Rockport, ME 04856., USA (W: 001 207 596 2959)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
# 1968 Daly, Dominic J (-)	Pembroke House, Pembroke Street, Cork (H: 021 450 5965 / W: 021 427 7399 / M: 087 255 0486)	
! 1990 Daly, John E (-)	The Glade, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 436 2833 / W: 021 427 7911 / M: 087 231 0840)	<i>Wave Dancer</i>
1980 Davis, Samuel M (Helen)	5 Cherrytree Wk., Belfast, BT5 6PG (H: 028 9079 2266 / W: 028 9754 1294 / M: 079 8609 0940)	
# 1965 Deane, Douglas (Liz)	Churchbay, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1002)	
* 1999 Deignan, Owen M (Terry)	306 Marina Village, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 833 9594)	
+ 1994 Delamer, David (-)	Baily Cottages, Baily, Co. Dublin (W: 01 839 3634)	
2006 Delap, John (-)	7 Blackheath Park, Clontarf, Dublin 3 (W: 01 833 5235 / M: 086 247 8044)	<i>Scoalaing</i>
1973 Devenney, Ernest K (-)	4 Vernon Park, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 4PH (H: 028 9146 1410 / M: 07790 516194)	<i>Nerina</i>
1971 Dick, JR William (Heather)	The Laundry House, Rathvilly, Co. Carlow (W: 059 916 1822)	
+ 1979 Dickinson, William B (Elizabeth)	2 Victoria Terrace, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5JB (H: 028 9146 8772)	<i>Tertia of Lymington</i>
2000 Doherty, Anne	Castlebar Road, Westport, Co. Mayo (H: 098 26633 / W: 098 28607)	<i>Coco</i>
2004 Donovan, Gerald	The Orchard, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 3033 / M: 086 258 0499)	<i>L'Avenir</i>
1988 Doonan, Francesca (Paul)	Boothill, Durrus, Co. Cork	
1986 Doonan, Paul S (Francesca)	Boothill, Durrus, Co. Cork	
2000 Dooney, Martin (Maevie Cotter)	Seamark, Glandore, Co. Cork (H: 028 33271 / W: 028 34029 / M: 087 280 7186)	
+ 1997 Doran, John (Anna)	Drisoge, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 830 9533 / W: 01 832 1709)	<i>Moonstruck</i>
2008 Dorgan, Patrick (Maria)	Ardcaein, Hettyfield, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 429 2447 / W: 021 427 3133 / M: 087 246 3434)	<i>Verdi III</i>
# 1966 Doyle, D Conor (Mareta)	Knockduff, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 2348 / W: 021 427 5235)	
# 1966 Doyle, Frank (-)	17 Barnstead Drive., Church Road, Blackrock, Cork (W: 021 427 5235)	
* 1997 Drew, Robert E (Mindy)	47 Fair Street, Guilford, CT 06437, USA (H: 001 203 623 1933 / W: 001 203 453 5474)	<i>Knight Hawke</i>
# 1978 du Plessis, Hugo (-)	29 Greenway Close, Lymington, Hants, SO41 9JJ (W: 0044 1590 673631)	<i>Crimson Rambler III</i>
1990 Duffin, Nicholas SR (Andrena)	11 Grey Point, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1LE (H: 028 9185 2688 / M: 07771 886414)	<i>Rathlin</i>
1986 Duggan, John P (-)	Rua e Escadinhas de Santa Cruz 64, Monte Estoril, 2765-442 Estoril, Portugal	<i>Hecuba</i>
#+ 1960 Dunn, Aidan (-)	2 Nutley Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4 (H: 01 283 8947 / W: 01 269 1158)	<i>Eblana</i>
+ 1993 Dunphy, T Austin (-)	Sealawn, Sutton, Dublin 13 (W: 01 832 2853)	<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>
1993 Dwyer, David M (-)	32 Radcliffe, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 8324910 / W: 01 8324910 / M: 087 2300510)	<i>Medi-Mode (PO)</i>
# 1966 Dwyer, Kevin F (Fiona)	Blue Cottage, Ballycrenane, Cloyne, Co. Cork (H: 021 465 2910 / M: 086 251 1776)	
#+ 1965 Dyke, Stanley W (-)	Benwell, Crosthwaite Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (W: 01 280 7918)	
2002 Ennis, Francis P (Orla)	Green Ivies, Thormanby Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 8323287 / W: 018171650 / M: 086 250 8901)	<i>Rockstar</i>
1980 Escott, W Perry (Pat)	25 Stanley Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5EL (H: 028 9146 1881 / M: 07711 274749)	<i>Wheesht</i>
+ 1978 Espey, Fred JK (-)	4 Myrtle Park, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (W: 01 280 5160)	<i>Hibernia (PO)</i>
+ 1975 Eves, Jeremy RF (Heather)	30A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3RD (H: 028 9127 0460 / W: 028 9145 4344)	
+ 1982 Eves, Roland E (Elizabeth)	Carrig-Gorm, 53 Bryansglan Park, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3RS (H: 028 9127 2025)	<i>Lutanda</i>
#+ 1967 Eves, MBE, F Maitland (Eva)	8 Brompton Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3RE (H: 028 9146 0048)	<i>Encore</i>
+ 1981 Fannin, Robert J (-)	17 Marlborough Hill Place, Kingsdown, Bristol, BS2 8LR	
1997 Fasnfeld, George (-)	3 Elgin Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4 (H: 01 660 3255 / W: 01 660 9488)	<i>Wild Bird</i>
#+ 1960 Faulkner, CBE, DL, Sir Dennis J (-)	Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6TU (H: 028 9754 1114)	
1985 Fergus, Sean G (Karen)	76 The Rise, Mount Merrion, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (W: 01 496 5653)	<i>Estrellita</i>
+ 2002 Fernie, Peter J (Louise)	Tawin Island, Maree, Oranmore, Galway (H: 091 790693 / W: 091 794350 / M: 087 256 4570)	
#+ 1971 Fielding, Christine M (Raymond)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1428)	
#+ 1956 Fielding, Dr. Raymond J (Christine)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1428)	<i>Spellbound</i>
1969 Fisher, JDF (Susan)	Rathturret, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down, BT34 3RX (H: 028 4177 3667)	
2001 FitzGerald, Aodhan (Zoe)	152 Costa na Mara, Oranmore, Galway (H: 091795754 / W: 091387470 / M: 087 248 8765)	<i>After Midnight</i>
#+ 1944 FitzGerald, C Joe (-)	Apt. # 6, The Grand, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1796)	<i>Mandalay</i>
# 1966 FitzGerald, David HB (-)	Avondale, 1 Craigmores Gardens, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 214 3329 / W: 01 214 3329 / M: 087 418 6346)	<i>Ajay (PO)</i>
! 1993 FitzGerald, Grainne A [Hon Secretary] (Chris Curry)	Avondale, 1 Craigmores Gardens, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 214 3329/W:01 886 7459/M: 087 418 7190)	<i>Ajay (PO)</i>
+ 1986 Fitzgerald, Jack J (-)	27 Hyde Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 0490)	
* (2008) Fitzpatrick, Mary (Tom)	Kincora, Deerpark, Howth Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 555)	
! 1985 Fitzpatrick, Thomas J, [Hon Treasurer] (Mary)	Kincora, Deerpark, Howth Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 5554 / W: 01 645 2002 / M: 086 256 2157)	<i>Baily</i>
#+ 1980 Flanagan, Dr. Jack (Eta)	7 Offington Avenue, Sutton, Dublin 13 (W: 01 832 5277)	
1996 Fletcher, Gillian (-)	2 Park Road, Glenageary Heights, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 2854170 / W: 01 2936800 / M: 087 226 5133)	
+ 1994 Flood, Sean (Joan)	Roskeen, Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 295 3333 / W: 01 832 3188)	
1983 Flowers, Maurice H (Edna)	42B Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9127 4664 / M: 07718 588661)	<i>White Hatter</i>
1996 Foote, Tom S (Hilary)	The Moorings, Tonabrocky, Bushy Park, Galway (H: 091 522833 / M: 086 203 7012)	<i>Picnic</i>
+ 1990 Forde, John B (-)	Elmford, Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 429 1299)	<i>Roaring Water</i>
1969 Fowler, Robert J (Tiggy)	Mont Alto House, Sorrento Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 8529 / M: 087 250 2067)	<i>Cadenza</i>
+ 1986 Freeman, F. David (Valerie)	Knollycroft, Coliemore Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 9439 / W: 01 676 0261)	<i>Twocan</i>
2004 Furney, Sarah (John)	82 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9146 2067)	<i>Blue Squirrel (PO)</i>
1980 Gallagher, Benignus N (Mary)	4 Carrickbrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13 (W: 01 832 3755)	<i>Sparkle</i>
+ 1992 Gallagher, Dr. Jack (Meg)	Weir House, Woodstown, Co. Waterford	<i>Ruinette (PO) & Natian (PO)</i>
+ 2000 Gallagher, Patrick (Kathleen)	Seskin West, Bantry, Co. Cork (H: 027 50128 / W: 028 28400)	<i>Muirneog</i>
2006 Garvin, Stephen J	Ring Hill, 24 Mullaghbane Road, Armagh, BT61 9HW (H: 028 3752 3004)	<i>Fable (PO)</i>
#+ 1968 Geldof, Robert (-)	18 Crosthwaite Park South, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 284 2633)	
+ 2008 Gibson, Hugh (-)	24 Diamond Hill, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 4092 / M: 086 835 8265)	
1992 Gibson, Richard Y (Sue)	Kimberley, Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1408 / M: 087 909 4599)	
+ 1993 Gillespie, Dr. Peter J (-)	4 Demesne Gate, Saintfield, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT24 7BE (H: 028 9751 0779)	<i>Cara of Quoile</i>
1972 Glaser, Dr. Otto E (Patricia)	Thalassa, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 4797)	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>
1996 Gleadhill, Diana	Lough Hill, 30 Ballymacashen Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 0SH. (H: 028 9754 1815)	
+ 1977 Glentoran, CBE, DL., Lord Robin (Maggie)	Drumadaragh House, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim, BT39 0TA (H: 028 9334 0222 / W: 028 9334 0422)	<i>Lazy Life</i>
# 1961 Glover, Darty (Lillian)	2 Coolong Road, Vaucluse, New South Wales 2030, Australia (H: 61-2 93374342)	<i>Wizard</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
1992 Godkin, John (Sandy)	Sandycove, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 4189)	<i>Elixir</i>
+ 1980 Gomes, Deirdre (Richard)	Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2RU (H: 028 4278 8365)	
#+ 1967 Gomes, H Richard (Deirdre)	Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2RU (H: 028 4278 8365)	<i>Ain Mara</i>
1991 Good, Courtenay (Valerie)	Ardkilly House, Sandycove, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 2390 / W: 021 477 2300)	
+ 1978 Gore-Grimes, Anthony (Katharine)	Roxboro, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 2449 / W: 01 872 9299)	<i>Dux</i>
* 1973 Gore-Grimes, John (Katie)	Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3670 / W: 01 872 9299)	
2005 Gore-Grimes, Nicholas (-)	59 Francis Street, Dublin 8 (W: 01 473 8978 / M: 086 803 5842)	
1980 Gray, Peter C (Susan)	45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 3911 / W: - / M: 087 6130682)	<i>Waxwing (PO)</i>
1990 Gray, Susan D (Peter)	45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 3911 / M: 087 216 1656)	<i>Waxwing (PO)</i>
+ 1978 Greenhalgh, David H. T. (Maureen)	15 Ashley Park, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5RQ. (H: 028 9145 4860)	<i>Bonnie Boots</i>
#+ 1966 Greer, Dr. Heather (-)	Cynara, Windgate Rise, Howth Summit, Co. Dublin (H: 01 839 1586 / W: 01 832 3731)	
#+ 1963 Guinness, A Peter (Sue)	Toad Hall, Little Missenden, Amersham, Bucks, HP7 0RD (W: 0044 1494 862322)	
1979 Guinness, Ian	R 41 Ennafort Road, Raheny, Dublin (H: 01 832 9071 / M: 087 256 7794)	
# 1966 Guinness, M Jennifer (Alex Booth)	Ceanchor Rd, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3123 / W: 01 832 3123 / M: 086 280 0576)	<i>Alakush</i>
2000 Haden, Peter D (Moirá)	Lisheen, Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare (H: 065 7077 333 / M: 353 (0) 87 4177 161)	<i>Papagena</i>
+ 1970 Hall, Mervyn J (-)	The Cider House, Belmont Farm, Beauchamp, Taunton, Som, TA3 6AA (H: +44 1823 480877)	<i>Baily of Howth</i>
1985 Hand, Frank (Alexandra)	Pf. 19 Strassganger Str 207, 8028 Graz, Austria (W: 0043 316 253626 / M: 00 353 86 239 7935)	<i>Orion na Mara (PO)</i>
2001 Harris-Barke, Michael L (Marie)	Mizzen Cottage, Chapel Pass, Blackrock, Co. Louth (W: 042 932 2100)	<i>Aeolus</i>
#+ 1969 Harte, E Derek (-)	Glencar, High Street, Schull, Co. Cork (W: 028 28004)	
1985 Hawthorn, George SN (Lillian)	4 Carnsure Mews, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 5TA (H: 028 9187 4489 / W: 028 9754 1774)	
1992 Hayes, Colin (Freda)	Wodley, Rochestown Road, Cork (H: 021 489 1948 / W: 021 489 3936 / M: 087 241 0071)	<i>Saoirse of Cork</i>
2005 Healy, Nicholas (-)	8 St Nessans, Thormanby Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (M: 086 830 3934)	
#+ 1967 Heard, Ruth (-)	Stone Cottage, Claremont Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 2258)	<i>Arcady</i>
1986 Hegarty, Betty (-)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13 (H: 01.8323421 / W: 01 832 3421 / M: 087-7500067)	<i>none</i>
#+ 1959 Hegarty, Dermot	30 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4080 / W: 01 649 2000)	
1990 Hegarty, Neil D	6 North Mall, Cork (H: 021 430 0807 / M: 086 852 1650)	<i>Shelduck</i>
2002 Hegarty, Paul M (Nuala)	15 Dundanion Court, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 429 4132 / W: 021 425 4493 / M: 086 669 8749)	
1980 Hill, Dr. Michael J (Isobel)	86 Rashee Road, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim, BT39 9HT	<i>Juffra</i>
1995 Hill, Eric AG (Margaret)	164 Glenageary Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 4310 / M: 087 257 2524)	
! 1961 Hilliard, Cliff E. (June)	Araglen, Proby Square, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 283 6760 / M: 086 283 5301)	<i>Sea Sprite</i>
* (2008)Hilliard, June (Cliff)	Araglen, Proby Square, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 283 6760)	
*+ 1993 Hogan, Peter St. J (-)	153 Strand Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4 (W: 01 260 1233)	
+ 2006 Holland, Michael (Carol)	66 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin 2 (H: 01 703 7300 / W: 01 269 7567 / M: 086 810 6666)	<i>Celtic Spirit</i>
1998 Horan, Paddy (Maria)	21 Fairyfield, Parteen, Co. Clare (H: 061 340831 / M: 087 796 2777)	<i>Doran Glas</i>
2008 Horgan, Michael (Catherine)	1 Tivoli Close, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 6581 / M: 086 246 9082)	<i>Wolfhound</i>
#+ 1952 Horsman, Henry F (-)	Westwind, Raheen, Arklow, Co. Wicklow (W: 0402 39804)	
1974 Hosford, WK (-)	Rockcliff House, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 429 1009)	
2003 Hughes, Anne E (-)	169 Ballylesson Road, Belfast, BT8 8JU	
2002 Hughes, John W (Helga)	1 Rannoch Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0NA (H: 028 9042 4640 / W: 028 9031 0458 / M: 07776 221587)	
# 1963 Hunt, CK (Poppy)	Bawnavota, Summercove, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 2534)	
1990 Hutcheson, Thomas C (-)	18 Chaine Memorial Road, Larne, Co. Antrim, BT40 1AD (H: 028 2827 7284 / W: 028 9086 4331)	<i>Tieveara</i>
1991 Hutchinson, Alan (Maureen)	27 Glenbroome Park, Jordanstown, Newtownabbey, Co. Antrim, BT37 0RL. (H: 028 9086 3629 / M: 07704 187933)	<i>Suaeda</i>
2008 Hyde, Stephen J. (Aileen)	14 Granary Wharf, Glenbrook, Passage West, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 3010 / W: 021 491 8260 / M: 086 238 5847)	<i>A Lady</i>
2002 Irvine, Terry (Yvonne)	23 Seskin Avenue, Straid, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim, BT39 9LG (H: 028 9335 2109)	<i>Stealaway</i>
1998 Jameson, Kieran J (Daire)	23 Harbour View, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 839 0649 / W: 01 839 0649 / M: 087 255 0666)	<i>Changeling .</i>
1960 Johnson, Terence C (-)	Frazerbank, Strathmore Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 1439 / M: 086 257 1807)	<i>Nyabo</i>
+ 1979 Johnston, Denis B (Margaret)	Kilburn, 33 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0PD (H: 028 9188 3951)	<i>Trininga (PO)</i>
1995 Johnston, Guy B (Helen A Keelan)	8 Leeson Park Avenue, Dublin 6 (H: 01 676 7666 / W: 01 636 2000 / M: 086 2555595)	<i>Sirikii III (PO)</i>
2006 Johnston, Lynn Christie (Laura)	22 Clanbrassil Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0AR (H: 028 9042 5014 / W: 028 9026 3840 / M: 07769 645504)	<i>Kacana</i>
2003 Jones, Captain David (Patricia)	FC 975, PO Box 92, Emirates Flt. Ops., Dubai, UAE, (H: 0097 143 422604 / W: 0097 143 422604 / M: 0097 150 6517056)	<i>Rosemary / Elaion</i>
2007 Jones, Derek R (Margaret)	Fo'c'sle, Kiln Lane, Banbridge, Co. Down, BT32 4PD (H: 028 4066 2476 / M: 07714 233309)	<i>Narnia</i>
+ 1980 Kavanagh, Gerald P (Ann)	11 Redford Rise, Redford Park, Greystones, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 287 2476)	
1994 Kavanagh, Liam F (Elizabeth)	1 The Crescent, Compass Quay, Kinsale, Co.Cork (H: 021 477 3814 / M: 086 854 7613)	<i>Voyageuse</i>
1991 Kean, Norman (Geraldine)	Burren, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (H: 023 46891 / M: 087 907 9478)	<i>Xanadu (PO)</i>
+ 1975 Keane, Barry (Brenda)	55 Wyvern, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 5569)	
2003 Keating, John Eddie (Ann)	Carinya, 69 Abbeyview, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 4613 / W: 021 436 2506)	<i>o mare e tu</i>
1996 Keatinge, Hilary J. (William)	3 Alexandra Road, Lymington, Hants, S041 9HB (W: 0044 1590 672426 / M: 0044 7785 506260)	<i>Rafiki (PO)</i>
1988 Keatinge, William D. (Hilary)	3 Alexandra Road, Lymington, Hants, S041 9HB (W: 0044 1590 672426 / M: 0044 7785 506260)	<i>Rafiki (PO)</i>
1999 Kellett, William P (Pam)	8 Elizabeth Court, Mystic, CT 06355, USA (H: 001 860 572 7788 / W: 001 860 572 7788)	<i>Jura (PO)</i>
1983 Kelliher, E Brenda (-)	1028 Tudor Drive., Crownsville, MD 21032-1117, USA (H: 001 410 349 1822)	<i>Lark</i>
1985 Kenefick, Neil G (Iris)	Waterside, Corrabiny, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 8024 / W: 021 489 2813 / M: 086 225 7714)	<i>Imagine</i>
+ 1973 Kennedy, Bridget	Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6RL (H: 028 9754 1470)	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>
#+ 1963 Kennedy, Hugh (Aoife)	Edgebank, 16 Deramore Park South, Belfast, BT9 5JY (H: 028 9066 0500)	<i>Tosca V</i>
* (2008)Kenny, Anne (Brian)	Alderbrooke, Ballard, Tralee, Co. Kerry (H: 066 7126590 / W: 066 7121426 / M: 087 2511283)	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>
! 1997 Kenny, Brian P, [Rear Commodore] (Anne)	'Alderbrooke', Ballard, Tralee, Co. Kerry (H: 066 712 1426 / W: 066 712 6590 / M: 086 834 3867)	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>
1990 Kenworthy, Marilyn (-)	Brandon Lodge, 2 Mount Ovel, Rochestown, Cork (H: 021 436 1860 / M: 086 252 0707)	<i>Flica</i>
+ 1991 Kidney, John (Zsuzi)	Caragh, Gordon Avenue, Foxrock, Co. Dublin	<i>Merette</i>
+ 1986 Kidney, Noel J (Rita)	Littlefield, Glencullen Road, Kiltiernan, Co. Dublin (H: 01 294 2053 / W: 01 618 2400)	
# 1971 Kilkenny, Joseph (-)	The Hatch, Gray's Lane, Howth, Co. Dublin (W: 01 832 3442)	<i>Moonshadow (PO)</i>
2006 Killen, Andrew (-)	Padua, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (W: 01 845 3019 / M: 087 991 9423)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
2005 Killen, Beverly G (Peter)	Padua, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (W: 01 845 3019 / M: 086 856 6904)	<i>Pure Magic (PO)</i>
2006 Killen, David (-)	26 Aubum, Howth Road, Clontarf, Dublin 3 (H: 01 614 9081 / W: 01 853 3885 / M: 086 856 7723)	
1994 Killen, Peter R (Beverly)	Padua, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (W: 01 845 3019 / M: 086 255 6852)	<i>Pure Magic (PO)</i>
+ 1987 King, DSO, DSC, RN, Retd., Cdr. Bill (-)	Oranmore Castle, Oranmore, Co. Galway	
2004 Kirby, Myles (-)	16 Margaret Place, Bath Avenue, Sandymount, Dublin 4 (H: 01 678 9089 / M: 087 626 1142)	<i>Yami Yami</i>
1971 Kirby, Tom (Eileen)	15 Glebe House Gardens, Clonakilty, Co. Cork (H: 023 33553 / M: 087 266 7998)	
1986 Knatchbull, Michael W (Rhona)	Gambles Lodge, Upper Mountown, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (W: 01 280 1420)	
1999 Knatchbull, Patrick W (Mary)	16 Seafrost Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0BB (H: 028 9042 2240)	<i>Sokai</i>
1990 Lantry, Seamus (Eileen)	An Grianan, 8 Fitton Street, Morrison's Island, Cork (W: 021 427 0789 / M: 087 256 1915)	<i>William Tell of Uri</i>
1982 Larkin, Frank J (Caroline)	San Jose, North Circular Road, Limerick (H: 061 453267 / W: 061 710262 / M: 086 207 0773)	
+ 1975 Laurence, Dr. David T (Madeleine)	31utherland Avenue, Jacobs Well, Guildford, Surrey, GU4 7QX (H: +44 1483 594264 / W: +44 1483 539876)	<i>Colla Voce</i>
1991 Lavelle, Pat 30	The Green, College Road, Galway (H: 091 57707 / W: 091 67707)	<i>Colla Voce</i>
1975 Law, J. Brian (Rosemary)	Cherry Hill, Whiterock Road, Killinichy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6PR, (H: 028 9754 1386 / W: 028 9267 7317 / M: 07765 231530)	<i>Macaria</i>
1988 Layng, Capt. Brian (Joann)	51 Corr Castle, Howth, Dublin 13 (W: 01 832 4104)	<i>Carraig Ban</i>
+ 1992 Lee, Adrian F (Irina)	17 Wellington Place, Dublin 4 (H: 01 667 8505)	<i>Irisha</i>
#+ 1961 Lee, Reginald (Denise)	Sydney Lodge, 93 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 9486 / M: 087 052 4090)	
* (2004)Lennane, Sue [Hon Sec, RCC] (Stephen)	Orchard House, Gunton Park, Hanworth, Norfolk, NR11 7HJ	
! 1964 Leonard, Alan G (Elizabeth)	28 Knockdene Park South, Belfast, BT5 7AB (H: 028 9065 3162 / W: 028 9065 3162 / M: 07775 577108)	<i>Ariadne</i>
1986 Ley, Angela (John)	Flat 16, 4 Prinetown Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3BD (H: 028 9145 4937)	<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>
1986 Ley, John E (Angela)	Flat 16, 4 Prinetown Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3BD (H: 028 9145 4937)	<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>
2003 Lindsay-Fynn, Nigel (Heleen)	Lee Ford, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, EX9 7AJ (H: 0044 1395 445894 / W: 0044 1395 445894 / M: 0044 7785 534536)	<i>Eleanda</i>
2007 Long, Flor (Brenda)	Leeview House, Garravagh, Inniscarra, Co. Cork (H: 021 487 0444 / M: 086 838 5474)	<i>Miss Demena</i>
1991 Long, Norman (Kay)	20 Mapas Avenue, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 9847)	
1971 Love Jnr., Clayton (-)	Waterpark House, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 451 2611)	<i>Royal Tara & Jap</i>
1981 Lovegrove, Richard V (Heather)	Corrig, Convent Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 677 0335 / W: 01 285 9782)	<i>The Lady Aivilon (PO)</i>
1995 Lovett, Dermot (Margaret)	High Water, Coast Road, Fountainstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 2142 / M: 086 895 5809)	<i>Lonehort</i>
2002 Lovett, Raymond (Mary)	Southcliffe, Lovers Walk, Montenegro, Cork (H: 021 450 0797 / M: 086 8173616)	<i>Belladonna</i>
#+ 1959 Luke, Derek (-)	Seaford, Ballure Road, Ramsey, Isle of Man, IM8 1NL	
2004 Lusty, Trevor (Maggie)	The Narrows, 9 Killinakin Road, Killinichy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT30 9PH, (H: 028 9754 1666 / W: 028 9043 9393 / M: 07803 020888)	<i>Sea Fever of Cuan</i>
1988 Lynch, Brian R. (Onora)	Geevagh Lodge, 85 Devon Park, Salthill, Galway (H: 091 563131 / W: 091 522214)	<i>Ionian</i>
1996 Lynch, Donal (Sheila)	10 Lima Lawn, Magazine Road, Cork (H: 021 454 2826 / M: 086 677 1897)	<i>Pan</i>
2005 Lyons, Jim (Bridget)	43 Upper Kensington, Rochestown, Cork (H: 021 4892567 / M: 086 827 5678)	<i>Rezy</i>
2004 Lyons, Pat (Ann)	Fairwinds, 3 Riverview Terrace, Glenbrook, Co. Cork (H: 021 4841085 / W: 01 8839200 / M: 087 238 2138)	<i>Stardancer (PO)</i>
1985 Lyster, W Bruce (-)	Huckleberry, Knocknacree Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 2620)	<i>Poppy (PO)</i>
1992 MacMahon, Gary (Michelle)	Analore House, St Nessans Road, Dooradoyle, Limerick (W: 061 227778 / M: 086 264 0479)	
1999 MacManus, Brian (Heather)	Shelmalier, Victoria Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (W: 01 284 7724 / M: 087 236 7713)	<i>Voyager</i>
2005 MacManus, Rachel (-)	Shelmalier, Victoria Road, Oakley, Co Dublin (W: 01 284 7724 / M: 086 682 3927)	
2006 Madden, Dr. John (Pauline)	Rossllyn, Tiernaleague, Carndonagh, Co. Donegal (H: 074 937 4433 / W: 074 937 4262 / M: 086 833 3208)	<i>Bagheera</i>
+ 1990 Magee, John R (Mary Lou)	c/o James Cahill, Ellison Street, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (H: 401 245 6400 / W: 401 351 6000)	<i>Sea Fox</i>
! 1975 Magennis, Conlra (Geraldine)	Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down, BT34 3RU (H: 028 4177 2237)	<i>Starfire</i>
2004 Magowan, Terence (Mary)	26 Aghnadore Road, Broughshane, Co. Antrim, BT42 4QB (H: 028 2586 1266 / W: 028 2563 9399)	<i>Mairi</i>
+ 1991 Malcolm, John (-)	Willow Cottage, Langley Upper Green, Saffron Walden, Essex, CB11 4RU (H: +44 1799 550884 / W: +44 1279 658412)	
2000 Malone, John (-)	433 Kilmainham Square, Dublin 8 (W: 01 8199024 / M: 086 805 8022)	
2006 Markey, Alan (Helen Markey)	55 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 670 9200 / W: 01 832 0846 / M: 086 826 2590)	<i>Crackerjack</i>
# 1984 Markey, Jimmy (Marie)	18 Harbour View, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 2906 / M: 086 264 8251)	
2001 Marrow, John C (Angela)	237 Seapark, Malahide, Co. Dublin (W: 01 845 2003 / M: 087 255 1345)	<i>Prince of Tides (PO)</i>
2006 Marshall, Gary G (-)	9 Ballymorán Road, Killinichy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6UE (W: 028 9042 5760 / M: 07879 666376)	
2006 Marshall, Trevor S (-)	20 Craigaruskus Road, Killinichy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6QS (H: 028 9042 6397 / M: 07768 273316)	
1978 Martin, Clive C (Mary)	3, The Thicket, Hainault Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (H: 01 289 3565 / W: 01 289 3565 / M: 086 807 7694)	<i>Lindos</i>
# 1954 Martin, F Derek (Oonagh)	Woodley, Eaton Brae, Shankill, Co. Dublin (W: 01 282 4457)	<i>Lively Lady</i>
+ 1982 Martin, J Kenneth (-)	Greenwood, Brighton Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (H: 01 289 3981)	<i>Jaded</i>
1992 Massey, John (Susan)	7 Glencarraig, Sutton, Dublin 13 (W: 01 832 5636 / M: 086 262 0200)	<i>New Moon</i>
# 1982 Maxwell, RN Retd, Cdr. David J (Carolyn)	50 Old Court, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7NG (H: 028 4488 1205)	
2005 McAllister, Eoin (-)	High Street House, High Street, Westport, Co. Mayo (W: 098 25813 / M: 087 686 7559)	
1975 McAnaney, Eugene (-)	18 Willowfield Park, Goatstown, Dublin 14 (W: 01 298 2381)	
#+ 1961 McAuley, MCh. DOMS, FD (-)	45 Upper Leeson Street, Dublin 4 (H: 01 660 4580)	
2001 McAuliffe, Philip (Sheila)	13 The Avenue, Woodville, Dunkettle, Co. Cork (H: 021 455 6148)	
# 1970 McBride, E Davy (-)	14 Sutton Grove, Sutton, Dublin (W: 01 832 5527)	
1999 McCann, Jack (Moya)	Portacarron House, Oughterard, Co Galway (H: 091 866689 / M: 087 248 5880)	<i>Mary Lee</i>
2000 McCarter, Andy (Paddy)	Carrownamaddy, Burt, Lifford, Co. Donegal, / Marina de San Sebastian,, La Gomera, Canary Islands, Spain, (H: Spain: +34-660172056 / W: 074 936 8697 / M: 086 383 9324)	<i>Gwili 3</i>
1985 McCarthy, Francis (Foinnuala)	3 Ardbrack Hts, Kinsale, Co. Cork (M: 087 913 7929)	<i>Atlantic Islander</i>
1983 McClement, Donal J. (-)	7 Sunset Court, Ballinrea Road, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 5638 / M: 086 856 3095)	
1965 McConnell, John H (Marie Therese)	Breeoge, Ardmhuire Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (M: 087 249 1413)	
#+ 1959 McConnell, Maimie T (-)	27 Knocknacree Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 8725)	<i>Kala</i>
+ 1971 McConnell, Stafford C (Mariana)	Killaloe, Co. Clare (W: 061 376908)	<i>Marula</i>
+ 1991 McCormack, Paget J (Andrea)	24 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 4382 / W: 01 872 5566)	<i>Saki</i>
1990 McCormack, Sean (-)	15 The Avenue, Woodpark, Ballinteer, Dublin 16 (W: 01 298 4120 / M: 087 647 0522)	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
2005 McDonagh, Justin (Trish)	Artigallivan, Headford, Killarney, Co. Kerry (W: 064 50468 / M: 086 832 8050)	

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2002 McElligott, Liam (Anne)	6 Monaskeha, Cloonlara, Co. Clare (H: 061 316833 / W: 061 354194)	<i>Storm Boy</i>
1965 McFerran, Neil V (-)	65 Marlborough Park S, Belfast, BT9 6HS (H: 028 9066 7208 / W: 028 9027 2115)	<i>Whitefire</i>
2003 McGettigan, Alan (Natalie)	Ard Sonas House, Torca Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 8321)	<i>Wolfhound</i>
2003 McGlade, Paddy (Olga)	Ballinvoultig, Waterfall, Near Cork, Co. Cork (H: 021 488 5286 / M: 086 240 4903)	<i>Sabrone</i>
1981 McGonagle, Barbara (-)	Carrigoona, Ceanchor Road, Baily, Co. Dublin. (W: 01 832 2823)	
* 1993 McHenry, Barbara (Cormac)	8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14 (H: 01 288 4733)	
1980 McHenry, Cormac (Barbara)	8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14 (H: 01 288 4733 / M: 086 853 0907)	<i>Island Life</i>
1986 McKean, William W (Rosemary)	27 Fotheringay Road, Glasgow, G41 4NL (W: 0141 423 6370)	<i>Siolta</i>
# 1962 McKee, Michael (Anne)	6 Godfrey Gate, 59 Groomsport Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5ND (H: 028 9147 2692 / M: 07972 537134)	<i>Carragheen</i>
# 1964 McKenna, David C (-)	G 102 Marina Bay Homes, Atlantic Drive, Asiaworld City, Paranaque, Manila 1703, Philippines, (H: 0063-2-879-8166 / W: 0063 2 890-1091)	<i>Rapparee XXX</i>
#+ 1953 McKinley, Fergus (-)	Beechfield, Sydney Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (W: 01 288 8376)	
+ 1988 McMahan, Brendan (-)	Moyarta, North Circular Road, Limerick (W: 061 453934)	<i>Salar</i>
# 1968 McMillan, Alastair M (-)	Treborth, Corbridge, Howth, Co. Dublin (W: 01 832 4042)	
1975 McMullen, Colin P (Alison)	Derrada, Newport, Co. Mayo (H: 098-42711 / M: 086 835 4732)	
1992 Meade, Eamon (Olivia)	Fiddown, Piltown, Co. Kilkenny (H: 051 855034 / W: 051 643311)	
#+ 1992 Meagher, Niall (-)	Gleann na Greine, Naas, Co. Kildare (H: 045 897728)	
#+ 1947 Mellon, MD, DE (-)	Glasklaken, Bunclody, Co. Wexford (H: 054 76103)	
1986 Menton, James F (Margaret)	Tuskarville, Ballylucas, Ballymurn, Co. Wexford (H: 053 913 8965 / W: 053 913 8965 / M: 087 276 5821 & 00351 914560983)	<i>Caranja</i>
+ 1989 Metcalfe, Peter (-)	Harrysgarden, V. Virestad 231 91, Trelleborg, Sweden	
2004 Michael, Robert S (Rose)	Everest, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 8450 280 / W: 01 855 6000 / M: 087 240 1227)	<i>Mystique of Malahide</i>
1996 Minnis, Peter (Carolyn)	4 Warren Lane, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0WL (H: 028 9188 2577 / W: 028 9181 8853)	
1969 Mollard, Robert E (-)	27 Sion Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 4317)	
1983 Monson, Roderick G (Valerie)	14b Burr Point, Sandylands, Ballyhalbert, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 1BT (H: 028 4275 7593 / M: 07812 341686)	<i>Family's Pride</i>
2001 Monson, Ross S (-)	14b Burr Point, Sandylands, Ballyhalbert, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 1BT (H: 028 4275 7593 / M: 07841 425875)	
2001 Moore, Nelson J (-)	8 Shearwater, Pier Road, Kinsale, Co. Cork (M: 087 904 5453)	
2001 Moore, Sam (Lily)	5 The Rookery, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6SY (H: 028 9754 2433)	
1991 Moran, Desmond (-)	Stephen House, Stephen Street, Sligo (W: 071 914 2886 / M: 087 260 4489)	
2008 Moran, Dr. Val P (Joan)	Temple Hill, Carrigrohane, Cork (H: 021 487 4970 / M: 087 254 8942)	<i>Sattwa</i>
#+ 1962 Moreck, Patricia C (-)	Lowertown, Schull, Co. Cork	
2004 Morehead, Peter (Eleanor)	2 Glandore Villa, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 435 9989 / M: 086 267 0834)	<i>Giggles</i>
* (2008) Morrison, Howard J [Commodore CCC] (Margaret)	Westering, Rhu Road Higher, Helensburgh, G84 8JZ (H: 01436 676 414)	
* 1997 Morrison, Hugh F (Sue)	Ambleburn, Broom Road, Newton Meams, Glasgow, G77 5DN (H: 0044 1416 393639 / M: 07766 760798)	<i>Quaila</i>
1982 Morrissy, Donal (Brenda)	Fuchsia, Aspen Lane, Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare (W: 065 707 7981 / M: 087 255 7615)	<i>Rebound (PO) and Now What (PO)</i>
2002 Morrow, Ian RV (Helen)	Gortflugh, Rathmullan, Co. Donegal and, 2 Victoria Mill, Bangor, Co. Down, (H: 074 915 8882 / W: None / M: 07802 912701)	<i>Genesis of Drumbuoy (PO)</i>
1971 Mullins, Peter JD (-)	1625 S.E. 10th Avenue, Apt 710, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316, USA (H: 001 954 695 7509 / W: 001 954 462 6945)	
2004 Murphy, John (Katherine)	4 Prospect Villa, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co. Cork (H: 021 481 3797 / M: 086 805 7770)	
2007 Musgrave, Nick R (Jan)	The Cottage, French Furze, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 4373119 / M: 086 820 9941)	
2005 Musgrave, Stuart (Avril)	Ferndale, Raffeen, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 1640 / M: 087 255 0029)	<i>Tillygreig</i>
+ 1980 Nairn, George E (Peggy)	3 St Helen's North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 8765)	
1987 Nairn, W Stuart (Janet)	The Penthouse, Point Road, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1859)	<i>Maximum (PO)</i>
# 1980 Nicholson, David (Joan)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 2160 / M: 086 809 4200)	<i>Mollihawk's Shadow</i>
2004 Nicholson, Eddie (Susie)	Cuan D'Or, Harbour View, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (H: 023 49807 / M: 087 251 5062)	<i>Mollihawk's Shadow</i>
1991 Nicholson, Joan (David)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 2160)	
1996 Nicholson, Max (Helen)	Seabank, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford (H: 051 383200 / W: 058 41206)	
1987 Nixon, Georgina A (William)	14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin (W: 01 832 3929)	
1971 Nixon, Prof. James R (Katherine)	48 Ballydorn Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6QB, (H: 028 9754 3336 / W: 028 9754 3336 / M: 07811 397546)	<i>Scilla Verna (PO) / Faughan (PO)</i>
1963 Nixon, William M (Georgina)	14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin (W: 01 832 3929)	
1974 O'Boyle, Donal (Liz)	83 Brightwater, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1028 / W: 021 483 2422)	
2004 O'Brien, James	Woodview Cottage, Passage West, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1491 / M: 086 255 5112)	<i>Tremlett</i>
1990 O'Callaghan, Brendan (Majella)	Cashelbeg, Laurel Walk, Bandon, Co. Cork (H: 023 43077 / M: 087 774 0305)	
2002 O'Carroll, Cormac D (Frances)	Duncan, Hollymount, Lee Road, Cork (H: 021 430 0189 / W: 021 428 4276)	<i>Phoenix</i>
+ 1971 O'Connor, Daniel (-)	The Pines, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (H: 01 285 8012 / W: 01 676 4661)	<i>Leprechaun</i>
1987 O'Connor, Gilbert J (Hilda)	36 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6PT (H: 028 9754 1345 / M: 07710 030398)	<i>Freycinet</i>
1996 O'Connor, Patrick (Christine)	Hill Road, Whitegate, Co. Cork (H: 021 481 1442)	<i>Pegasus</i>
2005 O'Donnell, John (Dympna)	29 Sea Road, Galway (H: 091 584255 / M: 087 255 2893)	<i>Aoife (PO)</i>
1975 O'Farrell, Michael (Anne)	Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, BT34 3RU (H: 028 4177 2620)	<i>Cuchulain</i>
+ 1990 O'Farrell, Phillip VJ (Caitriona)	15 Drumreagh Road, Rostrevor, Newry, Co. Down, BT34 3DS (H: 028 4173 9830)	
1981 O'Farrell, Vincent J (Maureen)	The Weavers, Schull, Co. Cork (H: 3532828253)	<i>Shangaan.</i>
1968 O'Flaherty, Michael P (-)	Le Fainel, Le Vallon, St Martin's, Guernsey, GY4 6DQ (H: 01 660 5011 / W: 0044 1481 237650)	<i>Cuilan (PO)</i>
1990 O'Flynn, Dominic (Mary)	Journeys End, The Cove, Baltimore, Co. Cork (H: 028 20227 / M: 086 255 9206)	<i>Marydom</i>
# 1968 O'Gallagher, Malachi (Evelyn)	12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin 6W (W: 01 490 5800 / M: 087 258 1368)	<i>Aoibhne (PO)</i>
2003 O'Gorman, Kyran (Trich)	85 Westbrook, Knocknacarra, Galway (W: 091 590133 / M: 087 256 9381)	
1969 O'Hanlon, Andrew (-)	8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6 (W: 01 269 8117)	<i>Harklow</i>
*+ 1962 O'Hanlon MD, Barbara (-)	The Mews, 8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh Road, Dublin 6 (H: 01 269 8560)	
+ 1994 O'Keefe, Mary (-)	12 Castlepoint Court, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483300 / M: 086 233 4805)	<i>Tux</i>
1991 O'Kelly, Brian C (-)	Grange, Co. Sligo (W: 071 916 3197)	
+ 1990 O'Leary, Archie (Violet)	Strand Lodge, Currabinny, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 8526 / W: 021 427 7567)	<i>Irish Mist</i>
2005 O'Loughlin, Shane G (Vanessa)	The Old Post Office, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 2828402 / W: 087 267 7953 / M: 087 267 7953)	<i>Birmayne</i>
1991 O'Mahony, Bill (Brenda)	6 Castlerock, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 2588 / W: 021 427 0365)	
1996 O'Mahony, Patrick J (Clare)	Willowhill, Ballyfouloo, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 2387)	<i>Clarabelle</i>

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1981 O'Morchoe, David, The NC (Madam) Margaret)	Ardgarry, Gorey, Co. Wexford (H: 053 942 1803)	
1979 O'Rahilly, Dr. Michael (Frances)	31 Dundela Avenue, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (W: 01 214 0679)	Elgin
2001 O'Riain, Gearoid (-)	82 Gleneagary Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (M: 086 649 3719)	
2004 O'Riordan, Jeffrey (Sally)	Owenmore, Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 8531 / M: +44 7977 458802)	Adrigole
1984 O'Sullivan, Patrick JF (Phyllis)	15, The Anchorage, Tralee Marina, Tralee, Co. Kerry (H: 0667121434 / W: 066 712 1522 / M: 087 238 8412)	Samphire
1986 O'Tierney, Dr. Donal (Win)	41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, BT34 3NJ (H: 028 4177 3630)	
1996 O'Toole, Dr. Ray (Valerie)	Corcullen, Galway (H: 091555168 / W: 091 524222 / M: 087 7986891)	Aoife (PO)
# 1970 Orr, VRD* DL FRIN, Arthur SP (Jane)	Evergreen, 11 Old Holywood Road, Belfast, BT4 2HJ (H: 028 9076 3601)	
1974 Osborne, James R (-)	30 Mount Pleasant Sq, Ranelagh, Dublin 6 (W: 01 649 2000 / M: 086 255 5158)	Southerly (PO)
#+ 1949 Osterberg, Paul (-)	The Old Manse, Hillsborough, Co. Down, BT26 6HW (H: 028 9268 2226)	
# 1969 Park, Dr. David S (Hilary)	Yew Cottage, 34a Carrowdore Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, BT22 2LX (H: 028 4278 8625)	Alys
2008 Park, Dr. Michael D (Liz)	6 Finlays Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 8SW (H: 028 9181 0112 / W: 028 9181 3288 / M: 07802 770671)	Cruiskeen
1987 Park, Jonathan S (Deborah)	The Ivies, 41 Station Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0BP (H: 028 9042 1938)	
#+ 1969 Payne, J Somers (Eithne)	4 Camden Terrace, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1128)	
1983 Pearson, Alan John (Claire)	35 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13 (W: 01 832 4856 / M: 086 813 1990)	Trick or Treat
1987 Petch, John A (Libb)	Seaview Farm, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (H: 023 49610)	Seadrifter
! 2002 Phelan, Joe (Trish)	33 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 3876 / W: 01 832 3876 / M: 086 812 3460)	Skua
2004 Powell, Jim (Fifi)	Chetwynd, Myrtleville, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1265 / M: 087 218 7720)	Blue Oyster
1990 Prendeville, Neil J (Felicity)	73 Clevedon, Lower Kilmoney Road, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 432 8219)	Mary P
#+ 1966 Pritchard, Maura GM (-)	The Coach House, 36 Craigdarraigh Road, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1UA (H: 028 9185 2237)	Blue Lady (PO)
2003 Quinlan, Fergus (Kay)	Doneen, Burrin, Co. Clare (W: 065 707 8929 / M: 087 989 3203)	Pylades (PO)
2006 Quinlan, Vera (Peter Owens)	15 Nun's Orchard, Kinvara, Co. Galway (H: 091 638813 / W: 091 638 813 / M: 087 681 5189)	Pylades
1986 Ralston, George LD (Lynne)	Island Cottage, Reagh Island, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6EN (H: 028 9754 1431)	Insouciance
2006 Ranalow, Frank (Yvonne)	The Old School House, Gortglass Lake, Cranny, Kilrush, Co. Clare (W: 065 683 2334 / M: 087 417 6244)	Shady Maid
# 1977 Rea, Bill (Eithne)	7 Verona, Queen's Park, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 7987 / W: 087 224 5435 / M: 087 224 5435)	Elysium
2006 Rea, Edward JF (Brenda)	31 Hans Sloane Square, Killyleagh, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 9GA (H: 028 4482 8364 / M: 07802 715158)	Catre
1979 Revill, Reginald G (-)	11 Burrow Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (W: 01 832 5544)	
+ 1989 Richardson, Cecil (Lily)	52 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (W: 01 285 3800)	
1985 Riordan, S William (-)	3 Carrickmines Dale, Carrickmines Wood, Brennanstown Road, Dublin 18 (W: 01 289 1252)	
1989 Roberts, Grattan d'Esterre (Mairead)	Riverwood, Currabinny, Co Cork (H: 021 437 8383 / W: 021 437 4444 / M: 087 202 6802)	Splashdance
2001 Robertson, Alan (Joyce)	22 Dumyat Drive, Falkirk, Scotland, FK1 5PD (W: 0044 1324 624430)	Jomora
1983 Rogerson, Fred J (Janet)	113 Lakelands Close, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (H: 01 2886437 / W: 01 663 0893 / M: 087 246 4721)	Fastnet Dancer
2004 Rohan, John (-)	Ros na Laoi, Richmond Wood, Glandore, Co. Cork (H: 021 482 2588 / M: 087 246 0685)	Volare
# 1997 Ronaldson, Evie (Peter)	1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3SN (H: 028 9147 4131 / M: 07905 928981)	Seascape of Down
!# 1967 Ronaldson, Peter, [Commodore] (Evie)	1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3SN (H: 028 9147 4131 / M: 07906 812684)	Seascape of Down (PO)
1994 Rooney, John W (Penny)	28 Park Drive, Ranelagh, Dublin 6 (H: 01 497 7004 / W: 01 676 6167 / M: 086 8399 353)	
+ 1995 Rountree, Alan H (Angela)	Ballylusk, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (H: 0404 40156 / W: 0404 40156)	Tallulah
1973 Ryan, David F (-)	PO Box 11082, Manama, Bahrain.	
2006 Ryan, Patrick (-)	7 Bar na Carraige, Fort Lorenzo, Galway (H: 091 742485 / M: 087 249 8307)	Ibaraki (PO)
+ 1984 Ryan, Paul J (-)	17 Arkendale Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 235 0546 / M: 087 631 8624)	
+ 1988 Ryan, Peter (Margaret)	44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co. Armagh, BT66 7QD (H: 028 3888 1418)	Nicu
+ 1985 Sadlier, Frank A (Marion)	19 Quay Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7LL (H: 028 4488 1830)	Nisha
2000 Salmon, Seamus (Claire)	Cloonterriff, Knock, Co. Mayo (H: 094 937 6896 / W: 094 903 4550 / M: 087 669 1758)	Saoirse
1996 Sargent, Gerard M (Barbara)	49 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13 (H: 01 8325392 / M: 086 3990004)	Pip (PO)
2004 Scanlon, Bryan (Margaret)	Whitehall, Parteen, Limerick (W: 061 327328 / M: 087 259 5666)	Confusion
2006 Scott, Clive B (Elisabeth)	11 Hillhead Drive, Falkirk, FK1 5NG (H: 0044 1324 622481 / W: 0044 1324 637654)	Paloma
#+ 1965 Selige, Ivan I (Daphne)	Bree Lodge, Rockport Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0DE (H: 028 9042 4361)	
# 1974 Sharp, Ronald L (Sheila-May)	Ardbeg, Craigmillar Avenue, Milngavie, Glasgow, G62 8AU (H: 0141 956 1984 / W: 0141 956 1984)	Ultimate
1998 Sheehy, Edward J (Eileen)	Ilton, Magazine Road, Cork (H: 021 4541816)	
#+ 1968 Sheil, Leonard (Hazel)	Portlet, 24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 7838 / M: 086 337 6590)	Gay Gannet (PO)
+ 1988 Sheil Jnr., Leonard (-)	Copse Cottage, Ballyhad, Rathdrum, Co. Wicklow (H: 0404 43896 / M: 086 337 6590)	Gay Gannet (PO)
#+ 1957 Sheppard, RN Retd, Lt Cdr. Thomas (Judith)	Derrybawn, Military Road, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin (H: 01 239 0153)	Greylag of Arklow (PO)
* (2008) Sherbrooke, Ross E [Commodore CCA] (Kathleen)	50 Congress Street, Room 700, Boston, Ma 02109 (H: 001 781 326 4543 / W: 001 617 720 4088)	
1995 Sheridan, Gerry A (Terry)	Swiss Cottage, Newtown, Waterford (H: 051 870847 / W: 051 334700 / M: 086 255 8813)	Playtime
1985 Siggins, Brian (-)	Bunalun House, Bunalun, Skebbereen, Co. Cork (H: 028 22465 / M: 087 258 5010)	Maria
#+ 1969 Simms, Robin JA (Nan)	80 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9147 3563)	
1973 Sisk, Hal (-)	3 Charlemont Avenue, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (M: 086 2561077)	Peggy Bawn, and Molly Bán
+ 1977 Slater, Ronnie (Denise)	39 Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1LB (H: 028 9185 2373)	
1986 Slevin, James (-)	Arenal, The Mall, Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal (H: 072 51379 / W: 072 51177)	Testa Rossa (PO)
1968 Smullen, Brian P (-)	21 Seabank Court, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 660 5011 / W: 01 280 7350)	Cuilan (PO)
# 1961 Smullen, John (Cas) D (Helen)	11 Connolly Square, Bray, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 286 2679 / W: 01 286 2679 / M: 087 245 2044)	
1987 Smullen, John (Johnny) Andrew (Theresa)	2955 McCall Street #102, San Diego, California 92106, USA. (H: +1 619 758 9198 / W: +1 619 232 8937 / M: +1 619 507 3422)	Altair
1979 Smyth, Frank G (Muriel)	30 Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2RX (H: 028 4278 8214 / M: 07974 643621)	Slioch
+ 1983 Smyth, N Louis (-)	Ardekeen, Castletroy, Co. Limerick (H: 061 337756)	Flight of Fantasy
2002 Smyth, OBE, Douglas D (Lillian)	2 Oldstone Close, Greenisland, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim, BT38 8YG (H: 028 9085 4557 / W: 028 9040 0999 / M: 07715 174420)	Jigtime
1980 Somerville, R Andrew (Sue)	Sallys Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
1989 Somerville, Sue MG (Andrew)	Sallys Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 896 2733 / W: 01 281 8253)	
1991 Spence, Stuart A (-)	169 Church Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 9RN (H: 028 9042 6922 / W: 028 9056 2159 / M: 07802 830583)	<i>Madcap</i>
1991 Stevenson, Dr. Ian J (-)	55 Churchtown Road, Ballyculter, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7AZ (H: 028 4488 1798 / M: 07801 628909)	<i>Raptor</i>
+ 1984 Stevenson, John C (-)	Ardmore, 1 Seaforth Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HV (H: 028 9147 2779)	
#+ 1964 Stevenson, John A (Clodagh)	22 Baring Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks, HP9 2NE	<i>Morene</i>
# 1959 Stewart, Alan C (June)	Cul na Mara, 9 Meadow Bank, Moffat, Dumfries & Galloway, DG10 9LR (H: 0044 1683 220814 / W: 0044 1683 220814)	
1985 Stillman, Prof. Chris J (Helen)	3 Thomastown Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 2084 / W: 01 677 2941 / M: 00 353 87 2429141)	
1990 Stokes, Adrian (Deirdre)	Summer Lodge, Wellington Road, Cork (H: 021 450 2464 / W: 021 427 7622)	<i>Dom Perignon</i>
1997 Stokes, Mandy (Patrick)	Summerville, Summerville North, Cork (W: 021 427 7622)	<i>Clipper</i>
+ 1992 Sullivan, Richard A (-)	Eglantine, Crab Lane, Blackrock Road, Cork (H: 021 4292734)	<i>Running Wild (PO)</i>
+ 2008 Sutton, Ivan (-)	Marine Lodge, Kilmore Quay, Co. Wexford (H: 053 912 9515 / M: 087 256 1178)	
+ 1999 Taggart, John I (Gail)	Cuan Farm, 13 Ballydrain Road, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 5SR	<i>Pascal</i>
* 1970 Taggart, Sandy AG (Christine)	8 Whistlefield Court, Bearsden, Glasgow, G61 1PX (H: 0044 141 248 7158 / W: 0044 141 942 0615)	
1986 Taplin, David MR (-)	Coliemore House, Down Thomas, Plymouth, PL9 0BQ (W: 0044 1752 863208)	<i>Free Spirit</i>
2003 Taylor, Gregg (Helen)	Ballymacormick House, Ballymacormick Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 6AB (H: 028 9146 7955 / M: 07850 598223)	<i>Blue Squirrel (PO)</i>
* (2006) Thomas, Martin, [Commodore OCC] (Vivien)	The Holme, Clay Lane, Headley, Epsom, Surrey, KT18 6JS (H: +44 1372 386190 / W: +44 1932 877831)	<i>Charm of Rhu</i>
2000 Thornhill, Christopher JH (Valentine)	16 Bartle Road, London, W11 1RF (W: 0044 20 7299 8637 / M: 0044 7715 240276)	<i>Sai See (PO)</i>
+ 1960 Tierney, John (Sally)	Aisling, Knapton Road, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 4391 / W: 01 676 7998)	
1989 Titterington, Ian H (Valerie)	12 Marino Park, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 OAN (H: 028 9042 2280)	
1993 Travers, Brendan (Evelyn)	14 Castle Lawn, Tulla Road, Ennis, Co. Clare (W: 065 682 2440 / M: 087 235 1976)	<i>Seoidin</i>
1985 Traynor, Frank (-)	34 Rathdown Park, Terenure, Dublin 6W	
! 2000 Tucker, David E. [Vice Commodore] (Meta)	Coonlocken House, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 2468 / W: 021 470 2122 / M: 087 259 3647)	<i>Intrigue</i>
*+ (2005) Tucker, Meta (David)	Coonlocken House, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 2468)	
#+ 1980 Turvey, Des E (Margaret)	2 Abbey Terrace, Cuan na Mara, Abbey Street, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 4241 / W: 01 676 3914)	<i>Solitaire</i>
2005 Tyaransen, Olaf (Margaret)	Lacklea, Barna, Co. Galway (H: 091 566568 / W: 091 592388)	
1971 Tyrrell, Aidan T (-)	Adelaide Cottage, Adelaide Place, Gardiners Hill, Cork (H: 021 450 8419)	
+ 1992 Villiers-Stuart, Gary (-)	Burnlaw, Whitfield, Hexham, NE47 8HF (H: +44 1434 345349 / W: +44 1434 632692)	<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>
1968 Virden, Jonathan (Joy)	The Court Lodge, High Street, Yalding, Maidstone, Kent, ME18 6HX (W: 0044 1622 814509)	<i>Twayblade</i>
1978 Waldron, Dr. Oliver C (Margo)	Luibeen, Colla Road, Schull, Co. Cork (H: 028 28814)	<i>Crackers</i>
1979 Walsh, Anthony (Aideen)	Red Island, Skerries, Co. Dublin (H: 018490113 / M: 086 826 6406)	<i>Bluebell</i>
1992 Walsh, Donal (Mary)	Meadowlands, Abbeyside, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford (H: 058 44074)	<i>Lady Kate</i>
+ 1990 Walsh, Enda (William)	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1483)	
+ 1982 Walsh, Patrick J (Peg)	Beaumont House, Woodvale Road, Beaumont, Cork (H: 021 429 2556 / W: 021 429 2195)	
# 1968 Walsh, William (Enda)	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1483 / W: 021 450 2358)	<i>Carrigdown</i>
1985 Waters, Capt. L. Roy (Susanne)	15 Ballymullan Road, Crawfordsburn, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1JG (H: 028 9185 3249 / M: 0771 277 5250)	<i>Sundowner of Beaulieu</i>
1993 Watson, Barbara N (-)	6860 Gulfport Blvd, S, #750, South Pasadena, FL 33707, USA (H: +1 727 345 3933 / W: UK Mobile +44 / M: +1 727 667 0395)	<i>Star</i>
#+ 1966 Watson, Patricia (-)	29 Balkill Road, Howth, Co. Dublin. (H: 01 832 2472)	
# 1962 Watson, Richard R (Pat)	Barra, Balkill Road, Howth, Dublin 13 (H: 01 8322472 / W: 01 832 2472 / M: 087 233 4891)	<i>Ursula</i>
+ 1986 Webb, Michael J (Ruth)	11 The Moorings, Athlone, Co. Westmeath (H: 090 647 7705)	<i>Moondrifter</i>
2007 Weston, Tony (Gina)	113 Millisle Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0LA (H: 028 9188 8711 / M: 07734 063535)	<i>Uzume</i>
! 1975 Wheeler, Ed M (Jan)	2 Holme Court, Ballyholme, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5LQ (H: 028 9147 4106 / M: 086 256 3072 (RoI))	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1985 Whelan, Geoffrey F (Valerie)	The Stables, Nashville Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 677 7532 / W: 01 832 3536)	<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>
+ 1979 Whelehan, Harold (-)	Treetops, Claremont Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 8324139)	
1991 Whitaker, D Mark (Liz)	Orchard House, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 436 2773 / W: 021 428 1143 / M: 086 813 8612)	<i>Miss Milly</i>
+ 1988 Whitaker, David J (Valerie)	Ashkirk, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 428 1100 / W: 021 429 2542)	<i>Wayfarer</i>
! 1999 White, Derek F (Vivienne)	The Mallard, 4 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7LP. (H: 028 4488 1331 / W: 028 4488 1323 / M: 07831 332273)	<i>Ballyclaire</i>
+ 1974 White, John N (Sarah)	3 Marlborough Road, Glengageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 8364)	
! 1972 Whitehead, David (Marie)	Glebe, Kinvara, Co. Galway (H: 091 638211 / W: 091 638195 / M: 087 240 9808)	<i>Joyster</i>
2001 Whitehead, Duncan (Kerry)	7/6 Sherriff Bank, Edinburgh, EH6 6ES (H: +44 (131) 553 2907 / M: +44 (7980) 613 758)	<i>Foam</i>
1984 Williams, J David (Ena)	24 Middle Road, Saintfield, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT24 7LP (H: 028 9751 9060 / W: 028 9070 6611 / M: 07763 777502)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
#+ 1968 Williams, W Peter (Anne)	The Whins, 25 Ballykeigle Road, Comber, Newtownards, Co Down, BT23 5SD (H: 028 9752 8360)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
1984 Winkelmann, Franz C (Carmel)	8 Holmston Avenue, Glengageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 1212 / M: 086 814 4788)	
#+ 1959 Wolfe, Jack M (-)	3A Dunbo Hill, Howth, Co. Dublin. (H: 01 839 4154)	
+ 1978 Wolfe, John W (-)	Reena Dhuna, Church Cross, Skibbereen, Co. Cork	<i>Kylie</i>
1974 Wolfe, Peter C (Jill)	Inglewood, 26 Gilford Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4 (H: 01 269 4316 / M: 086 258 3100)	
2006 Wood, Michael (-)	Castleview, Fenit, Co. Kerry (W: 087 224 7776 / M: 087 224 7776)	<i>Captain O'Brien</i>
1987 Wood, Trevor RC (Angela)	Rostynan, 1 Haddington Lawn, Glengageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01-2800471 / W: NA / M: 087-2261737)	<i>Misty</i>
1990 Woodward, Joe B (Mary)	Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 429 1215 / W: 021 427 3327 / M: 087 243 2120, Spain 0034 63 723 9744)	<i>Moshulu III (PO)</i>
+ 1999 Woodward, Mary (Joe)	Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 4291215)	<i>Moshulu III (PO)</i>
1996 Woulfe-Flanagan, Ann (-)	60 Silchester Park, Glengageary, Co. Dublin (W: 01 280 3979)	<i>Beowulf (PO)</i>
2003 Wright, Nick (Marwyn)	11 Brackenrig Crescent, Waterfoot, Glasgow, G76 0HF (W: 0044 141 644 4253)	<i>Talisker</i>
# 1971 Wylie, Ian E (-)	Flat 1, 2 Clanbrassil Terrace, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0AP (H: 028 9042 1515 / M: 07715 172059)	

THE CHALLENGE CUP AWARDS

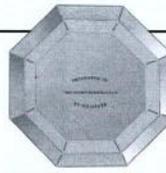
Every year the Flag Officers appoint an Adjudicator to award the Challenge Cup Awards.

The following are the Challenge Cup Awards:



THE FAULKNER CUP

THE CLUB'S PREMIER AWARD



THE PERRY GREER BOWL

FOR THE BEST FIRST ICC LOG



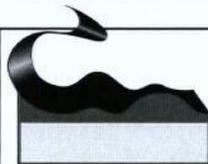
THE STRANGFORD CUP

FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE



THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY

FOR THE BEST CRUISE
IN IRISH WATERS



THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

FOR THE BEST OPEN SEA PASSAGE
WITH PORT TO PORT AT LEAST
1,000 MILES



THE JOHN B KEARNEY CUP

FOR AN OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION
TO IRISH SAILING



THE FORTNIGHT CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE UNDERTAKEN
IN A MAXIMUM OF 16 DAYS



THE WRIGHT SALVER

AWARDED BY THE
NORTHERN COMMITTEE



THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

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



THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

AWARDED BY THE
SOUTHERN COMMITTEE



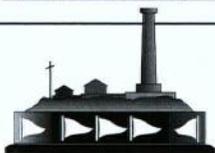
THE FINGAL CUP

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



THE DONEGAN MEMORIAL CUP

AWARDED BY THE
EASTERN COMMITTEE



THE ROCKABILL TROPHY

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



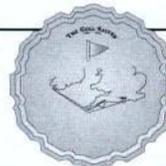
THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

AWARDED BY THE
WESTERN COMMITTEE



THE WYBRANTS CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE IN
SCOTTISH WATERS



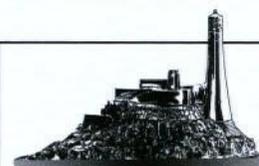
THE GULL SALVER

FOR THE HIGHEST PLACED IRISH YACHT
IN THE RORC FASTNET RACE



THE WILD GOOSE CUP

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



THE FASTNET AWARD

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



THE MARIE TROPHY

FOR THE BEST CRUISE FOR A
YACHT UNDER 30' LOA

**BEST DUNN'S DITTY WILL BE
AWARDED THE DUNN'S DITTY SALVER**

