

# A final cruise on *Beowulf*, exploring the North Dodecanese Islands around Leros

Bernard Corbally

On Wednesday 22nd June 2011 Robin Peilow, Ann Woulfe Flanagan and the Skipper joined *Beowulf* in Evros Marina on Leros Island. We had re-established our friendly relationship with English-speaking Manolis, a local taxi driver (Tel. 0030 6973008360). We were anticipating two weeks of pleasant sailing around the Islands near Leros for our last cruise on *Beowulf*. However, strong Meltemi winds were blowing from the northwest as we arrived and were unlikely to abate for several days. We hired a car to explore the island and to visit the impressive Pendeli castle which, like so many fortresses on these islands, was founded by the knights of St. John when they occupied the island in 1309. Aspostolis, the proprietor of the excellent waterfront restaurant "Zephros" (Tel. 003022470 25200), in Panteli, not only provided delicious food, but also assured us that he could procure us a berth in the tiny harbour if we sailed into his bay. Unfortunately, time restraints prevented us from being able to accept this enticing offer.

As the strength of the wind was slightly reduced on Saturday, we cast off at 09.30 to head for Patmos (23 miles), persevering under engine into a force 5 to arrive at Skala town quay at 13.05. A harbour official assisted with our warps, for which he charged €2. Despite being in a very sheltered bay, the wind was severe with ferocious gusts on our beam, which made us anxious about our anchor holding despite an additional warp out from our central cleat.

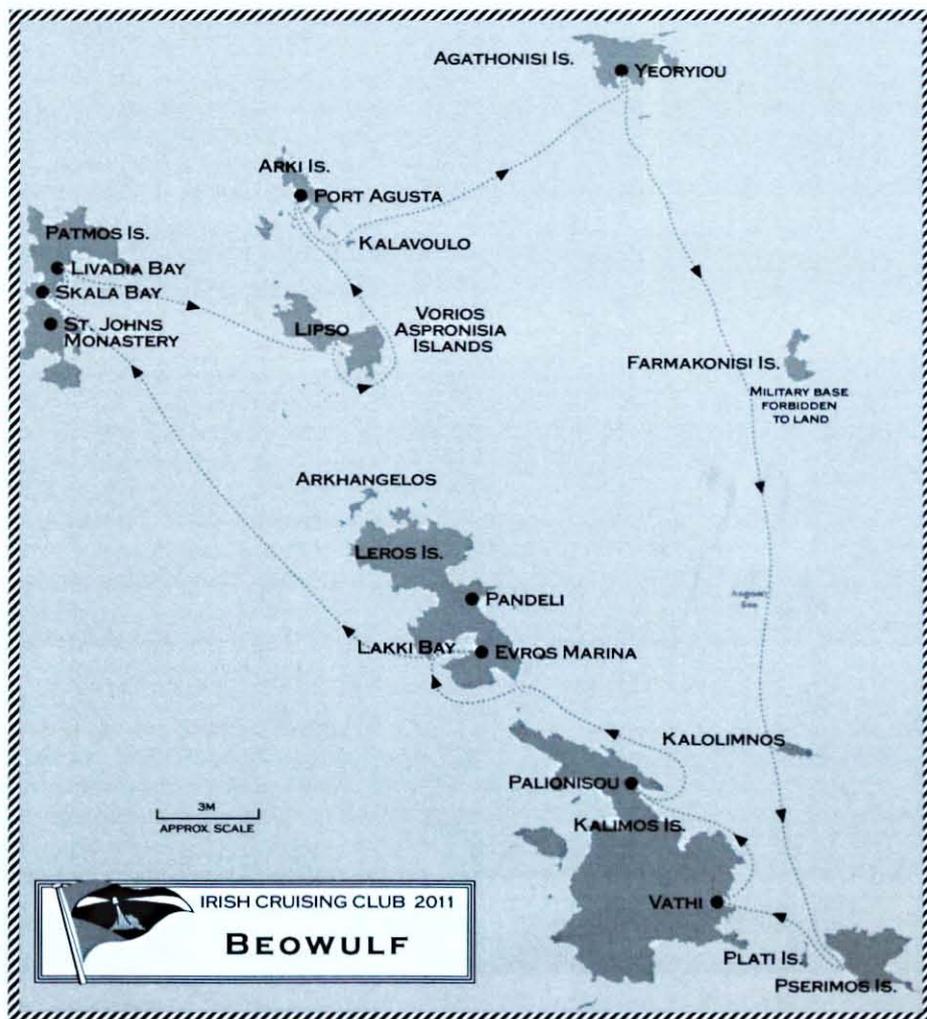
The wind was gusting up to 50 knots on Sunday morning when we decided to move across the bay to a berth alongside the outer concrete pontoon in the almost completed marina. Although this was a fair step from the main town, we were delighted with our move and were completely unfazed by continuing strong winds. We dined on board.

On Monday we hired a car to tour the island. Our first visit was to the eleventh century monastery of St. John which is ringed by white houses, on the top of a hill overlooking Skala. This makes it clearly visible from many of the nearby islands. Its impressive towers and massive buttresses certainly create the impression of an impregnable castle, appropriate for the storage of the religious treasures within. It used to be one of the richest and most influential monasteries in Greece. We also visited the Holy Cave of the Apocalypse, where St. John is reputed to have written the Book of Revelations. We stopped for an excellent fresh fish lunch in the very popular restaurant in Livadi Geranaui Bay, which enjoys a fabulous view out over islands.

Although the forecast was for light winds on Tuesday, we experienced a northwest, force 5 as we cast off at 15.15. We passed two super yachts (Club

Mediterranée?) and two massive cruise ships as we exited Skala bay and headed north to Livadhia Bay (3 miles). We motored past an islet well into the lovely bay and anchored centrally in 7 metres, with lots of chain paid out. We were well protected from the diminishing Meltemi but were apprehensive about another yacht that appeared to drop its chain right across ours despite our wild gesticulations. A strong wind-induced current past the boat discouraged us from swimming in case we got swept away! We were treated to a spectacular view of the two four-masted Club Méditerranée super yachts sailing past the entrance to our bay as we enjoyed sundowners in the cockpit.

After a swim and leisurely cockpit breakfast in this delightfully peaceful and picturesque bay, we weighed anchor at 10.05 and motored over mirror-calm water towards Lipsos Island (10.5 miles). We saw only stubble-speckled cliffs and no habitation as we approached the hilly island. The well-protected harbour is located in an inlet on the south side. We moored stern-to on the inside of the pier and were delighted to find electricity and water available (€5 each). As usual in most places, other yachters assisted us with our warps. Colour-coded bags were available for the disposal of segregated rubbish. (No bins!). The village was attractive and nicely maintained. There were





St. John's Monastery, Skala Bay, Patmos.



Vathi Bay, Kalymos Island.



Agathonisi Bay.

several enticing restaurants from which we selected "To Pefko", which is located up on balconies overlooking the bay and was known for its excellent traditional Greek food. We christened the local bakery as "the Paradise Bar", it was so beautifully set up, with really friendly service and the most tempting selection of cakes. We were excellent customers! The popular Liendou Beach is only a 500 metres walk over the headland to the north of the village.

Lipso is a place where we could easily have dallied for another day. However we had several other islands scheduled, and so reluctantly cast-off at 09.50 and headed for Arki Island (8 miles). There was still absolutely no wind. So, we enjoyed the view of many islands as we headed north inside the Vorios Aspronisia Islands to arrive in Port Augusta at 11.10. The depth went down significantly as we rounded the corner of the inlet and registered only 3.5 metres as we cautiously approached the quay. (Space for about 6 yachts). We had arrived at a tiny, delightfully unspoilt fishing village with flowers everywhere. and three small restaurants covered with colourful bougainvillia. We chose the one on the right, where the proprietor spoke excellent English and the food was excellent, most especially Mama's cheese cake. There were lovely hill walks in both directions from our berth. The tranquillity of this place was utterly beguiling and would be perfect for a completely relaxed holiday!

Once more, we were reluctant to be on our way when we cast off at 12.00 and made for Agathonisi Island (14.5 miles). As we cleared the inlet, we noted another anchorage on an islet just opposite, which had a few laid moorings and a couple of restaurants. We carefully monitored our depth as we dodged inside the North Makronis Islets and headed northwest to arrive at the wharf in the Yeoryiou Inlet on the south of the island at 12.25. We moored alongside in company with a couple of other yachts with some apprehension as our Pilot Book warned that this wharf was used by infrequent ferries. We were soon visited by an official, who informed us that he might have to move us the next day but he would find us an alternative berth. There were several yachts anchored off the quay with a line ashore, at the head of the bay, but this looked like a messy situation and the space was packed. We were in delightful location and were very happy with our mooring! The local shop provided a few basics. We selected the Glaros Restaurant on the front, which is run by Jannis & Kopaniatis Kopaniaris (English spoken) and were extremely well pleased.

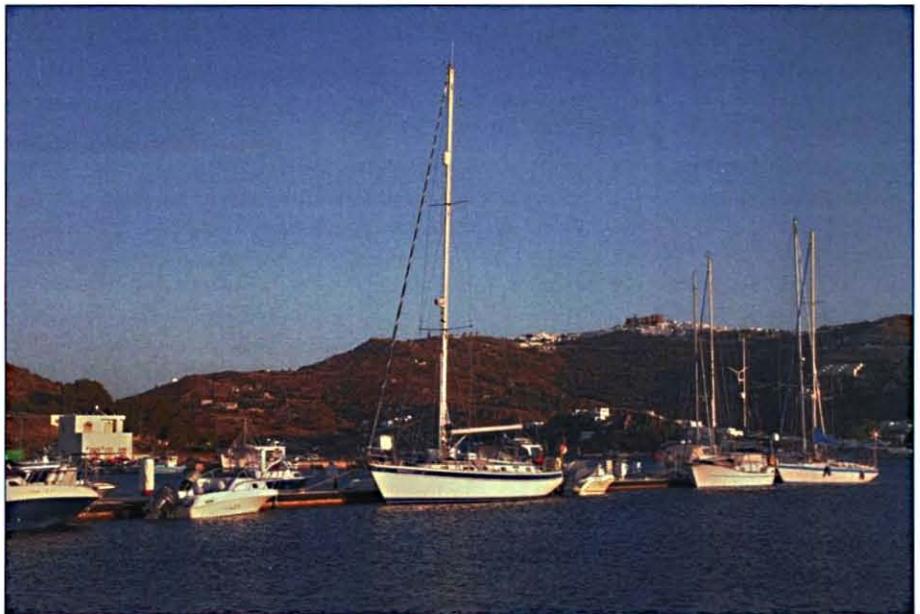
We made an early start at 06.40 on

Friday to head for Pserimos (34.5 miles), where we needed to arrive before 12.00 in order to get a place on the quay before the gulets arrived with hordes of tourists. It was an attractive small rectangular bay surrounded by low rocky hills, with a valley at the top, which was randomly developed. We found the stubby pier full of gulets and a couple more on the quay with just sufficient space for us in between them, beside a German yacht. Having established a friendly relationship with the gulet on our starboard side, the skipper assured us that we would be OK. We bore this in mind after the German yacht and the friendly gulet departed and we found ourselves in a very tight sandwich between two huge gulets. The fine beach and beachfront cafes were heaving with tourists. However, we did enjoy strolling in the practically deserted narrow backstreets, where we found a restaurant, (Taberna Manola) with only local patrons, which provided us with delicious basic food for our dinner at practically no cost. It was a delightful place to be after the all the gulets had left at about 17.00. We were soon joined on the quay by a few other yachts that had been anchored in the bay.

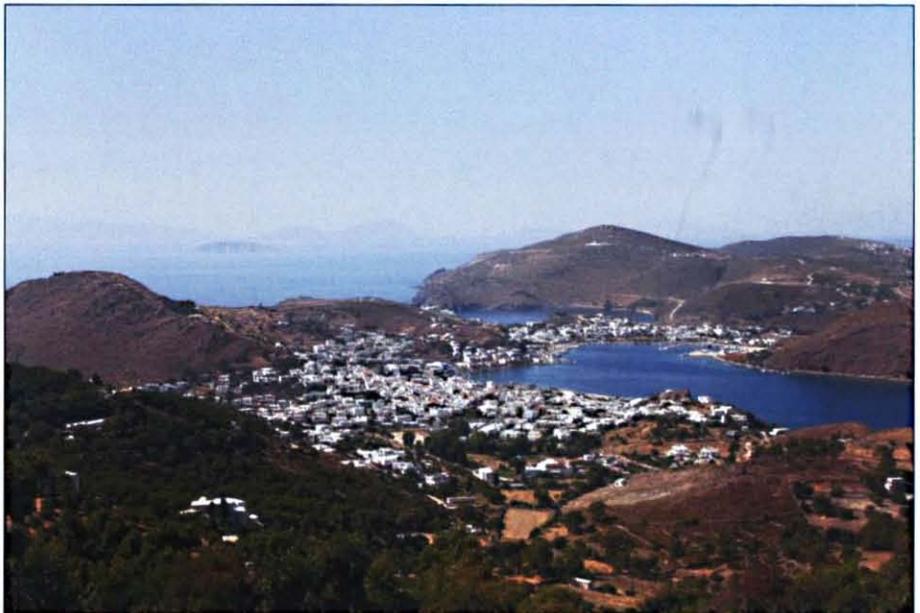
Having cast off at 09.00 on Saturday, we headed out across the bay to an anchorage on the east of Platy Island (1.9 miles) We anchored in sand, in the company of two other yachts, off a tiny beach and a small cave. It was a superb place to stop for a swim and relaxation before gulets began to arrive at 11.00 and suddenly the water was full of swimmers! We weighed anchor at 13.05 to head for Vathi Bay on the southeast of Kalymnos Island (4.4 miles). The mountain scenery was impressive as we motored across with a force 4 on our nose. The deep slit in the hills marking the entrance to Vathy was visible as soon as we cleared Platy Island. Although the entrance to the fjord was about 100 metres wide, the steep-to cliffs on both sides made it appear quite awesome as we approached the tiny pier. We dropped our kedge anchor with the intention of mooring bows-to the inside of the pier as suggested in our pilot. But, an Irish yacht was moored alongside leaving very little space. A lady on the quay waved vigorously at us shouting "rocks"! We changed our direction towards the quayside and she kindly took our warps. Unfortunately, our anchor chain was now a bit out of line. A following yacht noticed this and anchored further out of line before mooring alongside us. Soon afterwards, a massive gin palace anchored out of line in the opposite direction crossing both our chains! We re-anchored after the gin palace left and all was well. We had arrived in a charming small fishing-boat village with a most friendly ambiance. We



Bernard Corbally and Ann Woulfe-Flanagan in Lakki restaurant.



Beowulf in new (unfinished) Patmos marina.



Skala Harbour, Patmos.

explored the ruins of the ancient Basilica of Anastatia and the even more dilapidated ruins of a monastery on the slope of the hill opposite us. We found an excellent flower-covered restaurant with waterside tables at the head of the bay. The local supermarket was of no use to us except as a source of fresh bread.

Departing from Vathy at 11.15 we hugged the coastline as we headed north, looking for a suitable bay for a lunch stop. There was an oil slick in the first one that we investigated, which we suspected was caused by a yacht that departed as we arrived! We carried on to the deep inlet Ormos Palionisou (7.1 miles), where a few yachts were at anchor. Although the pilot warns about poor holding in sand over rock, we anchored in about 10m well clear of the other yachts and got a good grip at our second attempt. Watching others attempt to anchor provided entertainment as we enjoyed a swim and a leisurely cockpit lunch in this pleasant location. A southwest force 5/6 allowed us to get over an hour of superb sailing at up to 8 knots as we headed up to Leros (13 miles) after lunch. This was a most welcome bonus after days of motoring in mostly zero

wind! We very sadly docked *Beowulf* for our very last time at 19.00.

Although we had lost a few days due to Meltemi winds, we all tremendously enjoyed this last cruise. We managed to visit seven different islands and a total of ten anchorages in nine days and were delighted with all of them. It is difficult to pick out any one place as our favourite but we were eventually unanimous in our final allocation of top marks to Agathonisi. It is a small place surrounded by low uninhabited hills with pleasant walks and a beach nearby, and we really enjoyed our meal in the Glanos Restaurant. Livadia Bay came a close second because of its peaceful protected location behind an island.

I wish that I had the eloquence to lucidly describe the tremendous pleasure that Ann and I have experienced in sailing *Beowulf*, over the past eleven years, from the Hallberg Rassey boatyard in Ellos (Sweden) to Turkey. It is difficult even to imagine how we might have enjoyed better holidays visiting so many out-of-the-way places and always in the company of valued friends.

**Alan Markey writes of being the first visitor to Strangford Pontoon**

On May 27th we left Howth on *Crackerjack* to attend the North and East Whit weekend rally. It was a very pleasant sail to Ardglass where we were joined by Peter Courtney on *Jabberwock*. Next morning we sailed in company to Whiterock to attend the ICC dinner.

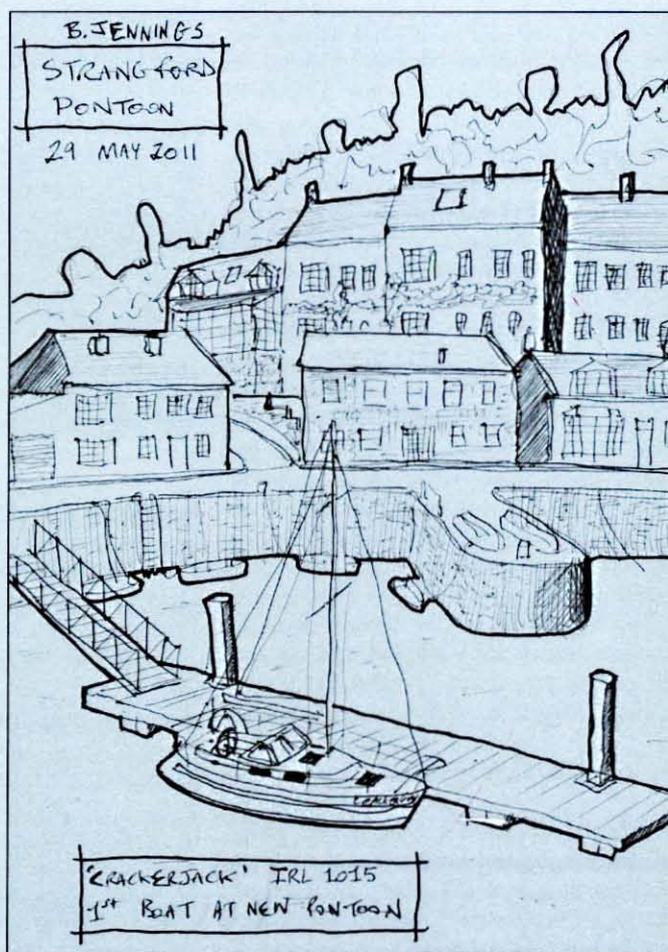
After lunch in Daft Eddies, we watched Leinster lose to Munster in the final of the Magners League. At least the Munster half of the crew was happy.

We were looked after very well by everyone in Strangford Yacht Club and enjoyed a great meal. The boatman even offered to get us the Sunday newspapers. As the weather for a return to Howth on the Sunday did not look very inviting, we decided to postpone our return until the following day. Derek White, ICC, suggested we try out the new pontoon in Strangford Village. We had a very exciting sail from Whiterock to Strangford. The scenery was magic with clear blue skies, although we did not have too much time to enjoy it as the wind was gusting over 30 knots.

We tied alongside the pontoon at 13.30 on Sunday afternoon and apparently we were the first paying customer as the gates had only been installed a few days earlier. Located at the edge of the town, the pontoon is sheltered from the tide and is a great addition to the area. It's a perfect and convenient short term stop off for anyone waiting to go through the entrance to the Lough.

We spent a very pleasant afternoon on the pontoon in beautiful weather and would recommend it to anyone planning a trip to Strangford.

Sketch by Brian Jennings, Strangford Village, May 2011.



# Searching for Sea Eagles – *Oisín Bán* in Norway

Adrian & Maeve Bell

If you want to cruise in Norway, there are worse places to start than the west coast of Sweden. It takes much less time to get there than from Ireland so more of the precious weeks can be spent exploring instead of making the passage. There are however some downsides, such as tight airline baggage allowances and the higher cost of living when stocking up. Not to mention the bill for booze!

Together with Alan Leonard (ICC) we arrived at the yard in Kungshamn late on Thursday June 2nd where *Oisín Bán*, our three-year-old Arcona 430, was already launched, rigged and looking resplendent. Most of the tasks on the lengthy 'to do' list were completed on Friday leaving a day and a half in hand, in which to show Alan something of the intricate western Swedish archipelago, before Bjoern arrived.

Getting up at 04.00 on Monday it was a relief to find a fair wind from the east for the 130 mile passage across the Skagerrak to Mandal in Norway. A long day motor-sailing with occasional heavy rain and thunderstorms was tedious but we had the thrill of meeting a large pod of killer whales as we closed the Norwegian coast, three of which were only 20 metres off the port bow. Drizzle and grey skies continued the following day as we headed round Lindesnes Point, the most southerly tip of Norway, which has a deserved reputation as one of those headlands which requires respect. The wind was on the nose. Egersund, about 60 miles away, was our preferred destination but it was rather too far to beat and too miserable to motor upwind. We compromised by having an enjoyable thrash to windward for five hours which brought us the 28 miles to Farsund.

This turned out to have been a good decision as it was gloriously sunny when we left before 07.00 the following morning. We were able to reel off the 95 mile leg to Skudeneshavn, a quaint little port on an island to the northwest of Stavanger, taking just over 12 hours from fenders in to drinks out. On arrival *Oisín Bán* felt quite at home as we had participated in a RCC Meet there last year as had Alan in *Ariadne*.

## The North Way

We all enjoyed a lazy morning before heading north up the Karmsundet – the start of the Nordweg or sheltered North Way which gives Norway its name – and on through Haugesund, in hazy sunshine. The short open passage across the Sletta, which carries a health warning as a “dangerous sea area” given its exposure and uneven bottom, was uneventful. We even set the genneker for the first time. Given the settled conditions we opted for the attractive, sheltered former fishing harbour of Espevær for the night. Charges were typically about 150 or 200 kroner for a night, often with just an honesty box. Bjoern provided company for the only other visitor, a single-handed German sailor.

Next day we ducked back into the shelter of the inner leads and headed north under engine up the Bømlafjord, later beating under full sail in a chilly northwesterly to Kolbeinshamn. The tight little entrance opened out to reveal a pretty boomerang-shaped bay somewhat marred by run-down buildings and rickety pontoons. Four hours motoring next morning, Saturday June 11th, brought us to Bergen's very busy Vågen where we rafted up outside Bob Stewart's *Tara* (ICC).

Needing some additional charts, we set off for the bookshop mid-afternoon. There a very helpful girl explained that, as it was Whit weekend, all shops would close in half an hour and

not re-open until Tuesday. A mad dash round the adjacent supermarket resulted in a smorgasbord of staples and panic purchases being tossed into the trolley. Around midnight when it was still only dusk, we went for a walk around the old town and city centre. The entire region seemed to be on the razzle. Everyone was in good humour at this stage and we met a number of young females declaring themselves to be Angels (Another Norwegian Girl Enjoying Liquor)!

After a whistle-stop tour around Bergen fortress in the morning, Alan and Bjoern set off for the airport. Later there was time to visit the atmospheric Hanseatic Museum while tackling the laundry. Unfortunately despite Bergen being a mecca for tourists facilities for visiting yachts are sadly lacking.

The new team, our nephew John, his wife Fiona and their friends Andy and Rachel, arrived about 18.30. The plan was to cover just under 200 miles to Ålesund during the following week, not a big distance but it would include rounding the notorious Statt Head which is considered so dangerous that an escort service for small boats is provided. It seemed prudent to have at least one day in hand in case of having to wait for suitable conditions.

Sunshine and warmth greeted us as we motored northwards on Monday 13th, tempting some of us into tee shirts and shorts despite the wintery patches of snow close by on the mountainsides. We anchored for a lunch stop in Husebø, a secluded pool requiring careful pilotage on the way in. Showing Viking-like valour, John dived in for a swim. A further four hours brought us to Eivindvik, the site of a historic Viking assembly which played an important part in the Christianisation of Norway. Andy had packed a fishing rod and after dinner caught three fish, his first catch since he was a boy scout 30 years ago!

We woke to wet and windy weather, a fresh force 6, but fortunately from the south. Careful thought was needed to choose the most sheltered route to Florø, as Fiona was newly pregnant – precious cargo indeed. The day demonstrated one of the main attractions of cruising in Norway as virtually all of the time one is in sheltered water with no swell. After the obligatory run ashore and shopping expedition (six people devour a prodigious amount of food), we continued northwards through a series of small fjords and sounds with the intention of being within striking distance of Statt Head by the end of the day. Motoring up the Frøysjøen, Maeve chanced to look astern and spotted a huge bird flapping its way slowly towards a rock near the water's edge. At last, after ten years of searching, a sea eagle! The day got better and better: the weather improved, we visited Klosteråvåg on the island of Selje where the Irish princess St Sunniva was shipwrecked, John and Rachael went swimming, and a peaceful night was spent in the charming harbour of Silda.

07.00 the next morning the sunny almost calm conditions were perfect for rounding Statt described as protruding like “an angry clenched fist”. The only tense moments were when a coaster approaching from astern seemed intent on mowing us down. The early start meant we were tied up in the small harbour on the island of Runde, a nature reserve for sea birds, by lunchtime. The rest of the day was spent hiking up the steep hillsides and trekking around the island. A couple of hours next morning brought us to the Art Nouveau town of Ålesund where one squeezes down a narrow channel to berth right in the town



John Taggart guts haddock on the pontoon at Sandshamn.

centre. Climbing the 418 steps to the top of Mt Aksla on a sunny afternoon was thirsty business but with two small beers costing 148 kroner (the exchange rate was about 9 kroner to £1 sterling) there was a big incentive to embrace sobriety.

Saturday 18 June saw us complete another change-over with the “youth team” leaving in the early hours and Ronnie and Pamela Browne arriving in time for a late lunch. A two day open air folk festival was taking place along the quayside with the Dubliners top of the bill. That evening, reluctant to pay 400 kroner for a ticket, we mooched around the edge of the venue and added our voices to such well-known lines as “tied up in a black velvet band”.

### More light than heat

We had a week to in which to explore. A Norwegian couple, whom we had entertained to drinks in Runde, had suggested some places we might like to go, one of which was the tiny island of Ona, the final island in a chain stretching north from Ålesund. Fog meant we were navigating by radar for the first hour and a half but improving conditions encouraged us to poke our noses into Fjørtoft for lunch before setting a rock-hopping route west of Sandøya to reach Ona, the outermost inhabited island of the chain and a former fishing station, which was delightful. The small harbour, home to a cacophony of kittiwakes, was deep and well sheltered while the disused red lighthouse perched on the summit of the central rocky hill was an eye-catching landmark and the perfect viewpoint for a technicolour sunset. With only two days to go to the longest day, this occurred at 23.45, almost a midnight sun. For two weeks or more night was never any more than dusk before turning again to dawn.

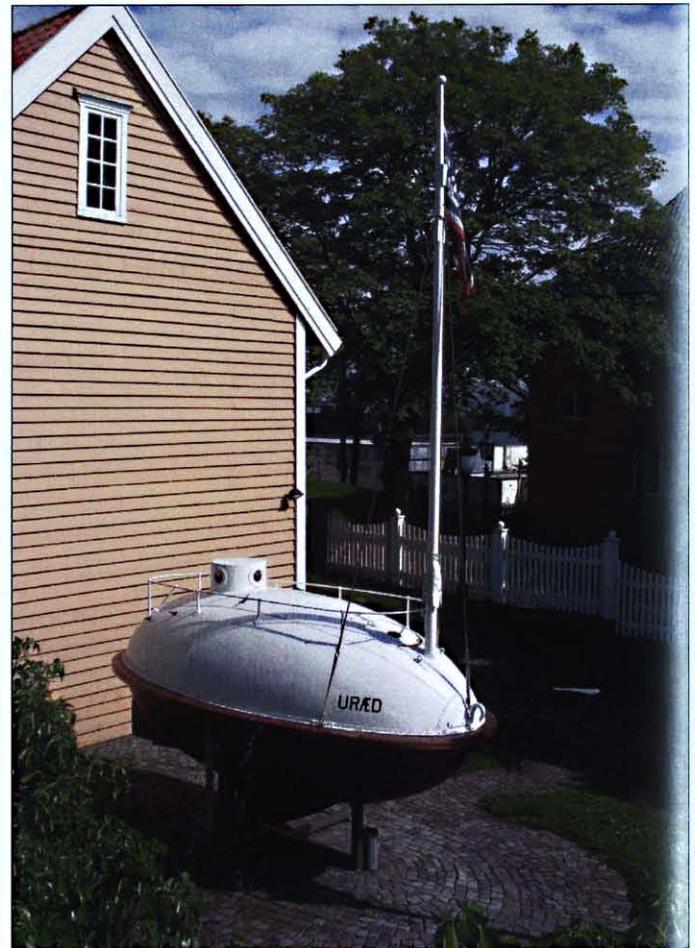
By now we were at 62°52' north. Notching up 63° was enticing but would require us to proceed into the Hustadvika, yet another area carrying a dangerous waves warning. In addition our back-up paper charts had run out, so somewhat

reluctantly we chose a new route south through islands and fjords towards Moldefjord. Thirty miles later we reached the small island of Veøy and, having anchored, went ashore to look at the medieval stone church, unfortunately not open but still used for baptisms and weddings. Viewing the two small grassy coves it was hard to believe that in the 12th and 13th centuries Veøy had been an important trading settlement, on a par with Bergen, Stavanger and Oslo.

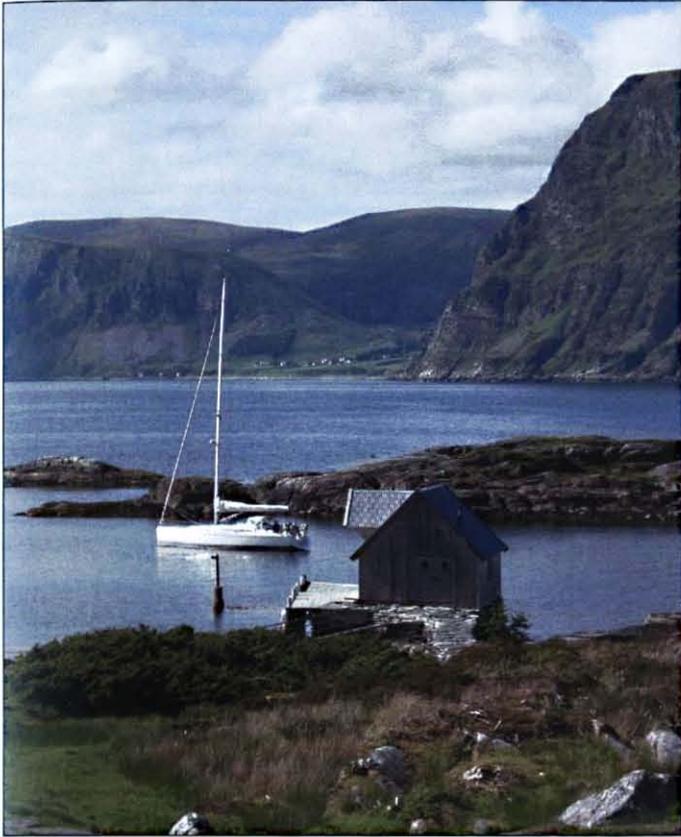
After a detour in the morning to motor up the Rødvenfjord, unusual in that its shores are gentle and fringed with hay fields instead of being steep-to rock faces, we turned and tacked westward towards the hilly island of Otterøya, in a chilly northwesterly breeze. As we piled on the sweaters and woolly hats Ronnie remarked that midsummer in Norway was a case of more light than heat! The wind faded and, as happened more than once, we had to make a detour because, being vertically challenged, we couldn't fit under the 18 metre bridge spanning the direct route to Midsund.

Wednesday saw us complete the 40 miles back to Runde with a second sea eagle sighting on the way. Arriving mid-afternoon there was plenty of time to enjoy showers in the new millennium interpretive centre, and admire the wall paintings beside the harbour. They portrayed significant events in the island's history, including the shipwreck in 1588 of the *Castillo Negro*, a 22 gun Baltic Hulk hired by the Spanish from one of the Hanseatic ports as a troop carrier for the Spanish Armada.

We woke to the wind whistling in the rigging. The various forecasts indicated that it would remain fresh from a northerly direction for at least a couple of days and be accompanied by heavy rain. The sensible option was to return to Ålesund a day early rather than go further south as originally intended. We made a fast if occasionally rough passage with two reefs in the



Uræd, the world's first covered lifeboat, was built at Ålesund and made a 5 month winter crossing of the Atlantic in 1904-05



*Oisín Bán* at anchor in Klostersvåg below the ruined monastery dedicated to St Sunniva, an Irish princess who is the patron saint of western Norway.

mainsail, with Adrian applying Fireball techniques to feather our way through the fierce down draughts around Hareidlandet.

On the afternoon of Friday 24th, some 760 miles since leaving Sweden, we made our way round to the south harbour to Åspevågen Marina where we had made arrangements to leave *Oisín Bán* for three weeks. On the entrance headland, we saw a huge bonfire, some 25 metres high, ready to celebrate midsummer that very night. Sandy Row, eat your heart out!

### Time to turn south

Together with friends Harvey and Dermot from Strangford Lough, we flew back to Ålesund on Saturday July 16th via

Gatwick. John Taggart (ICC) took the longer way round via Oslo but was to be with us for the full three weeks for the passage home. The objective was to get to Bergen in a week, varying the route and stopping places as much as possible from the outward leg.

Sandshamn on the island of Sandsøy looked like a promising jumping-off spot for Statt Head. Arriving in the drizzle we noticed a small trawler unloading its catch at the local fish plant so went in search of supper. Immediately outside the plant were racks and racks of stinking fish heads strung up by the gills with their dead glassy eyes looking heavenward. They were destined to be exported to Nigeria (a local delicacy out there!) and had been hanging since March, much longer than usual, due the exceptionally wet weather.

Having studied all the forecasts for wind and current, it was agreed that 09.00 was the optimum time to be at Statt Head. It wasn't. While there was a moderate breeze from the southeast, the prevailing current was against us, and the heavy rain reduced visibility to less than a mile. About half way round at 10.00 it was as if a curtain lifted; the skies brightened and so did our spirits. The day continued to improve: we stopped



62°52'N: Maeve and Adrian dressed for a Norwegian summer.



The heritage trading harbour of Rugsund dates from the 1600s.

briefly in Måløy to top up supplies, diverted to the charming heritage trading harbour of Rugsund for lunch, and then zigzagged our way through the islands and cliff-bound passages to arrive at Kalvåg just before 19.00.

Kalvåg on Frøya is an isolated, attractive old fishing village with its traditional crimson sheds and warehouses developed for residential use. Amazingly it has a craft shop owned by a textile artist from Lisburn, Pamela Dunbar, whom Maeve met. Having made such good progress, we declared a day off to watch wildlife. We threaded our way through narrow channels keeping a sharp lookout for the sea eagles which Pamela had promised lived in the vicinity. Harvey had his daily dip. Then, anxious to try out our newly-purchased fishing line, we headed for

some promising looking shallows. Instruction manual in one hand and tackle in the other five pollock were landed in quick succession. Finding the sea eagles proved more elusive but spirits were high as we returned to Kalvåg's pontoon in the hazy sunshine. Later in the evening *Ceres*, a Halberg Rassy 45 which we had seen in Sandshamn, rafted up outside us and we invited them on board for a drink. They had left Oslo in May and were now retracing their route having been to the Lofotens.

Rain clouds were everywhere next morning. We waved goodbye to John Madden (ICC) in *Bagheera*, who had arrived late and was on his way to Florø for some repairs. Meanwhile we headed southwest towards the tiny island of Kinn which, like Selje, is associated with St Sunniva. On the way there were some anxious moments as the chartplotter went down and the GPS signal was lost. Fortunately the bum reading was found to be due to one of the team sitting on the antenna! Kinn was not a success: the rain poured down, some swell was rolling in and no suitable anchorage could be found. Another couple of hours motoring brought us to Hærland on Atløy where the rain lifted and we had a pleasant evening chatting to our neighbours in the small harbour.

We had a great sail southwards the next day to the island of Fedje, first under full sail and then with two reefs as the northerly wind freshened to a steady force 5 gusting 6. More of the same greeted us the following morning, and we geared up for another fast passage but much to our disappointment after clocking 11.8 knots surfing down a wave the wind started to drop. First the genoa was poled out, then the genneker hoisted, but finally the engine was required to bring us to the peaceful harbour of Strusshavn on an island opposite Bergen. This time *Ceres* was available for us to raft outside, and later we were entertained to a traditional Norwegian 'ankre dram', fenelår (air-dried leg of lamb) and aquavit.

### **Bergen makes Connemara feel like the Costa del Sol!**

Saturday was devoted to washing, cleaning and sightseeing in Bergen. The rain-soaked city seemed particularly depressing because the full horror of the bomb and subsequent shooting of young people in Oslo was starting to come through: deeply shocking even after exposure to 40 years of the Troubles. Early on Sunday morning Dermot and Harvey got a taxi to the airport for their flight home. After lunch we motored round to Bergen where we were able to tie up outside Maeve's cousin John's 50 foot steel barge. He and his wife Anne had left England in May and were on their way north, having come via Denmark and the west coast of Sweden. Anne and Brian Craig (ICC) arrived in the late afternoon. Monday afternoon we said our goodbyes and motored 18 miles south down the Raunefjord to the small harbour of Kleppholmen ready for our North Sea crossing. Following lots of homework we had concluded that we didn't have time to visit Shetland but that the forecasts were promising for Fair Isle and the Orkneys.

We cast off at 06.00 CET on Tuesday 26th in a steady drizzle and light winds. Three and a half hours later Norway faded out of sight. The rain finally stopped but the North Sea remained dishwater grey. Motor-sailing throughout in lightish northeast winds we arrived off Fair Isle at 08.00 BST next morning. Conditions were calm, encouraging us to continue round to the west side of the island which was teeming with bird life – puffins, fulmars, guillemots, gannets and skuas – in stark contrast to Norway where numbers tend to be much smaller and species more limited. Once moored alongside in North Haven we had the rest of the day in which to snooze, hitch a lift to the south end of the island, sit within feet of the puffins at their burrows, have dinner in the bird observatory, and learn a little of Fair Isle life.

Having made allowances for the strong tidal streams around

the Orkneys, we departed just after 06.00 and had probably the best sail of the entire cruise averaging 8 knots and finishing with an exhilarating beat under full sail up the Firth into Kirkwall. Friday was devoted to sight-seeing. Tourism has hugely increased, at least on Mainland as the biggest island is called, since we were last in Orkney fourteen years ago, but it is still beautiful with vast skies, numerous historic sites, abundant wildlife, and friendly people. The Ring of Brodgar was unchanged but Skara Brae, the extraordinary remains of a Neolithic settlement, now has a large interpretive centre and all the paraphernalia of a major attraction. We viewed Skail House before visiting Stromness for lunch. Returning to Kirkwall there were stunning views of Scapa Flow to our right. Anne and Maeve made a quick visit to a colourful garden secluded behind sheltering hedges, next we visited the Hobbister reserve where the lucky ones saw a hen harrier and two red throated divers, before rounding off with the Churchill Barriers and the Italian Chapel.

Tides dictated a 07.00 start on Saturday morning. Motoring in predominately light winds we passed well to the east of the Pentland Firth and were off Wick Head by 12.30. The wind finally filled in from the southeast allowing full sail to be set followed by the genneker when the wind backed and freshened. By 19.00 we were running up the Moray Firth under main only. Later we had to drop it before we surged through the narrows at Fort George where small groups of people were watching the acrobatics of the Firth's resident dolphins leaping in the tide race around the spit. A fast passage of 114 miles in 15 hours saw us snug in the small marina at Inverness before 22.00.

### **Guaranteed short cut**

After breakfast next morning we entered the Caledonian Canal for the third time in as many years. Taking a minimum of two and a half days depending on the traffic coming the other way, it provides a passage from east to west or vice versa whatever the weather. At £17.20 a metre boat length, this is not bad value especially if you want to take your time and use the full eight days allowed for transit. We didn't tarry but pressed on, arriving at Bannavie on Monday where *Oisín Bán's* owners were treated to a fabulous seafood dinner in Fort William. Exiting on the Tuesday, there were a couple of days in hand before anyone needed to be home so we headed for Tobermory.

Having spotted yet another sea eagle on the way up the Sound of Mull the previous afternoon, whale watching was next on the agenda. After a quick run ashore we motored out towards Ardnamurchan Point in warm sunshine and calm seas, heading for Rum. Just off the headland we caught a tantalising glimpse of a minke whale but it did not re-surface. About half an hour later we noticed frantic bird activity a couple of cables to seaward and, heading over, we were rewarded with good views of two and probably three whales, sometimes only a couple of boat lengths away from us and occasionally snorting as they surfaced. After this excitement it took another two hours to reach Rum by which time we had missed the tour of Kinloch Castle. A pity, one can't do everything. About 17.00 we weighed anchor and set off towards Arisaig. The light air from the north was providing fantastic visibility: we could see the mainland peaks including Ben Nevis to the east, the Cuillins on Skye to the north, and even the Outer Hebrides to the west. Scotland's scenery is in many ways as spectacular as Norway's and there is more room to sail. Arriving at the entrance, it was more than half-tide and depth was not a problem through the challenging channel. As we rounded off the day with drinks in the cockpit, two large birds were soaring over the nearby ridge. Golden eagles. What a day!

Drizzle persisted for the entire 50 mile passage to Kerrera

the next day. We were glad to tie up and dine ashore in the Waypoint, the marina's tented restaurant.

Moisture was still around at 09.00 when we set off. Soon we were belting along under full sail in a brisk northwesterly wind and, with a spring tide under us, *Oisín Bán* briefly touched 15 knots down the sound of Luing. Prudence prevailed and we hauled in two reefs as we passed Corryvreckan. We arrived at Craighouse, Jura in time for a late lunch and then decided to make full use of the great conditions by continuing to Gigha for the night.

En route for Bangor we motor-sailed close inshore to get the back-eddy towards the Mull, which also had the advantage of smooth water allowing us to miss most of the popple. The rest of the day was uneventful as was the final leg to Quoile on Sunday August 7th where we picked up our mooring mid-afternoon. We had covered 1745 miles, welcomed 13 different shipmates on board, stopped at 40 different anchorages and harbours, and saw 65 different species of birds as well as porpoises, dolphins and whales. Skål.

## James Nixon writes of Siphoning Syndrome – a Series

In medicine, discussion around rare or unusual cases can hinge on the experience of the speaker. "In my experience" meant that one case had been seen. "In my series" implied two cases, and three became "case after case after case".

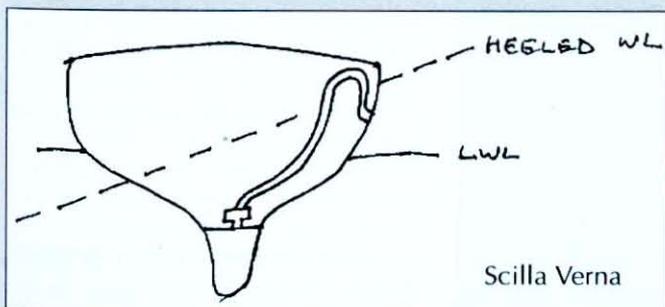
An experience last summer now allows me to claim a "series" of unusual, instructive and potentially dangerous incidents in small sailing boats. Both events presented as rapid and frightening filling of the bilge with water.

**Case 1.** This occurred some years ago on *Scilla Verna*, a 43ft Oyster ketch that had given me many miles of good cruising. We were enjoying a spanking reach in a westerly, heading north past Davaar Island near Campbeltown on the Firth of Clyde. The boat was well-heeled at times, and I was below when I noticed that the automatic bilge pump was running, and on inspection I found the bilges full of water, but thankfully not reaching the batteries.

We reduced sail and searched for a cause. It was clean seawater, and the pump lowered the level rapidly as we watched. The sea-cocks were all sound (they had all been replaced the previous winter), as were the various hoses and pipes.

Running the engine did not reveal a problem. We resumed sailing and as the boat heeled again, the water rose immediately. It became obvious that the bilge pump system was siphoning.

Two electric bilge pumps (one activated by a float switch) discharged through a single skin fitting on the midships topsides half-way down from the gunwhale. The piping formed a loop up to the deckhead, but there was no one-way or anti-siphoning valve. The water column was easily created by the pressure wave as the boat heeled in that good breeze. The volume of flow was impressive.



### Case 1. *Scilla Verna*

The problem was cured by inserting a valve. Bilge debris can cause these valves to fail, and a more certain cure would be to move the skin fitting nearer the gunwhale, or onto the transom.

**Case 2.** This event happened earlier this year on *Siafra*, Brian Black's (ICC) Voyager 35. He had kindly asked me to join

him and Ed Wheeler (ICC) on a cruise in the Faeroes. I joined them there, and we had a fine time exploring these spectacular islands.

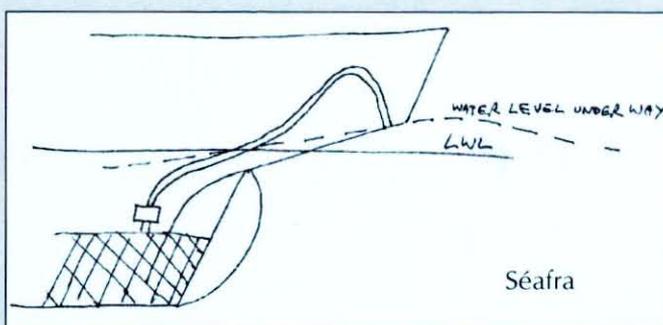
As we headed for home we were motoring south in the Minch west of Skye. The sea was mirror-like with a wonderful sunset over the Outer Hebrides. We had just changed watch when we noticed a different sound from the engine compartment. What was usually a healthy rumble was now a higher-pitched note, "splashy" in retrospect.

When we lifted a floor-board the bilges were full, and the noise was produced by the coupling on the propeller shaft churning the water. Fortunately the electrical systems and engine had not yet been reached.

We stopped the engine and went through the same search ritual as in Case 1. I was helming as Brian and Ed struggled to make a diagnosis. As they drew a blank I tentatively suggested the siphoning option, and so it proved to be.

On *Siafra* the automatic bilge pump drained through a skin fitting on the under-surface of the counter, above the waterline. When motoring in smooth water this would have been constantly immersed. But how had the water column been created?

Evidently the control switch had been unreliable and Brian had checked it before we changed watch. In running the pump he must have produced the column necessary for siphoning to occur. The conditions were calm and the skin fitting remained immersed. In rougher seas it would have emerged at times and allowed air to enter and break the siphon.



### Case 2. *Siafra*

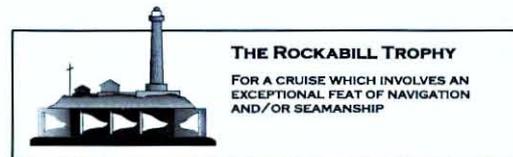
The cure, again, is to insert a valve. A surer solution is to move the skin fitting onto the aft-facing surface of the transom, less pretty but effective.

There has been considerable interest recently in yachting magazines and on the Internet about badly made sea-cocks, but these two cases show the hazards of poorly designed bilge pump systems. The rapidly filling bilge is every sailor's fear, exceeded only perhaps by fire at sea.

I hope my "series" does not become "case after case after case".

# Where the rocks aren't

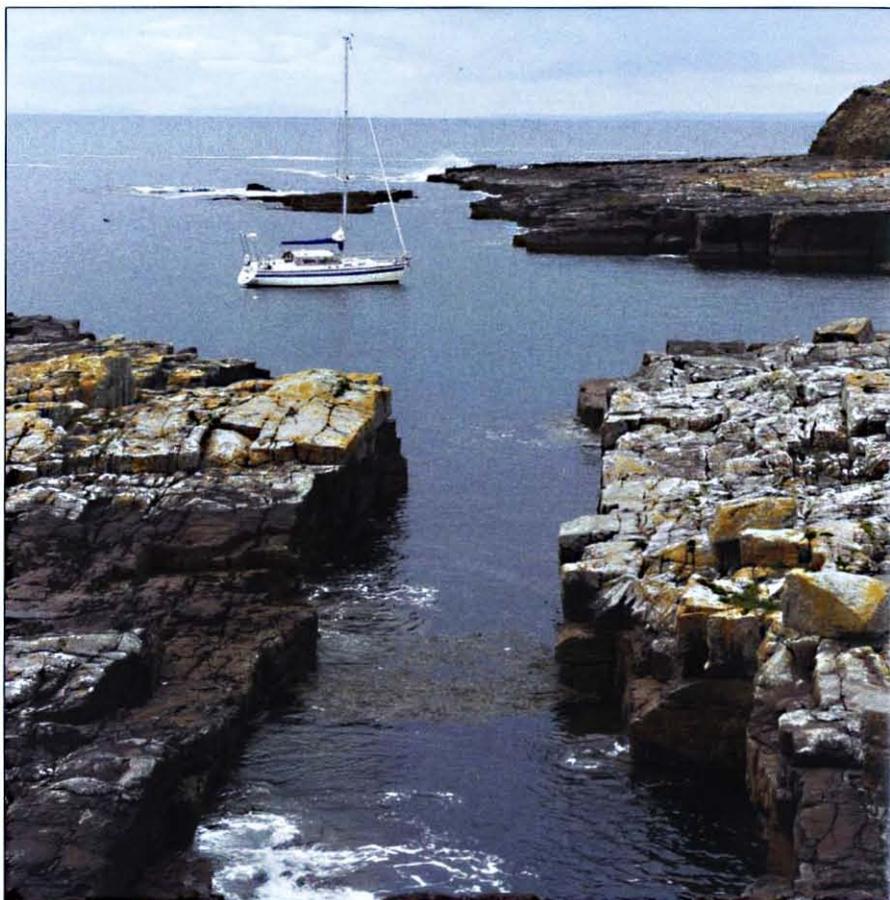
Exploring on the west coast of Ireland, in no particular order



Norman Kean

Paddy Barry told me once that he'd sailed round Ireland, stopping every night, and he'd made a point of staying only in places that weren't described in the book. I said, Paddy, my mission is to make that impossible. Our continuing mission was made possible this year by the generosity of our good friend Niall Quinn (the Owner) who has a Sirius 38 called *Aircín* at Galway Bay SC. We had the use of *Aircín* for six weeks, handled most of the time by just Geraldine (the Grand Admiral) and me, with Niall, Mack (the Dog), Paud Murphy and Fiachra Etchingham joining us from time to time. Mack is a black collie, a gormless kind of a creature, and you couldn't help but like him. He has a collie's herding instinct and his speciality is women, who cluster round to pat him on the head. If you are ever short of female company, buy a gormless collie, or borrow Mack.

Since you really wouldn't want a blow-by-blow account of 'What We Did On Our Holidays', you're not getting one, and here are the highlights, lowlights and reflections, in no particular order. We visited pretty well every feasible port, harbour and anchorage between Galway and Bloody Foreland, about 125 of them. There may be six or seven left to do, and we didn't go all the way



Natural jetties on Inishmurray.



Slieve League: Possibly Ireland's most secluded beach, at the foot of the Slieve League cliffs.

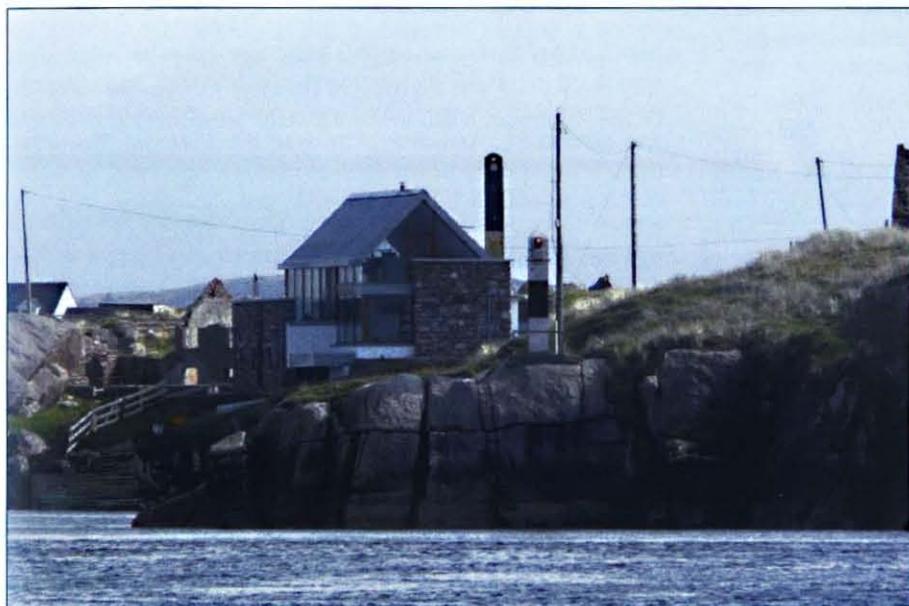
up Killary Harbour. Seen one long thin Scottish loch full of fish farms, seen 'em all, and who needs those gusts off the mountains. We surveyed a dozen passages and places that are not (yet) in the Sailing Directions, and two that used to be but haven't been recently. We anchored or berthed in 58 different places, including the town quays at Westport, Newport, Clifden and Donegal and the beach at the foot of Slieve League.

The ubiquitous chartplotter enables Directions to be written for places where it used to say 'Here Be Dragons'. It should be noted, however, that it is not good enough – indeed it is downright dangerous – for the guidance to be theoretical, based on an armchair study of the charts. You've got to get out there, sail from waypoint to waypoint and establish, as Commander Edye said to Queen Victoria, where the rocks aren't. Take, for example, Straddle Pass, between Mweenish and Mason Islands. A quarter-mile wide at high tide, 60 metres wide at low tide, with a dogleg

between drying rocks. 'Not recommended to strangers', it has said in the book since 1962. Bearing in mind that on many parts of this coast – notwithstanding the sterling efforts of Edye and his colleagues – the charts (including of course the electronic ones) are up to 90 metres out of position, we plotted four waypoints and three courses on the paper chart and then, very, very slowly, motored from waypoint to waypoint with me steering, Geraldine taking photographs, Niall minding the chartplotter and Paud hanging over the bow checking for absence-of-rocks. We got through easily enough, but we'd had to dodge a lobster pot in the middle so we did it again, just to be sure. And then a third time, to be sure to be sure. Actually BA2096 (which is also conveniently on WGS84 datum) is pretty well spot on,



Slyne Head, from the landward side.



Burtonport: The back mark of the Rutland leading line at Burtonport can hide behind a new house if you're just a little too far to the left. It's a lovely house but how did it get planning permission?

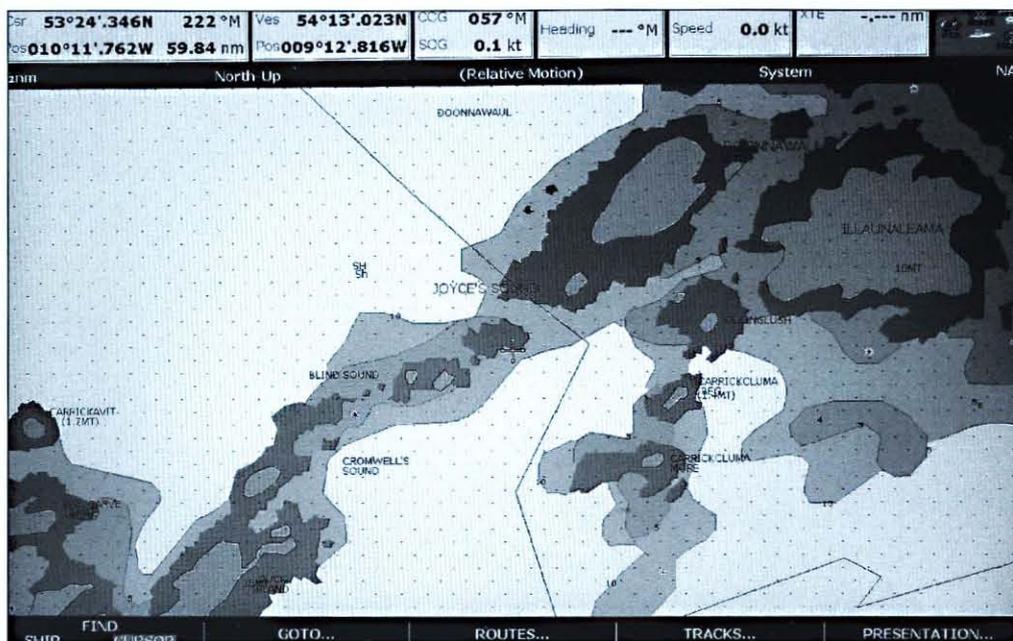
here. The trick is then to write Directions that encourage the navigator to look where he's going rather than just join the dots, although there are no good transits and only the locals can do it without the GPS. But the dragons have been slain and Straddle Pass can now be recommended to strangers. Careful ones, anyway.

In 2009 Trabaan Rock and Keeraun Shoal, off Greatman's Bay, had their depths officially revised from 2.1 metres to 0.7 and from 5.5 metres to 1.6, respectively. The book had said, for 47 years without contradiction, "Keeraun Shoal breaks in a heavy swell but can generally be ignored by a yacht in summer conditions." I was sceptical about the new depths since they had been measured by

airborne laser, a somewhat cheap-and-cheerful method which is prone to a few errors. If Keeraun Shoal was really only 1.6 metres down, how come nobody had hit it, or seen it break more often? So we sailed over them (with a bit of tide, of course). We measured 0.8 at LAT over Trabaan Rock and 3.4 over Keeraun Shoal and most likely we weren't spot on the summits, so the laser is probably right. The answer may be that the fishermen knew the truth but don't use charts, and there aren't enough visiting yachts around for there to be a statistically significant risk of an accident. The Admiralty surveys of the 1850s were astonishingly thorough and accurate, but not perfect just the same, and the charted heights of rocks are sometimes well off the mark. On the way



Achill South Sound – the cliffs of Clare Island seen from Kildavnet.



Joyce's Pass GPS: Our chartplotter track after coming through Joyce's Pass. Forget the thing, and just look where you're going. The charts are not accurate enough.

up to the top of Kilkieran Bay we expected to use Knocknavranka Rock, charted 1.8 metres above HW, as a handy landmark. No sign of it at half tide. There are plenty of other surprises in Connemara awaiting ground-checking – look up NM6439 and 6440 of 2009 on the Admiralty website.

One Saturday night the forecast was dismal, so we tucked ourselves in behind Kilkieran pier in a depth of, well, enough. A fishing boat came in as the gloom descended, but went straight past and on beyond the knuckle. We got chatting. "I wouldn't leave her there if I was you, there's a big boulder on the bottom under you, you should put her alongside the hooker there, plenty water." Should we believe him or not? We moved. She sat OK all night, through the low tide, and next morning, tide half down, the hooker's crew appeared, going out to race. We'll back out, says I. No bother, says they, just undo the stern and we'll slip out. So they left, and then we backed out. Or would have done had we not been hard aground, 20 feet out from the pier and the tide going out. It's the only time in my life I've ever put an anchor out on the spinnaker halyard to keep her hove down *away* from the pier. We got the odd funny look in the pub at lunchtime, to which the reply was "unorthodox, but very secure." It's a pity Mike Peyton has given up doing the Confessions cartoons.

Incidentally the 'big boulder' turns out to be about the size of a brick. There's not a thing wrong with the end berth at Kilkieran pier and it has six feet or more at low springs.

I have decided I don't really like a wing keel. For one thing, it acts like an anchor. No matter how gently you hit the mud, there is no way on Earth you're getting off again, until the tide comes in a bit. And another thing. It gives you a false sense of security. When you're drying out, lightly secured, you think the boat is quite happy upright. The Owner, who happens to be on board and has done this a hundred times, has assured you that the five-gallon drum of water on the halyard, draped over the far side of the harbour wall, will hold her, and he's just opened the next bottle, when she keels over ever so gracefully, the water can lands on deck (mercifully without knocking any old ladies into the harbour), and the next three hours are spent at an inconvenient angle. Reminiscent of (but not quite so costly as) the tale of the distinguished Irish yachtsman who used his

anchor to the same end, and had it land on the bonnet of a brand new BMW parked on the pier. Explain that to the insurance company.

### Best traditional music

I was prompted by two days on Inishbofin to wonder why the character of the islands should be so different, one from the other. Bofin is popular and trendy, Party Central, with the best traditional music sessions I've ever heard. Clare is quiet (but has its moments), thoughtful, academic, almost, with its antiquities. Inishturk is friendly, family-like, welcoming. Inishmore, sadly, is spent. Sold its soul for the Man of Aran, and now lies looking exhausted and a little bit shabby. Its expensive

new harbour is almost empty. Aranmore got a bad press for its scrapyard in a field, pictured in the Irish Times, and cleaned up its act – it's in for the Tidy Towns now, a model of civic pride and hospitality. And Tory. Oh dear, the less said the better. I think it's probably down to individuals – one man, or woman, or family, with a bit of initiative and diplomacy, in a small island community can make a huge difference. On most islands, acrimony is a by-product; one lot (however defined) can't stand the other, and there are two ferry companies fighting for a slice of a fairly small pie. It does not surprise me in the least that the Inishkeas took opposing sides in the Civil War. There are of course splendid exceptions, such as Inishturk, where everyone seems to rub along together happily. Long may it last, and may the island get the new residents it's been looking for.

We went to Clifden, right up to the town, at the second attempt after running out of daylight the night before. They used to ship cargoes of Connemara marble out of here. We clonked the submerged remains of the old training wall, too, in the morning (thank you Nimmo and D'Arcy, 1820s). There on the quayside were the proverbial three old fishermen. "Would that be a good place to dry out?" (says I, pointing at a spot on Nimmo's wall). "Ah no, ye'd want the hospital for that." I tell you, after a weekend on Bofin, he wasn't far wrong. Clifden is beyond price as the only place in Connemara that has both Aldi and Lidl, or indeed either. It is worth any amount of ditch crawling to get there, and not to have to mortgage the boat to buy a modest bottle. Maybe not what D'Arcy had in mind but an oasis just the same.

Floating rope should be punishable by boiling oil (I've got a little list). Since the demise of the late and unlamented salmon nets, the greatest hazard to life and limb on the west coast is now blue, buoyant polyethylene rope. I know it's dirt cheap and it's easy for the fishermen to pick up with a boathook. But I am damned if I can understand the selfishness of someone who puts forty feet extra on his pots and then lays them in Joyce's Pass. That man should be sent to spend the rest of his life picking up camel dung in the Gobi Desert, before he kills himself or – more likely – somebody else. There is no possibility whatever that our legislators will ever understand what I am talking about, and so I say to you, dear reader, it's the law of the jungle. If you have trouble with this nonsense, cut the rope. Cut it without a qualm, and cut it as short as you can. There's another buoy on the far end anyway.

## Joyce's Pass warning

We were two hundred yards short of Joyce's Pass when we hit the rope. Luckily it was not a lee shore, and we drifted slowly back, anchored by the propeller to a line of pots, before we took our own advice as above and then sailed back to Roundstone. Susan Gray was aboard *Waxwing* on their mooring, and said she'd been admiring our rigour in anchoring under sail. Thanks, said I, but actually we had no choice. Susan and Peter introduced us to a very helpful diver, who not only freed the prop in five minutes the next morning but gave us the benefit of a lifetime's local knowledge, and then turned up in a RIB to pilot us through Joyce's at lunchtime. Henceforth the book will say – based on Martin's advice – *don't* go through Joyce's on a slack tide because the pot lines, if there are any, will be all over the place.

Just to the east of Joyce's Pass, in Ballinaleama Bay, is a handy little temporary anchorage (not in the book, yet) from where you can row ashore and walk over the sandhills to get a view of conditions to the west – not, unfortunately, in the Pass itself, but on the way out of there to the Pass, there is a preview between the islands. The traditional guidance also needs to be modified to this extent. When it comes to making a decision about using the Pass, the swell is more important than the wind, and the two are not necessarily related. It's not a problem in (for example) a strong offshore wind, but a big swell makes it risky. Niall the Owner knows Joyce's rather well and he's even done it under spinnaker.

## Confusing islands!

GPS or no GPS, the most reliable position line is a visual transit, and the west of Ireland has hundreds of them on the charts and in the book. But! For example the north side of Freaghillaun in line with the south side of Shanvallybeg leads north of Puffin Rocks. Unfortunately, looking at these two low, green, identical islands off Renvyle Point, it is quite impossible to tell where Freaghillaun stops and Shanvally begins. In Greatman's Bay, the Building (Conspic) on Inchamakinna isn't there any more. We tried to look at all the charted transits. Where they were visible, we photographed them and deleted many words of description. Where they weren't visible, we just took them out of the book. We have 3433 photographs from the trip.

In Donegal Town, we were invited aboard the waterbus by skipper Nicky Harron for a trip down the river. We spent it in the wheelhouse taking pictures of his chartplotter screen and the view from the windows. Local knowledge, 2011 style, now going into the book. Dominic Sweeney, on the Aranmore ferry, gave us a lot of handy tips as well. We were – in mid-August – the fourth visiting yacht into Westport this year, and we saw two (or possibly three) other cruising yachts during the whole trip, apart from a pre-arranged meet at Inishbofin and *Waxwing* and *Ar Seachrán* at Roundstone. You have to keep a sense of proportion about this coast. It's very quiet.

They don't like to open Achill bridge at the present time. Replaced in 2008, it turns on a much smaller bearing ring than the old one did, and it has been known to jam, which is apt to cause road rage, even in Mayo. Discussions are, as they say, ongoing. There are deep pools, each with visitors moorings, within yards of the bridge, north and south, but they're 35 miles apart by sea. Niall and Mack the Dog joined us on the south side and we made our way to the north side, via the outside. This would have been a pleasure, despite the swell, had it not been for the fact that Mack had rolled in crab bait at Kildavnet pier and came within an ace of being thrown overboard off Achill Head. Given that he has 200 million smell receptors in his nose and I used to have only 5 million in mine, I'm surprised he didn't jump. Achill north sound is very tricky and unmarked, but we made it, and we noted the waypoints for the

book. Niall and I set off in the dinghy to do a bit of shopping for the dinner, but then the outboard shear pin broke and we realised we had forgotten to bring the oars. The tide runs at four knots under the bridge, so we were popped through and ended up twirling about in the south pool. *That's* when the dog jumped overboard. No fool, that animal, despite appearances. But Niall grabbed his collar, we paddled ashore using the shopping bag and the petrol can as oars and then had no choice but to spend two hours in the pub (leaving Mack outside) until the tide turned. Oh, the hardships of this game.

## Check the small print!

Achill Sound and Joyce's Pass are two of many places where the accuracy of the charts (of all kinds) leaves a little to be desired. Achill Bridge is 90 metres southwest of its charted position. A chartplotter track of the approach to Burtonport doesn't coincide with the dredged channel at all, at Killala it's outside the training walls, and we were allegedly tied up in a hotel lobby at Clifden. This goes back to the Ordnance Survey. The paper charts have a general caution about low chart accuracy, but the electronic ones don't. Not unless it's buried in that small print that everybody clicks 'yes' to and nobody reads. It is worth reminding ourselves that our obsession with lat. and long. and precise position on Earth is a phenomenon of the GPS age, and did not exist 20 years ago. The old coastal charts didn't have lat/long scales and didn't need them; a sextant's not much use in Burtonport. Considering that, it's quite astonishing that after 150 years, the charted positions turned out to be so accurate.

Gola, only ten miles short of Bloody Foreland, is not to be missed. Many houses have been restored, mains electricity has been brought to the island, a tearoom has been opened and there is a campsite. The island is occupied seasonally and not year-round, but there is an as-needed ferry service from Bunbeg in summer, and there is plenty of demand. The island was evacuated in 1967 and lay derelict for decades but now the restoration is being led by natives like Eddie Diver, who left Gola as a teenager when the school closed. Their aim is essentially to put the island back the way it was (with added double glazing and central heating), so there are no tasteless Celtic Tiger mansions and (amazingly) no electricity poles – all the cables are underground. At the north end of the island, Eddie has built a memorial to two victims of the Twin Towers attack, who were descendants of Gola islanders. It has become something of a place of pilgrimage.

We had a long conversation with Eddie (so long that the tide came in and the dinghy drifted off). Although he has lived around Bunbeg for most of his life, he sounds (in English) not so much west Donegal but almost like an Islay man. Did the Donegal islands have their own accent, very different from the mainland? I asked him if he had ever been to Islay and if he could understand their Gaelic. He said the old people, yes, easily, but he had trouble with the younger ones. I suspect the schools are teaching a kind of sanitised Edinburgh version of Scots Gaelic, a language which, like Irish, has strong local dialects. The two languages are of course actually one, and there is a continuous spectrum of dialect and accent from Lewis and Harris to Kerry and Cork.

## Aground

Ballyshannon has shiny new leading marks on the bar, and pile beacons all the way up to the town. The bar is, however, quite horrible, and heaves in a sinister manner even when there's little swell (and remember they just hosted the world surfing championships next door). Second in heebie-jeebies only to the Moy. But we had to do it, because it's there. We ran aground only twice, and we followed the channel – still well and newly marked – winding south around a small island in the river, with



The pool between Skerdmore and Skerdbeg, south of Roundstone.

a single house and a private pontoon. **And an overhead 240 volt power line**, the poles tastefully concealed among the trees, and no unsightly warning signs to spoil the leafy vista. We first noticed the slight fizzing noise as the rolled-up jib hit the bare live wire, and then as the two wires were pushed together there was a flash and a bang and the four ends dropped into the water. We had a small charred hole in the sail to show for it. The Coastguard had never heard the like, and Bundoran lifeboat launched to stand by until things were made safe. We have heard no more but the ESB may be getting the bill for the sail repair with a strong note to say they're lucky they're not getting a bill for four funerals and a dog. Ballyshannon could now be listed in the book under the heading Children, Do Not Try This At Home. Unbelievably, there is a grandiose scheme to connect Lough Erne to the sea here, with an estimate of €34 million to build a navigable boat-transit system that might be used by three or four people a year. This scheme is an ill-conceived fantasy, a waste of public money and – given the bar – really quite dangerous, and one must be grateful that given the present state of the nation it will almost certainly never be built.

Also filed under CDNTTAH, though on a happier note, is the currach harbour at M\*\*\*\* Island, which I am not allowed to

tell you about. The neat little drying harbour is hidden behind many reefs and a broken-down outer breakwater with a gap in it six feet wide. At high springs it is just possible to fit the keel of a 38 foot boat through the slot, although under the bilges the water is only four feet deep. Precise local knowledge and a streak of madness are required; Niall has both. He made me promise never to put the place in the Directions, and he need not worry. Reader, you may anchor your boat at the north end of the island (I heartily recommend it, you will soon be able to get there via S\*\*\*\*\* Pass (see above), although you don't have to) and walk over at low tide to view the ultimate rockhopping challenge. And don't blame me if you get into trouble. I didn't let on where it is. I believe the term is "redacted".

We found four uncharted rocks (only one of them by hitting it). The Grand

Admiral and I were out at the Skerds one day, and I was not allowed to land on Skerdmore because (as she said) what was she supposed to do with the boat if I slipped and broke an ankle ashore? We were ticking off the rocks against the chart when a breaker appeared, and kept appearing, where there shouldn't be one. It was 300 metres away from the nearest charted object, in a spot where it was supposed to be 12.5 metres deep. The next day, now with Niall and Paud aboard, we went back out and landed on Skerdmore. The lads were strangely sceptical about our uncharted rock and showed an unhealthy tendency to whisper behind their hands and count the empty bottles aboard. Since the tide was higher and the swell was down I was resigned to being a prophet in the wilderness, until, bless its black heart, our rock broke in a gentle little feather of spray. We got close enough to clock the position, good to at least two decimal places. It is 53Y16'.327N, 9Y59'.311W, and the Admiralty have been informed.

This exploring is a rotten job, but somebody has to do it.

*Many thanks to Connla Magennis, Alan Leonard, Frank Ranalow, Jeffrey and Sally O'Riordan and Colin McMullen for the loan of their old fathoms charts, which proved immensely useful in this work. I am once again indebted to David Whitehead for the immortal words of Commander Edge.*

# A Lady – A trip around the world

Stephen Hyde

Sunday August 28th 2011: Here we are, Aileen and I sitting on board *A Lady*, our Oyster 56, in 40 knots of wind sheltering with 90 other boats and yachts in Smith Cove, Maine, from the worst effects of the oncoming Hurricane 'Irene'. The weather is expected to get much worse over the next 36 hours, so its batten down the hatches and hold tight. At high water, the depth here is 8 metres so we have put out 60 metres of anchor chain and with our 70 kilogram spade anchor feel safe as a house.

So far, in 26 months we have cruised a total distance of 36,395 miles, of which we sailed 30,775 miles and motor-sailed 5,620 miles, visiting 29 different countries and stopping at 131 locations. The great journey had started in June 2009 when we cruised to the Azores to join the ICC/RCC Rally, then continued via Lisbon and Madeira to Gran Canaria in the Canaries, where we were to join the World ARC transatlantic race.

## The A.R.C.

On Sunday November 22nd, *A Lady*, crewed by Mark Newenham, Dermot O'Meara, John O'Connor, Jenny Briarly and me, together with 224 other boats, crossed the starting line for the A.R.C. race from Las Palmas to Rodney Bay, St Lucia, in the Caribbean, a distance of 2,780 miles. Dermot was the only one of us who had made such a long passage.

We flew our new 2,700 square foot Parasail with nothing else for more than 70% of the trip. Apart from one ten-hour spell with no wind, the following wind was generally from 18 to 32 knots, though one night we had over 32 knots. With the Parasail flying, we hand steered the boat as she surfed down waves at 14 knots. By daybreak we were exhausted and as the wind abated, we dropped the kite on deck and goosed-winged the boat for the remainder of the day in a modest 25 knots of wind.

The wear and tear was immense with the result that every day we had to drop the kite on deck and cut 2 feet off the halyard and 1 foot from the guy because the chafing was so serious, Mark tried in vain to protect the sheets and halyards by

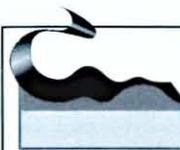


A sea-lion snoring in the cockpit.



THE STRANGFORD CUP

FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE



THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

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



*A Lady* at rest in Dutch East Indies.

sewing leather around them, but the leather was gobbled up like ripe bananas on a Famine Ship.

Our passage took 14½ days, we crossed the finish line first in our class, and the first of 4 Oyster 56's, all in a row.

On crossings like this one learns quickly how to be efficient with domestic affairs, waste storage, food preparation, cooking, cleaning the boat and ourselves, which were greatly facilitated by our freshwater-maker. Even at speeds of 8 or 9 knots we managed some fishing; Mark had the fishing rod out morning noon and night and we caught tuna, gare fish, Mahi mahi and Wahoo. The crew had bought a sextant for the boat, with serious intentions of learning how to navigate the hard way, but by the end of the trip to St Lucia, despite real effort, no-one had mastered the art of the sextant, and to this day, it lies comfortably in its box, along with other good intentions, in a drawer in the port cabin.

The prize-giving in St. Lucia was good fun, and we received many prizes, even one for the artwork on the quay wall in Las Palmas. We spent Christmas in the Grenadines with some of our children, and cruised the Islands – Bequia, Tobago Cays, St Vincent, Petit St Vincent – spent NewYear's Eve in Mustique and returned to Rodney Bay via Bequia, The Pitons, and Marigot Bay. Very definitely Christmas with a difference.

## The World A.R.C.

The World A.R.C. began on Jan 6th 2010, the weather excellent with a light northerly breeze.

The crew consisted of Aileen, Donal McClement, Kevin Dwyer, and me.

Donal suggested we should visit the ABC Islands (Lesser Antilles, or Dutch West Indies) before heading to the San Blas Islands where the rest of the fleet of 28 boats was heading, and we spent a week or so pottering around Curacao and Bonair before setting off again in northwesterly winds to meet the rest of the boats at our first official destination. The wind reached 50 knots at times as we scooted along the northern coast of Colombia with reefed white sails only, often reaching speeds of 11/12 knots as we surfed down the waves, but nonetheless we always managed the sundowners and dinners.

The San Blas Islands were exactly what all blue-water sailors expect, beautiful small sandy islands covered with palm trees; only one or two families living on some islands and the whole lot surrounded with reefs, so the water was always clear and flat, despite the 25 knots wind consistently blowing across the sea, keeping everyone cool,

### Through the Panama Canal

Here we were joined by Grattan Roberts and his son Richard for the trip through the Panama Canal, one of the highlights of the entire trip. Now we had six on board for the next few weeks and everyone enjoyed the company and the Panama crossing; 13 boats from our fleet travelling at night up a rise of about 70 feet through the three locks to Gatun Lake before making our way the following morning across that great man-made lake to the western side of Panama, then down another 3 locks into the Pacific ocean. All milestones for everyone on board,

It was unusual to pass so close to 1,000 foot long ships and cruise liners as they made their way back and forth from the Atlantic to the Pacific. We were told that there is a difference of 9 inches between the level of water in the Pacific and Atlantic, but we could not tell if that is correct or not.

We spent a few wonderful days and nights in Panama City before sailing to the Las Perlas Islands off the west coast of Panama. Grattan and Richard left to fly back to Ireland while we set sail south to La Libertad in Ecuador. No-one enjoyed the place, however Aileen and I paid a visit to Ecuador's capital, Quito where we managed to stand with one foot on either side of the Equator, and see water circulating in opposite directions as it was discharged from containers just 2 metres apart on opposite sides of the Equator.

We had little or no wind as we crossed the Convergence zone, so we had many days of motoring first going south to Ecuador and then back west-northwest to the Galapagos.

The Galapagos Islands were everything that we expected, wonderful diving around Kickers Rock, plus the wild life – iguanas, seals, sea-lions, blue-footed boobies, frigate birds, and much, much more.

Aileen and I went on a 5 day cruise around the Islands while Donal and Kevin were left to take *A Lady* out to sea in the middle of the night to avoid the effects of a Tsunami from an earthquake in Chile. Many of the boats that remained in the harbour of Santa Cruz were badly damaged.

### Snoring seal!

Before leaving the islands we had an amusing experience: Aileen and I were going to bed in the aft cabin when we heard loud snoring, I said "That's funny, I never heard Donal snore this loud before" (he sleeps in the forward cabin,) so we walked to the bow, but the noise quietened. So where was it coming from? We took a look outside and there was this whopping big sea-lion sleeping merrily on the cockpit cushion over the galley. Well blow me down! the beggar! "GET OUT OF THERE".

But he was most reluctant to move, so we had to use the boat hook to move him on, and he showed his displeasure by snapping back as if he was the owner.

After all that, Kevin flew back to Ireland and Aileen and I sailed out across the Pacific Ocean to the French Polynesian Islands.

The French Polynesian Islands are 109 separate, beautiful Islands, in four distinct groups covering some 1.5 million square miles of sea. They are governed by France and the inhabitants naturally all spoke French plus their own Polynesian language, and most could speak some English as well.

The first group, the Marquesas, were almost 3,000 miles from the Galapagos; the passage took us 17 days and was possibly the best sail we had on the whole trip. We often spent hours at night just lying on the deck admiring that silent orchestra of stars up there in the sky; on occasions we had the moon shimmering across the sea while the Milky Way and the planets kept us guessing as to what was what. These wonderful, high islands covered in dense forests were as green as green could be, and brought "Jurassic Park" to mind in terms of the sheer scale of the rocky outcrops and vertical mountains.

From here we sailed south to The Tuamotu Islands, where we visited Manihi, Rangiroa and Tikehau, again beautiful islands. The Islands are atolls encircled by coral reefs rising about 1.5 metres above the water, covered with palm trees. The reefs usually surround large central lagoons, some of which are up to 20 miles long and could become death traps when conditions got violent, as they often do during the cyclone season.

### Paradise found

We thought we had landed in paradise with reefs for swimming and diving plus beaches with pink sand and luxurious holiday resorts.

From these islands we had a lovely sail southwest to Tahiti, and its capital, Papeete, where we spent a couple of weeks exploring the island, attending World ARC parties and prize-giving, we also had *A Lady* lifted, cleaned, and antifouled.

We visited Moorea, Raiatea, and Bora-Bora, and took part in the "Pearl Regatta" – an annual regatta held in the Society islands. This was a great event, and we raced *A Lady* with two young Norwegian lads (Snorre and Stian from *Ronja*).

We sailed west to Roratonga in the Cook Islands where we met Rory Quirke (from Clonakilty) who lives there with his wife and family, including his in-laws the Tierneys. Interestingly, John Tierney's grandfather was a cooper in Middleton distilleries where my uncle Denis Daly worked along with the Crocketts as part of the management team until his death a few years ago.

Aileen flew home from Tahiti for a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, we were joined in Bora Bora by John Chesbrough (Scotty), so there were still three on board. We explored Roratonga on hired scooters, which turned into a crisis when Snorre (from *Ronja*) had a soft landing on Donal when their scooter crashed on loose gravel. Donal ended up in the intensive care unit of the local hospital and was lucky to survive the ordeal. A few days later we had to leave Roratonga and leave our badly injured patient behind, but the Tierneys took good care of him, mothering and smothering him until he was well enough to travel again.

Scotty and I sailed *A Lady* with the other boats from Roratonga to our next destination in Niue, where we had a 72-hour stopover with the rest of the fleet. Niue was interesting; there was no harbour, so we moored off the leeward coast where the town pier had a large hoist for lifting the dinghies out of the water, plus all the Island's supplies when they arrived once a week. Here we went swimming with electric eels whose mouths were too small to inflict a bite to humans, much to the amusement of all the fleet. We also had an organised dinner in a

Mormon restaurant, which consisted of raw food (mainly fish) marinated in coconut oil and without the benefit of wine or alcohol of any description to ease the situation.

72 hours later we sailed west again, under spinnaker for a two days in ideal conditions, to the Vavau group of Islands in Tonga, where we were rejoined by Aileen, Donal and Margaret How. Poor Donal, he still looked shook after his accident and had a goodly mark on his forehead (known locally as a Cook Island tattoo) but otherwise was happy to be back on board. Tonga was a dream cruising area, with a great selection of small sandy islands and beaches, beautiful warm, clear, blue water, but with a frightening collection of coral reefs. These reefs were the perfect diving grounds, but on the other hand needed so much care in navigating our way through the maze of corals. The collection of wrecks scattered throughout the islands was a sharp reminder of how dangerous this place can be for the careless or inexperienced sailors. The World ARC organised another great party here, which included a whole roast pig on a spit, and a few interesting tours of the vanilla groves.

The World A.R.C. was well-worth the cost of taking part in their Rally. They organised all the paperwork and clearances for the passage through the Panama Canal, they organised moorings, marinas, (most with big discounts and some totally free) in all places on the trip. They arranged for customs officials to visit the boats and clear everyone into, and out of, each port, which was a great benefit to everyone in the fleet, and advised on flights and travel plans. Not to mention the parties, prizes (real ones and fun ones) and drinks.

### A family of travellers

As we travelled further and further, the fleet became more and more like a big family, a family of travellers ready to come together and help one another when required, with a daily SSB radio roll call at 09.00 logging the position of each boat and any reported damage, the weather conditions, and a weather forecast for the area every two days. All very helpful and comforting.

Every day on *A Lady*, we would gather together after the radio call and compare our position in the fleet against our position of the previous day, checking our performance and working out our handicap. Each member of the crew would have to guess how much we gained over the 24 hours and this became one of the daily highlights. Our days and nights at sea were made up of watches, usually 3 hours each during the night, then naps during the day, we would take turns in making lunch, and dinner, (the real focus every day while we were at sea). This was usually around 18.30 and the competition to make the dinner was intense. Donal always got the prize for the gravy (he certainly cooked at least 40% of the dinners), plus the large rum and cokes he would serve before dinner, (no one ever complained).

We departed Tonga in early June and sailed west to Savu Savu in Fiji. Our arrival was at midnight, in 40 knots of wind blowing straight up our transom. It was as black as the ace of spades, no lights or marks anywhere and we were sailing straight onto a lee shore surrounded with coral reefs, and had to navigate a right-angled bend in the centre of the reefs through a channel only half a mile wide, totally relying on the chart plotter. The roaring waters will remain in our minds forever, but at the same time it was exciting sailing.

We cruised down the east coast of Fiji visiting the original capital Levuka, en-route to the present capital Suva on the southern Island of Viti Levu (otherwise known as Soggy Suva and it lived up to its name). It poured rain for most of the time we spent cruising this area and the weather only improved when we sailed around to the western side of Fiji. The town of Denarau was continuously sunny, dry and surrounded with sandy beaches and palm trees, a total contrast to the east coast which was rocky, green and very, very wet.

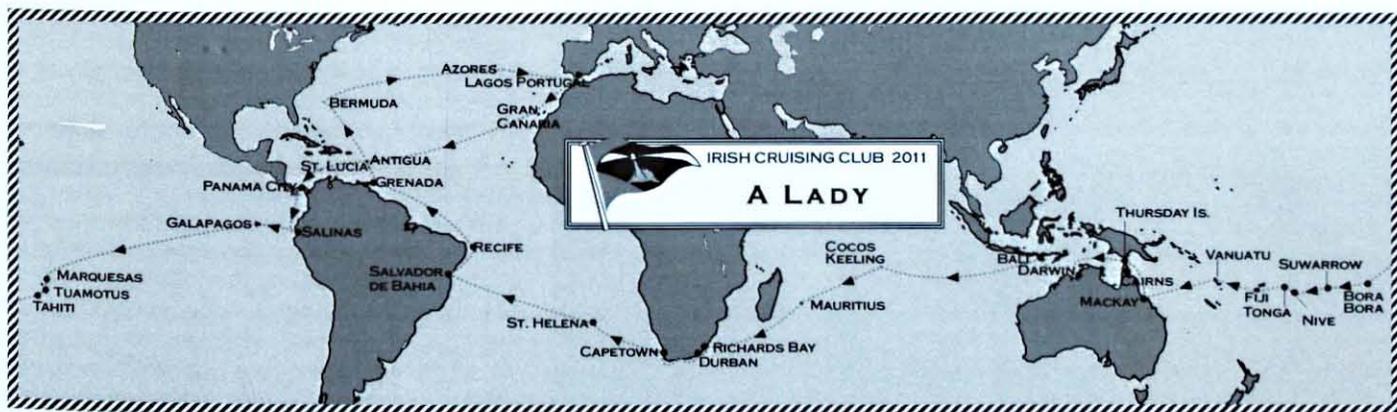
### Aground on reefs

An interesting thing; nine boats on the trip managed to go aground on coral reefs at one stage or another between Tahiti and Fiji, but only one was so badly damaged that it could not continue the cruise.

From Denarau we sailed out to Musket Cove, an island resort 10 miles offshore, where we joined the rest of the fleet again. This place was magic, full of charm and all the toys for adults and children alike, including a 15,000 foot sky-dive which a few of us just had to do. This is how it went: our young pilot, Tess, announced we were at 5,000 feet, then 10,000 feet, and finally 15,000 feet, with 500 yards to the drop zone, "Oh my god"! Looking down, the islands below were just like dots in a mass of pale blue water, (did you ever get that feeling where your whole body goes limp, yes, like jelly), and now we had to jump. I closed my eyes as we rolled out the door into the blasting cold air and a couple of seconds later we were free-falling with outstretched arms towards the dots below. The rushing air was intoxicating as we plunged to 5000 feet before opening the parachute and gently gliding to the ground. Definitely not for the faint-hearted and, 'done that! never again!'

30th June 2010, we said good bye to Margaret and Donal, a sad time for us all, we enjoyed their company and now they were leaving, Margaret after a month and Donal 6 months.

At midday on July 3rd 2010 the fleet set sail for Tanna, one of the most southerly islands in the Vanuatu group, and home to a live and active volcano. One of the first things to do of course was to view the active volcano at dusk, but en-route to the volcano we were treated to some interesting native dancing, where the all-male dancers, with their family jewels wrapped in straw and wearing nothing else, appeared from a massive



World map with ARC route.



Blue Foot Boobies in the Galapagos.

banyan tree to perform their ritual dance. Banyan trees were used in the days of cannibalism as trophy cabinets, where the skulls of eaten victims were displayed as evidence of the sacrifices to the gods.

This was definitely the poorest Island we visited on the entire journey. Lighting in the bamboo houses and the one or two restaurants was by straw torches, oil lamps, or candles; the only electricity on the Island was at the young boys' school. A meal of raw marinated fish served on banana leaf plates, eaten with the fingers, in candle light, cost the equivalent of €1 each. An interesting experience.

While anchored here, some of us went wild-boar hunting with just dogs and spears.

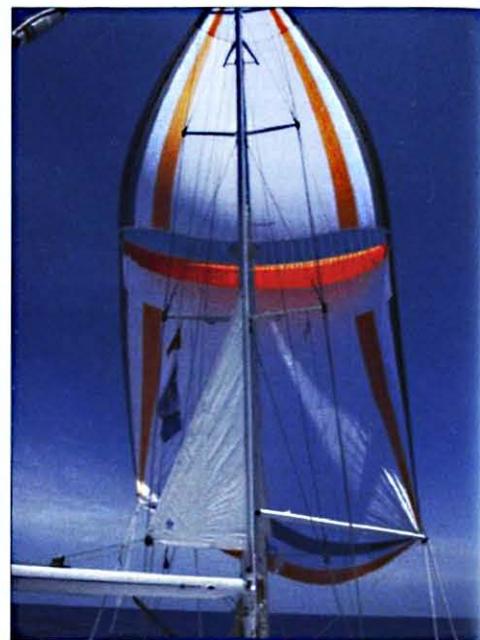
From Vanuatu, we sailed west again 1250 miles to Mackay in Australia. We won our class and also the overall prize. In fact we collected more than a few prizes on the way here.

Australia was one of the places to which we could not import food, so we had to make sure everything was eaten or thrown overboard before arriving.

We reached the "Hydrographers Passage", a 100 mile



The Marquesas Islands.



A Lady under her kite (parasail).

passage through the Great Barrier Reef, where we had a rough time beating into a 38 knot wind, and which we had to share with ships of all shapes and sizes, mostly coal ships on their way to or from China.

Scotty departed for home (Scotland) in Mackay, and we were joined by our friends Niall and Mary O'Reilly from Howth.

Our first impression was that Australia was expensive for visiting yachts and like many other places, transient sailors were at the mercy of boat-yards and service providers who know only too well they will never see you again. This could often result in poor workmanship which only manifested itself a few weeks later, hundreds of miles out to sea.

The four of us cruised *A Lady* up to Cairns through the Whit Sunday Islands. The islands were picturesque and user-friendly, except for one nasty reef that tore Mary's leg while swimming, but some careful nursing and TLC soon had Mary back in action again. We had plenty of whale sightings as we sailed merrily northwards, and some mechanical problems with the generator, which eventually got repaired (yet again). The wild

life in these islands included swarms of pretty blue butterflies, pure white parrots, lots of love birds, the whales and so on, but then, north of Cairns, we had crocodiles, the deadly monster of the Australian coast. These pests, coupled with Box Jellyfish meant no more swimming; as they say "If it doesn't kill you with a sting, it will just eat you alive"

We loved Cairns, the marina was right in the centre of town, so we could walk everywhere in town from the boat. We took the mountain train to Karunda, a small old gold-mining town on top of the mountains, and returned over the rain forests in the worlds longest cable-car ride. A memorable experience.

We continued north around Cape York and across some shallow waters passing Tuesday and Wednesday Islands before reaching Thursday Island, where the whole fleet gathered for one night, in advance of sailing in ideal conditions across the northern coast of Australia to Darwin. We had flown the kite for three days and nights

and covered 660 miles in the 3 days; a great sail enjoyed by the four of us.

At Darwin, most of the fleet were based at 'Tipperary Waters' marina, which was entered through a series of lock gates. Niall and Mary left here and returned home after one month in our company. Once again it was sad to see our friends leave, but that's life.

We had one great night here with Christos (a Greek doctor in his 70s living in Germany) at the marina's waterside restaurant called 'Christos sea food cafe' (Also Greek). The party which included a full roast pig and as much sea food as you could imagine, was held for a few friends that helped Christos on his journey across the oceans – in particular on a rough hike up the mountains in Ecuador. The flamboyant Greeks are almost as good as the Irish for quality and quantity of alcohol they can consume.

Aileen and I did a couple of tours of the Northern Territory including Catherine's Gorge,



Tahiti & Society Islands.



St. Helena.

Kakatou National park, and some other less well-known areas.

This is a very different type of landscape to what we had seen so far, dry and barren for half the year and then totally flooded and humid for the other half. Do you know that Darwin has approx 30,000 lightning hits a day during their monsoon period.

Among the people we met were some Irish girls working and enjoying life here. We also heard that a retired gentleman, Ian Modjo, from Kupang, West Timor, had written an interesting article for a sailing magazine called "Cruising Helmsman" of Australia, about his dreams of sailing on *A Lady* while stranded in Darwin! We never got to meet him but enjoyed his article, which was given to us by Paul Tetlow of the World ARC. Paul was a great ambassador for his company, and would you believe this – his mother cooked us a Christmas cake which he gave us when we were in Cape Town.



The beautiful Tuamotu Islands.

the marina was poor, badly-built and badly-maintained, and located at the river estuary which was more like a floating dump. Waste disposal in Indonesia is not important and we saw evidence of this for at least a couple of hundred miles as we sailed out into the Indian Ocean,

We left Bali on September 13th and had a great race with *Destiny* a German catamaran, to the Cocos Keeling Islands (1,110 miles). This time its new helmsman was Thomas Wibberenz, the same person that had sold us the Parasail back in Las Palmas. Up to now we had never seen *Destiny* because she was always far behind, but now she took off so fast that she sailed out of sight far ahead, so out with our kite, which we flew morning, noon and night, until we eventually crossed the finish line 6½ days later at 01.57, five minutes ahead of *Destiny*. Ohhh. we were happy bunnies again.

### **Panic attack!**

The Cocos Keeling Islands were another group of beautiful Islands, or rather, one large atoll with a bunch of small sandy islands inside the coral reefs. We swam around the boat every day with our new friends, five small cream-coloured sharks with a black tip on their dorsal fins, (aptly named Black Tip sharks). We spent seven days here before panic set into the fleet, driven mostly by the owners of an English boat. The weather forecast was very poor, with gale to storm force winds expected in the area. Boats began to depart on different days, so the World ARC had no option but to abandon the official start and race to the next island, Mauritius, just 2,350 miles to the west. We, along with six other yachts began our trip on the 26th (the original official start date) and the weather began to decline rapidly, with winds gusting up to 50 knots, big confused seas and continuous rain for five days; we considered this leg one of the most uncomfortable parts of our overall trip. And we had the pirates to think about. Luckily for us they did not come quite as far south as our rhumb line, but out there one never knows, and their range is increasing each year with the use of larger 'Mother' ships.

We spent two week in Mauritius, another beautiful Island, even if my pleasure was somewhat diminished as I had to have painful kidney stones removed at one of their first-class Clinics. We were Joined by Terry's wife Colette, and sailed to Reunion Island, 130 miles to the west. This French island was another paradise where we enjoyed the lush green countryside and French cooking. We were based in a harbour a good distance from the town, and here we were invaded by millions of moths every evening at 18.00 for 60 minutes., We still had some of these blighters on board six months later; despite all our best efforts they found their way into the presses, lockers, clothes and knickers; as Terry often said, "enough to make a shepherd kick his dog."

After 7 days, on October 30th 2010, we sailed west again for 1365 miles to Richards Bay in South Africa. The route took us down around the southern tip of Madagascar, where we often encountered 4 knot adverse currents. This was followed by a well-organised dash across the Agulhas current, (a current which runs northeast along the coast of South Africa and can reach 6 knots at peak times). Mix this with a strong northeasterly gale and you get some of the most dangerous seas anywhere in the world. We had a tough passage, arriving in Richards Bay 9 days later.

What can one say about South Africa. After a great welcome, we hired a car and did a number of safaris before Terry and Colette departed home from Durban, Terry having crossed the Indian Ocean with us, a distance of over 6,000 miles and Colette having sailed 1,500 miles.

### **Feeding frenzy**

From Richards Bay, we sailed southwest to Durban, then Port Elizabeth, where we encountered the biggest fish-feeding frenzy we ever saw; we counted 24 whales in 15 minutes, not to mention all the sharks, dolphins, seals, sea-lions, and then all the sea birds, gannets, seagulls, terns, etc. The sea was boiling with activity and gave off a real strong fishy odour. We spent a few days in Port Elizabeth where Aileen's aunt 'Stani' was a Dominican nun for 77 years. We paid a visit to the convent and our respects to Sister Stanislaus. R.I.P.

From there we sailed to Knysna, a magnificent lagoon on the south coast, entered through a narrow rocky entrance. There, by chance, we met Sham and Emily Riordan and spent a few good days in their company, touring inland in their car for a weekend, before sailing on again around the Horn of Africa and up to Cape Town, where we moored at the V & A basin beside the famous Cape Grace Hotel, right in the centre of town.

We had a great view of Table mountain, a place we had to visit, together with meeting all the contacts we had from home, including Kevin Dwyer's first cousins, David and Mary Legg, plus Robin Clapham and partner Irene. All this made for a memorable time in Cape Town, a beautiful place, but one where we had to be very careful at night. No nightly walks around the town here on your own.

Looking back on our journey down the coast of South Africa we escaped lightly, with only one occasion when we had to return to a port because the weather became very wild resulting in very rough seas. Some of the other boats in the World ARC fleet got caught out in severe conditions, with two boats having to be towed to a port because of damage to their steering.

We returned home for Christmas 2010 and attended the ICC dinner before returning to Cape Town in Jan 2011 and, with Shaun and Emily Riordan on board, sailing northnorthwest 1700 miles to St Helena. With a following breeze we had a great sail to this most interesting island where Napoleon spent the last six years of his life. We had to climb 'Jacobs Ladder' a steep set of more than 600 steps from the port right to the top of the hill where the stone fort is located, but it was well worth the effort just for the views out over the bay.

### **St Helena to Brazil**

We had a 72 hour stopover in St Helena, and then sailed 1900 miles west in an ever-fading breeze to Salvador in Brazil. We hooked lots of big fish as we got close to Brazil but the lines and tackle were not strong enough to bring them on board. We watched our next meal vanish so often into the dark blue sea. Then on January 31st we all observed that elusive 'Green Flash' as the sun set into the horizon.

Salvador, in Bahia Bay, is a very old port where millions of people go swimming on the beaches every day listening to their loud reggae music blasting out over the water. Brazil is a thriving economy at present, supplying a lot of minerals to China. The Yacht Club here boasts a number of swimming pools, including one 50m pool, and too many restaurants to mention. People with money have plenty, and those that have none live in shanty towns and timber box's, hanging out over the cliffs and often standing on the rocky shores supported with thin unstable timber legs. But they all love the water and at 28°C, why not.

Shaun and Emily flew back to Cape Town while Aileen and I flew to the Iguazu Falls on the border of Brazil and Argentina. These spectacular falls were used in the film 'The Mission'. We also cruised around Bahia Bay, up some of the rivers to remote villages and really got a feel of the local way of life, before leaving this area and sailing north 471 miles to Recife. We spent two nights at sea with some spectacular lightning

displays, plus a great collection of oil rigs glowing with huge flames burning off their waste gases.

We spent two weeks in Recife with the rest of the fleet. The Carnival was in full swing with the main emphasis on drink, processions, music, sun and sex. One German even found himself a new young wife, while others got mugged walking back to the boat marina early one afternoon. However, all in all, it was a great experience.

The marina was very poor and most of the fleet were aground at low water, albeit in soft mud, but on the other hand the attached club had two large swimming pools, tennis courts, BBQ areas, restaurants and so on, and they all served us well. The yacht clubs in Brazil seemed more like social clubs than sailing clubs – clubs for the rich and famous, with little or no real signs of any sailing activity.

### Awesome Amazon

At the end of the two weeks, we set sail again, on our last leg north along the coast of South America to Grenada and in to the Caribbean. We passed the awesome Amazon estuary; about 100 miles off-shore the colour of the fresh water was still obvious for all to see.

This passage of 2,200 miles was tough, we encountered strong head winds and strong currents against us for at least 50% of the way. Our third crew member was Susanna from the World A.R.C.; poor Susanna was so sick almost the entire trip, as we encountered high winds and big seas until we passed Tobago.

We arrived in St Georges, Grenada, on March 21st 2011, where we were welcomed by the World ARC team as usual, and also by a large contingent of local Irish residents including Diana Yohannan (nee Thompson) originally from Cork.

This was the official end of the World A.R.C. circumnavigation trip. However we had other things in mind, and three weeks later we took part in the Oyster Regatta in Grenada, finishing 4th overall in our class.

In May we sailed *A Lady* back up to St. Lucia and collected our friends the McMillans from Belfast, who sailed with us for 12 days up through the Caribbean to Antigua, where they left and returned home. The weather was rather poor, with monsoon rains at times, but we made the most of it.

From Antigua, Aileen and I sailed, or rather, motor-sailed the

boat up to the British Virgin Islands, where we spent a few days and then onto Bermuda. The seas were generally flat and the winds light and fickle, unlike the tropics where the wind rarely went below 18 knots and our speed rarely below 7 knots.

We spent two weeks in Bermuda and enjoyed everything about the island, the friendly people, the history, the museums, the antique boats etc. etc.

### Bermuda to New York

Finally we had to leave as the hurricane season was almost upon us, so off we motor-sailed again northwards to New York, then up the East River, Long Island Sound, Martha's Vinyard, Nantucket, Provincetown, Portsmouth New Hampshire. We spent time in Portsmouth where we were joined by our son Paul and his daughters, Emily, Rachel, and Annabel, and we all sailed from there to Portland, Maine, in thick fog – a familiar sight in this area, not to mention all the lobster-pots, millions of them. They would be as thick as the mussel farms in Ireland.

From Portland we sailed northeast to Booths Bay, where we joined the New York YC cruise in company, up through the Islands of Maine culminating in Camden a week later.

A wonderful experience, and of course in Camden we met Brian Smullen, Micheal O'Flaherty and Shane Flynn. We also met David and Joan Nicholson and friends on *Mollihawk's Shadow* in Camden at the start of their short cruise.

We were invited on this cruise by Tom Delaney and his lovely wife Linda, who we met at Pilots Point Marina in Connecticut on our way north, Tom, like so many others we met, is of Irish extraction and had cruised in Ireland many years ago, Oh, such a small world, and just to emphasise that point, while in Pilots Point, we met Aileen's friend Jacinta Rafferty and family, Jacinta (nee Power) grew up with Aileen in Killarney and now lives only a couple of miles from Pilots Point.

We started not knowing what to expect. We finished in what eventually became a very small world, having encountered gales, storms, doldrums, tsunamis, volcanoes, earthquakes, and finally, in fog, the end of Hurricane Irene.

The Irish, what can we say, they were everywhere, and so helpful, so often saving our bacon. The World ARC, without them would have been a lonely trip at times.

## Extracts from 'A Sailor's Dictionary'

### Abandon

1. Wild state in which a sailor acquires a boat
2. Wild state in which a sailor relinquishes a boat

### Berth

Any horizontal surface whose total areas does not exceed one half of the surface area of an average man at rest, onto which at least one litre of some liquid seeps during any 12-hour period and above which there are not less than 10 kilograms of improperly secured objects.

### Cabin

A cramped, closet-like compartment below deck where crew members may be stored – on their sides if large or on end if small – until needed.

### Deviation

Unnatural love of the sea.

### Engine

Sailing boats are equipped with a variety of engines, but all work on the "Internal Destruction Principle" in which highly machined parts are rapidly converted into low-grade scrap, producing in the process energy in the form of heat, which is used to boil bilge water, vibration, which improves the muscle tone of the crew, and a small amount of rotational force, which drives the average small sailing boat at speeds approaching a furlong per fortnight.

### Fluke

1. The portion of an anchor that digs securely into the bottom, holding a boat in place.
2. Any occasion when this occurs on the first try.

### Galley

1. **Ancient:** Aspect of seafaring associated with slavery.
2. **Modern:** Aspect of seafaring associated with slavery.

# A Season with Crew

Cormac McHenry

For the winter of 2010 *Island Life* stayed afloat in the Marina of Club Nautico de Portosin in the Ria de Muros in northwest Spain. It is an excellent Club with a very fine club house and restaurant and very friendly and competent mariners. The office is also extremely friendly and the staff have good English. The Club has a small number of berths free over the winter, though space on the hard is fully occupied by their members. Its main disadvantage is that Portosin is relatively small and isolated. I found the best way to get there was via Santiago de Compostela, to which Aer Lingus flies directly from Dublin during the summer, and from there a bus to Noia which takes about an hour, followed by taxi.

I got back on board on May 3rd and spent a frustrating 3 weeks waiting for the north winds, which were up to gale force at times, to ease. A few boats came in, having had a hammering crossing Biscay and coming down the Spanish coast. Apart from wind they also reported very rough seas, particularly off the coast, conditions I had no intention of experiencing while heading north to La Coruña where I was to be joined by Andy McCarter from Donegal and his partner Paddy. Andy has been a member of ICC since 2000 and keeps his boat in La Gomera where they winter in their apartment. He was keen to be involved in the ICC Rally in Brittany which I intended to join.

A pattern of northerly winds and rain with no sign of change was forecast from GRIB and Windguru for the next few weeks, so on the one day when the wind dropped completely I took the opportunity of putting on the staysail and changing from the genoa to the yankee for a more pleasant crossing of Biscay and the subsequent sailing with the family in Brittany. Thoughts of getting away were banished when in the late afternoon the wind returned, and the following day all but one short race in the Portosin Regatta had to be cancelled. I started to get more and more worked up, a big part of my frustration being that even after 50 years of sailing I have not yet come to terms with the fact that I cannot control the weather!

I had the boat lifted out for quick scrub, aware that while there are plenty of nutrients in the sea for the abundant fish

stock the hull was very clean even after a winter afloat. WiFi works well in the marina so I was able to keep up with the Queen's and Obama's visits and sadly also Garret FitzGerald's death.

A British boat with Frank Stapleton, who writes meteorological articles for OCC and yachting magazines, came in, heading south and he confirmed my reading of the GRIB files indicating no northerly winds the following day. I decided to make a break for Camarinas and motored all the way. However the northerlies were back the following day at 15-20 knots with white horses outside the harbour. It was several days later before I could head for La Coruña.

On this leg my laptop, which I was using for navigation with its set of Navionics charts and a GPS feed, crashed terminally, the hard drive gone. Fortunately I had not only a complete set of paper charts but also my iPad which, with its built in GPS, functioned as a chart plotter. I like it because the charts are exact copies of the Imray charts which I am used to.

The last leg to La Coruña got me into a berth in the Darsina in the centre of the city. It is a little more expensive than the other three marinas but is so well located, and with the use of the old clubhouse (lunch, three courses and a bottle of wine €13) I was quite content.

I had planned to do some sailing along the north Galician coast before Andy arrived, but in the end had no time to do so. I had got, through Cadenote in Sada, a new gas cylinder for my old Kemp rod-kicker, but had difficulty fitting it and in the end after to-ing and fro-ing by bus to Sada, a mechanic was sent to do the job. I had been having difficulty putting in the slab reefs because of the weight of the main and the sail; now with the boom correctly supported it is much easier to reef.

Dan and Jill Cross arrived from Sada marina in Yoshi where they had spent the winter and they entertained me to a pleasant dinner on board. Andy and Paddy arrived via Santiago and I immediately set Paddy to work getting him to start the outboard and do other things. It was great to have crew on board!

Gale warnings for FitzRoy and Biscay made us postpone our departure. Finally on Saturday June 18th the forecast was for west-southwest 5-7 so off we went. Had I been single-handed I would not have gone, and I felt very queasy for about 12 hours while Andy and Paddy were fine. I had loaded the Imray chart package onto my iPad and with the internal GPS we had a constant position update. By Monday it was calm with poor visibility but here the AIS was a great help. The only (albeit major) problem being that ships, e.g. trawlers, of less than 300 tonnes do not have to carry an AIS unit and they are the ones which cause most problems.

Into Ile de Groix marina to be greeted by the Commodore and guided into a snug berth. So started a most relaxed and casual Rally. Dan Cross stuck to the style of organisation he had promised, and all the events "worked out on the night". The Rally finished in La Trinité-sur-Mer where the whole of the visitors' pontoon had been reserved for us, and after a final



Casually dressed Commodore Michael McKee (as instructed by Rally organiser Dan Cross), with Andy and Paddy McCarter

dinner, it was over. Andy and Paddy departed for home and I took *Island Life* across the entrance to the Morbihan, with a crew of my daughter Susan, her husband and children, to a berth in Crouesty marina. Problems with the fresh-water pump had developed at the end of the cruise, but I managed to get and install a new one in Crouesty.

We had a family celebration over the next few weeks in a house not far away; its heated outdoor swimming pool proved a greater attraction than drifting round in Grandad's boat, but I did get various members of the family out on a couple of occasions before all departed for home.

Ron and Anne Cudmore joined me in early August and we departed east to Pornichet, with no problems. However the following days it blew hard so walks along the seafront towards Saint Nazaire kept us fit. We started to plan our trip south across the Bay and decided we would visit the Ile d'Yeu and use it as our jumping off point. We berthed in Port Joinville Marina, which was absolutely packed; we ended up with 6 boats outside us. One night was enough, our next port was to be Gijon. Not a breath of wind was the pattern for this part of the trip. Biscay was flat calm, there would have been more ripples on the pond in St Stephen's Green in Dublin!

The engine was in continuous use and every so often it decided to give us a thrill by dropping revs and almost stopping. Anne and Ron diagnosed fuel filter blockages and wanted me to change them. But operating on the "if it's not broken don't fix it" principle I left it, so apart from minor heart attacks brought on by will it/won't it last, it kept going. As my ultimate destination was Sada, Ron suggested we go further west than Gijon to shorten my leg so on Friday 12th August we arrived in Ribadeo. Total crossing time just under 2 days, the engine made it! It had been an extraordinary passage across the Bay; Ron had tried to fill the yankee several times but there was never enough wind to stop it flapping.

Ron and Anne left to drive the 850 kilometres to Barcelona and thence to fly home. During a day of heavy showers I changed the two diesel filters and was glad the bolts etc were falling onto a flat floor rather than rolling all over the place, as the would have been had we been at sea. I set out for my favourite "secret" anchorage in Spain in Ria del Barquero. When I got there I found it was no longer very secret and I had to share it with German and Danish boats. It is completely sheltered and gave me a calm night with no roll. Heading west, there were white horses off Cabo Prior, the first I had seen for weeks. By 17.00 I was into a berth in Sada Marina. East of La Coruña and with



Cormac and Barbara McHenry.

much better yard facilities. Barbara and I had checked it out the previous year and thought it would be a good place for a refit.

Overall I did not find it an easy season, dogged by too much or too little wind, combined with interruptions for repairs which hindered the coastal exploring I had hoped to do in both Spain and Brittany, and enforced bouts of harbour rot. However the cruise did fulfil my objectives of participating in an enjoyable ICC Rally in Brittany, followed by our family celebration with *Island Life* as wife no. 2 (Barbara's description!). Also for the first time in 20 years I sailed with crew and I would like to thank both Andy and Paddy and Ron and Anne for their assistance, company and toleration.



A trio of Commodores: McHenry, McKee, Fitzgerald.

# Slowly to the Med in *Tidal Dancer*

David Jones

We bought our Oceanis 43, *Tidal Dancer*, with the aim of taking her to the Mediterranean. Not having done a lot of cruising, there were many places we wanted to visit on the way, particularly Brittany and Galicia. This then became the aim of the 2011 season with a target of getting as far as Portugal.

The Irish summer commenced in mid-April and ended at the beginning of May. We had hoped to leave in the early part of the month and were lucky to get a weather window that enabled us to depart from Howth at 05.00 on Thursday 12th, heading south. I was accompanied by my friends Derek and Dermot; we experienced quite blustery conditions all down the east coast, southwest 4-5, occasionally 6. Thankfully it eased during the evening giving us a reasonably comfortable night passage. A little over 32 hours later we picked up a mooring in New Grimbsy Sound in the Isles of Scilly. We spent two very pleasant days in the Isles, the next night anchoring in Porth Cressa. The last time I had passed through the Scillies was in the early 80s, helping to deliver a brand new First 45 from Les Sables d'Olonne to Howth. I have two main memories of that stop, one was nearly being arrested by the local police as we tried to hide our drinks under the table after closing time. The other involved sitting on the quayside in the pouring rain, using our feet to try and prevent the boat scraping on the quay wall.

Having spent a night in Newlyn we continued on to Falmouth where we spent a few days in the Visitors' Yacht Haven. This gave me a chance to spend a little time with my mother who has lived there for many years. Dermot, who was having a big job done on his house left us for home, so we were now down to just two. We made a very nice trip up the Fal River to just north of the King Harry Ferry, before returning downstream and heading off to Fowey, then to Plymouth the next day. Generally we had pretty good weather along the south of England, unlike the gales that were blowing at home, but next day was forecast to be rough so we spent the time in Plymouth catching up with laundry, emails etc and more importantly watching Leinster win the Heineken Cup. For the second year in a row I spent my birthday on board, this year sailing from Plymouth to Salcombe and later in the Victoria Inn. It was blowing hard next day so we unfortunately had to abandon our plan to go to Dartmouth.

Trish was flying over to meet us in Guernsey which gave us a deadline. With this in mind we departed Salcombe at 08.00 on Tue 24th. We had a stonking good sail across the Channel in a southwesterly to westerly 3-4, with *Tidal Dancer* romping along at 7.5 to 8 knots. This rates as the best bit of extended sailing we have had on her to date. We covered 70 odd miles in just over 10 hours, berthing on the visitors pontoon in St Peter Port at 18.30. Staying on the visitors pontoon entails using the dinghy to get in and out, however we elected to stay there as there was a high chance of being neaped in the Victoria Marina. Trish arrived on the ferry from Jersey next day and we were taken in hand by David and Carol Rowe from Howth who now live in Guernsey, David in fact used to sail with Derek on his Shamrock, *Champagne* some years back.

## Storm force

The storm force winds that were blowing in the north Irish Sea blew as a normal gale in the Channel Islands so we were taken on a sightseeing tour of the island by David and Carol. The



wind having abated next morning, Trish and I caught the ferry over to Sark. It is a beautiful island to walk around and we covered most of it, stopping for a lovely alfresco lunch in Stocks Hotel. The Rowes treated us to a home cooked dinner that evening and next morning we set off on a rather lumpy sail to St Helier in Jersey.

From a practical point of view it was very interesting to have to deal with the huge tidal ranges in this part of the world, sure I had to deal with 3-4 metre tides as in Howth but 10 metres is another ball game. Virtually all marinas had times that entry and exit was not possible which adds a bit of spice to passage planning. We stayed three days in St Helier, one of which was spent in Gorey, toured the magnificent castle and enjoyed another alfresco lunch of crab and lobster on the pavement outside a small restaurant. Using the local bus service once again Trish and I went to St. Brelades Bay for a walk and some lunch next day.

## Leaving the English-speaking world behind

It was now time to leave the English-speaking world and head across to France, Brittany of course. Our first port of call was the brand new marina in St Cast le Guildot, a little soulless but with good facilities. The pretty resort town was a 10 minute cliff-bottom promenade walk, looking up at some magnificent holiday mansions on the cliff-top. Next afternoon, 1st June, we made the short trip to St Malo. After waiting about an hour for the lock we berthed in Port Vauban. This marina is in a magnificent location, right beside the walled city with its many restaurants, shops, pubs etc. A walk round the walls is well worthwhile. For the next few days we sampled what the city had to offer, including meeting a group of Scottish golfers who wanted to buy us drink all night; yes they were Scottish! The harbour master was very helpful and I negotiated a price to leave the boat there for two weeks. We then set off home by train and plane. Two weeks later I was back with Derek; our mission this time was to get the boat to Brest.

We spent a few days back in St Malo with a couple from home who were touring France in their motor-home. Then on the 20th June we exited the lock at 10.00 and set sail. The prevailing wind on the north Brittany coast is westerly and unfortunately that was the direction we were headed. This led to a lot of close-winded motor-sailing with main only. We routed via St Quay Portrieux, Tréguier, Trébeurden and L'Aberwrach before turning south through the Chenal du Four, needless to say at that point the wind turned southerly, thankfully light. Places of note on route were the Passe de la Gaing, a shortcut from the east into the river leading up to Tréguier. This looks very challenging on the charts but is pretty straightforward in good conditions with accurate visual and electronic navigation. The river itself is very pleasant and the old town of Treguier is really pretty. Next day we missed the sill closing time in Trebeurden and had to hove to in rather uncomfortable conditions outside for over three hours. With a bad forecast for the next day, Roscoff was not a good alternative. A new marina is due to open there next year which should be a good bolt-hole on that coast, although I don't know whether it will be tidal. The weather turned warm and sunny as we cruised up the Rade de Brest and into the Marina du Château.

Not long after we docked Trish arrived from home. After the normal greetings I had to inform her that I had been unable to pee for the last two days and felt I should visit the local hospital as I was becoming somewhat worried. This we duly did and were pleased to find that the French Health System lived up to its good reputation. I was seen within an hour, given various tests and admitted for two nights, it was of course a weekend. I hadn't been to hospital for over 30 years and had forgotten how bad the food could be, yes it was the same in France! The care I received was excellent in spite of all communication being conducted in "Franglais". Thankfully the doctor looking after me spoke reasonable English. Two days later I was released with packets of antibiotics etc. That day Derek left us as he had to return home. Needless to say I was reluctant to leave the Brest area until I was happy that my functions were working properly again so we spent the next two days in Brest. The weather was still lovely so we elected to cruise up the River Aulne.

### **Wrong coloured buoy!**

If you are spending some time in the Brest area this is a very worthwhile trip. It winds through lovely rural rolling scenery. Above a certain point the river is unmarked but by taking the advice of the pilot book, keeping to the centre and on the outside of bends, you should not have any trouble. After about 4.5 hours we arrived at the pretty Guile Glaz Lock. This allows access to the canal to Nantes, built by Napoleon to bypass the British blockade. The canal is wide and generally deep. We were cruising along upstream and taking an interest in a hotel that was mentioned in the cruising guide when I noticed a dirty orange hand buoy in the middle of the canal. Thinking that this was a strange place for a pot and as per the regs I left it to port; mistake! Shortly afterwards we ground to a halt on what felt like a bank of sand or gravel. I cut the throttle and then engaged reverse and luckily we were able to back off it. Trish who had been standing on the bow, had thankfully not gone overboard, was sprawled against the pulpit and still had her camera in her hand. Next time we gingerly left the buoy to starboard wondering why they had not used a green buoy instead! This incident did have one benefit, as I now knew exactly at what depth the boat would be aground. We had previously estimated this using a leadline, but there is nothing like hard evidence. About a half-mile on we tied up against the old stone quay wall in Chateaulin. The pilot mentioned a pontoon but that was disintegrating so we chose the wall. Next day we returned to Brest this time berthing at the Marina Moulin Blanc. By this time I was happy with my medical condition so it was time to move on.

Talking to people at home about our proposed cruise I had heard lots of good things about Camaret sur Mer so on July 2nd we went there. Next day we made a long walk exploring the cliffs and headlands and returning via the Standing Stones to the town. The little church and tower by the marina are quite enchanting. That evening it was dinner and bed early as we were to get up before dawn to make the passage through the Raz de Sein. It was close to spring tides and reading the pilot books would frighten the wits out of you, we however had no wind so it was a doddle, recording ground speeds in excess of 12 knots for a while. We did need to avoid standing waves in the vicinity of La Vieille and La Plate, which gave an indication of how nasty conditions could become in strong winds and foul tides. We continued on to Bénodet and berthed in the marina on the east side of the river. With disimproving weather we caught the bus next afternoon to the magnificent ancient city of Quimper, a treat to visit, even in the rain.

### **Concarneau**

Our next stop was Concarneau after a little trip up the River

Odet. The marina there is in a spectacular location beside the old citadel. We spent three days there due to bad weather eventually leaving on the 9th bound for Iles de Glénans. Our short stop here was one of the high spots of this section of the cruise. In spite of it being mid-July we had no trouble in finding a mooring in Le Palais Bassin, which is pretty much in the centre. When safely secured the dinghy was launched and we set off to explore some of the islands. This included a very pleasant drink or two in the café by the pier on St Nicholas. Back to the boat then, for a romantic dinner on board in a perfect setting. Sadly due to time constraints we had to leave next day bound for Port Louis which is downriver from Lorient. I was able to negotiate with the helpful harbour master to leave the boat here for six weeks or so, which included most of the peak French holiday season. While there we met one of the members from Howth who was coming to the end of a long cruise around Brittany, and waiting for some new crew members to join him. We all had a long lunch on board *Tidal Dancer* which was very pleasant and extended well into the afternoon. Next morning, July 12th, we set off for home by ferry, bus, train, taxi and aeroplane.

Six weeks later on August 23rd we returned. First priority was to restock the boat. This involved using the marina's free bikes and cycling to the supermarket which was a few kilometres away. The trip back was a bit wobbly as we were so heavily loaded, however we managed. That afternoon we went up the river to Lorient and berthed in the Bassin which is right in town. The forecast was bad for the next two days so one day we toured Lorient in the rain. It is not a particularly beautiful city having been bombed extensively during the war. We got the bus to Cité de la Voile, Eric Tabernay Centre, and toured the Submarine Pens. The following day we hired a car and drove to see the Standing Stones at Carnac and the lovely ancient city of Vannes. We detoured on the way back to visit the medieval towns of Malestrait and Josselin. I take my hat off to the French for keeping their ancient towns and cities so well.

### **Romantic dinner**

Good sailing weather returned so a passage to Belle Ile was next on the itinerary. Brisk sailing enabled us to arrive ahead of the posse, and lock to the inner basin in Le Palais just as the bridge was opening. We got a prime berth just inside and against the South Pontoon. Celebrating our wedding anniversary next day, the 28th, we hired bikes and cycled round a substantial part of the island followed by a romantic dinner in L'Annex restaurant. We hired bikes again next morning and cycled parts of the island not visited the previous day. Belle Isle is a beautiful place our days there were the highlight of this part of the cruise. Onwards then to La Trinité followed by Golfe du Morbihan. However spring tides, coefficient 114%, and approaching thunderstorms conspired against us and we decided to abandon our attempt to enter the Golfe, going instead to Crouesty. Our aim on this section of the cruise was to get as far as La Rochelle. On the way we visited Pornichet, Joinville on Ile d'Yeu and Les Sables d'Olonne. Not much in Pornichet but would like to have spent more time in Ile d'Yeu which is very nice. However a rising forecast meant it was prudent to head for Les Sables. Sunday September 4th was the windy day so we found a nice restaurant to have a lovely Sunday lunch which went on for most of the afternoon followed by a long walk along the promenade.

There was a weather window next day so we went on to La Rochelle and into the Vieux Port, quite challenging at low tide. Unfortunately it was full so we went to the big 3000 berth marina, Port des Minimes. We had to return to Ireland so I enquired about leaving the boat with them for 10 days or so. They said they not able to accommodate us as they were



Derek and Gaye Bothwell, myself and Neil Inglis in La Coruña.

holding a large Boat Show over that period, not very helpful! We called the Vieux Port and he told us the same story as there was a big race with 85 boats to be based there. The nearest place was St Martin de Ré which is quite small, surprisingly however they were able to take us. After a howler of a night the wind abated so we made the short trip to St Martin on Ile de Ré. berthing just inside the lock on a brand new pontoon. We had a couple of days to explore before leaving for home on the 9th.

The final leg of the 2011 cruise involved a passage across the Bay of Biscay to the northwest corner of Spain, a cruise along the Rias of Galicia and into Portugal. Derek Bothwell, fresh from running the very successful J24 European Championships in Howth, was back with me. We were also joined by Neil Inglis, another ex-colleague of ours and also a long standing member of HYC with many years of cruising experience. We departed St Martin de Ré at 09:45 on September 21st which also happened to be Derek's 65th birthday, reasonably subdued celebrations having taken place the night before! Leaving the northwest corner of Ile de Ré to port, we set off across the Bay of Biscay on a west-south-westerly heading with a light easterly breeze. We continued motor-sailing in these conditions through the day and into the night. Next day the wind picked up a bit and settled in dead astern. We poled out the Genoa and turned off the engine and sailed dead downwind for the rest of the day. As evening fell the wind veered back towards the east so we removed the pole, gybed and made more southing to regain our track. It was a dark cloudy night and the wind slowly increased, eventually reaching force 6. We tucked in the first reef at 23.00 and the second at 04.00, reducing the jib by 50%. For comfort and controllability we kept the wind on the port quarter enabling the autopilot to cope. Dawn comes late at this time of year in European Summer Time, after 08.00. As the sun rose the wind died away so it was back on with the engine. We rounded Punta Roncadoira and motored up the estuary into Vivero

Marina, arriving at 13.15, 53.5 hours after leaving St Martin. We were now in Spain, formalities were more demanding here so for the first time since leaving Howth I had to produce ships and personal documents, this was to be repeated in every other port we visited both in Spain and Portugal. We spent a couple of days in Vivero, a pleasant little town where we sampled what was my first taste of Galician cuisine.

On the 25th we departed Vivero at dawn bound for Ares, no wind so motor-ing. A little after lunch the engine revs suddenly reduced and it began to run very rough. I immediately put it into neutral and then tried idle astern, still very rough so we hoisted the sails. The wind was on the nose force 2-3 so we were not going anywhere fast. Derek, our resident mechanical expert went below to check the propshaft. Turning the shaft backwards

and then releasing he noticed that the rotation had become much more even so we elected to try and start it again. At that moment I noticed a large piece of rope and netting break the surface astern, was that the culprit? The engine ran smoothly and a very relieved skipper was able to relax. The water temp was only 16°C so I had not relished the thought of going in, I also didn't relish the thought of the expense of a new prop, shaft or engine repairs. For the rest of the day I became a paranoid pot-spotter! We arrived in Ares early evening in lovely weather. With the water temp now at 19.5°C I dived under and was able to cut away a large amount of netting still wrapped around the shaft. The Kiwi Feathering Prop appeared to be undamaged.

We made the short trip to La Coruña next morning, berthing in the very central Darsena de Marina Coruña. There we were joined by Trish and Derek's wife Gaye, we were now five, the largest number to have cruised on *Tidal Dancer*. We stayed a couple of days to explore La Coruña and allow the ladies to settle in. A wet morning on the day we left, diverting into Marina Coruña for fuel. The weather improved as the day wore on and became very settled as had been forecast. This gave sunny days but little or no wind, any that we found was



End of Cruise Dinner, Gaye and Derek, Neil, Trish and myself.

generally on the nose. Trish was heard to comment that we had bought a very nice motorboat. I however was glad we had a good engine! We cruised some of the Rias of Galicia, stopping in Camarinas and Portosin, making my first passing of Cap Finisterre at 12.57 on September 29th. In Portosin we arranged a hire car through the local, very friendly yacht club and drove to the wonderful old city of Santiago de Compostela. Portosin is the closest marina to Santiago being only a one hour drive away.

Next stop was the pretty old town of Bayona where we wine and dined in restaurants in the narrow streets of the oldtown. A visit to Bayona is not complete until you have walked round the fortifications which are magnificent. It is possible by evading the guard to walk round the outside for free, but it costs the princely sum of €1 to go on the inside and visit the Parador; it is worth it.

We were now into October so time to move on into Portugal. We fuelled up, cheaper in Spain I believe, and set off at 08.50 on the 3rd. No wind again so it was motor/motor-sail all the way to Povoia de Varzim. I had heard of this marina, which is about 20 miles north of Porto, from a friend in Howth. It has a good reputation for service and value. I had to make a decision on whether to winter here or in Lisbon so negotiating a package much cheaper than the latter. I elected to stay. The girls were not unhappy with this as strong northerlies blew in and howled



River Odet, Benodet, myself on the Helm.

for the next three days; we had to turn the boat around so as to be able to sleep in the aft cabin! The local, on site, Club Nautica was very welcoming and produced some very good food for us. The engine oil was changed and *Tidal Dancer* was prepared for the winter; no frosts here! Derek, Gaye and Neil left early morning of the 7th to drive down to Lisbon Airport. We were joined by some of the local marina staff and the boss of Nautica Vaga, who was to look after her for the winter. We motored round to the travel-hoist bay to make the difficult and very tight entrance in reverse. Not helped by the strong wind and the rather impatient advice from the staff, I got her in on the second attempt, no drama! She was duly hoisted and later installed in a brand new cradle.

Finishing off our final jobs and packing, Trish and I got a taxi for the short ride to the brand new Metro which took us to the Porto railway where we caught the fast train to Lisbon with 60 seconds to spare. We spent a few days there and met our friend John Duggan who is an ICC member living in Cascais. We left the lovely sunny 30°C weather of Lisbon on Monday the 10th and returned to windy, misty cool Ireland.

Next year we plan another slow cruise which should see us through the Straits and into the western Mediterranean. Our total distance cruised in 2011 was 1663 miles.



*Tidal Dancer* in Le Palais, Belle Ile.

# North Star: slowly round Malin Head

Mick Delap

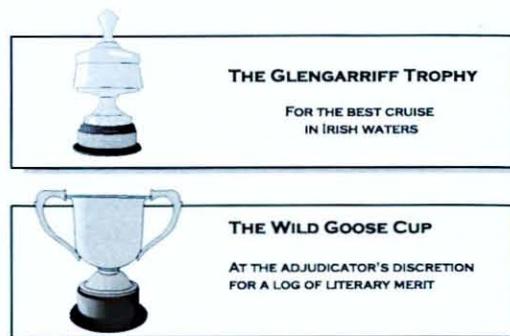
Finnauan Murphy's yard on Valentia is a delight of competent support, plus all the joys of fitting out in spring in Ireland, with a blackbird singing every day in the sycamore overtopping the cockpit and a vibrant wren calling daily from his nest in the fuchsia hedge that brushed against the pushpit. And, each year, the excitement of getting back in the water.

## Launch

*There's a moment when the keel kisses water,  
the new-painted hull shivers, settles.  
Something's begun. Exactly what  
is not yet clear. May never be.  
But the boat, now lying quietly  
back in its element, invites.  
There's all the immediate business:  
lines, fenders, mooring. Maybe  
a grumbling engine. For us,  
sticky diesel. Oars and new thole pins  
for Odysseus. Otherwise the same.  
And the same to follow. A home  
four-square to any weather  
has suddenly conjured a fifth wall,  
wine dark windows that bulge inwards  
with the spring high tides, shiver  
against their catches with a wind  
that soon will swing wide the door.*

I am as new to poetry as I am to cruising. I've been sailing since I was four, and reading poetry for not much less, but it was only when I retired some ten years back that I started writing and cruising seriously. It's still a learning curve for both, and in both I'm still a relative newcomer. I've been lucky, though, to find *North Star* a 24 foot gaff-cutter of great resilience (she's a Tamarisk, designed by David Cannell, with a fibreglass hull, but traditional in every other way). I brought her out to Valentia from Portsmouth in 2005, to base her on the island where my grandfather grew up, and since then have cruised her to Connemara, taken her up the Shannon into Lough Erne, and then back down outside, from Lough Swilly to Valentia. That trip took me to eighteen west coast islands (usually with the relevant ICC Sailing Directions in one hand, and Wallace Clark in the other). But a freshening southeasterly prevented me landing on the Inishkeas or spending a night off Inishglora, and similarly unfriendly weather restricted me to an hour each on Inishturk and Caher. So the plan this year was to head back to Connemara and Mayo in late June / July to try again, then continue north and leave the boat in Burtonport for a couple of weeks (so I could join Judy, and our children and grandchildren on Valentia for our annual family holiday). Then to rejoining *North Star* early in August to continue round Malin Head, on to Inishtrahull and Rathlin, and reach Troon in time for the ICC north meet and dinner there in September. 'We, being usually myself and one other, on a rolling basis of sailing friends and family members, with the odd spell of single handing.

That was the plan, and David Ouvry and I flew into Kerry on June 20th. High winds – a feature of the summer – delayed the launch, but did allow us to take full advantage of the hospitable presence of Frank and Yvonne Ranalow on *Shady Maid*,



THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY

FOR THE BEST CRUISE  
IN IRISH WATERS

THE WILD GOOSE CUP

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

alongside in Valentia's newly expanded harbour – the only ICC members we were to see until Troon! We finally got afloat on June 26th – but a series of snags restricted our sailing to a foray over to Great Blasket and back. By Wednesday 29th David had been replaced by my son Ben – whose first task was to fit four new through-deck bolts to re-fasten the plate securing the heel of the bowsprit.

By 16.00 we were finally able to leave Valentia, and by 19.00 were on a visitor's buoy in Ventry Harbour.

## North to Connemara

From there on though, things began to move. On Thursday June 30th we were back on Great Blasket by 11.30, on a visitors mooring waiting for a fair tide through Blasket Sound. After a walk ashore, in sun and green and surrounded by birds, we set off north at 14.00 under engine in a light west northwesterly, with a mild head sea. We were heading for Inishmaan, some 70 miles to the north, and planned to arrive at dawn. Which we duly did, sailing on a close fetch to start with, under the working rig of main, staysail and jib, plus the topsail and the more exotic flying jib. But by 21.00 the combination of a failing wind and a bit of a head sea meant we had to start motor-sailing again, with just enough revs to keep *North Star* moving at a – for us – respectable 4 knots. We pushed on like this through a night enlivened by visits from the dolphins that had been close around us for much of our time south and north of the Blaskets – only this time they were dramatically clothed in a shimmer of phosphorescence – and reached Inishmaan by 07.00 on Friday July 1st. We spent the next 24 hours alongside in the curate's egg of a new harbour (great shelter, except for an hour each side of high, when you are open to a vicious little chop if the wind gets up from the west or southwest).

Saturday promised southerlies for our 45 mile passage to Inishbofin, freshening in the afternoon, with the tide running north round Slyne Head through the middle of the day. We were off by 09.00 in sun and a light southwesterly – too light to give us much more than a couple of knots in significant swell. By 11.00 we were off Golam Tower, entering the smoother water of the Inner Passage. We added flying jib and topsail to the three working sails, and began to push along at a steady 4 knots plus, on an advantageous fine reach. By 12.30 St. Macdara's island was abeam, the chapel roof lichened bright yellow in the sun. We let fly the jib, to honour the saint, and pressed on. By now the breeze was freshening, and Connemara was at its best, the hills purple, and a heavy swell breaking white on the outliers as we powered past. But as we approached Slyne Head, the skies darkened, and at 14.30 we quickly took off flying jib and topsail, and put the first reef in the main.

## Go to Plan B!

As we rounded Slyne Head at 15.45 there were heavy swells breaking on the cliffs under the two towers. But one mile off the somewhat awkward seas were not a problem. *North Star* is on the small side for cruising the west coast, and the combination of gaff rig and her long keel / shoal-draft configuration means she often needs the help of the motor (what that great

gaff sailor Tom Cunliffe calls the “iron topsail”) in making progress to windward in a good force 4 or more. But she is solid and very dry, and as we raced on from Slyne Head towards High Island, aided by her long keel she demonstrated her greatest asset, an ability to track steadily downwind under control, even in high following seas. Whenever conditions worsen, as they began to now, my plan B is always to take sail off (jib first, then main), and use as much of the furling staysail as necessary to keep tracking towards whatever downwind refuge is available.

Today, that was Inishbofin, and after a somewhat tense dead run in force 4 to 5 past High Island’s savage western cliffs, we gybed, lowered the main, and headed in under staysail and motor. By 18.40 we were anchored in a gut in Inishbofin’s inner pool, picked out with the help of the ICC Pilot’s aerial photo, and the advice of Gerry Houlihan. Gerry spends months locally, aboard his lovely wooden 26 footer, *Fair Lee*, potting and fishing with great skill under sail, and, if you are lucky, serving up the results on board in magnificent seafood dishes. We caught up with Gerry around midnight, in Day’s, along with the Saturday night regulars, Mag’s hennies (in terrific form), and an already-fading stag party. I escaped at 02.00, but Ben wasn’t back on board till 06.00. So most of Sunday was devoted to recovery. We did manage an evening bike ride to East End, and were revived by a superb pollock stew (caught that afternoon) on *Fair Lee*.

Ben had only one more sailing day left, and I’d promised him we’d try and link up with the artist Dorothy Cross, whose house and studio are on the mainland near Mullaghglass, looking north to Mweelrea, and west to Clare Island. Monday July 4th was fair, with gentle northerlies, and Dorothy agreed to meet us at Little Killary. We left Inishbofin at 09.00, sailed pleasantly east past Lecky Rocks, then threaded our way inside Crump Island and on into Little Killary. It was my first visit, and as we secured to a vacant buoy this pretty anchorage lived up to expectations. After a night as Dorothy’s guests, Ben headed back to the UK, while I stayed ashore for another night, to let the latest weather blow through. It allowed Dorothy to take me to see the cottage at Salruck, just beyond Little Killary, where one of my sailing and poetic heroes, Richard Murphy, of “The Cleggan Disaster” and “The Last Galway Hooker” fame, had lived for a while (and before him the philosopher Wittgenstein).

### **Inishturk, the Inishkeas, and Inishglora**

I now had a week on my own, before meeting my brother Dan off a plane at Knock. By the afternoon of Wednesday July 6th, the promised force 5 to 6 southeasterlies seemed to have blown through, and at 16.30 I put the motor on, hoisted the main, and motored out of Little Killary, to sail northwest for 10 miles to the small island of Inishturk. I was looking forward to a simple passage. But by 17.00, at the entrance to Killary, a massive cloudburst killed what wind there was. A second downpour soon followed. By 17.45, as the amphitheatre of black clouds over Mweelrea pushed the wind back and forward between northeast and southeast, I had sailed past Inishdegil, and was heading west-northwest for Inishturk. At that point the wind died completely. Looking north, I could see a line of white breakers perhaps half a mile off and for the moment, staying there. Not for long. With a bang, the wind filled in from the north-northwest, force three immediately, and within minutes – four – I quickly hauled in the main, rolled up half the staysail, and set the jib. Hard on starboard, we could just make a northwesterly course to clear Inishdalla, on our way into Inishturk’s tiny Garranty Harbour. But the seas quickly became very ugly, and soon we were taking heavy water onto the foredeck – where, lulled by our gentle start, I’d failed to close

off the deck ventilator. The seas were also knocking us below Inishdalla, into a shoal area I needed to avoid. I started the motor, furling both foresails, hauled the main in even tighter, and slogged on. We were pinned over, and for once taking plenty of water over the decks. But we continued to make 4 knots, and were staying to weather of Inishdalla. I decided to keep going, and by 19.30 we were entering Garranty Harbour. Once I’d sorted out the mess my unpreparedness had caused down below, I deployed my new secret weapon: *North Star*’s half hardwood, half aluminium legs. Garranty Harbour is tiny, serving a small island with only some 70 inhabitants, and dries to firm sand. By sunset, *North Star* was lying to a bow-line secured to a ring on the northwest wall of the slipway, and my 15 kilogram fisherman dug in astern. As the legs took the strain, a problem developed, as the through-hull bolt securing one of them began to chew through the wooden cheek on the inside of the hull. I went ashore with two replacement metal cheek plates that needed a larger hole if they were to work. With immense kindness, John Concannon, from the B and B at the head of the slip, agreed to take on the drilling. It took him almost an hour – but I went back on board with exactly what I needed. And next day I was even more thrilled to find John was the son of Pat Concannon, who’d survived the Cleggan Disaster and introduced Richard Murphy both to his own remarkable story of that black night, and also to sailing the hookers he loved. John was a fund of stories about his father, and about Richard Murphy, though modest about his handsome Mayo curragh I discovered, nearly completed, in a shed out the back.

I left on Saturday July 9th, after one wet and windy day, and one dry. I didn’t manage to find time to revisit Caher, because I was enjoying Inishturk so much. It’s a friendly, hardworking island with superb scenery, and an impressive sense of community. I was sorry to leave, but the Inishkeas called. They lie about thirty miles to the north, past Clare Island, and round Achill Head. The weather seemed to have settled, which was good news for a single-hander, but the force 3 northwesterly promised a long beat. We floated off the legs by 10.30, and I was under way by 11.15. With all plain sail (both foresails) I could weather Clare Island on port tack, but by 12.40 an annoying head-sea meant motor-sailing in towards the south side of Achill. I tacked onto starboard at 14.45, close in along the south side of Achill Head. By 16.00 I was back on port tack with engine off, heading north past Achill Head through the inside passage. The massive scale of the scenery, and the way successive headlands reach out into the sea was awe inspiring. But the Inishkeas were in sight, and with sheets eased, *North Star* took me on at a gentle 3 and a half knots, and into the sandy bay north of Rusheen Island, at the northern eastern tip of Inishkea South. I anchored at 18.00. For the first (and last) time in the summer, the weather settled. Over that evening, and all day Sunday, under sunny skies, I wandered both islands, on my own, surrounded by the noise of calling sheep, oyster catchers, and various other waders and seabirds – and remembered I was a poet as well as a sailor!

### **Lying on my back in the old graveyard, North Inishkea Island**

*I am not a godly man. As the tides sweep past  
and the sun drops towards the sea, how beg or bargain?  
But among these old stones I am being told something.  
By the rock pipits, who gather as if I were St Kevin,  
perch trustingly close by on the rough granite crosses.  
By the tormentil and thyme, fragrant under their small feet,  
and the flashing artistry of Arctic Terns about my head.  
By those who shaped these squandered rocks – in field  
walls,*

*about a crumbled clachan, down a whole grey street of eaves,  
walls open now to the sky and a salty wind visiting  
from far out. They've died, as I must; or left, as I will now,  
over water so clear it seems hardly able to hold the boat  
afloat.  
And as I haul my anchor back on board, I'll carry off,  
as gift, whatever prayer it is has been uttered here.*

The good weather continued to hold, and on Monday July 11th I shifted the 8 miles north to Inishglora, closely associated with St. Brendan, and traditionally the holiest of all the west coast islands. There was a group of four or five local men hard at work improving a pen to hold some of the many sheep they were running on the island. It's striking how the islands off the Mullet may be uninhabited now, but are certainly heavily grazed, presumably by the descendants of the original islanders. Displaced island communities up and down the west coast seem to have retained a strong sense of identity, and mainland-island links appear to have survived remarkably well. As the tide fell, the men headed back to the Mullet, and left me on my own. Once ashore, I walked the island, past the ruins, finding storm petrels still nesting deep in the walls. There were birds everywhere, and with low tide, seals singing. Back on board, I found all my remaining bread had gone mouldy. But the forecast was good enough to stay the night, and I settled back to enjoy the sunset:

#### **At anchor off Inishglora**

*About now the monks would have been chanting evensong,  
just over there, where the squat stone oratory still stands,  
deserted, and black against the setting sun. Sandpipers  
descant,  
tiny oceanic petrels, ashore to nest, burble and hiccup  
deep within the sanctuary the piled stone walls provide,  
and even on this calmest of evenings the Atlantic breakers  
growl and boom on the outer rocks. From his ruined cell,  
Brendan, gazing west, still peers with his ancient eye  
down the path of the sun towards a destination  
only he can believe in.  
Eastwards, Ireland is glowing in an afterglow  
that's picked out Achill's crouching mountain bulk,  
way to the south, clawing heavily at the darkening sea.  
Nearer, a group of seals, hauled out, are groaning  
their own sad antiphon. How can I not join them  
in honouring these men who could disentangle dogma  
as well as a net, pull a fierce oar, or dip a fine quill  
into the purple distilled from the islands' whelks?  
When Brendan was an old man still dreaming of ocean,  
a group of swans began to perch at eventide  
on the oratory gable, drawn far across the waters  
by the low voiced chant of prayer. Three came each night,  
and Brendan it was who knew them for what they were,  
the Children of Lir. With words of blessing he drew them  
back  
into human form, then buried their air worn bodies  
where they fell so lightly out of three hundred feathered  
years  
into their final rest. Before he launched out again  
– like a wild swan himself – across the seas  
that cradle me at anchor here tonight, alone  
and not alone.*

Tuesday dawned even better, warm, sunny and still. Waiting for a fair tide north, I had a make and mend session, before setting off for Broadhaven at 14.00. What wind there was came from dead ahead, so once again, it was on motor. By 16.00 I was round Erris Head, and able to sail the last few miles into

Ballyglass. On Wednesday I re-provisioned in Belmullet, welcoming my brother Dan on-board in time for tea. It seemed from the five-day forecast that strong northwesterlies were likely to develop by the weekend, preceded by freshening southerlies. My plan therefore was to put in two long days; on Thursday crossing Donegal Bay to Teelin, and on Friday I hoped it would be possible to get up to Burtonport ahead of the deteriorating weather.

Dan was happy, so 06.45 Thursday July 14th found us motoring out of Ballyglass on a still, dull morning. By 07.15 we were able to sail, as a belt of drizzle arrived. As it cleared, the wind departed, so it was under motor that we passed close to the Stags, and set a course of 80° magnetic for Teelin, still another 45 miles ahead. We motored all morning, as the poor visibility gradually improved. By 14.00 we were sailing, making 4 to 5 knots on port tack, with sheets eased, and Slieve League rising higher and higher ahead of us. 17.30 saw us onto a visitor's buoy in Teelin.

Friday's forecast talked about a frontal trough, with force 4 to 5 southwesterlies, then rain, and force 5 to 7 by nightfall.

Time for an early start, and a quick dash the 35 miles to Burtonport, heading north about Aran. We were off by 06.30, motor-sailing on port tack in sun and force 3 southwesterly. By 08.00 we eased sheets, and switched off the motor as we rounded Malin Beg Head via Rathlin O'Birne Sound. The breeze was a good force 4 by now, and we started to move. Beyond Malin More Head, our course for Aran was dead to leeward, so we boomed out the staysail, and tacked downwind, first heading somewhat offshore on port, then back in on starboard. The sun had disappeared by now, and wind and swell were increasing significantly. The log says it was "a rousing sail", and by 10.30, as we started to wave-surf at 6 plus knots, I had to rouse Dan from a brief nap below, to reduce sail. I had delayed a bit too long, so I put in two reefs, and rolled in half the staysail. *North Star* was now much more biddable, still making 4 and a half to 5 knots, in drizzle and gloom. The seas were steep and needed watching as the wind continued to build. Rolling heavily, we closed Aran at over 5 knots, and by 13.30 gratefully rounded up into the sheltered water north of Torneady Point. By now, the rain had become torrential, and we were glad to secure alongside in Burtonport.

By evening, the wind was in the northwest. It rained and blew for the next four days. Bad luck for us, and worse luck for the organizers of the Burtonport Festival. Dan and I explored the Rosses, and on one memorable night played as visiting pair in the Festival's annual bridge tournament. It was my introduction to duplicate, and the sight of 47 other couples gazing at us as we walked in was the most terrifying moment of the trip! But we managed not to disgrace the ICC, and finished respectably mid-table. By the time Dan left on the afternoon of Wednesday 21st the weather had finally moderated, and we managed a brief sail up towards Owey Island before he flew out. I was due to follow him next day, for a two-week family holiday back in Valentia. But I had two problems. Where to leave *North Star* safely and conveniently, in a harbour that's welcoming but still set up for its vanished fishing fleet, not visiting yachts; and how to use public transport for the Donegal – Kerry trip? Manus, Burtonport's efficient, friendly and generous harbour master, solved the first problem, by allowing me to use his own mooring inside the harbour for the two weeks I would be away. And a combination of two taxis, five buses and one train had me back in Valentia in time for tea on Friday.

#### **More islands**

Conor O'Brien once wrote, "It is the business of yachts to discover islands". Wallace Clark, for one, would have agreed.

By the evening of Monday August 8th I was back on board *North Star*, with my wife Judy as crew for the next two weeks, with Tory, Inishtrahull and Rathlin in mind. It was blowing from the northwest but by next morning the wind, though not the sea, had reduced. Once again there was too much swell and not enough wind, to make much progress to windward, without the motor. But the sun was shining, and we had a pleasant picnic lunch ashore on Owey Island, before pushing on to Bunbeg. We followed one of Bunbegs' signature white, clinker double-enders, *Cailín Ghabla*, in over the Gweedore Harbour bar. And though she was a knot or so faster than us, she gave me some confidence that I was remembering the twists and turns of the long channel correctly. We were helped by a brand new starboard-hand buoy marking the turn to the south past Inishcoole Island at Magheraclogher Point – though local advice was that high water tugs the buoy southwest onto the sandbar it's supposed to be marking, and that it should therefore not be hugged too closely. There's another new buoy, this time port-hand, to mark the final turn into Bunbeg. This one you can – and should – keep close to! Once into the harbour, we were somewhat alarmed at the number of boats, from small runabouts to substantial fishing boats, rafted up against the quay. Eventually, we tucked in alongside *Cailín Ghabla*. We were quickly joined by two more local boats outboard of us. But all concerned couldn't have been more welcoming. Over the next two stormy and wet days, we were offered lifts, introduced to the local electrical wizard (who helped us fit our first-ever cooler), given fillets of pollock by the *St. Augustine*, and crab claws by the *Chara Maith* (ex *Bon Ami!*).



*North Star.*

On Thursday we saw the sun again, and the forecast seemed to offer a possibly brief lull in the series of strong southwesterlies we'd been experiencing. The skipper of the Tory ferry was gloomy about both entering and lying inside Tory's new harbour in strong southerlies or southwesterlies. But we decided to give it a try, and left after lunch on the tide. I had hoped to introduce Judy to the islands of Gola, Inishmeane and Inishshirrer, but the weather wasn't settled enough, and we had to content ourselves with a slow and sunny drift north inside all of them. Once through Inishshirrer Strait, Tory was only 10 miles north-northeast. We hoisted the topsail to help us punch through a confused mixture of westerly swell and local popple, enjoyed an unexpectedly benign afternoon, and by 17.40 were entering Tory Harbour, without problem. Once inside, we were directed alongside a large and obviously non-functioning fishing boat, efficiently, but with none of the warmth or courtesy we had received in Bunbeg. And there we stayed for three more days, while the southwesterlies regained their bite and turned Tory Sound white with breaking water. In the harbour there was a significant, but manageable surge. I spent Friday morning wrestling to replace a fan-belt that was well past its end-date. Engines are definitely not my thing. But I had a spare, and an inevitably ambiguous handbook, and with Mr Beta (Askeaton's Cyril Ryan) making encouraging noises into my mobile, I managed! We celebrated by a blowy walk to the superb Tormore cliffs to the east, and then, since the force 5 to 6

southwesterly was pushing even more swell into the harbour, treated ourselves to a night ashore. Saturday was still blowy, so we walked west this time, met the exquisite Tory artist Anton Meenan in the Dixon gallery (with the model of *Wild Goose* still on display on the window sill), and heard excellent music in the hotel that night, including Patsy Dan Rodgers on the accordion. Prospects for a dash over to Sheephaven next day didn't look great. But it did appear that there would be a possible window of somewhat reduced wind, and a fair east-going tide early on. I was poking my head over the harbour wall at 06.00, to find the seas still considerable, but not breaking, before no more than a fresh westerly. By 07.00 we were off, motoring at first with the staysail pulling hard. Once round the southeast tip of Tory, we turned the motor off and ran dead downwind for Horn Head. Still under staysail alone, we were rolling wickedly, but tracking well at 4 to 5 knots before a significant sea. It was dull and blustery, but Tory, astern, and Horn Head over the bow were a magnificent sight. We were two hours to Horn Head, seeing our first basking shark and clouds of gannet, fulmar and kittiwake, and another two hours on to Downies. We found the strengthening southwesterly was making the visitors buoys uncomfortable, and we anchored instead inside Binnagorm Bay's sheltering arms.

The next few days were uncomplicated, as we sailed on to Lough Swilly, saw off another overnight blow secure on the pontoon at Rathmullan, and then, as the weather settled again, had a leisurely beat back down to Lenane Bay, to be ready for Malin Head and, hopefully, Inishtrahull. We woke on Thursday August 18th to sun and calm seas, and an east-going tide, and were under way by 08.30. There was no wind, which was good for spotting basking sharks (we saw three), but hopeless for

sailing. So it was under motor that we rounded Malin Head, picking up speed as the tide began to push us through Inishtrahull Sound. By 11.00 we were a couple of miles off Inishtrahull light, aiming for the north side of the island as it gleamed in the sun. Out to the northeast we could see Islay and Jura, with Rathlin and the Mull of Kintyre further to the east. We hadn't expected Scotland so soon! But as we slipped along the north side of Inishtrahull, it was Portmore we were searching for with increasing perplexity, until we suddenly caught a glimpse of the red sheerlegs on the pier. Soon we were cautiously feeling our way in towards them, turning, and securing alongside.

### Singing seals

Without the engine, it was quiet, and incredibly beautiful: the clearest of water, lush fronds of wrack, seals popping their heads up in every direction, gulls and oyster catchers overhead, and the springy turf, green and gleaming. We had a quick walk over the nearest ridge, pinching ourselves in delight and were surprised to catch a glimpse of four red deer, hinds who slipped quickly off down a gully and out of sight. Then back to *North Star*, to lunch in the cockpit, and make sure she still had enough water as the tide fell. She did, though she needed to be kept clear of a couple ledges at the base of the pier wall. I carefully sketched them, and the rock with one metre over it just off the pier in the centre of the inner pool, and worked out how to squeeze out past it, even at dead low-water. Then, after a bite, we set off round the island, first to the abandoned east light, then up to the main light at the west end. The pool on the north side was fringed with hauled out seals, and alive with their singing; we spotted the largest basking shark we'd yet seen, being carried through the Sound by the westerly tide; we poked our noses into the various roofless dwellings, and looked out at Inishowen, and Scotland in the distance. We were even moved to strip off, back at the boat, and dive in! As the sun began to sink into the calmest of seas, we sat lazily in the cockpit, drinking in Inishtrahull's magic. But the 19.00 weather forecast was a shock, advancing the arrival of long promised strong southerlies from "later" on Friday to "Friday morning". Our next port of call was Greencastle, and our course would take us first southeast from Inishtrahull, then south into Lough Foyle. By morning the tide would be foul. Given *North Star's* limitations to windward, I couldn't risk staying overnight. Instead, I decided we needed to head over to the Inishowen coast before nightfall, and spend the night at Culdaff. This would mean more shelter next morning, and also that we had less distance to sail on to Greencastle, and could cheat the main tide by staying close inshore. By 19.30 we were very reluctantly casting off, and two hours, two more basking sharks, one cockpit supper and one stunning sunset later, we were on one of Culdaff's visitor's buoys.

We woke to flat calm! But soon there was a stirring, as the southerlies started to fill in. We dropped the buoy under sail at 09.40. Within half an hour I had two reefs in, and fifteen minutes later, as we suffered the first of a series of knock downs, I put in the third. On reflection, in my wish to gain the help of the strong counter eddy, I was too close in under the cliffs – only half a mile off, and we were receiving classic katabatic gusts. But *North Star* kept moving well, and by 11.00 we were round Balbane Head and motor-sailing upwind into the Foyle in much gentler conditions. By 12.45 we were in Greencastle, and looking for a mooring place. In stark contrast to the photo in the ICC Sailing Directions, the harbour was chock-a-block, with two long rafts of small fishing boats extending far out towards the Magilligan ferry berth, and two equally long rafts of yachts. The fishing boats seemed much more securely moored, so we tied up at the outer end of the

innermost of the two lines. The harbourmaster had stepped down that week, and his successor had not yet been appointed. But we were assured we would be OK there over the weekend. On Sunday, Judy had to be back in Belfast for the evening ferry to Liverpool. So we moved onto the inner raft of yachts, and hoped we wouldn't be the straw that set the unstable camel adrift.

### Greencastle Maritime Museum

While in Greencastle, we were impressed by the excellent Maritime Museum. And deeply grateful for the honesty that saw my wallet, which I'd foolishly left overnight on the roof of the car we were using, handed in untouched to the local shop owner.

When I returned, three days later, after warm Belfast hospitality from Alan and Elizabeth Leonard, *North Star* was where I had left her, though clearly there are many more boats, both fishing and sailing, than Greencastle can readily accommodate. I was by now singlehanded, so it took me a good 40 minutes to extricate myself, before heading off on a pleasant sail to Portrush. Mooring there on the well-run visitors pontoon provided by Moyle District Council, was simple by contrast with Greencastle, or earlier, Burtonport and Bunbeg. I missed the kindnesses, but I also appreciated the facilities, and was happy to pay for them. There may be lessons to be learnt! Meanwhile Rathlin beckoned: my ultimate island. By now I was acutely conscious of the power of North Channel tidal streams, especially around Rathlin. The need to carry an easterly tide the 18 miles into Rathlin Sound meant I couldn't start until 16.00 next day, Thursday August 25th, when a band of torrential rain was due to sweep in! I cast off on time, under grey skies and a gentle northeasterly, which allowed me a close fetch inside the Skerries. But then, as I tried to harden up, the torrential rains arrived.

### Splendid Rathlin

In deep gloom and dubious visibility I motor-sailed past Giants Causeway, and Lacada Head where the Armada's *Girona* came to grief. The tide was accelerating my progress, but up ahead Rathlin and the stunning Antrim coast drifted in and out of sight as the rain and mist came and went. By 19.00, as it cleared, I turned north into Rathlin's Church Bay and had a splendid half an hour under sail, before entering the island's impressive all weather harbour, and mooring alongside yet another well appointed Moyle County Council pontoon. Alan Leonard had warned me of the possibility of a significant surge inside the harbour in strong winds, especially from the northwest. I made sure I was on the south side of the pontoon, and waited for the weather. It didn't come on Friday. In gentle sun, I dried out, caught up with my logs, and was shown round the island by Patrick Gage, whose intimate knowledge of and love for the island his forebears had owned, shone out. The northwesterlies started to build on Saturday, and blew hard through Sunday into Monday. Luckily my sister Gaie made it across on Saturday before the ferry service was suspended, so we could walk the windy island together, while we waited for the break that would allow us to take *North Star* across to the season's final destination, Troon. The day she arrived, I dropped the coffee plunger over the side, and watched our hopes of a decent brew disappear into 8 feet of water. But next morning a large RIB full of wet suited divers came alongside. Five minutes later, recipient of yet another act of outstanding kindness, *North Star* was re-united with her coffee plunger! The wait for better weather gave us a chance to try and work out what made Rathlin tick. The usual islanders' salt-stained bloody mindedness, I decided, could continue to flourish because it was combined with a splendid history, amazing birds, and superb scenery. Several West of Ireland islands had a similar offer, but

few had as ready a pool of visitors like ourselves, anxious to experience one or other aspect, and able to do so through intelligent and sufficient state support.

One family whose trip to Rathlin went horribly wrong was the McDonnells. Legend has it that the father, Rathlin's miller, sent his two sons to Scotland for a new millstone. The sons loaded the millstone into their boat, but started for Rathlin just too late to avoid the vicious tide races that develop with the full flood and ebb off the northeast and southeast points of the island. In clear view of their father, the sons were drowned close in off Rue Point, when the disturbed waters of the race dislodged the millstone, and shattered their boat. Today it's 'The McDonnell Race', and it was firmly in our minds next morning, as we took advantage of a moderating northwesterly to head across the North Channel to Campbeltown. We left at 06.00, motor-sailing with a reefed main. The flood, already much stronger than I had anticipated, shot us past Rue Point at 9 knots over the ground, towards breaking water to the southeast.

Like the McDonnell brothers, we appeared to have mistimed our departure! By 06.50 severe overfalls had slowed our speed through the water to a couple of knots, as we shipped green water across the foredeck. Our speed over the ground was 11.1 knots, though, and within twenty minutes we were through. Regular seas, a strong fair tide, and a force 4 northwesterly speeded us northeast across the traffic separation zones towards the Mull of Kintyre, which we rounded about 08.30. A short spell of turbulence quickly gave way to the kind of smooth water sailing I'd not experienced since taking *North Star* through the Shannon loughs. By 13.00 we were alongside in Campbeltown. And that, more or less, was that. We drifted up to Lamlash on Wednesday, and *North Star's* season ended the following day, September 1st, when we tied up in Troon Yacht Haven. Nine days later she was one of three ICC boats flying club colours for the ICC North meet and dinner. The following week she was hauled out to winter in Troon.

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## Irish Cruising Club Brittany Cruise

21st to 29th June 2011

Dan Cross

**34** boats entered for our Brittany Cruise 2011, unfortunately not all made Ile de Groix for our first function, due to bad weather. The harbour master and his crew were most helpful in accommodating us. Our much admired battle flag designed by Len Curtin was flying from the harbour flag pole. We were berthed on the small marina and some boats locked in to the basin. After a briefing outside the Pub de la Jetee in Port Tudy, Erwan Tonnerre produced a wonderful meal in the Community Hall. This was an informal cruise and it was nice to see some members all dressed up and others in sailing gear. We were met by lovely girls all dressed in green who served drinks and canapés and then 110 of us sat down to a wonderful meal with wines. A few prizes were presented; best dressed boat was won by the beautiful *Cuilain*, Peter Bullick for not reading his cruise dates and Billy Cullinane for the most travelled guest of the ICC.

Weather was a bit *iffy* and boats visited various ports and anchorages between functions. John Clementson's photos on our web site are a great record of the events. The next function on Monday 27th was the BBQ on Ile de Houat. It took place outside the Pub de Spli at the head of the pier. There was too much of a scend on the beach, so it was easier to land in the harbour. The proprietors were most helpful and had no problem with us cooking our meals on disposable BBQs in the garden

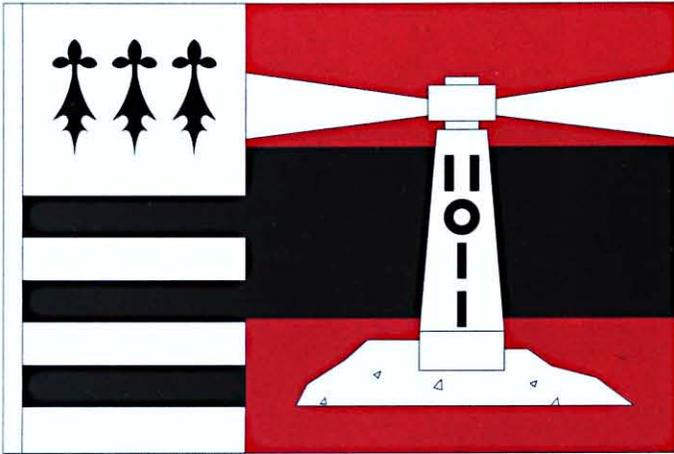
while they served us refreshments. Weather wise, it was a beautiful evening. Brendan O'Callaghan, Tom Kirby and John from *Marie Claire II* with squeeze box, 2 guitars, tin whistle and harmonicas got everybody singing. This was not organized and thanks to these guys for the impromptu session which as always are the most enjoyable. I think the words of the fender song should go up on our web site. Prize for the best dressed boat went to *Marie Claire II* and other prizes for seamanship etc. It turned into a bumpy night on a lee shore at anchor or mooring so there was an exodus next morning. The visitor moorings outside the harbour there are most welcome.

The last function was in La Trinité and thanks to Stuart Musgrave for all the work in organising it. 123 people attended our Commodore's reception and then sat down to a massive plateau de fruit de mer in a restaurant just outside the town. It was a great night. The boys in reefers got the best dressed prize! I was lying in my bunk the following morning listening to boats leaving and from all the racket I think a few more seamanship/docking awards could be presented!

It was an memorable cruise which I know everybody enjoyed. Paddy O'Sullivan clocked 12.3 knots surfing down a wave aboard *Samphire* on the way home to Tralee. He needs to slow down and get an older crew!

*See photo-spread on following pages.*

# Brittany Rally



ICC Brittany Cruise Flag.



Locked in Port Tudy.



Pub de la Jeteé.



Dan, Stuart and our Commodore.



Will it light.



Houat.



Belle Isle.



Paddy O'Sullivan gets an ovation.



Flica's Crew.



Brian Smullen receiving Cuilaun's prize.



Fruites de mer.



Yoshi's Crew.

Thanks to Patrick Dorgan for the following warning to vessels carrying Insane Vegetables to Cuba.

MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE  
VEGETAL SANITY GENERAL DIRECTION

VEGETAL QUARANTINE DEPARTMENT  
EXTERIOR QUARANTINE SECTION

Border Post Vita

Folio 21

Model: C.E. 14

Information about the Vegetal Quarantine Regulations to be fulfilled by the ships crews within the jurisdictional waters of the Republic of Cuba.

1. It is terminately forbidden to ships crews within Cuban ports, to draw out of the ships products of vegetal origin: neither ( fruits, fresh vegetables, plants, parts of plants, seeds), nor (soil, agamic materials, colonies of microorganism, insects, mites, nematodes), none of them in any stage of their biological cycle.
2. It is terminately forbidden to ships crews to dart wasted materials of vegetable origin within the jurisdictional seas of the Cuban Republic or its port facilities or in any other commodities located around.
3. It is terminately forbidden to ships crews to dart the cargo supporting wood (standard wood) within the jurisdictional seas of Cuba or its port facilities.
4. The wastes of vegetable origin occurred on ships will be put into easily rejecting bags, which will be stored in an exclusive place of the upper deck after being conveniently closed, avoiding the leaking or spreading of their contents. Those bags will be placed into tanks endowed with suitable covers and the tanks will be placed in only one area on the ship deck and ought to be kept under convenient exterior hygienic conditions.
5. Masters of ships anchored or moored in Cuban ports are responsible of demanding the withdrawal of garbage to the sanitary units.
6. If any Quarantine object is detected on ships, masters ought to fulfil the control measures ordered by the Vegetal Quarantine Department.
7. The not accomplishing of any of the regulations stated above in this official document or any other measure ordered by the State Quarantine Inspection Service, bears with the remittance of the infractor to the Revolutionary Courts of the Republic of Cuba.

*Atacio Manier Veta*  
*17/4/06 9:30 AM*  
*[Signature]*  
Quarantine Inspector's Signature

# Young Larry in Alaska and Pacific Northwest

Máire Breathnach

We had wintered *Young Larry* our 44' gaff-rigged yawl in St. Paul's Harbour, Kodiak Island, Alaska. We returned to Kodiak mid-May and spent the first few days in glorious sunshine re-commissioning the boat and doing some necessary brightwork after our transit of the North West Passage in 2010. Blocks were given five coats of varnish, the rig was set up and the sails bent on. However the sunshine was short-lived, and then we had thirteen days of non-stop rain which the locals just ignore. The umbrella has never caught on here! Despite the rain we enjoyed very much being in St. Paul's dock where we were surrounded by fishing boats. The king-crab days are over but the local fishermen still make a good living. Our immediate neighbour the *F/V Aleutian Belle* was a long-liner run by a Steve and his son Peter. The *F/V Stella* owned by the McCarthy family of Ringaskiddy was opposite on the next float. Another Irishman, Paddy O'Donnell, originally from Aranmore Island, owns and runs the dragger *F/V Caravelle*. Andrew joined Paddy and his crew on a four-day fishing trip. They were allowed to keep about twenty per cent of the total catch, which comprised mainly of sole. The by-catch of some good halibut, cod and arrowtooth was discarded. It is good to note that this wasteful practice of discard is up for reform in Europe.

While Andrew was fishing I attended the local Crab Fest, the annual community festival. Carnival rides are transported from the mainland via ferry, and several booths serve up festival foods including bacon wrapped scallops, fish tacos and of course crab. The children ride and the adults eat!

I entered the ten mile Pillar Mountain Race, a run/jog up to the top and down again; worth doing for the wonderful views from the top!

## "Wags" race

One of the highlights of Crab Fest is the survival-suit race where the various teams suit up and tread/swim through the harbour waters to a life-raft. Participants cannot enter the water until the survival suits are accurately zipped and fastened and the clock is stopped when the last person's feet are raised off the water and in the life raft. The race, which is organised by the fisherman's "wags", is a way of promoting safety awareness, and the announcers encourage everyone to check his or her survival suit and also to make sure they know how to put it on correctly. A fisherman on the winning team told me that they had practiced suiting up for hours prior to the race. The whole event was pure entertainment, and I thought that it would make an excellent fundraiser for the RNLI or any other local charity.

On June 2nd we left the city of Kodiak and a moderate southeasterly gave us a lively sail through Narrow Strait and the Ouzinkie Narrows to Port Lions, a small village about twenty-five miles north of Kodiak. I contacted Sarah Nelson whom I had met on the Pillar Mountain Run. Sarah and her family charter a plane every year to attend Crab Fest. "That way", she explained, "we can do a big grocery shop and bring back as much as we want".

Next morning we motor-sailed in light winds through the aptly named Whale Passage, with seals, puffins and otters to boot. We crossed Shelikof Strait to Geographic Harbour with a fantastic entrance with many doglegs. We saw more than a half a dozen brown bears on the shore from our anchorage in the west bay, as we dined on a huge cod that Andrew caught just in

time for supper. In the east bay next day we managed to get very close to the shore for bear viewing. The salmon had not started to run and the bears that we saw looked very hungry.

We left Geographic Harbour reluctantly because it is such an amazing place and goose-winged east along Shelikof Strait to Devil's Cove. We passed the Australian yacht *Tookto* which was being sailed hard on the wind by Helen and Bob whom we had met in Kodiak. They were bound for the North West Passage. The coast looked beautiful and the log records "Máire wowing at snow-capped mountain scenery". It was also very cold but thanks to my new 'All In One Teddy Fleece' I felt warm and toasty ([www.onepiece.com](http://www.onepiece.com)).

The wind increased during the night and it started to rain. With a forecast of northeast winds reaching force 7 later, we sought shelter in a small bay east of Aguchik Island where we stayed snug at anchor for the next forty-eight hours. It rained constantly and every time I went on deck to watch the bears on the shore I got soaked to the skin! It was still raining when we weighed our very muddy anchor next morning, but as soon as we were underway it cleared to bright sunshine and we motored in light winds through Cannery Passage out into Shelikof Strait again. As we left the ruins of the old cannery astern I imagined what life must have been like for the Chinese, Japanese and Filipino immigrants working on the slime line: gutting, cleaning and sorting fish in this remote place.

Shelikof Strait was alive with orcas and Dalls porpoises. We had not seen the last of the rain and on the overnight passage to Seward, two hundred miles away, entries in the log include: drizzle; more drizzle; less drizzle. Seward is a holiday resort on the east side of the Kenai Peninsula at the foot of Mount Marathon. People come from all over the world to compete in the annual Mount Marathon Race which is held on The 4th of July. The race involves a climb and a descent of the mountain with waterfalls, scree and steep cliffs. From our berth on the dock several people could be seen on the mountain in training for the big event.

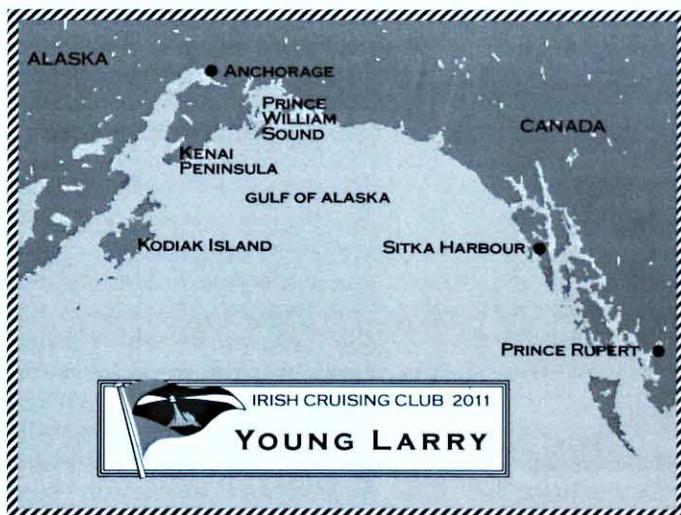
## Barking otters

Ashore we visited the fantastic \$56 million Sea Life Centre funded from the Exxon Valdès oil spill settlement, after the disaster on Bligh Reef. On Sunday June 12th we cleared Cape



### THE FINGAL CUP

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





Clark Cove.

Resurrection and spent some time close to the amazing Stellar sea lion colony on the nearby Mary's Rock. Anchor Cove was the obvious place to stop before making for the beautiful Bainbridge Passage where again wildlife abounded, and in Otter Cove we listened to otters "barking" through the night.

Prince William Sound is a great body of water (100 x 100 miles approximately) and one could spend a summer exploring this gorgeous place. On passage to Whittier the visibility was much reduced and a small power-boat hailed us and asked if he could motor close astern as his "GPS is down". It must have been frustrating for him to have to motor at a speed of 5 knots and once he knew where he was he was off like a shot! Whittier Harbour is jam-packed with boats and while we were there the dock was being extended. The overcrowding is most likely due to the fact that Whittier is one of only two locations on Prince William Sound connected by road. It is also a turnaround port for some of the enormous cruise ships on the Seattle-Vancouver-Alaska rotation.

Our neighbours on the dock were Marie and Wally, who are farmers in the Lower 48. They have had a yacht in Prince William Sound for many years. Over the next ten days we



Brown bear.



Máire in Lituya Bay.

visited Twin Bay, Squaw Bay, Cabin Bay, Naked Island, and Deep Bay Hawkin's Island, which were all lovely and recommended by Wally. The weather was great and the sailing terrific.

We really liked Cordova, which seemed to us like a smaller version of Kodiak. We enjoyed a delicious meal ashore from a restaurant with fine views over the harbour and *Young Larry*.

There are two routes from the Cordova to the Gulf of Alaska. One can save around fifty miles by going through Orca Strait with shallow patches and exiting via the very shallow ever-changing Strawberry channel. We worked out that we could get through the strait and arrive at the bar of Strawberry Channel just before high water. Besides the plotter would not

be of any help in Strawberry Channel as it was BLANK! We decided to have a go and "touched" twice as we tried to get cross the bar in Strawberry Channel. Luckily we got through on our third attempt. Never a dull moment on board *Young Larry*!

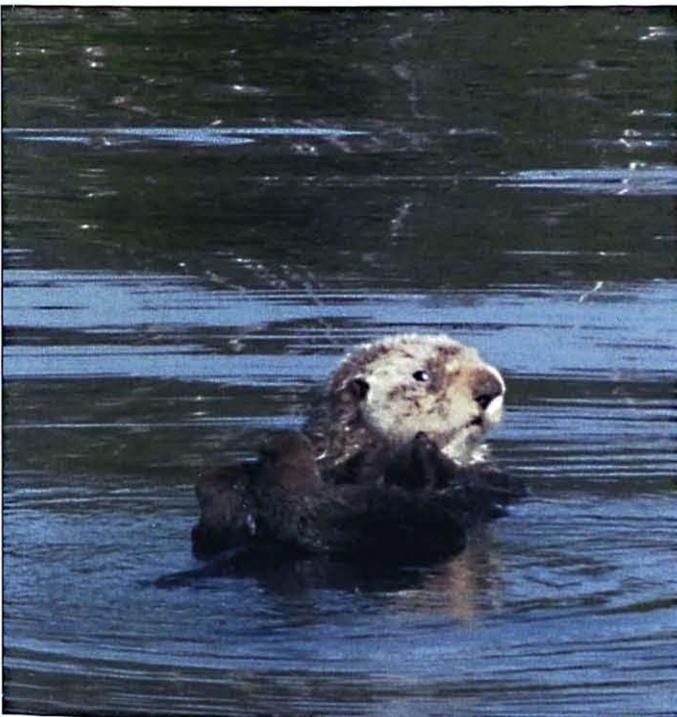
Midsummer's Night brought a westerly breeze and we had a grand sail until the wind died in the early hours. Midsummer it was but it was pitch black and my four hour watch in the dark was my first bit of night sailing for some time. We entered Lituya Bay on very good transits at 03.00 on June 23rd. An earthquake here in 1958 caused a tsunami which sank several boats.

The plotter indicated two heads with glaciers, but reality differs as the glaciers

have both receded. We motored south in thick fog into a light southeasterly two days later, and were very happy to enter a glassy-calm, sunny Cross Sound, the northern limit of Alaska's Inside Passage.

Elphin Cove has an outer harbour with a visitor's dock and seaplane pontoon which is protected by a small island. There are stunning views of the Fairweather Mountain Range from the dock. Fairweather was named by Captain Cook in 1778 and is a misnomer, as it experiences more foul weather than fair. Apparently local fishermen believed that when they saw the mountain, they could be sure of several days of good weather. A boardwalk leads over a small peninsula to the inner harbour, which is surrounded by steep wooded hills on which the houses are built in a higgledy piggledy fashion. Floating docks occupy most of the inner harbour. The cove has a population of about fifteen but there is a large seasonal influx of fishermen, sports fishermen, and lodge staff. In the pub we met Donna who runs the local sports-fishing lodge and were invited for cinnamon rolls next morning at 07.00. In another gesture of Elphin hospitality a fisherman threw a salmon into our cockpit as he motored past. "Something for your dinner" he said!

Next day we radioed Bartlett Cove National Park visitor centre, and were advised to proceed to the cove where we would obtain a permit that would allow us visit Glacier Bay. Our long drawn-out brainwashing "induction" followed. The visibility was very poor the next morning, so we decided not to make the long detour to Reid Glacier and spent a long time watching the antics of the many humpback whales near Gustavus Point. Back in Icy Strait we crept along the shore to keep out of the tide, and wove our way through the fishing fleets which were mainly seiners. Icy Strait runs south east to join Chatham Strait and Lyn Canal.



Bemused otter!



Young Larry in Prince Williams Sound.

Forested shores rise steeply from the water in the approaches to Juneau, Alaska's state capital. Sea planes arriving and departing made an unusual navigation hazard for us. There were four cruise ships alongside and the wash of a fifth brought a saucepan crashing to the cabin sole and broke. Ashore waves of tourists moved from one jewellery shop to the next. The shops with signs such as 'In Alaska and the Caribbean' are owned by the cruise ship companies and do little for the local economy.

The entire atmosphere changed the next day, Saturday, when all five ships had departed. We hiked up to the top of the mountain and chose to tram-it back down just to see what it was like! Our berth at \$75 a night was the most expensive of our trip.

A local told us about the Treadwell Mines on nearby Douglas Island which at its peak in 1915 employed over two thousand people, and from which ten million tons of ore had been removed. It all came to an end in 1917 when water from the Gastineau Channel flooded the mine. Thankfully all the workers escaped. Little is left of the gold mine today.

A fresh southeasterly was causing a nasty chop in the Gastineau Channel, and we decided to make for Taku Harbour. An early start the next day got us down through Stephen's Passage to fishing village Petersburg in time for The 4th July celebrations. The parade started with horns and sirens and a police car. Children on decorated bicycles and tricycles brought up the rear. Later we watched the log-rolling contest. We spent a few days in Peterburgh during which time we dried out *Young Larry* on the grid, hired a power-hose and gave the bottom a good scrub. It made a huge difference to our turn of speed.

On Thursday July 7th we headed north again to Frederick Sound, as we wanted to visit Warm Springs Bay on Baranov Island. We anchored at Chapin Bay and Red Bluff Bay on the way. Red Bluff Bay is protected by a group of islands and red rocks at its entrance. We set our shrimp pots but all we caught was a starfish. However this disappointment was soon forgotten as three bears appeared on the shore. I watched them for some time from the relative safety of our dinghy.

Warm Springs Bay has long been a magnet for fishermen and sailors in the Inside Passage. The first sight is a huge waterfall tumbling down the mountainside and pouring into the

cove. There are a few summer houses on the shore and a dock. A boardwalk leads from the dock to the bathhouse which consists of three small rooms each with a bath full of steaming hot water.

### **Magic!**

It was pure luxury to soak in the wooden tub and look out at the snow-capped mountains. Later in the evening we followed the boardwalk into the forest and up a hill to the natural hot springs above the waterfall. Here we found two small pools. The first was too hot but the second at the edge of the waterfall was just right. That night we fell asleep to the roar of the falls, and next morning climbed up the hill to a lake above the waterfall where we had a swim. All magic!

When we turned north again we got northerlies in Chatham Strait and northwesterlies in Peril Strait. We entered Rose Channel, anchored in Deep Bay, where we caught and lost a salmon and next morning carried the tide through Sergius Narrows in visibility which was about a third of a mile. The tide carried fair through Olga Strait and brought us to Sitka Harbour, where we anchored opposite main dock in the west of the harbour. Sitka is a very attractive town with a waterfront of docks, canneries, float-plane pontoon, some lovely old buildings, a very impressive cathedral and a totem-pole trail. Cruise ships do visit but have to anchor off the Indian River south of the town.

The docks were busy and every berth was occupied by fishermen who were waiting for an opening in a few days' time. As a result we remained at anchor, which we prefer anyway, and it was only a short row across the harbour to a landing place.

We visited the Russian Cathedral which is dripping gold. The guide explained that when the original church went on fire in the sixties the townspeople formed a human chain to rescue the chandelier and the icons.

We had great fun going through the inside passages on the west coast of Baranov Island. Dorothy Narrows is very shallow and it was dead calm in Windy Passage with its first and second narrows. A night was spent at Goddard Hot Springs. On Sunday July 17th we stormed south in a westerly force 4, doubled Cape Ommaney and made fast at the dock in Port Alexander at 19.00.

The board walk brought us to the Laughing Raven Lodge. The owner Peter O'Mooney, an Irish citizen, was very welcoming and before we knew it we were sitting around his kitchen table eating smoked salmon.

It drizzled on and off the next day but it was all down-wind after Cape Decision and even in the damp dreary conditions, Calder Bay on Prince William Island looked beautiful.

El Capitan Passage is between Prince of Wales Island and Kosciusko Islands. The first part was really narrow and we were very glad to see a few buoys. This passage was one of the most exciting of the entire trip. We saw one other yacht and passed a few small fishing boats as we threaded our way south through several passages. However I have to mention one – the Skookumchuck Passage – just because I love how it sounds! There are several sheltered bays in the passage but we chose to motor on to the town of Craig sixty-two miles from Calder Bay.

### **New killer rig**

Fishing had been slack for a few days and the guy who sold the hoochie and flasher to Andrew said that it was guaranteed to work. And it did – we caught quite a few sockeye salmon with this new killer rig!

In order to clear into Canada we needed to cross the Dixon Entrance to Prince Rupert. This is about eighty-five miles from Cape Chacon at the southern end of Prince of Wales Island. Charlie of Charlie's Charts Sailing Directions suggests Nicholas Bay as a jumping off point. The pilot book talked

about a small cove east of Nicholas Bay, which is used by local fishermen, called Minnie Cove. It was closer and we had a salmon to cook. Yet another amazing entrance through islets, rocks and kelp, and in my opinion the best ever! Luckily we were the only boat as in actual fact Minnie Cove is tiny. As the sun was setting the tide went out and exposed the many dangers in the entrance. We were trapped inside until the next flood.

We cleared into Canada from a phone box on the dock in Prince Rupert. We were in civilization again! Soon it would be August and we still had not decided how we would get *Young Larry* back to Europe. We toyed with the idea of trucking her to the Great Lakes and laying her up in Rochester. N.Y where Andrew has relatives. We even considered returning through the Northwest Passage. In the end we decided to continue south and winter her somewhere in California.

There are two routes south from Prince Rupert: the Inner Channels or "Inside Passage" referred to as the Glenville and Princess Royal Channel, the route ferries and cruise ships take, and the wider more exposed Outer Channels such as Campania Sound, Laredo Channel and Meyers Channel. We chose the outer route, caught yet another salmon, and anchored in another "hard to find" cove called Clarke Cove. We entered Klemtu Passage via Meyers Passage. On the way to Shearwater we sailed through Seaforth Channel in company with yacht *Marianne* from New Caledonia, and each took photos of the other. Shearwater, originally an anti-submarine bomber reconnaissance unit is now is a thriving resort. We had reached what is known as the Discovery Coast or the Great Bear Rainforest, which stretches from North Vancouver Island to the Alaskan border. In this beautiful area of green, forested mountains, conservationists ensure that logging is regulated to ensure sustainability. Kwakame Inlet is a handy passage anchorage off Fitzhugh Sound and the Inner Cove just like Minnie Cove gets landlocked at low water.

### **Wasteful rednecks!**

Alert Bay on Cormorant Island is a town of mixed population of native and non-natives. The brightly-coloured U'mista Cultural Centre or Big House is a museum which chronicles the tale of the two different cultures. In the pub an old woman talked about the "rednecks who come up from the south and waste good timber, building mansions that are only occupied for two weeks a year".

Cruising the waters of British Columbia demands some knowledge of tidal currents. We decided to avoid the commercial traffic in Johnstone Strait, Discovery Passage and Seymour Narrows, and opted for the northern route through the Yucultas and Desolation Sound. It was not possible for a slow boat like us to get through in one leg and we stopped at Shoal Bay and Fanny Bay. The worst and most exciting rapids are found at Dent Island with many overfalls and eddies. In terms of the number of yachts on the water, Desolation Sound reminded us of the Solent and when we anchored at Hardy Island, north of Fox Island we were one of nineteen boats!

The next day, August 4th, en-route to Vancouver we had light northwesterlies and hove-to in order to have a swim. Bliss! We entered the Vancouver River and anchored near Cooper's Bridge in False Creek, where it made a change to be surrounded by skyscrapers rather than the forested mountains to which we had become accustomed. We spent two nights in Coal Harbour Marina as we wanted to be alongside in order to service the engine etc. We then returned to False Creek which is much nicer and where it is possible to anchor for two weeks at no cost. Ashore in the Maritime Museum we saw Captain Larson's *St. Roch* of North West Passage fame. We weighed anchor four days later and with topsail set crossed to Galiano Island, and back to the semi-wilderness again.

But not for long! Next stop Victoria, where we packed as much as possible into our short visit. However the jewel in the crown of the Pacific Northwest has to be the Victorian seaport of Port Townsend. There are two marinas, along with the Northwest Maritime Centre, which is home to the annual Wooden Boat Festival. Everyone is "boat mad". Expert craftsmen from shipwrights to sailmakers to riggers to boat builders are all here. Shipwrights Diana and Rick of Taku Marine could not have been more welcoming, and what Diana doesn't know about brightwork is not worth knowing! The weather was perfect for varnishing and we worked hard by day and partied at night. At a benefit gig for a local music venue we met Bertram Levy, a famous concertina player, who is also a wooden boat builder. Bertram, a urologist, lived in Dublin years ago and played with a band called Boys of the Lough. We had nights of music ashore and afloat. The runners and forestay needed replacing and rigger Brion Toss came on board to offer advice. Peter Bailey gave Andrew a present of a serving tool which he had made himself. Two weeks later we were reluctant to leave.

We logged seven hundred and thirteen miles on passage to

San Francisco. Progress in the Juan De Fuca Strait was slow due to headwinds and fog, but overall we had a very enjoyable sail in fresh to strong north or northwest winds from Cape Flattery to San Francisco. Sailing under the Golden Gate Bridge in the dark was hugely exciting. We brought up in Aquatic Park and Alcatraz Island was one of our anchor transits. We swam daily around the anchorage along with the several other swimmers from the local swimming clubs. Ashore we received a C  ad M  ile F  ilte from old friends Fr. Pat Brennan and his brother Colm. On board Colm's boat at Pier 39 I was not surprised to see a huge painting of the Blasket Islands in the saloon, given that their mother was a native of An Bloscaod M  r.

On September 6th, Labour Day, we motored from Aquatic Park to the Napa River north of San Francisco. In a voyage of a hundred and six days we covered over three thousand miles. Our daily runs were anything between forty and eighty miles. We anchored in thirty-four of the forty-seven places that we visited. We laid *Young Larry* up in the Napa Valley Marina where she will remain awaiting further adventures next spring.

### **Peter Killen writes of *Pure Magic's* sojourn in the Med.**

Following the joint ICC/RCC rally in the Azores in 2009, we wintered *Pure Magic* in Lagos, Portugal, and the following early summer sailed her to Corfu, via

Majorca, Sardinia and Sicily. Once there, we pottered about amongst the Ionian islands for the summer, before wintering the boat in Gouvia marina, Corfu.

This year, we headed up the Adriatic to Venice. With me for the trip north, were Hugh Barry, Joe Phelan and Bill Walsh. We departed Gouvia on Friday June 3rd and en-route we stopped off in Cavtat (a Croatian port of entry/exit) which is a really beautiful little place. Here we were able to take a water taxi to Dubrovnik. We then pushed on to Pula in northern Croatia via an island or two, and checked out of Croatia there. Pula boasts a magnificent amphitheatre and a lovely mediaeval old town heart.

We arrived in Venice on Friday June 10th. It really is an exciting and breathtaking way to arrive there. The waterways are worse than O'Connell Street at rush hour, but no-one seems to crash....despite the fact that there is everything from rowing boats to cruise liners and all in between! We were riveted (the others by the sights, me by the depth sounder and the traffic!). We were most lucky to have secured a berth at the yacht club marina known as the Compagnia della Vela, on the island of San Giorgio, directly opposite St. Mark's Square and five minutes by waterbus from there.

Two days later, having done lots of sight-seeing, Hugh headed for home and Bev, Trish Phelan and Catherine Walsh arrived. Venice is stunning and definitely lived up to its superb reputation. It was thirty-five years and more since Bev and I had last been there. The back streets are always quiet

and in the evenings, when most of the tourists were gone, we could potter about the main squares unhindered. The evening the girls arrived, Dr. Gianpietro Zucchetta, club member (and RCC Hon Foreign Representative in Venice) who had organised our berth hosted us to a wonderful drinks party followed by supper. He and his wife Mia, entertained us on their beautifully restored 1950s tug-boat. We were introduced to some of their friends and had a truly memorable evening.

We used the waterbusses frequently. One could hop on a bus and do its full route before arriving back at one's original departure point, all for a few euro! We saw all of the main waterways of Venice this way.

Having departed Venice on June 15th, we spent the next twelve days cruising the coast of Croatia, anchoring off lots of islands, one nicer than the next and finally arriving in Mandalina Marina, Sibenik. This is a town half way between Zadar and Split. The old part of the town is lovely, though large parts of it were badly damaged during the Balkan war. Much of the damage has or is being repaired

We left *Pure Magic* here for the next six weeks, the hottest part of the summer, whilst we returned to Costa del Malahide and the rain. Robert and Rose Michael then joined us back on board in late August and we cruised on down the Croatian coast finally returning to Gouvia.

We really enjoyed Croatia, finding the people very helpful. Though they can be reserved, compared to other Mediterranean peoples we have encountered, they can be most charming. In fact, we liked Croatia so much, we are returning next year to explore, further, some of the myriad of islands.

Who knows when we shall finally extract *Pure Magic* from the Med!!

# Bringing *Dom Perignon* home – Formentera to Kinsale

Adrian Stokes

With the economy the way it is, I decided that the time had come for me to change my lifestyle of relaxing in the Balearic Islands for six months each year, and instead bring the boat back to her home port of Kinsale. This is the tale of that voyage. The voyage had two fairly serious problems, but basically is a description of places visited and the enjoyment of friends. I brought her down here in 1997/8 mainly with Deirdre and some help from the family, and apart from our first passage to Camaret we never had a night at sea. We hopped all the way down the French, Spanish and Portuguese coast, wintered in Vilamoura and the next summer sailed to Formentera. This was my best cruise ever as we had no deadlines to meet. Bringing her back to Ireland was more of a delivery trip as I had to arrange crews and but was very enjoyable none the less.

It was late summer 2010 before I could leave Formentera due to final visitors. The intention was to, hopefully, get her to the Algarve and winter her in Portimao. My crew was Samuel, my niece's husband, and his attributes were that he could cook, did not suffer from seasickness; he was highly intelligent, with a scholarship to Oxford and scholarship for his Masters to Harvard, but he knew nothing about sailing. He was great company, and we got on really well. He is Jewish, and his wife Sandy said to me, "don't talk about the Jews, Palestine, Arabs, pork or politics, and you will get on okay." I passed this message on to all the people we met, and of course we all talked about these very subjects!! Guess what he does for a living – he is a house-husband and very good at it.

Unfortunately the intended cruise to the Algarve was cut short as the Perkins 4236 ran out of oil near Cabo Palos at 05.00 when we were only 30 hours from Gibraltar with great weather. We had to be pulled into Cartagena as there was no wind. Here I was very lucky as I had a good contact who put me on to an excellent engineer, Juan. He diagnosed serious problems and found it impossible to give an estimate for the repair. However my son-in-law, Pat, looked up the internet and found me a Perkins 4236 that had been a standby generator in a hospital and only had 380 hours up, with a limited guarantee, all for £1,400 delivered. I was now in business as I could get a firm price for installing it. Juan, the engineer, was going to have it all hunky dory by the middle of December, and he was as good as his word. His name is Juan Alcobol, and I would recommend him to anyone. I flew home to Ireland at about the beginning of October 2010, and returned to see the engine marinised and fitted early December 2010.

Cartagena is a most interesting large town with a history going back to 227 BC, mainly due to its natural deep and very defensible harbour. It is a bit like Cork Harbour but not as large, and with large overlooking hills to put forts on. Hannibal's brother was the first to realise its virtues, and it became the centre of the Carthaginian Empire in Spain. Or at least that was until the Romans became interested in it in 200BC and chucked them out. The Romans stayed for many years until the Moors came along and deposed them. There are Carthaginian and Roman amphitheatres all being resurrected to a high standard. It was the last city to fall to Franco in the 1930's. It has been a naval base for hundreds of years, and is now the submarine base for Spain. They have a shipyard which builds submarines. There are two marinas, and I would recommend the Yacht Port Cartagena, known as YPC. It is a good safe berth for the winter, and the price was on the medium cheap scale. It has everything from good ship chandlery and

engineering shops to good restaurants. They had about eight or ten cruising yachts of every nationality wintering there, all of them being English-speaking, and they were very pleasantly sociable. Though I was only there for a week they invited me to a get-together they had every Wednesday night, when they met in a Tapas bar for a drink. In December when I was there, after the drinks, eight of us went to another Tapas bar where we had a very good meal with good wine for €13. In March I was invited to a barbecue at lunch time, with very interesting people of a mature age.

To get back to the sailing, my plan in 2011 was twofold: first to sail up the Portuguese coast and, secondly, cross the Bay of Biscay. All the information I could get suggested that April was the month to sail up the Portuguese coast before the northerly trade winds set in for the summer. All the statistics showed that June and July were the best months to cross the Bay, and on that basis I planned my cruise and crew. Colin Hallet, a good friend, volunteered to come for the first part. He is a very experienced sailor with a Yacht Masters Offshore Certificate. A few years ago he had an Aphrodite 42 yacht and knew the Portuguese coast and the Mediterranean well. I went down to Cartagena in the middle of March 2011 to get things sorted, and he joined me on 31st March. We left the next day with an east wind, and the following evening we were into Gibraltar. I had been on Queensway Marina before, and so we headed for there. There was no reply to any phone calls or VHF, and when we eventually found it, it had a floating barrier to stop entry. We had to make for Marina Bay Marina at night, and I found the



Samuel repairing the rod steering.

lights very disconcerting. I had been in Gibraltar in 1997 bringing *Dom Perignon* down, and quite liked it but, this time it was different. Huge developments had taken place where Sheppard's had been, and it was all honky-tonk, cheap and cheerful – not the style for me. We could not leave until Monday as we wanted Navigating light bulbs before leaving. The Navigation lights appeared not to be waterproof, and Colin covered them with clingfilm, which saw us home to Cork.

We were getting regular weather reports and suggestions from Mandy, my daughter, and her advice was get out of Gibraltar ASAP or we could be stuck for a week. We headed off to Portimao where we arrived the next morning, filled up with diesel, and again on Mandy's advice left after 4 hours (and were charged for a full day). Mandy forecast that it would be blowing gale force later, but it would be slack winds and sea once we got around Cape St Vincent. We had a strong wind (force 6 to 7) and big seas to the Cape and, as predicted, good conditions thereafter.

We were in Cascais by 06.00 the next morning, and here I did not find the lights so difficult, or possibly I was getting used to them. We spent the night there, and as the wind was still southeast we continued on our merry way to Povoa de Varzim, which we made by next lunch time. We liked Varzim as they were very friendly there, and the club house is good for a meal. They have a large hauling out yard and I understand it is reasonably priced.

The forecast here was for the wind to go north after lunch, so we made an early start next morning (09.30!). As it was only 40 miles to Bayona, we were there for lunch. The first part of the plan had been completed, and in only nine days. It was 'all go', but very satisfying to achieve our aim of getting up the Portuguese Coast. The next day we motored up to Cangas which is opposite Vigo, as Colin was leaving me then to head home to look after his home chores. He was a great crew, an absolute gentleman, and a pleasure to be with.

This cruise has taught me the value of having someone at home, sitting behind a desk, looking at weather forecasts such as Theyr, Passageweather or Ugrib, and advising you when to go. When you are on your boat you are usually out of range of the internet, and maybe there is no internet café to be easily found.

A word about Cangas: I liked it very much. It is not the smoothest marina, but very friendly, and in the centre of a good town with a reasonably large Eroski and a market for fish, fruit, veg, and meat. It had everything close at hand with fast ferries



Simon on auxiliary tiller.



The crew on arrival in Cork. Adrian Stokes, Simon Stokes, Samuel D'Amon.

to Vigo every half hour. As we were there over Easter, there were big religious ceremonies and the church is magnificent. At the Marina there is a café-restaurant run by Lehimar from Columbia and his lovely wife, Erica, from Romania, who does the cooking.

I noticed in Galicia that you are wasting your time calling up any marina on the VHF; no one answers – you could be a long time waiting for them. This is one difference I notice from the Mediterranean, where the Marineros do answer your calls and help with berthing. I think maybe they don't speak English and they won't talk, but will whistle or shout at you. This applied to Bayona, Cangas, San Adrian, Combarro, Riberia and Villagarcía. The only place I got good results was Marina Punta la Goa.

April and half of May 2011 were great months for weather. I must say I liked Villagarcía as it is a good safe marina with competent marineros. It is close to shops, restaurants, and good facilities on the marina. There is an excellent train service which goes from Vigo to La Coruña, calling at Santiago. The man to know there is Tito who I reckon is the boss. He speaks good English and is most helpful. Also Lidia who is in charge of the office is very pleasant and helpful, and speaks English. There is an internet in the office which you can use for free.

I had to go home to Ireland for ten days, and returned on May 31st. Prior to my crew arriving for the final leg of the journey, I had six weeks to enjoy Galicia and get *Dom Perignon* up to La Coruña, as this was my preferred port of departure. Firstly I moved up to Villagarcía having been in all the usual ports. I had initially intended then to head for Caraminal, and Tito was going to arrange a berth for me, but they had a yacht race coming, which erased that idea. As far as I can see, most ports in Ria de Arosa are full of members' yachts, with very few spaces for visitors. When you get into July and August, it must be difficult to get a berth, but there are many good anchorages.

The winds had been fairly strong from the north, but on Monday June 6th it looked as if we were in for some southerlies, so I headed down to Ribeira to be ready to go north. On the following Wednesday I left early, headed out the Channel de Sangres and made Caraminas that afternoon. I always seem to get to ports during the siesta hour, and I am becoming quite adept at getting into berths by myself (aren't bow-thrusters



marvellous?). I think it is a unique marina tucked away up north, and I found it clean and everyone helpful and cheerful.

Next morning I left for La Coruña before my crew arrived on June 9th for the second and final leg of the journey across the Bay of Biscay. I was on the second marina and was very pleased as it was close to shopping areas. My son, Simon,

arrived shortly after I did, followed next day by Samuel. Mandy who was in Cangas was weather-watching for me, and suggested we leave on the Saturday.

We did our shopping for wine, looked at Passage weather.com, filled up with diesel, and left for Ireland on Saturday at 12.00. The forecast was for the southerly winds to increase to 20-25 knots southwest by midnight, which is what happened. That's when our second serious problem occurred. At 05.00 on Sunday morning the steering broke, and we went to reel in the jib but it snagged, and with the sea that was running, I decided to await daybreak at 06.00. We then had no trouble getting the jib in, and the next thing was to fit the emergency tiller. To do this we had to empty the lazaret of 15 boxes of wine and other items! Of course the boxes were cardboard and were getting wet, but we got them into the cockpit and then into the saloon, but by this time the boxes were disintegrating, and what a mess there was. We then searched for the fault which was a flexible coupling behind the aft heads. Simon pronounced it repairable, and after 5 hours work, ably helped by Samuel and in between taking sick breaks, he had it working. He was the hero of the trip because the alternative did not bear thinking of. La Coruña was 100 miles south and the French ports 200 miles to the west. We hand-steered her for the next 12 hours with no trouble, and then decided to put her on the autopilot and had no further problems. Our autopilot is a Cetrec 727, and had been a bit temperamental, so got called Georgina. In Cartagena, an American yachtsman had a look, and found it worked better if the button marked SET was held down, so we opened it and undid that wire. On our crossing of the Bay, it was giving us some grief, and we found that if we held down the pilot button it worked away, so we used a cork on the button which was held there with shock cord. We experienced no more problems.

We had no further trouble, and the wind increased to 30 knots from the south, but this was no problem for us as *Dom Perignon* runs well. We decided to go up to Cork City Marina so that we could unload everything. It is a marvellous facility made for the tourists, and you are discouraged from staying for more than a few days. We arrived up there at 09.00, which was just under four days from La Coruña, which I suppose is par for the course. We used the engine all the time, and I was surprised at how little diesel it used; at 93 gallons, just about 1 gallon per hour. That night I slept for 18 hours and it took me three weeks to fully recover, which is all to do with age, as the rest of the crew recovered in 24 hours. But I would do it again!

## The pleasures of cruising on inland waters, such as on the Norfolk Broads

(Shannon sailors please take note)

**I**t is never particularly easy getting away from Potter Heigham. The river is only about sixty feet wide and there are boats moored each side. On this occasion the wind was dead ahead, and until we cast off we didn't realise how strong it was. A violent gust caught *Merryweather II*, the boat heeled over until the side decking was under water and every food locker on the windward side fell open, so a cascade of eggs rolled across the well.... *Merryweather* shot across the narrow channel like a dart and smote a motor cruiser moored on the opposite bank.

I have experienced many collisions on the Broads; they're inevitable on these crowded waterways, but I have never experienced one in which there was so much noise. The shock of the collision knocked me flat on the cabin roof, where I had been standing, clinging to the mast. As I got up

my ears were assailed by a deafening female squawking from the bowels of the cruiser"...

"We sheered off and started to blow sideways down the river towards the bridge. I got one arm round the forestay and one leg on another boat to try to bring the head round, and found myself imminent danger of being split in half. Beaver was bawling a series of utterly incomprehensible and useless orders such as "Back the jib...quant on the port side...tell that boat to get out of the way... The boat in question, incidentally, had been moored for four days.... I got the jib down without waiting for orders, and Harry saved the day by throwing the forward line to a kindly cruiser skipper."

Abridged quotation from *The Art of Coarse Sailing* by Michael Green.

# Sailing to Byzantium

John P. Bourke

As part of a planned circumnavigation of Europe to take place over a number of years, it was intended that *Wolfhound* spend the winter of 2010/11 in Istanbul. However the mechanical goblins took a hand and although owner and skipper, Alan McGettigan, is good at fixing things, on this occasion a lift out and specialised equipment were required. As a result the boat wintered in Kusadasi, a well-known tourist resort on the west coast of Turkey with a modern marina and boatyard.

I had another and personal reason for wishing to sail to Istanbul. Some years before I had been due to sail there with senior ICC and Mediterranean explorer Brian Hegarty. His illness had intervened, so that this trip would be to his memory and that of so many happy days.

A number of short working visits to Kusadasi were made by Alan and others of his extensive band of regulars, earlier in 2011. The programme proper re-engaged on Saturday July 3rd when he and I, with Finbar Costello, Morgan Crowe and Mike Jackson, flew from Dublin to Izmir, arriving in Kusadasi marina late that evening. Fortunately they do eat late in Turkey, and one of the many marina restaurants was happy to take midnight orders. The air was scented and balmy at our table under the trees, but we were under no illusion that tomorrow it could be hot, if not very hot. We had heard of a severe heat-wave in the Eastern Mediterranean some weeks before. Fortunately this had passed and in the end it was just hot.

The next day we cleaned, provisioned and prepared the boat for sea. Serious repairs create dust and dust gets everywhere. By mid-afternoon it was largely done, and we could drive the short distance to the ancient city of Ephesus, one of the great tourist attractions of the world. There were three large cruise ships in Kusadasi that day, and their contents and many others were there. However there is plenty of room in which to walk around and marvel at the great amphitheatre, the elegant walkways and the facade of the famous library. Some eighty thousand people lived in Ephesus at its peak of influence and wealth, a large city for those times. Today more than that number visit every year, if not every month. In ancient days the sea came right up to the city walls, but it now stands well inland.

It is believed that Mary the mother of Jesus came to live nearby, some time after Jesus' departure. In a lovely shaded valley where her house was thought to be, there is a small ornate church which is visited by large numbers, including ourselves. Mary is of course venerated by many followers of Islam as well as by Christians.

We had intended to leave at dawn on Monday, but a further snag had appeared, this time to do with regulation rather than mechanics. We did not seem to have a document that was purported to have been issued on *Wolfhound's* arrival in 2010. Without it we could not depart. Everyone was most helpful and shortly after lunch, a replacement appeared. Thus released, we motored out into a light breeze, the engine sounding crisp, and as pleased as ourselves to be under way. Two hours passed happily until we noticed a change in engine tone and a rise in temperature. When the alarm came on it was time to switch off. There followed some inspection and much discussion among the three engineers on board. In the absence however of any firm diagnosis, we hoisted sail and turned back to Kusadasi in the gathering dusk. A light breeze held until we were within a cable of the entrance when, in standard Mediterranean fashion,

it died altogether. Fortunately we had phoned ahead, and a boatman towed us in to the berth so recently vacated.

Alan put a brave face on things and made more calls while the rest of us retreated to our, by now familiar, restaurant. The boatyard must have liked him, because at 09.00 the next morning there were two mechanics on board, who rapidly discovered no less than three coincidental problems. Shortly after lunch all three were fixed and we again set forth, this time facing an overnight sail in order to catch up. The restaurant was sorry to see us leave, but who knows, we could yet be back. For twelve hours, until our next stopping point became the closer of the two, Alan was not really convinced that he had left Kusadasi. However there are worse places and it must be given much credit for kindness and efficiency.

We had intended to visit the Greek island of Chios, but passed by instead, through the passage between it and the island of Mandraki. We watched a gorgeous sunset followed by a dark night with calm water, across which a thin sliver of moon cast a shimmering line. As night passages go, it was not a hardship.

By morning a new and brisk headwind slowed our progress towards Lesbos, legendary home of the Greek poetess Sappho. In the south of the island is a large caldera and ancient volcano, now a substantial bay with a narrow and quite shallow entrance. We decided to rest there, choosing a small harbour in a village called Polikhnitos on the eastern shore. There we tied alongside a newly-painted work boat. It was a pleasant little place and we were the only yacht. A young and most polite official appeared, somewhat to our surprise in such a remote place, suggesting that we move to the outside wall which would be fine for the night in such settled weather. At the same time his mobile was to his ear, perhaps seeking instructions. We were almost alongside as directed when he said sorry and alas, we could not stay and should instead proceed to the main port of the island where we could enter Greece properly. It was afternoon by now and a further passage did not appeal. We motored across to another even smaller village near the mouth of the Bay called Apothedes where we anchored in a pretty bay, swam and later ate spaghetti with red wine in the cockpit. Three other yachts came in and anchored nearby which made us feel less alone.

In the morning we decided that we would not enter Greece at this time, having then to re-enter Turkey later. Instead we would proceed to the small Turkish island of Bozcaada just south of the entrance to the Dardanelles. We set off early, still motoring upwind. Bozcaada proved to be charming and full of Turkish visitors, probably down from the city for the weekend. In the dark we moored stern-to at the main pier, securing the second-last spot. The final spot went to a three week old Turkish designed ocean racer of about 33 feet, complete with carbon rig, high tech sails and all the rest. One of the crew, a lady who spoke perfect Bostonian English and who knew something about boats, admired our more venerable craft while speculating as to why we needed all those enormous winches. I tried to describe the needs and rigours of the North Sea on a fully-crewed Swan 43 in April, on the strength of which they invited me on board for coffee.

Dinner by the side of a pretty inner harbour offered a simple choice of fish or meat balls with local wine, most acceptable after two nights on board. We retired early but a little concerned at the wind forecast for the next day of northeasterly 20 to 25

knots. In those conditions the adverse current in the Dardanelles could run against us at up to four knots. Our racing neighbours had decided to wait a day for more favourable conditions.

At first light it did indeed blow as described. We waited and explored the village and its imposing castle. Later the wind did seem to have somewhat abated. Alan decided to be brave and we left by mid-morning, initially plugging into a short chop. However by the time we had reached the entrance to the great waterway the wind had moderated and the sea had flattened out. Visibility was good and we could see the monuments to the half a million soldiers who died there in nine short months. It was an atmospheric moment, to observe the scene of one of the major disasters of the Great War looking much the same as it then did. Had



*Wolfhound alongside at Bozcaada.*



*Kusadasi in the early morning.*

the plan succeeded, it might have been a master stroke, but it did not and was always held against Churchill despite his later triumphs. However out of it did emerge a brilliant young Turkish commander, who later as Ataturk was to create and fashion the modern Turkey.

After the entrance, we steered towards the right-hand shore, well away from the busy shipping lanes, as advised in the cruising guide. There the current was less strong and as we approached Gallipoli we actually enjoyed a favourable eddy. Alan was delighted: perhaps at last his luck had turned. Coming towards the half-way point at Canaikale the passage narrows, the line of ships going both ways closes in and the adverse stream intensifies. This flow is of course driven by the Danube, the Volga and all the other waters flowing into the Black Sea and the Sea of

Marmaris. We motored hard, eventually reaching a harbour at the end of the town where we again moored stern-to. There was lots of friendly assistance and interest in our unusual ICC Ensign and nationality. Canaikale is a bustling place with a long line of pubs and restaurants where the locals walk up and down in the cool of the evening. We walked with them, made our selection and enjoyed an excellent dinner with multiple choices of which we widely availed.

Early on Saturday we completed our trip through the straits into the Sea of Marmara, proceeding to Marmaris itself, a high volcanic island in the middle of the Sea. The main port is on the northeastern corner of the island, where we were again stern-to in a most attractive little harbour.



*The Bosphorus Bridge.*

The same formula was repeated in the line of pubs and restaurants, both as to the walking up and down and the final selection. Food in Turkey is not expensive, but our dinner this time set a new record of €50 for all five of us including a whole seabass as one of the choices. Drinking beer instead of wine accounted for some of our unintended economy as Turkish wine though good, is relatively expensive and foreign wines are extremely so.

Wakened by birdsong we headed out early into another brisk headwind. We briefly found a modest slant and carried the Genoa with engine before the wind again went ahead. We did actually beat for a short spell while Alan did some running adjustments to the engine. Apart from re-entering Kusadasi, that was the only time on the whole trip that we made like a sailboat. The winds ranged from very light to brisk, and were constantly ahead.

As we neared Istanbul the wind abated and we enjoyed another spectacular sunset while we picked our way through the host of ships anchored to the west of the city, waiting their turn to proceed into the Black Sea. Alan had booked us into the Atakoy Marina which is part of a Sheraton complex close to the city centre, and though by the time of our arrival it was dark we easily found our berth. There was a fish restaurant nearby and not seeing any alternatives, we tried and found it excellent and quite up-market. Imagine their astonishment when some of us asked for meat. "But this is a fish restaurant" they said pointing to the splendid variety on display. In the end however some meat was discovered for the carnivorous Irish.

Monday August 1st was spent touring Istanbul's major sights by those who had not been there before and in settling down the boat by those who had. After the tourist party had returned, tired, sweaty and impressed, we all changed into our

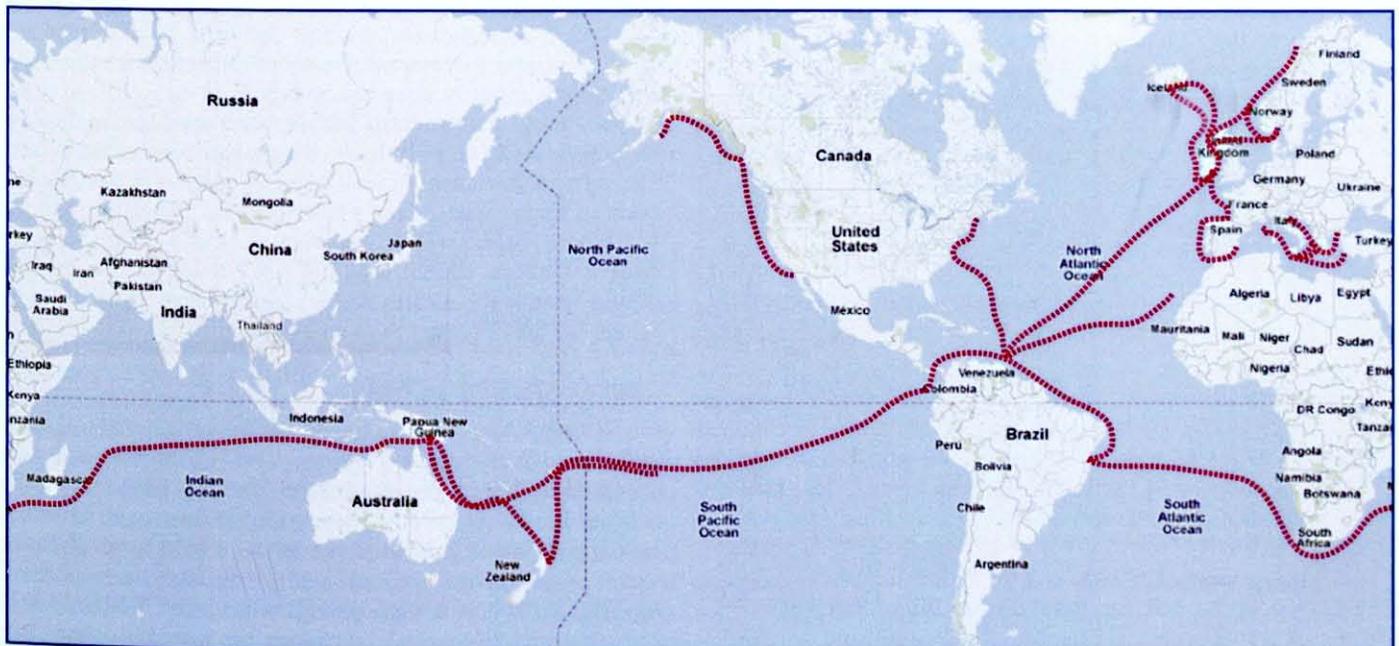


*Wolfhound crew and skipper at the Akatoy Sheraton Istanbul.*

smarter gear and braved the Sheraton, where a final dinner in the lush garden section of the dining complex was perfect for the occasion. Ramadan had started and the main dining rooms were full of people eating for the first time that day, accompanied by much chat and loud eastern music. There was quite a party atmosphere; they had their party and we had ours.

On Tuesday there was the usual blur of taxis and airports, ending our visit to waters seldom seen by Irish boats. The Atakoy marina informed us that for them, we were the first. However, the main objective had been to finally reach Istanbul, and thus with luck be able to get to Budapest on the Danube before winter set in. Alan's grand plan was back on track. His regular crew and others will continue to support.

## ICC Cruising Grounds 2011 (Worldwide)



# A year of five cruises

Neil Hegarty

Anne Kenny and I cruised on *Shelduck*, in March and October, on *Tam O'Shanter* in May and July and on *Samphire* in June. Paddy O'Sullivan invited me to skipper *Samphire* to the Brittany Cruise.

## **Shelduck, in March**

Anne and I flew from Cork to Malaga on March 4th and took a bus to Cadiz. It's a four hour trip along the coast with great views especially of Gibraltar and North Africa. From Cadiz we took the ferry to Rota which delivers you into the marina where *Shelduck* spent the winter safely afloat. The marina office had recommended Stephen Warner to keep an eye on her during the winter months which he did at reasonable cost. Stephen's father was in the American Navy and he has very good English. There is a large naval base near Rota in the Bay of Cadiz.

We spent the next few days preparing and rigging the boat between heavy showers and watching groups practising for the Cadiz Carnival around Rota town. Paddy O'Sullivan ICC, and Peter Cassidy arrived to join us in the late afternoon on the 8th. They flew into Seville and were going home to Ireland from Malaga so our plan was to cruise from Rota to Malaga with them. Anne and I would sail *Shelduck* back to Rota where members of my family would holiday there in April, May and June.

As we prepared for the short trip from Rota to Cadiz there was great activity at the naval base and in the bay with aircraft carriers coming and going and aircraft practising dropping equipment into the sea. We were to find out later that this was preparation for action in Libya. We set off for Cadiz early on March 9th because there was a forecast for strong winds later in the day. We planned to enjoy the famous Carnival for a day but force 5 to 7 winds kept us there for three days. We enjoyed our time very much with the carnival and the city keeping us entertained. The Cadiz Carnival is held every year at the beginning of Lent and is well worth seeing. The quality of the performers, costumes, makeup and staging is very high.

We had planned to sail next for Tangier but were recommended not to go at this time. Some crew members wanted to step on North African soil so we sailed for Ceuta, the Spanish enclave, on the 13th after a night in Barbate. Anne bought Peter a kaftan there which caused great amusement back in Dublin when he wore it at his grandson's christening. This time of year berthing in Ceuta is easy in the marina, stern-to. We stayed just one night, left at 14.30 and arrived in Gibraltar at 17.00 and ate ashore. The next day Anne and I went shopping for stores and in the afternoon we all took a taxi tour to see the views, the defensive caves and the Barbary apes. Gibraltar is a little run down but worth one visit in a lifetime. We left with a light westerly for Puerto de Jose Banus, a place called after the architect who created it. On arrival we were allocated a berth and were pulled and dragged stern-first between two boats. As we approached there did not seem to be room but they got us in. We spent the early evening looking at the familiarly named shops around town and dined ashore in beautiful sunshine. The following day was St. Patrick's Day. There was a clear blue sky and we had a force 3 westerly which blew us gently on to Benalmadena.

The next morning Paddy and Peter left for Malaga airport, and Anne and I left for Rota on *Shelduck*. We crossed the entrance to Gibraltar/Algeciras at 22.00 thankfully with a full



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IN A MAXIMUM OF 16 DAYS

moon. Anne was on watch and steering and was very composed with so many ships around. Many of them were clearly lit but some were not. There were ferries travelling at 25 knots to and from North Africa which made for interesting navigation. Later in the night, while still quite near the North African coast, I was on watch when a high speed black launch came up astern, floodlit and followed *Shelduck* for almost ten minutes. and then sped away. I presumed it was a Spanish customs vessel who was satisfied with our name and port of registry. It was, however, nerve-racking at the time.

We arrived at Puerto Sherry at 10.00 on the 19th to meet Lucio Estrada who was to fit an autopilot to *Shelduck*. I had always steered my boats by hand until Anne introduced me to the delights of autopilots. I decided to have it fitted in Puerto Sherry as I heard it was an excellent place to have work done, perhaps because of the experience gained by shipwrights in the naval base nearby. Lucio agreed to do the work the following Tuesday so we sailed to the Real Club Nautica in Santa Marina for the weekend. It is a very welcoming club, and an interesting town with an impressive beach. Santa Maria was the main port of export of sherry so we walked into the town centre and went to a genuine Art Deco café to taste the famous product. Very little English is spoken but after we had ordered a dry sherry the TV was switched to the Ireland/England rugby match without our asking. I think they thought we were English. At half time we went to a 'supermercado' nearby for stores and returned to see Ireland win.

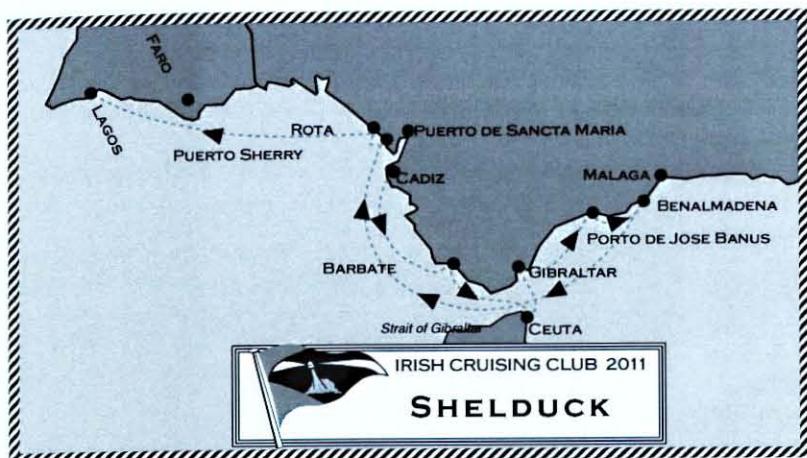
On Monday 21st we sailed back to Puerto Sherry to have the autopilot fitted. I also took the opportunity to change the engine oil and filter, have the outboard serviced and have a sail maker completely re-stitch the spray hood. Anne and I both enjoyed the autopilot on the way back to Rota on Wednesday. We flew to Cork from Malaga on Thursday to attend the ICC new members cocktail party in Killarney on Friday.

Our guests, Paddy and Peter, my children and their families, my sisters and Anne and I had all enjoyed our time in Rota very much. It is very Spanish with few tourists and with everything at reasonable cost. The marina is excellent with beautiful beaches nearby. At the end of June, after the family holidays, Stephen Warner put *Shelduck* on the hard for the months of June, July and August and launched her again at the end of September.

As I write this in early October, we are back in *Shelduck* making our way up river to Seville with Kevin Dwyer ICC and Fie. After a few days in Seville, Anne and I will sail *Shelduck* back to Lagos where Hugo Henriques of Sopromar will take her ashore for the winter. *Shelduck* is slowly making her way back to Galicia, which Anne has not cruised before, and then maybe back to the Azores where I would leave *Shelduck* over a winter for the opportunity of an extended cruise of the islands.

## **Tam O'Shanter in May**

On Saturday April 2nd Anne and I flew from Kerry to London and on to Haugesund, Norway. *Tam O'Shanter* had overwintered at Nordvegen Marine on Karmøy Island. Anne had ordered the fitting of a holding tank to allow us to cruise the Baltic and wanted to be sure everything would be ready for our cruise of the Hardangerfjord in May. We took the opportunity to visit Oslo where we enjoyed the *Fram*, *Kon Tiki* and Viking museums and discovered, by chance, the incredible new Opera



House, a building to rival Sydney Opera House in architectural terms. We flew home via Paris on April 8th.

We arrived back to *Tam O'Shanter* in early May, left the boatyard on Karmøy on the 4th and filled up with diesel at Skagen on the island of Hasseløy in Haugesund. We planned to sail 35 miles and anchor for the night at the inlet at Klubben but ended the day sailing 50 miles. As we arrived at Klubben we had difficulty with the anchor winch so we sailed west for 15 miles to the nearest town, Leirvik, where we tied up to the visitors marina. The anchor was easily repaired. On the following day, we anchored alone at the stunning inlet of Akrehamn for the night and then sailed on to Norheimsund to an excellent pontoon in the town run by the nearby Spar shop.

The weather in May 2011 in west Norway was exceptionally good, we were very lucky. The waterfalls there are magnificent as are the fjords. There are snow-capped and glacier-capped mountains and acres of apple blossom. On Saturday the 7th we motored into a strong headwind for the 36 miles to Ulvik and moored on the pontoon outside the Brakanes Hotel. At breakfast in the hotel the next day, we noticed that most hotel residents were in Norwegian traditional dress. We enquired why and discovered it was the annual confirmation day. We went with the families to the church nearby and enjoyed particularly, the music of an organist and a saxophonist who played together during the ceremony. Afterwards we watched the families interact and celebrate with one another from our vantage point on the hotel pontoon. We left Ulvik at 11.30 planning to spend the next day at Kinsarvik but with heavy squalls gusting force 5 to 7 and often suddenly changing direction 90° we decided to press on to Odda and arrived at 19.00 having travelled 35 miles. Odda is located dramatically but is somewhat industrial. The next day, seeking quiet, we headed back the 38 miles to Norheimsund after a traditional breakfast of smoked salmon, prawns, rare beef, apple juice and coffee. The weather was fine with a cloudless sky and a comfortable force 3 to 4 southerly.

### Engine trouble

Tuesday 10th May in Norheimsund was our first wet day and Anne spent it doing laundry at the excellent facilities while I planned the next *Tam O'Shanter* cruise from Karmøy to the west coast of Sweden. On the following morning we visited the fascinating and world famous Hardangerfjord Ship Preservation Centre. It was well worth the visit. We got back to *Tam O'Shanter* at 13.00, bought the diesel, and left for Uskedal. I had trouble starting the engine but eventually managed it. We arrived at Uskedal at 20.00 having travelled 32 miles in the astounding scenery of a glacier, islands and tree-covered mountains that ran to the water's edge. One hundred metres from a safe berth at the small marina the engine stopped and with little wind I managed to scull *Tam O'Shanter* in with the rudder. We were visited by the marina official who brought

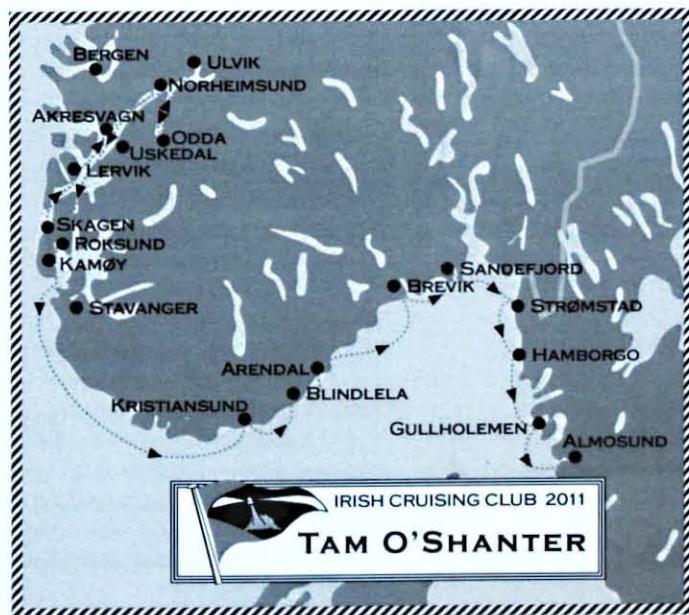
a mechanic to repair the engine. He got it to start after an hour and a half, and would only accept a beer as payment. He told us that the engine was in serious difficulty and recommended we take the boat to Bergen where it might be repaired. We had already planned to be in Bergen for the Norwegian national holiday on the 17th.

We awoke on May 12th at 05.30 to make an early start but again could not get any joy from the engine. I was delighted to find two fishermen boat owners just arriving to their boats. I called them for help but after half an hour of trying they also failed to start her. Their assessment was that after so many years of hard work the engine needed to be replaced and Anne agreed. I contacted my son Paul (ICC) who researched the location of marine engine

dealers in Norway and he confirmed that all well known manufacturers were represented in the Karmøy area.

We contacted Norwegian Marine for advice; they told us that if we could not sail back through lack of wind, the Norwegian rescue would tow us back the 50 miles to Karmøy but it would be expensive. They suggested we should try and find a tow locally to Moster town, to wait for wind, and then sail back to the boatyard in open sea. They would come and tow us the last few difficult miles between Haugesund and Karmøy. I noticed a small trawler coming a few times a day to the pier and asked the owner Oli Kristoffer if he would tow us to Moster. He told me he might be able to and to phone him later for confirmation. Like at Norheimsund the marina at Uskedal was owned and managed by the local Spar supermarket. We met the son of the family owners, and he easily convinced us to attend a shellfish supper with live music in the restaurant he ran overlooking the marina, so we booked ourselves in. That afternoon news of our plight had got around so we had a visit from a local journalist who interviewed and photographed us for his newspaper.

I phoned Oli Kristoffer at 21.00 who confirmed he would tow us to Moster leaving at 04.30 the following morning. We left the shellfish supper before the dancing started. Oli arrived on the dot and we were under way by 04.45. The day could not have been more perfect for towing as the water was almost flat calm. When we got to Moster, we could see a windless North Sea and he signalled that he would tow us on to Norwegian Marine at Karmøy. We arrived at 13.30. We paid Oli less than a third of what the rescue service wanted and he was very happy. Anne was delighted to have *Tam O'Shanter* back safely at base at the Nordvegen boatyard. We estimated that by the time he



was home Oli would have worked 18 hours. The people of Uskedal were very generous to us with their time.

### Impressive workshop

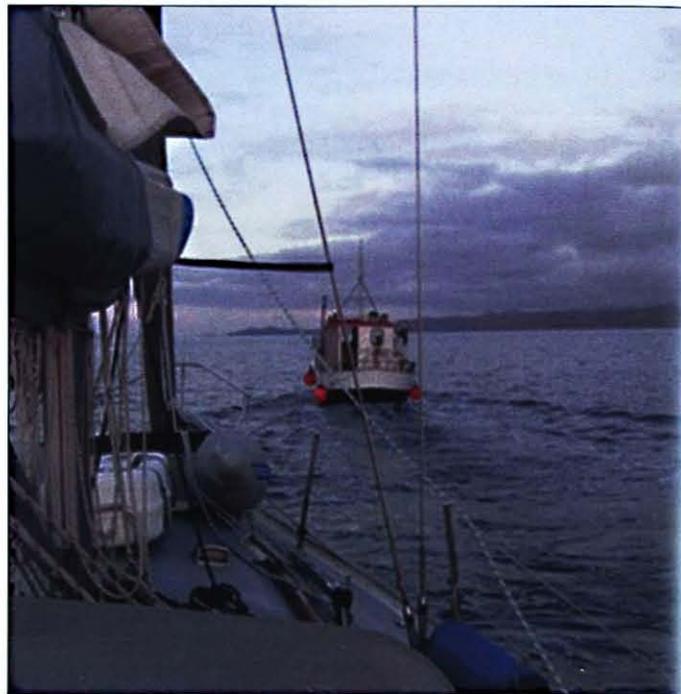
Anne invited tenders for a new engine. We were most impressed by the Yanmar set-up at Roksund where the workshop seemed like a laboratory. We hired a car for the remaining days of our trip and visited Bergen for the Norwegian National Holiday on the 17th. There was a familiar look to the uniforms of the large brass band on the principal stand. When they finished playing we met some of them and discovered that they were from North Antrim.

Tenders for the engine were returned on the 19th; Yanmar proved the best value and were asked by Anne to fit a new 38 horse power engine by July 1st. We arranged to have the boat towed to the workshop the following day at 16.00. On the morning of the 20th we visited Stavanger by car. The day was very windy with rain squalls. It is a well presented city with evidence, like Bergen, of bomb damage from the war. Back on *Tam O'Shanter* we got a call to say the wind was too fresh for towing until after 18.00. Anne put pork in the oven at 18.00 to roast and the tow arrived at 18.30. I was to steer *Tam O'Shanter* alone while Anne drove the car the 10 kilometres to Roksund where the engine was to be fitted. Soon after we started towing we were hit by a strong rain squall. I could hardly see the towing boat ahead in the driving rain. I noticed father and son looking up at the mast and realised that they were going to take me underneath overhead wires. For peace of mind I phoned them by mobile and confirmed the height. We arrived safely at 19.30 and Anne and I devoured the roast in the cockpit, surrounded by swans. The next day we prepared the boat for the work of fitting a new engine and then left for home.

On July 10th we flew from Kerry to London to Haugesund, and when we arrived in Roksund we contacted Anne's American friends, Mary and John Treanor of *Wiki Wiki*, who were to cruise with us for a week. They were in Kristiansund so we left Roksund at 11.00 on the 13th for the 150 mile passage there. Anne likes to do watches of 2 hours on and 2 hours off and we like to spend just 1 night at sea so a passage of this length suited us. On the way from Roksund out to the North Sea we met Peregrene and Fiona Bruce, whom we met at the RCC Rally the year before, and with little wind were able to



Anne and Neil in Bergen.



*Tam O'Shanter* under tow.

slow and have a chat. The wind increased to force 4 on the starboard quarter so we kept away from the coast, as advised by Andrew Curtain who went inshore a few years ago and experienced a very difficult passage. After about twenty-two hours sailing the wind went on the nose as we headed inshore for Kristiansund, and increased to force 7. The seas became very steep and disturbed with breaking tops. The aluminium support on the backstay to the radar scanner broke with a loud crack, but Anne saved the connecting wire to the chart plotter from damage by running below for tape, and in a flash she had a temporary repair done. Eventually we arrived at the western entrance to Kristiansund which is very rocky but we made it in notwithstanding the unease of watching other yachts taking different routes to us. We tied up alongside *Wiki Wiki* at 17.00.

### Farewell to Norway

We spend the next week cruising the distinctive south Norway coast in company with the Treanors, anchoring together each evening and visited Blindleia, Arendal and Brevik. Here we called on the customs office and had the paperwork done for *Tam O'Shanter's* exit from Norway. The Treanors are great people to cruise with. John persists, even in the most crowded harbour, until he finds the perfect anchorage and Mary cooks exceptionally. Both boats left Brevik at 07.00, *Wiki Wiki* for Gotenburg and *Tam O'Shanter* for Sandefjord to have the new engine's fifty-hour service done at Framnaes Maritime. The customs officer approved this one extra day for us in Norway. After the service we spent the night on a mooring in yet another stunning inlet called Hakavia near the entrance to Sandefjord. We left Hakavia at 09.00 for Strömstad in Sweden and spent a couple of days there at the visitors marina relaxing and introducing ourselves to Swedish ways. We left Strömstad on the 24th and spent nights at Hamborgo and Gullholmen and arrived in Thorn Yacht Service at Almosund on the 26th. This boatyard was recommended to us by Killian Bushe who lives nearby. We met thousands of yachts on the way from Strömstad to Almosund. Most Swedish people take their holidays in July so the waters of the west coast were very crowded. Therefore, we plan to go back to *Tam O'Shanter* next year in May and August and to avoid July. We spent our remaining few days relaxing and swimming and were surprised to find that the sea water temperature so far north was 21°. Anne arranged the



*Samphire* return crew in Fenit.

wintering of *Tam O'Shanter* with Lars the boatyard owner, and we headed for Göteborg/London/Cork and then on to Baltimore Regatta and the August Weekend in Ireland.

### ***Samphire* to Brittany**

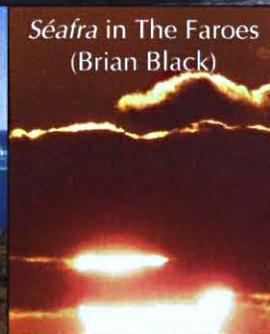
In 2009 Anne persuaded Paddy O'Sullivan to sail with her from Lagos Portugal to the Azores Rally. This year she encouraged him to sail his yacht *Samphire* a Dufour 325 to the Brittany Cruise. At her request he also agreed to move it from its base in Fenit to Valentia the weekend before the planned departure, to shorten the distance to Port Tudy. The crew for the trip out were Anne, Paddy, Mary O'Sullivan (Paddy's daughter), John Carlin and me.

I have been using the synoptic charts at Grib.com for weather forecasting since the Azores Rally and have found them excellent. I had been tracking a low for a few days which suggested we should not leave for Ile de Groix until Saturday June 18th. On Friday morning Paddy, John and I moved *Samphire* from Valentia to Caherciveen, for diesel, and called Mary from Tralee. When I awoke I noticed the wind was lighter than expected and when I checked Grib the low had moved a little north, so we could expect to get to the Bull Rock in less than gale force. Valentia radio was forecasting force 6. I decided to depart after a good lunch in Caherciveen. While waiting for diesel at the marina we met Frank and Yvonne Ranelow who were cruising in *Shady Maid*. Anne offered the use of her car to them, while she was away. After we left for

## The Joys of Cruising: 1) In Your Dreams



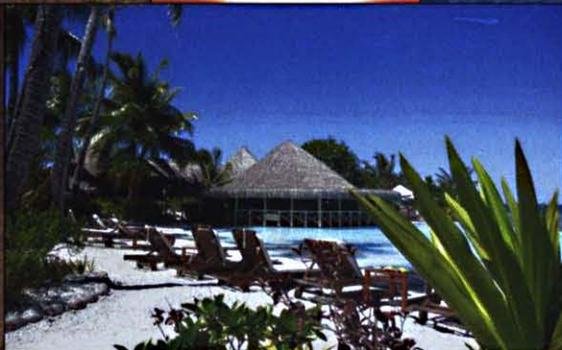
Tobago keys  
(Alex Blackwell)



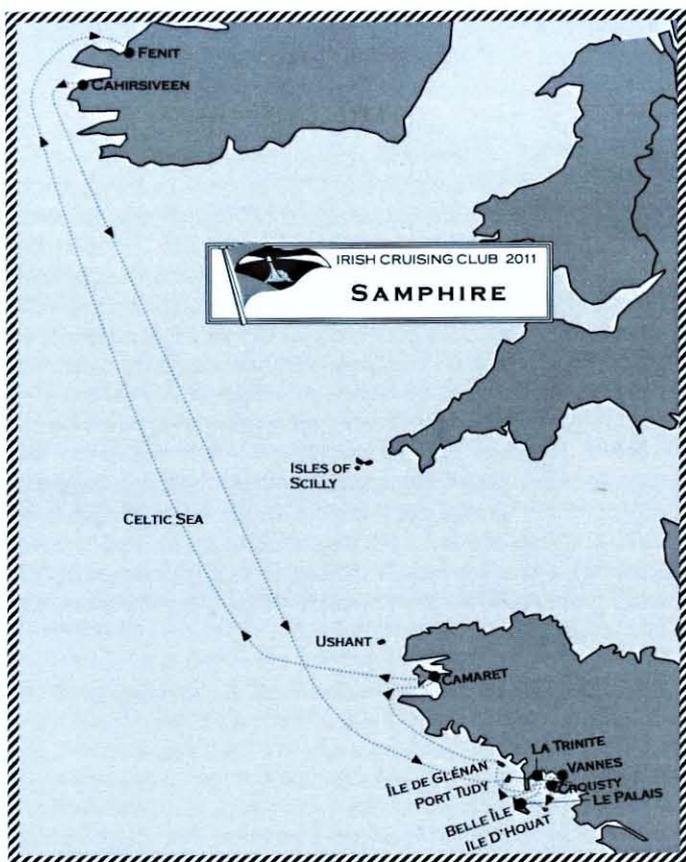
*Séafra* in The Faroes  
(Brian Black)



Corfu Club Marina  
(Edi Keating)



The Tuamotus in French  
Polynesia (Stephen Hyde)



France Anne's neighbours reported the car was missing, it was presumed stolen. Luckily the mistake was discovered, and the Garda taken off the case before the Rear Commodore and his Lady were arrested for theft.

Just before leaving for Port Tudy I took the crew to the marina office, where I got internet connection for my laptop and went through the Ugrib synoptic charts with them. All agreed we should go. Valentia Radio was still forecasting force 6. We left at 16.00 and got around Bray Head under engine in a force 4 westerly, which increased to a force 6 at the Skelligs. The ride was rough enough to the Bull where we turned east for a way-point west of the Ile de Sein. The wind continued westerly through the night and next day force 7 gusting force 8. Waves were big but the autopilot steered us very well and we only broached a handful of times. The wind started to ease a little at 21.00 on Saturday 18th, and on the morning of Sunday 19th it went light cyclonic variable. We arrived in the traffic separation zone at 16.00 with the wind southwest force 5 and very poor visibility, and by 22.00 a gale was blowing again. This gale was not forecast by the BBC. However, it eased to force 5 in the early hours of the 20th. For most of this time we could hardly see the bow from the cockpit as the fog was so thick. Paddy had bought a radar type AIS for the cruise, which was effective when we got used to using it. We had no radar. In 2000, while sailing in the same area in similar conditions, I had promised myself that I would not come down again near Ile de Sein without radar, but here I was again. The remainder of the sail to Ile de Groix was uneventful. We had plenty of wind to help us to make a fast passage. We arrived at the marina in Port Tudy at 14.45. Paddy, I think, appreciated my instruction to the crew that those aboard over 80 years of age did not have to go on watch during the hours of darkness. At the cruise buffet in Port Tudy at La Jetée, Paddy received a very warm reception from the members for sailing directly from Cahersiveen to Port Tudy in the prevailing conditions.

On the following day, the 22nd, Mary left for home and the four of us remaining sailed to La Trinité for supplies. On 23rd

we took the small train on the tour of the nearby megalithic stones. We then sailed to Vannes in the afternoon. The next day in Vannes was very warm but still we summoned up the energy to buy a few cases of wine for winter consumption. We sailed on to Crousty on the 26th for stores and left there for Ile d'Houat and arrived among the other cruise boats at 14.30. All the moorings were taken so we decided to anchor near the beach and go on to Belle Isle for the night. We had not heard on the radio that the barbecue had been moved from the beach to a local hostelry, so when we went ashore we found ourselves the only cruise members there. We had, however, a wonderful day barbecuing and swimming. As I was rowing Paddy and John back to *Samphire*, Anne was in the water helping us to get the punt afloat, and as we rowed out she was left, up to her waist in water. We were having a great time. Anne rekindled some of her childhood memories of fun on the beaches at Castlegregory and on the Magharee Islands.

Late that afternoon we sailed to La Palais. We spent the night on a mooring, and in the morning went through the lock gates into the inner harbour. We hired a car for 24 hours and visited every settlement on the island and all important beaches. We had one swim. June 28th was my birthday which we celebrated with a meal of lobster à l'Américaine. Before we left Le Palais we visited the Vauban Museum but did not have enough time before the lock gates opened, to do it justice. At 15.00 we were able to leave the inner harbour and by the time we arrived at La Trinité and cleaned ourselves up we were a little late for the Commodore's cocktail party, which was in full flow when we arrived. The final dinner was exceptional and we all ate enormous amounts of shellfish.

The next day, the 30th, we stocked up for the return journey to Fenit, and John Carlin left us for home to be replaced by Michele Moore. We got up early next morning and *Samphire* left La Trinité at 05.30 for Ile de Glénan where we enjoyed a dramatic sunset on a calm evening. We left for Camaret at 06.15 with a light southeasterly breeze aft on the quarter and arrived at 15.45 having the tide with us for much of the way. There was a small classic boats regatta in progress in Camaret and one of the boats lost its rudder and hit *Samphire* with her bowsprit. Luckily for us the bowsprit was rotten so it collapsed immediately and little damage was done to Paddy's boat. After dinner that evening we swapped places with the boat on the outside berth, which had a very young baby aboard. This allowed us get out without disturbing them at 06.00 as planned, on Sunday July 3rd.

As we left Camaret the wind was northeasterly force 3, which increased to force 4 during the day. Early the next morning after a period of calm the wind went southeasterly and increased to force 4 gusting force 5. We were soon making great headway home. The wind continued at this strength and the seas had become quite big as we rounded the Bull Rock at 11.00 on the 5th. The wind then went westerly for the passage to the Blaskets. I first planned to round all the Blaskets and then head for Fenit in calmer water, however when we passed Innisvickillane the gap between it and Innistearaght looked to be not too rough so I took the short cut. When we got into the waves they were bigger than expected but *Samphire* and the autopilot behaved impeccably as ever, even when once doing 12.3 knots over the ground down a particularly large wave. We arrived at Fenit at 19.00. The passage out took two days and twenty-one and a half hours and the passage back two days and fourteen hours. Both passages were equally distant, almost 400 miles each way.

Anne and I sailed more than 2000 miles this year. Next year we may do fewer miles and give ourselves more time to experience the landscapes and peoples of northern and southern Europe as we continue to cruise *Shelduck* and *Tam O'Shanter*.

# And then a leisurely cruise on *Chain* from Preveza to Gouvia marina in Corfu, Greece

Edi Keating

'Swim and relax' whispered the fish, 'we're safe, Edi has the fishing rod'. And so ended my last night on *Chain* anchored off the Island of Lazaretto, before heading for Gouvia marina the next morning and my flight home to Cork, after an eventful two weeks cruise in the Ionian on Len and Mary Curtin's *Moody 376*.

On Monday April 11th Len and I left Cork at 07.00 on the first leg of an overcomplicated journey to reach Aktio boatyard, near Preveza in Greece. April is probably one of the worst months of the year for travelling to Greece as direct flights do not commence until May 1st. However we arrived in Manchester and then realized that we had a six-hour wait to catch our next flight to Corfu to complete the second leg of our journey. Arriving in Corfu Airport late at night, we hire a taxi to take us to the port area of Corfu and a night in the Hotel Atlantic. Next morning we board a ferry for a trip of approximately two hours to Igoumenista, where we catch a bus to Preveza. On arrival in Preveza at the end of our marathon, we stock up with provisions in the local supermarket, and head for Aktio boatyard by taxi where *Chain* is on the 'hard' waiting for us to commence work in time for the Friday launch.

Arriving at 02.30 on Tuesday April 12th, we commence the work of cleaning, polishing and antifouling *Chain*. For the next couple of days, from early morning to late into the evening, we set about our chores in dry, dull and freezing weather ready for the launch date. Our only interruption was to be awakened at 04.00 on Thursday morning by the boat shaking violently on its cradle for what seemed an eternity, even though it probably lasted for no more than 8 to 10 seconds. We check outside for high winds, and discover that the night was clear and still, however a number of our 'live-aboard' neighbours were also about and informed us that it was an 'earth tremor' we had just experienced. It seems that 'earth tremors' are very common in this area and occur on a regular basis.

Launch day, Friday April 15th arrives; unfortunately high winds, torrential rain and freezing cold weather also arrives, and worse still the forecast for the next three days was for much of the same, so we postpone the launch day to Tuesday, when the weather was expected to improve and be suitable for launching boats. As forecast, Tuesday turns out to be a sunny, clear and calm day, *Chain* is launched, and after a couple of hours on the slip getting the boat ready, we head in the early afternoon for Preveza, a town we have visited on a number of occasions, and tie starboard-side-to the quay wall, in company with 3 other boats, to spend the first night of our cruise relaxing ashore in the Mermaid restaurant. On our return to the boat we decide to cancel our trip to Vonista and Lakka on Paxos to make up for our 3 'lost' days.

**Preveza** is located at the mouth of the Ambracian Gulf, and like a lot of the Greek towns we have visited over the years, has a modern and commercial quayside and a selection of designer shops in the main business area. However when one ventures behind this façade the architecture is very traditional and quite run down. It has an abundance of good restaurants,

fresh fish, vegetable shops, and well-stocked supermarkets. However what it lacks in quality architecture it makes up for in atmosphere and friendly people. If one hires a car or taxi, a visit to the ruins of the ancient city of Nicopolis lying 7 kilometres to the north of the town is of interest.

Next morning, April 16th, at 08.30 in a beautiful, windless and sunny day on a calm azure coloured sea, we slip the quay wall and head north, motor-sailing, to our next port of call, Parga, a town located in the area of Epirus, on mainland Greece. As we leave the quayside, we see a giant turtle swimming towards us on the surface of the water and heading into the Gulf, a sight we have seen on previous occasions in this area.

**Parga** is a very picturesque town and is situated in a sheltered bay, and even though it is located on the mainland it's got an 'island feeling' to it. Parga's houses spectacularly climb up the mountainside from sea level, by way of winding narrow streets and steps, to a Venetian Castle located on the mountain top. Visiting boats are not allowed in the sheltered bay of the town, except in a very restricted anchorage near the chapel on the islet in the bay, and the pier is for use by the tour boats and the local fishermen only.

The port area is a good distance from the town and having arrived, we discover that a sunken tourist day-trip boat blocks the entrance to the small harbour, and worse still, two other small fishing boats, are also under water, preventing us from tying alongside. We decide, rather than risk the hazardous and restricted spaces available, to anchor in the waters off the golden sands of Valtos Beach, in a magical setting under the Venetian Castle.

The town itself is surrounded by mountains covered with olive groves and has a number of good restaurants facing the harbour side. It is a most pleasant place to visit. However, our anchorage, in this beautiful setting opposite the sandy beach, is at least 2 kilometres out of town. Access to the town is by a circuitous water route by dinghy or by land. One should prepare for a difficult trek across the beach, up approx 250 to 300 uneven steps and a cobbled steep hill, over the 'castle' mountain and down the other side to reach the centre of town. It will show you how fit you are, as you should remember that you have to do exactly the same distance and climb, possibly in the dark, on the return journey.

Early the next morning we weigh anchor and in beautiful weather, we hoist our sails and leave the anchorage to head in a westerly direction towards the island of Paxos, a distance of approximately 20 kilometres from Parga. In around ten knots of wind coming from a northerly direction, we head under sail for Gaios the capital town of Paxos.

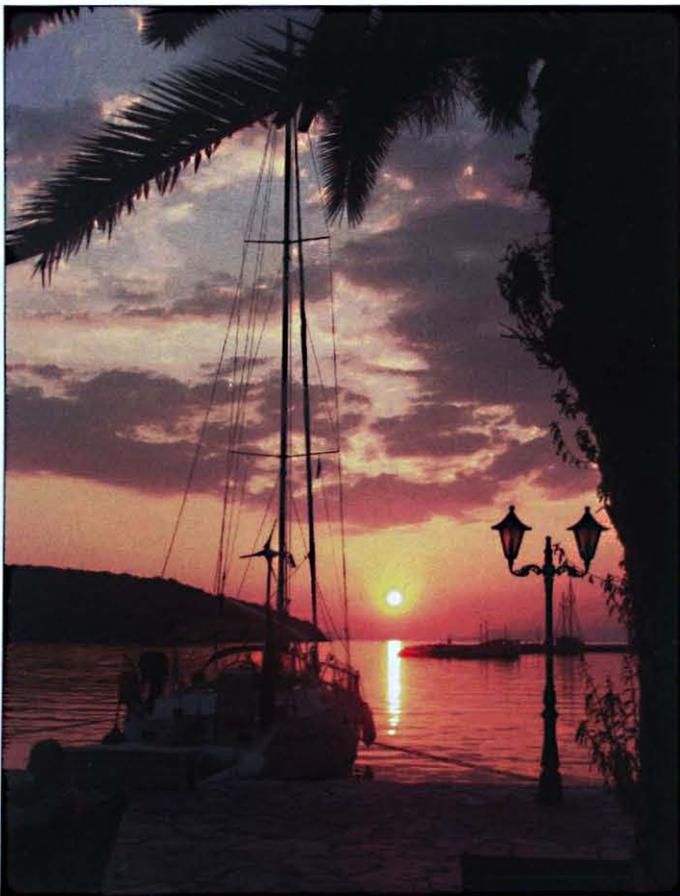
**Gaios** is a charming village built around a horseshoe-shaped harbour and is protected from the sea by two small islands. Access to the town is by sea from either the north or south side of the islands or by seaplane only. We take the northerly route to enter the port early in the afternoon, tying alongside behind an Austrian Hallberg Rassy boat called *Mosquito*, the skipper of which recognises the tricolour as Irish and not Italian, which



Corfu Clum Marina – view from entrance.

is the norm in Greece. Boats drop anchor and tie stern-to to the quayside in the centre of town, next to the restaurants, bars and a noisy town square. One of the advantages of arriving at this time of year is that you avoid the overcrowding of the quayside which happen when the sailing season starts, and so have the pick of berths.

On arrival, we explore ashore and discover that it is Holy Thursday and although some places are closed, we join in the local festivities. These however continue well into the night and it is almost 03.00 before any semblance of calm and



Chain alongside at sunset in Mourtos town.

quietness prevails and we eventually get to sleep. Next morning, bright and early, we slip the harbour side, say farewell to our friendly Austrian neighbours, and head for our next port of call, the town of Mourtos adjoining the Sivota Islands.

We leave Gaios and head out of the narrow harbour exit, hoist our sails and on a sunny, windy morning head east-northeast for the channel between the Sivota Islands and the town of Mourtos. Although we have anchored in this channel on a previous occasion when the town quay was overcrowded, at this time of year we head for the deserted quayside and tie stern-to

**Mourtos** is a charming small fishing harbour located on mainland Greece, opposite the southern part of Corfu. It is a very popular tourist area, very much used by yachts and fishing boats, and in the height of the season it can be difficult to find a space on the harbour wall. Most of the restaurants and bars are located along the quayside and because of the time of year, we drop anchor and tie stern-to approximately 20 metres away from the nearest one. It is a very picturesque and friendly town and one of my favourite places to visit. It has some of the most spectacular sunsets I've ever seen on my travels all over the world. One word of warning though for any boat passing through the Sivota channel and drawing more than 1.8 metres, it is essential that you refer to the official charts and pilots as the channel is quite shallow and the water crystal clear.

Having enjoyed the ambiance of the town, we leave Mourtos at around 10.00 the next morning in beautiful sunshine and on a cloudless day in mirror-like conditions, we motor-sail in a northerly direction towards Corfu Club Marina, where Derek and Vivienne White are set to join the boat.

Heading for **Corfu**, a town we've visited on many occasions, we pass numerous ferries heading for Igoumenista, one of the main ferry ports of Greece, and have the bonus of the magical sight of a giant swordfish swimming lazily past our bow. Arriving at the marina around lunch time, we head for a space vacated by an Italian boat and pick up the lazy line. The lady harbour master is very helpful and we pay our tariff of €34 for the night, our first harbour fee since arriving in Greece. This marina is located in a spectacular setting in the centre of Corfu and directly below Corfu Castle. The condition of the marina however, leaves a lot to be desired and in some instances it is quite dangerous to traverse by foot. The recommendation of the harbour master is to use the dinghy to cross from the outside leg to the Club side rather than walk around the breakwater.

Later that afternoon, exploring the town, we meet up with the Whites and head for one of the many restaurants. Unfortunately, the restaurant we pick isn't that good and is a bit of a 'rip off'. Later that evening we head back to the boat to watch the firework display and listen to the marching bands celebrating the Easter festivities.

We awake early the next morning, again in beautiful weather, and decide to head for an anchorage we have used on previous occasions, in a sheltered bay, approximately 2

nautical miles to the north east of Corfu, the tourist island of Lazaretto.

**Lazaretto and Gouvia.** The island of Lazaretto is approx 17.5 acres in area and comes under the administration of the Greek National Tourist Organisation. It contains a chapel, some other restored historic buildings, a small harbour, a wild life park, as well as a fish farm and children's play areas. We anchor in a bay on the western side of the island in the cover of two small headlands, and it is here under the tutelage of Mr White, a renowned fisherman, I tried my hand at catching fish for the evening's dinner. All around us fish are surface feeding and jumping out of the water and short of giving themselves up, I'm afraid I am destined to be anything except a fisherman. We settled for an omelette and salad that evening.

Early next morning, in beautiful weather, we circumnavigated Lazaretto Island before heading for Gouvia Marina in Corfu, for my last day in Greece. Gouvia is a great place to relax as it has a swimming pool with restaurant and bar



Gaios Harbour.

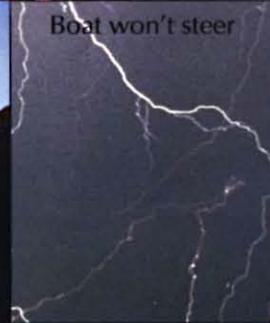
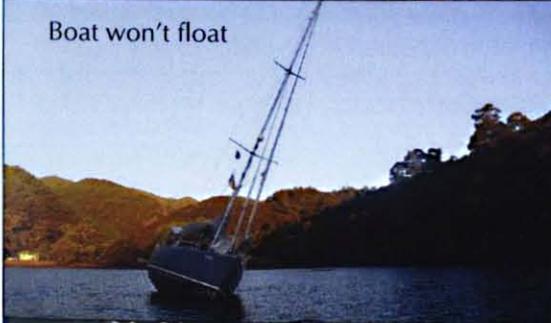
service, other restaurants, a chandlery, laundry and excellent showers. That evening we dined out in one of the local restaurants before flying out from Corfu airport to Manchester. Len, now joined by Mary, continued on the cruise with the Whites as I returned to Cork to prepare for my next cruise, the ICC cruise to Brittany.

## The Joys of Cruising: 2) In Your Nightmares

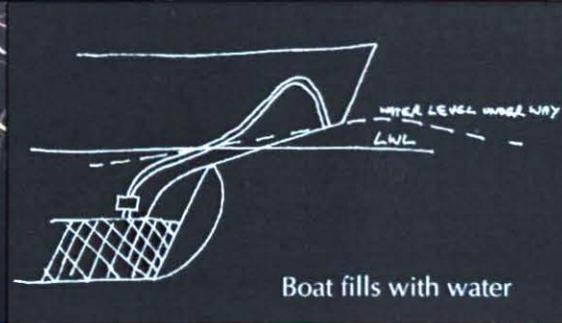


Boat won't float

Boat won't steer



Bilges stink



Boat fills with water



# 'The Origins Cruise' (continued): French Polynesia to Darwin 2010-2011



Fergus Quinlan

Papeete is not the most attractive town especially when the light recedes, the buildings are shoddily shuttered and sections of the town should be avoided. Dawn ushers improvement when an air of French colonialism emerges. In the colourful fruit market traditionally dressed women and beautiful garlanded girls trade from vibrant stalls. This market was the busiest place in town from 06.00 to 15.00. An expedition to fill the gas bottles developed into an amazing affair, by dinghy across the commercial harbour, climbing up ladders in locked docks lifting canisters with ropes ducking out through holes in fences, darting across busy road junctions to get to the filling plant. Then all repeated backwards with much heavier cylinders.

A night of entertainment in the town hall for the sailors, provided gratis by the Tahitian Tourist Board. We gather on the steps of the Hotel de Ville for the group photo and then upstairs for the party – great food, Tahitian wine and a blessing of the sailors, the form of which was by superb drumming and dancing. Added to this was a chance to catch up with friends made along the way and meet some new. The skipper had lent fellow sailors a copy of Richard Dawkins "The Selfish Gene" it was returned on the night. Simply carrying the book around attracted a great deal of attention, people exclaiming "that is the most amazing book" "this book changed my life" etc. I enjoyed the ensuing conversations as to how much Prof. Dawkins had penetrated the sailing masses.

19th June: *Pylades* is part of an organised rally from Papeete to the neighbouring island of Moorea. We elected to take a gentleman from the Ministry of Tourism on board. He spoke fluent English. We have a reasonable start amongst the fleet of 35 yachts and in very light airs pull away from the bulk of the fleet. In the channel the wind picks to 20 knots, in a 3 metre swell we power away. As the reefs of Moorea come abeam, williwaws of 30 knots come rushing down from the clouded peaks making us grossly over canvassed, with only a few miles to go, 8 knots on the clock and in flying spray we rush towards the pass. At the party after, many and mostly 'wives' were asking why no reefs were being taken in such conditions as normally would happen, answer: machismo of boys playing in sight of all the other boats, who would reef first? Further machismo later at the party, a group of stunning local girls accompanied with powerful quality drumming dance on the beach. With the smoke of the barbeques drifting through, their sensuous dancing and meagre attire has every male riveted to the spot.

21st June: a routine inspection of the anchor which was well set brought an encounter with two spotted eagle rays, amazing water flyers. A puffer fish was grazing in the debris being dislodged by the movement of our anchor chain. Later, snorkelling, we are a bit stunned to find ourselves in company with many stingrays and reef sharks numbering around ten, who, thankfully, mind their own business and pass by – a first for Kay in encountering sharks, she admitted later that her heart beat was a lot faster than normal but safely back on *Pylades* delighted in the experience.

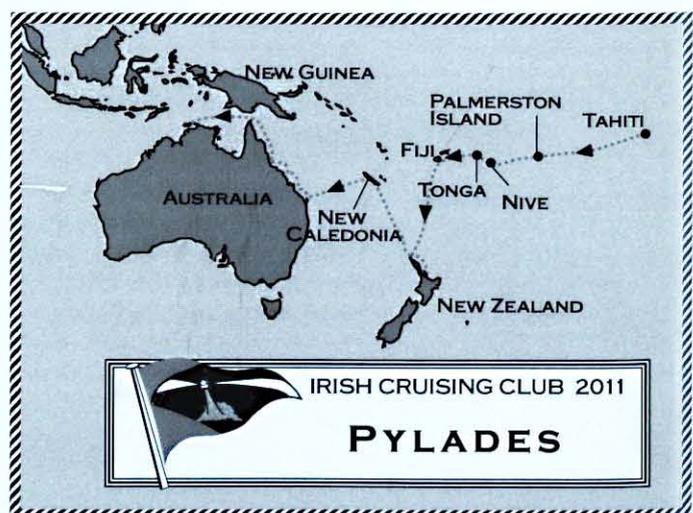
3rd July: failing to anchor after a few attempts at the town of Fare in Huahine, we wrap our chain around a coral head, not

environment friendly but the coral head was dead. The next day sees us hiking into the hills and walking countless archaeological sites. These sites are not particularly old in European terms only dating back 1350 years, the demise of their power happening with the arrival of the 'big ships'. Reports from the first missionaries were that the culture spent an inordinate amount of time in worship, ritual and sacrifice, perhaps the seeds of their own destruction. We were to find that things had perhaps not much altered.

7th July: move south about 7 miles to Avea Bay, a beautiful white sand beach, but a deep 13 metres and gusty anchorage. Snorkelling is the order of the day, chasing the multicoloured denizens of the shallows. Sail is then set for the island of Raiatea 22 miles to the west, a fine wind sees us through the pass of Teavapiti with roaring breakers at both sides; we tie at Municipal Marina at Utarua. A few days are spent here, all is free! We take on supplies in the local fairly good supermarkets in the exceptionally dull town. On the eve of Bastille Day we are made aware of a growing rift between the local population of Polynesia and La Belle France Bastille Day parade, celebrated under the name of the Festival of Heiva by the native population, very lively with music, dancing and colourful floats, at the rear of which were four huge jeeps flying American flags: was there some sinister element being expressed here? a new protector? skipper felt a little chill.

Parade over, we set off to climb to the top of Mont Tapioi, about a 1000' high overlooking reefs and out to the adjoining island of Tahaa, a well worthwhile walk we were told. As we wandered around seeking the track to the hill we were hailed by two men behind a robust steel fence who recognised we were lost. After exchanges in our pidgin French and their equivalent English we were set right. We noticed the robust steel fence was around the local jail and our guides were the inmates, even the imprisoned were charming! That evening planning to dine out in one of the local restaurants, we get as far as sitting down and perusing the menu but an electronic drummer sees us off.

15th July saw us give a hand to the skipper of an Australian boat to sail around the island and lift his boat out in the



Careenage Marina, his future sailing plans being uncertain. His wife had a stroke on board whilst they were at sea, he put out a Pan Pan call and was directed to Raiatea where there is a hospital. She was flown to Papeete and from there back to Australia. They were sailing home following 16 years cruising; a distressing and sad experience. Latest news on his wife is that she is making very good progress.

16th July: Headed southeast to visit the great Marae Taputaputea, the most important archaeological site in French Polynesia. With the wind behind us, we creep down the bay not very happy as the anchoring depths are all over 25 metres. Suddenly it's shoal water ahead we turn too late, with a dreadful crunch we are on the reef. The engine even at full revs fails to move us. The main chain and anchor is loaded into the dinghy, which thankfully is under tow, and we lay out every bit to windward. The windlass constantly trips off as it is being asked to take loads it is not designed for, still no budge. We then prepare to run off the second anchor with far more rope and pull the mast over with a winch. However *Pylades*, under the tension of the main anchor and the pounding of the thankfully small waves, slides back into deep water – we are off! Diving on the hull later there is quite extensive paint gouging but no structural damage could be found. We had been particularly concerned about the rudder but all appeared well. Over double wine rations that evening the many lessons learned were discussed.

A problem with the Society Islands not previously considered or adequately prepared for was that the depths of most of the anchorages exceeding 25 metres, and if one winds around a coral or rock at that depth one either loses the anchoring gear or calls in a diver for FR5000. All skippers, unlike this one, should not just snorkel but be competent divers as well.

Moored close to a luxury hotel with superb snorkelling in coral gardens – these hotels, built out onto the water on stilts comprise single storey suites isolated from each other, usually palm-thatched and only becoming offensive by their repetition – are 99% occupied by young American honeymoon couples who pay way above reasonableness to be here. We ventured to the bar for sundowners; two by two they arrived, undressed to the nines, silently sipping their cocktails and staring into the sunset, attempts at conversation were met with silent smiles. We were guessing by the chemistry or lack of it how long these unions might last – sad cynics!.

23rd July: after our circumnavigation of Tahaa we head to the Taravana Yacht Club. The moorings of the very affable Richard and his yacht club were free on the condition that one attended at the bar in the evening and bought a few drinks, compulsory drinking, what hardship. A fine place it was too, TV free, bounteous blessings. Richard stood us a drink on our first night in, added to this his delightful company and stories, like how he bought a small boat in Mexico and with a friend sailed to this island, thus dodging the draft for Vietnam. They used to call looking for me, my mother would say "*he's somewhere surfing in Mexico, smoking stuff, if you guys find him tell him to ring his mama*" His stories were endless and interesting. A sound guy who welcomed well and ran the best bar we imbibed in since leaving Dingle.

Running down on supplies. we leave our sheltered mooring at Richard's and cross the four miles to the supermarket at Uturoa. On arrival the wind is blowing twenty knots directly on to the dock, Kay does high speed shopping, the skipper keeps the fenders from popping and while being battered contemplates the parentage of the engineer who positioned the dock facing flat on to the prevailing trades. Provisions loaded and the wind at 22 knots we spring ourselves off, this entails taking a line from the bow to a dock bollard at the aft of the boat, motor forward and with the rudder hard over slowly turn the stern off the dock, the strain on the line is enormous and the bow grinds

into the, thankfully timber dock, with the stern about 80° off the dock we slam into reverse, slip the line and are off, perhaps you can only do this with a steel boat. Hoist our headsail and fly back to the comfort of the mooring and a well-deserved coffee.

30th July: one of our projects was to climb the twin peaks of Bora Bora, our request at the tourist office for a map of the trail was met with the response 'you cannot go, you must have a guide, you must inform the Gendarme, it is very dangerous' etc. So, we sought and got the info elsewhere and with two other sailor men, went for it. Rain showers ensure the going is soft and we engage in a great deal of mud sliding, the route had eight fixed-rope pitches and was even a bit technical at times, one of the pitches being very exposed. Over seven hours to the peaks and back, and full on from the moment go, we return covered in mud and smiles, it was perhaps the highlight of our island visit.

8th August: a new factor begins to enter our lives the ITCZ – the intertropical convergence zone – complete with fronts and shear lines etc. No longer can we rely on the trades to blow steady, but this monster comes up from the south with surfeits of thunderstorms, 50 knot gusts and all sorts of evil deeds. What we back home might just call bad weather. So as the weather looks disturbed to the west we prepare our ship but postpone our departure. Tales of a 52ft Catamaran *Anne* that turned turtle 200 miles west of Niue also focuses the attention, apparently the combination of a large sea and 60 knots of wind. The two persons on board were rescued.

13th August: a lecture on board *Jenny*, a mighty 58' Hoek design from Norway, from an ex whaler skipper Jan, who also supplied some weather software programmes. This couple had come to the Pacific via the Chilean Channels. His wife exclaimed of that section of the trip "*it was horrible – I could kill him*" The new software allows us to download all sorts of international weather information via the SSB and pactor modem. Next evening we have a BBQ at the yacht club, a most pleasant time was had with great conversations of whaling, and the war in Norway, climbing and song writing accompanied by bursts of music, singing and poetry. Jan's cousin was Patrick Dalzel-Job whose book 'From Arctic Snow to Dust of Normandy' would appeal well to the sailor; he was reputed to be the model for the James Bond character.

16th August: 12.30 we exit into light wind and a 2.5 metre confused sea, our destination, Palmerston Island in the north Cooks, approx 660 miles west. However, as day follows into night conditions improve with an increase in wind and moderation in seas. Next day we pass north of the island of Maupihaa at 7 knots and for once the air is full with the sight and sound of seabirds. This 4x6 mile atoll, had been inhabited until 1998 when cyclone Martin swept through and devastated most of its vegetation and houses, it now lies empty of our species.

21st August: the coconut trees of Palmerston Atoll appear on the horizon. In 1862 a Lancashire man, William Marsters settled here with his three Penrhyn (another of the Cook Islands) wives, he fathered 26 children, divided the island into sections for each of the three families and established strict rules about intermarriage. 67 of the descendants, the sixth generation, now inhabit the atoll. A boat approaches and a man introduces himself as Bob Marsters, he says he will be our host during our stay and shows us a mooring to pick up. As we did a whale blew and sounded just up from the boat and a turtle swam past. Our host then returns informing us that we will be picked up at 11.30 for lunch and an island tour.

In his aluminium skiff we whiz at full tilt towards a very small gap in the breaking surf, and zigzag through the pass skimming coral heads by inches, we swing across the lagoon and very abruptly run the skiff into the side of a most beautiful shelving beach. We are introduced to his wife, three daughters



The peaks of Bora Bora and the climbing party.

and son. The table, which is outdoors but roofed from the sun, is piled with a magnificent array of fish, chicken and accompanying dishes. The father issues orders like "set table" "bring food" to his daughters and wife and indicates that our women folk could help, we are thinking this could end badly. But there was something in the attitude of the children that indicated they were humouring him and that underneath he was a genial giant trying to impress. The sailors are invited to dine first while the family sit behind until the guests are satiated, all a bit unnerving. There was no payment of any kind requested for this hospitality, but prior to arrival we had been informed through the radio nets that no supply ship had called in seven months. We, thus forewarned by the power of long range radio, had arrived with bags of staples like flour, pasta, popcorn which was particularly well received, also rum, petrol, cleaning utensils and books.

The eldest daughter, Tahia, an impressive young lady, takes us on a leisurely walkabout of the island. Explaining its history and showing us the new school. Only in the last few years has this been established on a formal basis; there are 35 children attending, more than half of the population. On being questioned about the intermarriage rules Tahia says "I can't marry my brother". One defect resulting from such close breeding was a recurring eye problem, which if not acted on could lead to blindness.

Before we were brought back to the boat we were asked if the next day we would join the family for church in the morning, prior to having Sunday lunch with them. So the next morning at 09.00 to church, the dresses of the women were amazingly colourful with huge flower-adorned hats. Our host was instructing how all the women were to sit at one side and the men on the other; however we noted that the female school principal and other local women appeared to make a point of breaking this little taboo! The church was far less populated than expected, the singing was most unusual and was led by a very elderly lady with an extreme-

ly high pitched off-key voice hitting notes that I would believe had only been found before by Børk.

The ministers arrived well into the proceedings, and one of them delivered an astonishing story about a fire-breathing, sword-wielding god, who took the side of a David, smiting the philistines. The whole procedure did greatly strengthen the resolve of the skipper to pursue his philosophical writings. Thankfully the host never asked us for our opinions on the service. We were then provided with another great lunch. One of the sailors preparing to go snorkelling was reminded that God's day did not permit that activity.

On Monday, the skipper was requested to bring his box to the school. Here he was met with the sight of the entire assembly, 35 children and three teachers, all dressed neat as pins and all looking at an empty chair! Oh No! The location of Ireland was explained and its climate, tunes were played, Irish traditional music was explained. More tunes, then getting into his stride advising that they were at the age to start learning music many of the children then got a 'go' of the box. The whole experience took about 40 minutes and after loads of claps and waves we finally fled the school. As for the quality of the music, thankfully there were no Clare Musicians about and again 'the one eyed man is king in the land of the blind'. Whatever next!

### Emotional rollercoaster ride!

On the final day we and all the island host family were invited aboard Jan's *Jenny*. These were parting drinks and after an emotional farewell to all, sail was set for Niue approx. 400 miles west. If one did nothing else in the Pacific except to spend some time with the people of Palmerston Atoll the journey would be worth it for the astonishing emotional rollercoaster ride. We most certainly will never forget our visit.

26th August: the island of Niue, the smallest independent state in the world emerges out of the scattering darkness. As we pick up a mooring a humpback whale breaches seaward of us in a cloud of spray, is this a standard Pacific greeting? This island is composed entirely of raised coral which is porous; all their ground water is contained in the crater of the volcano on which the island sits, and is enough for six years. The sea water is astonishingly clear. Snorkelling from the boat to the shore there is a great feeling of flying as the seabed 17metres below is bathed in light; there are sea snakes galore very distinctive black and white banding, measuring about 750mm long, their venomous bite is to be avoided. We are informed that as their fangs are set far back they cannot bite humans. This was to prove untrue for the skipper of *Mistral 3* who survived because of massive doses of antibiotics.



View from the peaks of Bora Bora.

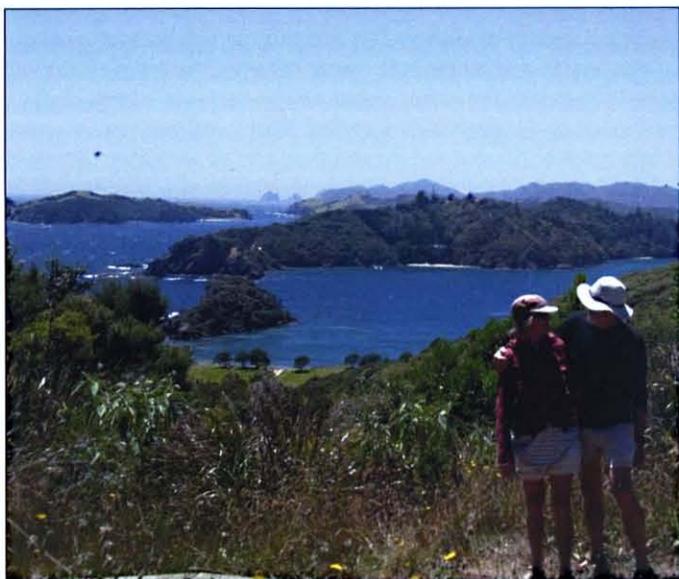
There are six separate Christian denominations so far on such a small island, an inordinate amount of time and energy appears to be spent on the construction of so many theatres of worship. Kay joins a weaving class, and spends a delightful day basket and hat making under the instruction of three local women, who do this from their home for the joy of social contact and keeping the craft making 'alive'. After a week of exploring and chilling out, the wind swings to the west blowing directly from the ocean into our mooring area. The forecast indicates continuance of this weather, we check out with customs just in case, the swells increase on the morning of 1st September, and with the reef but 40 metres behind and roaring, we realised if anything happened to the mooring we would be terminated. At 03.00 our nerves crack, with the deck awash we drop the mooring lines, one jams, we cut it and run to sea. A few hundred metres out having just hoisted the reefed main and half the headsail, a rain squall with 40 knots lays into us. Three more boats flee behind us, a few hang on to the moorings and they hold. We sail to the east of the island and hide, jilling around under very short canvas. Poking our nose out, 12 hours later we find the wind has gone south and we lay course to Tonga.

### Blow-ins

3rd September: the western entrance of the Vava'u group of islands in the Kingdom of Tonga brings calm water, we pick up a mooring in Port Mourelle, staying for two nights in this beautiful bay fringed to the southeast with a classic coconut tree beach. We then go up to Neiafu and check-in with the four grand lads sitting in a shed, part with 123 T\$, and explore the town. Lots of waterfront bars and cafes all run by 'Pangani' or blow-ins as we might say. The supermarket left us a bit shaken, huge portraits of the royal family past and present but little else except very basic basics. This developing country is very reliant on overseas aid and far less advanced than the French islands.

The Tongans are big solid people, warm and friendly smiles but their standard of living is far from affluent, their houses frail and grim. Their dress code is different from any other Pacific islanders we have met – men and schoolboys wear skirts (sulas), for formal occasions the skirts are made of matting. Our arrival in Neiafu coincided with the death of one of the town's dignitaries. For 3 days, songs of lament were heard, on the final day the singing continued into and through the night, the plaintive chant audible in the anchorage.

A few of the sailors cruising these islands with us found themselves in need of medical treatment for 'simple' cuts which turned seriously nasty, great amounts of antibiotics were required to clear the infections which arose. They were all



Kay and Fergus, Bay of Island, New Zealand.

hospitalised and one or two of the 'sailor' doctors gave their services in monitoring the drugs being administered by the hospital, checking each day with the 'patients' as to their situation. Sadly one, a Swedish girl, died. A reminder of how any little cut in the tropics has to be monitored.

We climb Mt. Talau, interesting and great views, but some locals see it more as a convenient place to dump rubbish. As dusk arrived so also did the 'flying foxes', large fruit bats with fox-like faces. Having spent a few days in the very social town we went back out to the island anchorages and visited swallows cave, entering it by dinghy. Fascinating; it would have made the best under water photos if only we had a suitable camera, with the light streaming in from the cave entrance and picking up the fish in the undersea rock formations. We both then went snorkelling on the south side of the bay where Kay thought the coral and fish were the best ever.

25th September: a race from Neiafu to the island of Tapanu was great fun with about 25 boats partaking. *Pylades* had a good start and managed to finish high up in the fleet beating two 54' Amels and an Oyster 56' over the line, all very satisfying. Many beach BBQ's over the next week, the sailors are getting very social. We pick up a Pan Pan alert on the 30th, a sailing vessel with an engine fire about five miles north of Vava'u. There are no lifeboats, rescue services or co-ordination centre. The operation was directed by an ex-pat in a local bar. The rescue vessel was a whale-watching boat. The yacht in distress launched its life raft, it failed to inflate despite having been serviced eight months previously, then holed their inflatable dinghy during its launching in the swell. They were finally located after their flares were seen. With the fire extinguished they could not sail back to port as the hydraulic steering lines had burned through. The vessel did not sink and was eventually towed in.

### Serious research

Over the days we sail from one idyllic anchorage to the next. Returning to the town the skipper in the spirit of the 'Darwin Cruise' decides to do some direct research. The Free Wesleyan College is the biggest secondary school in town. Failing to get a meeting with the principal he ends up in the 'lions' den', the teachers' room. I



Market, Neiafu, Tonga.

explain where I am from, and state my case that I am doing some research regarding Darwin and the teaching of evolution, "no. we do not teach that, we teach only the truth of the bible and the age of the world is but 6000 years old". I ask about the number of denominations on the island and they say about ten but new ones come and go and they are all basically Christian. I ask about any people on the island who might believe that man made god and not the other way around, "they would have to leave as they could not live amongst the people". It was a polite but somewhat depressing encounter, as one thought of the millions of scientific discoveries whose knowledge would be denied the children and the negation of critical thinking so vital to their survival.

8th October: the 450 mile course from Tonga to Fiji is complicated and dangerous due to underwater volcanic activity pushing up over sixty additional shoal and dangerous areas since the last charts were published. We had plotted and marked every new hazard on our electronic chart, very scary as one of these indicated a yacht wreck on water that was shown on our chart as 460 metres deep!

At 17.00 we leave, and hear on the VHF of a yacht which has hit the reef on one of the nearby islands, the four people on board have made it to the land but the yacht sank. After nightfall our plotter fails, this on the very trip we really needed it, but the skipper had been nervous about the trip and for the first time ever had written down all the waypoints, so we could just run on our basic GPS. Then to make matters more interesting we had the mother and father of an electrical storm for six hours, some strikes were so close you could feel the blast of hot air on your face from the discharge. There was but a very short time lapse between the strikes and the unbelievably loud thunder. With the moving off of the storm came wind and lots of it; for the next 24 hours we had a gale, horribly confused seas and rain squalls, we are well and truly in the grip of the Inter Tropical Convergence Zone. To put it mildly one could think of better places to be.

11th October: the wind and seas ease back, the sun appears, out of blitz comes bliss, a perfect day's sailing and likewise our navigation computer comes back to life. On the last day the wind dies and we motor to Suva, Fiji's main town. We call the authorities at 07.00 but its 16.00 before five officials pour over the side festooned with forms, which we fill in at breakneck speed, while they talk on their mobile phones, an item we have not used since Spain. Free to go ashore we indulge ourselves at the bar of 'The Royal Suva Yacht Club' It's a slightly down at heel relic of old decency with portraits of Queen Elizabeth, so young she looks like she is making her confirmation!, also photos of lots of chaps in proper white yachting gear smoking pipes and being served by indigenous folk. Now it's a much more cosmopolitan affair with all the nationalities and races of the world awaiting beer at €1.00 a glass.

Despite the almost incessant rain we explore 'soggy Suva', it's a great place with a very lively buzz, an interaction between the indigenous Fijians, the Indians and the Chinese. They prove to be the friendliest people, always asking where one is from and showing genuine interest. Everywhere are the industrious Indians, running almost all the business from the large to the little shoemaker repairing flip flops, either the flip or the flop. They, like the Chinese, never say no, every thing is 'can do', and here we meet for the first time a whole new set of deities, it is the Hindu festival of light 'Diwali'. many-armed female elephant-headed gods peer out from posters in a hundred windows, together with the red swastika. These are the Hindu Indians, there are also Muslim Indians – a school mosque with hundreds of hijab clad girls and uniformed boys pouring forth.

21st October: anchor in Vega bay on the island of mBeqa we are the only boat, the next day go ashore and request a meeting with the chief, are directed to his house and present the requisite

gift of Kava plant. This is accepted most graciously and he offers us his blessing and welcomes us to the village. Well that's what it sounded like. The Kava is a root crop which they grind into a powder and mix with water to drink and enough of it will blow your head off. We are now basically dealing in drugs! The logic of all this is that if you anchor anywhere off a village in the more remote areas, this is the equivalent of camping in someone's front garden and you must be granted permission. The chief sat cross-legged on a mat to greet us and his name was Johnnie.

24th October: pick mooring at Musket Cove go ashore join the YC – \$5.00 for life membership, you just have to sail here first to qualify. Very civilised drinks later in the bar with tales of the sea from many sailors. Then to Lautoka anchoring off the main dock, more checking in and skipper gets very cranky in the heat particularly when we get to the dock gate and they will not let us out, sending us back to the officials for a release pass. On to an anchorage at Port Denarau a secure harbour indeed, very touristy with lots of bars restaurants and a shopping mall. We drift back to Musket Cove after a few days and resume snorkelling and hull cleaning keeping a weather eye to our trip south to NZ.

### Passage to New Zealand

10th November: check out and prepare for passage to NZ, this weather window had been long predicted, but each day as it approached it changed a bit for the worse. Also the disconcerting news that a 43' Beneteau that left previously had been dumped on by a six metre sea and had its rudder smashed. After two days of trying to steer they had to abandon ship. To compound their misery the life raft floor fell out. But all were picked up safely. By the time we exited the Nebula pass it was 25 knots plus, south-southeast, the best course we could sail was 20° off our line, every second wave burst over the boat, with predictions to continue for five days. To further add to our discomfort was a chance remark by a fellow sailor that he might stop for fishing at Conway reef which would now be on our adjusted route. We could locate no such reef on our electronic charts. Examining a separate set of electronic charts we found the reef indicated about 7 miles off our given position complete with three shipwrecks on top of it. Rattled and despondent we turned back.

It must be stated that while the Fijians in general are one of the friendliest peoples we have encountered, the same could not be said of the bureaucratic officials who inhabit the shabby customs and immigration offices of Lautoka. When we check back in we are restricted to the port of Denarau to which we retire, get the main engine water pump rebuilt while we are there, and a few other bits. We drink beer and talk weather.

16th November: we again head for NZ 1050 miles to the south, a much more benign sea at the pass, with light wind we motor for a day, the wind fills in nicely at the required 15 knots from the east-northeast and under full sail we run down the line. Each day brings a slight drop in temperature and the night watch now finds clothes to be an essential item; the skipper is looking for socks not needed since somewhere in Spain 18 months ago.

19th November: all reefs out and fine sailing on a beam reach, sunshine for first time in a week, best day's run of 161 miles. Before night the fail-safe shaft of the self-steering snaps and *Pylades* goes wildly off course. Auto is engaged, the paddle is removed, new part fitted, we are up and running within 30 minutes. The boom vang connection also parts; this can wait until we get in but we lose some sail shape control. The next day the wind dies off and we chug the course at 5 knots, a distinct chill descends over us as we hear that the wind is due to turn south-southeast and freshen, maintaining itself in that quadrant for some time. Each evening and morning Kay is now net

controller of the 'penguin' net, which is an informal group of yachts giving each other positions and weather information via the SSB as we plough south.

22nd November: going to weather with 20 to 25 knots of wind on the nose on the open ocean is something to be avoided, the tacking angle becomes very wide, port tack to Australia starboard tack to Chile. The motion, to put it mildly, is horrible, at 6 knots we hit what seems like a brick wall every few minutes and a wall of green water pours over the boat, finding the smallest little crevices to get in. At about 12.00 and about 300 miles off shore, the roar of a very low-flying aircraft fills the air not far above mast head height, a four engine Nimrod, within seconds the VHF springs into life, "*Pylades, Pylades* this is Orion of the NZ coast guard, we have all your details, what time do you hope to check into Opuā?". They had flown low enough to read our name with their optics and had our prior notice of arrival information, efficiency is big in NZ.

The next couple of days are best forgotten as everything is thrown at us to make the passage miserable and delay our arrival. To compound the situation we receive notice of an evolving storm system just to the east of our position, though all indications are that we should be in before it starts to move. But out of such gloom appears a sight to lift the lowest spirit. Rising out of the southern ocean swells an Albatross soaring and wheeling around our tossing ship. Magnificent, with its 2 metre wingspan, skimming the waves as it went about its perpetual wandering.

24th November: New Zealand sighted, the wind and sea calms and we are as high as kites as we motor along the coast in beautiful weather. We had been warned that this trip would be challenging but now it was worth it all. It is dark when we enter the Bay of Islands and at 22.30 when tied at Opuā we open a bottle of bubbly. Our arrival port is a cluster of service facilities with a small supermarket, a marina and anchorage in a peaceful rural setting. The pleasant social scene in the Sailing Club bar ensured many evenings were spent there meeting fellow sailors; boats, exaggerating passages and reviewing plans.

8th December: short sail to Russell, pick up mooring in Orongo Bay. The charming town of Russell was the original European settler's capital, thus old by New Zealand standards. For the next few days exploring the Bay of Islands we anchor and enjoy the great walks, at night sleep to the hoot of the More Pork owls, so named by the Kiwis for their call resembling the words '*more pork*'. Round Cape Brett with a fair sailing breeze dropping the anchor in Whangamumu close to the old whaling station. Ashore we bathe in the stream cascading the rock face, bracing.

16th December: *Pylades* sails up the Whangarei river with the flood, the ragged curtains of rain that tore over the surrounding hills combined with a very familiar topography brought memories of autumns of many years sailing up the mighty Shannon estuary. At the town basin of Whangarei tied between two mooring piles was to be our home for the next month. To describe the town as composed of car sales lots connected by car parks might be a bit unfair, but a handy enough place to get work done. We order many pieces of stainless steel, strip down the windlass, change anchoring gear, replacing our 45lb CQR with a 45lb Manson Supreme, it proves to be far superior in speed of dig in and holding.

At Christmas, loaned a car by fellow sailors, we purchase a three man tent and head inland for five days. Driving on the motorway at 120km took more than a little getting used to after so long dealing with max speeds of 7 knots. The experience is a great diversion from sailing and we spend our first night on land in 18 months squatting in our new home somewhere near the Firth of Thames sipping wine and philosophising. The 'Lost Highway' coming back east from the very forgettable town of

Stratford, is astonishing, a thousand hairpin bends through amazing landscape with few vehicles, parts of the road are unpaved and everywhere warnings and evidence of rock falls. Camping in a remote site we are awakened by a hair-raising sound somewhere between barking and coughing outside our tent. Venturing forth to get the torch and do battle, naught is seen. On enquiry next day, the response was "just a bloody Possum mate".

10th January: back on ship we order all our stainless steel bits, buy a new battery and attempt to get our gas refilled. This is where the 'can do' aspect of NZ culture begins to wilt, obstructionism of all kinds raises its head mainly in the form of health and safety, different connectors, our bottles would have to be inspected and authorized at a cost and in any case would not pass, it would be necessary to buy new bottles, regulators and rebuild our gas locker to suit! Borrowing a regular NZ gas bottle we get it filled tie it upside down off our back frame and drain it into ours, this is repeated a few times, ingenuity is required to overcome.

### **Australian floods**

News comes of devastating floods hitting Australia: the marina area we had thought of going to in Brisbane was washed away, with boats set into trees. A few weeks later a category four hurricane, the most powerful ever to hit Queensland, slammed into the coast and drove 150 boats out of one marina into the streets of the deserted towns. Glad our decision was not to go and hide from the ravages of the typhoon season in Australia but to drop below the affected areas for New Zealand.

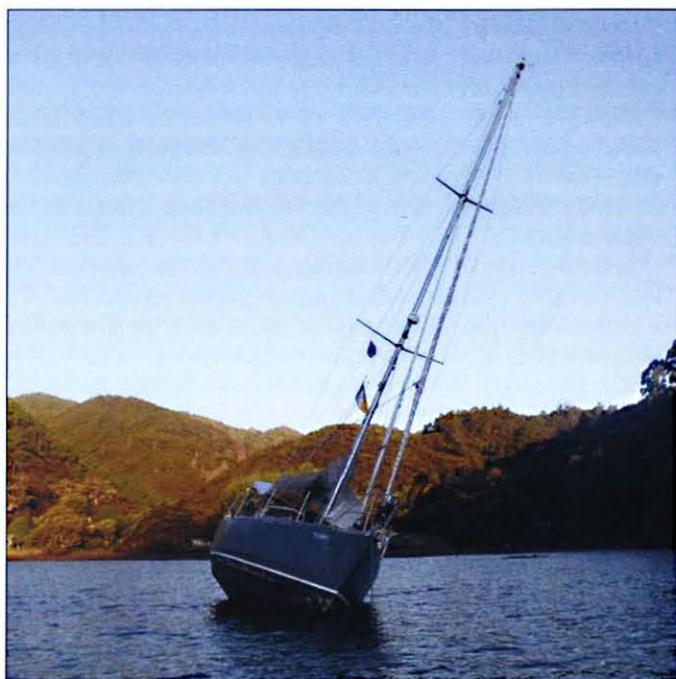
7th February: Exit the brown river of Whangarei and with oodles of shiny new stainless steel bits head downstream, the best of these improvements was an SS shortened tiller which would allow the self steering systems both mechanical and electronic to operate on a shorter tiller and with a timber insert when hand steering is required. Back at sea under sail, a light breeze on the beam, clear blue sky and away to the Great Barrier Island. We had intended a few days here we stayed two weeks,

15th February: a fine day with light wind, one might say that nothing could go wrong. Unnoticed by the crew the wind backs 180° and we drift over a shoal on the ebb. Too late... our predicament is realised and most embarrassingly we go over to 45° and settle. Best to get out scraping the hull and pretend it was an intentional careening. We spend most of the night in this predicament and about 03.30 a rising tide lifts all boats and we are afloat. During re-anchoring the engine alarm sounds, shut down engine and hope our new anchor digs in the first shot in the rising wind, it does. We sleep level. It takes a long hunt to find the fault, an air lock in the cooling liquid side of the system, brought about no doubt by lying over.

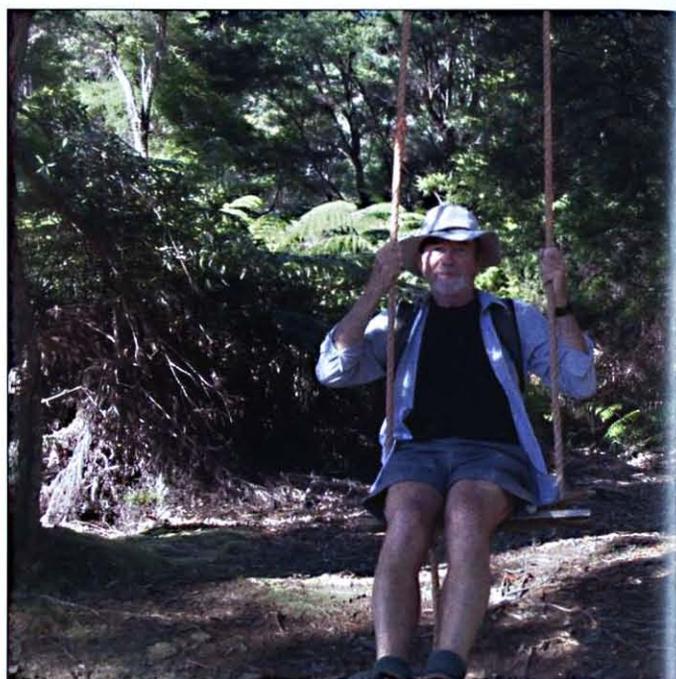
21st February: arrive Auckland and tie at Westhaven marina, large and bleak, 1800 white plastic boats awaiting their masters. Next day off for a major walkabout, a very impressive city, finally sourcing a copy of "Guns Germs and Steel", having chased it across every port in the Pacific. On the return to *Pylades* we see a more central marina, 'Pier 21' a vacant and cheaper space is available and we move.

### **Christchurch earthquake**

At 12.47 on the 22nd Christchurch is hit by a strong earthquake and for the next while our period in New Zealand takes a sombre tone. The constant reporting is ghastly, about 160 have died, the rest of the population struggling with no water, sewerage, power, 20,000 homes made uninhabitable. A day on, we hear that four Americans were shot dead on '*s/v Quest*' in a fracas between pirates and US forces in the Indian Ocean. One of them Phyllis McKay a lovely woman we had met in Panama, she had given us much information on the Pacific and the locations for the best shopping. Then we hear *ING* had been



Shallow patch, Great Barrier Reef, New Zealand.



Chilling at Kawau, New Zealand.

captured by pirates. We were badly shaken by this news as we knew them very well having met in many locations across the Pacific, a lovely couple from Denmark with three beautiful children aged about 8, 12 and 15. We had been in touch with them through SSB email the day before their capture. Needless to state we have had no communications since. We are truly sickened by the thoughts of these brave and lovely people in the hands of pirates. These events dramatically changed our plans, our route home will now be via the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. We suspect that many more boats than normal might now adopt this course of action.

11th March: visits to the mast top to replace wind cups and lights are much easier now that there is a system to run the main halyard through blocks to the anchor windlass. Kay can whiz the skipper up in minutes – what used to be a real chore is now a joy! *Pylades* is hauled out followed by a hull clean and applications of a barrier coat and antifouling, heavy toil but easier than in the heat of the tropics. All labour is spurred on by the thoughts of the evening glass of chilled. On the night of the 11th having dinner aboard a local yacht the VHF chirps in with an all-stations alert, a tsunami heading to New Zealand due to a

severe earthquake in Japan. Our option of exiting to deeper water is definitely not on. Alarms are set during the night to follow the course and size of the surge travelling at about 450mph towards us. But by dawn – it becomes clear that we will not have a problem.

17th March – Paddy's Day – big celebrations in Auckland with their wonderful Sky Tower lighting turned to green. We on *Pylades* are invited by the marina staff to their offices for drinks to celebrate the day. The children from the yachts around us, American and Kiwi are part of the Auckland St. Patrick's Day parade. On 21st and 23rd March respectively we attend at two lectures '*US Power today*' and '*The Rise of China*' given by Tariq Ali, great to know that the anti-imperialist is still going strong, if a bit more muted than in the days of the heady sixties.

After a pleasant month's stay in the fair city of Auckland doing much walkabout and fixing boat bits, a haul out, antifouling, cooker refurbished from a single burner back to double burner together with the grill and oven, 'oh heaven'. 28th March sees us exit the excellent Pier 21 Marina. Over the next four days we sail back to the Bay of Islands setting our hook in various splendid anchorages along the way. By the 6th April we are on a mooring back in Opuia. Over the next month we await a weather window to sail north but a large blocking high sits to the east and maintains a fresh to gale force northerly flow. On the 29/30th a savage storm goes through. In the mean time we walk, dine and drink well, invited to a local house for an evening meal we are entertained by a top class female barber-shop ensemble 'The Frankly Scarlets' who happened by.

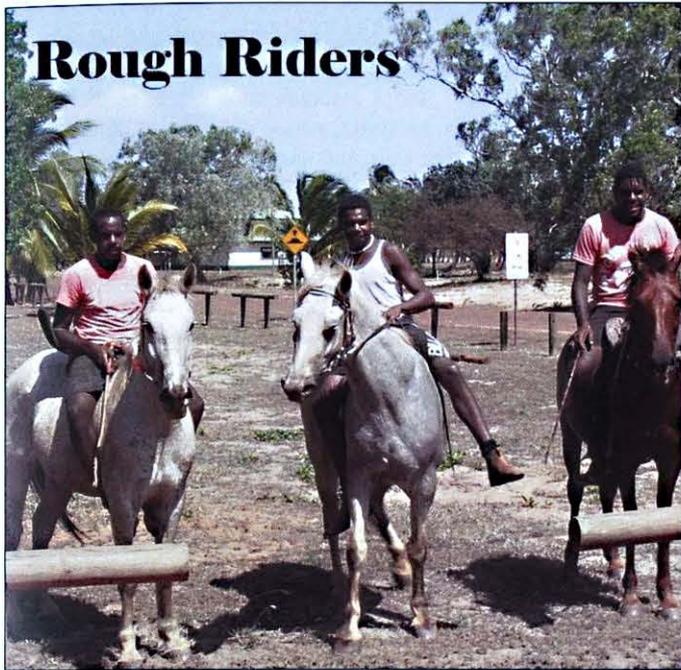
### Succumbing to herd instinct!

Many boats leave heading north suffering from Fiji-itis, despite a forecast of fresh north winds this is a phenomena brought on by the cold of an encroaching winter, the call of the tropics and enhanced by the herd instinct. 10 days out and some were still beating, lots of damage reported including one mast down. A few return with gear damage, autopilots are top of the list. A 55' ketch limps after enduring a 360 roll on its way up the Tasman Sea in 60 knots of wind. We wait on.

16th May: the weather turns in our favour, exiting for New Caledonia. The wind is 25 knots and gusting on the beam, a residual north-east swell battles with the new seas and by the time we are a few miles out we are awash, leaks which have never leaked are found by the clawing sea. Clearing the top of



At Seisia, Cape York.



## Rough Riders

Rough Riders at Cape York.  
[The term Rough Riders is not a derogatory term]

North Island a 7 metre swell stirred up by a previous storm in the Tasman joins in the melee. Thankfully the following day the wind backs aft. Our forecast consistently gave us force 5 dropping to 3. The reality was a consistent 25 to 35 knots gusting over 40; our dodgers were shredded and bailed up. Our biggest fright was a broach down the front of a ridiculously sized wave which caught the triple reefed main aback, and had the preventer failed could have carried away our runner and perhaps the mast. The main was immediately stowed... The remainder of the fast and wet trip was under staysail and a touch of the poled headsail. As we moved north in the cold Antarctic air a magnificent wandering albatross wheeled about our ship bidding us adieu, shall we ere see its like again.

23rd May: 18.45 the flash of the Amadee Light, New Caledonia is raised. Ascertaining that the lights correspond to the chart, we push cautiously through the reef entrance under engine. The 20 miles to the dock were well lit and at 12.30 we tie at Noumea. The customs and clearance are friendly, painless and without charge. Over the next week we sew up our dodgers and fit more robust book restraints. The marina stay was a very social affair and a big cultural change is that there are no American boats. Americans never appear to be comfortable with the French, The town has a flavour of its own, a touch untidy and in desperate need of better architects.

3rd June: well off the coast of New Caledonia and on the first night out, wind falls light and the sea turns glassy calm. A million water fairies dance beneath the waves in the footlights of phosphorescence. A million stars mirror in the undulating surface completing the illusion that we are in a ship of the cosmos voyaging through deep space, a green meteorite enters and applauds and we gaze in awe at the riches of it all. If the trip from NZ was characterised by a surfeit of breeze this trip so far has light and fickle airs, we sail, motor-sail and watch the sun's coming and going with spectacular sets and rises.

9th June: A cold south-westerly wind arrives we pile on clothes and reefs as the wind hardens on the nose, we can no longer lay the course to the Bundaberg entrance. Decision made to press on to the coast hoping for less sea; before tacking we had been set down 27 miles. It was 05.00 before we slid into the well lit entrance found the quarantine dock. Australia bedad! and crashed into bed.

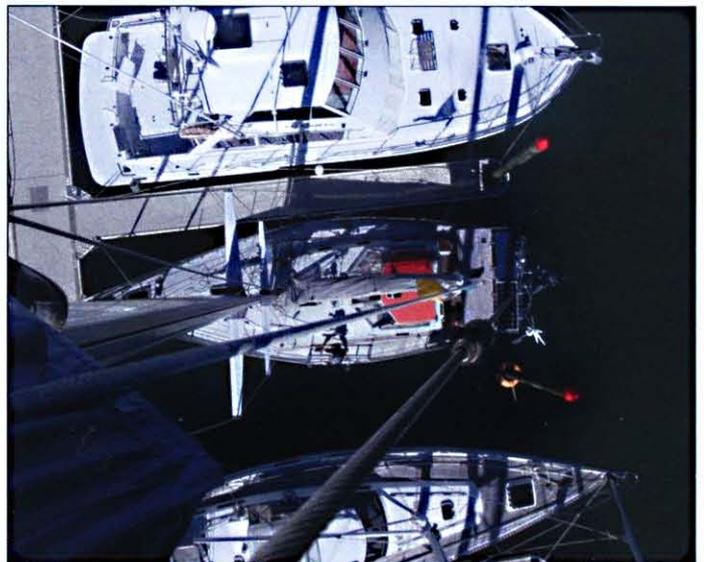


Sail repairs in Opuua.

## Courteous Customs

10th June: Customs and Quarantine were most welcoming and courteous, contrary to expectations but did relieve us of \$330 Aus (approx €250), the skipper pointed out that was more than all the countries we had visited combined. They apologised and pointed out that had we arrived on a weekend it would have been \$660. After a day or so tending to *Pylades* we hire a car and head south to visit cousins in Moffet Beach, wined and dined and treated royally for two days, walking through a small section of rainforest we see our first marsupial, a small forest kangaroo – most enjoyable time.

19th June sees us commence a series of day hops up the coast of Queensland, beginning every morning at 05.30 often arriving in the dark at the chosen anchorage. The first was Pancake Creek, which we never saw in daylight but provided a tranquil night to sip, sup and sleep. Passing Gladstone Harbour we counted 17 bulk carriers on anchor awaiting cargo. It is the non-sustainable mining of Australia that is the key to its present day riches and solvency, most of its extracts head for China. In



Aloft – Pier 21, Auckland.

contrast the state of Australia's agriculture is so poor due to soil conditions and water shortages.

Sailing as dreamed of, flying north in 15 knot southeasterly winds with clear blue skies and breathtaking sunsets. The coast line is studded with hundreds of islands which are generally barren but picturesque with long sandy deserted beaches. We land, explore and swim when we get in early enough. On passage we observed very few yachts or vessels of any kind. In the very beautiful Pearl Bay a whale is feeding and in the evening we hear Irish music being played on a flute, the skipper answers with some box tunes, some of the tunes even match up, all very magical. We never meet as we are gone by dawn.

24th June: after a particularly fast but boisterous passage we tie at Mackay with some difficulty. Taking a walk Kay takes a fall and breaks two fingers. The next day is spent being attended to by the friendliest staff in Mackay Base Hospital. X-rays determine that she must undergo a full anaesthetic and a resetting in the operating theatre, she is kept in overnight. We are told by a staff member not to have any worries on costs as Australia and Ireland have a reciprocal health care agreement and all medical care costs will be covered. A direct result one can argue of the Bolshevik Revolution! Kay returns to the hospital for check up on the 29th.

### Lost boats

News arrives that *Troutbridge*, a catamaran on which we had drinks in NZ just before we left had hit the reef in Fiji. It rips the keels, rudders and skegs off. Peter escapes with his life, just. They have now managed to get it off and it is now under repair, it was his home and did not have insurance. This is the seventh boat we now have known to be lost, shot up or captured on our cruise, one definitely has to keep on one toes every second.

2nd July: tricky exit from Mackay with stiff cross-wind and Kay not her agile self takes the tiller, we get away with it and head for the Whitsunday islands. Sailing between the islands is wonderful and here for the first time we encounter many chartered boats. We are now a bit behind in our schedule so between that and our reduced woman power when we anchor in Dugong Inlet we do not launch our dinghy and land. It is raining anyway and no dugongs are sighted. Next day we pass Nara Inlet and reflect on the 13 sailors who, while attempting to shelter aboard their vessels from Cyclone Ada, died there in January 1970.

5th July: after a night at Hazard Bay, Orpheus Island, we negotiate the very shallow entrance to the Hinchinbrook Channel at Lucinda, this proved to be a stunning diversion, 25 miles of calm water edged in mangrove, impenetrable forest with the 1142 metre high crags of Mt. Bowen dominating. Anchoring in the very quiet Paluma creek the moon joins in our toast to the splendour of it all. A noticeable rise in temperature has the duvet being put aside and clothes being thrown off, but definitely no jumping over the side.

On the night of July 6th the long well-lit entrance to Cairns is entered and we tie at the Marlin Marina. Off then for more x-rays and very good attention at the hospital the reports are excellent all is coming together so we celebrate with a meal out which was also excellent. Cairns a manicured city of straight lines, difficult to appreciate for those of us used to European cities, laid down and enriched with a complex tapestry of time. The people we encounter are most welcoming, there is an air of wealth everywhere engendered by mining, property prices are booming, a newspaper article we read refers to a cook working offshore on \$435,000 pa. Expensive restaurants have to be booked months ahead... where have we heard all this before... The next few days are spent stocking food, wine, water and diesel as between here and Darwin supplies will be limited.

### Captain Cook

11th July: heading overnight to Lizard Island, strong-wind

warnings are about and it holds between 25 to 30 knots, a bit too fresh for comfort but with three reefs in the main and a section of genny poled out, great for speed. Over the next period it is sailing all day, arrive at dusk, leave at dawn, such places as the amazing boulder hills off Cape Melville, where we sight a dugong, Morris Islet a single palm tree on some scrub on a reef, Lloyd bay and Margaret's bay. Everywhere the evidence of Captain Cook, who appeared to set the name on just about every cape, bay and island on the coast. We also reflect on how close he was to losing *Endeavour* on a reef and had that happened it is likely Australia might now be French speaking! As we are running tight in these enhanced trades, following safe or shipping passages through the reefs, we are constantly gybing the rig and the skipper develops wincher's elbow, that with Kay's plastered hand we now make a right pair of single-handed sailors.

18th Another fresh day 25 to 30 knots, as we leave the Escape River with these winds and associated seas and only 4.5 metres of water the skipper's heart is again in his mouth. Maybe that why it's called the Escape River. We escape and head for the Alderney Passage, it's a neap tide but our speeds are still a good 2 knots plus. At 13.30 we round Cape York into the Torres Straits and with heavy hearts bid farewell to the Pacific, which will for the remainder of our lives provide images and dreams to dwell in the deepest recesses of our being. Close-hauling at the other side of the Cape, Red Island is sighted and after yet more shallow water moments we anchor at Seisia and reminisce.

Next day with a good arm each we launch the dinghy and land, first time in eight days. Notices abound about crocodiles, "do not swim nor stand near water's edge", etc. We understand that there is a monument close by to one of our species taken by a croc from this beach. The main feature of the area is a campsite populated by 4WDs; as there are only tracks leading in, the challenge apparently is just to get here. Some of the vehicles are fitted with snorkels for fording rivers, all very macho. There is a small supermarket, we stock up, dispose of garbage, take a shower at the campsite. Our boat water stock is down to less than third so no fresh water showers until Darwin.

21st July: at low water after lunch we exit to catch the west-running flood and head through the shallow Endeavour Strait, across the 300 mile wide Gulf of Carpentaria. Papua New Guinea and the isles of the Torres Straits are to our north. Leaving the Wessel Island group to the south we press on across the Arafura Sea down through Van Diemen Gulf, maintaining a flood-tide by luck rather than design, through the Clarence Strait. The run was at times fast but the winds held fair and 750 miles from Seisia the anchor hit ground in Fannie Bay, Darwin, at 02.00 on the 27th. Later a young lady from the fisheries department dives under our hull and shoots chemicals into our sea water intakes to cleanse us of any evildoers we might carry with us into the locked dock of Cullen Bay Marina.

28th July: we pass through the \$240-a-lift dock gate. The city is called after the scientist whom our voyage pursues in many varied aspects. Enquiring at the tourist office as to what might be on offer in the way of monuments to Charles Darwin and his works, such as permanent exhibitions, the girl behind the counter initially exclaimed, who was he? We are informed there are none. On perusing glossy brochures extolling the virtues of the city there is no mention of Mr. Darwin or his revolutionary findings, which turned the history of mankind and his belief systems on their head. However all is not lost, for outside the county library stands a bust of the Charles D., himself and a ship's bell bearing the name *HMS Beagle*.

**Miles sailed since Bellharbour; 20572**

**(for full log and photographs, see [www.pylades.net](http://www.pylades.net))**

# Passage through Achill Sound

Jarlath Cunnane

After last year's extensive cruising around the Azores, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, I envisaged this year's sailing would be relaxing in home waters. As the year developed, it turned out to be a rather poor sailing season for yachts based in the west. Apart from some good weather in the early part of the year, the rest of the year was characterised by poor weather as gale followed gale. A cruise to the Skelligs and some weekend outings to Clare Island and Inishbofin were achieved between gales.

With the end of the sailing season approaching, determined to have one last sail, *Northabout* departed Clew Bay bound for the Inishkea islands off the Belmullet peninsula. A long-held plan to sail again through Achill Sound had previously been thwarted by Mayo Co. Council's refusal to open the new swing bridge linking Achill with mainland Ireland. The route through Achill sound avoids the turbulent seas off Achill head, and if the Belmullet canal were not obstructed by a fixed bridge built in the 1970s, one would have a sheltered inside passage to Broadhaven bay for shoal draft vessels.

Achill's latest bridge is the third at this location; the first was opened by Michael Davitt in 1887, and named in his honour. By 1947 sixty years of corrosion had weakened the structure and it was replaced with a new swivel bridge. That bridge also carried the water supply pipes to Achill, which were disconnected each time the bridge opened. This was a time-consuming operation, and the local authority were reluctant to comply with opening requests. Overhead power cables also disrupted passage of masted vessels.

The current bridge, which was completed in 2008, should have resolved these problems; the water supply and power cables were ducted underwater, and swivel actuation fully automated. Unfortunately all is not yet resolved; the bridge opening has been plagued with teething troubles mainly with the hydraulically operated swing mechanism, and has never been fully operational. Marine notice 29 issued September 29th 2010 advised passage through the bridge was again possible, but this was subsequently cancelled on December 10th 2010. After many unsuccessful requests were made for a bridge

opening, I was told the bridge would be opened for a series of tests on September 1st 2011, and I could avail of this opportunity to transit the Sound.

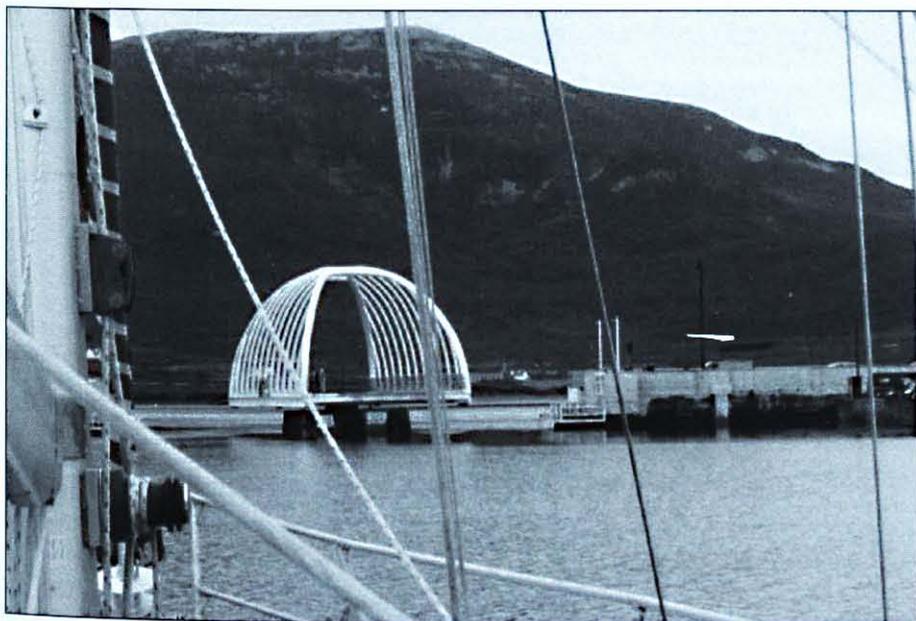
With a strong tide against us we made slow progress into the south sound to Kildavnet where we secured for the day to one of the visitors moorings near the lifeboat station. The channel is well marked with buoys, and meanders mainly on the Achill side of the sound. As breakfast was cooked, the tide rapidly receded revealing drying banks to the east and south on the route we had traversed.

Later as the tide returned we made our way to the bridge and secured for the night to one of the visitors moorings in a deep pool immediately below the bridge. Again as the tide receded we were isolated in the pool with sand banks all around. The opening of the bridge was planned to coincide with high tide shortly after 09.00 next morning. As opening time approached, council workers could be seen at both ends of the bridge. We slipped our mooring as the bridge started to pivot, and motored through the opening. The recommended channel is on the mainland side of the pivot, and the best – and only – time is at slack high water, as there can be quite a strong current at other times. Road traffic was disrupted for about 15 minutes in all. The bridge is fully automated, with barriers to control road traffic. Nevertheless no fewer than twelve men in hi-viz jackets represented the Council.

We were now through to the north side of the bridge, with a fair tide to take us through the bull's mouth at the northern end of Achill sound. Incidentally, the tides meet just south of the bridge, and the direction of buoyage changes here, the red buoys, which previously were left to port, were now left to starboard, which caused some confusion to one of our crew!

The tidal stream in the bull's mouth is probably one of the fastest flowing in Ireland; Inishbiggle Island on our starboard side was rapidly left astern with *Northabout* sailing at 13 knots. As we sailed through the rocky channel near Duvilaun, the Inishkea Islands were visible, as also were the leading marks on Inishkea South Island to guide one safely through the pass.

*Northabout* anchored on the north side of Rusheen Island, to the east of Inishkea South. Here in 1908 Norwegian whalers established a processing station. Very little now remains of this once thriving industry, the buildings long claimed by nature, the only remains to be seen are the rusting remnants of the boilers. The whaling station made the south islanders comparatively wealthy for a time. The islanders were well-organised union wise, were well paid, and would not permit their neighbours on the north island work on the whaling station! As whales became scarce the Norwegians moved on to more lucrative grounds. Following a drowning tragedy in 1927, which claimed the lives of 10 fishermen, the islanders lost heart, abandoned their homes and moved to the Belmullet peninsula. We landed on Inishkea's beautiful beach and had a walk ashore among the long row of abandoned houses. What a beautiful place to live, I can think of a no more desirable isolated hermit's retreat.

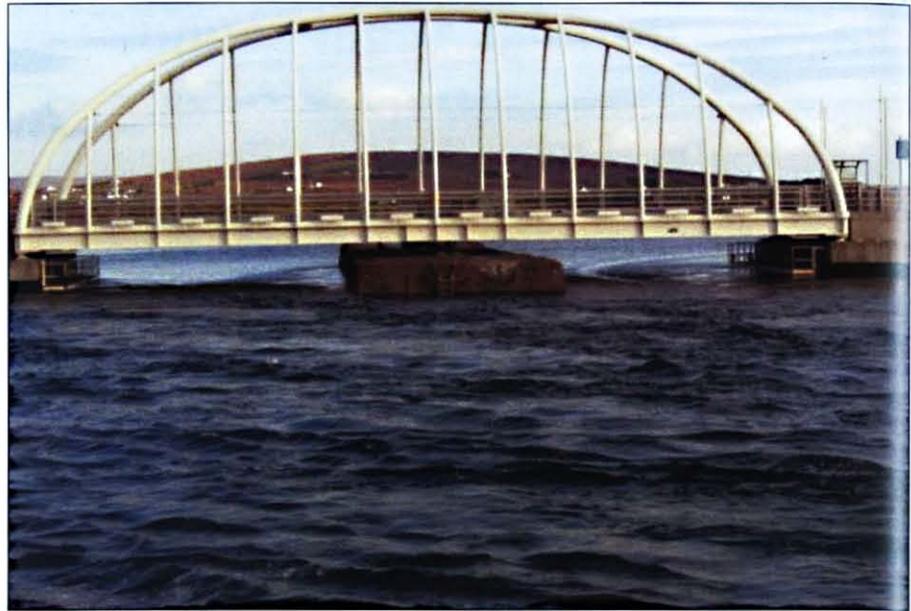


Achill Bridge open.

The weather was deteriorating; plans to visit the north island were abandoned, as we decided to run to the shelter of Achill sound.

The return sail was livened by a rising gale, we entered Achill Sound on the flooding tide and secured *Northabout* to a visitors mooring on the north side of the bridge. For several days the gales raged, a week later we succeeded in having the bridge opened again for our passage home.

En route home we visited Achillbeg Island in perfect weather. Having secured to a visitors mooring we landed on the pure white sandy beach, surely one of the most beautiful in Ireland. Apart from some restored buildings used as holiday homes, the island is now abandoned to grazing sheep. The schoolhouse, where Latin, music and the classics were taught in the early part of the 20th century, still stands in its walled playground, a sad reminder of another era. Michael Brogan (ICC) caught and cooked a delicious meal of mackerel on the final run in to our winter berth, a fitting end to the sailing season.



Achill Bridge closed.

Hopefully Achill's Michael Davitt Bridge will soon be fully operational. For the latest information contact Mayo Co. Council at Newport office; telephone 098 41169.

### Pete Hogan writes of being a Glen Bore!

The Americans came up with the concept of the Embedded Correspondent during one of their wars. So it was that I joined the ranks of the Dublin Bay Glen class.

Or maybe it was more a case of the Spy Who Came in from the Cold. Three seasons later I find I have transmogrified into a Glen Bore. At the least provocation I will wax lyrical about the virtues and merits of sailing Glens, their pedigree, history and preservation. One Glen owner is fond of quoting 'You never actually own a Glen, you merely look after it for the next generation.' When I mentioned the Glens at the last ICC AGM I was deluged by an excited mob of members who were intimately familiar with the Glens both north and south of the border. Many had learned their trade in these 25 foot classics. I am confident that news of the Glens will be popular.

It is all about racing these days but in the nicest possible way. Racing has become a dirty word with many cruisers,

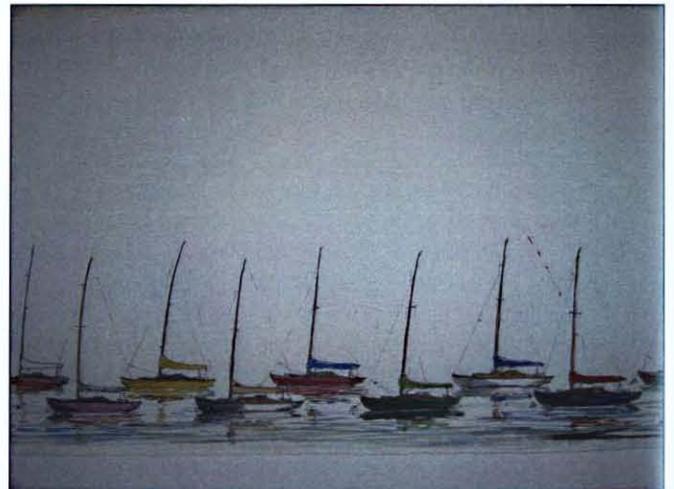
what with the unsuitability for cruising of modern designs, the overdependence on crew, the dreaded spinnaker and the cost. But the Glens predate all that by a long way and trace their proud heritage back to a time when there was no conflict between a proper yacht, a cruiser and a racer. So it is that three times a week we sally forth to do battle in a true Corinthian manner. The furthest offshore we probably wander is the annual Kish race. Far better and less hassle than seeking good-value restaurants on the Iberian Peninsula.

I am prepared to name names. *Glenshane*, G5, is the vessel which I find myself looking after. *Glenmiller* G29, ably sailed by Niamh Coffey daughter of fondly remembered Jack was our arch rival. *Pterodactyl* G12 was the boat to beat this year. *Glendun* G9 lost her mast in an unfortunate collision. *Glenshesk* G1 frequently has an all female crew. *Glenluce* G67 won the Volvo Regatta. And just to be fair, the rest of the fleet: *Glencorel* G3, *Glenroan* G4, *Glengesh* G8, *Glenariff* G10, *Glencoe* G14, *Glenmarissa* G53, and *Glencree* G107.

I was delighted when our very own Paddy Barry joined me on *Glenshane* for a couple of the days of the Volvo Regatta. I can report in confidence that Paddy is no mean racer himself when it comes to demanding water at marks, claiming overlaps and generally throwing his weight about when the going gets tight.

If anybody is interested in sailing with the Glens on Dublin Bay, please get in touch with me. The 21s are gone; the 24s are gone. The Glens sail on.

We are always looking for potential owners, crew or sponsors.



# Hecuba – Cascais to Cadiz and back

John Duggan

The first “proper” book I read was *Treasure Island*, and Robert Louis Stevenson’s classic story of villainous pirates and exotic adventure has, even after numerous re-readings, never left its place as my favourite book of all time. While I don’t believe that Cadiz is mentioned anywhere in the story, it always sounded to me like the sort of place where Long John Silver and his cut-throat crew would hang out, terrorising the locals and debauching themselves on strong rum and ladies of easy virtue. Such ignoble objectives were far from mind when planning *Hecuba*’s modest cruise for late summer, 2011 and the choice of Cadiz as a destination was based, rather, on its handy distance from Lisbon for a fortnight of day-sailing and the possibilities for picking up and dropping off crewmembers of eclectic disposition or limited time availability.

A departure date in the last week of August was selected for a combination of lower temperatures and the prospect of more moderate winds for the return leg up the coast, as well as a strong desire to be in Cascais for the opening regatta of the Americas Cup series. While the event has perhaps no rightful place in the annals of the ICC, I would just mention in passing that it exceeded all expectations as an exciting and spectator-friendly event – not something which even the most impassioned supporter of yacht racing can usually claim. They’ll be back in Cascais in 2013 and I’ll be there to see them.

Despite the late-season scheduling, the list of maintenance issues seemed to grow at an ever-increasing pace as the departure date approached. Nice-to-have items, like some upgraded running rigging, took second place to urgent ones, such as a leaking water-tank, a dodgy freshwater pump, a suddenly-defunct anchor light, a detached backstay antenna and, dance-with-rage frustratingly, the radar, which had

worked perfectly during a summer of cloudless days and mist-free nights but now decided that, with a serious voyage in the offing, its services were no longer required.

Nonetheless, we found time for a quick haul and a scrub and it was gratifying to confirm that the Coppercoat anti-fouling applied in Spring 2005 was still doing its stuff, except in a few places where it had got scraped off, and on the top surface of the wing keel, which provides a comfortable resting place for molluscs on a welcoming layer of marina silt. The yard in Cascais did a fine job and I again concluded that, while a 40 foot boat is no longer considered large, its underwater surface area is still plenty big enough to justify getting someone else to do the nasty bits.

## Dolphin escort

I was joined for the outward leg to Cadiz by Markku, a long-term Finnish expat, who was very happy to return to Portugal after 2 years of re-acquaintance with Scandinavian weather in



*Hecuba* at Alcoutim.



Markku finds his hat!

Sweden, and whose experience was welcome on board. Our scheduled departure at 10.00 on August 25th slipped out by an hour or so, but by midday we had left Cascais far astern, under engine and a clear sky. The bizarre weather of summer 2011 continued to defy statistics and the usual Portuguese trades had given way to fitful breezes from a more or less westerly direction. Nonetheless, we had enough wind to make for pleasant sailing – enough indeed to get the *Hydrovane* to do some work, which lent a suitably deep-sea atmosphere for our first meal at sea. The mood was further enhanced by a visit from a pod of dolphins, who took time out from their customary haunt in the Sado estuary to keep us company for a while.

We were now into the swing of things,

sufficiently so to launch the cruising chute, and we bowled along through the afternoon in fine style to the rhythm of a long but comfortable ocean swell. By late evening, we were gybing to head into Sines (note to myself, again, "snuff the spinnaker before gybing, then re-set. Otherwise you will, repeat, will, wrap it"). The approach into Sines is absolutely straightforward but our experience was enlivened by the sudden disappearance of the red light on the main breakwater buoy. We scoured the dark for the buoy and, sure enough, there it was, large, ugly and unlit, a good reminder of why it's a good idea to set your waypoints some distance from things you'd prefer not to hit.

I like my cruising to be a mixture of anchorages, which are good for the soul, and marinas, which are good for shopping, fresh water and electricity, and we had elected to anchor in the port at Sines, just off the beach and close to the marina entrance. It is usually a perfectly good anchorage, with a nice sandy bottom and perfect shelter from northerly winds and swells. In our case, a big swell from the west was making it more rolly than we would have liked but it wasn't enough to affect our enjoyment of excellent food and wine, bringing to a close a good opening day.

### **Two old geezers!**

We awoke on Day 2 to a grey morning, with misty rain and a freshening northerly wind. The sea didn't know what it wanted to do and we rolled all over the place under various experimental combinations of sails. By midday, things had improved notably, with the swell sorting itself out and the sun asserting itself with increasing confidence. We flew through the afternoon, running under main only; Cape St Vincent finally appeared, after a few false alarms, and we put away our cameras to prepare for the rounding, some 2 miles off. The decision to gybe was immediately revealed to be the wrong one, as the mainsail track slides popped, one after another, like peas from a pod, leaving the sail suspended by only the halyard and the headboard slide, and flogging like a thing demented. From Masters of the Universe, enjoying a sleigh-ride in bright sunshine, we were suddenly two old geezers trying not to become a lifeboat statistic. We finally got the wretched thing under control, getting quite a bit knocked around in the process, but we had the consolation of an exhilarating sail to Lagos, in flat water with just a reefed genoa, as it was really honking by now.

Lagos was an oasis of calm after our adventures, and the ICC discount on the marina fee made a modest contribution to a merely adequate meal in one of the dockside restaurants. Our choice of a local wine proved controversial as, while Algarve has traditionally been one of the less-satisfactory wine-making regions, it has produced some good stuff in recent years and some makers such as Quinta dos Vales have won medals by the handful. We were not happy with our choice but we were assured by the very charming manageress that, while it was indeed rather vile, they had always made it that way and it was much appreciated by aficionados! Nonetheless, she understood our point and demurely offered to exchange it for something else, which we happily accepted.

A day of make and mend was called for, and we were relieved when António of Fofovelas Sailmakers delivered a handful of shiny new slides by mid-morning and Bob the Handyman from Bluewater Algarve appeared, to sort out the plumbing and re-rig the lazy-jack. I was further relieved to find that Bob was the agile sort who makes his own way aloft, as my previous rigger was a 120kg deadweight who chain-smoked his way to the mast-head while I wheezed my lungs out on the halyard winch. With all this activity going on and fortified by a hearty all-day breakfast (at the Lazy Jack!), we were starting to feel a lot more positive than we had some 12 hours earlier.

We also took as a good sign, when checking out of the marina, the discovery of Markku's hat, which we had assumed to be a permanent casualty of the business at Cape St Vincent, but which turned out to be just taking shelter under a fender on the bathing platform.

After a short shakedown sail, accompanied briefly by more dolphins, we popped into Portimão marina for the night, taking time out for a sunlit cruise up the river Arade to the town of Portimão itself. This is very pretty but there are some drying shoals on the way, so care is needed. There is a project for a marina development on the east bank of the river at Ferragudo, which is rather scruffy but has some decent restaurants and is much appreciated by the great and the good of Portuguese society, so this will be interesting to watch.

### **Treat for sardine-lovers**

The existing marina is rather misleadingly named, as it is not at Portimão at all. Although it is just beside the vast beach-resort of Praia da Rocha, this is not immediately apparent and it is easy to miss. Praia da Rocha is by far the handiest place for shopping, banks and restaurants, but Portimão has its charms, despite some unfortunate 1970s redevelopment, and sardine-lovers will not wish to miss the riverside festival which is held in early August each year. Non sardine-lovers may feel otherwise!

We needed an early start, to make the tide into Tavira, and our reward was a spectacular sunrise, showing the Algarve's red sandstone cliffs at their stunning best. There was little or no wind however, and we motor-sailed pretty much all the way. Rather amazingly, it was only now that we had our first gin and tonic of the trip but the surroundings were entirely auspicious for such a significant occasion!

The entrance to Tavira is pretty well marked as far as the first of the permanent moorings, but it shallows quickly on the landward side of the visitors' anchorage area and ideally you need to arrive near the end of the flood tide. We snuffled around like a truffle pig (the track on the plotter looked hilarious) and found a satisfactory spot in 6 metres (on a 3.6 metre tide with a 3 metre range). We were initially encouraged by the substantial neighbouring yacht but closer inspection revealed it to be a Southerly 42 with lifting keel, so that didn't help! Also, a full and rather alarming 2 metres of depth had disappeared by half-tide, leading to further re-checking of tide tables, but it then started to behave itself as it was supposed to do and dropped only a further metre in the remaining hours of ebb.

Again an excellent dinner, followed by our late evening chat in the cockpit accompanied by a symphony of seabirds, as the boat swung silently to the turn of the tide. Pure magic.

As the channel marker posts are all lit, we were able to get going on the last of the early morning flood (00.04 counts as extremely early morning on *Hecuba*) and we soon found ourselves in a veritable rush-hour of fishing craft, with the additional confusion of all sorts of lights around the extensive fish farms in the area. However it was a lovely warm night, with just enough wind to justify some sailing, a welcome change from the motoring of the previous days, and we made a spur of the moment decision to head directly for Rota instead of Mazagon. As well as taking advantage of what was looking to be a good day's sailing, this would make up for the day lost on repairs, and enable Markku to do some sightseeing in Cadiz. By breakfast time, we were clearly in Spanish waters, so we shifted cultural gear by breakfasting on gazpacho, cheese, ham and coffee.

After a period of fiddling around, the wind finally settled in from the southwest and we had a blissful afternoon of sailing in warm sunshine and a slight swell, arriving at Rota marina late afternoon. The marina is on the edge of the pretty town and is

very convenient, apart from the extensive closing times of the shower block – a practice which seems to reflect more closely the political influence of the local cleaners’ union, rather than the modest dimensions of the facilities themselves. However, at €27 per night, as against €43 in Lagos/Portimão, we couldn’t really grumble. Details of Rota and other ports and marinas of Andalucía are shown on a very informative website [www.eppa.es](http://www.eppa.es).

While I generally enjoy Spanish food, their restaurant menus are a source of constant anxiety for me, as the language is at the same time both reassuringly similar to Portuguese and disconcertingly different. I know not either what I thought I was ordering or what I actually did order on our first night but what arrived in front of us was a long way from what either of us was expecting in a tapas bar.

We had better luck the next day, when we took the catamaran ferry over to Cadiz. There, we had a spectacular lunch in “Garum”, a tapas restaurant just one street back from the waterfront. The beer was jolly good too and we spent a most enjoyable afternoon exploring this amazing jumble of a city. Highlights included the lovely gardens of Parque Genovese, overlooking the bay, with their gigantic ficus trees; the ancient causeway out to the fortifications of San Sebastian; the fine buildings and the narrow streets, where one half expected hooded figures of the Inquisition to leap out of the hidden courtyards; and the generous availability of places of refreshment.

Markku had an early flight on August 31st and I had the day to myself until Michael Langenbach arrived from Dusseldorf in late afternoon, so I took the opportunity to do some further exploring of Rota and some modest maintenance tasks. The proprietor of the small chandlery didn’t have the cordage I was looking for but was kind enough to drive me across to town to a hardware store, where I stocked up on bargains.

### **Into the doggy bag**

We had planned for Michael also to have a chance to visit Cadiz but the weather on the following day was so vile that even the ferry was cancelled and we resigned ourselves to a day of catching up on reading and occasional sorties to the pub. However we did eat very well that evening and our waiter clearly noticed that we had seriously over-ordered; a fine plate of cheese and ham went straight into the doggy bag and did breakfast for the next 2 days.

The weather was still gloomy for our 00.09 departure but the wind was light to moderate from the southwest and there was a big, sloppy sea left over from the blow the previous day. I was careful enough to move my computer from the chart table, for safe keeping in the forecabin, but I was not careful enough to secure the forehatch properly, so our on-board gloom was enhanced by the subsequent discovery of a waterlogged bed and a terminally shut-down computer. Things had improved by late morning, however, and we had another fine sail with plenty of sunshine. As the weather had turned a little chillier, we were in need of fortification and lunched robustly.

By late afternoon, we were weaving our way into the slightly tricky entrance of El Rompido, which has only about 4 metres at high water near the first set of buoys. Inside, it is reasonably clear which way to go but the tide goes like the clappers and it’s a good idea to keep a close eye on the sounder, all the way to the marina. This is a floating structure and the current makes for potentially interesting manoeuvring to the reception pontoon. The place itself is rather charming however and, while recently constructed, the area around the marina is quite attractive and boasts an excellent supermarket, and a nice bar and restaurant, with a fine view of the large and beautiful estuary. Here, we were joined by Barny Wainwright, just

returned from some weeks of family cruising in Turkey, but in need of a weekend aboard ship before rejoining the rat-race full time.

The tides called for another pre-dawn departure but a hot cup of coffee brought us to life sufficiently to enjoy the brilliant sunrise as we sped down the estuary. There was no-one at the marina office to collect our €27 fee but we hoped that the call to Interpol would be put off until Barny returned to collect his car on Monday morning.

Our next port of call was to be Vila Real de Santo Antonio, but I had a recollection from my previous visit of very shallow water over the bar, so we killed time until about half tide before venturing in. In fact, there was more depth than I was expecting and we came through the entrance breakwater without drama about 16.00. As we still had about 4 hours of daylight and a brisk wind from the south, we decided to sail up the Guadiana, to Alcoutim. With the tide under us, we barrelled up the river at a great rate, the only moments of doubt coming as we passed under the big road bridge above Vila Real. It doesn’t matter how high a bridge is (and the clearance here is 20 metres), there is always that frisson as you imagine what would happen if the mast were to clip it on the way through, and the spookiness of the moment was heightened by the eerie shrieking of the suspension stays, which were visibly vibrating as we approached. Barny is a civil engineer and knows about such things but he was not very reassuring on the subject of the stability of singing suspension bridges. Nonetheless, we passed through without either clouting the bridge or having it collapse around our ears and we tied up, some three hours later, at the pontoon on the Portuguese side of the river, at Alcoutim.

This turned out to be the bargain berth of the trip as, while the normal fee is a mere €10, including water, the harbour-master was on holidays and there was no-one to collect it. There is a twin town on the Spanish side, connected by a little ferry, and I heard, subsequently, that the food is better over there. As it was, we stayed on the Portuguese side and dined adequately before relaxing over a few hefty but inexpensive drinks on the veranda of the Riverside Bar.

By now, we were not quite sure which time zone we were in but, one way or the other, it was clearly breakfast time as we motored down river on Sunday morning, and Barny did us proud with a massive fry-up. This part of the trip passed in a flash and, with the tide under us, we were covering the ground at the best part of 10 knots as we passed Ayamonte on our way to the ocean.

Once outside, there was plenty of wind, although bang on the nose, as we headed for the entrance of Faro Lagoon. With over 20 knots of wind and a lumpy sea, we had had about enough of beating by the time we freed off towards the lighthouse of Cape Santa Maria. Here, in the entrance to the lagoon formed by Culatra Island to the east and Faro Island on the west, the depth varies wildly and the powerful tidal current set up fierce whirlpools and eddies, as we zoomed past at warp speed. The anchorage in front of the fisherman’s village on Culatra was pretty busy but there was no problem finding a spot in about 8 metres depth, and then it was all hands to the pumps to inflate the dinghy and get ashore in time for something to eat.

The landing area and surrounds have been greatly improved since my last visit and there is now a proper mini-marina for fishing boats and a decent pontoon for dinghies. As well, the whole thing is protected by new piers, where port and starboard lights winked us a welcome, and it is altogether more civilized than before. Culatra has not, however, lost its vaguely Caribbean feeling, with its beautiful beaches and the seedy charm of the village, where there are no motorized vehicles other than tractors and the fish reaches the grill almost flapping.



Mist clears from Cape Espichel.

There, we made short work of a large dressed crab (not as formal as it sounds!), followed by a large grilled dourada, and even shorter work of a bottle of Alentejo red.

I dropped Barny off the following morning at the ferry to Olhão, on the first leg of his journey back to El Rompido, to collect his car and settle our debt to the marina. Michael and I made our way to Vilamoura, which is a fine marina but which stood out for the extreme slowness of the check-in process and the eye-opening €51 charge (in the intermediate season, would you believe). I couldn't recollect anywhere notable to eat there so we hopped into a taxi to Bistro des Zartes at Almancil, where Irish chef Jonnie Pratt produces excellent bistro-style food in agreeable surroundings.

It was pretty hot back in the marina and we were quite happy to press on to Alvor, which we entered not long after low water neaps, when it was still possible to see which way the channel goes. I subsequently discovered good pilotage instructions for Alvor as well as lots of other fascinating information about the Algarve, on the website maintained by Martin Northey, who runs an RYA school at Vilamoura. I also heard that the holding at Alvor was poor but this didn't gel with our experience or with the Sikaflex-quality goo which came up on the anchor. It is a delightful anchorage, offering the unusual evening sound

effects of cows on one side and seabirds on the other. Highlights included a lazy afternoon on the beach and a world-class 'cataplana' or seafood casserole, chock full of crab and prawns, as well as a red wine which far exceeded the expectations raised by the 26 tag on the 1 litre carafe.

Our last night in Algarve was spent at anchor near Baleial, just short of Cape Sagres, to allow for an early departure up the coast. The recommended anchorage is actually pretty rubbish, being subject to swell from the west or south and with very uncertain holding. We gave up there after a few hours and tucked in for the night behind the little Martinhal Islands, where we anchored in sand and got some respite from the swell.

Another stunning sunrise gave false promise of a fine day but, alas, we were greeted by a dense wall of fog as we passed

Cape St Vincent, the massive bulk of which is incongruously paired with an unimposing, high-pitched horn – a bit like Clint Eastwood dubbed into Mandarin. In any case, the forecast of good weather was well wide of the mark and we motor-sailed grimly north with only about 100 metres of visibility to peer into, cursing our dormant radar but extremely glad for a functioning diesel engine and GPS.

The miserable weather lifted for only a few hours around lunchtime, when we got in some good sailing, and the GPS was working full time right into the marina at Sines. This was the cheapest stay of our voyage (apart from the freebie at Alcoutim) and the marina is very pleasant, with good showers and laundry facilities. We had little luck, however, in locating the cornucopia of fine restaurants which friends in Lisbon had promised would await us and, by the time Barny turned up, with Chris Barton in tow, we were unable to rustle up anything more exciting than a mixed grill. Better luck next time.

From Sines, the trip back to Cascais was pleasant but uneventful, punctuated by a night at anchor off the beach at Sesimbra. Barny and Chris had done a fine job of supplementary provisioning, except for a notable failure to procure the requested jar of red cabbage to accompany the roasted duck confit and, while the subject might have been mentioned once or twice at the time, it wouldn't be appropriate to bring it up again at this time. But don't think it will be forgotten!

The final leg, from Sesimbra to Cascais, produced some of our best sailing conditions, albeit accompanied by a gigantic but gentle swell, produced by the hurricane which had rattled New York a few days earlier, and followed by a few nosy dolphins. Arriving back at our berth, there was the usual mix of feelings, of being happy to be home but sorry that our little adventure was over. We had covered not much more than 600 miles, over half of it under power, hadn't spent a night at sea, hadn't met any fierce weather; but we hadn't had a cross word in two weeks, nobody got sick and nothing serious got broken; we'd seen some wonderful sights, had some great meals, enjoyed one another's company and had a great time. Mission accomplished.



Seasickness cure in Cadiz.

# 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	T.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>Caellan</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>
2009	Trevor Lusty	<i>Seafever of Cuan</i>
2010	Fergus Quinlan	<i>Pylades</i>
2011	Fergus Quinlan	<i>Pylades</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>
2009	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>
2010	Máire Breathnach	<i>Young Larry</i>
2011	Stephen Hyde	<i>A Lady</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>

## Year Winner Yacht

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 Tern</i>
2009	Frank Ranalow	<i>Shady Maid</i>
2010	Michael Coleman	<i>Oyster Cove</i>
2011	Stephen Hyde	<i>A Lady</i>

## THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

### Year Winner Yacht

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

From 1954 the Navigation Cup awarded for the best cruise around Ireland.

1954	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1955	Dr. R.H. 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>Mary 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>
2009	No Award	
2010	John Madden	<i>Bagheera</i>
2011	Donal Walsh	<i>Lady Kate</i>

## THE FORTNIGHT CUP

Year	Winner	Yacht
1958	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	J.W.D. McCormick	<i>Diane</i>
1963	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1964	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1965	W.M. Nixon	<i>Ainmara</i>
1966	H.W.S. Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
1967	Miss E. Leonard	<i>Lamita</i>
1968	P. Dineen	<i>Huntress</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
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>
2009	Patrick Dorgan	<i>Verdi III</i>
2010	Derek White	<i>Ballyclaire</i>
2011	Neil Hegarty	<i>Shelduck</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>
1940	K.McFerran & Dr. O'Brien	<i>Huzure</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>

Year	Winner	Yacht
1964	T.F. Doyle	<i>Elsa</i>
1965	S. O'Mara	<i>Oisin</i>
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1967	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1969	R.I. Morrison	<i>Querida</i>
1970	Hugh Coveney	<i>Dalcassian</i>
1971	J.A. McKeown	<i>Korsar</i>
1972	J.C. Love	<i>Fionnuala</i>
1973/77	No Award	
From 1978 onwards the Wybrants Cup was awarded for the best Scottish cruise.		
1978	Chris Green	<i>Norella</i>
1979	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1980	D.A. McMillan	<i>Goosander</i>
1981	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1982	Ronan Beirne	<i>Givusa Kuddle</i>
1983	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1984	R. Barr	<i>Condor</i>
1985	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1986	M.M.A. d'Alton	<i>Siamsa</i>
1987	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
1988	Paul Butler	<i>Arandora</i>
1989	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1990	Roddy Monson	<i>Mazara</i>
1991	Dermod Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1992	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1993	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
1994	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1995	Paul Butler	<i>Red Velvet</i>
1996	Brian Black	<i>Cuillin</i>
1997	James Nixon	<i>Ardnagee</i>
1998	Peter & Evie Ronaldson	<i>Scotch Mist</i>
1999	No Award	
2000	Adrian & Maeve Bell	<i>Réalta</i>
2001	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
2002	Paget McCormack	<i>Saki</i>
2003	Adrian & Maeve Bell	<i>Réalta</i>
2004	Norman Kean	<i>Xanadu</i>
2005	Alan Leonard	<i>Ariadne</i>
2006	Harold & Vivienne Boyle	<i>Gentle Spirit</i>
2007	Adrian & Maeve Bell	<i>Eala Ban</i>
2008	David Williams	<i>Reiver</i>
2009	Richard Lovegrove	<i>Rupert</i>
2010	John Crebbin	<i>Ocean Gypsy</i>
2011	Dick Lovegrove	<i>Rupert</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>Veella</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>Papageno</i>
2007	Andy McCarter	<i>Gwili 3</i>
2008	John Madden	<i>Bagheera</i>
2009	Michael Brogan	<i>Mac Duach</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht
2010	Eddie Nicholson	<i>Mollihawk's Shadow</i>
2011	Máire Breathnach	<i>Young Larry</i>

THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY		
Year	Recipient	Yacht
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.		
1993	James Nixon	<i>Sea Pie</i>
1994	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>
1995	Bill Rea	<i>Elysium</i>
1996	Maeve Bell	<i>Réalta</i>
1997	Máire Breathnach	<i>Romist</i>
1998	Brendan Travers	<i>Sea Maiden</i>
1999	Máire Breathnach	<i>SeaDance</i>
2000	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
2001	No Award	
2002	Brendan Travers	<i>Seodín</i>
2003	No Award	
2004	David Beattie	<i>Schollevar</i>
2005	No Award	
2006	Alan Markey	<i>Crackerjack</i>
2007	Sal & Jeffrey O'Riordan	<i>Adrigole</i>
2008	Harry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
2009	David Whitehead	<i>Joyster</i>
2010	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
2011	Mick Delap	<i>North Star</i>

ROCKABILL TROPHY		
Year	Winner	Yacht
1959	P.H. Green	<i>Ann Gail</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>
1961	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>
1962/63	No Award	
1964	J.D. Faulkner	<i>Angelique</i>
1965	J.H. Guinness	<i>Sharavogue</i>
1966	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1967	No Award	
1968	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>
1969	No Award	
1970	J.P. Jameson	<i>Ganiamore</i>
1971	R. Courtney	<i>Bandersnatch</i>
1972/73	No Award	
1974	J.P. Bourke	<i>Korsar</i>
1975/78	No Award	
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1980	J. Wolfe	<i>Deerhound</i>
1981	No Award	
1983	K. & C. Martin	<i>Estrellita</i>
1984	No Award	
From 1985 onwards the Rockabill Trophy was awarded for 'A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship.'		
1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1986	John Olver	<i>Moody Blue</i>
1987	J.B. Law	<i>Redwing/Spirit of Shell</i>
1988	No Award	
1989	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1990	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>
1991	Wallace Clark	<i>Aileach</i>
1992	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>
1993	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>
1994	Peter Hogan	<i>Molly B</i>
1995	Brian Smullen	<i>Zaberast</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>
2007	No Award	
2008	Paul Bryans	<i>Odysseus</i>
2009	Wallace Clark	<i>Agivey</i>
2010	Tom Foote	<i>Picnic</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht	Year	Winner	Yacht	Year	Winner	Yacht
2011	Norman Kean	<i>Xanadu</i>	2010	No award		<b>THE WILD GOOSE CUP</b>		
<b>THE GULL SALVER</b>			2011	Bruce Douglas	<i>Spirit of Jacana</i>	Awarded at the adjudicators discretion for a log of literary merit		
Awarded for the highest placed Irish boat in the Fastnet Race.			<b>THE PERRY GREER BOWL</b>			<b>Year</b>	<b>Winner</b>	<b>Yacht</b>
Awarded for the best first ICC log			<b>Year</b>	<b>Winner</b>	<b>Yacht</b>	1995	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>
<b>Year</b>	<b>Winner</b>	<b>Yacht</b>	1995	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>	1996	James Nixon	<i>Ardnagee</i>
1971	Otto Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>	1996	Jimmy Conlon	<i>Saint Patrick</i>	1997	David & Joan Nicholson	<i>White Shadow</i>
1973	Mungo Park	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	1997	Hilary Keatinge	<i>Kilpatrick</i>	1998	No Award	
1975	Otto Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch II</i>	1998	No Award		1999	Ray O'Toole	<i>Lotophagi</i>
1977	Otto Glaser	<i>Red Rock III</i>	1999	Jack McCann	<i>Mary Lee</i>	2000	Bill & Hilary Keatinge	<i>Rafiki</i>
1991	Donal Morrissey	<i>Joggernaut</i>	2000	David Beattie	<i>Aeolus</i>	2001	Robert Barr	<i>Oyster River</i>
1995	Donal Morrissey	<i>Joggernaut</i>	2001	Noel Casey	Chartered	2002	Peter Fernie	
2001	Denis Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	2002	No Award		2003	Paddy Barry	<i>Ar Seachrán</i>
2003	Dianne & Tom Andrews	<i>Amethyst</i>	2002	Paddy McGlade	<i>Sabrone</i>	2004	Peter Fernie	
From 2004-2006 this Trophy was awarded for distinction in an international event by a member sailing his/her own boat.			2003	Sean Fergus	<i>Estrellita</i>	2005	Dick Lovegrove	<i>Vivace</i>
2005	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilau</i>	2004	Robert Barker	<i>Alchemist</i>	2006	John Madden	<i>Bagheera</i>
2006	No Award		2005	Ian Stevenson	<i>Raptor</i>	2007	Wallace Clarke	<i>Agivea</i>
From 2007 the Trophy reverted to its original designation.			2006	Nigel Lindsay-Finn	<i>Eleanda</i>	2008	David Beattie	<i>Reespray</i>
2007	Ger O'Rourke	<i>Chieftain</i>	2007	Patrick Dorgan	<i>Verdi III</i>	2009	WM Nixon	<i>Capriole</i>
2008	No award		2008	Declan Connolly	<i>Khepri</i>	2010	Paddy Barry	<i>Ar Seachrán</i>
2009	Mick Cotter	<i>Whisper</i>	2009	Anne Kenny	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	2011	Mick Delap	<i>North Star</i>
			2010	David Jones	<i>Tidal Dancer</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
2009	John Killeen - outstanding contribution to Irish sailing
2010	The Irish 'Commodore Cup' winning team
2011	Jerry Smith - for rescue of crew of <i>Rambler 100</i>

### THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

Year	Recipient	Yacht	Race
1950	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	
1951	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	Islands Race
1956	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	Islands Race
1957	S.F. Thompson	<i>Ithuriel</i>	
1958	J. Ronan	<i>Wye</i>	Islands Race
1959	J. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>	Pollock Race
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>	
1961	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1964	A.E. Pope	<i>Susette</i>	
1965	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1967	S.F. Thompson	<i>Wye</i>	
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1969	F. Cudmore	<i>Setanta</i>	
1970	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1971	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1972	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1973	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1974	G. Radley	<i>Cecille</i>	
1976	J.C. Butler	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	
1977	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1978	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1979	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	

Year	Recipient	Yacht
1980	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1981	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1982	C. Love Jnr	<i>Rebel County</i>
1983	S. Mansfield	<i>Luv Is</i>
1984	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>
1985	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>
1987	T.E. Crosbie	<i>Senta</i>
	C.J. Fitzgerald	<i>Mandalay</i>
1988	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>
1989	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>
From 1993 awarded by the Southern Area Committee:		
1993	Kevin Dwyer	S. and W. Coast Aerial Photography
1995	Arthur Baker	S.W. Coast Rally Organiser
1996	Donal Brazil	Services to ICC as Hon. Treasurer
1998	Gary McMahon	<i>Ilen's</i> return from Falkland Islands
1999	Vincent O'Farrell	<i>Fastnet Dancer</i>
2000	Clayton Love Jnr.	Services to sailing
2001	Andrew Curtain & Gerry Sheridan	Channel Cruise
2002	Donal McClement	Services to Irish sailing
2004	Colin Chapman	
2005	Bill Walsh	
2006	John Petch	Compiler South & West Sailing Directions
2007	Joe & Mary Woodward	
2008	Paul Bryans	Outstanding seamanship
2009	Neil Prendeville	Two transatlantic crossings back-to-back in one season
2010	Donal Lynch	Contribution to maritime culture and community sailing
2011	Dan Cross	Organising of Brittany Rally 2011

### WRIGHT MEMORIAL SALVER

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

Year	Race	Yacht	Recipient
1943	Whit	<i>Marama</i>	H. Osterberg
1945	Whit	<i>Mavis</i>	J. B. Kearney
1949	Whit	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney
1950	Whit	<i>John Dory</i>	P. O'Keefe
1951	Whit	<i>Alata</i>	R.P. Campbell
1952	Whit	<i>Setanta</i>	F. Cudmore
1954	Whit	<i>Euphanzel</i>	N. Falkiner
1955	Whit	<i>Suzette</i>	A.E. Pope
1956	I.O.M.	<i>Zephyra</i>	S. Cresswell
1957	Cork-Schull	<i>Severn II</i>	D.N. Doyle
1959	Cork-Schull	<i>Happy Morning</i>	J.C. Butler
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

Year	Race	Yacht	Recipient
1972	Dun Laoghaire-Arklow	<i>Tryphena</i>	F. Ryan
1973	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Cecille</i>	G. Radley
1974	-	<i>Korsar</i>	J.P. Bourke
1976	ICC	<i>Querida of Howth</i>	I.R. Morrison
1977	Crosshaven-Fastnet-Baltimore	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler
1978	Howth-Strangford	<i>Leemara</i>	W.R. Cuffe-Smith
1979	-	<i>Four Seasons</i>	L.G.F. Heath
1980	-	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1981	-	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mollard
1982	-	<i>Tritsch Tratsch IV</i>	Dr. O. Glaser
1983	-	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1984	-	<i>Beaver</i>	E.P.E. Byrne
1986	-	<i>Misty</i>	M.W. Knatchbull

From 1993 Awarded by the Northern Area Committee

Year	Recipient	Service to Sailing
1993	J. Russell	Service to Sailing
1995	Adrian Spence	Greenland cruise
1998	Adrian Spence	Greenland cruise
1999	Brian Black	Greenland cruise
2000	Roy Waters	
2001	John & Ann Clementson	Carribbean Cruise
2002	David Park	Atlantic Islands
2003	James Nixon	Round Ireland
2004	Wallace Clark	Ireland West Coast & The Hebrides
2005	Brian Black	Greenland Cruise
2006	James Nixon	
2007	Andy McCarter	
2008	Hugh Kennedy	Services to Irish Cruising Club
2009	Trevor Lusty	
2010	Derek White	Organising Club events
2011	Sam Davis	Single-handed voyage from Strangford Lough to Puerto Montt

#### 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	Service to Sailing
1993	P. Hogan	Circumnavigation of the Globe
1994	Brendan Bradley	Brittany Rally Organiser

Year	Recipient	Service to Sailing
1995	Barbara Fox-Mills	Distributor of Publications
1996	Evelyn O'Gallagher	Sailing Directions
1998	Bruce Lyster	Tall Ships Committee Chairman
1999	Susan & Peter Gray	Pacific cruising
2000	Arthur Orr	ICC Publications
2001	Mungo Park	Sailing into his 80s
2002	Cormac McHenry	Holland to Dun Laoghaire
2003	Susan & Peter Gray	Capetown to Dun Laoghaire
2004	Bill Rea	Trophy & Annual distribution
2005	Hal Sisk	Restoration of a Classic Yacht, <i>Peggy Bawn</i>
2006	Grainne FitzGerald	Cruise organisation
2007	Michael Holland	Cruise from Arctic to Antarctic
2008	Cormac McHenry	Spain to the Canaries
2009	Terry Johnson	for his contribution to the RNLI & Irish Lights over 21 years
2010	Ruth Heard	Services to sailing and boating, lifelong dedication to Inland Waterways Association.
2011	John P. Bourke	Contribution to Irish and international sailing

#### THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

Awarded by the Western Area Committee

Year	Winner	Year	Winner
1993	Dave FitzGerald	2003	Frank Larkin
1994	Brian Lynch	2004	Dick Scott
1995	Paddy O'Sullivan	2005	David FitzGerald
1996	Jarlath Cunnane	2006	Peter Haden
1997	Pat Lavelle	2007	Seamus Salmon
1998	Brendan Travers	2008	Michael Craughwell
1999	John Cunningham	2009	Anne Kenny & Paddy O'Sullivan
2000	Jack McCann		
2001	Roger Bourke	2010	Fergus Quinlan
2002	Dave FitzGerald	2011	Fergus Quinlan

#### THE MARIE TROPHY

Awarded for the best cruise in a yacht up to 30ft overall

Year	Winner	Yacht
2008	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
2009	Bill Rea	<i>Elysium</i>
2010	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
2011	Sean McCormack	<i>Marie Claire II</i>

#### DUNN'S DITTY SALVER

Year	Winner	Year	Winner
2001	Brendan Travers	2007	Wallace Clark
2002	Wallace Clark	2008	Hugh Barry
2003	John Bourke	2009	Diana Gleadhill
2004	Fergus Quinlan	2010	David Whitehead
2005	Eleanor Cudmore	2011	James Nixon
2006	Dan Cross		

#### THE FASTNET AWARD

Awarded for an outstanding achievement in sailing by a person or persons from anywhere in the world

Year	Recipient
2005	Paddy Barry & Jarlath Cunnane
2006	Willy Ker
2007	Robin Knox-Johnston
2008	No Award
2009	Bill King
2010	Killian Bush
2011	No Award

#### TRANS OCEANIC PENNANT

Awarded by the Committee - on application

Year	Recipient	Service to Sailing
	Auchincloss, Les	Nicholson, Eddie
	Barnes, Sean	O'Farrell, Kevin
	Barnwell, Henry	O'Farrell, Vincent
	Barry, Paddy	O'Flaherty, Michael
	Bradley, Brendan	Osborne, James
	Bramwell, Barry	Osmundsvaag, Arnie
	Bunting, Peter	Petch, John
	Cahill, Bernie	du Plessis, Hugo
	Cahill, James	Prendeville, Neil
	Casey, Noel	Smullen, Brian
	Chapman, Colin	King, Heather
	Clements, John	Leonard, Alan
	Coffey, Jack	Lusty, Trevor
	Coleman, Michael	McBride, Davy
	Corbally, Bernard	McClement, Donal
	Cudmore, Ronald	McHenry, Cormac
	Cunnane, Jarlath	Mullins, Peter
	Drew, Bob	Nicholson, David

# List of Members 2011

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 2011. To amend an entry, email Cliff Hilliard.

We invite members who wish to have their partner's name included in future listings to advise the Honorary Secretary, Cliff Hilliard.

**This list has been taken from the website and as far as possible errors which occurred in the 2011 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 / M: 07715 173633)	<i>Enigma (PO)</i>
1970 Adams, Peter J (Gillian)	Ballyholme, Manor Bourne, Down Thomas, Plymouth, PL9 4SP (H: +44 1752 862984 / M: 07966 901927)	<i>Modus Vivendi (PO)</i>
1990 Ahern, Michael J (Ronnie)	Belmont, Rochestown, Co. Cork (H: 021 436 3092)	
2004 Alexander, Michael (Janice Patterson)	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, Tom M (Dianne)	Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Newtownards, BT23 5NP (H: 028 9187 2233 / M: 07836 385129)	
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 Mairindonnaux, St. Martin, Guernsey, GY4 6AH (H: +44 1481 39840 / M: 0777 3375520)	<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 Seafront Road, Cultra, Holywood, BT18 0BB (H: 028 9042 8335 / M: 07815 743077)	
2000 Balmforth, Alison (Michael)	Westgate, Toward, Dunoon, Argyll, PA23 7UA (H: +44 1369 870271 / W: +44 1369 870251 / M: 07979 527487)	<i>Greenfly (PO)</i>
# 1966 Balmforth, Michael B (Alison)	Floor 3, 354 Meadowside Quay Walk, Glasgow, G11 6ED (H: +44 141 334 5153 / M: +44 7899 912388)	<i>Greenfly (PO)</i>
2006 Banim, John St George (-)	Castlecree Lodge, Ballymahon, Co. Longford (H: 090 643 8393 / M: 087 244 6938)	<i>Clio / La Reveuse</i>
2010 Bann, Eric (Dr. Eleanor Ballard)	23 Reid's Road, Islandmagee, Co. Antrim, BT40 3SS (H: 028 9337 3669 / M: 07867 981564)	<i>Flamingo</i>
2004 Barker, Robert G (Patricia)	Karibu Sana, Broomfield, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 846 0919 / M: 087 636 0216)	<i>Alchemist</i>
1998 Barnes, Seán (Brioni)	Lynwood, Cunningham Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 8088 / M: 086 810 4104)	<i>Cu Two</i>
1990 Barnwell, Henry (Ivy)	Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 230 3831)	<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>
1990 Barnwell, Ivy M (Henry)	Menapia, Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 230 3831 / M: 086 086 3459)	<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>
# 1973 Barr, Ronnie GM (Hazel)	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 (H: 01 289 3269)	
# 1971 Barr, Hazel (Ronnie)	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 (H: 01 285 5732)	
+ 1990 Barry, Frederick (Elaine)	59 Nutley Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4.	
2001 Barry, Tim (Judie)	Innishannon House, Innishannon, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 5333 / M: 087 241 4028)	<i>Daedalus</i>
2004 Barry, Hugh J (Christine)	Clonkellure, Clashavanna, Kilbrittain, Bandon, Co. Cork (H: 023 884 9900 / M: 086 169 8739)	<i>Black Pepper 2 / Escapade</i>
1984 Barry, Paddy (Mary)	21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 0820 / M: 087 928 2393)	<i>Ar Seachrán</i>
1999 Beattie, David (Mary)	Abha na g-Carad, Derry, Ballymahon, Co. Longford (H: 090 643 8088 / W: 01 664 4201 / M: 087 255 6241)	<i>ReeSpray / Schollevear</i>
#+ 1963 Beck, Horace P (-)	Ripton Middlebury, Vermont 0766, USA	
1975 Beirne, Ronan M (Sheila)	5 Doonanore Park, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 284 0759 / M: 086 254 3866)	
1994 Bell, J Alan (Gillian)	The Coach House, 1A Carnarthen Lane, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0EH (H: 028 9188 8949 / W: 028 9042 8136)	
1996 Bell, Adrian (Maeve)	1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast, BT9 5EG (H: 028 9066 8435 / W: 028 9066 7914)	<i>Oisín Ban (PO)</i>
1996 Bell, Maeve (Adrian)	1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast, BT9 5EG (H: 028 9066 8435 / M: 07713 739482)	<i>Oisín Ban (PO)</i>
1981 Black, Brian (Lesley)	Fiddler's Green, 135a Shore Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, BT30 7NP (H: 028 4488 1678 / M: 07967 108111)	<i>Seafra</i>
2011 Blackwell, Alex M (Daria)	Port Aleria, Rosnakilly, Kilmeeena, Westport, Co. Mayo (M: 087 624 3907)	<i>Aleria</i>
2004 Blaney, Patrick H (Camilla)	Castlough, Portroe, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary (H: 067 23128 / W: 067 23128 / M: 086 850 3600)	<i>Maeldián</i>
1990 Bohane, Liam A (-)	14 Siddons Court, Aghada, Co. Cork (M: 087 220 2877)	<i>Ocean Sapphire</i>
2009 Booth, Alex TD (Jennifer Guinness)	Quichon, Ceanchor Road, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3123 / M: 085 816 5913)	<i>Alakush (PO)</i>
1983 Bourke, Philip (Ann)	Avon Wood, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 086 246 6823 / M: 086 246 6823)	<i>Fiacra</i>
1975 Bourke, Michael P (Gabi)	11 Tryon House, 17 Mallord St., Chelsea., London, SW3 6AJ (M: 087 258 0959)	<i>Kilindini</i>
# 1965 Bourke, John P (Margaret)	Parkwood, Carrickbrennan Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 1657 / W: 01 280 1657 / M: 086 607 8759)	<i>Grand Slam (PO)</i>
1987 Boyd, Kenneth M (Hilary)	Coolbeg, 23 Seaford 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: 01 286 9645 / M: 086 811 2643)	<i>Afar VI (PO)</i>
2009 Bradley, Andrew (-)	17 Mount Merrion Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 278 0981 / M: 086 258 4368)	<i>Chinook</i>
! 1985 Brady, Bill (Eileen)	Mahonville, Castle Road, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 435 7963 / W: 021 455 3042 / M: 087 261 7634)	<i>Boston</i>
2005 Branagan, Owen (-)	14 Blackberry Rise, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin (W: 01 846 2554 / M: 086 160 1262)	
1989 Branagan, Michael (Noreen)	14 Blackberry Rise, Portmarnock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 846 2554 / M: 087 215 1633)	
1990 Branigan, Brenda (Pat)	Tahilla, Woodside Road, Sandyford, Dublin 18 (H: 01 295 6273 / M: 086 232 5721)	<i>Maximizar (PO)</i>
1982 Branigan, Pat MC (Brenda)	Tahilla, Woodside, Sandyford, Dublin 18 (H: 01 295 6273 / M: 086 829 8779)	<i>Maximizar (PO)</i>
1990 Brazil, Donal (Clare)	Killard, John's Hill, Waterford (H: 051 875636)	<i>Ruinette (PO) / Kilpatrick</i>
1997 Breathnach, Máire (Andrew)	Old Coastguard House, Lymington, Hants, SO41 3QA (H: +44 1590 678770)	<i>Young Larry</i>
1997 Brogan, Michael (Laura)	Doctor's Road, Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo (H: 094 963 2232 / M: 087 251 0922)	<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>
2009 Brownlow, Stuart A (Nora)	White Oaks, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1550 / W: 021 431 3377 / M: 087 919 0834)	<i>Southern Breeze</i>
1990 Bruen, J. Chris (Maureen)	Calypso, Fairy Hill, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 3389 / M: 087 251 1077)	<i>Misty of Clyde</i>
2005 Bryans, Paul MA (Ruth)	Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: +353 21 437 8595 / W: +44 1483 282697 / M: +44 7785 990762)	<i>Odysseus</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
1969 Bryce, Robert G (-)	St Benedicts, Thormanby Road, Bailly, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 2829 / M: 087 248 2826)	
2004 Buckley, Michael (Rosemary)	14 Stillorgan Wood, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 4147 / W: 01 288 4938 / M: 086 255 5003)	<i>Twilight Song</i>
2009 Bullick, Peter E (-)	5 Folly Bay Apts, 2 Baylands First Avenue, Ballyholme Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5JT (H: 028 9147 2784 / W: 028 9147 2784 / M: 07802 537371)	<i>El-Torro</i>
1962 Bunting, Peter J (Elaine)	Briffs, West Tytherley, Salisbury, SP5 1LY (H: +44 1794 341521)	<i>Ballatrix</i>
1986 Bunting, Christopher J (Claire)	211 Pennswood Road, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010, USA (H: +1 610 527 1560 / W: +1 317 220 3831 / M: +1 610 996 0745)	
1995 Butler, Pierce (Vivienne)	Rosenallis, Barnaslingan Lane, Kiltiernan, Dublin 18 (H: 01 295 5166 / M: 087 255 1519)	<i>Clíodhna</i>
1987 Butler, Paul (Noirin)	32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 4393 / W: 01 888 6580 / M: 087 618 2141)	<i>Muglins (PO)</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>
2000 Butler, Maurice R (Margaret)	274 Seacliffe Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HS (H: 028 9146 5066)	<i>Leemara of Howth (PO)</i>
# 1974 Byrne, Harry E O C (-)	Lismoyle, Coast Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 0498 / M: 086 841 4116)	<i>Alphida of Howth</i>
#+ 1982 Byrne, E Philip (Rosemary)	Sunnydale, 4 Nugent Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14 (H: 01 298 1951)	
1978 Cahill, James J (Katherine)	Ellison St. Castlebar, Co. Mayo (H: 094 902 5500)	<i>RicJak</i>
2005 Casey, Tony (Margaret)	Brooklodge, Blackwater, Co. Clare (H: 061 344658 / M: 087 254 9052)	
2005 Casey, Rory (Eavan Mongey)	2 Knockthomas, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (W: 094 902 7822 / M: 087 286 0235)	<i>As Lathair</i>
2001 Casey, Noel (Mary)	19 Rostrevor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6 (H: 01 497 9611 / M: 087 258 1805)	<i>Kish</i>
# 1978 Cassidy, Liam (Vera)	5 St. Helens North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 3717)	
2009 Cassidy, Francis Hugh (Gemma)	59 York Road, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (W: 01 666 3202 / M: 087 234 0925)	<i>Ocean Blue</i>
2006 Chambers, Graham A (Julie)	88 Clea Lough Road, Killyleagh, Co. Down, BT30 9SZ (H: 028 4482 8106 / W: 028 9181 2222 / M: 07719 573388)	<i>Bigwig</i>
2006 Cherry, Ivor (Melissa)	Oldcourt House, Donadea, Co. Kildare (H: 045 909994 / M: 087 686 8248)	<i>Afar VI (PO)</i>
2005 Clandillon, Paul K (Patricia)	Warren, 2 Bellevue Lodge, Ballinclea Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 2750823 / W: 01 440 4261 / M: 086 222 6058)	<i>C'est Formidable</i>
# 1965 Clapham, John FC (Rosie)	Mertoun, Cliffside Road, Torquay, Devon, TQ1 3LB (H: +44 1803 324726)	<i>Tresillian IV</i>
1985 Clarke, Tony (Eileen)	Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co. Limerick (H: 061 229035 / W: 061 414852 / M: 087 618 8512)	<i>Zephyr</i>
2002 Clarke, Deirdre (-)	Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co. Limerick (H: 061 229035 / M: 087 836 0775)	
# 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, PA12 4DL (H: +44 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: 087 299 1978)	<i>Blackjack (PO)</i>
1988 Coleman, Michael C (Eileen)	Mount Carmel, High Road, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co. Cork (H: 021 481 1397 / M: 086 850 2845)	<i>Oyster Cove</i>
+ 1999 Colfer, Bill (-)	Grangecon Demesne, Grangecon, Co. Wicklow (H: 045 403212 / M: 087 280 0305)	<i>Sirikit III (PO)</i>
1996 Conlon, Jimmy (Kathleen)	9 Avondale Crescent, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 235 1869)	
2009 Connolly, Declan (-)	The Mill, Cartron Road, Kinvara, Co. Galway (H: 091 637500 / M: 087 797 2811)	<i>Khepri</i>
1980 Connor, Brennie (-)	22 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13 (W: 041 983 7585 / M: 087 255 4013)	
1991 Conway, Leo (Phil)	Windrush, Killiney Road, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 1870 / M: 087 256 2373)	
1996 Cooke, Tom (-)	Fortal, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 5797 / W: 01 285 5797 / M: 086 251 0743)	<i>Sandy Ways</i>
+ 1983 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 / M: 086 398 4528)	<i>Beowulf (PO)</i>
1979 Costello, Walter F (Susan Luke)	PO Box 561, Bondi Junction, NSW 1355, Australia (H: +61418723030 / M: +61418723030)	
2000 Cotter, Maeve (Martin Dooney)	Seamark, Glandore, Co. Cork (H: 028 33271 / W: 028 33271 / M: 087 272 7883)	
! 1982 Courtney, Peter (Helena)	Seamount, Balscadden Road, Howth, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2008 / M: 087 257 0488)	<i>Jabberwock</i>
2010 Coyle, John (Sally)	12 The Long Walk, Galway (H: 091 566782 / W: 091 794722 / M: 087 256 5863)	<i>Arctic Fern</i>
2011 Coyne, John J (Mary)	Ballagh Road, Tonabrocky, Bushypark, Galway (H: 091 544863 / W: 091 544863 / M: 087 919 9710)	<i>Lir</i>
2005 Craig, Brian (Anne)	Colhugh, Kilmore Avenue, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 7278 / M: 086 256 3351)	<i>Concerto (PO)</i>
1997 Craughwell, Michael (Anne)	39 Threadneedle Rd, Salthill, Galway (H: 091 52118 / W: 087 258 4210 / M: +44 7866 144146 / 087 258 4210)	<i>Orchestra</i>
1992 Crebbin, John F (Jennifer)	3 Eaton Brae, Corbawn Lane, Shankill, Co. Dublin (H: 01 282 4468 / M: 087 2554 838)	<i>Ocean Gypsy</i>
2000 Crisp, Graham D (Patricia)	5 Percy Place, Dublin 4 (H: 01 668 1560 / M: 087 255 8397)	<i>Euphanzel III</i>
2003 Cronin, Kevin (Suzanne)	13 Grange Park, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (H: 01 289 5102 / M: 086 262 2987)	
#+ 1957 Crosbie, Ted (-)	Woodlands, Montenotte, Cork (H: 021 450 1963 / W: 021 427 2722)	<i>No Excuse</i>
1986 Cross, Dan (Jill)	Setlands, Camden Lane, Crosshaven, 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>Spacetime</i>
1966 Cudmore, Fred (Mary)	Coast Road, Myrtleville, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1541 / W: 021 429 7981 / M: 087 950 4800)	
# 1966 Cudmore, Brian (Eleanor)	Cloudhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 489 3625)	<i>Ann Again (PO)</i>
1977 Cudmore, John (Aideen)	The Garden Village, Talbots Inch, Freshford Road, Kilkenny (H: 056 776 5838 / W: 056 778 5000 / M: 087 252 3519)	<i>Setanta</i>
# 1966 Cudmore, Peter F (Claire)	18 Willowmere, Rochestown Road, Cork (H: 021 436 4257 / M: 087 639 0009)	<i>Oneiro</i>
1979 Cudmore, Anne L (Ron)	Aghowle Upper, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (H: 0404 49925 / M: 085 131 9593)	
1966 Cudmore, J Richard (Kate)	Southcourt, South Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 489 2242 / M: 087 239 2760)	<i>Toirse II</i>
# 1959 Cudmore, Harold (Lauren)	Oyster Quay, The Gloster, The Parade, Cowes, Isle of Wight, PO31 8BQ (H: +44 1983 291376 / M: +44 7710 270952)	
1986 Cudmore, Denis (Brid)	The Anchorage, Harbour View, Kilbrittan, Co. Cork (H: 023 49665 / M: 086 803 5980)	
1997 Cudmore, Eleanor (Brian)	Cloudhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 489 3625 / M: 087 310 0538)	<i>Ann Again (PO)</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, Claremong 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: 01 285 6906 / M: 086 243 5450)	<i>Feeric</i>
2005 Cummins, Desmond (Angela)	37 Eglinton Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4 (H: 01 283 9567 / M: 087 243 7916)	<i>Merlin</i>
1988 Cunnane, Jarlath J (Madeline)	Terra Nova, Spencer Park, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (H: 094 902 5231 / M: 085 846 5231)	<i>Northabout</i>
1998 Cunningham, Jack (Patricia)	Bridge House, Tuam, Co. Galway (H: 093 24155)	
2004 Currie, Chris (Susan)	11 Carshaulton Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0OB (H: 028 9188 4325 / W: 028 9188 9340 / M: 07831 203321)	<i>CARNA</i>
1985 Currie, John D (Wendy)	4 Shore Street, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0DG (H: 028 9188 3517 / M: 07887 577991)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
1971 Curtain, Andrew (Helen)	Riverview, 47 Sundays Well Rd. Cork (W: 021 434 2080 / M: 087 254 3010)	<i>Pilgrim Soul</i>
! 1993 Curtin, J Leonard (Mary)	Springmount, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork (H: 021 487 1508 / 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>
# 1967 Dalton, Brian (Lise)	89 Rockport Shores, Rockport, ME 04856, USA (H: +1 207 596 2959)	
! 1990 Daly, John E (-)	The Glade, Moneygurney, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 436 2833 / W: 021 427 7911 / M: 087 231 0840)	<i>Wave Dancer</i>
# 1968 Daly, Dominic J (-)	Pembroke House, Pembroke Street, Cork (H: 021 450 5965 / W: 021 427 7399 / M: 087 255 0486)	
1980 Davis, Sam M (Helen)	Conly Island, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6UD (H: 028 9754 1294 / M: 07986 090940)	<i>Suvretta</i>
# 1965 Deane, Douglas (Liz)	Churchbay, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1002)	
* 1999 Deignan, Owen M (Terry)	306 Marina Village, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 2997 / M: 086 814 8303)	
1994 Delamer, David (Charlotte)	Baily Cottages, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 839 3634)	
2011 Delap, Mick (-)	17 Egerton Drive, Greenwich, London, SE10 8JS (H: 020 8692 3025 / M: 07977 494178)	<i>North Star</i>
2006 Delap, John (Ruth)	7 Blackheath Park, Clontarf, Dublin 3 (H: 01 833 5235 / M: 086 247 8944)	<i>Sceolaing</i>
# 1973 Devenney, Ernest K (Anne)	4 Vernon Park, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 4PH (H: 028 9146 1410 / M: 07951 050724)	<i>Nerina</i>
# 1971 Dick, JR William (Heather)	The Laundry House, Rathvilly, Co. Carlow (H: 059 916 1822)	
# 1979 Dickinson, William B (Elizabeth)	2 Victoria Terrace, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5JB (M: 07811463808)	<i>Tertia of Lymington</i>
2000 Doherty, Anne (-)	Castlebar Road, Westport, Co. Mayo (H: 098 26633 / M: 087 246 1757)	<i>Seaduction</i>
2004 Donovan, Gerry (-)	The Orchard, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 3033 / M: 086 258 0499)	<i>L Aventur</i>
1986 Doonan, Paul S (Francesca)	Boothill, Durrus, Co. Cork (H: 027 61236 / M: 086 609 3145)	
2000 Dooney, Martin (Maevie Cotter)	Seamark, Glandore, Co. Cork (H: 028 33271 / W: 028 34029 / M: 087 280 7186)	
+ 1997 Doran, John (Anna)	Driscoe, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 1709 / W: 01 830 9533)	<i>Moonstruck</i>
2006 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, Frank (-)	17 Barnstead Drive, Church Road, Blackrock, Cork (W: 021 427 5235)	<i>Endgame</i>
# 1966 Doyle, D Conor (Mareta)	Knockduff, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 2348 / W: 021 427 5235)	<i>Freya</i>
1997 Drew, Bob E (Mindy)	47 Fair Street, Guilford, CT 06437, USA (H: +1 203 453 5474 / M: +1 203 623 1933)	<i>Shamrock</i>
# 1978 du Plessis, Hugo (-)	29 Greenway Close, Lymington, Hants, SO41 9JJ (H: +44 1590 673631)	<i>Crimson Rambler III</i>
1990 Duffin, Nikko 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>
+ 1990 Dunphy, T Austin (-)	Sealawn, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2853)	<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>
# 1966 Dwyer, Kevin F (Fiona)	Blue Cottage, Ballycrenane, Cloyne, Co. Cork (H: 021 465 2910 / M: 086 251 1776)	
1993 Dwyer, David M (-)	32 Radcliffe, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4910 / M: 087 230 0510)	<i>Medi-Mode (PO)</i>
## 1965 Dyke, Stanley W (-)	Benwell, Crosthwaite Park, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 7918)	
2002 Ennis, Francis P (Orla)	Green Ivies, Thormanby Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3287 / W: 01 817 1650 / M: 086 250 8901)	<i>Rockstar</i>
# 1978 Espey, Fred JK (-)	4 Myrtle Park, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 5160)	
* 1975 Eves, Jeremy RF (Heather)	30A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3RD (H: 028 9127 0460 / W: 028 9145 4344)	
## 1967 Eves, 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 Fasenfeld, George J J (Eve)	3 Elgin Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4 (H: 01 660 9488)	<i>Sea Spirit I</i>
# 1960 Faulkner, Dennis J (-)	Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6TU (H: 028 9754 1114)	<i>Whimbrel</i>
2011 Fennell, Bruce G (Barbara)	Crossneen House, Carlow (H: 059 913 1541 / M: 087 238 3533)	<i>BeezneeZ</i>
1985 Fergus, Seán G (Karen)	76 The Rise, Mount Merrion, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 210 9779 / M: 087 666 9045)	<i>Estrellita</i>
! 2002 Fernie, Peter J (Louise)	Tawin Island, Maree, Oranmore, Galway (H: 091 794350 / W: 091 790693 / M: 087 256 4570)	
+ 1956 Fielding, Raymond J (Christine)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1428 / M: 086 843 2649)	<i>SwanSong (PO)</i>
+ 1971 Fielding, Christine M (Raymond)	Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1428)	<i>SwanSong (PO)</i>
1969 Fisher, John DF (Susan)	Rathurret, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down, BT34 3RX (H: 028 4177 3667)	
1986 Fitzgerald, Jack J (-)	27 Hyde Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 0490)	
2001 FitzGerald, Aodhan (Zoe)	152 Costa na Mara, Oranmore, Galway (H: 091 795754 / W: 091 387470 / M: 087 248 8765)	<i>After Midnight (PO)</i>
1944 FitzGerald, C Joe (-)	Apt. # 6, The Grand, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1796)	<i>Mandalay</i>
1993 FitzGerald, Gráinne A (Chris Currie)	Apt. 45, The Anchorage, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 230 4170 / M: 087 418 7190)	<i>Ajay (PO)</i>
# 1966 FitzGerald, David HB (-)	Apt. 45, The Anchorage, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 230 4170 / W: 01 230 4170 / M: 087 418 6346)	<i>Ajay (PO)</i>
* 2008 Fitzpatrick, Mary (Tom)	Kincora, Deerpark, Howth Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 5554)	
! 1985 FITZPATRICK, Tom J (Mary)	Kincora, Deerpark, Howth Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 5554 / W: 01 645 2002 / M: 086 256 2157)	<i>Empress III</i>
1994 Flood, Seán (Joan)	32 Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 3188)	<i>Rhapsody</i>
1983 Flowers, Maurice H (Edna)	42B Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9127 4664 / M: 07718 588661)	
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 (H: 01 285 8529 / 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>
2010 French, Ian F (Rosemary)	45 Silchester Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 3263 / M: 087 245 6834)	<i>Teal</i>
2004 Furney, Sarah (John)	82 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9146 2067)	<i>Blue Squirrel (PO)</i>
2000 Gallagher, Patrick (Kathleen)	Seskin West, Bantry, Co. Cork (H: 027 50128 / W: 028 28400)	<i>Muirneog</i>
+ 1980 Gallagher, Benignus N (Mary)	4 Carrickbrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 3755)	<i>Sparkle</i>
+ 1992 Gallagher, Jack (-)	Weir House, Woodstown, Co. Waterford	<i>Ruinette (PO)</i>
2006 Garvin, Stephen J (-)	Ring Hill, 24 Mullaghbane Road, Armagh, BT61 9HW (H: 028 3752 3004 / M: 07710 604967)	<i>Fable (PO)</i>
1992 Gibson, Richard Y (Sue)	Kimberley, Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1408 / M: 087 909 4599)	
+ 2008 Gibson, Hugh (-)	24 Diamond Hill, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1092 / M: 086 835 8265)	<i>Hafod</i>
1972 Glaser, 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, Robin (Maggie)	Drumadaragh House, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim, BT39 0TA (H: 028 9334 0222 / W: 020 7219 5123 / M: 07785 995655)	<i>Lazy Life</i>
# 1961 Glover, Darty (Lillian)	2 Coolong Road, Vaucluse, New South Wales 2030, Australia (H: +61 2 9337 4342)	<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 / M: 086 834 1039)	<i>Godot</i>
#+ 1980 Gomes, Deirdre (Richard)	Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, BT22 2RU (H: 028 4278 8365)	
#+ 1967 Gomes, H Richard (Deirdre)	Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, BT22 2RU (H: 028 4278 8365 / M: 07816 705751)	<i>Ainmara</i>
1991 Good, Courtenay (Valerie)	Ardkilly House, Sandycove, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 2390 / W: 021 477 2300)	
# 1978 Gore-Grimes, Anthony (Katharine)	Glenaveena, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 2449 / W: 01 872 9299 / M: 086 231 1034)	<i>Dux</i>
2005 Gore-Grimes, Nicholas (-)	59 Francis Street, Dublin 8 (H: 01 473 8978 / M: 086 803 5842)	
* 1973 Gore-Grimes, John (Katie)	Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3670 / W: 01 872 9299)	
2010 Graham, Stephen (Carol)	26 Shandon Drive, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HL (H: 028 9146 5404 / W: 028 9024 3456 / M: 07802 626796)	
1990 Gray, Susan D (Peter)	45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 3911 / M: 087 216 1656)	<i>Waxwing (PO)</i>
# 1980 Gray, Peter C (Susan)	45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 3911 / M: 087 216 0682)	<i>Waxwing (PO)</i>
#+ 1978 Greenhalgh, David HT (Maureen)	15 Ashley Park, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5RQ (H: 028 9145 4860)	<i>Bonnie Boots</i>
# 1966 Greer, Heather (-)	Emlough, Cleggan, Co Galway (H: 085 44845 / W: 095 44845 / M: 086 854 7279)	
#+ 1963 Guinness, A Peter (Sue)	Toad Hall, Little Missenden, Amersham, Bucks, HP7 ORD (H: +44 1494 862322)	
1979 Guinness, Ian R (Clíodhna Nolan)	41 Ennafort Road, Raheny, Dublin (H: 01 832 9071 / M: 087 256 7794)	
# 1966 Guinness, Jennifer M (Alex Booth)	Quichon, Ceanchor Road, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3123 / M: 086 280 0576)	<i>Alakush</i>
2000 Haden, Peter D (Moirá)	Lisheen, Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare (M: 087 417 7161)	<i>Papageno</i>
1970 Hall, Mervyn J (-)	The Whitehorse Lodge, Bay Hill, Ilminster, TA190AT, Somerset (H: +44 1460 55671 / M: +44 7979 6815)	<i>Baily of Howth</i>
1985 Hand, Frank (Alexandra)	Pf. 15 Kärtner Straße 391, 8054 Graz-Strabgang, Austria (H: +43 316 253626 / M: +43 676 558 3727 & +353 86 239 7935)	<i>Orion na Mara (PO)</i>
2001 Harris-Barke, Michael L (Marie)	Mizzen Cottage, Chapel Pass, Blackrock, Co. Louth (H: 042 932 2100)	<i>Aeolus</i>
2011 Hart, Oliver (Kate)	Kinalea House, Oysterhaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 0008 / W: 021 477 0738 / M: 087 989 7837)	<i>Spirit of Oysterhaven</i>
#+ 1969 Harte, E Derek (-)	Glencar, High Street, Schull, Co. Cork (H: 028 28004)	
1985 Hawthorn, George SN (Lillian)	4 Carnesure Mews, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 5TA (H: 028 9187 4489 / W: 028 9754 1774)	
1992 Hayes, Colin (Freda)	Woodley, Rochestown Road, Cork (H: 021 489 1948 / W: 021 489 1948 / M: 087 241 0071)	<i>Saoirse of Cork</i>
#+ 1967 Heard, Ruth (-)	Stone Cottage, Claremont Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 2258)	<i>Arcady</i>
#+ 1959 Hegarty, Dermot (-)	30 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4080 / W: 01 649 2000)	
2002 Hegarty, Paul M (Nuala)	15 Dundanion Court, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 429 4132 / W: 021 425 0322 / M: 086 669 8749)	
1986 Hegarty, Betty (-)	Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 3421 / M: 087 750 0067)	
1990 Hegarty, Neil D (-)	6 North Mall, Cork (H: 021 430 0807 / M: 086 852 1650)	<i>Shelduck</i>
1995 Hill, Eric AG (Margaret)	164 Glenageary Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 4310 / M: 087 257 2524)	
1980 Hill, Michael J (Isobel)	86 Rashee Road, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim, BT39 9HT (H: 028 9332 2245)	<i>Juffra</i>
! 1961 HILLIARD, Cliff E (June)	Araglen, Proby Square, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 283 6760 / M: 086 283 5301)	<i>Sea Sprite</i>
*+ 1993 Hogan, Peter St. J (-)	153 Strand Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4 (H: 01 260 1233)	
2006 Holland, Michael (Carol)	66 Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin 2 (H: 01 2195853 / W: 01 703 7300 / M: 086 810 6666)	<i>Celtic Spirit of Fastnet</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, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 6581 / M: 086 246 9082)	
#+ 1952 Horsman, Henry F (-)	Westwind, Raheen, Arklow, Co. Wicklow (H: 040 239804)	
2002 Hughes, John W (Helga)	1 Rannoch Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0NA (H: 028 9042 4640 / W: 028 9031 0458 / M: 07776 221587)	
2003 Hughes, Anne E (-)	169 Ballylesson Road, Belfast, BT8 8JU	
# 1963 Hunt, C Keith (Poppy)	Bawnavota, Summercove, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 2534 / M: 087 247 4442)	
1990 Hutcheson, Thomas C (-)	18 Chainé Memorial Road, Larne, Co. Antrim, BT40 1AD (H: 028 2827 7284 / M: 07901 555670)	
1991 Hutchinson, Alan (Maureen)	27 Glenbroome Park, Jordanstown, Newtownabbey, Co. Antrim, BT37 ORL (H: 028 9086 3629 / M: 7535263490)	<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>
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, Terry C (-)	Frazerbank, Strathmore Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 1439 / M: 086 257 1807)	<i>Nyabo</i>
1995 Johnston, Guy B (Helen A Keelan)	8 Leeson Park Avenue, Dublin 6 (H: 01 636 2000 / W: 01 676 7666 / M: 086 255 5595)	<i>Sirikit III (PO)</i>
#+ 1979 Johnston, Denis B (Margaret)	Kilburn, 33 Warren Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 OPD (H: 028 9188 3951)	<i>Trininga (PO)</i>
2006 Johnston, Lynn C (Laura)	22 Clanbrassil Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0AR (H: 028 9042 5014 / W: 028 9026 3530 / M: 07769 645504)	<i>Elva</i>
2003 Jones, David (Trish)	26 Harbour View, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 5016 / M: 086 813 8550)	<i>Tidal Dancer</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>
1994 Kavanagh, Liam F (Elizabeth)	1 The Crescent, Compass Quay, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 3814 / M: 086 854 7613)	<i>Voyageuse</i>
#+ 1980 Kavanagh, Gerald P (Ann)	11 Redford Rise, Redford Park, Greystones, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 287 2476)	
2011 Kavanagh, Carmel V (Ken)	18 Seafield, Sutton, Dublin 13 (M: 086 604 9055)	<i>Safari of Howth (PO)</i>
1991 Kean, Norman (Geraldine)	Burren, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (H: 023 884 6891 / M: 087 907 9478)	<i>Xanadu (PO, with Geraldine)</i>
+ 1975 Keane, Barry (-)	4 Arkendale Woods, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 5569 / W: 01 205 4719 / M: 085 722 2832)	<i>Misbehavin (PO)</i>
2003 Keating, John Edi (Ann)	Carinya, 69 Abbeyview, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 4613 / W: 021 436 2506 / M: 087 245 2236)	
1988 Keatinge, Bill D (Hilary)	3 Alexandra Road, Lymington, Hants, SO41 9HB (W: +44 1590 672426 / M: 07785 506260)	
1996 Keatinge, Hilary J (Bill)	3 Alexandra Road, Lymington, Hants, SO41 9HB (W: +44 1590 672426 / M: 07785 506260)	
# 1999 Kellett, William P (Pam)	8 Elizabeth Court, Mystic, CT 06355, USA (H: +1 860 572 7788 / W: +1 860 572 7788)	<i>Jura (PO)</i>
1983 Kelliher, E Brenda (-)	1028 Tudor Drive, Crownsville, MD 21032-1117, USA (H: +1 410 349 1822)	<i>Lark</i>
1985 Kenefick, Neil G (Iris)	Waterside, Corrabinn, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 8024 / W: 021 489 2813 / M: 086 225 7714)	<i>Imagine</i>
#+ 1963 Kennedy, Hugh (Aoife)	Edgebank, 16 Deramore Park South, Belfast, BT9 5JY (H: 028 9066 0500)	<i>Tosca V</i>
+ 1973 Kennedy, Bridget (-)	Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, BT23 6RL (H: 028 9754 1470)	
2010 Kenny, Anne (-)	Alderbrooke, Ballyard, Tralee, Co. Kerry (H: 066 712 6590 / W: 066 712 1426 / M: 087 251 1283)	<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, Kilternan, Dublin 18 (H: 01 294 2053 / M: 086 256 9795)	<i>Jalapeno (PO)</i>
#+ 1971 Kilkeny, Joseph (-)	The Hatch, Gray's Lane, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3442)	<i>Moonshadow (PO)</i>
2011 Killeen, John (-)	6 Montpelier, Sea Road, Galway (H: 087 255 0818 / W: 091 784650)	<i>Nimmo</i>
2006 Killen, Andrew (-)	Padua, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 3019 / M: 087 991 9423)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
2006 Killen, David (-)	26 Auburn Road, Howth Road, Clontarf, Dublin 3 (H: 01 853 3885 / W: 01 614 9081 / M: 086 856 7723)	
1994 Killen, Peter R (Beverly)	Padua, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 3019 / M: 086 255 6852)	<i>Pure Magic (PO)</i>
2005 Killen, Beverly G (Peter)	Padua, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 3019 / M: 086 856 6904)	<i>Pure Magic (PO)</i>
*+ 1987 King, Bill (-)	Oranmore Castle, Oranmore, Co. Galway	
2004 Kirby, Myles (Deirdre)	5 Ashfield Avenue, Ranelagh, Dublin 6 (W: 01 678 9089 / M: 087 626 1142)	<i>Yami Yami</i>
1971 Kirby, Tom (Eileen)	15 Glebe House Gardens, Clonakilty, Co. Cork (H: 023 883 3553 / M: 087 266 7998)	
1999 Knatchbull, Patrick W (Mary)	16 Seafront Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0BB (H: 028 9042 2240)	
# 1986 Knatchbull, Michael W (Rhona)	Gambles Lodge, Upper Mountown, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 1420 / M: 086 317 9858)	
1990 Lanry, Seamus (Eileen)	An Grianan, 8 Fittin Street, Morrison's Island, Cork (W: 021 427 0789 / M: 087 256 1915)	<i>William Tell of Uri</i>
2009 Lardner, Lonan H (Maura)	Cinnard, Tramore, Co. Waterford (H: 051 381371 / M: 087 240 3552)	<i>Minerva</i>
1982 Larkin, Frank J (Caroline)	San Jose, North Circular Road, Limerick (H: 061 453267 / M: 086 207 0773)	
1975 Laurence, David T (Madeleine)	31 Sutherland Avenue, Jacobs Well, Guildford, Surrey, GU4 7QX (H: +44 1483 539876 / W: +44 1483 594264)	<i>Mystic Tide</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, Killinchy, Newtownards, BT23 6PR (H: 028 9754 1386 / W: 028 9267 7317 / M: 07765 231530)	<i>Macaria</i>
1988 Layng, Brian (Joann)	51 Corr Castle, Howth Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4104 / M: 868192336)	<i>Carraig Ban</i>
# 1961 Lee, Reginald (Denise)	Sydney Lodge, 93 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 9486 / M: 087 052 4090)	
+ 1992 Lee, Adrian F (Irina)	41 Ovington Square, London, SW3 1LJ (H: 020 7581 4396 / M: 07766 388550)	<i>Irisha</i>
! 1964 LEONARD, Alan G 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, John E (Angela)	Flat 16, 4 Princetown Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3BD (H: 028 9145 4937)	<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>
# 1986 Ley, Angela (John)	Flat 16, 4 Princetown Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3BD (H: 028 9145 4937 / M: 07980 575347)	<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>
2009 Lindsay, D Myles (Brenda)	Tigh Na Mara, 42a Ward Avenue, Bangor, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9145 4737 / W: 028 9145 4737 / M: 07802 399509)	<i>Y2K</i>
2003 Lindsay-Fynn, Nigel (Heleen)	Lee Ford, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, EX9 7AJ (H: +44 1395 445894 / W: +44 1395 445894 / M: 07785 534536)	<i>Eleanda (PO)</i>
2010 Lindsay-Fynn, Heleen VM (Nigel)	Lee Ford, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, EX9 7AJ (H: +44 1395 445894 / M: 07785 534537)	<i>Eleanda (PO)</i>
1991 Long, Norman (Kay)	20 Mapas Avenue, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 9847)	
2007 Long, Flor (Brenda)	Leeview House, Garraugh, Inniscarra, Co. Cork (H: 021 487 0444 / M: 086 838 5474)	<i>Miss Demena</i>
1971 Love Jnr., Clayton (-)	Waterpark House, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 451 2611)	<i>Royal Tara</i>
! 1981 Lovegrove, Richard V (Heather)	Corrig, Convent Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 9782 / W: 01 6770335 / M: 087 234 3467)	<i>70M (PO) / Rupert (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, Montenotte, Cork (H: 021 450 0797 / M: 086 817 3616)	<i>Belladonna</i>
## 1959 Luke, Derek (-)	Seafield, Ballure Road, Ramsey, Isle of Man, IM8 1NL	
2004 Lusty, Trevor (-)	The Narrows, 9 Killinakin Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, BT30 9PH (H: 028 9754 1666 / W: 028 9043 9393 / M: 07803 020888)	<i>Sea Fever of Cuan</i>
2011 Lynas, Oliver (Noreen)	22 Ballyrogan Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 4ST (H: 028 9181 2387 / M: 07702 526827)	<i>Tara of Moyle</i>
1988 Lynch, Brian R (Onora)	Geevagh Lodge, 85 Devon Park, Salthill, Galway (H: 091 522214 / W: 091 563131)	<i>Ionian</i>
1996 Lynch, Donal (Sheila)	10 Lima Lawn, Magazine Road, Cork (H: 021 454 2826 / M: 086 677 1897)	
2004 Lyons, Pat (Ann)	Fairwinds, 3 Riverview Terrace, Glenbrook, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1085 / W: 021 486 3275 / M: 087 238 2138)	<i>Stardancer (PO)</i>
2005 Lyons, Jim (Bridget)	43 Upper Kensington, Rochestown, Cork (H: 021 489 2567 / M: 086 827 5678)	<i>Rezy</i>
2010 Lyons, Ann C (Pat)	Fairwinds, 3 Riverview Terrace, Glenbrook, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1085 / W: 021 486 3275 / M: 087 285 8124)	<i>Stardancer (PO)</i>
1985 Lyster, W Bruce (-)	Huckleberry, Knocknackee 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)	
2005 MacManus, Rachel (-)	Apt 16, Gallery Quay, Dublin 2 (M: 086 682 3927)	<i>Voyager</i>
1999 MacManus, Brian (Heather)	Shelmaliar, Victoria Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 284 7724 / M: 087 236 7713)	<i>Voyager</i>
2006 Madden, John (Pauline)	Roslyn, 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, Connla (Geraldine)	Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Newry, BT34 3RU (H: 028 4177 2237)	
2004 Magowan, Terence (Mary)	26 Aghnadore Road, Broughshane, Co. Antrim, BT42 4QB (H: 028 2563 9399 / W: 028 2586 1266 / M: 07808 079015)	<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 (Ailish Malone)	433 Kilmainham Square, Kilmainham, Dublin 8 (M: 086 805 8022)	
# 1984 Markey, Jimmy (Marie)	18 Harbour View, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 2906 / M: 086 264 8251)	
2006 Markey, Alan J (Helen)	55 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 0846 / W: 01 206 5565 / M: 086 826 2590)	<i>Crackerjack</i>
2001 Marrow, John C (Angela)	237 Seapark, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 2003 / M: 087 255 1345)	<i>Prince of Tides (PO)</i>
1978 Martin, Clive C (Mary)	3 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 (H: 01 282 4457)	<i>Lively Lady</i>
1992 Massey, John (Susan)	7 Glencarraig, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 5636 / M: 086 262 0200)	<i>Jasmine of Shian</i>
# 1982 Maxwell, David J (Carolyn)	50 Old Court, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7NG (H: 028 4488 1205)	
1975 McAnaney, Eugene (-)	18 Willowfield Park, Goatstown, Dublin 14 (H: 01 298 2381)	
## 1961 McAuley, Frank D (-)	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 (H: 01 832 5527)	
2009 McCaffrey, Richard (Brigid)	The Hawthorn, 5 Balglass Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 839 0736 / W: 01 836 5872 / M: 087 254 4397)	<i>Christina of Howth</i>
1999 McCann, Jack (Moya)	Portacarron House, Oughterard, Co. Galway (W: 091 866689 / M: 087 248 5880)	<i>Mary Lee</i>
2000 McCarter, Andy (Paddy)	Carrownamaddy, Burt, Co. Donegal, / Marina de San Sebastian, La Gomera (H: 074 936 8697 / +34 6 6017 2056 / 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 / W: 021 483 1161 / M: 086 856 3095)	
+ 1971 McConnell, Stafford C (Mariana)	Killaloe, Co. Clare (H: 061 376908)	<i>Marula</i>
1965 McConnell, John H (Marie Therese)	Breeoge, Ardmhuire Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (M: 087 249 1413)	
1991 McCormack, Paget J (Andrea)	24 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 4382)	<i>Saki</i>
1990 McCormack, Seán (Mary)	15 The Avenue, Woodpark, Ballinteer, Dublin 16 (H: 01 298 4120 / M: 087 769 8556)	<i>Marie Claire II</i>
* 2010 McCurdy, Sheila (David Brown)	81 Morrison Avenue, Middletown, RI 02842, USA (H: +1 (401) 847-0051 / M: +1(401)524-0579)	<i>Selkie</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
2009 McCutcheon, Ralph M (Patricia)	150 High Street, Hollywood, Co. Down, BT18 9HS (H: 028 9042 8015 / W: 028 9042 5953 / M: 07876 353339)	<i>Reziki</i>
+ 2005 McDonagh, Justin (Trish)	Artigallivan, Headford, Killarney, Co. Kerry (M: 086 832 8050)	<i>Selkie</i>
2009 McDowell, Des T (Phyllis)	15 Deanfield, Bangor, BT19 6NX (H: 028 9146 1263 / M: 07802 387474)	<i>Model Bee</i>
2002 McElligott, Liam (Anne)	6 Monaskeha, Clonlara, Co. Clare (H: 061 354194 / W: 061 316833 / M: 087 231 1037)	<i>Storm Boy</i>
1965 McFerran, Neil V (-)	65 Marlborough Park S, Belfast, BT9 6HS (H: 028 9066 7208)	<i>Whitfire</i>
! 2003 McGettigan, Alan E (Natalie)	Ard Sonas House, Torca Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 8321 / W: 01 421 8339 / M: 087 922 6842)	<i>Wolfhound</i>
2003 McGlade, Paddy (Olga)	Ballinvoultig, Waterfall, Nr. Cork, Co. Cork (H: 021 488 5286 / M: 086 240 4903)	<i>Sabrone</i>
1981 McGonagle, Barbara (-)	Carrigoona, Ceanchor Road, Baily, Co. Dublin. (H: 01 832 2823)	
* 1993 McHenry, Barbara (Cormac)	8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14 (H: 01 288 4733)	<i>Island Life</i>
1980 McHenry, Cormac P (Barbara)	8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14 (H: 01 288 4733 / M: 086 853 0907)	
1986 McKean, Bill W (Rosemary)	27 Fotheringay Road, Glasgow, G41 4NL, G41 4NL, Scotland (H: +44 141 423 6370)	<i>Sioita</i>
# 1962 McKee, Michael (-)	6 Godfrey Gate, 59 Groomsport Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5ND (H: 028 9147 2692 / M: 07927 904435)	<i>Carraheen</i>
# 1964 McKenna, David C (-)	G 102 Marina Bay Homes, Atlantic Drive, Paranaque, Manila 1703, Philippines (H: +63 2 879 8166 / W: +63 2 890 1091 / M: +63 917 846 2907)	<i>Rapparee XXX</i>
2011 McKenna, Justin (Clare)	Pilot House, Bulloch Harbour, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 236 6901 / W: 01 280 0340 / M: 086 254 0634)	<i>Birmayne (PO)</i>
* 2009 McLaren, Bill R (Jane)	Rowmore Cottage, Garelochhead, Argyll and Bute, G84 0EH (H: +44 1436 810943)	<i>Vagrant of Clyde</i>
+ 1988 McMahan, Brendan (-)	Moyarta, North Circular Road, Limerick (H: 061 453934)	<i>Salar</i>
1975 McMullen, Colin P (Alison)	Derrada, Newport, Co. Mayo (H: 098 42711 / M: 086 835 4732)	
## 1992 Meagher, Niall (-)	Gleann na Greine, Naas, Co. Kildare (H: 045 897728)	
## 1947 Mellon, Douglas E (-)	4 Riverside Court, High Street, Kirkcudbright, DG6 4JX, Scotland (H: +44 1557 339199)	
1986 Menton, James F (Margaret)	Tuskarville, Ballylucas, Ballymurn, Co. Wexford (H: 053 913 8965 / W: 053 913 8965 / M: 087 276 5821)	<i>Caranja</i>
+ 1989 Metcalfe, Peter (-)	Harysgarden, V. Virestad 231 91, Trelleborg, Sweden	
2004 Michael, Robert S (Rose)	Everest, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 0280 / 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 / M: 07802 162255)	<i>Blue Echo</i>
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 Moore, Nelson J (-)	8 Shearwater, Pier Road, Kinsale, Co. Cork (M: 087 904 5453)	
2001 Moore, Sam G (Lily)	6 The Rookery, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6SY (H: 028 9754 2433 / M: 07789 758112)	<i>Freyja</i>
1991 Moran, Desmond (-)	Stephen House, Stephen Street, Sligo (H: 071 914 2886 / M: 087 260 4489)	
2008 Moran, Val P (Joan)	Temple Hill, Carrigrohane, Cork (H: 021 487 4970 / M: 087 254 8942)	<i>Sattwa</i>
2010 Moran, Michael M (-)	51 Clonkeen Road, Deansgrange, Co. Dublin (H: 01 289 6949 / W: 01 214 8707 / M: 087 264 6223)	
## 1962 Morck, 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>
* 1997 Morrison, Hugh F (Sue)	Ambleburn, Broom Road, Newton Mearns, Glasgow, G77 5DN (H: +44 1416 393639 / M: 07766 760798)	
1982 Morrissy, Donal (Brenda)	Fuchsia, Aspen Lane, Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare (H: 065 707 7981 / M: 087 255 7615)	<i>Rebound (PO) / Now What (PO)</i>
2002 Morrow, Ian RV (Helen)	Gortflugh, Rathmullan, Co. Donegal, and 2 Victoria Mill, Co. Down (H: 074 915 8882 / M: 07802 912701)	
* 2011 Mowlam, David (Kay)	Flints, Langrish, Petersfield, Hants, GU32 1RQ (H: +44 1730 264592)	<i>Fidget (PO)</i>
2011 Mullan, Peter J (Paddy)	Janes Shore, 29 Old Belfast Road, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 6SG (H: 028 4461 4968 / W: 028 4461 2231 / M: 07789 141034)	<i>Sancerre</i>
1971 Mullins, Peter J (-)	1625 S.E. 10th Avenue, Apt 710, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316, USA (H: +1 (954) 462 6945 / M: +1 (954) 336-4157)	<i>Springtide</i>
2004 Murphy, John (Katherine Spencer)	4 Prospect Villas, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co. Cork (H: 021 481 3797 / M: 086 805 7770)	
2009 Murphy, Pat F (Olivia)	46 Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2312 / W: 01 832 2312 / M: 087 253 1341)	<i>Aldebaran (PO)</i>
2009 Murphy, Olivia (Pat)	46 Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2312 / W: 01 832 2312 / M: 087 253 1341)	<i>Aldebaran (PO)</i>
2005 Musgrave, Stuart (Avril)	Ferndale, Raffeen, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 1640 / M: 087 255 0029)	<i>Tillygreig</i>
2007 Musgrave, Nick R (Jan)	The Cottage, French Furze, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 3119 / M: 086 820 9941)	
## 1980 Nairn, George E (Peggy)	3 St Helen's North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 8765)	
1996 Nicholson, Max (Helen)	Seabank, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford (H: 051 383207 / W: 058 41206)	
# 1991 Nicholson, Joan (David)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 2160)	
2004 Nicholson, Eddie D (Susie)	Cuan D Or, Harbour View, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (H: 023 884 9807 / W: 021 427 3000 / M: 087 251 5062)	<i>Mollihawk's Shadow (PO)</i>
# 1980 Nicholson, David (Joan)	Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 2160 / M: 086 809 4200)	<i>Mollihawk's Shadow (PO)</i>
1987 Nixon, Georgina A (William)	14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3929)	<i>Capriole (PO)</i>
1971 Nixon, James R (Katherine)	48 Ballydorn Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6QB (H: 028 9754 3336 / W: 028 9754 3336 / M: 07811 397546)	<i>Faughan (PO)</i>
1963 Nixon, William M (Georgina)	14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3929)	<i>Capriole (PO)</i>
# 1974 O'Boyle, Donal (Liz)	83 Brightwater, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1028 / W: 021 483 2422)	
2004 O'Brien, James (Cathy Hughes)	Woodview Cottage, Passage West, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1491 / M: 086 255 5112)	<i>Imagine</i>
1990 O'Callaghan, Brendan (Majella)	Cashelbeg, Laurel Walk, Bandon, Co. Cork (H: 023 884 3077 / 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>
2009 O'Carroll, Seamus (Eileen)	71 St Fintan's Crescent, Sutton, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 6614 / M: 087 248 7870)	<i>Leda</i>
1996 O'Connor, Patrick (Christine)	Hill Road, Whitegate, Co. Cork (M: 087 220 6370)	<i>Pegasus</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>
1971 O'Connor, Daniel (-)	The Pines, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (H: 01 289 2286 / M: 087 241 8090)	<i>Hallowe'en (PO)</i>
2005 O'Donnell, John (Dympna)	29 Sea Road, Galway (H: 091 584255 / M: 087 255 2893)	<i>Aoife (PO)</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: 028 28253 / M: 087 248 4683)	<i>Shanagan/Sunflower of St Mawes</i>
+ 1975 O'Farrell, Michael (Anne)	Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, BT34 3RU (H: 028 4177 2620)	<i>Cuchulain</i>
1968 O'Flaherty, Michael P (-)	Le Fainel, Le Vallon, St Martin's, Guernsey, GY4 6DQ (H: +44 1481 237650 / W: 01 660 5011 / M: 07781 115 325)	<i>Cuilain (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 (H: 01 490 5800 / M: 087 258 1368)	<i>Aoibhne (PO)</i>
2003 O'Gorman, Kyran (Trich)	85 Westbrook, Knocknacarra, Galway (H: 091 590133 / M: 087 256 9381)	
1969 O'Hanlon, Andrew (-)	8 St. James Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin 6 (H: 01 269 8117 / M: 087 257 6778)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
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 (H: 071 916 3197)	
1990 O'Leary, Archie (Violet)	Strand Lodge, Currabiny, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 8526 / W: 021 427 7567)	<i>Irish Mist</i>
1991 O'Mahony, Bill (Brenda)	6 Castlerock, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 2588 / W: 021 427 0365 / M: 086 268 4778)	<i>Julia B</i>
1996 O'Mahony, Patrick J (Clare)	Willowhill, 15 Ballyfoulo, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 2387 / M: 087 264 6918)	<i>Clarabelle</i>
1981 O'Morchoe, The (David & Margaret)	Oulartleigh House, Tara Hill, Gorey, Co. Wexford (H: 053 942 1803 / M: 087 226 6572)	
1979 O'Rahilly, Michael (Frances)	31 Dundela Avenue, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 214 0679)	<i>Elgin</i>
2001 O'Riain, Gearoid (-)	301 Olcovar, Shankill, Co. Dublin (M: 086 649 3719)	
2004 O'Riordan, Jeffrey (Sally)	Owenmore, Currabiny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 8531 / M: +44 7977 458802)	<i>Adrigole</i>
1984 O'Sullivan, Patrick JF (Phyllis)	15, Tralee Marina, Tralee, Co. Kerry (H: 066 712 1434 / W: 066 712 1522 / M: 087 238 8412)	<i>Samphire</i>
2009 O'Sullivan, Brian (Frances Clifford)	Coastguard Station, Fenit, Co. Kerry (W: 066 712 4524 / M: 087 260 0066)	<i>Navillus</i>
1986 O'Tierney, Donal (Win)	41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down, BT34 3NJ (H: 028 417 3630)	
1996 O'Toole, Ray (Valerie)	Corcullen, Galway (H: 091 555168 / W: 091 524222 / M: 087 798 6891)	<i>Aoitfe (PO)</i>
# 1970 Orr, 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)	<i>Southerly (PO)</i>
#+ 1949 Osterberg, Paul (-)	The Old Manse, Hillsborough, Co. Down, BT26 6HW (H: 028 9268 2226)	
# 1969 Park, David S (Hilary)	Yew Cottage, 34a Carrowdore Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2LX (H: 028 4278 8625)	<i>Alys</i>
2008 Park, Michael D (Liz)	6 Finlay's Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 8SW (H: 028 9181 0112 / W: 028 9181 3288 / M: 07595 392610)	<i>Cruiskeen</i>
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 J (Claire)	35 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4856 / M: 086 813 1990)	<i>Trick or Treat</i>
# 1987 Petch, John A (Libb)	Seaview Farm, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (H: 023 49610)	
! 2002 Phelan, Joe E (Trish)	33 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 3876 / W: 01 832 3876 / M: 086 812 3460)	<i>Lydia</i>
2004 Powell, Jim (Fifi)	Chetwynd, Myrtleville, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1265 / M: 086 867 6317)	<i>Blue Oyster</i>
1990 Prendeville, Neil J J (Felicity)	73 Clevedon, Lower Kilmoney Road, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 5219 / M: 087 283 7639)	<i>Mary P</i>
#+ 1966 Pritchard, Maura GM (-)	The Coach House, 36 Craigdarragh Road, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1UA (H: 028 9185 2237)	
+ 2003 Quinlan, Fergus (Kay)	Doneen, Burrin, Co. Clare (H: 065 707 8929 / M: 087 989 3203)	<i>Pylades (PO)</i>
2006 Quinlan, Vera (Peter Owens)	Dooneen, Burrin, Co. Clare (H: 065 7.78929 / W: 091 387364 / M: 087 681 5189)	<i>Danu</i>
2009 Quinn, Charles J (Bridgette Brew)	15 The Parklands, Clarinbridge, Co. Galway (H: 091 777015 / M: 087 231 6735)	<i>Quinta Essentia</i>
1986 Ralston, George LD (Lynne)	Island Cottage, Reagh Island, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6EN (H: 028 9754 1431)	<i>Insouciance</i>
! 2006 RANALOW, Frank (Yvonne)	The Old School House, Gortglass Lake, Cranny, Kilrush, Co. Clare (H: 065 683 2334 / M: 087 417 6244)	<i>Shady Maid</i>
# 1977 Rea, Bill (Eithne)	7 Verona, Queen's Park, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 7987 / W: 087 224 5435 / M: 087 224 5435)	<i>Elysium</i>
2006 Rea, Eddie JF (Brenda)	31 Hans Sloane Square, Killyleagh, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 9GA (H: 028 4482 8364 / M: 07802 715158)	<i>Catre</i>
# 1989 Richardson, Cecil (Lily)	52 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 3800)	
1985 Riordan, S William (-)	3 Carrickmines Dale, Carrickmines Wood, Brennanstown Road, Dublin 18 (H: 01 289 1252)	
1989 Roberts, Grattan d'Esterre (Mairead)	Riverwood, Currabiny, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 8383 / W: 021 437 4444 / M: 087 202 6802)	<i>Splashdance</i>
# 2001 Robertson, Alan (Joyce)	22 Dumyat Drive, Falkirk, Scotland, FK1 5PD (H: +44 1324 624430 / M: 07884 488675)	<i>Jomora</i>
1983 Rogerson, Fred J (Janet)	113 Lakelands Close, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 6437 / W: 01 663 0893 / M: 087 246 4721)	<i>Fastnet Dancer</i>
2004 Rohan, John (Mai)	Ros na Laoi, Richmond Wood, Glanmire, Co. Cork (H: 021 482 2588 / M: 087 246 0685)	<i>Volare</i>
1997 Ronaldson, Evie (Peter)	1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3SN (H: 028 9147 4131 / M: 07905 928981)	<i>Seascape of Down (PO)</i>
# 1967 Ronaldson, Peter (Evie)	1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3SN (H: 028 9147 4131 / M: 07906 812684)	<i>Seascape of Down (PO)</i>
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)	<i>Tallulah</i>
+ 1988 Ryan, Peter (Margaret)	44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co. Armagh, BT66 7QD (H: 028 3888 1418)	<i>Nicu</i>
+ 1984 Ryan, Paul J (-)	17 Arkendale Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 235 0546 / M: 087 631 8624)	
1973 Ryan, David F (-)	PO Box 11082, Manama Bahrain.	
2006 Ryan, Patrick (-)	7 Bar na Carraige, Fort Lorenzo, Galway (W: 091 742485 / M: 087 249 8307)	<i>Ibaraki (PO)</i>
#+ 1985 Sadlier, Frank A (Marion)	19 Quay Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7LL (H: 028 4488 1830)	<i>Nisha</i>
1996 Sargent, Gerard M (Barbara)	49 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 5392 / M: 086 399 0004)	<i>Pip (PO)</i>
2011 Sargent, David (Alison)	6 Sutton Lawns, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 839 3742 / W: 01 242 6793 / M: 087 686 5195)	<i>Indulgence</i>
2004 Scallan, Bryan (-)	Whitehall, Parteen, Limerick (H: 061 327328 / M: 087 259 5666)	<i>Confusion</i>
2010 Scully, Lorraine (-)	16 Renville Court, Renville, Oranmore, Co. Galway (H: 091 792137 / W: 091 567600 / M: 087 263 2655)	
#+ 1965 Selig, Ivan I (Daphne)	2 Langham Mount, East Downs Road, Bowden, Altrincham, WA14 3NL	
# 1974 Sharp, Ronald L (Sheila-May)	Ardbeg, Craigmillar Avenue, Milngavie, Glasgow, G62 8AU (H: +44 141 956 1984 / W: +44 141 956 1984)	
1998 Sheehy, Edward J (Eileen)	Ilton, Magazine Road, Cork (H: 021 454 1816)	
#+ 1968 Sheil, Leonard (Hazel)	Portlet, 24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 7838 / M: 086 337 6590)	
1995 Sheridan, Gerry A (Terry)	Swiss Cottage, Newtown, Waterford (H: 051 870847 / W: 051 334700 / M: 086 255 8813)	<i>Playtime</i>
2010 Sheridan, Brian T (Didi)	66 Windfield Gardens, Clybaun Road, Galway (H: 091 570034 / W: 091 561874 / M: 087 664 6633)	<i>Finavarra</i>
2010 Shinkins, Joseph (Angela)	4 McMahon Street, Dublin 8 (H: 01 454 5895 / W: 01 702 6018 / M: 087 295 8522)	
1985 Siggins, Brian (-)	Bunalun House, Bunalun, Skebbereen, Co. Cork (H: 028 22465 / M: 087 258 5010)	<i>Maria II</i>
#+ 1969 Simms, Robin JA (Nan)	80 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9147 3563)	
# 1973 Sisk, Hal (-)	3 Charlemont Avenue, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (M: 086 256 1077)	<i>Peggy Bawn / Molly Bán</i>
#+ 1977 Slater, Ronnie (Denise)	39 Sheridan Drive, Helen s Bay, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1LB (H: 028 9185 2373)	
# 1986 Slevin, Jim (-)	Arenal, The Mall, Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal (H: 072 51379 / W: 072 51177)	
1968 Smullen, Brian P (-)	21 Seabank Court, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 7350 / W: 01 660 5011 / M: 07780 705071)	<i>Cuilaun (PO)</i>
1987 Smullen, Johnny A (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)	<i>Altair</i>
# 1961 Smullen, John (Cas) D (Helen)	11 Connolly Square, Bray, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 286 2679 / W: 01 286 2679 / M: 087 245 2044)	
+ 1983 Smyth, N Louis (-)	Ardkeen, Castletroy, Co. Limerick (H: 061 337756)	<i>Flight of Fantasy</i>
1979 Smyth, Frank G (Muriel)	30 Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2RX (H: 028 4278 8214 / M: 07974 643621)	<i>Katrilli of Dover (PO)</i>

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
2002 Smyth, Douglas D (Lillian)	2 Oldstone Close, Greenisland, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim, BT38 8YG (H: 028 9085 4557 / M: 07715 174420)	<i>Keirah</i>
1989 Somerville, Sue MG (Andrew)	Sallys Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 281 8253 / W: 01 896 2733)	
1980 Somerville, R Andrew (Sue)	Sallys Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow (H: 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>
# 1964 Stevenson, John A (Clodagh)	22 Baring Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks, HP9 2NE	
+ 1984 Stevenson, John C C (-)	3 Sandringham Gardens, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5NB (H: 028 9147 2779)	
1991 Stevenson, Ian J (Frances McArthur)	55 Churchtown Road, Ballyculter, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7AZ (H: 028 4488 1798 / M: 07801 628909)	<i>Raptor</i>
2009 Stevenson, Rosie (-)	51 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9145 3158)	
1959 Stewart, Alan C (June)	Cul na Mara, 9 Meadow Bank, Moffat, Dumfries & Galloway, DG10 9LR (H: +44 1683 220814 / W: +44 1683 220814)	
2009 Stewart, Robert W (Bairbre)	7 Clifton Terrace, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (H: 01 230 0281 / W: 01 450 9969 / M: 087 248 7499)	<i>Tara</i>
1985 Stillman, Chris J (Helen)	3 Thomastown Road, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 2084 / W: 01 677 2941 / M: 087 242 9141)	
1997 Stokes, Mandy (Patrick McCarthy)	Summerville, Summerhill North, Cork (H: 021 450 4551 / W: 021 427 7622 / M: 086 857 9393)	<i>Clipper</i>
1990 Stokes, Adrian (Deirdre)	Summer Lodge, Wellington Road, Cork (H: 021 450 2464 / W: 021 427 7622 / M: 086 239 8711 / +34 689 102371)	<i>Dom Perignon</i>
1992 Sullivan, Richard A (-)	Eglantine, Crab Lane, Blackrock Road, Cork (H: 021 429 2734)	<i>Running Wild (PO)</i>
2008 Sutton, Ivan (Mary)	Marine Lodge, Kilmore Quay, Co. Wexford (H: 053 912 9515 / M: 087 256 1178)	<i>Muscadet (PO)</i>
* 1970 Taggart, Sandy AG (Christine)	8 Whistlefield Court, Bearsden, Glasgow, G61 1PX (H: +44 141 942 0615 / W: +44 141 248 7158)	
+ 1999 Taggart, John I (Gail)	18 Quarry Road, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 5NF (H: 028 9754 2777)	
1986 Taplin, David (-)	36 Beaufort House, Mariner's Court, Lower Street, Plymouth, Devon, PL4 0BS (H: +44 1752 243940 / W: 07899755927)	<i>Sea Psalm</i>
2009 Taylor, Paul (Sue)	Dromerlin, Listowel, Co. Kerry (H: 068 21747 / W: 068 21044 / M: 087 239 9705)	
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>
2000 Thornhill, Christopher JH (Valentine)	Home Farm House, Lower Wraxhall, Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire, BA15 2RS (H: +44 1225 862552 / M: +44 7715 240276)	<i>Sai See (PO)</i>
+ 1960 Tierney, John (Sally)	Aisling, Knapton Road, Dún 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)	
2011 Torrens, Robert G (Evelyn Cardy)	52 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9147 2721 / M: 07809 427486)	
1993 Travers, Brendan (Evelyn)	14 Castle Lawn, Tulla Road, Ennis, Co. Clare (H: 065 682 2440 / M: 087 235 1976)	<i>Seoidin</i>
1985 Traynor, Frank (-)	34 Rathdown Park, Terenure, Dublin 6W	
! 2000 Tucker, David E (Meta)	Coonlocken House, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork, WDJ-41-F66 (H: 021 477 2468 / W: 021 470 2122 / M: 087 259 3647)	<i>Intrigue</i>
# 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 592388 / W: 091 566568)	
1971 Tyrrell, Aidan T (-)	Adelaide Cottage, Adelaide Place, Gardiners Hill, Cork (H: 021 450 8419)	
1992 Villiers-Stuart, Garry (Rosie)	Burnlaw, Whitfield, Hexham, NE47 8HF (H: +44 1434 345359 / W: +44 1434 632692 / M: 07785 102484)	<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>
# 1968 Virden, Jonathan (Joy)	The Court Lodge, High Street, Yalding, Maidstone, ME18 6HX (H: +44 1622 814509)	<i>Twayblade</i>
1978 Waldron, Oliver C (Margo)	Luibeen, Colla Road, Schull, Co. Cork (H: 028 28814)	<i>Crackers</i>
+ 1990 Walsh, Enda (William)	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1483)	
# 1979 Walsh, Anthony (Aideen)	Red Island, Skerries, Co. Dublin (H: 01 849 0113 / M: 086 826 6406)	<i>Bluebell</i>
# 1968 Walsh, William (Enda)	Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1483 / W: 021 450 2358)	<i>Carrigdown</i>
1992 Walsh, Donal (-)	Meadowlands, Abbeyside, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford (H: 058 44074 / M: 087 245 5199)	<i>Lady Kate</i>
1985 Waters, Roy (Susanne)	15 Ballymullan Road, Crawfordsburn, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1JG (H: 028 9185 3249 / M: 07712 775250)	
#+ 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: 01 832 2472 / W: 01 832 2472 / M: 087 233 4891)	<i>Ursula</i>
1993 Watson, Barbara N (Gerry Clapp)	6860 Gulfport Blvd S, South Pasadena, Fl 33707, USA (H: +1 (727) 345 3933 / M: +1 (727) 667 0395)	<i>Iona</i>
* 2011 Watson, John (Fiona)	Kenmore, 49 Broompark Drive, Newton Mearns, Glasgow, G77 5DZ (H: +44 141 639 2127 / M: +44 7885 258931)	<i>Texa</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: 07792 836315)	<i>Mandolin Wind</i>
1975 Wheeler, Ed M (Jan)	Hilltop, 31 Ballyhay Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0LU (H: 028 9188 4098 / M: 07896 733942)	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>
1985 Whelan, Geoffrey F (Valerie)	The Stables, Nashville Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3536 / W: 01 677 7532)	<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>
# 1979 Whelehan, Harold (Liz)	Treetops, Claremont Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 4139)	<i>Sea Dancer</i>
1991 Whitaker, D Mark (Liz)	Orchard House, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 436 2773 / W: 021 428 1143 / M: 086 813 8612)	<i>Wayfarer (PO)</i>
1988 Whitaker, David (Valerie)	Ashkirk, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 429 2542)	<i>Wayfarer (PO)</i>
1999 White, Derek F (Vivienne)	The Mallard, 4 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, BT30 7LP (H: 028 4488 1331 / W: 028 4488 1323 / M: 07831 332273)	<i>Ballyclaire</i>
+ 1974 White, John N (Sarah)	142 Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 8364 / M: 087 259 4729)	
2001 Whitehead, Duncan (Kerry)	7 Constitution Place., Edinburgh, EH6 7DL (H: +44 1315 532907 / M: +44 7980 613758)	
! 1972 Whitehead, David (Marie)	Glebe, Kinvara, Co. Galway (H: 091 638195 / W: 091 638211 / M: 087 240 9808)	<i>Mystic</i>
# 1968 Williams, W Peter (Anne)	The Whins, 25 Ballykeigle Road, Comber, Newtownards, BT23 5SD (H: 028 9752 8360)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
1984 Williams, J David (Ena)	24 Middle Road, Saintfield, Ballynahinch, Co. Down, BT24 7LP (H: 028 9751 9060 / W: 028 9068 1176 / M: 07763 777502)	<i>Reiver (PO)</i>
#+ 1959 Wolfe, Jack M (-)	3A Dunbo Hill, Howth, Co. Dublin. (H: 01 839 4154)	
1974 Wolfe, Peter C (Jill)	Inglewood, 26 Gilford Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4 (H: 01 269 4316 / M: 086 258 3100)	
+ 1978 Wolfe, John W (-)	Reena Dhuna, Church Cross, Skibbereen, Co. Cork (M: 087 255 8739)	<i>Kylie</i>
* 2009 Wollen, Nigel J (Bindy)	St Annes, Higher Woodfield Road, Torquay, Devon, TQ1 2LE (H: +44 1803 293047)	<i>Wish Hound II</i>
2006 Wood, Michael (-)	11 High St, Tralee, Co. Kerry (W: 087 224 7776 / M: 087 224 7776)	<i>Captain O'Brien</i>
1987 Wood, Trevor RC (Angela)	Rostynan, 1 Haddington Lawn, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 0471 / M: 087 226 1737)	<i>Misty</i>
+ 1999 Woodward, Mary (Joe)	Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 429 1215)	<i>Moshulu III (PO)</i>
1990 Woodward, Joe B (Mary)	Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 429 1215 / W: 021 427 3327 / M: 087 243 2120)	<i>Moshulu III (PO)</i>
1996 Woulfe-Flanagan, Ann (-)	60 Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 3979 / M: 086 264 6231)	<i>Beowulf (PO)</i>
2003 Wright, Nick (Marwyn)	11 Brackenrig Crescent, Waterfoot, Glasgow, G76 0HF (H: +44 141 644 4253)	<i>Talisker</i>
# 1971 Wylie, Ian E (Margaret Haddow)	Flat 1, 2 Clanbrassil Terrace, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 OAP (H: 028 9042 1515 / M: 07715 172059)	

# List of Yachts 2011

To amend an entry, email Cliff Hilliard.

Yacht	Owner	Class	LOA	Hull Colour	Sail No.	Rig/Built	Designer
<i>A Lady</i>	S J Hyde	17.06m	Navy	1758IRL	Bmu Cutter2002	Rob Humphreys	Oyster 56
<i>70M (PO)</i>	R Lovegrove	Canal Boat	18.3m	Black	NA	N/A 1935	Dublin Shipyard Ltd
<i>A Lady</i>	S Hyde	Oyster 56	17.06m	Navy	1758IRL	Bmu Cutter 2002	Rob Humphreys
<i>Adrigole</i>	J O'Riordan	Rival 36	11m	White	R	Sloop 1987	P Brett
<i>Aeolus</i>	M Harris-Barke	Arpege		Blue	IR 416	Sloop 1971	M Dufour
<i>Afar VI (PO)</i>	B Bradley & I Cherry	Moody 47	14.5m	White/Blue		Cutter 2001	Bill Dixon
<i>After Midnight (PO)</i>	A FitzGerald	Cork 1720	8m	White	IRL 1797	Sloop 1998	Tony Castro
<i>Ainmara</i>	H Gomes	One-off	11m	Blue		Bmu. Yawl 1912	JB Kearney
<i>Ajay (PO)</i>	D&G FitzGerald	Westerly Consort	8.9m	White	IRL 2351	Sloop 1980	Laurent Giles
<i>Alakush (PO)</i>	A Booth & J Guinness	Sabre 426	12.8m	White	IR426	Sloop 2004	Jim Taylor
<i>Alchemist</i>	R Barker	Sweden 370	11m	White	IRL 3700	Sloop 1999	Norlin/ Ostmann
<i>Aldebaran (PO)</i>	O&P Murphy	Crossbow 40	12.2m	White/Green	IRL 1999	Sloop 1991	Angelo Lavranus
<i>Aleria</i>	A Blackwell	Bowman	17.4m	White	57	Ketch 1976	Hollman & Pye
<i>Alphida of Howth</i>	H Byrne	Jeanneau Sunrise 34	10.36m	White	IRL1517	Sloop 1986	Jacques Fauroux
<i>Altair</i>	J Smullen	Intl OD	10.2m	Pale Blue	39	Sloop 1937	Bjarne Aas
<i>Alys</i>	D Park	Sadler 34	10.36m	White		Sloop 1984	David Sadler
<i>Ann Again (PO)</i>	B&E Cudmore	Bavaria 42	12.80m	White	IRL 1182	Sloop 2000	J&J designs
<i>Aoibhne (PO)</i>	M O'Gallagher	Stevens 1040	10.4m	White		1990	Stevens
<i>Aoife (PO)</i>	J O'Donnell & R O'Toole	Dolphin 31	9.5m	Blue	21	Sloop 1978	John Sharp
<i>Ar Seachrán</i>	P Barry	Frers 45	13.7	Black		Sloop 1979	Germán Frers
<i>Arcady</i>	R Heard	Motor Cruiser	12.6m	Blue			
<i>Arctic Fern</i>	J Coyle	Najad 45	13.7m	White	4441	Sloop 1999	Najad
<i>Ariadne</i>	A Leonard	Starlight 35	10.67m	White	6094 T	Sloop 2000	Stephen Jones
<i>As Lathair</i>	R Casey	Beneteau First 337	9.98m	White	IRL2301	Frac sloop 1998	Bruce Farr
<i>Atlantic Islander</i>	F McCarthy	Atlantic		White		Ketch 1980	Walter Raynor
<i>Bagheera</i>	J Madden	Jeanneau Sun Charm	12m	White	KH7125	Sloop 1990	Jean Farron
<i>Baily of Howth</i>	M Hall	Oyster 46	14.02m			Ketch 1981	Holman & Pye
<i>Ballatrix</i>	P Bunting	Super Seal 26	7.9m	White		Sloop 1979	Ron Holland
<i>Ballyclaire</i>	D White	Fastnet 34	10.3m	White	156	Sloop 1976	Finot
<i>BeezneeZ</i>	B Fennell	Beneteau Oceanis 473	14.4m	Blue	IRL 1180	Sloop 2002	Berret/Racoupeau
<i>Belladonna</i>	R Lovett	Privilege Cat		White		Sloop	Marc Lombard
<i>Beowulf (PO)</i>	B Corbally & A Woulfe-Flanagan	Hallberg Rassy 42	13.2m	White	Sloop 2001	Germán Frers	
<i>Bigwig</i>	G Chambers	Jeanneau DS 42	12.8m	White		Sloop 2007	Jean Faroux
<i>Birmayne (PO)</i>	J McKenna	Roberts 45	13.6m	White	IRL756	Cutter 1992	Bruce Roberts
<i>Black Pepper 2</i>	H Barry	Sigma 36	11m	White	IR 3636	Sloop 1984	D Thomas
<i>Blackjack (PO)</i>	P Coad	One Off	11.4m	Blue	IRL 1988	Cutter 1980	M Pocock
<i>Blue Echo</i>	P Minnis	Mitchell 31	9.45m	Blue	0	0 1988	Alan Hill
<i>Blue Oyster</i>	J Powell	Oyster 37	11m	Blue	IR 3854	Sloop 1979	Holman & Pye
<i>Blue Squirrel (PO)</i>	S Furney & G Taylor	Jeanneau SO 42	13.41m	Blue	5500C	Sloop 1989	Daniel Andrieu
<i>Bluebell</i>	A Walsh	Drascombe Lugger	5.7m	Blue		Lugger 2003	
<i>Bonnie Boots</i>	D Greenhalgh	Dufour 44		White	87	Sloop 2007	U. Felci/P. Rosbo
<i>Boston</i>	B Brady	Whaler	6.1m	White		Power Boat 1996	Boston Whaler
<i>Busy Bee (PO)</i>	A&J Ley	Beneteau First 32s5	9.8m		IR 615	Sloop 1990	J Berret
<i>C est Formidable</i>	P Clandillon	Dufour Classic 36	10.9m	White	IRL 2036	Sloop 1999	Mortain & Mavrikios
<i>Cadenza</i>	R Fowler	Jeanneau SO 35	10.75m	White	IRL1470	Sloop 2004	Marc Lombard
<i>Capercaillie</i>	J Clow	Nicholson 48	14.63m			Bmu Ketch 1978	Nicholson
<i>Capriole (PO)</i>	G&W Nixon	Cape Dory 25D	7.6m	White	IRL 2544	Sloop 1982	Carl Alberg
<i>Captain O'Brien</i>	M Wood	Bavaria 44	13.41m			Sloop 1995	
<i>Caranja</i>	J Menton	Moody 40	12.19m	White	IRL 801	Sloop 1981	A Primrose
<i>Carna</i>	C Currie	Westerly	8.10m	White		Sloop 1980	
<i>Carragheen</i>	M McKee	Westerly Griffin	7.92m	White		Sloop 1980	Ed Dubois
<i>Carraig Ban</i>	B Layng	Rosebank 34	10.5m	White		Motorboat 2000	J Bennett
<i>Carrigdown</i>	W Walsh	Jeanneau 45.2		White		Sloop 2001	Bruce Farr
<i>Catre</i>	E Rea	Hallberg-Rassy 36	11m	White	HR406	Sloop 1999	Germán Frers
<i>Celtic Spirit of Fastnet</i>	M Holland	Custom Built 72	21.3m	Navy		Ketch 1993	Ed Dubois
<i>Chain</i>	J Curtin	Moody 376	11.40m	White		Sloop 1991	Bill Dixon
<i>Changeling</i>	K Jameson	Sigma 38	11.58m	Dark	IRL 8331	Sloop 1989	D Thomas
<i>Chinook</i>	A Bradley	Beneteau 211	6.4m			Sloop	Group Finot
<i>Christina of Howth</i>	R McCaffrey	Westerly Solway	11m	Green	SY29	Ketch 1978	Laurent Giles
<i>Clarabelle</i>	P O'Mahony	Beneteau 40 CC	12.19m	White		Sloop 1999	Group Finot
<i>Clio</i>	J Banim	Jeanneau Attalia 32	9.9m	White	-IRL3124	Sloop 1984	Joubert & Nivelt
<i>Cliodhna</i>	P Butler	Fisher 31	9.3m			1990	Northshore
<i>Clipper</i>	M Stokes	Wauquiez Amphitrite	13.7m	White		Sloop 1990	Henri Wauquiez
<i>Colla Voce</i>	P Lavelle	Vancouver 27	8.23m			Cutter 1982	R Harris
<i>Concerto (PO)</i>	B Craig	Dufour 455	13.76m	White		Sloop 2006	Umberto Felci/Patrick
<i>Confusion</i>	B Scanlon	Xc 42	12.8m	White	IRL 5750	2009	Neils Jeppesen
<i>Crackerjack</i>	A Markey	Bavaria 31	9.3m	White	IRL 1015	Sloop 2000	J&J
<i>Crackers</i>	O Waldron	Boston Whaler	6.1m	White		MV 1966	Whaler
<i>Crimson Rambler III</i>	H du Plessis	Colvic 23	7m	Red		Sloop 1985	GL Watson
<i>Crosby</i>	P D'Arcy	Jeanneau 43DS	13.11m	Blue		Sloop 2005	
<i>Cruiskeen</i>	M Park	Beneteau Oceanis 40	12	Blue		Sloop 2007	Berret-Racoupeau
<i>Cu Two</i>	S Barnes	Nauticat 40	12m	White	None	Ketch 1989	Sparkman & Stevens
<i>Cuchulain</i>	M O'Farrell	Rival 32	9.6m	White	Z 598	Sloop 1971	P Brett
<i>Cuilau (PO)</i>	M O'Flaherty & B Smullen	McGruer One-off	55m	Varnish	K1988T	Ketch 1970	GT McGruer
<i>Daedalus</i>	T Barry	Dehler 41	12.5m	White		Fractional 2000	Van de Stadt
<i>Danu</i>	V Quinlan	Mauritius	13.1m	White		Ketch 1993	Bruce Roberts
<i>Dom Perignon</i>	A Stokes	Salar 40	12.19m	White		Sloop 1970	L Giles
<i>Doran Glas</i>	P Horan	Oyster Mariner 35	10.9m	White	9	Sloop 1980	Holman & Pye
<i>Dux</i>	A Gore-Grimes	X 302	9.1m	White	IRL 988	Sloop 2000	X-yachts
<i>El-Torro</i>	P Bullick	Elan 434 Impression	13.1m	White	GBR 9720T	Sloop 2007	Humphries
<i>Eleanda (PO)</i>	H&N Lindsay-Fynn	Hallberg Rassy 62	18.8m	White	GBR1609L	Cutter 2007	Germán Frers

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<i>Elgin</i>	M O'Rahilly	Romilly		Black	R 19	Lugger 1999	Nigel Irens
<i>Elva</i>	L Johnston	Sweden Yacht 42	11.8m	White		Sloop 2005	Judel/Vrolijk
<i>Elysium</i>	B Rea	Shipman 28	8.8m	White	IR 653	Sloop 1988-90	Olle Enderlein
<i>Empress III</i>	T Fitzpatrick	Bavaria 47	15m	White	IRL 1811	Sloop 1998	Bavaria Yachts
<i>Encore</i>	F Eves	Bavaria 33	13.1m	White		Sloop 2006	J & J
<i>Endgame</i>	F Doyle	Arcambault 35	10.59m	White	IRL3209	Sloop 2008	N Jeppen
<i>Enigma (PO)</i>	S Adair	Beneteau Oceanis 411	12.5m	White	IRL4111	Sloop 2002	Group Finot
<i>Escapade</i>	H Barry	Drascombe Lugger	6m	White	IR3636	Yawl 2007	John Watkinson
<i>Estrellita</i>	S Fergus	Noray 38	11.5m	White		Sloop 1979	J Cisiers
<i>Euphanzel III</i>	G Crisp	Shipman 28	8.4m			Sloop	Olle Enderlein
<i>Evolution II (PO)</i>	T Dunphy & G Whelan	First 345	11m	White	IR 1345	Sloop 1987	P Briand
<i>Fable (PO)</i>	S Garvin	Legend 34	10.2m	Blue	K 8105	Sloop 1986	Van de Stadt
<i>Family s Pride</i>	R Monson	Fife Ring Netter		Red		Ketch 1932	
<i>Fastnet Dancer</i>	F Rogerson	Hallberg Rassy 45	14.1m	White	32	Cutter F 1990	Germán Frers
<i>Faughan (PO)</i>	J Nixon	SLYC River	8.6m	Green	R3	Bmu Sloop 1946	Alfred Mylne
<i>Faustina II (PO)</i>	A&J Clementson	Bowman 40	12.17m	White	GBR9862	Cutter 1991	Chuck Paine
<i>Feerie</i>	S Cullen	Jeanneau Sundream	8.5m	White	IRL 1112	Sloop 1987	Tony Castro
<i>Fiacra</i>	P Bourke	Westerly Centaur	7.92m	Blue	CR 3581	Sloop 1979	L Giles
<i>Fidget (PO)</i>	D Mowlam	Bavaria 390	12.1m	White		Sloop	
<i>Finavarra</i>	B Sheward	Nicholson 345	10.5m	White		Fractional 1979	Ron Holland
<i>Flamingo</i>	E Bann	East Coast OD.	9.4m	Cream	NA	Sloop 1954	John E Powell
<i>Flica</i>	M Kenworthy	Oyster 53	16.15m	White	5312	Cutter 2001	Rob Humphries
<i>Flight of Fantasy</i>	N Smyth	Oyster 42	12.6m	White		Sloop	
<i>Freya</i>	D Doyle	X442	13.4m	Blue	IRL4477	Sloop 2003	N Jeppen
<i>Freycinet</i>	G O'Connor	Moody 44	13.34m	White	GBR5311T	Sloop 1995	Bill Dixon
<i>Freyja</i>	S Moore	HR 46	14m	White		2000	Germán Frers
<i>Gentle Spirit</i>	H Boyle	Hallberg-Rassy	11.6m	Cream	K4291T	Sloop 1979	Olle Enderlein
<i>Giggles</i>	P Morehead	Moody S31	9m	White	IRL 3739	Sloop 1996	Bill Dixon
<i>Godot</i>	J Godkin	Dufour 44	13.35m	White	IRL 4475	Sloop 2006	Umberto Felci
<i>Golden Nomad</i>	A Aston	Cornish Crabber PT	9.2m+	Yellow	6	Gaff Ketch 1981	R Dongrey
<i>Grand Slam (PO)</i>	J Bourke	Dufour 41 Classic	12.5m	White	IRL2710	Sloop 1998	
<i>Greenfly (PO)</i>	A&M Balmforth	Dinghy	4.5m	Green		1985	Norman Turner
<i>Gwili 3</i>	G McCarter	Starlight 35	10.67m	White	IRL 839	Sloop 1997	Stephen Jones
<i>Hafod</i>	H Gibson	Horizon 36	10m	White		Sloop 1966	
<i>Hallowe'en (PO)</i>	D O'Connor	Fife CS40	24.7m	White	2	Bdn Cutter 1926	William Fife III
<i>Hecuba</i>	J Duggan	MG CS	12m	White	GBR 3778	Sloop 1989	T Castro
<i>Hylasia (PO)</i>	H&I Barnwell	Hylas 42	12.73m	White	IRL 1413	Sloop 1985	Germán Frers
<i>Ibaraki (PO)</i>	P Ryan	GK 34	9.5m	White		Sloop	
<i>Imagine</i>	N Kenefick	Farr 545	16.2m	White		Sloop 2005	Bruce Farr
<i>Imagine</i>	J O'Brien	Jeanneau Sun	13.8m	White		Sloop 2000	
<i>Indulgence</i>	D Sargent	Elan 333	10.2m	White	GBR 8068T	Fractional 2002	Rob Humphreys
<i>Insouciance</i>	G Ralston	Nordia 58	17.68m	White	GBR	Ketch 1983	Van Dam Nordia
<i>Intrigue</i>	D Tucker	Sigma 41	12.5m	White	IRL 906	Sloop 1984	David Thomas
<i>Iona</i>	B Watson	Catalina 28 mkII	8.6m	White	521	Sloop 1997	Frank Butler
<i>Ionian</i>	B Lynch	Westerly Seahawk	10.67m	White		Sloop 1990	Ed Dubois
<i>Irish Mist</i>	A O'Leary	Nelson 40		Navy	1994	Motor	
<i>Irish Mist I</i>	A Baker	Carter 37	11.2m	White	IRL 1172	Sloop 1974	D Carter
<i>Irisha</i>	A Lee	Beneteau 47.7	14.53m			Sloop	Bruce Farr
<i>Island Life</i>	C McHenry	Island Packet 40	12.19m	Beige		Cutter 1998	Bob Johnson
<i>Jabberwock</i>	P Courtney	Sigma 41	12.8m	White	IR 9377	Sloop 1984	David Thomas
<i>Jalapeno (PO)</i>	N Kidney	J109	10.75m	White	J 5109	2002	Rod Johnstone
<i>Jasmine of Shian</i>	J Massey	Cutlass 27	8.22m	White	1163Y	Sloop 1971	Eric White
<i>Jomora</i>	A Robertson	Starlight 35		White	2203 C	Sloop 1996	Stephen Jones
<i>Juffra</i>	M Hill	Nicholson 32	9.7m	White	2246	Sloop 1966	Nicholson
<i>Julia B</i>	B O'Mahony	She 33	10m	White		Sloop	S&S
<i>Jura (PO)</i>	W Kellett	Pretorian 35	10.83m	White	133	Sloop 1984	Holman & Pye
<i>K-Sera</i>	G Coad	Crealock 37	11.28m			Bmu. Cutter 1993	WIB Crealock
<i>Katrilli of Dover (PO)</i>	F Smyth	S&S 38	11.6m	White		Sloop 1977	Olin Stephens
<i>Keirah</i>	D Smyth	Hallberg-Rassy 342	10.3m	White	GBR1401L	Sloop 2006	Germán Frers
<i>Khepri</i>	D Connolly	Laurent Giles 38	11.6m	White		Sloop 1972	Laurent Giles
<i>Kilindini</i>	M Bourke	Dhow	11.9m			Lateen 2008	
<i>Kish</i>	N Casey	Tayana 37	12.5m	White	315	Cutter 1982	Bob Perry
<i>Koala (PO)</i>	P Cullen	Catalina 42 Mk 2	12.6m	White	IRL 2021	Sloop 1995	Gerry Douglas
<i>Kylie</i>	J Wolfe	Kelt 8.5	8.5m			Sloop 1984	Gilles Vaton
<i>L'Avenir</i>	G Donovan	Sunbeam 39	12m	White	IRL3904	Sloop 2004	
<i>Lady Kate</i>	D Walsh	Moody 31	9.45m	White		Sloop 1986	Bill Dixon
<i>La Reveuse</i>	J Banim	Evasion 29	8.8m	Cream	IRL3124	Sloop 1981	Andre Beneteau
<i>Lark</i>	E Kelliher	Ensign 23	6.9m	Navy		Sloop 1963	Alberg
<i>Lazy Life</i>	R Glentoran	Moody 47	14.3m	White		Sloop 1986	Bill Dixon
<i>Leda</i>	S O'Carroll	Westerly Falcon	10.4m	White	IRL1230	Sloop 1986	Ed Dubois
<i>Leemara of Howth (PO)</i>	M Butler	Starlight 39	11.9m	White	K 3711	Sloop 1990	Stephen Jones
<i>Lindos</i>	C Martin	Prospect 900	8.29m	Blue	IR 1181	Sloop 1977	Van de Stadt
<i>Lir</i>	J Coyne	Van de Dtdt 34	10.4m	Blue		Sloop 1990	Van de Stadt
<i>Lively Lady</i>	F Martin	Beneteau First 44.7	13.62m	White	IRL 1644	Sloop 2004	Bruce Farr
<i>Lonehort</i>	D Lovett	Salar 40	12.19m			Sloop 1971	Laurent Giles
<i>Lydia</i>	J Phelan	Hallberg Rassy 31	9.6m	White	HR 87	Sloop 1995	Frers
<i>Mac Duach</i>	M Brogan	Galway Hooker	13.9m	Black		Ketch 1979	Colm Mulkerrins
<i>Macaria</i>	J Law	35ft Gaff Yawl	10.36m	Black	M	Gaff Yawl 1922	Fife / Dickie of Tarbert
<i>Madcap</i>	S Spence	Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter	13.11m	Cream		Gaff Cutter 1875	Davies and Plain
<i>Maeldúin</i>	P Blaney	Hallberg Rassy 54	17m	White/Blue	IRL942	Sloop 2009	Germán Frers
<i>Maimoune (PO)</i>	H&R Barr	Fairy		Green	F 2	Sloop 1902	Linton Hope
<i>Mairi</i>	T Magowan	Achill Curragh	5.5m	Black		c xxxx	
<i>Mandalay</i>	C FitzGerald	Nauticat 33 Pilot House	10m	Dark	IRL 924	Sloop 1974	Saltalia Finland
<i>Mandolin Wind</i>	T Weston	Jeanneau SO	12.85m	White	GBR 1988L	Sloop 2009	Marc Lombard
<i>Maria II</i>	B Siggins	Jeanneau Sunfast 3200	10.10m	White	IRL3207	Sloop 1979	Daniel Andrieu
<i>Marie Claire II</i>	S McCormack	First 30	9.1m	Cream	IRL 806	Sloop 1980	A Maurice

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<i>Marula</i>	S McConnell	Pedro 35	10.7m	White		Motor Yacht 1982	Bederbeke
<i>Mary Lee</i>	J McCann	Reliance 44	13.4m	White		Cutter 1984	Borealis Yachts
<i>Mary P</i>	N Prendeville	Grand Soleil 42	13m	White	IRL	Sloop 1990	Germán Frers
<i>Marydom</i>	D O'Flynn	Albin Motorsailer	7.6m	White		Bmu 1975	Per Brohall
<i>Maximizar (PO)</i>	B&P Branigan	Nordwest 370	11.7m	White		MV 2010	Benny Martinsson
<i>Medi-Mode (PO)</i>	D Dwyer	Moody 39	11.70m	Blue	IRL 6330	Sloop 1979	A. Primrose
<i>Merette</i>	J Kidney	Dragon				Sloop 1998	Johan Hanker
<i>Merlin</i>	D Cummins	1720		White	IRL 1818	Sloop 2003	Castro
<i>Minerva</i>	L Lardner	Jeanneau SO 37	11.3m	White	IRL 1307	Sloop 2005	
<i>Misbehavin (PO)</i>	B Keane	Sigma 33	10m	White	IR 4412	Frac Sloop 1987	David Thomas
<i>Miss Demena</i>	F Long	Mistral	11m	Blue	2303	Sloop 1966	John Alden
<i>Misty</i>	T Wood	Beneteau Oceanis 411	12.71m	White	IRL 7411	Sloop 2000	Group Finot
<i>Misty of Clyde</i>	J Bruen	Hunter 701 mod.	7.1m	Sky	K 8136	Sloop 1976	Oliver J Lee
<i>Model Bee</i>	D McDowell	Beneteau Oceanis	12.5m	White		Sloop 1999	Group Finot
<i>Modus Vivendi (PO)</i>	P Adams	Oyster 55		White		Cutter 1991	Holman & Pye
<i>Mollhawk's Shadow (PO)</i>	D&E Nicholson	Najad 440 AC	13.2m	White	IRL4030	Sloop 2007	Judel/Vrolijk
<i>Molly Bán</i>	H Sisk	One-offer	19.3m	Cream		SSMY 2008	N Irens & T Rye
<i>Moondrifter</i>	M Webb	Macwester Seaforth	11m			Ketch 1978	J. Roy
<i>Moonshadow (PO)</i>	J Kilkeny	Moody 29	8.3m	White/Blue		Sloop 1984	
<i>Moonstruck</i>	J Doran	Beneteau 44C	13.4m	White		Cutter 1995	Bruce Farr
<i>Morning Calm 3 of Sark</i>	L Auchincloss	Trintella 65	19.8m	Green		Cutter 2002	Ron Holland
<i>Moshulu III (PO)</i>	J&M Woodward	Salar 40	12.19m	White	2755	Sloop 1976	Laurent Giles
<i>Muglins (PO)</i>	P Butler	Bavaria 36	10.93m	White	IRL 1327	Sloop F 2003	J & J Designs
<i>Muirneog</i>	P Gallagher	Sadler 29	8.8m	White	K 9429	Sloop 1985	David Sadler
<i>Muscadet (PO)</i>	I Sutton	Seastream 34	10.6m	White		Ketch 1980	Ian Anderson
<i>Mystic</i>	D Whitehead	Moody 27	8.2m	White		Sloop 1984	Bill Dixon
<i>Mystic Tide</i>	D Laurence		11m	White	NA	MY 1993	Linszen
<i>Mystique of Malahide</i>	R Michael	Jeanneau Sun Fizz	11.7m	White	IR 387	Sloop 1983	Phillipe Briand
<i>Narnia</i>	D Jones	Najad	13.41m	White	6667 T	Cutter 1999	Najadvaret
<i>Navillus</i>	B O'Sullivan	Bavaria 50	15.2m	White/Blue	IRL 9094	Bermudan 2006	J & J Designs
<i>Nerina</i>	E Devenney	Hustler 30	9m	White	1436 Y	Sloop 1977	Holman & Pye
<i>Nicu</i>	P Ryan	Nicholson 31		White	1 490	Sloop 1976	Camper & Nicholson
<i>Nimmo</i>	J Killeen		21.3m				Finot
<i>Nimrod of Down (PO)</i>	K Boyd	Hunter Pilot 27	8.2m	Blue		Sloop 2002	David Thomas
<i>Nisha</i>	F Sadlier	Fairy Fisherman	8.5m			Motor Sailer	
<i>No Excuse</i>	T Crosbie	X 302	9m	Blue	IRL1972	Sloop	Jeppesen
<i>North Star</i>	M Delap	Tamarisk 24	7.3m	White	(Tan sails)	Gaff Cutter 1978	David Cannell
<i>Northabout</i>	J Cunnane	Nadja	15m	Aluminium		Bmu Cutter 2001	Caroff Dubfloss
<i>Now What (PO)</i>	D Morrissy	Dubois 33	9.9m	Blue		Sloop 1994	Ed Dubois
<i>Nyabo</i>	T Johnson	Contest 46	14.2m	Dark		Sloop 1994	Dick Zal
<i>Ocean Blue</i>	F Cassidy	Pacific Sea Craft	12.8m	Cream/White		Cutter 2000	Bill Crealock
<i>Ocean Gypsy</i>	J Crebbin	Beneteau Oceanis 423	12.6m	White	IRL 79420	Sloop 2004	Beneteau
<i>Ocean Sapphire</i>	L Bohane	Dehler 41	12.5m	Blue	IRL1741	Sloop 1998	Judel/Vrolijk
<i>Odysseus</i>	P Bryans	Jeanneau SO 36.2	10.97m	White	IRL 7171	Bermudan 1997	Fauroux
<i>Oisin Ban (PO)</i>	A&M Bell	Arcona 430	13.15m	White		Sloop 2009	Stephan Qviberg
<i>Oneiro</i>	P Cudmore	Oceanis Clipper 39.3	11.9m	White	IRL 3930	Sloop 2002	Berret/Racoupeau
<i>Orchestra</i>	M Craughwell	Jongert 20s	22m	White		Ketch 1984	Petersen
<i>Orion na Mara (PO)</i>	F Hand	She 36	10.8m	White	IRL 1995	Sloop 1977	S&S
<i>Oyster Cove</i>	M Coleman	Oyster 53	16.1m	White		Sloop 1988	Holman and Pye
<i>Papageno</i>	P Haden	Westerly Seahawk	10.67m	White	SK 23	Sloop 1985	Ed Dubois
<i>Passe Partout</i>	R Aplin	Dufour 36 Classic	11m	White	IRL 1081	Sloop 2003	Mortain & Mavrikios
<i>Pegasus</i>	P O'Connor	Dufour 32 Classic	9.7m	White	2701	Sloop 2000	J&J Designs
<i>Peggy Bawn</i>	H Sisk	One Off	11m	White		Gaff Cutter 1894	GL Watson
<i>Phoenix</i>	C O'Carroll	Intl Dragon	9m	White	IRL 126	Bermuda 1980	Johann Anker
<i>Picnic</i>	T Foote	Vagabond 31	9.45m	White		Cutter 1983	Harry Becker
<i>Pilgrim Soul</i>	A Curtain	Malo 39	11.89m	White	IRL 1920	Sloop 2003	Leif Angemark
<i>Pip (PO)</i>	G Sargent	LM Vitesse 33	9.85m	White	IRL 3312	Sloop 1989	
<i>Playtime</i>	G Sheridan	Elan 333	10.45m	White	IRL 2558	Sloop 2006	Rob Humphreys
<i>Poppy (PO)</i>	W Lyster	Shipman 28	8.84m	Navy	IR 639	Sloop 1980	Olle Enderlein
<i>Prince of Tides (PO)</i>	J Marrow	Sun Odyssey	14.4m	White	IRL 747	Sloop 1994	Jeanneau
<i>Pure Magic (PO)</i>	B&P Killen	Super Maramu 2000	16.2m	White		Ketch 2004	H Amel
<i>Pylades (PO)</i>	F Quinlan	Caribbean 12m	12.19m	Grey		Cutter 1997	Van de Stadt
<i>Quinta Essentia</i>	C Quinn	Island Packet 29	8.8m			1993	
<i>Rapparee XXX</i>	D McKenna	Jeanneau SO 42	12.80m	White	IRL 1903	Sloop 1993	Guy R Dumas
<i>Raptor</i>	I Stevenson	Beneteau First 42s7	12.95m	White	GBR 5517	Sloop 1994	Bruce Farr
<i>Rathlin</i>	N Duffin	Westerly Riviera	10.6m	White	RA 55	Sloop 1990	Ed Dubois
<i>Rebound (PO)</i>	D Morrissy	Mayflower 48	14.63m	White	IRL 3865	Ketch / 1986	George Stadel Jnr
<i>ReeSpray</i>	D Beattie	Spray 40	12.2m	Black	VA32	Bmu Cutter 2006	Bruce Roberts
<i>Reiver (PO)</i>	J & W Williams	Mylne Design 501	10.67m	White/Green	IRL 576	Sloop 1988	A Mylne
<i>Reziki</i>	R McCutcheon	Legend 376	11.3m	White	376	Sloop 1998	Warren Luhrs
<i>Rezy</i>	J Lyons	Motor	9.5m	White		M/Cruiser 1974	de Vries Lentsch
<i>Rhapsody</i>	S Flood	Club Shamrock	9.2m	Blue	IRL 88	Sloop 1978	Ron Holland
<i>RicJak</i>	J Cahill	One off		Blue		Cutter 1982	Cahill
<i>Roaring Water</i>	J Forde	Moody 33	10.06m	White	IR 360	Sloop 1978	Angus Primrose
<i>Rockstar</i>	F Ennis	Jeanneau 42i	12.85m	White	IRL 2575	Sloop 2007	Marc Lombard
<i>Rosemarie of Cuan (PO)</i>	T Anderson	E&A 40	12.19m	White		Sloop 1984	Van de Stadt
<i>Royal Tara</i>	C Love Jnr.	Nicholson 70	21.34m	White		Ketch 1979	Camper & Nicholson
<i>Ruinette (PO)</i>	D Brazil & J Gallagher	Nicholson 32	9.7m	Blue	1475 Y	Sloop / 1971	Camper & Nicholson / Holman & Pye
<i>Running Wild (PO)</i>	R Sullivan	Hunter Impala	8.5m	Blue	IRL 9570	Sloop 1980	David Thomas
<i>Rupert (PO)</i>	R Lovegrove	Sigma 33	9.9m	White	IRL4518	Sloop 1987	David Thomas
<i>Rusalka</i>	R Butler	Corribee Mk1	6.25m	Dark	37	Sloop c.1970	P. Milne
<i>Sabrone</i>	P McGlade	Moody 44	13.13m	White		Sloop 1991	Bill Dixon
<i>Safari of Howth (PO)</i>	C Kavanagh	HR42E	12.8m	White	IRL 4251	Ketch 1982	Enderlein / Rassy
<i>Sai See (PO)</i>	C Thornhill		12.2m	Green		Yawl 1960	S&S
<i>Saki</i>	P McCormack	Nicholson 31	9.4m	White	IR 246	Sloop 1979	Camper & Nicholson
<i>Salar</i>	B McMahan	Cutlass	8.2m	White		Sloop 1970	White & Hill

Yacht	Owner	Class	LOA	Hull Colour	Sail No.	Rig/Built	Designer
<i>Sapphire</i>	P O'Sullivan		10m	White		Sloop 2008	J&J designs
<i>Sancerre</i>	P Mullan	Jeanneau SO 33i	10m	White		Sloop 2010	Marc Lombard
<i>Sandy Ways</i>	T Cooke		10.7m	Green	IRL 741	Ketch 1979	Holman & Pye
<i>Saoirse of Cork</i>	C Hayes	Najad 520	15.85m	White	IR52000	Cutter 1996	Carl Beyer
<i>Sapphira</i>	R Brown	Halmatic 30	9.5m	Blue		Sloop 1980	John Sharp
<i>Sattwa</i>	V Moran	Jeanneau SO	12.2m	White		Sloop 1999	Daniel Andrieu
<i>Sceolaing</i>	J Delap	Nicholson 43	12.9m	Navy	2455	Sloop 1965	R Wall
<i>Schollevaer</i>	D Beattie	Lemsteraak	17.98m	White	VA32	Gaff Cutter 1913	Van Groningen
<i>Sea Dancer</i>	H Whelehan	Jeanneau SO	9.7m	White	IRL 1692	Sloop	Jeanneau
<i>Sea Fever of Cuan</i>	T Lusty	Amel Super	15.97m	White	425	Ketch 2004	Henri Amel
<i>Sea Fox</i>	J Magee	Motor Sailer		White	1940	Ketch 1940	WM Hand
<i>Sea Psalm</i>	P Taylor	Kelt 9	9m	White	1152	Bermudan 1984	Philippe Briand
<i>Sea Spirit 1</i>	G Fassenfeld	Fisher 34	10.0	Navy		Ketch 1990	Wyatt and Freeman
<i>Sea Sprite</i>	C Hilliard	Jeanneau Symphonie	9.6m	White	IR 7435	Sloop 1982	Philippe Briande
<i>Seaduction</i>	A Doherty	Jeanneau 42i	13.1m	Blue	EI 1199	Sloop 2009	Marc Lombard
<i>Seafra</i>	B Black	Deck Saloon	11m	White		Sloop 1985	Angus Primrose
<i>Seascope of Down (PO)</i>	E&P Ronaldson	Westerly Conway	10.9m	White	255	Ketch 1981	Laurent Giles
<i>Selkie</i>	J McDonagh	Van de Stadt	12.19m	Alloy	RL404040	Cutter 2010	Van de Stadt
<i>Selkie</i>	S McCurdy	Custom	11.6m	black	USA 40808	Sloop 1986	McCurdy & Rhodes
<i>Seoidin</i>	B Travers	Cornish Crabber 24 Mk1	7.3m			Gaff Cutter 1978	Ron Dongray
<i>Setanta</i>	J Cudmore	Jeanneau SO	11.28m	White	IRL1566	Sloop 2000	J Fauroux
<i>Shady Maid</i>	F Ranalow	Oyster 39	12m	White		Ketch 1979	Holman & Pye
<i>Shamrock</i>	B Drew	Down East	11m	Blue		M/Cruiser	Jarvis Newman
<i>Shanagan</i>	V O'Farrell	Norseman 40 Cat	12.1m			Sloop	Alexander Simonis
<i>Shelduck</i>	N Hegarty	Dufour 34	10.2m	White	IRL 412	Sloop 2003	Umberto Felci
<i>Siamsa (PO)</i>	M D'Alton	Ruffian 23	7m	White	268	Sloop	WP Brown
<i>Siolta</i>	B McKean	Victoire	11.22m	white	40C	Cutter 1998	Koopmans
<i>Sirikit III (PO)</i>	B Colfer & G Johnston	Nicholson 32 MkVII	9.75m	White	IR 32	Sloop 1968	Nicholson
<i>Solitaire</i>	D Turvey	Jeanneau SO	10.8	White		Sloop	
<i>Southerly (PO)</i>	J Osborne	Custom bult	17.07m	Blue		Ketch 1973	Sparkman & Stephens
<i>Southern Breeze</i>	S Brownlow	Jeanneau SO 45DS	13.7m	White		Sloop 2008	Philippe Briand
<i>Sparetime</i>	P Crowley	Beneteau Swift Trawler 42	13.6m	White	IRL 1203	MV 2008	Joubert Nivelte
<i>Sparkle</i>	B Gallagher	Sadler 34	10.36m	White	IRL 702	Sloop 1986	Martin Sadler
<i>Spirit of Oysterhaven</i>	O Hart		21.3m	White		Marconi Schooner 1972	Frederick Parker
<i>Splashdance</i>	G Roberts	Dufour 40	12.2m	White	IRL 4073	Sloop 2003	U Felci
<i>Springtide</i>	P Mullins	Piper 24 OD	7.3m	Magenta	ANT24	Sloop 1966	David Boyd
<i>Stardancer (PO)</i>	A&P Lyons	Dufour 385	11.7m	White	1511	Sloop 2007	Umberto Felci
<i>Storm Boy</i>	L McElligott	Fisher 37	11.3m	Blue		Ketch 1978	David Freeman
<i>Suaeda</i>	A Hutchinsonson	Nicholson 35	10.67m	Navy	2199 Y	Sloop 1973	Camper & Nicholson
<i>Sunflower of St Mawes</i>	V O'Farrell	Macwester Wight 31	9.67m			Ketch	CSJ Roy
<i>Suvretta</i>	S Davis	Rival 41	12.5m	White		Sloop 1994	Peter Brett
<i>SwanSong (PO)</i>	C&R Fielding	Jeanneau 655	7.3m	Cream		MV 2008	Jeanneau
<i>Talisker</i>	N Wright	Moody 40	12.03m	Blue	1355 C	Sloop 1998	W Dixon
<i>Tallulah</i>	A Rountree	Legend 34	10.36m	Cream	IR 527	Sloop 1987	Van de Stadt
<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	A Kenny	Chance 37	11.28m	Blue	Irl 112	Cutter 1972	Britton Chance
<i>Tara</i>	R Stewart	Alden 54	16.4m				
<i>Tara of Moyle</i>	O Lynas	Fjord 33	10m	Beige		Sloop 1973	Eivind Amble
<i>Teal</i>	I French	Jeanneau SO	10.7m	White	IRL 1237	Bmu Sloop 2006	
<i>Tertia of Lymington</i>	W Dickinson	Contessa 35	10.7m	White	K 4187	Sloop 1978	Doug Peterson
<i>Texa</i>	J Watson	Elan 40	12.2m		4049C	Sloop	Rob Humphreys
<i>Tidal Dancer</i>	D Jones	Oceanis 43	13.1m	White		Bmu Sloop 2007	Berret Racoupeau
<i>Tillygreig</i>	S Musgrave	Dehler 41	12.5m	White	IRL 4114	Sloop 1998	Judel/Vrolijk
<i>Toirse II</i>	J Cudmore	Jeanneau SO 42	12.85m	White	IRL	Sloop 2009	Marc Lombard
<i>Tosca V</i>	H Kennedy	She 36	10.8m	White	5828	Sloop 1980	Sparkman & Stevens
<i>Tresillian IV</i>	J Clapham	Oyster 39	12.05m	White	K 4406	Ketch 1981	Holman & Pye
<i>Trick or Treat</i>	A Pearson	Poppeteer 22	6.6m	Red	15	Sloop 1981	Chris Boyd Yachts
<i>Trininga (PO)</i>	D Johnston	Atlantic 40	12.19m	White		Ketch 1979	WF Rayner
<i>Tritsch-Tratsch IV</i>	O Glaser	F&C 44	13.4m	Red	IR 381	Ketch 1981	Germán Frers
<i>Tux</i>	M O'Keeffe	X332	8.84m	White	IRL 892	Fractional 1997	N Jeppesen
<i>Twayblade</i>	J Virden	Norman	9.80m	Blue		Sloop 1961	A. Buchanan
<i>Twilight Song</i>	M Buckley	Westerly Centaur	7.9m	White		Sloop 1980	Laurent Giles
<i>Twocan</i>	F Freeman	Shipman 29	8.8m	White	IR 553	Sloop 1973	Olle Enderlein
<i>Ursula</i>	R Watson	Hallberg-Rassy 312	9.42m	White/Blue		Sloop 1985	
<i>Vagrant of Clyde</i>	B McLaren	Bowman 40	12.17m	White		Cutter 1989	Chuck Paine
<i>Verdi III</i>	P Dorgan	Hallberg-Rassy 42F	13m	White		Sloop 1997	Germán Frers
<i>Volare</i>	J Rohan	Princess 50	15m	White		Motor Cruiser	
<i>Voyager</i>	B&R MacManus	Sweden 42	13.88m	Blue		Sloop 2004	Norlin
<i>Voyageuse</i>	L Kavanagh	Voyager 35	10.7m	Green		Sloop 1978	Angus Primrose
<i>Wave Dancer</i>	J Daly	Moody 376	11.45m	White	IR 1376	Sloop 1989	Bill Dixon
<i>Waxwing (PO)</i>	P&S Gray	Rival 41	12.50m	White		Cutter 1980	Peter Brett
<i>Wayfarer (PO)</i>	D&M Whitaker	Hallberg Rassy 36	11.3m	White		Frac Sloop 2000	Germán Frers
<i>Whimbrel</i>	D Faulkner	Hawk dinghy	6.1m	White		Sloop 2008	
<i>Whitefire</i>	N McFerran	Rebel 42	12.8m	White		Ketch 1985	Van de Stadt
<i>William Tell of Uri</i>	S Lantry	Bowman 40	12.19m	White		Cutter 1988	Chuck Paine
<i>Winefreda of Greenisland</i>	G Villiers-Stuart		9.75m	White		Bmu Cutter 1890	Admiralty
<i>Wish Hound II</i>	N Wollen	Bowman 40	12.17m	White	K4026	Cutter 1989	Chuck Paine
<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>	E Wheeler	Contessa 35	10.8m	Red	IR777	Sloop 1976	Doug Peterson
<i>Wizard</i>	D Glover	Northshore 33	10m	White	6349	Sloop 1983	J Kaufman
<i>Wolfhound</i>	A McGettigan	Swan 43	13m	White	IRL1110	Sloop 1987	R Holland
<i>Xanadu (PO)</i>	N Kean	Frers 48	16.3m	Blue		Ketch 1982	Germán Frers
<i>Y2K</i>	D Lindsay	RIB	5.5m	Bk/Or			Humber
<i>Yami Yami</i>	M Kirby	Sadler 25	7.63m	Red	IR 46	Sloop 1978	D Sadler
<i>Yoshi (PO)</i>	D Cross	Sweden Yacht 45	14.1m	White	IR 4541	Sloop 2003	Norlin/Ostmann
<i>Young Larry</i>	M Breathnach	Challenge 67	20.42m	Yellow		Gaff Yawl 1995	Couture
<i>Zephyr</i>	T Clarke	Targa 31	9.4m	Blue		M/Cruiser 2007	Fairline

# THE CHALLENGE CUP AWARDS

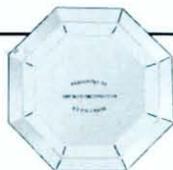
Every year the Flag Officers appoint an Adjudicator to award the Challenge Cup Awards.

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



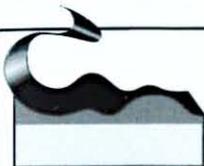
## THE STRANGFORD CUP

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



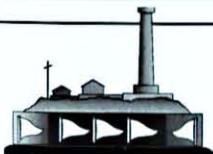
## THE FINGAL CUP

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



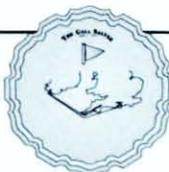
## THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

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



## THE DUNN'S DITTY SALVER

AWARDED FOR THE BEST  
DUNN'S DITTY SUBMITTED

