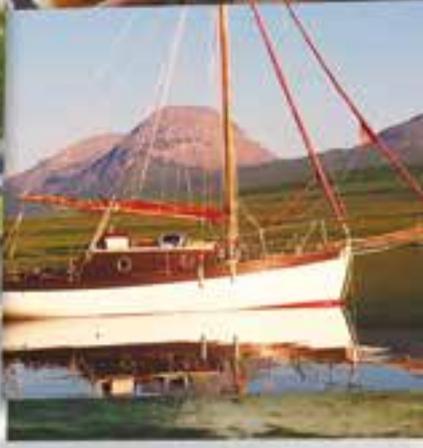
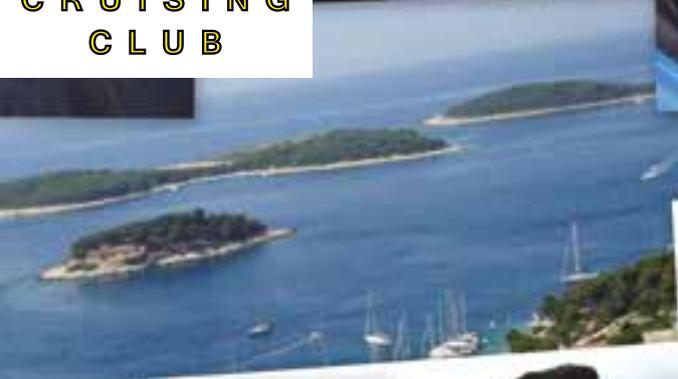


2013 ANNUAL



IRISH CRUISING CLUB



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Front Cover: A collage of photographs submitted by members with their logs

Back Cover: The Aurora Borealis over East Greenland

Submissions for the 2014 Annual

To reach the Honorary Editor, Ed Wheeler, Hilltop Farm, 31 Ballyhay Rd., Donaghadee, Co Down, BT21 0LU.

Email: annual@irishcruisingclub.com. Tel.: 00 44 28 91 884098, Mob. 00 44 7896733942, by 21st October 2014. Logs received after that date will not be included nor considered for an award.

Notes for Contributors

Logs

May be typically 2000-5000 words, major cruises up to 7000-10,000.

Should be submitted by email or on disc or data stick in MS Word or Rich Text format only.

Log titles must include the name of the author and the name of the area cruised.

Track charts are always useful and will be standardised from sketch maps in paper or electronic format.

Summaries (including such items as dates and durations of passages, multiple crew lists, and detailed track charts) are optional.

Please send to the Editor with your log, **but note that due to space constraints it may not be possible to publish it in the Annual. However they will be included with your log in the Club Website archive.**

Photographs: send about 1 photo per 800 words. Digital photos should be on disc or data stick. Please do not email photographs as file sizes are large. Please ensure that captions are provided for all photographs. Digital cameras should be set to 'Print Quality' (300 dpi).

Photographs which illustrate the places visited in a manner useful to other members are appreciated. Pictures of members and their crews are welcome, but be sure to indicate the names in the caption (in the sequence shown on the photograph). Upright (portrait format) photos will be welcome as well as landscape format.

All logs will be entered for Awards, unless requested otherwise

Dunn's Ditties

May be 200-800 words; anecdotal and illustrative of cruise highlights (or lowlights) or a cruise summary.

Editorial requirements

Please adhere to these in-house conventions:

Layout and fonts: Use standard fonts. Do not insert line breaks or extra paragraph breaks. Do not insert extra spaces. Do NOT embed graphics or photographs in logs.

Spelling: please ensure the accuracy in spelling of place-names: use the spelling given on your charts, and be careful of accents etc in names in languages other than English (for example ä, ü, ø, optional i or y in Greek, vowel-free Croatian etc.) Do not use italics or capitals for place names.

Use *Italics* for yacht and ship names; (do not use capitals, “ “ or ‘ ’)

Clock times should be on the 24-hour clock, with a full stop between hours and minutes (e.g. 06.30 and **Not** 06.30 hrs)

Compass bearings should be in numbers – see example below

Wind speed expressed as mean-speed – see example below

Wind direction given in full, and in lower case – see example below

Example: We departed 06.30 on June 7th, sailing 235° true, in a northwest force 4 which later veered to north-northwest force 6, bound for 54°30' north 06°13' west. **Do Not** use ENE, WSW, F 4, etc

Boat speed should be in **knots**, not kn, kt, knt

Distances at sea should be given in **miles**, not m, nm, nautical miles.

The Editor may limit the material to be published, and may consult the Editorial Subcommittee

Our thanks to Bill Rea for organising the Annual's distribution and to Ann Woulfe-Flanagan for overseeing the inscribing and presentation of the Club Trophies, and ensuring their subsequent return.

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Irish Cruising Club Annual 2013



Mick Delap's *North Star*, Tamarisk 24 gaff cutter, in Lowlandman's Bay, Jura, with the Paps in the background

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Irish Cruising Club Annual 2013

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Challenge Cup Awards (illustration and description).	Inside Back Cover

Honorary Secretary's Report

This year the Committee elected ten new members, whose names are listed below. The process of assessing membership applications has received a great deal of attention from the Committee in recent years. Further modifications to the application process are being considered to encourage more applications by suitable candidates, especially younger persons.

Regrettably, the deaths of eight members took place in 2013. Their names and those of the members who died late in 2012, are recorded below. Sadly, Mike Balmforth, who contributed so much to ICC Publications and especially to the very successful publication, Cruising Ireland, died in the last days of 2012.

There were four retirements from Committee – Frank Ranalow (3 years), John Clementson (7 years), Bill Brady (5 years) and Len Curtin (4 years). They each made a very substantial contribution to the organisation of Club events and to the work of the Committee.

Six new Committee members were elected at the Annual General Meeting. They are Lynn Johnson (N), Tom Kirby and Philip McAuliffe (S), Tom Fitzpatrick and Robert Barker (E) and John O'Donnell (W).

The AGM was held on 15 February in the Royal St. George Yacht Club. More than 140 members attended, the largest attendance for many years. The meeting approved a rule change, relating to an application to the Revenue Commissioners in the event of a wind-up of the Club.

The Annual Dinner, organised by Frank Ranalow and his team in the West Region, was held over the weekend of 9th/10th March 2013. Galway provided its usual warm welcome and sunny weather for the Saturday outdoor activ-

ities. The Dinner was attended by 222 members and friends.

The main Club events for July 2013 were a cruise to the Isles of Scilly, ably organised by Robert Fowler and a weekend rally to Islay, organised by Alan Leonard. The cruises were a great success, with 50 members and friends at Ardbeg, Islay and 16 boats and 60 people in the Scillies, where the attendance of four boats was disrupted by bad weather.

The Regions ran a busy programme of events. End of season mini rallies were held in Glenarm, Greystones and Cork. The informal lunch programmes in North, South and East regions continue to draw support from members and provide a good forum to exchange cruising experiences.

A completely revised 13th edition of the Sailing Directions for the South and West Coast was published by ICC Publications Ltd., in a new format. As we have come to expect under the expert dedication of Editor Norman Kean, this edition includes many improvements, including magnificent photographs, many detailed chartlets and a host of new places to visit. It was warmly received by cruising and professional mariners.

The website, under John Clementson's care, continues to develop and is the most up-to-date source of information about ICC. It also contains links to other sites of interest to cruising sailors.

The weather in home waters gave some severe conditions in June and early July before it settled to provide the best sunshine for many years in August.

Cliff Hilliard, Honorary Secretary

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE

Commodore:	David Tucker (South)	Year 3
Vice Commodore:	Alan Leonard (North)	Year 2
Rear Commodore:	Peter Courtney (East)	Year 2
Rear Commodore:	Tom Foote (West)	Year 1
Hon. Treasurer:	Robert Barker	Year 1
Hon. Secretary:	Cliff Hilliard	Year 3

North	South	East	West
Stanton Adair (Yr 4)	John Daly (Yr 7)	Robert Fowler (Yr 5)	Peter Fernie (Yr 4)
Graham Chambers (Yr 3)	Richard Cudmore (Yr 2)	Alan McGettigan (Yr 4)	
Tony Weston (Yr 2)	Tom Kirby (Yr 1)	Richard Lovegrove (Yr 3)	
Lynn Johnston (Yr 1)	Philip McAuliffe (Yr 1)		

Ex Officio: Ed Wheeler, Chairman, Irish Cruising Club Publications Ltd

John Clementson, Hon. Web Editor

NON-COMMITTEE ROLES

Editor, Sailing Directions: Norman Kean	Club Accessories: Cliff Hilliard
Editor Newsletter: Peter Fernie	Club Trophies: Ann Woulf-Flanagan
Editor Annual: Ed Wheeler	Distribution of Annual: Bill Rea
Subscriptions Treasurer: Tony Weston	Hon. Archivist: Barbara McHenry
Hon. Admissions Officer: Richard Lovegrove	
NEW MEMBERS ELECTED ON 18 JANUARY 2013:	
Derek Bothwell (E)	Conor O'Byrne (W)
Colin Cunningham (N)	John O'Dea (W)
Henry Irvine (E)	Ken Price (E)
Tony Irwin (N)	Jim Sammon (N)
Ken Kavanagh (E)	Viv White (N)
DECEASED MEMBERS SINCE ANNUAL 2012	
November 2012: Stanley Dyke (E), 1965	
December 2012: Mike Balmforth (UK), 2000; Henry Barnwell (E), 2000	
January: Frank McAuley (E), 1961	
February: Maura Pritchard (N), 1966	
March: Denis Johnston (N), 1979	
April: Peter Guinness (UK), 1963; Somers Payne (S), 1969	
May: Henry Horsman (E), 1952	
June: Paul Osterberg (N), 1949	
October: David Park (N), 1969	
November: Patrick Knatchbull (N), 1999	

CLUB AWARDS 2013

The John B. Kearney Cup: Awarded for outstanding contributions to Irish sailing to Brian Craig for many years of attracting and chairing the organising committee for national and international sailing events such as the ISAF Youth World Championships, Star Worlds, Dun Laoghaire Regatta, ICRA National Championship; directing racing for the Optimist European Championships and Dun Laoghaire Regatta; and for Chairmanship of ISAF.

The Wright Salver: Awarded by the Northern Area Committee to John Clementson in recognition of his tireless efforts on behalf of the Club, particularly as Webmaster since 2007. In addition, he has maintained the database of members, published the "Green Book" and arranged printing and distribution of Newsletters.

The Aran Islands Trophy: Awarded by the Western Area Committee to Anne Kenny for extensive cruising in Europe in recent years as skipper of her own boat *Tam O' Shanter* and as crew on Neil Hegarty's *Shelduck*.

The Waterford Harbour Cup: Awarded by the Southern Area Committee to RNLi Kinsale for their outstanding rescue on 24 July 2013 of 23 sail trainees, six crew and ship's captain from the brigantine 'ASTRID', aground on a lee shore.

The Donegan Memorial Trophy: Awarded by the Eastern Area Committee to W M Nixon for over 50 years of delighting us with wonderful contributions to the ICC Annual.

The Gull Salver: Awarded to the highest placed Irish yacht in the RORC Fastnet Race: *Discover Ireland*, owner Martin Breen, sailed by Aodhan Fitzgerald, 18th overall.

The Fastnet Award: Awarded by the Flag Officers of the Club for exceptional achievements and for excellence in or closely related to cruising under sail. (Not awarded)

Dunn's Ditty Salver (in the gift of the Annual Editor): Awarded to Raymond Fielding for his recollections of Fred Cudmore

Note from the incoming Annual Editor

Prof. Chris Stillmann did such a splendid job for so many years that I find it quite daunting to follow him as Editor. He has provided me with help and advice and I have also had cooperation from Pat Conneely of Typeform Ltd. My particular thanks go to John Clementson, who has produced all the track charts in a new consistent style. He and Peter Ronaldson also helped with proof-reading.

I should explain that I have taken on the task of laying out the book as well as of editing it. The Club has acquired a suite of Adobe design software which outputs print-ready material. This should achieve two objectives: a small reduction in cost through cutting out a professional stage in the production process but, more importantly, enabling the Editor to lay out, control and correct the contents as he goes along, thus, one hopes, avoiding a last-minute rush, which should also help to reduce errors in the finished product. However, there is a steep learning curve to these complex software packages, so I hope that readers will forgive a perhaps less than totally professional look to this year's Annual. It should get better. I should also say that this software is the same as that used by Norman Kean in the Sailing Directions. The results there are first-class and Norman has also been a great help to me with advice.

While the last thing any Journal Editor should do is to impose a standard style on authors, I would like to make a few points and requests. First of all, we provide some Notes for Contributors on the inside cover of each year's Annual. I would ask that you please read these carefully and try as far as possible to comply with them. A log that may look good on your own computer, with, for example, fancy fonts, photographs embedded in the text, extra line spacing and so on just makes extra work for the Editor. Plain text (but yacht names in italics) using standard fonts in Word or Rich Text Format (RTF) can be dropped straight into my system. The text of logs may be emailed to me. Photographs should be as high resolution as possible, in JPG format and submitted on data stick or CD, not emailed. (I make an exception for people who may be cruising in far-flung places). There is no longer any need for hard-copy.

As I said above, I don't want to constrain anyone's style but I do have to edit the logs into a reasonably-sized book, so please keep to the guidelines regarding number of words, please try to get punctuation, grammar and spelling right and avoid too much parenthesis and too many screamers (exclamation marks - these will be ruthlessly excised). Particularly for the benefit of the Adjudicator, please put in start and finish and other significant dates and provide a table of passage information.

For reasons of space, I have not credited photographs. Good photos are always needed, portrait format as well as landscape (very few portrait format were received this year). My thanks to all contributors.

Ed Wheeler, Editor

Challenge Cup Awards

David Whitehead

Like my predecessors I am honoured to have been assigned the task of Adjudicator by the Commodore, although this sentiment is tinged with some trepidation, as one might expect considering the cruising achievements of generations of ICC members over more than eighty years. I am aware that it is a considerable task to prepare and submit a log in addition to planning and executing a cruise, that it is not an entirely unalloyed pleasure, requiring as it does a degree of discipline and honesty in describing the pleasures and problems encountered and an appropriate mixture of satisfaction and humility depending on the perceived success, or otherwise, of the endeavour. So as Adjudicator I would like to express my thanks to all those who have submitted their logs.

In Ireland we were blessed with a summer considerably more clement that has been our lot over the last four or five years, although the better weather was a long time in coming. Those who set off in late May and early June encountered cold, windy and wet conditions which were quite distinct from the fine weather that set in later in the year and this is reflected in the logs of cruises in home waters.

Quite a number of cruises were dogged by engine and other electrical and mechanical problems. The modern cruising yacht has become much more comfortable but at the expense of a huge proliferation of mechanical, electrical, electronic and safety systems. Thus the engine's role has become much more than an auxiliary form of propulsion; it is now essential to meeting electrical power loads unthought of by our predecessors. Apart from the need of an engine to use marinas, electrical power and thus battery charging by engine is needed for navigation instruments, autohelm, lighting, radar, AIS, VHF, Chart Plotter, mobile phone, computer and tablet charging, plumbing pressure, cabin and water heating, to run showers and to make ice for the G&Ts. As a consequence of this engine failure is now a cruise threatening event rather than merely an inconvenience and as such has to be dealt with and the efforts involved are recorded in several logs at some length.

Before moving to the awards themselves I must put in a strong plea for authors to read and conform to the requirements set out inside the front cover of the Annual in future. Had the requirements been rigorously observed, only a single log would have qualified to be awarded a trophy this year. No names- no pack drill, but the author himself will know who submitted it! The Adjudicator's job is made extremely difficult by having to reconstruct distances from Google Earth, count days spent on the cruise, identify the number and type of ports and anchorages visited, work out how many people were on board at any time and where, when and how many, crew changes took place. A majority of logs did not even record the start and finish date (or either), of the cruise, nor supply any of the other infor-

mation which is required. Strictly speaking the terms of award of the **Faulkner Cup** also require a description of the vessel in which the cruise was made as well.

The Awards

A total of 39 logs were submitted in time to meet the closing date for the Awards and they described cruises in the Baltic and Mediterranean Seas, the Atlantic, Pacific and Southern Oceans, the west coast of Scotland and in Irish waters, the latter including an astonishing six Round Ireland cruises. Only three logs were submitted of what could be considered “Blue water” cruises and one log featured a long voyage in distant and exotic waters.

The Faulkner Cup

I suppose it is inevitable that the extraordinary number and standard of logs of blue water, polar and world girdling cruises can not be maintained indefinitely and with one exception the logs submitted this year reflected the cruising activity of members whose time is constrained by work, family and other commitments. Until the eleventh hour, no log was submitted which recorded an epic cruise of the type that has been a feature of the Annuals over the last half decade or so.

Then there appeared a log of a voyage – the term cruise is far too tame – a voyage to rank with any in the illustrious annals of the ICC and one which stands head-high with the most adventurous of any cruising achievements. This log records the single handed voyage of **Sam Davis** aboard his Rival 41 *Suvretta* from Tonga to Strangford Lough.

Sam encountered what reads like several lifetimes worth of gales, calms and headwinds in his voyage, which comprised several immense passages. The first was from Tonga, via Cape Horn, to Port Stanley in the Falklands, six thousand six hundred miles in 66 days, during which he encountered hurricane force winds and seas in dangerous proximity to the Falkland Islands. Then from Port Stanley to Jacare in Brazil; five thousand one hundred miles in 56 days, and another storm of survival-level conditions. After a month’s stay to repair and recuperate, the next passage was to Horta in the Azores, with a frustrating delay in the doldrums. On this passage he logged just over three thousand three hundred miles and the passage time was 36 days. According to Sam this was “A relaxing and uneventful passage”.

Finally from Horta to Kinsale, eleven hundred and eighty miles in ten days - and then relaxed port-hopping back to Strangford. This is a wonderfully modest account of an epic and inspiring adventure and is full of useful and hard-won experience about the preparation for and management of a small vessel in the oceans of the world. I am immensely pleased to award the **Faulkner Cup** to **Sam Davis** and extremely proud that he is a member of our club.

The Strangford Cup

Several logs were submitted of interesting and merito-



Hon. Adjudicator on passage from the Azores, 2008

rious cruises ranging from the the Mediterranean and Baltic to northern Atlantic waters and I found it a difficult choice to decide which of these should rank as the alternative best cruise. **John Duggan** submitted a log of an exemplary, and clearly most enjoyable, cruise aboard *Hecuba* from Portugal to the Madeira and Azores Archipelagos, where he visited all the inhabited islands and landed on all but one, Corvo, which was, however circumnavigated. John, like the Adjudicator, loves the Azores but to cruise to them two years in succession is quite an achievement and a tribute to their calling power. A well-written log of a very good cruise which may induce others to visit these wonderful, if rather distant, cruising destinations - for which the **Strangford Cup** is awarded.

Judging cruises that might qualify for **The Fortnight Cup** was a challenge, as most of the logs of the shorter cruises did not record the start and finish dates, although one or two logs did actually mention the odd date or day of the week. This made deciding which logs qualified rather more difficult than should be strictly necessary and only one log actually recorded the number of days the cruise lasted **Nigel and Heleen Lindsay Finn** submitted an excellent log of a ten day cruise in Coatian waters aboard *Eleanda* that reflects their great enjoyment of a quiet and calmly executed cruise in detail of the very beautiful and historically interesting area they explored and to them I award the **Fortnight Cup**.

Six logs qualified for **The Round Ireland Navigation Cup**, all of which record interesting and able cruises, but several were plagued by mechanical or electrical problems. The standard of these cruises and the logs submitted made adjudication of the award a difficult task, as is evidenced by other awards received by some of them. I award the trophy to **Donal Walsh**, who circumnavigated our island aboard *Lady Kate*, the smallest yacht to complete such a cruise in 2013. They visited an astonishing thirty seven harbours and anchorages, including some rarely visited ones such as

Malin, Inishmurray, Keem Bay, Kilkeiran, Macdara's Island and Doolin in an anticlockwise cruise from Dungarvan. Donal also provides an honest account of the mechanical difficulties he encountered and overcame. A grand Round Ireland Cruise in a relatively small yacht.

Seven Logs qualified for the **Wybrants Cup**; Scotland seems to have been a popular target this summer as one of the Round Ireland cruises also visited and spent some interesting time there. The Trophy is awarded to **Joe and Trish Phelan** whose cruise aboard *Lydia* to my mind exemplifies the best features of a Scottish cruise - leisurely days on the Clyde, traverses of the Crinan Canal and visits to a goodly selection of time-hallowed Hebridean anchorages. The log makes it clear that, although the weather encountered seems to have been generally pretty nasty, the cruise was really enjoyable. Joe, Trish and *Lydia* took it all in their stride – an excellent log.

The Fingal Cup is awarded to a log that particularly appealed to the Adjudicator and the peripatetic voyage of *Ar Seachrán*, slowly around Ireland and up the west coast of Scotland with a variety of crews, which also records much shoreside hill walking and music making and the occasional pint (or several), did just that. **Paddy Barry** and his multifarious crew members, between walking, music making and occasional imbibing, spent pretty much the whole summer making the cruise and evidently they enjoyed it so much they did not rush to end it!

The Atlantic Trophy is awarded to **Sam Davis** for his epic cruise from Tonga to Strangford Lough, a voyage of several passages of many thousands of miles.

The Rockabill Trophy is also awarded to **Sam Davis**. While many aspects of his voyage merit the award of the **Rockabill Trophy**, the exceptional feat of seamanship which I want to recognise is that displayed in the weathering of a survival-level storm, with winds in excess of 60 knots and seas to match, which he encountered on his approach to Port Stanley in The Falkland Islands. Sam's modest account of the appalling conditions encountered and overcome filled me with immense admiration for his ability, stamina and courage and the forethought, meticulous preparation and standard of maintenance which will be evident to readers who have been caught out in heavy weather. No doubt Sam would also cite the contribution made by the boat and the series drogue he used.

Eight logs qualified for **The Glengarriff Trophy** including the four that were Round Ireland Cruises and one that also included some time on the west coast of Scotland. The trophy is awarded to **Harry Whelehan and Sea Dancer** who made it around Ireland on his second attempt in successive years – this time a twenty six day clockwise circumnavigation in May/June. They encountered more than their share of both unpleasant weather and mechan-

ical problems but coped admirably with both and visited a goodly number of out of the way places en route. A detailed and nicely presented log of a cruise that deserves recognition.

Only two "First ICC" logs were received. **Peter Mullan's** log of his round Ireland cruise in which he honestly and accurately describes the modern cruising yacht as a sort of marine hybrid vehicle also illustrates the advantages (and drawbacks) of the extensive use of modern Information Technology while cruising. His engine seems to have held up well and only a minor autohelm problem and a mobile phone "Theft" marred the mechanico-electric perfection of his cruise. *Sancerre* hustled around Ireland in only 21 days but still managed to visit a number of interesting places and Peter submitted an interesting and detailed log and thus I award him the **Perry Greer Bowl**.

The Wild Goose Cup is awarded at the adjudicator's discretion for a log of "Exceptional literary merit". The Adjudicator is an engineer and geologist and thus not educationally well qualified to make such a judgement! Moreover at least three of the logs could be considered to be of such merit – thus compounding the challenge. Nothing daunted however, at my sole discretion I award the trophy to **James Nixon and Meander** for a log that is distinguished by a pleasant, easy reading narrative and evocative style, describing two short cruises, one on the west coast of Scotland and the other up the Solway Firth. The distinctive pleasures he describes of cruising in an older and smaller type of yacht are redolent of former times and made me feel quite soggy with nostalgia.

Three logs were submitted of cruises by boats of 30 feet LOA or shorter and thus qualify for **The Marie Trophy**. By my estimate there are 46 boats owned by club members that could qualify for this trophy and so please let us see some more of their owners submitting logs in future. Remember it is not how far you go that matters – it is how much fun you have and the old adage is quite true – the smaller the boat the greater the fun!

Sean McCormac cruised the 30 ft *Marie-Claire* to the Scottish Highlands as far as the north of Skye. He covered seven hundred and fifty miles and visited thirty four ports in thirty six days. Mick Delap sailed the 24 ft *North Star* from Oban to Valentia, completing a two year circuit of Ireland and Duncan Whitehead sailed (and rowed) the 16 ft *Seren-dipity* from Loch Leven to Inverness while participating in the Sail Caledonia Scottish Raid. *North Star* retraced some of the ground covered by *Marie* in 1931 and Mick's cruise was something of a *Marie* pilgrimage. A fine cruise in a small yacht is recorded in a beautifully written, detailed and charming log and I award **Mick Delap** the **Marie Trophy**.

David Whitehead

Clio leaves Turkey and wanders the Dodecanese

John Banim

Having been in Turkey, based at Marmaris since May 2011 and explored most of this deeply indented coastline, we felt that it was, perhaps, time to head back to Greece. This feeling was reinforced by recent Turkish political unrest, rising prices and a definite growth in the bureaucracy affecting foreign yachts and their crews. However, I would not like to dissuade potential visitors to Turkey.

Beth Behan joined me and set to work with a will, cleaning and polishing and *Clio* met her launch deadline of 20th April in splendid shape. On 27th April we left Marmaris west-bound for Serce. A little breeze flirted with us but soon died so we motored and picked up a mooring there. Awake early, I hoisted the main and slipped the mooring. Breakfast was on the hoof as we motor-sailed westwards past the Venetian fort at Boyuk. The genoa was let draw as we slipped past Kizil Point and the wind filled in from the north. Light and fitful, we had an hour of it and eventually motor sailed to Sogut Bay where we managed to find a visitor's mooring. Heading for Bozburun next morning, we tried to take the Darbogaz short cut passage through which we had seen a large gulet emerge on the previous day. I decided that it was too risky as our keel repeatedly bumped so I set course around Sogut Island to Bozburun harbour where we moored stern-to and stayed for two days.

On May 1st we departed Bozburun at 1245. A nice south westerly breeze took us through the Kizil Island passage and then a fine beat at 4 knots past the cardinal mark at Atabol Burnu. The breeze died then so it was a motor -sail through the islands past Dirsek to anchor in 3 metres of clear water. I swam and checked the anchor was well dug in. After an early morning swim (24.6 degrees) we motored into Orhaniye and anchored off the village. Next morning, we had a good sail to Datca. We moored stern-to at the town quay, where we paid 36TL for mooring and electricity. A new Marina is being built in the eastern corner of the harbour and it looks as if it will be well protected, though quite far from the town.

Next morning we went to the Saturday market which is a huge affair, the largest in this part of Turkey, attracting people even from the Greek island of Symi. We arranged our exit



Serce Sunset

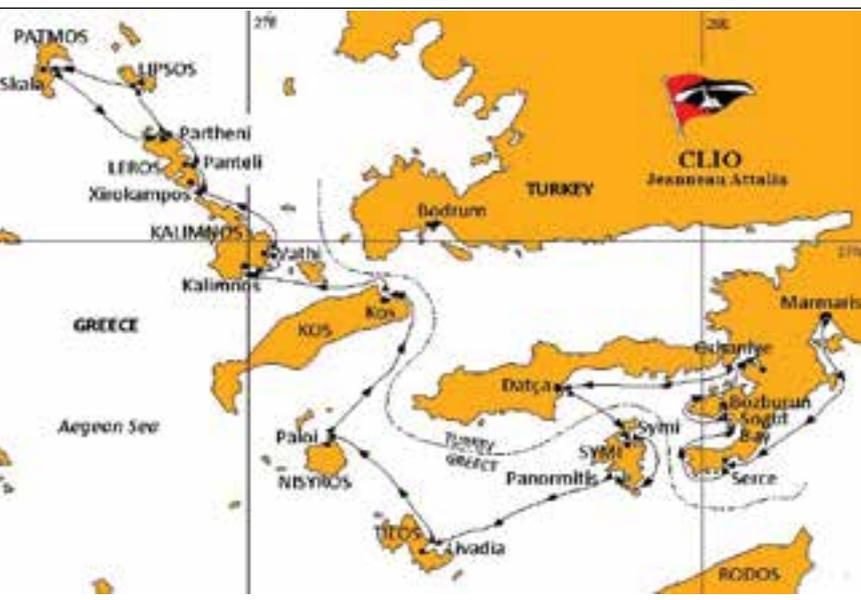
from Turkey through a local agent at a cost of 100TL (€44). In my experience Datca offers the most hassle free entry and exit from Turkey, far superior to Marmaris or Bodrum. As we prepared to leave, Beth reported a problem with the heads which had become blocked. After a quick look I decided I needed a Jabsco pump kit which was not available in the local chandler. As it was a Saturday afternoon and Sunday was Spring holiday in Turkey and Easter in Greece this meant a very hurried bus trip to Marmaris, 50 km away.

I won't go into the details of the following morning's work save to say that it was an exceedingly noisome three hours but the heads were now working as designed. With a lovely force 4/5 breeze from west north west we did 6 to 7 knots under the full genoa alone to arrive into Symi town at 1645. We moored stern-to the quay amid heavy explosions from the nearby hilltops. Apparently it is a Symiot custom to celebrate Easter this way and they don't spare the dynamite! I reported to the Port Police to officially enter Greece and was told to return to my boat to await a visit from the Civil Police to check our passports. They never showed but the next morning the Civil Police office eventually opened and we exhibited our passports and had the crew-list stamped. Then off to the port Police again where they checked everything again, accepted the boat entry fee of €15 and *Clio* was now officially back in Greece and the EU.

Back aboard we decided to move to a less exposed berth to discover that the anchor windlass was faulty. Next day I spent a few hours dismantling the windlass to see if anything obvious was wrong such as a loose connection but no luck. The prospect of winding up the anchor manually on a hot foredeck did not excite and I resolved to try not to anchor in more than 5 metres of water until it was fixed.

The 8th of May is a big day in Symi, being the anniversary of the day the Germans surrendered in 1945. Wisely they decided to await the arrival of an Allied force rather than surrender to the locals. Next day when we departed, the anchor was in some 20 metres and reluctant to come home. Eventually a combination of electric drive, winch handle manual assistance and using the boat's engine freed it. We motored out of Symi much relieved and turned south. The genoa was set in a brisk northwester and we headed for the Steno Seskli passage for Panormitis. The passage was lumpy with a half knot west going current and the breeze changed into the south west, forcing us to motor through. The anchor went down in 4.5 metres in Panormitis Bay, which offered excellent shelter.

After a peaceful night we left for Tilos, accompanied by Ode, a Dutch owned Sirius 32DS. About 2 miles out we crossed the Kos/Rhodes shipping lane at right angles. No less than 6 ships were in sight at once and our AIS receiver proved its worth. We arrived at Livadia, Tilos at 1240. We planned to leave next day for Nisyros at 0800 to take advantage of the forecast southwester but the 'Water lady' did not turn up until 1015, although 0745 was promised. She was apologetic and



did not charge me for the water. By then the wind had veered westerly but very light so we motored to Paloi and secured inside the harbour wall. We met some old sailing friends for drinks before choosing the worst taverna in the place. Avoid the last place on the left!

Accompanied by another yacht, we sailed for Kos having once again hand cranked the windlass to haul the anchor. We set the main and motor-sailed until 1015 when the genoa was deployed in a freshening breeze from the south west. We rounded Ak. Fokas with the breeze now force six and doing almost 7 knots. I decided to enter Kos Marina rather than the intended Town harbour because of the more exposed moorings there.

Next day I met a Serbian mechanic who was working on Lofrans windlasses near some charter yachts. He offered to check out my windlass if I brought it to him. I managed to remove the motor and gearbox unit from below the foredeck. He quickly identified the problem as a broken brush spring. He didn't have a spare but he 'Stretched' the old spring to get it to work again. He recommended new brushes and springs as a short term fix but thought that ideally the motor ought to be replaced as it was worn and corroded. With some difficulty I managed to refit the motor/gearbox unit (it weighs 9.5 kilos) and to my delight it worked. Later that day we moved around to the Town marina, an attractive location under the walls of the Fortress of Kos built by the Knights of St John. Beth left here.

I had six days aboard solo to await the arrival of David Yeates on 22nd May and discovered a small taverna in a Kos backstreet called Alexandros which served excellent food and remarkably good house wine for only €3 per half litre. It became almost a second home during my stay in Kos. David arrived on time and we celebrated his arrival in style.

After a further day's delay due to strong adverse winds, we left for Kalymnos on 24 May at 1200. With the wind still on the nose, we motor-sailed towards Pserimos. We reached Kalymnos very relieved, having had to push all the way in a lumpy sea. Next day, rounding Ak. Chali, we found a fish

farm-free cove inside Nisos Sari to anchor for a swim and lunch. Approaching Vathi we met dolphins near the entrance, one of them jumping spectacularly near our bow. Vathi is a narrow entrance with high rock faces either side.

On 26th May we sailed for Xirokampos on Leros in a moderate westerly. Crossing the strait between Kalymnos and Leros, we arrived at Xirokampos and anchored near the top of the bay. There is a small fishing harbour there, crowded with local boats but depths of 1.5 metres only, so anchoring in the roadstead was the only option. Later in the evening the breeze eased and backed into the south sending a lumpy swell into the bay, which made sleep difficult.

In the morning we departed through the channel at Velona Island northwards along the east coast of Leros. We anchored off Panteli to the west of the village. The harbour is deep and well protected but forbidden to yachts between October and May. Yachts must anchor in the Bay which offers good protection to the prevailing northern winds but is open to the south and east. Next morning we were warned of strong southerlies likely for the next few days, so we decided to head for Partheni where there is a well-protected natural harbour. I also wanted to inspect the yard facilities there with a view to laying up Clio for the summer. We had an enjoyable sail through the multitude of islands off the north coast of Leros. Arriving at Partheni, we selected a good spot clear of other boats and anchored in 5 metres using our 15kg Lewmar Delta, 20 metres of chain and buoyed the anchor. During the afternoon I went ashore and concluded a deal with the yard, who were very anxious to get the business. Back on board we had dinner and awaited the onset of the blow forecast for the evening, southeast at first and later south west. During the afternoon and evening many other boats arrived and found spots to anchor. We had no real concerns as I felt we were far enough away from the nearest boats, a resident Dutch motor boat on a mooring and a recently arrived French sloop.

By 2100 the breeze was a southerly five increasing by midnight to southeasterly six gusting seven. In view of the fact that the Dutch motor cruiser was surging about and behaving differently in the wind from the nearby sailing boats, I decided that an anchor watch was prudent, especially as the forecast was for force eight or nine by dawn, and sent David to his bunk. About 0100 alarmed by the surging of the Dutch boat I shortened our chain to 16 metres by manual cranking. This helped for a while and at 0300 the wind backed southwesterly and I estimated it as eight to nine with fierce gusts. The Dutch boat then began to get closer to the French sloop in a series of wild surges. Eventually it hit the dinghy of the French boat which was trailing astern. I bellowed at the French boat several times and suddenly two startled heads popped up. One could almost hear the "Mon Dieu". They quickly shortened their chain and then anchored some distance away.

I considered my options but with the electric windlass u/s, I decided to wait for dawn before attempting to move.

I made coffee to keep awake and David slept on. The motor boat continued to surge wildly in the strengthening gusts and at 0530 the wind was southerly 42 to 44 knots. At 0600 our anchor pulled out. I called David and started the engine. The motor boat came at me in a rush but I avoided it by reversing hard and dragging the anchor backwards through the anchorage. 100 metres down-wind behind the motor boat, the anchor snagged and dug in again. Fierce gusts probably up to force ten followed at 0630 and the anchor pulled again. Afraid to motor forward because of the buoyed trip line and unable to lift the anchor manually in the conditions I decided to cut the cable at the bitter end and buoy it with a fender before I tangled with another anchored boat down wind. David managed this very well and we left the harbour and made fast to one of the heavy mooring buoys off the yard. The lessons learnt were:

Beware anchoring anywhere near motor boats especially those on moorings. They behave very differently from sailing craft, especially when they have high superstructures.

It is impossible to lift an anchor manually in a gale. A working windlass is essential.

In a strong gale even "Hurricane holes" may not be safe. About 25% of the boats anchored in Partheni had to leave during the night.

Later in the morning winds rose to storm force. At times Clio and nearby larger boats were heeled to 30 degrees at times by sudden gusts striking from the side. The gales continued until 2200 that night.

It was calm next morning. We headed into Partheni harbour to recover our anchor and chain over the stern platform. We then had a fine sail in a light southerly to Lipsos, 6 miles away. We moored stern-to in the inner harbour using the Bruce anchor and stern warp from the bow. From now on the bow cable and anchor would remain in reserve on the stern until the windlass was fixed. After two days in Lipsos, we left for Patmos in a light easterly and moored on the quay at Skala. We went ashore explore and get a forecast, which showed continuing light winds. Back aboard we found the heads flooded and the bilge full of fresh water. Much cursing and pumping! Eventually I discovered an "Aneurism" in a short hose linking the hot and cold water system which had blown and emptied the freshwater tank into the boat.

Next morning I woke early to hear heavy slapping under the stern. I went on deck to find an unforecast southeasterly five blowing straight up the harbour and on the starboard side of the twenty or moored boats on the quay. To starboard of Clio was a Greek caique yacht and on her starboard was an old French 40 with a man in his late 70s solo aboard. The domino effect began. The Frenchman's anchor dragged and he fell down on the caique which in turn fell down on me. On my port side was a Beneteau 50 skippered professionally with



Evening at Skala, Patmos

six strong men aboard. The Frenchman then decided to leave and was blown down across the caique and my boat onto the bow of the Beneteau. His keel, rudder and propellor snagged on our anchor cables and his port quarter and aluminium toerail were badly damaged as they came in contact with the substantial anchor fairlead of the caique. Much shouting in four languages and eventually the services of a fishing caique were obtained by the Beneteau skipper. The fishing boat pulled the French 40 bodily sideways into the wind, the only thing that could be done in the circumstances. The Greek caique yacht then left and Clio was assisted by the crew of the Beneteau to lie alongside the quay, stern into wind, port side on, heavily fendered. Ten minutes later there was a sudden lull in the wind so we quickly unmoored and hauled ourselves clear of the quay stern first and recovered the anchor easily. The wind soon returned and we spent the next two hours motoring around the crowded anchorage (everyone had left the quay) unable to find a place to anchor. Eventually we anchored in a sheltered spot in a bay on the weather side of the harbour to wait for the wind to ease, which it did about noon. We returned to the quay as the breeze went into the west. Next morning was David's 70th birthday and as he emerged in the cockpit from below he found the crews of adjoining boats gathered around Clio's stern. A chorus of "Happy Birthday" was sung, conducted by me, to his complete bewilderment. A lay day followed with the usual in-port activities including arranging haul out with the Partheni Yard on 5th June.

On 4th June we bid farewell to Patmos and after a quick passage anchored inside Archangeli Island on the north coast of Leros. Later, we secured to a yard buoy at Partheni close to the airport runway. Next morning Clio was hauled out and laid up in a steel cradle for the summer. The yard staff were expert and helpful. Early on 6th June we walked out the yard gate towing our bags just 100 metres to the airport, which is

tiny with a couple of flights daily to and from Athens. It is amazing to be seated aboard the aircraft waiting to take off and be able to see your boat laid up only a few metres away!



Clio laid up at Partheni

Mick Delap pays tribute to the late Seamus Heaney

we were in Kilmakilloge when Seamus Heaney died. I joined the rest of the country that night, listening to RTE, and shedding a tear. He wasn't a particularly maritime writer. But as a supreme craftsman he would have been happy, I reckoned, to honour seamanship and the sea in the same way he so often and so memorably celebrated the land that had reared and sustained him:

Crossing Doorus Bar

i.m. Seamus Heaney

The day you died we were sailing in to Kilmakilloge.
Still not knowing, we made to anchor in four metres,
out in the bay, tossed by incoming waves.

It was past half tide and the emerging rocks
were dripping already with kelp's orange brown fronds.

Beyond, a small pool ringed by tall firs beckoned.

The chart showed a drying bar, but water enough
the other side for us to lie. So I hauled in the chain
and we felt our way over, yard by yard, as the bottom
rose to meet us, green and weedy beneath our keel,
then fell away again. And we were embraced by calm
and settled for the night. Which gave us a curlew
crying loud in the still under a myriad of stars
intense against the crouching hills and bright over
the dark bulk of the trees; and your voice on the radio,
coming now from beyond all this, the same as ever –
gravelly, warm, precise – and changed utterly.

Hadrian's Beard's Maiden Voyage to the Ionian Islands

Robert Barker

With over 100 years sailing between us, Pat and I decided to do the unthinkable and trade in our beautiful sailing boat, *Alchemist*, for a motor yacht which we named *Hadrian's Beard*. We spent hours discussing the upsides and downsides of such a move. We had reached a point when *Alchemist* needed significant investment in sail wardrobe, rigging and engine. One of our options was to sell and buy a new sailing boat. The black worm wriggled into our debates and the ridiculous possibility of a motor yacht floated across our vision.

The upsides of a motor yacht compared with another sailing boat included:

- We spend all our summers now in the Mediterranean. Over the past eight years, we have spent about 80% of our time under engine due either to very light winds or wind on the nose.

- We are likely, on past performance, to keep the boat for fifteen years. By that time we will be in our late seventies with some possibility that the ravages of time on our gently creaking bodies will militate against vigorous hauling of sheets and halyards, climbing the mast, etc

- A smaller motor yacht would give us more space inboard.

- As new grandparents, we could see the benefits of decks uncluttered by cleats, turning blocks, genoa tracks and spinnaker poles for small children and non-sailing in-laws.

- We would have greater speed available to us if we found ourselves caught with an imminent gale, for example, somewhere between Greece and Malta.

- The reduced draft would open up considerably more harbours around the Mediterranean to us.

The downsides of a motor yacht included:

- Giving up the pleasure of harnessing the wind and sailing with no noise other than the swish of the waves and

the whistle of wind through the rigging.

- Missing the challenge of applying skill to optimise the performance of a sailing boat.

- The cost of the fuel.

- Restriction on the possible length of passage.

- The loss of an option should the motor fail.

Finally, and after much research and heart-searching, we grasped the unthinkable nettle and opted for a Greenline Hybrid 33. It has a traditional diesel 150 horsepower engine combined with an electric powered motor. The electric engine runs on lithium ion batteries charged by solar panels and the motor acting as a generator when dieseling. This salved our green conscience and gives us free, silent sailing under electric motor.

So, with some trepidation and considerable excitement, I set off aboard *Hadrian's Beard* with Michael and Mary McCann on 19 June, bound for Corfu. We saw a small shark swimming alongside us and six turtles paddled towards us on the flat windless seas in cloudless sunshine. Later we were joined by upwards of 15 dolphins. We arrived at Syracuse Marina having covered 83 miles. The marina fee was €40 off-season.

On 20 June, we again had the company of dolphins playing on the bow wave. After 94 miles of flat seas with more sunshine and no wind, we arrived at Rocella Ionica. We received a friendly welcome from the port captain, Francesco Lombardo who guided us in through the entrance in the dark. This entrance has less than 2 metres for most of its width and would not have been accessible to *Alchemist*. Here, we paid €25 overnight.

On 21 June, we departed at 08.00 still with no wind and hot sunshine even at that early hour. In keeping with our plan to stop overnight on passage to Corfu, rather than sailing non-stop as we had in previous years, (even though the boat has a range of 500 + miles at 8 knots), we pulled into Kroton YC in Crotona, having covered 70 miles. Ashore, what seemed like a quiet sleepy town started to jump at 22.00 with hundreds of young women, dressed up in their finest gear, doing *passaggiata* on the pier and along the sea front. On 22nd June, we departed for Santa Maria di Leuca. The sea state was choppy with a Force 2 wind from the northwest. It was another hot, sunny day, with a pleasant passage of 72 miles.

23rd June saw us departing early for Corfu into a northerly Force 5, gusting 6 – 7, with a large, lumpy sea. *Hadrian's Beard* coped with these conditions well and we arrived at Gouvia Marina having travelled 113 miles. We got nicely tucked in as the wind continued to increase, reaching Force 8 by 18.00, with calls coming over the VHF from boats on the marina requiring assistance. By 20.00, the wind had disappeared. A typical late afternoon *Maistro*. The marina fee was



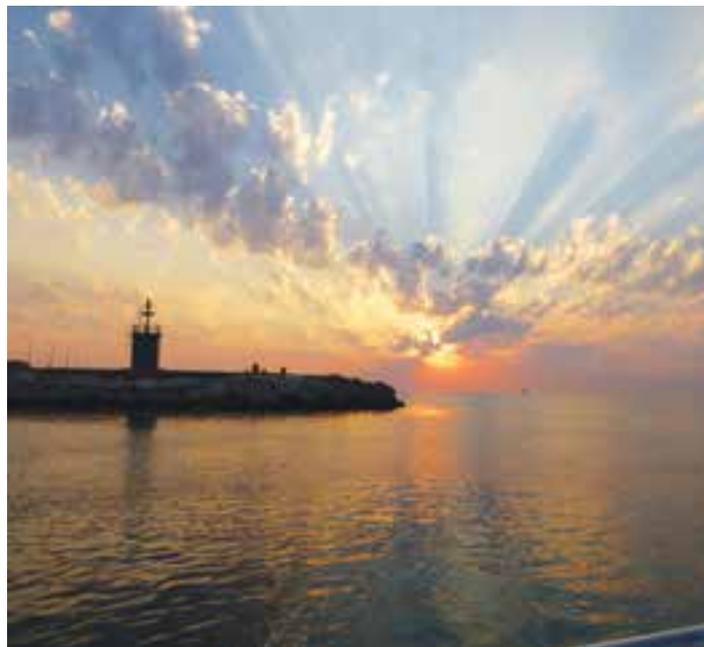
Hadrian's Beard at anchorage in Vlihko

€42, including power, but potable water had to be paid for by consumption. This marina fee was after a 6% discount available to Irish Sailing Association members. The next morning, on 24th June, we checked in with the Port Authority and paid our €15 'Entry into Greece' fee. The old 3-month Transit Pass arrangement has been scrapped. For EU boats, there is now no requirement to notify Customs or Immigration. The Greeks, possibly due to their economic problems, seem a lot more accommodating to yachtsmen and considerably less bureaucratic than they used to be.

My assessment of *Hadrian's Beard* following our passage from Malta to Corfu, was that she is an impressive boat and I was pleased with her handling and performance, particularly through the rough conditions in the Ionian Sea. We then spent the next six weeks sailing around the Ionian Islands, visiting Corfu town, Petriti, Gaios Paxos, Levkas, Vlikho, Sivota, Valtou, Platarias, Fiskado, Sami, Vhati on Meganisi, Lakka and Mortos and ending back at Gouvia. Michael and Mary stayed with me until 7th July when Bill and Catherine Walsh flew into Corfu from Dublin. Pat flew out, fresh from three months in Palestine, on 23rd July and was joined by Harry Whelehan and Liz Mullan who took Bill and Catherine's berths. During the six weeks in the Ionians, the weather remained sunny, with temperatures in the 30s. There was little or no wind except for the occasional afternoon *Maistro*. Perfect conditions for a motor yacht, vindicating our decision to give up the sails. We visited a number of the anchorages and towns on more than one occasion. Popular with the crew were:

The Levkas Canal, with its tricky entrance from the north and the tension of having to arrive for the opening of the 'Ferry' (which is actually a bridge, but is deemed to be a ferry to ensure that Levkas retains its island status) on the hour for no more than five minutes each hour. Finding the entrance from the north, which is hidden among the sand dunes, is quite difficult. Once in, there is a sharp starboard turn to avoid rocks and shallows. These are marked by a profusion of port-hand buoys. It is essential to remember to leave these to port going from the north – which is counter-intuitive, since the general buoyage goes in the opposite direction. Just past the 'Ferry', in the canal, the buoyage reverts to normal. This port buoyage causes universal confusion, leading to many groundings. We rescued a British 35' yacht who was aground on the rocks. While we had her under tow back into the channel, a 55' Spanish yacht went aground in the same place and sent out a Mayday. She was towed off by the marina crew, but was badly damaged. On another occasion, coming out of the canal from the South, we assisted a French boat who was aground on the sands at the northern entrance. We certainly appreciated the fact that we only drew 0.75 metres.

OrmosVlikho is a picturesque hurricane hole on the island of Levkas. The Vlikho Yacht Club bar was a great favourite with the crew. It is owned by an Irishman who flies in the bacon, black pudding and sausage for his full Irish breakfast from Wicklow. Free showers, Wifi and a laundry service are available and a very warm welcome. We saw Leonard Curtain's yacht *Chain* on a mooring, although there



Sunrise leaving Crotone

was nobody home. Sivota, also on Levkas, is a truly beautiful spot which was popular with all crews. There are several options for tying up. The quay wall and the small pontoon, to port as you enter, opposite the Mill Bar, are free. There are two pontoons further along the quay wall. The first is owned by Stavros Restaurant which can be used for free, and with access to free water and power provided one dines in the restaurant (which is excellent). The other, on the opposite side of the bay is owned by the Yacht Bar and they charge €30 a night.

Spartokhorion on Meganisi was a good lunch stop place, although we had a red-faced moment when the lines to the dinghy which we were towing, wrapped themselves around our propeller. Robert and Harry spent several breath-holding moments under the boat trying to unravel the lines. In the end a small piece of line had to be sacrificed when the cheese knife was called into play.

Platarius on the Greek mainland also turned out to be a favourite spot. This village is only just becoming popular with the yachting fraternity. A nice place to spend an overnight before going into Gouvia is Valtou Bay, near Igoumenitsa on the mainland. It is a charming anchorage with good shelter and shallow depths (3 metres), where it is likely that your only company in the setting sun will be the fish jumping and the flocks of numerous species of birds flying over the bay to roost.

Harry and Liz sailed back with us to Malta from 4th – 8th August, retracing our outbound route along the southern coast of Italy and Sicily. We enjoyed, once again, the Italian hospitality in excellent conditions, although, again, there was no sailing wind. We had pre-booked our berths in all the ports as August is the busy time for Italians. However, possibly indicating the recession, there were plenty of berths available.

We reflected that, as we cruised among the Ionian islands, owing to the short daily hops, we mainly used the

green solar power. This gave us some of the benefits of sail with silence and free propulsion. Even under diesel engine, which we engaged for the passages, at 8 – 9 knots, consumption was a little over a litre a mile, only slightly greater than it had been on *Alchemist*. We were pleased with the way the boat handled and the flexibility of its shallow draft. The crew found the accommodation very comfortable. The fact that all the domestic appliances worked off 230 volts through the inverter meant we had a full fridge and freezer, an electric hob and oven and an electric kettle. The boat was more airy than a sailing boat and we rarely had to use the air conditioning. This was significantly better than the sweltering times we had to endure in the bowels of *Alchemist* especially when cooking.

Our total distance covered for the cruise was 1,848 miles. Total fuel consumption was 1,612 litres. We all had a very enjoyable summer and our sense of trepidation at this momentous change was considerably alleviated. We look forward to many happy days of motor sailing in the years ahead.



Harry cooking while Liz and Pat look on.

Captain Peter Mullins reports: it's not the going out of port but the coming in which determines the success of a voyage

A recent E-mail from our Honorary Editor has prompted me to put finger to keyboard and what better time than crossing the Atlantic during the afternoon watch, sitting on the bridge of a fine big motor yacht? My last contribution to the Annual was in 2008 when I found myself like a fender, between boats. However it did not last long because since then I have logged in excess of 100,000 sea miles as Relief Captain. Indeed in 2013 alone I have logged over 27,000 miles which have included 3 trans-Atlantics, one trans-Pacific and numerous runs up and down to the Caribbean and New England from Ft. Lauderdale, where most of these big yachts pass through for yard work and to prepare for crossings.

Sadly I do not get offered many sail boats these days and so have temporarily hung up my sea boots and exchanged them for a pair of "Bridge slippers". It is amazing how quickly one can get accustomed to the "Third floor accommodations" with bedroom and bathroom en suite and office attached, all just behind the shop. And what is more, you get to enjoy unsurpassed sea views from every window. These relief gigs are usually for about a month at a time while the incumbent captain takes some well-deserved rest. I have built up quite a nice little niche for myself on a number of vessels and get invited back again and again. I know the crew and how the ship operates and our handovers are a fairly simple affair with a couple of signatures, a handshake and the outgoing Master pays for lunch. *Diamond A* is one of my regulars and at 1050 GRT and 58 meters is subject to the ISM Code. On her I rely heavily on the First Officer, who has to keep up with all the endless paperwork. The Second Officer is in charge of navigation and chart corrections and the Bosun looks after the deck, assisted by 3 deckhands. We run with 3 engineers and 2 chefs, a Purser, Chief Stewardess and a further 3 girls; a total of 14 crew and up to 16 on charter. I have been standing in as Relief Master on *Diamond A* on a regular basis for over 3 years and this is my 7th crossing. She is a fine vessel built in 1998 by the renowned German yard of Aberking and Rasmussen. She is powered by 2 x 3516 Caterpillar engines of 1400kW (3400HP) each and holds 160,000 liters of marine grade oil. She cruises comfortably at 14 knots and has nonstop trans-Atlantic range with good reserves. On *Diamond A* we burn about 25 liters per nautical mile at economy cruise.

In July I was asked if I would be available to deliver a new expedition style yacht from Tahiti to San Diego. *CaryAli* was beautifully built by Alloy Yachts of New Zealand and at 39M (128 FT) was 465 GRT. Although the passage was less than 4000 miles, we were going the wrong way at the wrong time of the year. This was going to be a challenge. We were heading into the wind, seas and current and it was hurricane season. Throw into the mix that this was a brand new vessel and I reckoned I was going to earn my daily stipend. *CaryAli* is run with a relatively small crew of 7. Two watch keepers

and me as captain, an engineer, deckhand, stewardess and chef. We departed Tahiti on 27th July and made straight for Nuku Hiva, Marquesas, a distance of 845 miles, where we pressed tanks and departed the following day for Newport Beach California, where we arrived on Tuesday, 13th August, a passage of 3777 miles at an average speed of 10 knots. *CaryAli* is a beautifully built little ship and handled superbly in a mixed bag of weather. We managed to dodge Hurricanes Henrietta and Gabriel and arrived in with plenty left in the belly, which is always reassuring. *CaryAli* was powered by 2 Caterpillar C32 V12 motors of 970kW each and using one generator we were burning about 160 liters per hour or 16.5 liters per nautical mile.

My other long drive of the year was a very pretty 45M motor yacht built by the Dutch yard of Hakvoort and called *Trust*. I ran her down from New York to Ft. Lauderdale at the end of last year and back from the Caribbean and across to Europe in July. We made a stop in Madeira and took on 15 metric tons and a few bottles of wine by the same name whilst singing along to Flanders and Swann "Have Some Madeira M'Dear". We enjoyed another great run across in near perfect conditions. M/Y *Trust* weighed in at 499 GRT and is powered by 2 Caterpillar 3508 motors of just 716kW



CaryAli at anchor in Nuku Hiva Marquesas

each and as such was quite economical.

As master of these vessels, I send out a daily SITREP or Position Reports at 12.00 every day to the Owning Company, the Vessel's Managers, Weather Routers and the DPA (Desig-

nated Person Ashore) and I also include the friends and family of the crew. These Position Reports give details of our current position, day's run, speed and heading, weather conditions and fuel oil status. In the remarks I try and introduce a thought for the day or a line or two of verse to make them a little more interesting. Here are some of my favorites from this year:

On departure: *"The long, long anchorage we leave, the ship is clear at last- she leaps She swiftly courses from the shore; Joy Shipmate-joy"* Walt Whitman

Bad weather: *"The sea, the snotgreen sea, the scrotumtightening sea"* James Joyce, Ulysses

Forecasts: *"A forecast is a prediction-not a promise"* Peter Mullins

Arrival: *"The wished for port is near at hand, The ship is hastening on; We hear the birds sing on the land: Her voyage is nearly done."*

All Secure: *"It's not the going out of port but the coming in, which determines the success of a voyage and a well-planned and executed docking is your signature to that success"* Peter Mullins

"We are the Pilgrims, master; we shall go Always a little further; it may be Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow Across that angry or that glimmering sea"

James Elroy Flecker



It's a rotten job but someone has to do it. The crew of MY Trust enjoy a mid-Atlantic swim

A SUMMER AT HOME

Paddy Barry

Between Two Rivers. The Nore to The Ilen

“What are you doing this year?” mailed 77 year old Bob Shepton to John Harries, aged 60, of *Morgan’s Cloud*. “Had a busy time last year, so not much this year”, said John. “Really, in one so young!” replied the Rev. Bob. We too had had a busy last year, having gone northwards along Norway and then eastwards past Murmansk to the White Sea in *Northabout*. So this year I planned for local and low intensity. *Ar Seachrán* had overwintered in Waterford City Marina, very satisfactorily and, at € 380, a fraction of Dublin prices. The month of April was spent lifted out in Keoghs’ New Ross Boatyard, also most satisfactory and having the odd pint up the town in An Bolg Buí.

On Thursday May 2nd, down the River Barrow we went, the River Nore having its confluence a few of miles upriver. Aboard with me were Ken Price and his Scottish climbing friend Eric Lawther. Downriver with the tide, we passed an old riverbank limekiln and went through The Barrow Bridge.



Ar Seachrán tilts inward at Dungarvan

This is on the Waterford to Wexford rail line, closed since September 2010 with the opening span now always open; but nonetheless has round-the-clock bridgemen, five of them! Now into the River Suir we went and lunch-anchored off the pleasant village of Passage East. ‘Passage Sharks’ was the not-so complimentary term used locally about them; I’m sure that’s all in the past, the village now being flower-bedecked and all that. From there a car-ferry runs hither and thither to Ballyhack on the Wexford side. By evening we had poked our nose into Dunmore East harbour, looking for the new yacht-welcoming pontoon. No sign whatsoever, all appearing as unfriendly as ever. So we went to anchor off Councillors’ Cove. Hardly had it bit the bottom than we got a new forecast of strong westerlies on the morrow. So as not to be pinned



down and late for Dungarvan Maritime Festival, we cleared and motored. Past Brownstown Head’s two towers, the lights of Tramore showed and Great Newtown Head with its Metal Man, whose outstretched hand enjoins seafarers to eschew this false bay, sometimes mistaken for the entrance to Waterford. With plenty of engine revs and nice clean antifouling we made good time and anchored off Helvick shortly after 23.00. The cabin was damp, but with the heater going well, soon was cosy. Next day, in a 30 knot wind, we went in to Dungarvan, well buoyed, and alongside the pontoon. We’d a metre under the keel going in and zilch at the pontoon. As the tide fell we sank happily and vertically into the soft mud, well welcomed by Donal Walsh. As expected, the keel then hit hard stuff and over we tilted. At least it was inwards! *Young Larry*, with Máire Breathnach and Andrew aboard, swung gently moored in the nearby deepwater pool below the bridge.

The Festival was in full swing. Donal gave a talk on Dungarvan’s maritime history and Jimmy Crowley sang ‘salty stuff’. Next day it was ‘Boots on’ and by bus to Lemybrien and hiking in the Comeraghs. A decent Welshman gave the three of us a lift back into town, where Mike Alexander was now aboard.

Let me pause and tell you about Eric. He’s now, like all of us, closer to 70 than 60. He has a mountain named after him, no kidding!; Lawther Knoll on Annenkov Island off South Georgia, where he spent two four-month periods under canvas doing geological surveys. And we had thought it a bit of a big deal our few days under canvas doing our Shackleton thing in 1997. Needless to say Eric has also driven dog-teams, done crevasse-rescue and the other ‘usual’ Antarctic stuff. For a rest, we went back out into the bay to Helvick. There we fitted the ICC Burgee to our masthead, fixed, so that it remained so for the season. Ashore and to Murrays we strolled, having an early night.

We made an early departure next day under sail into a light westerly, close hauled and us sailing towards France. Happily the breeze headed, allowing us to lay the coast, close reaching in a flat sea. We passed Ballycotton, Old Head and went into the new pontoon at Courtmac. Grand to be in my own County Cork! Micheal D had been here yesterday, and given a great presidential speech to over 2,000 people. This was as pleasant as can be. The village is ‘Spick and span’. Each house has a poster giving its occupants’ history; it has a strong Coastguard and Navy persona. We hiked it out the road to the Patrick Keohane Monument, a striking lifesize bronze statue of he who had been with Scott in 1912, though missing the name of the artist, Dan Cronin of Bandon.

The forecast wasn’t great-- strong, near gale southeasterlies, going south west. Our plans were easy, nowhere in particular, only westwards and maybe Baltimore Fiddle Festival next

week-end. We left on the rising tide, having a metre under the keel at the bar, and motored out past Horse Island into a lumpy force 5 southeasterly. From Seven Heads we ran under $\frac{3}{4}$ headsail, making 7 knots, seeing little and poorly feeling. From the Doolic rock, off the Galley, we sailed on into a boat- empty Glandore and across to Union Hall. We tied outside a couple of 50 footers, unlikely to be going out, what with the forecast. In Union Hall on Wednesday, it blew hard all day from the west with a forecast of force 8-10. We walked to Castletownsend in sun and showers, having tea and 'Nicies' in Mary Ann's.

Thursday was much the same.

On Friday we moved, to leave the MFV *Fiona* out, for some 'Inshore' fishing'. The bigger boats wouldn't be going out, *Fiona's* skipper said and to give him a ring and he'd tell us what conditions outside were like. Alone, we adorned Glandore and breakfasted. The sharpness was gone out of the wind, but still 'twas gusty. The sun would break through, to be overtaken by scudding cloud.

12.00 Away. 2 reefs and $\frac{1}{2}$ headsail, closehailed and heading for Cape Clear, unseen.

13.45. Tacked inshore. Baltimore beacon in sight, 8 miles.

15.00. Going in by Sherkin.

And it's into the shelter of Sherkin we should have gone, but no, the music called from across. Over we went, alongside a tug on the new north pier wall at Baltimore. But in doing so, I dropped a line which, of course, fouled our prop. And there for the next two days we got hammered, lines astretch, fenders hopping and unable to move out. The prop, a Maxprop, was cleared of the line, Aodh O'Donnell diving, but was damaged and not driving at all. Eventually we laid out a kedge and with windlass pulled away. Leaving our ground tackle buoyed, we sailed for O'Donovan's Yard. I've been up the River Ilan a few times. I've read Claud Worth's 1890s account of his sailing *Foam* up the river (and grounding inside Quarantine Island). I've heard of the 'Capers' who rowed up to Skibbereen Fair. So, on the one hand, it was familiar ground, but on the other, engineless as we were, there was some trepidation.

I'll shorten the story. We went alongside at Hegarty's, lifted in O'Donovan's, Donal O'Sullivan went to work on our prop, its gearing beyond repair; brought along $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen 'Possibles', no good. But beside us in the yard was Norman Keans' *Xanadu*, with a very close-sized prop. He answered the phone from Glasgow. "Take it", he said. Decent Man. Up behind Dunmanway in the mountains near where the River Lee rises, there's an engineering workshop, Cronins, that can do anything. But when? It happened. Prop on, boat splash; and away down the Ilan River we went, retrieved our gear and had a pint in Bushes. Happy boys!

Beara and Around. The night in Kilcrohane.

'May Week', our annual boat-based hill walking tour was to be around Beara. But first we sailed, gloriously in flat water, to South Harbour on Cape Clear. Ashore, we did the

2-hour Red Loop walk—I'd never known that there are trees on Cape! We watched the Heineken Cup final in Ciarán O'Drisceoil's pub. He's away now, running the Rathlin / Ballycastle Ferry.

We rose lazily on a fine morning. PoB and PB dipped into the sea, briefly. Then we motored to Mizzen and sailed towards Sheeps Head peninsula into a gem of an anchorage at Dooneen. On board with me were Rory Walsh, Peter Gargan, Paddy O'Brien, Paul Cooper and Frank Nugent. The reported bolts protruding on the pier wall are now cut flush. We put down two anchors as the holding appeared 'Iffy' and then left to walk the high ground ridge back east to the village of Kilcrohane. As we approached that village we wondered would there be any pub? And would it be open, it being only 7 pm on a Sunday. Would it be what? We heard it before we saw it: music and talk and laughing. Noel O'Donovan from Skibbereen playing. Music; 'Six to nine' we were told, as people had to go to work next day. If they did, there was little sign of it around midnight, the house packed and waltzing if you could find the space. Offers of lifts back to the boat were plentiful---no bother with the Bantry 'Blue car' out here!

The new harbour master in Castletownbere is Cormac McGinley, from Inch in east Cork, and most helpful to yachtsmen in getting an alongside berth. We walked over the hills from Dunboy to Allihies, lovely afternoon, viewing away northward to Derrynane and Ballinskelligs and finishing in O'Neill's; nice place, pity about the man. Corncrakes had been heard across in Garnish, "What use are they?" said he! Back in Castletown next day, we 'Laydayed' in the sun, drinking coffee outside The Copper Kettle and later something stronger in McCarthy's Bar. More strenuously next day, having hackneyed to the Healy Pass, we stretched our legs on Hungry Hill, Knockboy, Maulin, and downward back to the boat.



Dismasted Norwegian Colin Archer in Castletownbere

We had heard of a yacht in trouble, 120 miles offshore and now under tow. She was Norwegian and was put alongside us; a 35 foot timber Colin Archer good looking boat, but

her decks now a mess of broken spars and rigging. We set to, cut her mast stump clean, tidied and stored her ondeck gear and put the dinghy below. Most appreciative was her owner Eric Ostberg from Haugesund and his wife. They had been homeward bound, nearly completing a 3 year circumnavigation. Mast failure had followed a weld breakage on a stemhead fitting onto which the forestay had been shackled.

On the Friday we close reached to Glengariff, always nice. On Saturday, May 27th we motored over to Bantry and left the boat for three weeks on a Harbour Commissioners' mooring, to which we well fastened. It had not been our most active ever walking-week, but we had good weather and high enjoyment.

With a Naomhóg, under sail and oar.

I'd mentioned the River Nore. On it lies the village of Inistioge, not far from Brandon Hill. To go from Brandon Hill, Kilkenny to Mount Brandon, Kerry, by Naomhóg was the plan of my west Kerry pals, Danny Sheehy, Brendan Begley and a few others. They did well in the easterly breezes of early June and had made it to Castletownbere when, on June 15th, we met them. Now aboard *Ar Seachrán* were Ruairi Ó Tuairisg, Donncha Ó hEallaithe, Rory Walsh and Pat Cunningham. We all met up in Glengariff because there was trad music there, Begley in the thick of it, which caused us a late bunktime.

Next day, in rain with 2 reefs, no headsail, we ran west to Castletownbere in 25+ knots, occasionally touching 37. Alongside again, our heater blew dry warmth. Encouragingly for the Naomhóg crew, and for ourselves too, the forecast for the next week was for light winds, easterly going northerly.

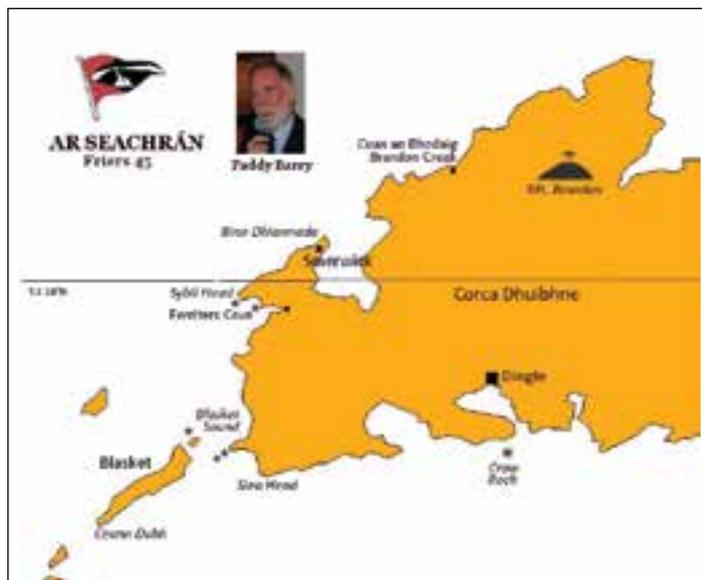
I took my given seat in the Naomhóg with three others. These generally are called Currachs but in west Kerry are called Naomhógs. Some Kerry purists say that 'Currach' is the English for 'Naomhóg'! First rowing and then under her 45 square foot sail we went out to Blackball Head. Then we pulled to Dursey Sound and then across Kenmare Bay to Derrynane, *Ar Seachrán* making her own way with the lads.



Pat Cunningham, Paddy, Donncha and Ruaidhri

After that I had sore hands--- and my backside more so.

Next day was another good one, one of the best. *Ar S.* towed the Naomhóg to Skellig. All went ashore while I stayed aboard, rounding Skellig slowly. A ferry boatman, most helpful, warned me away from a rock, inaccurately charted on its southwest side. It's further out from the cliff by about 20 metres. When the lads returned I went ashore, in awe as ever at those monks. I tried to walk the broken path to the old high lighthouse, but discretion prevailed, eventu-



ally. The lads rowed to Portmagee. We sailed. Next day, the rowers went north under the Bridge, its opening span now jammed shut. Kerry County Council apparently need € ½ M. to repair it. We pleasantly sailed south and around Valentia Island, losing the breeze only when under An Gob on Great Blasket, then anchoring off Trá Bán with four metres under the keel. Brendan and *mé féin* did the 'Blasket Run', starting from behind Peig Sayers house and out to the far Ceann Dubh, albeit with more walking content than there used to be. I wonder why! Glorious nonetheless, looking down on the frothing sea below, gulls and even sheep below us, the Tóiracht and Tuaisceart beyond.

Next day was different entirely, low cloud, drizzly and gusty. The four naomhóg men ashore had their tents down and were moving about. The forecast, a westerly force 4 for today, was OK but not for tomorrow, Friday, till Sunday. I said to Danny that if they were going out we'd follow. This we did, about ½ mile behind them; too far, as out to the east of Beginish, heading for Sybil Head, they disappeared into the troughs. We closed to about 100 metres, our wind-gauge showing 20 to 25 knots as we passed Clogher Head in the mist. They then altered inwards towards Ferriter's Cove, and sensibly so. We followed, making into the calmer waters of Baile Eaglaise, Dannys' home place. Then turning around back south we let out some headsail and had a grand sail to Dingle. Later that day, to my incredulity, they had again put to sea and rowed round Sybil and Binn Dhiarmada, across Smerwick and into Cuas an Bodaigh, known otherwise as Brandon Creek. On Sunday we climbed Cosán Na Naomh to Mount

Brandon.

In the following week, in nice weather and now having Liam Ó Muirthile and Austin Duke with us, we sailed up the Shannon to Carrigaholt, Kiltrush and St. Senans' Scattery Island. This was familiar ground. During 1969 -72, while working on the construction of nearby Tarbert Power Station, I had built a 24 ft. Eventide and named her *Saleen* after the Ballylongford river into which she was launched. St. Senan had a sister whose name was Caoimhe. We had named our eldest daughter after her.

Loop to Slyne. Ceann Léime go gCeann Léime.

We then rounded Loop Head, called *Ceann Léime* in Irish, visited Inis Thiar, the new harbours on Inis Meain and Kilronan before finishing on the last day of June in Roundstone, the other Ceann Léime in sight, otherwise known as Slyne Head.

And after seven weeks of idleness, in the magnificent weather we all enjoyed, I did sail around Slyne to Clifden. It wasn't all idleness. I had last winter built a 17 foot light timber rowing dory to plans from Chesapeake Light Boats. Propelled by carbon-fibre Macon 'blades', she was a delight, in which I rowed Mannin, Roundstone and Bertraghboy Bays.

Young Larry came into Roundstone. I went with Máire and Andrew to climb Ben Bán, County Galways' highest, in their quest to sail to and climb the highest mountain in each coastal county.

Boffin, of course; going Northwards.

On Monday evening August 19th, we left Clifden bound for Leinster, in 3 one- week segments. Aboard with me now were Kevin Cronin, old pal from way back; Jimmy Ó Conlon, who as a student in the early 90s, had sailed with us to Greenland and Spitzbergen, now a father of three. His pal Jim Scally from Cork made up our quartet. We engined it to Boffin anchorage before dark and in Murrays chatted pleasantly with Fergus and Kay Quinlan, *Pylades*, of Ballyvaughan and around (the World). O' Days next night was livelier, or maybe it was that we were; the boat now being alongside the 'Old' pier. After breakfasting on Anne Doherty's *Seaduction* alongside us, *Ar Seachrán* sailed away in a beautiful breeze. North of Achill a 'Halyard wrap' screwed our headsail furling. In the fun, a sheet got round the prop. We sailed into Blacksod, anchored, dived (I carry air) and freed all. Being a spring tide, there was not enough water to lie at the otherwise fine pier. In Arranmore we met friend Liam Millar who was supporting an archaeological survey of a possible 1590s vessel. The dive vessel *RV Keary*, skippered by Sean Cullen, normally is engaged in hydrographic survey. Sean told me of a rock outside Dingle entrance, charted as 11m, which actually has only 1.6m over it. Never again will I go inside Crow Rock! Space constraint does not allow me to write of the Arranmore C&W Festival—that's Country & Western!

Malin Waters and the Sea of Moyle.

The visitor moorings in Bunagee were run by the Council, then by a joint arrangement known as Malin Waters.

Apparently they were unmaintained, a yacht went adrift—and now, alas, there are none. There we met Kevin's Carndonogh relation, John Madden, who is uniquely distinguished as a member of the two ICCs, the one we know and the other is Inishowen Cruising Club! In Bunagee, after Tuesday music in McRory's, came aboard Ken Price and Finbarr Cafferkey, from Cashel, Achill, new to the boat, a strong young lifeboat man and good company. The three of us tried for The Paps of Jura, but were beaten by the low cloud. Over on the mainland Tayvallich gave us shelter in the now end-of- season atmosphere. Going south to Gigha the headsail furling again wouldn't. Round and round we motored to furl it. And fixed it in Carnlough, or so thought.

Cumbria and The Lake district. "Dear Yachtsman", I wrote.

Mike Alexander and I – this sounds like 'The Irish Rover', soon it'll be only 'me an me oul' dog', left early to catch the tide southwards and make the Mull Of Galloway before the turn. About 4 miles to the northeast, off the village of Drummore, the anchor just would not bite; and the windlass not working. Some heavy hauling of the 25kg Delta and 40 metres of chain provided unwelcome exercise. A kindly local yachtsman provided us with a mooring "Dear Yachtsman....", I later wrote. His reply read:

"Just got your postcard. It is very thoughtful of you to thank me, so thank you. I watched you come in and could see that you were having trouble trying to get your anchor to hold. I tried to contact you on VHF to tell you about the mooring, so was glad to see Tony (the fisherman) show you where it was. People in the village thought I had come into money, given up on my Hurley 22 and splashed out on a new boat---.The mooring is for everyone to use, to try and get more passing yachts to stop in Drummore. I now have a big buoy with "free mooring, please use at own risk" to make this more obvious. If you are ever in Drummore or Portpatrick again drop me a message and you can buy me that pint"

Mike and I sailed eastward to Whitehaven, and spent a few days around the Lake District, scenic but with a painful industrial / mining social history. Going down the Irish Sea overnight, uncomfortably in a strong northwest beam sea, we skipped Peel on the Isle of Man and on Sept 10th sailed up the Liffey. On Friday/ Saturday, Sept.27th./ 28th, in calm weather we engined south to Waterford City Marina, stripped and stowed sails (and damaged Genoa Halyard!) and took the train to Dublin.

PS. Bob Shepton (remember him, the 77 year old Reverend) and I had been in occasional touch during the Summer. Leaving Nome, Alaska, he'd had a difficult time getting eastward through the North West Passage, wind-blown ice being heavy in the eastern Arctic. At one stage, when he was stuck I suggested the 'Power of prayer', which with a 'typo' of mine became a 'power prayer'. It worked. In this last week of September, he's now on the west coast of Greenland, deciding whether to haul out in Aasiat or Nuuk. Humbling indeed for ordinary mortals.

Destination Stockholm

Adrian & Maeve Bell

Owning a Swedish boat tends to turn one's attention from south to north, from Brittany to the Baltic. In the four years since buying *Oisín Bán*, we had explored the west coast of Sweden and the Norwegian coast as far as 63 degrees north. Now the Stockholm skärgård beckoned. But we didn't have enough time to get there and back in one season. "No problem," said Torgny, the owner of Arcona Yachts. "Leave her in our yard over the winter." And so the plans for the cruise came together.

There were some key decisions in the planning process: getting to Inverness as the launch pad for the North Sea, the North Sea crossing itself, a suitable harbour or marina in which to leave *Oisín Bán* as we needed to return home at various stages, and access to an international airport. It became clear that, to maximise our chances of reaching the Stockholm area in time to explore the archipelago, we needed to get across the North Sea at the earliest opportunity.

Stage 1: Scotland

On Sunday 16 June we slipped our lines in Bangor marina with friends Trevor Whittaker and Peter Duffy on board. We had a week for the delivery trip through the Caledonian Canal; time to fit in a mini cruise with overnights in Puilladobhain, Oronsay in Loch Sunart, and the new pontoon in Loch Aline before surging into Corpach sea loch assisted by 20 knots of following wind. With comparatively little traffic in the canal at that time of year, progress was easy. We exited Muirtown Basin on the Saturday to go round to Inverness Marina, whence we flew home.

North Sea tribulations

Two weeks later on 8 July John Taggart joined us for the flight to Inverness. Peter Rogers, a friend of John's, joined us later that evening. It was calm as we motored under Kessock Bridge at 04.00 in the cool dawn light of Monday morning,



Adrian and Maeve on *Oisín Bán*

our start time being dictated by the need to carry the ebb until we were well clear of Fort George Narrows. Our intention was to go to Farsund on the southern tip of Norway where, if all went according to plan, we should arrive about 48 hours later. In the early evening as the faint outline of the coast of Scotland faded astern, we plunged into a shallow bank of fog which persisted for about six hours. Just as quickly as it arrived, it cleared to give a fine night with a light to moderate south westerly breeze. Shortly after midnight there was a burst of phosphorescence on the quarter as a school of dolphins arrived, their fins like dark pewter crescents emerging from the steely waves and their underbellies gleaming silver as they dived alongside.

We made steady progress, averaging 7.5 knots through the night and for most of the following day. In the early afternoon the wind began to veer, first to the west and then the northwest. By 15.30 it was cold rather than balmy and had reached force 5 as forecast. But by 18.00 it was force 6. By 20.00 it was force 7.

We had planned our crossing carefully and aimed to make landfall just west of the southern tip of Norway; we had visited Farsund twice before and knew the entrance was marked and lit. While Britain and Ireland were enjoying a settled period of high pressure, the various forecasts and Grib files had been unanimous in showing a force 5 northerly airstream blowing down the south west coast of Norway. Our assessment was that it should not pose a problem, even if it was an under-estimate. But three additional factors came into play: the wind had shifted from the west to the north-west causing two different wave trains, the permanent current which flows out of the Skagerrak northwards up the Norwegian coast can run at up to 2 knots, and finally, while the forecast had been for a maximum of 25 knots, the actual wind speed turned out to be 30 to 38 knots. Farsund was some 70 miles away; there were no other options.

About midnight, as we started to cross the north going current, conditions worsened. The seas were jumbled, steep-faced and breaking. Occasionally a particularly vicious one dumped the boat on her beam ends. On the pushpit, the prop on the outboard spun round like a whirly gig. And there was shipping around. AIS proved its worth in identifying a tug with an exceptionally long tow enabling us to bear off in time. Another thought-provoking encounter was with a large wooden fishing vessel; while its lights were mostly visible, it did not show up on the radar until less than half a mile away by which time it was no longer ahead but abeam.

Some five long hours later as we turned into the estuary leading to Farsund, the wind eased and the water flattened out. The white wooden houses spread over the hillside were bathed in the golden light of the rising sun. Time for bed.

The Skagerrak

Hot sunshine the next day helped our recovery. Farsund is a gem; a well-sheltered harbour, an attractive village, and an excellent supermarket right on the dockside. Having a day off provided some space to check the forecasts and calculate where we could visit and still have Peter in Copenhagen in time to travel home for his daughter's graduation. It was important to have a weather window for crossing the Skagerrak, a leg of almost 200 miles: none of us wanted another pasting. Topping up the fuel was also a priority so it was decided to call into Mandal some 15 miles east of Lindesnes Point where the fuel dock is easily accessible. Pressing on was a good decision



The town crier at Farsund

as the light west to northwest breeze meant we could motor or motor sail through the night and following morning. By lunchtime on Friday we had arrived at the Royal Göteborg Yacht Club marina.

Having covered some 570 miles to the east, it was finally time to head south through the Kattegat. Suddenly, having hardly seen another sail, we were surrounded by yachts, day boats and dinghies, proof that we were close to Sweden's second largest city on a fine weekend at the start of the main Scandinavian holidays. We beat into a light southerly with occasional engine assist, covering the 47 miles to Varberg in just over seven hours. Varberg gave us a second experience of box berthing: first squeeze our four metre beam between two unforgiving timber piles and then avoid being blown into the boats on either side whilst manoeuvring the bow close enough for someone to leap onto the dock with the warp. It easily took the prize as our least popular mooring option.

High speed sailing to Denmark

In contrast to the light airs on Saturday, Sunday brought a spanking if cool breeze from the northwest. Fortunately when hoisting the mainsail in the shelter of the harbour mouth we had the sense to put in a reef. The force five soon increased to force six gusting seven and we enjoyed a thrilling sleigh-ride of a sail surfing down the crested waves towards Helsingør in Denmark. One magnificent rush of water gave us 14.5 knots over the ground, *Oisín Bán's* record to date. Compared with the Norwegian coast, a bit less wind, a different angle and no adverse current resulted in exhilaration rather than endurance.

The marina in the lee of Helsingør castle, Shakespeare's Elsinore and the setting for Hamlet, was already crowded when we arrived but Adrian found a sheltered corner where we could raft alongside another yacht. By the following day every berth was taken and the fairways were three deep as Danish and German yachts heading north towards the Swedish west coast scrambled in for shelter.

The Castle, with its strategic position commanding the narrow Sound and thus all the trade in and out of the Baltic,



has a long history. It was a must-do visit and a timely reminder that Denmark had been a major northern European power in its day. Helsingør itself is a historic town with lots of cafes opening onto the central square; these gave us our first taste of *al fresco* summer living which is so beloved of all Scandinavians, clearly only wimps and the occasional fair-skinned Celt eat indoors. Never mind if the chill wind produces goose-pimples – wrap up in the rug provided and carry on regardless.

A day later, the wind had moderated and backed to a steady force four giving us a fast reach on smooth seas towards Copenhagen where, having pre-booked, we had the luxury of a finger berth in Svanemolle Marina. In the morning we took the nearby train into central Copenhagen; Peter, sadly, had his bags with him as he was heading for the airport. We rendezvoused with Jennifer Whittaker, who was joining us for the next leg and her mother Norah in bustling Nyhavn for a boat trip round the city's elegant waterways, although the famous sculpture of the Little Mermaid is distinctly under-whelming.

Svanemolle is a large and, by Danish standards, relatively deep marina, ie up to three metres, with good facilities including a laundrette; the only drawback was that the nearest shops were fairly basic. Like many similar marinas, it has its own attractive coffee shop-cum-restaurant. We had the good fortune on our first night to get talking to a charming Danish architect and her daughters; she had played a key role in staging the newly opened Viking exhibition in the National Museum, the hottest ticket in town, and arranged free entry for the four of us on the Thursday morning. The centrepiece of the exhibition was a reconstruction of the 35 metre long

ship found in the mud in Roskilde in 1997, but there were many other artefacts, a significant number having been lent by the National Museum of Ireland, showing the development of Viking weapons and jewellery over the centuries when they reigned supreme, warring, settling and trading from Greenland to Constantinople.

Back to Swedish shores

Back on board, we cast off just before lunchtime and headed out towards Sweden planning to stay overnight in Skanör before taking the shortcut through the Falsterbo Canal - like Suez, a canal without locks. Just south of Copenhagen city is the imposing Øresund bridge, the road and rail connection between Denmark and Sweden; the eight kilometre long bridge spans the eastern half of the Sound with the road diving into four kilometres of tunnel on the western half. Our route lay over the tunnel. It was busy; the marked channel was peppered with yachts of all shapes and sizes while commercial vessels plied up and down in succession. Huge wind turbines seemed to occupy every available bit of water outside the buoyed channels.

It was sunny and warm and we were looking forward to an evening in the small harbour which had been recommended by our Swedish friends, Pelle and Ulla. As we approached, the glinting silver shapes turned into a forest of masts. The harbour didn't give the impression of being very large. What was going on? Putting our nose through the narrow entrance, we were nonplussed to see that boats were already three deep at four o'clock in the afternoon. We extricated ourselves and took the channel northwards towards the Falsterbo waiting area. We found a berth on the outside of the floating breakwater with Jennifer executing a leap worthy of an Olympic athlete to secure us alongside.

The bridge opens only briefly every hour and not at all at busy times such as eight in the morning. Up early to organise a tricky manoeuvre springing off our berth, we then jilled around with a number of others until the bridge opened at precisely 07.00. Fifteen minutes later we were hoisting the main in the basin just before the exit. The south coast of Sweden is low-lying and somewhat featureless but the moderate northwesterly gave a rewarding sail despite a knot of current against us; this turned out to be a constant companion for the next few days.

This area is shallow, without islands, and not overly endowed with shelter so, despite our lack of success the previous evening, we tried another harbour recommended by our friends, Skillinge. It has a tight entrance and not much more than 2.5m depth; that may seem generous but it leaves *Oisín Bán* with only 0.2m to spare. Again it was busy but our early start meant that we arrived by 15.00 and we quickly secured alongside an Arcona 460. It turned out that a couple with a young family had just bought it and were making their way home towards Gothenburg. They came on board and *Oisín Bán* was thoroughly inspected by their three year old son, Gustav, who opened every locker, lifted the hatches in the floorboards, inspected the heads, and tried to poke his finger

through the fire port into the engine. Thankfully, although his eyes lit on the Epirb, he couldn't reach it.

Next morning we were away shortly after seven. Our course was initially parallel with the coast, a low, partly wooded landscape with the trees forming dark buffers between the glowing expanses of ripening crops sweeping down to the shore, the patchwork occasionally punctuated by a red-roofed farmhouse. By late afternoon we were threading our way through the islands approaching Ronneby. Sheer nostalgia had brought us here as it had been the venue for our final Fireball European Championship but anti-climax followed when we discovered not a trace of the sailing club or the rustic holiday cottage we had stayed in.

A short sail next morning brought us to Karlskrona, the principal naval base in Sweden; not only is it a splendid natural harbour but, crucially, it is ice-free in winter. Apparently Nelson reckoned it could not be taken and many of the fortifications and defences date from his time or earlier. There is an excellent Naval Museum, full of plans, models, firearms and all the usual paraphernalia, which we visited in the afternoon. One room was dedicated to navigation and contained early compasses, measuring sticks and sextants. What would they have made of all our electronic gadgets and gizmos?

An international tussle

By now we were truly in the Baltic, a sea shared by no fewer than nine nations which otherwise speak different languages and have diverse cultures and cuisines. Reluctantly, we decided the wind was in the wrong direction to be able to fit in a visit to the island of Bornholm in the time available, rather we would round the south east corner and head for Kalmar, some 70 miles away. An early start was called for as the wind was forecast to freshen from the north later in the day. At first we made good progress despite the pesky current being against us again; we rounded the south cardinal at Utlangan before 09.00 but a couple of hours later the northerly arrived earlier than forecast and we faced a 40 mile beat slamming into a short chop.

Diverting to a small harbour called Kristianopel offered an escape although it was shallow. Sweeping through the narrow entrance, the basin was actually much smaller than it looked in the book. Fortunately as it was not long after midday only eight boats were in ahead of us. We rounded up almost immediately to benefit from what had been indicated as the deepest water. This was to be our first real attempt at sardine-style berthing where one lassoes a buoy at the stern and takes two ropes ashore at the bow. Adrian steered towards the harbour wall, Maeve fished for the lazy line with the boat hook while John was at the bow ready to leap ashore. But it wasn't a lazy line! Not only was our stern not attached to anything but the boathook was now floating in the harbour. A German couple on a neighbouring yacht sprang into action and took a warp each. Thinking we were made fast, Adrian gunned the engine astern to try and retrieve the boathook. Our new best friends on the harbour wall narrowly escaped a ducking as 10 tonnes of boat surged backwards. To add to our

embarrassment, they spoke perfect English while we could only mutter a heartfelt *Danke*.

Purchase of a happy hooker

We ate our lunch, watched new arrivals perform various capers, and explored the village, not that the latter took very long since it consisted of a small restaurant, a knick-knack shop, and a traditional timber-clad church which was closed. Meanwhile the confined harbour was filling up fast and the harbour master was happily telling us how he had accommodated 79 boats the previous evening. Not our scene. We started to fret. Then the wind began to abate so, seizing the moment, we cast off and headed once more for Kalmar. About 16.30 a sea breeze arrived causing the wind to veer to the east giving us a delightful fetch under blue skies to arrive in Kalmar by 20.00. The first port of call next morning was the chandlers to buy a metre long 'happy hooker'; we had noticed that all the local boats were using this clever metal device which has a hook at one end for the buoy and a ring on the other through which to attach one's stern warp. We were starting to adapt to Swedish ways.



Kalmar Castle

Kalmar turned out to be most enjoyable: it has a fairytale castle guarding the approaches, a large, deep harbour reserved for visiting yachts, well-preserved remains of the original walls around the town centre, and excellent coffee shops. There was even a free concert in the square on the Tuesday evening although we missed most of it by mis-timing our dinner in Lilla Puben, a gastro-pub where the whisky menu extended to more than 60 varieties, from Jura to Japan. Back on board, Jennifer introduced us to the joys – and frustrations - of a round of whist.

How did one ever manage to go cruising without a mobile phone? For a couple of days we'd been exchanging texts with Pelle and Ulla who were in the area but always somewhere different. Now there was a plan to rendezvous in Borgholm on the island of Öland at the north end of Kalmar Sound. Öland is where the Swedish Royal Family goes on holiday in summer; their Royals are under-stated, Borgholm is too. But we had a very enjoyable evening with our friends

whom we had last seen in Kilmore Quay the previous year. They were returning to Stockholm having taken part in the ARC and spent time in the Caribbean.

Vastervik - the end of stage two

By now it was Thursday 25 July and we were booked to fly home on the Sunday from Skavsta, or Stockholm-Skavsta as Ryanair call it. With about 60 miles to cover we split the distance in two, stopping first in Oskarshamn for what turned out to be a disturbed night as thunderstorms rumbled around for some hours and crescendoed almost overhead about four in the morning. Having the tallest mast in the anchorage didn't encourage peaceful slumbers either.

The final leg brought us through part of the beautiful Vastervik skärgård with its myriads of islands, rocks and skerries, a complete contrast to the rather inhospitable southern coasts where harbours were few and far between. Now, as we motored in the light airs through the twists and turns of the channel, there were anchorages galore, very useful too as dark thunderclouds built to seaward of our route.

The approaches to Vastervik are well marked as it is a port and one of the departure points for the island of Gotland. There is an exceptionally large gasthamn which can accommodate 300 boats; like many Swedish marinas it is mostly staffed by students on their summer holidays, one of whom buzzed up in a RIB and directed us to a berth on the inside of the protective breakwater. Saturday passed in a welter of chores: laundry, cleaning, polishing, stowing and packing.

To Gotland

What a difference a couple of weeks make! Having left a packed marina with its swimming pool full of children, we returned on Sunday 11 August with Anne and Brian Craig to find just six boats. And the local cafe where we thought we could eat our dinner was no longer open in the evenings. This was a wake-up call as to how short the Swedish cruising season is. The national holiday runs from early July to early August and, in a country where boat ownership is exceptionally high, Swedes take to their boats in their thousands if not millions. For those of us who are more accustomed to the uncrowded waters of Ireland and Scotland and get twitchy when packed like sardines in a tin, mid June and mid August are ideal times to visit.

We practised our pilotage by heading south through the islands to Blankaholm where we managed to avoid the thunderstorms but not the mosquitoes. The Grib files showed more thundery activity for the following day along the mainland but better weather over the island of Gotland so we made an early start to outrun the storms, completing the 64 miles with some judicious engine assistance to tie up in the capital, Visby, by 17.00. Visby is a UNESCO World Heritage site and fully deserving of the designation. We had no trouble spending a day and might have spent another but could not resist the lure of the archipelago where, from Landsort in the south to Arholma in the north, a distance of 80 miles, there are 30,000 islands.

On our return to the mainland we spent a night in the gasthamn in Gryts where we had an enjoyable meal ashore before heading to Oxelösund. Much to our disappointment, it turned out to be highly industrial with docks, cranes and a large scrap quay but it did have a well stocked supermarket only ten minutes walk away. And there were barnacle geese to add to the sea eagle we had spotted earlier in the day. Over dinner there was some debate as to where to head next; we fancied a remote anchorage as an antidote to our grim surroundings but the forecast of a stiff southerly tipped the scales in favour of sheltering in the small gasthamn on the island of Utö.

The Skärgård

A fast fifty-mile passage brought us round the southern tip of the Landsort peninsula and into the southern end of the Stockholm archipelago. Mobile phones dictated our next move. Having sent a message to some Arcona colleagues from England who were also spending the summer in the area, they turned out to be just to the north of us. The following day



Oisín Bán anchored in Mörtö-Bunsö

we rafted up for lunch in Fjärdlång and then continued in convoy to Napoleonviken on Ägnö. A submerged rock in the entrance required steely nerves and a steady hand on the wheel to steer what appeared to be foolishly close to the rocks on the port side. It was excellent practice for the rest of the trip. *Stargazer's* crew, having had much longer to acclimatise to Swedish ways, tied to the rocks and went for a swim while Anne and Maeve got ready to perform a re-run of the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

This was the start of a highly social week. The next day we went to the island of Sandhamn where we were entertained to drinks by a British couple on a Nauticat who turned out to know mutual friends. This was followed by an evening in a bay on Gällnö rafted alongside Maeve's cousin in his steel barge *Wave of Maldon*; John and Anne had left Norway at the start of June and were on their way to Finland to lay up for the winter. Our next stop was the Wasahamnen right in the heart of Stockholm.

Three nations rally

Pelle and Ulla had been in touch to suggest that the three Arcona 430s should have a weekend rendezvous at Bullerö, one of the remote natural harbours in the outer archipelago. We set off on Saturday 24 August, first following the main channel seaward with its fringe of holiday homes scattered between the trees and then dodging between the more isolated barren islands and rocks. It was a beautiful sunny day with light winds allowing time to savour the charms of the islands and islets as we covered the 35 miles towards the open Baltic. The pilot book showed not only an extensive area of rocky shore suitable for tying up but also a pool with a depth of eight metres. Perhaps we might get away with anchoring rather than having to nudge the rocks and then emulate the antics of Spiderman by jumping ashore with a warp? No such luck. As we approached, it seemed that almost every boat in the archipelago had joined us for the weekend. Anne counted more than 80. *Stargazer* was already in place so we rafted alongside and took our bow line to a small conifer poking up between the boulders.

The final week saw us transcribe a web around the archipelago as we visited a further 11 anchorages, ate many of our meals including breakfast in the cockpit, skipped through narrow rocky gaps under full sail where a week earlier we had motored cautiously, and generally adapted to Swedish ways. Mid-week we called at the Arcona head office in Gustavsberg to discuss arrangements for the winter with Torgny. Friday 30 August saw us complete the final 14 miles (1850 in total) from an overnight anchorage at Korshamn to the marina at Saltsjöbaden; we were leaving *Oisín Bán* to be collected the



Three Arcona 430s on Bullerö

following week because Gustavsberg was chock-a-block as a result of the Stockholm Boat Show. The rest of the day passed in a frenzy of activity. Bags packed, we got a taxi to the city on the Saturday morning and, that evening, were treated to a fabulous dinner at a fashionable restaurant by Brian and Anne when we celebrated the success of the cruise.

The Finnish archipelago next year? Can't wait.

Raymond Fielding recalls the life of Fred Cudmore, Commodore 1958-59

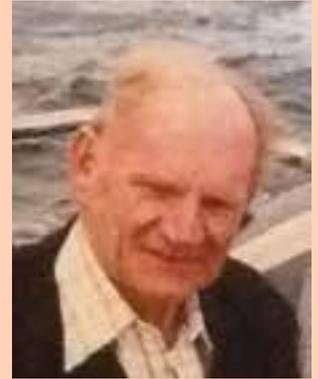


THE DUNN'S DITTY SALVER

AWARDED FOR THE BEST
DUNN'S DITTY SUBMITTED

I began crewing on dinghies circa 1950 in Crosshaven from the Royal Munster Yacht Club. I always had a yen to sail on a keel boat and I began to crew on *Setanta*, a gaff rigged sloop designed by J.B. Kearney, built by Tom Skinner of Baltimore at Malahide and launched in 1949 for Fred Cudmore. Fred later changed her to Bermudan rig. I last saw her some years ago in Waterford Marina in the city. His wife Mary was a very cheerful lady and was known in Cork by some as “Boston Mary” because of American antecedents. They were the parents of four sons, Richard, Fred Jr., Peter and John, who are all members of the ICC, and four daughters. Fred constantly smoked a pipe and daily walked around the city of Cork collecting the takings from the family shops in a small attaché case. He would never have survived doing that today.

To my mind both Fred and Denis Doyle were the two most respected skippers that came out of Cork in the second half of the last century and they were both ICC Commodores. Fred was for cruising and Denis was for racing, especially offshore. Fred taught me and his brother, Harry, who was by then my skipper, the secrets of navigation at night. He used the Cardinal system for laying off courses, eg southwest by west $\frac{1}{4}$ west. We were afraid to tell him that on *Auretta*, Harry's McGruer 8 tonner, (one of four built in Crosshaven Boatyard), we used an ex-RAF grid steering compass and laid courses in degrees (5's and 10's), as he had a short fuse on such matters. I had crewed for Fred in various events around Cork harbour, including the Ringaskiddy Meet, and up the back channel before the Naval/Irish Steel bridge was built and using Rocky Island, now the site of a crematorium, as a mark and to Whitegate Regatta. I also remember racing with him at Cobh Regatta 15th August, midweek and therefore poor entry, start at 1400. There were no other starters so we sailed the course alone. We probably did not win but Fred did what he thought was right and he muttered his way around the course. I remember meeting Bill Walsh (ICC) for the first time on the aft deck of *Setanta*, and Ray Morrogh used to come sometimes, giving fine advice on the course to be sailed. He was too big to go below so if it rained we threw an oilskin over him to keep him dry.



I did the Irish Sea Race on *Setanta* in 1957 and remember a gale going over to Beaumaris, as well as light airs involving several bouts of kedging. I also remember going out on the bowsprit to dowse the headsail in darkness and was worried about getting back on deck until a coaster came and shone a searchlight on us. Racing home, a senior executive in a prominent Cork business gave Fred some lip about something and was ordered to spend two hours forward of the mast for his misdemeanour. He ran a tight ship. He also held prayer services on deck on Sundays, racing or cruising. This time, off the Wexford coast, we had to kedge in a foul tide, and on arrival in Cork, one of the crew semaphored our name and finishing time to Roches Point light house.

There was never a shortage of wine aboard, which was kept in stone jars and was supplied by another of the crew, Jack Rearden, who owned a wine importing business. It was liberally consumed to celebrate the first 50 miles or the last 100 miles. Fred made several attempts to sail around Ireland but the gear, especially the sails, and time constraints, made it very difficult. Yachts are much more efficient now, which disproves the theory that “It isn't the ships but the men that are in them”.

I qualified in 1958 and in that year cruised to France with Fred and came back to Cork by liner to start work. On the way out, strong southeasterlies had us in Schull. Carnation Milk in tins was used on board. I hated the taste and went ashore and bought some milk in a can and on bringing it back on board, it was spotted by the skipper, who ordered me to pour it overboard with the admonition “We are cruising now, boy”. The skipper's word was certainly law on *Setanta*. We had a very easy sail across to France and I remember having to hang around for a few hours north of Ushant until the fog lifted. GPS has changed all that. Navigation then was mainly by dead reckoning and RDF using chains and beacons to home in on. I got on very well with the skipper until, heading up into Benodet, I let a sheet go and was bawled off in no uncertain manner. That night Fred was in great form in a local hostelry and after his good passage from Ireland was quite willing to take on all comers and had to be restrained. Fred and *Setanta* were always afloat and sailing for St Patrick's Day. When he sold her he bought and sailed a Club Shamrock, a Ron Holland design built in Cork.

In the early sixties I had my first reefer jacket made for a tenner, in Burtons, a lot for a penniless youth. I was delighted with myself and appeared at a Club bash wearing it. Fred took one look at it and passed a comment which I never forgot. “Sloping pockets” was all he said - presumably more suitable for a hunting jacket. Fred was a great character; they don't make them like that anymore. He was a “One off” who enjoyed sailing and taught many members how to hand, reef and steer.

Green light For *Aurora* in Greenland

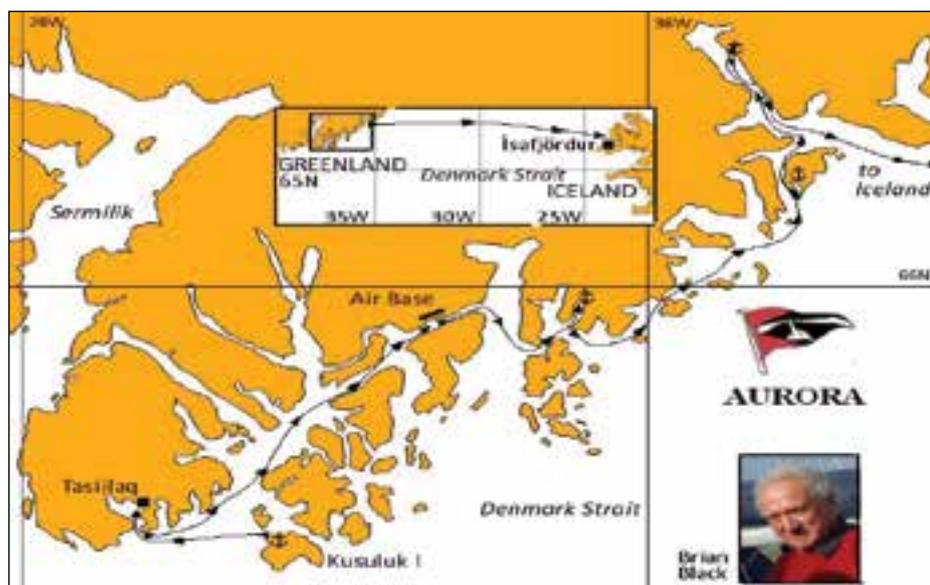
Brian Black

The plan had been to squeeze the last of the season by exploring for new anchorages along the east coast of Greenland and get back to Iceland before the weather would change for the worse at the start of the long cold Arctic winter. I was to join *Aurora*, skippered by Sigurdur 'Siggi' Jonsson, who runs the sixty footer as an expedition boat, chartering between Iceland and Greenland. I have been to East Greenland on five separate occasions but Siggi has been working this coast consistently for several years, giving charter parties the thrill of a lifetime and his knowledge is vast so by 'Signing on' I hoped I might learn something. The rendezvous was at the remote air strip of Kulusuk where a flight from Iceland deposited me without ceremony at a building reminiscent of something you'd find in the deepest African bush only with grey skies, rain in the offing and the temperature around 5 degrees. Flat areas suitable for landing strips in Greenland are rare so this was the nearest spot convenient to the settlement of Tasiilaq, the main centre of population on this stretch of the south east Greenland coast about twenty miles away. For anyone thinking about a visit, here's the first tip. Make sure you book a helicopter flight on-line between Kulusuk and



Tasiilaq, East Greenland

On board *Aurora* all was quiet efficiency. Siggi was checking the weather reports, Riikka as first mate was making sure the boat was ready to go, a two-man film crew was sorting gear and Steff, who had chartered a berth, was excitedly studying maps and generally getting the feel of a boat making ready for sea. We knew from the start that the weather window was especially tight. When the relentless Arctic winter is on its way, conditions can change for the worse with remarkable speed, and so it proved in our case. A combination of Siggi's experience, careful study of GRIB files and advice from Greenlanders in Tasiilaq pinpointed a deep depression heading our way – the last gasp of a hurricane off the coast of Labrador which had pulled in warm moist air from the Gulf Stream and then gained fresh energy from the Greenland ice-cap to re-form as a forty-five knot blow. The best guess gave us two days before it would strike.



Tasiilaq; if you arrive on a weekend there is no way of getting a seat until the office opens on Monday.

A winding dirt track led me to the harbour and there, sure enough, lay *Aurora*. A few huskies, tied up for the summer, thought I looked like a soft touch for a meal and started howling. One or two locals dandered around the handful of buildings and down by the quay there was the usual hustle of fast boats tearing around without any discernible purpose. A cluster of recently shot seals was tied to the pier supports awaiting their onward progress as food for the sled dogs during the dark period of winter.

That was time enough to make some northing and use the time productively to check out uncharted fjords, record safe-water tracks past rocks that seemed to rise from nowhere between the islands or headlands and, of course, find a safe hurricane hole for the battering that was to come. This research will add significantly to the excellent **Faroe, Iceland and Greenland** pilot so carefully compiled by Willy Ker for the Royal Cruising Club Pilotage Foundation. It will also be important to charter skippers and the small but increasing number of well found cruising yachts heading in this direction as climate change opens up the Greenland coast. That said, only two or three boats had been reported through Tasiilaq

this season and they were well away by the time we set out.

We nibbled our way along narrow fjords, past headlands



Abandoned WW II airbase inside Qianarteq Island

and into the passage of Itakaq between the mainland and the island of Qianarteq. And there I was confronted by the most amazing sight I think I have ever come across in the Arctic. Literally thousands of empty rusting 50 gallon oil drums, lorries, half-tracks, cranes, bulldozers and the remains of buildings, generators and a derelict quay – all the impedimenta of an American air-base that was summarily abandoned when peace broke out at the end of World War 2. This was environmental vandalism on an industrial scale and no-one has ever thought about doing something to clean it up. We anchored that night in the shelter of a headland off Sermiligaq Fjord, reviewing the pictures that we had been busy shooting at the air-base, still not quite ready to believe our eyes.

Another download from the sat-phone showed that the depression we were expecting was closing fast, so it was anchor up at first light and off to find somewhere to ride it out. Siggi knew of the landlocked bowl of Storo, also referred to by Willy Ker, which would give perfect shelter. The entrance is a dogleg and shallow – 7 metres – so that kept the big ice out, the smaller growlers were not a problem as either they would sheer off the boat or we would be pushed gently out of their way. The anchor went down in fifteen metres, sixty metres of heavy chain was paid out, dinner emerged from the oven with the mouth watering aroma of roast Icelandic lamb and we settled down to await whatever may happen.

Sure enough, the skies darkened, the wind howled rising to a banshee's shriek as the storm built. In the black of night all you could sense was the savage strength of the depression as it tore across the mountain peaks surrounding us. By morning, the wind had abated and in its track, the rocky slopes had a covering of ice rime that grew more distinct as the temperature fell from 5 degrees above zero before the storm to around 3 degrees below in its wake. Some of us went ashore that afternoon and scrambled up to the ridge overlooking the fjord on the other side. It was encumbered with big ice-bergs that had been pushed against the shoreline and

more were emerging through the gloom to windward. There would be no venturing out from our snug berth until things settled.

Next day the sun returned, the land took on colour and the snow capped mountains shone like a set in a big-budget movie. We moved out and resumed our northward progress. By now the water was calm enough to show where tide-rips ran around headlands. Sometimes these reached speeds of four knots, the jolt of disturbed water jostling chunks of ice or spinning the occasional berg. Every now and again a rock would appear, right where you would least expect it. As we worked our way along the coast, we found the fjords were often hundreds of metres deep until, suddenly, a whale back of what had once been a mountain peak showed just above the surface. Over geological time, bergs had ground away at the jagged rock to wear it smooth making it hard to spot – at high water with a three metre rise and fall it may not have been visible at all. Sometimes the hazards were marked on the chart, but little charting has been done in these waters since that undertaken by survey vessels in the 1930s and then it was with much larger craft in mind. Close to one of these rocky pinnacles the depth would be well beyond the range of the echo-sounder; suddenly the screen would spring to life showing a rapidly shoaling bottom, Siggi would reduce engine revs to tick-over and we would creep around the obstacle, making good the record of our track for future reference.

Fierce winds, hidden hazards, possible encounters with Polar bears, few and far the shelter between anchorages raises the question as to why go there in the first place? The answer is simple. Along with the dangers come huge rewards. The scenery is genuinely mind-blowing. Mountains rise two, sometimes three thousand metres straight out of the sea with awesome rock faces and glistening snow covered peaks. Wide glaciers of age-old ice snake their way to crack and carve into the sea, launching intricately sculpted bergs and growlers, translucent and tinged with aquamarine. It was something approaching spectacle overkill that leaves your senses reeling at such a brutal but beautiful landscape. Ashore, there was the feeling that your boots had made the first impact of a living creature since dinosaurs roamed this landscape during the Jurassic period over a hundred million years ago. Cruising in



Aurora in Kangertitiatsivaq Fjord

Greenland has rewards beyond measure but it is important to take on board the risks. Sometimes I think that the more I go there the more intimidated I get – perhaps it's in knowing that little bit more about what can actually go wrong that does it.

These thoughts were going through my mind when one of the camera guys – James Aiken – stumbled upon a cluster of rusted tin cans lying in clumps of bilberry, saxifrage and moss campion clinging to the thin gritty soil that sits on the permafrost. This was in Kangertitvatsiaq Fjord. Bearing in mind the slow rate of decay in the relatively dry climate of the Arctic, these must have pre-dated the detritus of the US air-base we'd poked through earlier. If so, who could have left them? My best guess is that they belonged to one of Gino Watkins's expeditions in the 1930s, when Watkins and his team were trying to find landing places on the Greenland coast suitable for transatlantic flights that needed to re-fuel around the half-way point. Gino himself disappeared in 1934 a short distance from where we were; he'd been hunting seals from



Yacht *Aurora* under the Aurora Borealis

his kayak when something went wrong and he was drowned, his kayak turning up in a water-logged state.

And then there were the lights. Each morning, fresh snow had fallen and the water surface was an inch thick with glittering frazil ice that at night reflected moonlight onto the mountains. When the sky cleared, came the Northern Lights. Lasting from fifteen minutes to several hours, aurora borealis held us on deck and spellbound as the heavenly glow turned and twisted, rose and fell – silver, gold but mostly gleaming emerald against the clear starry sky. I know it sounds ridiculous but I expected them to make a noise, a sort of electrical surge as they pulsed across the sky, sometimes appearing from behind a mountain peak, sometimes making an unheralded appearance overhead. For *Aurora*, and for Siggi, these green lights had another meaning – it was time to go. The first storm had passed through with us safely at anchor, leading me to some of the most amazing days I have ever spent in the Arctic. But the next weather update was more threatening – a big Atlantic depression centred on Iceland nearly three hundred miles away across the fog banks and icy waters of the



Brian in Arctic mode - and not for swimming

Denmark Strait, our route home.

Icelanders don't 'Do' gales, it's only when wind strengths are expected to exceed forty knots that they issue storm warnings and Siggi made the seamanlike decision – it was time to cut and run. As ever, he was right and we reached safe harbour in Isafjordur, *Aurora's* home port in the West Fjords of Iceland just as the wind started to scream.

Richard Cudmore writes of sailing in Seville

Seville, a 2500 year old city, has hosted the Romans, Moors, Jews and Christians. *Toirse* finally arrived in 2012. *Toirse's* crew could not be described as coming under any of the above headings. Columbus, or at least a bit of him, is allegedly buried there. The skipper is devoted to Columbus, whether whole or in bits. So it was that the skipper, flanked by Joe Woodward on one side and Liam McFeely on the other, entrained from Malaga to Seville and a week's hedonistic pleasure on *Toirse*, moored at the Club Nautico, in the centre of town. The Club Nautico, with over 8000 members, has tennis courts, swimming pools, gym, restaurants, mini golf course, offices and, as an afterthought, a small marina.

The first item on the agenda was dinner. The city is replete with restaurants. Our only problem was deciding which one to patronise, or so we fondly assumed. We were just aboard when the rain started. It rapidly assumed monsoon like proportions. Going ashore was out of the question. Now *Toirse* has a fine galley, so cooking was not a problem. One does not need to be a chef to know that cooking requires something to cook. Two tins of beans and some stale bread would stretch any chef. One of the tins had to be thrown overboard when we found that it dated from Roman times. Joseph of Bayona intoned a Grace, unprintable, in keeping with the feast to follow. The first course consisted of stale bread and rolls, suitably burned by the skipper. We washed

this down with an Albarino, what else? Then we moved to the main meal, one third of a tin of beans each. This was accompanied by a splendid Red from the Douro valley. A coffee was the least we'd expect after that. Yes there was coffee aboard. Unfortunately it was in a jar, and as hard as concrete. Scratch three coffees. I had heard that the ICC cruised on its stomach as much as on the sea. Happy to debunk that myth. A nightcap completed day one. The rain hammered down until I fell asleep, dreaming of dry Irish nights.

The next day was overcast. We took a taxi into town, our first intended port of call the Tourist Office. We got out of the taxi with the Tourist Office clearly visible ahead. The taxi departed and our pal, the rain, arrived again in monsoon like quantities. We dived into the nearest doorway, a Starbucks Café, and had several cups of coffee, and some excellent lusting, while we looked at the rain. The rest of Seville was invisible, the street a river. Eventually we got to the Tourist Office, had lunch, and proceeded to the Cathedral, a vast pile of Gothic stone making a clear statement of the power of the church, both temporal and spiritual. It's the largest Gothic Cathedral in the world and the third largest Cathedral after St. Peters in Rome and St. Pauls in London. We spent 2 hours plus going around it. The Columbus tomb is quite the most spectacularly ugly item in it. The skipper had a religious experience as I walked around it several times, seemingly in a trance like state. I was revived with Magno. Home for a siesta, then dinner in the pub that we lunched in earlier completed the day.

Saturday we decided to take the open top bus ride to get an over view of the city. We were fine fellows as we sat up front on the top deck of the bus. Seville is known as the oven of Spain. That day it seemed more like the fridge. Seville is a beautiful city. Magnificent buildings, wide boulevards, splendid bridges and parks, trees laden with oranges, sophisticated peachy women, what more could one desire? Heat! We suddenly realised that we were becoming hypothermic and exited the bus, and all the sights, for a hot meal. We dined that night in a restaurant near the cathedral. Both Joseph of Bayona and Liam ordered Merluza. We got piles of pretty inedible food and hake it most certainly was not. When Joseph of Bayona complained they had the decency not to charge him. The atmosphere in the area was electric, the crowds dense and good humoured, and the Cathedral, bathed in external lighting, presided benignly over the entire scene. Young lovers and old farts mixed easily without a mention of the IMF.

Young Mr. Kirby was scheduled to join us on Sunday. We lunched in the Club Nautico and watched the kids in the Oppies and the rowers on the river (actually it's a canal) in front of the club. When Tom arrived we proceeded into town and managed to get a restaurant that was a bit better than

our previous one. Tom had Joseph of Bayona drooling as he explained a new financial instrument, the Divinity Bond, redeemable on redemption. "You mean to say you can take it with you after all, I'll stand you all a Magno," chortled Joseph, mentally counting his millions until the thought of the redemption clause rained on his parade.

Was it Sunday or Monday that we put on the sail cover? This is quite a job on *Toirse*. It's fully battened, and getting the battens in took a lot of pushing, swearing, groaning and cutting. By the time the damned things were in we each had at least 2 extra hernias. Joseph of Bayona put his foot down. He had had enough of expensive Andalucian food and he searched out a Gallego restaurant. And sure enough they had food and wine like you find in the Rias of Galicia. Oh happy days. And we repeated the bus tour with Tom. I was fascinated at the number of things I picked up second time around that I'd failed to notice the first time.

The grand plan had been to leave *Toirse* for Granada on Tuesday and arrive late Wednesday in Malaga. What could go wrong? "Events dear boy, events," to quote the late Harold Macmillan. The Spaniards decided to enliven the place with a national strike on Wednesday. All public transport (officially it was reduced public transport) would close, some taxis would run etc etc. Nobody seemed entirely sure what would, or would not, happen. We played safe and went to the airport hotel in Malaga on Tuesday. At least we were at the pin end of the line if and when we got the gun Thursday am. We were advised by the hotel to go to Tourmalines and avoid Malaga on Wednesday. Naturally we declined and went into Malaga. A lot of people must have received a similar briefing as it was virtually empty, more like Sunday in Ballymena than the centre of a bustling Spanish town on Wednesday. The cruising blue police vans, filled with riot police, did nothing to dispel the Ballymena comparison. Still, we had an excellent lunch of grilled sardines on the beach and some vino, definitely not typical Ballymena grub. Then we got a taxi back to the hotel. The driver had difficulty finding our hotel, and given its situation and lack of signs, that was understandable. It became less understandable when it became increasingly clear that he could not find the airport either. He drove into all sorts of places, received "Directions" from numerous sources and became increasingly excited. Joseph of Bayona was in the suicide seat, and even the thought of Divinity Bonds could not quell his fear of imminent death as this idiot screeched on to road after road at increasing speeds with correspondingly less care. Finally we made it. The taxi driver had refused to turn off the meter and wanted €26. We offered of €15 and he finally took it. We ate in the hotel and left, tired but happy, for Ireland, on Thursday.

Caribbean Cruising – Close to Home

Alex Blackwell

The 2013 season got off to an ‘Interesting’ start for us. While everyone else was having their boat lifted in, we were hauling our Bowman 57 ketch *Aleria* out with a bent shaft, shattered stern tube and mangled prop. Our plans for a spring cruise to Scotland were hard aground.

Once *Aleria* had been towed to Westport, it took two cranes to haul her onto Westport Quay. The repairs were fairly straight forward. Perhaps the hardest part physically was separating the old shaft from its coupling. Hanging upside down in the bilge I can just reach the shaft, so I had very little in the way of leverage. A bit of heat from a blow torch and some manual persuasion with a lump hammer eventually did the trick. After that I just had to cut away a good portion of the old tube, bevel away the hull and keel, insert the new shaft and stern tube making sure they were lined up perfectly, and then glass in the tube with epoxy. Steve Morris of Kilrush Boatyard, who had done a fantastic job on *Aleria*’s hull (very ably assisted by Frank Ranalow’s son Peter), kindly gave me daily advice on the next steps. The result? Well, we did get to Scotland and back just fine with no leaks and no vibrations, only a month later than expected.

My wife, Daria, and I finally set off on July 2nd. Sailing out of Clew Bay, we had a blustery and rough ride around Achill Head. This was after a hose in the generator cooling system had blown up filling our boat with oily fumes. After our first few days sailing, the wind died completely. Ahead of us lay four weeks of tropical cruising, just without the trade winds.

North of Achill Island it was all new territory for us, as we had previously always sailed south to the Mayo and Galway islands, or all the way south to the Atlantic Islands and Caribbean. North Mayo and Donegal provided us with some of the nicest destinations we have seen to date. Of particular note were Aranmore (Árainn Mhór) and Gola (Gabhla) islands off the west coast of Donegal. Both offer excellent anchorages with good protection. Like the Mayo and Galway Islands, these also offered nice walks through their interiors. On the way north our engine started to overheat and Tom Moran of Clew Bay Marine walked me through troubleshooting and repairing it while underway.

Our visit to Gola, which we visited on our return trip, coincided with their annual festival. The island had been vacated in the 60s and 70s. Descendants are now moving back. We dressed ship and stayed on for an open air Mass on the island pier. Entirely in Irish, with four young musicians beautifully playing and singing familiar tunes in Irish, we were mesmerized. Afterwards there was a racing curragh demonstration, and of course the yachtie (that would be me) was required to go rowing with two very fit islanders. It was exhausting keeping up with their fierce pace, but definitely not embarrassing.

One of the reasons we had wanted to visit Gola was to see the memorial to two islanders who perished on 9/11 when the planes hijacked by al-Qaeda terrorists struck the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center in New York. We were living nearby at the time and it was an event that traumatised people far and wide. It is also a pivotal part of a novel I have just completed: *The Butterfly Effect*. The location for the memorial is extraordinarily beautiful and we sat there for quite a while as our thoughts went back to that terrible day.

When planning a passage along the west coast of Ireland, we will usually put serious thought into the state of the tide and the currents past the headlands. This is all the more important for anyone cruising the lower Hebrides in Scotland. Whereas we may experience 1-2 knots off Slyne Head, five or more knots are quite common between the islands making the timing of passages one of the primary conversations while cruising the Scottish islands.

Our first port of call was Port Ellen on Islay. A number of years ago there was a promotion in the US for Laphroaig Whisky. Buy a bottle, sign up as a Friend, and they would deed you a square foot of land “big enough to stand on in your wellies”. Needless to say we did. We arrived at the distillery having lost our cert years ago. We explained our woes to the young lady there, who promptly found us on the computer, gave us the GPS coordinates of ‘our’ plot and handed us each a dram of whisky – our rent.



With the OCC Fleet overlooking the Corryvreckan Race.

We then circumnavigated the Island of Jura stopping in several loughs along the way. One thing we missed on this trip, that we had feared more than anything else, were the midges. Instead we had sunny and hot weather, flat calm most of the time, and frequent dense fog that you might expect in Maine, but not in Scotland.

The biggest chandlery in the Scottish islands is in Ardfern at the top of Loch Craignish. There we found a hose that would work with our generator, so I spent an afternoon under the floorboards while Daria ran errands ashore.

In Craobh we met up with ten OCC boats and joined them for a barbeque and a few days of very enjoyable sailing in company. Together we navigated the Sound of Corryvreckan and anchored in Pig Bay in NE Jura. There we climbed a mountain tunnelling through bracken and then picnicked overlooking the famed Corryvreckan race with its powerful currents and whirlpools. From there we had a glorious sail down to Lough Tarbert where one had to negotiate narrow unmarked channels. One of the enjoyable parts of sailing with them was being amongst such experienced sailors (as opposed to charterers). We never had to worry about what the other boat might do. I even learned an incredibly easy bread recipe, and have been baking away ever since.

After that we headed north to Iona spending two nights in a tiny gorge between two rocky islands called Tinker's Hole. If you ever want to experience heart stopping terror, try taking a 30 ton, 57 foot boat that does not manoeuvre well into there when the anchorage is already crowded in pea soup fog.

We had just managed to turn *Aleria* without hitting anyone else and I was letting out our anchor rode when a dinghy came over. "That will be £10 mooring fee," the one man said. I did admittedly not react that well and told him I

would pay his bl..... Fee when I was actually anchored. The poor man came by (twice) to apologize.

Iona is a must see, and we are planning a return trip allowing for a several day visit. The anchorage is stated to be untenable and that one should not leave a boat unattended. With our powerful scoop type Ultra anchor and plenty of chain, *Aleria* held fast in the hard sand despite the quite strong reversing current.

The Duke of Argyll deeded the cathedral, the ruins and the island to the people in 1899 stipulating that it must be interdenominational. In the cloister of the Abby is a Jewish sculpture. In the church are Bibles in all languages. As you walk around, there are preachers from different religions speaking to groups of various sizes (some huge) in different languages.

We visited several other islands and harbours on this cruise; one more beautiful than the other. We were even able to hoist our sails on a few occasions when the wind picked up.

There is undoubtedly very much more to see in the Scottish Islands, and Daria and I do intend to return. We see this trip, where we experienced 'snapshots' of the various islands, as a reconnoitring foray. Next time we will spend more time at individual destinations to experience them more fully. I must, however inject that the welcomes we have received on the Irish Islands to date, and the dramatic scenery we have experienced, have made them my personal favoured destination.

Sombre questions: John Banim writes of a medical emergency

In late September I was aboard *Clio* after lunch moored stern-to at Pothia, Kalymnos, in the Dodeconnese when a lady I knew slightly came running along the quay calling for a doctor. I had recently done a refresher CPR/AED course and asked if I could help. She took me aboard an Amel 54 alongside her yacht where the owner, a German in his 70s, lay unconscious in the cockpit, apparently as a result of a heart attack. I was joined by the skipper of an Australian boat nearby and, having assessed the situation, we laid him on his back and cleared his airway. The Australian inflated him mouth to mouth and I did the compressions. We worked on him for 15 minutes or so until the ambulance arrived from the local hospital. We expected a paramedic crew with resuscitation equipment but instead we were brushed aside while the driver and his helper brought a gurney aboard and manhandled the patient on to it. It took a further five to ten minutes to get him off the boat and into the 'Ambulance' a white Hiace type van equipped with only a stretcher. We were not allowed to continue CPR in the ambulance en route to the hospital. We heard later that the patient had died.

I cannot say whether he would have lived had he received continuous treatment on the way to hospital but I feel confident that we acted quickly enough and did enough to prevent brain damage up to the time that the ambulance arrived.

Some thoughts which arose afterwards included:

- If you feel unwell get yourself to hospital as soon as possible. I understand that the man had been in pain earlier but had done nothing.
- Our CPR/AED training in Ireland is based on continuing CPR until the trained paramedics take over when the ambulance arrives. What should one do if the ambulance crew is not trained or properly equipped?
- Many yachts in the Mediterranean are sailed by couples, often retired in their 60s or 70s. What if the heart attack happens at sea? Can your sailing partner summon help?
- It can be difficult to remove a casualty from a yacht even the size of an Amel 54 berthed stern-to. If the casualty was below and in a smaller boat it might be nearly impossible without further injuring him

A Potter in the Ionian Islands

John P Bourke

Margaret and I, with Barry and Marie Byrne, were due to fly to Antigua in March in order to join Alan McGettigan (ICC) on his new *Wolfbound*, a Swan 48 just recently acquired. After the Caribbean 600 race we would join her and potter down the Grenadines. Unfortunately on her way south from Newport RI, she ran into the bottom end of the storm which caused some 800,000 homes in the northwest of the States to lose power. There is another story to be told, but in the end the four on board decided to abandon ship some sixty miles north of Bermuda, taking the opportunity to board a large grain freighter which brought them to Gibraltar and so home, whole and uninjured.

Shortly afterwards, Terry Johnson (ICC) made Alan a most generous offer to take his Contest 46, *Nyabo*, presently sitting in Levkas Marina just south of Corfu, for a replacement cruise. We and the Byrnes rapidly signed on. Disaster can and did strike twice however because shortly afterwards, Barry accidentally damaged his ankle to such an extent that his doctors forbade him to travel. Marie therefore had to stay at home and in the absence of female company, Margaret also opted to stay. We tried various others from the extensive *Wolfbound* crew list, but time was too short, which left Alan and myself. With all arrangements made, tickets paid for and time free, Terry encouraged us to proceed and so we did.

We flew to Corfu on Saturday July 14th with a day to spare before the short flight to Preveza. On the Monday a taxi was waiting for us at Preveza airport. We found *Nyabo* in the marina in the heart of Levkas town and spent the day provisioning and discovering how everything worked. I had been on board before but memory does fade and nearly all boats



John Bourke relaxing in the heat

are different. However the instructions were good and Alan was able to add mechanical logic.

It was hot, very hot indeed; the sooner we could leave

the better, so on Tuesday we motored out and down the canal which takes one south and into what the cruising guides call the inland sea. It is a stretch of water in the Ionian which is surrounded by islands and protected by them and the mainland of Greece. A few miles later we passed inside the Onassis island of Scorpio and through the entrance to Tranquil Bay opposite the town of Nidri. We anchored exactly where Mervyn Hall, ICC always used to position *Baily of Howth* over many summers. It is a special place and chosen with care. The town is a short distance by dinghy. The main street behind is largely unchanged and one can pass from tourist heaven to normal Greek living in fifty metres.

On Wednesday we went the few miles further in to Vlikho Bay, a wide and well protected anchorage. The town is small and quiet, as Nidri once had been. We toured the Bay and the considerable number of boats there by dinghy, eventually landing on the west side at an attractive little Bar and Restaurant called Hippocampus, tempted by a seahorse sign. (We are both members of the RORC). After a while we figured it out with the help of a little classical learning: Hippocampus is a seahorse. There were only two customers present, both of them English. One repaired boat equipment and knew Mervyn and his engine. He told us that *Baily of Howth* was in the yard and for sale.

The next day another gentle motor in calm conditions brought us round the SW corner of Levkas Island and in to the delightful little bay and town of Sivota. We anchored with some difficulty as there is not much room and the bottom deepens rapidly. Later on a brisk breeze came down off the hills and we had to re-anchor before we felt secure. We saw *Morning Calm of Sark*, (ICC), also at anchor with a number of young people on board, but before we could go over to say hello, she upped anchor and was gone.

On Sunday 21st we went across to the island of Meganisi and turned in to a small bay called Spartaghari which had two tavernas with connected pontoons, one on either side. We were beckoned in to the one on the right and being unprepared, took time to put out fenders, tie the dinghy to the bow, switch on the bow thruster and so forth. The beckoning party got more and more excited as we readied ourselves and in due course backed in to his pontoon. There was no charge but we were expected to eat in the taverna which is fair enough. Some nice Australians on the boat next to us helped us to tie up and we got talking. He was in the offshore diving business and within ten minutes, he and Alan had discovered about ten friends in common from the oil and gas universe.

Meganisi has a large selection of bays, close together, one after the other. On Monday we chose another one called Port Atheni. There were long rows of boats anchored and tied astern with a rope to the shore, including one enormous motor launch, high, grey and menacing with tinted windows.

In the morning we debated going further south to the islands of Cephalonia and Ithaca. However, on previous voyages we both had had various deadlines and needed to keep moving. We had not therefore explored much of Levkas Island, and Meganisi not at all. We decided to sail around Meganisi and onwards to Vasiliki on the SE corner of Levkas rather than carry on south. A breeze allowed us to enjoy a brief and rare sail under genoa. Vasiliki is a splendid anchorage with brilliant azure waters over sand. It is known for strong gusts in the afternoon but anchoring in four metres we felt entirely secure. There was only a handful of cruising boats present, but in the southeast corner of the bay there appeared a swarm of racing dinghies, sail boards and catamarans, taking advantage of the increasing gusts off the hills for which apparently that particular corner is famous. The gusts filled in around us and so did the sailors, whizzing by on all sides. We watched in cockpit comfort, beer in hand as they sped by. We did have some slight concern for *Nyabo's* gleaming topsides, but we need not have worried as the skill levels were high.

Going into town later on the other SW side of the Bay, the outboard stopped. We had been warned of a potential problem with fuel mix and had purchased a further supply. A young flotilla assistant kindly offered to help. However after some rowing, much pulling of the starter cord and some internal investigation by Alan, the fresh mixture brought her back to life and she behaved perfectly thereafter. That was the only technical hitch on the entire cruise. The town of Vasiliki is small and pleasant, the restaurants and bars curled attractively around the side of the harbour.

On Wednesday we decided to hire a car and explore inland. We motored round to the same magic corner in Tranquil Bay, stopping for lunch between the small island of Thilia and Meganisi, an anchorage of outstanding beauty.

At the end of our drive we toured both sides of Vlikho Bay and walked out to the point where a small Greek Church and shrine looks out at Scorpio Island. Nearby we found the tomb of Wilhelm Dorpfeld who with Heinrich Schliemann discovered and unearthed the remains of the City of Troy, previously thought to be mythical. He lies in a small clearing facing across the water to Nidri and close to where he lived in his later years. He believed that Nidri was the original home of Ulysses rather than the island of Ithaca. Nobody will ever know the truth, but either way the final resting place of the great archaeologist is entirely suitable and quite moving.

Our final anchorage was on the mainland under a high hill with a fort on top, just short of the Levkas canal. Alan swam to shore but failed to find a path up and so returned just in time for lunch. On arrival at the marina a good breeze came up as we topped up the fuel levels. Backing *Nyabo* in to her berth was not easy that day and more practise would have helped. However we managed with the help of her wonderful bow thruster, hoisted the dinghy back on deck and declared the cruise ended..

Festina lente: Peter Fernie Writes of a serendipitous short hop

The two of us (David Whitehead and myself) had sailed and motor-sailed *Mystic*, a Moody 27, from Kinsale to Galway Bay in just over a rather frantic 48 hours. We had been on the go continuously for the last 20 hours and gratefully dropped the hook at 01.30. We spent a bumpy night in a northerly breeze and lumpy sea off the beach in Inisheer.

The sea and wind were not much improved in the morning. Perversely the hitherto compliant engine refused to start; in attempting to bleed the system I managed to shear a bleed screw. End of engine. The white things still worked. Then we found the anchor immovable. The gods were certainly sticking it to us this morning. We buoyed and slipped it and headed north to our final destination, the new Rossaveel marina. Once off the lee shore we had a cracking reach for the coast, 9 miles to the north.

Ninety minutes later the brisk northwesterly had abated and, as we approached Cannon Rock perch at the entrance to Cashla Bay, it seemingly dropped altogether. We launched and rigged the inflatable and outboard in case we needed manoeuvrability in the restricted channel. *Mystic* continued to sail however at a solitary knot. The wind was imperceptible but still we made progress. Under normal circumstances, Mr. Volvo would have been pushing us noisily along; without his presence we continued to drift actively in the required direction, listening to the gurgling under the bow and watching the trail of bubbles astern. The sun was out. Peace and tranquillity reigned. Lambs bleated and cows moored. Halfway up the channel by the Martello tower, we made a precautionary call to the harbour master that we were sailing in to pick up a berth.

At every moment we expected what wind there was to disappear altogether but we made the sort of progress that traditional boats have made around the coasts and inlets of Ireland over the centuries. Eventually we rounded up into the new marina and picked up a berth under sail.

What would have been a short undistinguished hop had taken us four hours – but some of the most serendipitous sailing hours imaginable. Sailing, it is regularly said, is one of the slowest forms of transport and we all spend inordinate sums making it faster by wind or by engine.

As Mohandas Gandhi said “There is more to life than increasing its speed.”

Try it.

Young Larry: Highpoints of a cruise around Ireland

Máire Breathnach

I will never tire of sailing around Ireland. The first time was in 1995 when I circumnavigated single-handed in my little Seamaster 23' *Shackler*. While alongside the old quay in Clifden, I met Corkman Tony Doherty, a former ICC member who was cycling all over Ireland and climbing each county's highest peak. Needless to say I was impressed and ever since thought it was a great idea. So this year when Andrew and I planned a cruise in Irish waters, I suggested that we sail around the coast and climb the highest peak of every maritime county. Andrew agreed, on condition that I buy him a Guinness after every single climb! The first thing we needed to find out was the number of coastal counties. There are eighteen in all. One county, Leitrim, has a coastline of just two and a half miles! The good news was that a few counties share a common county top, so in all we would have to climb just 17 peaks. I had never even heard of some of them but the list ranged from the lowest, Sliabh na Cailligh 276m (Co Meath), to Carrauntoohil, 1038m (Co. Kerry). A spreadsheet was prepared with HMSL (heights above mean sea level), ascents, difficulty, time, maps required, and possible ports. We placed 17 stickers on an old roadmap of Ireland. It was time to head for the hills.

We sailed from Lymington to Dungarvan at the end of April to attend the inaugural maritime festival in my home port. With *Young Larry* safe on a mooring in Dungarvan town quay, we climbed Waterford's highest peak, Knockmealdown (794 hmsl) on May 12th which was a very windy Sunday. We also climbed Galteemore (919hmsl) which is shared by Limerick and Tipperary. Our original plan was to sail west about from Dungarvan but when we heard that the Old Gaffers were meeting in Poolbeg we decided to go eastabout. This would also mean that we should be fitter by the time we would climb Carrauntoohil, Ireland's highest mountain.

We sailed down the Copper coast to Dunmore East and picked up a mooring while waiting for the tide. The new yacht pontoon had not been positioned. Upriver we found a pleasant anchorage in the King's Channel southeast of Little Island. Next day ashore in Waterford I twisted my foot but the excruciating pain did not kick in until about six hours later off Hook Head. Anchored in Bannow Bay, off Fethard on Sea, 400mg Ibuprofen helped relieve the pain in my foot. This was not a very good start to a sailing/hillwalking cruise! The next day I was pretty much useless on board and all I could do was helm. In Arklow we berthed alongside *Wildcat III*, the windfarm support vessel, and had a great chat with her skipper Brendan, who is also a member of the local RNLI.

On Saturday June 1st we left Arklow and once we had cleared Wicklow Head we had a lovely sail in moderate northwesterlies to Poolbeg marina. After we passed through Dalkey Sound it was exciting sailing through the Dublin Bay race fleets. Several Old Gaffers were alongside, one of the



A view of our anchorage NE of Inisdegimore

most notable being the late 1800s Nobby *Master Frank* from the Isle of Man. Dickie Gomes's 100 year old *Ain Mara* was also present and we caught up with Ed Wheeler and Winkie Nixon. We rafted alongside *Viola* and had a few tunes with Mick, a violin maker, and his partner Niamh on board *Young Larry*. Needless to say The Mater A & E was exceptionally busy on the bank holiday Monday but I was very relieved to discover that nothing was fractured, just torn a few ligaments. Unfortunately I needed a bit more rest and was unable to join Andrew and my niece Sibéal for Wicklow's highest point, Lug na Coille (925hmsl).

However the following day with the aid of a crutch given to me by Katie in Poolbeg YC I had no bother with the 75 m ascent of Slieve na Callaigh (276 hmsl) in Meath which took about ten minutes!

Like Newgrange, Slieve na Callaigh has a small passage grave which is open to visitors during the summer. I was feeling fairly confident and was well able for Dublin's Kippure (757 hmsl) which we did in glorious sunshine and a warm breeze. We celebrated with a meal ashore that evening and next day making the most of the continuing fine weather we sailed forty three miles to Carlingford Lough where we anchored about two cables north of Carlingford marina. Slieve Foy (589 hmsl) in the Cooley Hills is a long ridge on the west side of Carlingford Lough and is the highest point in Louth. It was the scene of the Táin Bó Cualgne or the cattle Raid of Cooley, a famous old Irish epic which tells how Queen Maedbh of Connacht made war on King Concubhair of Ulster, and on his henchman Cuchulainn, famous for his strength and courage. The walk starts from the town of Carlingford and is therefore very convenient to the anchorage. On the way my crutch attracted a lot of attention from other walkers! There were fine views of Carlingford Lough and

Young Larry from the summit. On returning to the village our high and dry dinghy gave us a perfect excuse to have a very leisurely dinner in the friendly Carlingford Sailing Club.

We weighed anchor at 0600 next morning and having exited Carlingford Channel sailed in light easterlies towards Strangford Lough. Slieve Donard and the Mourne looked well from seaward. The stream was running strong in the entrance and it was calm. We had just started the engine when we picked up a mayday relay. A yacht with four people on board including a 14 yr old was in collision with the Seagen tidal turbine which has massive twin rotors which operate like an underwater windmill. The yacht was dismantled. Miraculously no one was injured and the Portaferry lifeboat and



Larne Lough - not usually thought a scenic spot

other local boats brought the casualties ashore and towed the yacht to safety. That afternoon we sailed through Ringhaddy Sound and brought up just west of Darragh Island. A beautiful spot.

Weighing anchor under sail next morning we sailed to the well sheltered Quoile YC in the south west corner of the lough by way of Mahee Roads, Deadman's Rk, Long Sheelagh, Limestone pladdies, Killyleigh Roads, and the Quoile River. The next day was better suited to a high stool than a high peak! Nevertheless we taxied to Downpatrick, bussed to Newcastle and taxied again to the Bloody Bridge, the starting point for Down's highest point, Slieve Donard 850 hmsl. It was raining and foggy and the visibility was about 30 metres. We followed a trail for a while and then had to use our compass to find the Mourne Wall. At that point we just followed the wall for about an hour and a half to the summit. We took an alternative route down bringing us to Newcastle as the skies cleared,

The wind remained light from the east and it was late the following evening when we entered Larne Lough. Ferry ports are not very popular with yachtsmen but we were pleasantly surprised with our anchorage in the south of the lough, where we were surrounded by rural countryside.

Cushendall would have been an ideal anchorage for Antrim's highest point Trostan (551hmsl). However with strong winds forecasted Glenarm marina proved a safer option. We walked towards Carnlough and took one bus to Cushendall and a second to Antrim Forest Park. The route

follows part of the waymarked Moyle way and there are good views of Rathlin Island from the trig pillar on the summit. We walked back to Cushendall and had a look around the town. A session was already in full swing in Joe's and it was only 17.00 on a Friday evening.

Over the next ten days we made a "Mini cruise" to Scotland to visit our friends Ian and Dominique Christie who live at the head of Loch Goil in the Clyde. A south westerly Force 6 made for a fast passage to Campbeltown. We visited a few very nice anchorages on the way to Loch Goil, including Loch Ranza, Isle of Arran and Burnt islands and did a few "Extra-curricular" walks. We returned via the Crinan Canal. The sailing was great in a north westerly 5 from Dorus Mór to Tobermory and tacking through the Sound of Mull was very exiting. We motored in light southerlies from Tobermory to Stasnaig bay, Colonsay and from there through the fantastic Sound of Islay to Rathlin Harbour, where we anchored inside the breakwater on Wednesday 24th June.

We spent a few days in Portrush. We climbed Sewel, 678 hmsl, the highest point in Derry, having taken buses to Coleraine, Magherafelt and Sperrin. The following evening was spent catching up with Charles and Christine Crossie, Robin and Janet Riddick, and my old friend and former harbour master Richard Mc Kee who joined us for dinner on board *Young Larry*.

We motored into fresh westerlies all the way to Mulroy Bay on July 1st, a distance of 48 miles. This was our first visit and we enjoyed the pilotage to our anchorage in Fannys Bay. We had hoped to climb Mt. Errigal, Donegal's highest peak from here but as the weather was neither suited to hill walking or sailing we remained at anchor and explored Downings, Carrigart and the surrounding area. There is a noticeable lack of development on the east side of Mulroy Bay. When I suggested to one of the locals that the new bridge might change all that he said that the bridge was a white elephant and "You'd be lucky to see five bicycles using that bridge on a good week".

Conditions were far from ideal for the next leg to Aranmore and rounding Bloody Foreland and we had to rule out a visit to Tory Island. We battered into Force 5 southwest-erlies and only got relief from the considerable swell in the lee of Inishbofin Island. I like Aranmore Island and enjoyed our walk to Leabrannagh, original home



Metal Man, Sligo

of our friend Paddy O'Donnell who is now a very successful fisherman in Kodiak, Alaska. Away at 0600 next morning (Saturday 6th July) we left Aranmore through the South Sound. The main was set with one reef to begin with and then a second and the south westerly gusted to 33 knots. Meanwhile we were getting constant reports of the fair weather that was being enjoyed by the rest of the country! Conditions improved after Rathlin O Beirne and we crossed Donegal bay in no time at all heading for Sligo. The Metal Man pointed us in the right way and we considered anchoring between Coney island and the mainland but decided to follow the training wall up to the town arriving at the pontoon at 17.00 (56 miles from Aranmore Island). Sligo town is well worth a visit by sea and has every facility. The harbour master "Red" is a great character and was very welcoming, as was fellow ICC member Des Moran, who had just returned from Greenland. Rosses Point with its distance marker buoys is perfect for long swims and some of the best views in Ireland can be seen from Knocknarea. Sligo is Michael Coleman country and I am sure there are some great traditional sessions to be found but unfortunately we were not in the know and could only find "touristy sessions" in the pubs. *Young Larry* was not the only visitor to Sligo. *Lady Kate* arrived the following day and we had a lovely evening with my brother Donal and Michael O Neill.

Summer had returned in full strength and we decided to visit Innismurray, where we had a lovely swim in very warm water. This island has monastic ruins that date back to the 6th century and is associated with St. Molaise. It is only one mile by a half a mile in size but at one time the population exceeded over one hundred. The last occupants left in 1957. There is a lovely account of life on the island as told by Florrie Brady on www.Innishmurray.ie. Mullaghmore, with its beautiful stone harbour built by Palmerstown, is only a few miles from Truskmore (647hmsl), a peak shared by Sligo and Leitrim. We had just reached the start of the NTL road leading to the RTE transmitter at the summit when a car stopped and its driver invited us to "Sit in as the road is far too steep for tourists". We declined initially as we really wanted to walk. But the



Máire on the summit of Mweelrea

friendly driver insisted and we had already accepted when we saw the loaded rifle on the back seat! We need not have feared. Our driver, Pete Rooney a former sheep farmer from the area was home on holidays from New York and was out for the day



Man of the West! Andrew on Silver Strand

hunting foxes. In true "Céad míle fáilte" fashion he drove us half way up the mountain, picked us up later at the bottom and drove us to his house for beer and sandwiches.

Next day Friday July 12th we sailed to Killybegs (10 miles from Mullaghmore) where we picked up one of three visitors' moorings. Then we hired a 1970s TR6 and drove to the foot of Mt. Errigal (751hmsl).

The wind was once again from the southwest (Force 4) when we crossed Donegal Bay for the second time in ten days. We anchored at the head of Portnacloy which proved to be a well sheltered overnight stop. Early in the morning (July 16th) it was still cloudy and the wind was still fresh from the southwest. With one reef in our scandalised main we weighed anchor bound for Clew Bay. We tacked along the Mullet peninsula and once round Achill head we were able to turn off the engine and set the topsail. What a glorious sail! We handed the main, topsail, mizzen and continued under jib past the lighthouse. From here we were piloted by *Northabout* to a mooring off Rosmoney (65 miles from Portnacloy). We had cargo for our pilot Jarlath Cunnane which we had carried safely on deck all the way from Lymington. Jarlath dropped us at the foot of The Reek next day and we joined the multitudes for more extra-curricular climbing on Croagh Patrick. Next day we motored in calm conditions to Inis Turk and stopped for a swim and a walk to see Gracie O Malley's tomb on Clare Island on the way. Inis Turk is one of Ireland's best kept secrets. Family friend Fr. Billy Deasy brought us on a tour in his old van (not that you can travel very far) and we stopped in the pub for one. Later we returned to Mary Jo's for crab claws before rowing back to *Young Larry*. As our dinghy can also be sailed we found that we had no use for the outboard this



Leaving Inis Turk

summer.

Mweelrea (814hmsl) is the highest peak in Mayo and climbing it was certainly a highlight of our cruise. The forecast was for southeasterlies and we motored from Turk towards the Killarlys.

We anchored off Silver Strand, Glassillabeg, which is north east of Inishdegilmore, north of the entrance to Killary Harbour. It was a beautiful summer day. We rowed ashore and dragged the dinghy across the white sand. The ascent took about two hours and we marvelled at the 360 degree views from the cairn at the summit. In our guide book Mweelrea is classed as a Hewitt, a Marlin and a Vandaleur Lynam! Andrew got a well deserved pint of Guinness in Leenaun later that evening.

In very light westerlies next morning we motored to Mannin Bay, enjoying very much the pilotage in the Aughrus Passage. We had on board the latest edition (2013) of the Sailing Directions which is excellent. Just as well as more interesting pilotage followed next day (Sunday 21st July) as we passed inside Crouner Rock, Carrickawoolawaun, Carrigenboy, Carrigarone, etc and transited Joyce's Pass. It was Regatta Day in Roundstone and we watched the Báid Mor racing in Bertraghboy Bay. Ashore we met the crew of the *America Mór*, Paddy Barry, and Donal from Cárna who we had

previously met at the Old Gaffers festival in Poolbeg.

Paddy drove us to the foot of Benbaun, 729 hmsl, Galway's highest peak and joined us for the climb. We had worked up an appetite and enjoyed hake on board *Young Larry* for dinner. On our first attempt to leave Roundstone we touched and had to re-anchor and wait for the tide. Kilronan was our next port of call. We picked up a mooring under sail, had a swim and went for a walk ashore. A problem with a computer necessitated a trip to Galway next day by ferry and bus. The trip was fun but our attempts at getting the computer fixed unsuccessful. Having slipped our mooring soon after sunrise we left Inishmór via Cush Spit and Gregory Sound and sailed or motorsailed in light to moderate southeasterlies to Trá an Fhíona, Smerwick Harbour which is one of my favourite anchorages. As we passed through the Blasket Sound next day we threw a drop of whiskey over the side for the Old Woman. Traditionally it used be snuff but we hadn't any on board.

We had to leave *Young Larry* in Dingle marina for the next ten days due to commitments ashore. When we got back my brother in law Eamonn joined us for Carrauntoohil (1036 hmsl) and all agreed that it was a great day. We ascended by the zig-zag route and descended by Hell's Gate. We left Dingle bound for Derrynane or Castletownbere but as soon as we crossed the bay the visibility deteriorated. Once through Dursey Sound, the fog came in and the vis was less than 5 metres and was particularly bad in Piper Sound and we were relieved to get the hook down in Castletown Harbour. Unfortunately the next day was not good for climbing Knockboy, 706, the highest peak in the Rebel County. The original plan had been to anchor in Glengariff for Knockboy. In the event we drove down a few days later when the weather had improved. Having rounded the Mizen in a 25 knot south westerly we were amazed at the sight of a gaff rigged yawl *Duet* sailing off the Fastnet as we have a picture of the exact same scene over the fireplace at home.

Over the next few days with following winds we made our homeward journey to Dungarvan along the coast of West Cork with its familiar headlands. As the Knockmealdown and Comeragh Mountains came into view we reflected on our adventure. We had enjoyed some great sailing and our "County High Points Challenge" had added another dimension to our cruise. It is hard to beat Ireland for sailing, hiking and that other vital high point "The craic".

Muglins France & Spain

Paul Butler

Cruising this year was, as always, divided between Whit and my summer (August and September). First was a trip from our home port of Dun Laoghaire down to Zumaia, near Donostia / San Sebastian in the Basque territory. For August and much of September Nóirín and I day-sailed across the North of Spain and cruised the Rías of Galicia.

On Friday the 17th. May Don McCarthy, Leo Sheehan, fellow ICC member Johnny Rooney, his son, Simon and I set off at 03.30 - time was determined by my desire to sail most of the Irish coast, Land's End and the Chenal du Four in daylight with favourable tides. In the event we had a wonderful sail all the way to Camaret, where we arrived slightly ahead of schedule at 13.00 on Sunday the 19th. Our fondest memory of that passage was of the early morning of the 18th. While sailing for about two hours there was a constant flow of dolphins playing around the boat and then moving on to be replaced by new groups.

On Monday we had a following wind. Initially we were heading for St. Evette, but progress was so good that, after passing through the Raz de Sein, we decided to press on for the Glenan Islands, where we were the only yacht to pick up a mooring at the glorious beach between Ile de St. Nicolas and Ile de Bananec. Here we spent a lovely evening and set off after breakfast the following morning for Port Tudy, Ile de Groix. We were happy to find that there was plenty of room on the pontoons outside the inner basin.

On Wednesday 22nd the wind was again aft of the beam and we were able to sail under cruising chute all the way to Le Pallaïs on Belle Ile. Here I was delighted to find newly installed floating plastic pontoons on the South side of the outer harbour; these proved to be a great bonus as tides dictated that we could not enter and leave the inner basin at convenient times. On Thursday we again had a fresh following wind for all of the 51 mile passage to Port Joinville on Ile d'Yeu. We had similar conditions and a lively reach in force 5 to 6 down to Les Sables d'Olonne. Here we took a berth on the six year old marina on Quai Garnier in the Port de Peche immediately behind the town, convenient to all amenities. We spent our first rest day here and sailed down to La Rochelle on Sunday 26th. Here we intended to stay for two days but as very heavy winds were forecast for later in the week, we decided to commence our 179 mile passage to San Sebastian the following day.

We left La Rochelle before noon. Once again we had a following wind but it increased to 7 in the early hours of following morning and it remained strong as we entered the horseshoe bay of San Sebastian at 13.30 on Tuesday 28th May. The only protection in the bay was in the lee of Isla Santa Clara. Even there it was uncomfortable so we decided to stick our noses into the small fishermen's harbour on the NE side of the bay. There is one pontoon in the outer harbour on which a French yacht was secured. We tied up alongside. We

spent 3 nights there in a howling gale with almost constant rain, my first time experiencing such conditions in this wonderful town.

We had little option but to leave for Zumaia on Friday 31st, as our flights home were on Sunday and *Muglins* was booked to stay there until August. The northerlies that had been blowing for days caused the sea to be very confused up to more than 3 miles offshore, making the very short (13 nautical miles) passage uncomfortable. In all, the cruise/delivery trip provided wonderful sailing but it was freezing and, in the end, wet.

The return to Zumaia on Saturday 3rd August worked well for Nóirín and me: flight to Bilbao then bus and taxi to the marina. We found *Muglins* exactly as we had left her. On Tuesday 6th we set off for Bermeo in light winds for some 23 miles. No progress has been made since the piles first reported in 2011 and any moorings were occupied. The marina, which is in any event suitable only for very small craft, was completely full and anchoring in the harbour would have been hazardous, if allowed. We, therefore, decided to press on and sailed a further 22 miles to Getxo outside Bilbao. It was my second visit there and we only used it because of the



Guy et Moi

lateness of the hour. Although Getxo is a fashionable dormitory suburb, the on shore facilities at the marina are terrible. They charged us €57 for the night, twice our average on this cruise. On my last visit we made a (very enjoyable and worthwhile) day trip to Bilbao but, as we still harboured thoughts of wintering in the Mediterranean, we gave it a miss this time.

On Wednesday 7th we left at 11.00 and arrived Laredo (21 miles) at 15.00. Marina de Laredo is an excellent new facility with a maximum of 20% occupancy, probably due to irrational pricing though we paid a very reasonable €27 per night, with the third free. It has good shopping and a long sandy beach. Laundry and permanent washing facilities were

not yet in place. Diesel is not the accepted responsibility of the marina administration who told us that we could only top up between 10.00 and 13.00. This was not compatible with a necessary early departure, so we stayed an extra day to fill up, only to find no one to serve us when we arrived the following morning at 11.00.

On Friday 9th we left Laredo and sailed in a light north-east breeze some 65 miles to Poo, a lovely anchorage with just one other yacht, a French First 31.7. Saturday was a great morning. We could see the remains of snow on the highest peaks inland. We weighed anchor and headed west with no wind. Wind gradually filled in allowing some sailing. As we reached Gijon, wind had filled in at about 18 knots. There is a very good marina near the old town. The berth cost a reasonable €30 a night. My only complaint is that the WiFi signal did not work on board. Saturday night the town was packed with an unbelievable number of people, all of whom seemed to be shouting/talking at the same time. Sunday we were awoken at a very reasonable 10.15 by live music from the pier. We were going to head for Luarca the following day but, on the advice of a very friendly customs officer, we chose Cudillero. However, on Monday morning there was constant rain or drizzle so we decided to spend another day with the benefit of a marina

On Tuesday 13th it was very dull in Gijon and we seemed to be the only visiting yacht to plan leaving. However, we did leave in a northwest 3/4 and had a lovely sail to Cudillero. We moored bow and stern in one of the most picturesque ports I have ever visited. Wednesday 14th August we sailed some 45 miles to Ribadeo. This is a lovely port in sheltered waters. After passing under the land bridge we were given a berth in the Club Nautico marina on the West side of the river. The club offers excellent facilities. On Thursday 15th August we set off in little or no wind. Having cleared under the bridge, which had 30 m under it at high water (but nothing would persuade Nóirín that we'd get through), we motorsailed for some 35 miles to Cabo Estaca de Bares and thence into the Ría de Santa Marta de Ortiguera. Because of the wind direction, we chose an anchorage in Puerto Empasante on the west side of the Ría, a delightful beach with a small village and a backdrop of a pine forest. There is plenty of room and excellent holding in 3 to 6 metres, sand.

On Friday we sailed some 45 miles to La Coruña. This was significant for me as there had been a gap in my cruising between Santander and Coruña. I have now covered every mile of the entire Iberian Peninsula. Northern Spain has stunning scenery and amazing tapas. We had a wonderful three days there. On Monday we sailed in a freshening northerly wind 41 miles around and past Cabo Villano and entered Ría de Camarinas. The intention was to tie up at one of the two pontoons here but it was far too windy to manoeuvre in safety so, in common with twelve other yachts, we anchored close in by the beach on the north side of the Ría, well sheltered in just 2.5m. On Tuesday 20th August we sailed down and past Cabo Tourinan, Cabo Finisterre and Punta Queixal and into Muros. Here we were delighted to find the new marina open,

though further piles and pontoons were still being installed. We spent two days in this lovely town.

On Thursday 22nd August we motored in a flat calm down to the Ría de Arousa and up to Carmiñal on its NE shore. Here we observed gulls diving in a feeding frenzy. It was only as we reached them that we realised that there were innumerable tiny baby turtles swimming together. There were so many that the gulls could have little effect on the vast majority. This is a fine port with an excellent marina and town of manageable size.

At this time we decided that it would be a big rush for the two of us to get to the Mediterranean and I find Galicia to be far more relaxed; an exceptionally friendly people. As usual I had emailed many ports in Spain and Portugal seeking quotations for wintering *Muglins*. Most replied. Extraordinarily, the lowest Portuguese quote was almost twice as dear as the highest one from Spain. I had been in regular contact by email with our Commodore, David Tucker, who has wintered his yacht *Intrigue* in Vilanova Marina in the Ría de Arousa for the past four years, where the facilities are superb. He was full



Muglins, Combarro

of useful information and advice. In the end we booked into Vilanova from September until June. We resolved to spend the rest of our vacation gently exploring the Rías.

On Tuesday 27th August we undertook a two mile passage across to Cabo Cruz. Here there is yet another small marina where they are most welcoming. We spent two days there.

On Thursday the 29th we had a wonderful 25 mile sail, most with following winds of 20/25 knots, out of the Ría de Arousa and into and up Ría de Pontevedra to Combarro, a fabulous traditional village with a marina, new since my last visit (2001 - first visited 1983), which, thanks to our Commodore, David Tucker, offered a discount of 25% on its already low rates, making the cost to us about €17 per night. We stayed until Saturday. On Friday we visited the city of Pontevedra: well worthwhile.

On Saturday we sailed 12 miles across to and into

Ría Aldán, what could be described as a sub-Ría off the S entrance to Ría de Pontevedra. Here we anchored among many vessels, including David Tucker's *Intrigue*, Joe and Mary Woodward's *Mosbulu II* and Richard Cudmore's *Toirse II*- one would be forgiven the thought that Munster was taking over the Rías. Sunday 1st September was another lovely day. We sailed down to Ilas Cies, where we anchored off the main beach on Illa de Monte Agudo. Being a Sunday, it was very crowded and there was not much protection from the NE wind so we pressed on for Baiona in the afternoon. We used the RCN marina as our David Tucker had again negotiated a 25% discount for members of the Club. Baiona has been a favourite port of mine since 1983. We met the Woodwards again here. They have a great love of the area and its people and dispensed much useful advice, not to mention presents.

On Tuesday in a flat calm we motored the 10 miles around to Vigo. Vigo is a wonderful City, where I wintered *Red Velvet* in 2000/1. We used the RCN marina which, in spite of its large extension now offers only shabby facilities for visitors. In particular, we were required to berth on an old and dirty pontoon that goes around buildings on three sides. Jumping from pontoon to steps was particularly hazardous at some stages of the tide and always when returning from a good meal. On Thursday 5th we crossed to the N side of the Ría to Cangas. However, as there was no room available, we left and returned instead to Ría de Pontevedra where we took up a berth at Porto Novo, just W of the larger Sanxenxo. This, which was on Joe Woodward's recommendation, proved to be an excellent port.

We stayed until Sunday when we went to Piedras Negras.

This beautiful spot has a tiny harbour and, although we were there by 12.30, we were lucky to get one of the last berths available. I have only managed to secure a berth here once previously. On Monday 9th September we returned to Carimañel. Finally, on Tuesday we travelled across to Vilanova, our winter destination, a week ahead of our scheduled return home giving us plenty of time to relax, familiarise ourselves with the place and make arrangements for the storing and maintenance of *Muglins* over the winter. The port has everything that David told me of and more. It takes under two hours at low cost to get to the airport in Santiago by taxi, train and bus.



Nóirín at Islas Cies

John White feels like a beached whale in Croatia

Although for years and years in the last century I had done some considerable cruising with such ICC luminaries as Paul Campbell, Wallace Clark and John Mullins, I had not, for various reasons, done any cruising at sea (I have cruised the Shannon extensively since) for over twenty years.

Notwithstanding, David Beattie (ICC) had over the last couple of years been endeavouring to entice me back to "Briney" cruising. So, after one such email suggesting some gentle island hopping in Croatia, I responded that indeed I would but that I was concerned that I might be a hindrance, as I was not as strong or nimble as I used to be. He replied that he "Thought that he already knew all that" and that, nevertheless, he would very much like me to join him. How could I resist? So at sparrow-fart on 16th July, I flew with David to Zadar to meet the remainder of the crew, Geoff Hilton and Michael Hosford-Tanner on *ReeSpray* in the excellent marina there. And for the following week, which was boilingly hot, we had a perfectly glorious time, anchoring each evening in stunning anchorages (preferably where there was a decent restaurant).

My only difficulty was that, having enjoyed swimming in the beautiful balmy sea, I found it impossible (the others had no problem whatsoever) to climb back on to the boat. So it was suggested that I get myself into the punt and from there up. Easy, you would think but not so for me. And so, with the use of a stirrup and helping hands from above and below, I would eventually find myself sprawling in the well of the punt. A "Beached Whale"

The Launch of *Danú*

Vera Quinlan and Peter Owens

Danú is a 43ft ketch-rigged Bruce Roberts Mauritius, first seen on the Rio Guadiana between Spain and Portugal during August of 2010. She required a LOT of attention, but with our budget it was the only way to acquire a yacht suitable for 'Live aboard' family trans-atlantic and the arctic sailing we had dreams of. By early 2011 we had bought her, laid her up in Faro and then in May sailed her in one big push to Galway. Over the next two winters in Dan Mill's boatyard in Galway, Peter had stripped her bare, prepared and painted as much internal steelwork as possible and put a brand spanking new engine in her. With a full-time job and two small kids, this



First sea dinner in the cockpit enroute Boffin to Turk.

was no easy task.

May and June 2013 were a serious flurry of activity to have her ready for 3 weeks on board in July with our children, Lilian aged 5 and Ruairi aged 3. What a month we picked. After some 'Launching fun' on the slip from Dan's yard, we eventually made it into Galway docks and, on the first day of the high pressure and in 30° heat, we worked hard to get her rig up over an intense 3 hour period. Best done with more than 2 next time. Job done, we slipped back into the marina and it was nearly time to put the grandparents out of their misery and grab the kids.

After a long day rigging with Fergus Quinlan, we stocked, put the kids into their bunks and were ready for a 0600 exit, bound for the Arans. Sailing to Aran led to many an emotional moment, myself and Peter looking at one another, asking 'Is she really ours?' The hard work was paying off and maybe *Danú*, our namesake and water goddess, was shining down on us. A gentle breeze from the north and a little help from the new engine and the Aran Islands were soon in our sights.

The following day *Pylades* and her crew of Fergus and Kay arrived and a few pints were had as well as champagne and lobster (courtesy of Micheál, a local fisherman on Inis

Mór) for Peter's birthday - "Well one must when on ones yacht."

Miraculously, two and a half weeks of glorious sunshine followed; it was like the Caribbean with Guinness. What more could we want for? Fantastic days were had as the kids got used to buoyancy aids, life lines, jumping of dinghies, deep water. They experienced the delights of fast tenders and outboards, life onboard, beaches, walks. I felt I must explain to them that sometimes rain and high winds are prevalent on this stretch of coast and the seas can get big, really big ...but no one seemed to be listening.

We really started to chill. After 5 days we sailed into Roundstone and then on to Inishboffin. A superb island of craic and activity, we met many friends; John Ruddy who had done a great job on the engine installation and John Coyne who was instrumental for Peter, especially in the early days of this project with advice, steel cutting and support during those cold dark winter periods at the yard.

From the Arans, we sailed north again to Inis Turk, a magical Island. Maire Breathneach and Andrew Wilkes on *Young Larry* sailed in and took a mooring. The kids watched her approach, excitedly shouting - 'The pirates, the pirates are here'. Maire and Andrew came on board for a chat on their way onto the island. We were keen to quiz them of their adventures north of the arctic circle and tales of the North West passage abound. We are enthused and enlightened with their company - anything is possible. The next morning we depart early back to Inishboffin and a few days later our home port of Kinvara. Our three week cruise was an idyllic baptism for *Danú* and the children, a great start to what we hope will be many safe passages to far off lands.



Danú at Aran July 2013

Ireland of the welcomes

Frank Cassidy

On a sunny afternoon in April my wife's directions were issued. The entire family will spend four weeks of summer in Kinsale on *Ocean Blue*, and maybe we might do some sailing. While I was happy to deliver the boat to Kinsale, accompanied by my brother John, I made no promises as to which way we might go. Why not North about? Having read Wallace Clark as a teenager, such a trip was always an aspiration, the new ICC companion also not without fault. Double handed was perhaps foolhardy, seeking to relive younger times in Caribbean climes; differences abounded. Yet we made a rule, no disembarkation except on an island, not including Ireland

My flight landed at 5:30, I was home in Dun Laoghaire by 6:30, fed by 7:30, on the boat by 8.30 and gone by 9:30. The tide was the key; catch the north-going flood early, move fast, and the north-going ebb might slingshot us around St John's point. On 10 knots of breeze, a point north of west, we ghosted by the Bailey. The wind increased to 18 knots in the dying light of a mid-summer's evening, until we could barely discern the dark bulk of Lambay against the shimmering lights of the land. A wonderful night for sailing! That wind, however, flattered to deceive, and mid-morning found us motoring within sight of the mountains of Mourne, that northerly ebb-tide our salvation.

Few places compare with the beauty of the North Channel on a sunny day, between the Maidens and Rathlin, the Antrim Hills and the Mull of Kintyre, striving to get the best out of a fitful breeze. Yet we were well ahead of schedule, planning to anchor at the island by late evening. Regrettably the weather forecast at 17.03, predicting a westerly gale, precluded such a visit. We had people to meet, places to see and four hours of tide in our favour. As we battened down the hatches in a freshening westerly breeze we noted local yachts making fast for Ballycastle; Sensible sailors. The breeze banked south-westerly during the night ensuring a fast reach towards Inishtrahull Sound while we argued the relative

benefits of Chris Kristofferson over Johnny Cash. The locals may have been glad we were a good few miles offshore.

In the early morning light that Sound can appear fearsome, the formidable rocks off the head seeming to edge ever closer, with the island intimidating to starboard. But worse was to follow. The predicted gale arrived just as we rounded the head ensuring a 15 mile beat to Lough Swilly. The ebb-tide generated a dirty sea, the boat was over-pressed and the head-sail sheets needed to be re-treaded. Battling to do so on a bouncing foredeck, swept regularly with waves, I felt my age, and not a little fearful. Five hours later the entrance to the Lough attained we dropped anchor in front of an old tower, ate heartedly, treated ourselves to a large tot of rum and promptly slept for 16 hours.

The following day's passage to Tory Island proved a little easier, in 15 knots of breeze from the west, yet haste was motivated by the prediction of a further gale later that evening. I will admit that running downwind towards a lee shore in a freshening force six seeking an unknown entrance left me a shade anxious. Guidance on the mobile by the king of Tory, Patsy Dan Rogers and Kevin Bonner kept me right.

The welcome was effusive, company convivial as the southerly gale howled over-head, we snug as a bug in the new harbour. *An Tua cross, na Saighdiúirí Bhaloir*, the tradition of primitive painters and Derek Hill's tiny artist's hut were all demonstrated by Kevin on his tour of the island the following morning. Yet I had a vague recollection, during the revelries of the previous evening, of identifying on an internet website a nine-hour slot of northwesterlies due on the North Donegal coast within 24 hours. Such a gift could not be wasted, so the following evening found us struggling against our hangovers, a force five from the south-west, aiming for Frenchport, about 110 miles away. Wise heads had counselled against such a course, so we compromised with a port of refuge of Teelin, should the promised northwesterlies not arrive. But they did, and how. Initially the wind dropped and veered allowing us to lay Aran Island. The weather cleared, revealing a picturesque sunset, contrasted in the east by a rainbow against the striking background of Bloody Foreland. Once around the Island, the wind freshened and veered further allowing us to free off and lay Erris head. Showing all white sail, fully battened main, staysail and headsail, in 24 knots of breeze, the boat took off, hour after hour of exhilarating sailing, right on the edge averaging over eight knots. Ultimately sense prevailed and we reduced sail, without any appreciable loss of speed.

As the imposing stone pillars that guard Broad Haven appeared out of the mist, we considered an early stop. A forecast of further strong southerly winds drove us on to French Port, which was a pity as we subsequently learned friends from Canada had anchored there that very night. Frenchport is another story. The pilot cautions against any entry in north westerlies, something I can readily confirm. The forecasted



Ocean Blue at Tory

front had approached bringing strong and wet southwesterlies, but doing little to calm the wave pattern at the entrance. No margin for error but once inside safe, comfortable with reliable holding. So we curled up with a hot stew, nice bottle of wine and settled down to watch Brendan Gleeson's "The Guard" on TV. The wind gods conspired to interrupt a hot breakfast by suddenly switching from South to West in the blink of an eye. I was not about to allow a further veer, into northwest, to trap me. We could always finish breakfast underway. We wished in vain, the wind stayed in the West always above 30 knots, often sitting at 37. It was dogged and challenging sailing as we strove to double the highest cliffs in Europe, Achill head. It took us five hours to cover 20 miles, our tacking angle very disappointing, the large waves engendering serious leeway.

But where to next, Collanmore or Clare Island? Glenans Irish Sailing club has introduced many to the sport of sailing. Visits to Collanmore in the late 80s and early 90s were a well remembered joy, inducing a nostalgic urge to revisit. I was to be disappointed. Glenans, a rare success in those days when we had more time than money, the accommodation primitive, the food, while wholesome, served by the guests, fell victim to the boom and financial difficulties, ultimately resulting in the club being taken over by the French parent organisation. The French however "Just don't get it" and the place had none of the flare and life of its former years. Disappointed we retired early.

Morning found us anchored off Clare Island, me fiddling with rig tension while John visited Grainne Mhaol's Castle. The short voyage to Inishbofin to weather in a sunny 17 knots against a slight swell, may have been speeded by my fiddling, and then again maybe not. Inishbofin in the summer is a party island, so not to disappoint we lingered. Our two 9-year-old daughters joined us to be entertained by that local poet and fascinating raconteur, Billy Mundo, while I went scuba diving.

Maybe it was coincidence but once the girls arrived so did the good weather, ne'r a cloud in the sky nor wind above 15 knots. But then again all the hard work had been done, Kinsale not that far away and a sunny week in which to do it. And what a week! The dolphins followed us across the Shannon estuary, a light mist spread a veil over Smerwick harbour, we breakfasted on the beach at Blascaod mor and savoured a pint at Mick Macs in Dingle. We built sandcastles in Derrynane, went swimming in Crookhaven and saw pilot whales in Glandore. And the girls loved it and occasionally were dragged away from their Enid Blyton and Nintendo DSs.

A fortnight later, as per direction, the whole family arrived to spend four weeks in Kinsale. Gemma has a legitimate concern about the extent one can sail with young children on board, in particular two boys aged three and five. Yet we did make the occasional foray to Oyster Haven for couple of days, eventually building up to a five-day expedition to include Glandore, Castletownsend and Barlogue; the latter no doubt is designed for children screaming down the rapids at Lough Hyne. The southwest coast of Cork can be, in beautiful weather, a paradise, a deserted one at that, and perhaps it

should remain our secret. The staff and members of Kinsale yacht club were wonderful, appearing to enjoy the presence of the children, who themselves became expert mackerel fishermen. Rainy days could be spent in the swimming pool at Acton's hotel and Kinsale is no slouch when it comes to restaurants. All in all, something for everybody.

All too soon the time came to complete the circuit. As if on cue a southwesterly gale was forecast, due to veer westerly and increase. My crew for this trip was to be the experienced offshore yachtswoman, Choryna Kiely, who was keen to retain the double handed configuration. However Grace, my nine-year-old daughter, no slouch in offshore sailing herself and not to be dissuaded by the forecast, insisted on coming. My only concession to the forecast was to leave by morning light, passing the Bullman rock at 7.00 in 25 knots of breeze, more south than west, and visibility low in blustery showers. Shortly afterwards the wind increased and veered a touch allowing us to blast up the coast on a beam reach. We must have been an interesting sight to those coming in on the Cork- Brittany Ferry.

Initially Dunmore East was nominated a Port of Refuge in case Grace found the going rough, but she insisted, brave girl that she is, "Daddy, don't stop, not on my account". We were however close to stopping on my account as, the warm front having passed over and sun come out, the wind continued to increase; on one occasion I read 43 knots over the deck. We had two reefs in the main, a reduced headsail poled-out, sailing goose-winged. Yet we were going very fast and I was loth to waste a fair, if strong, wind. However once around the Tuskar and under the protection of the land, the wind dropped a little and we powered up the coast on a broad reach in a flat sea. Grace's reward for her courage? A view of a waxing moon, sparkling lights along the coast and stars with a luminosity never seen at home. Dalkey Island passed at 8.00; Bullman to the Muglans: 25 hours. Not bad for a heavy boat. Only broken item? The television!

So *Ocean Blue* has completed her first trip around Ireland, but not her last.



Cassidy family round Hook Head

Faustina II went to the Outer Hebrides

John Clementson

We went cruising in F2, our trusty Bowman 40, for seven weeks this year - and that is a lot to describe in detail. It was a great cruise from our point of view - gentle and blessed with mostly great weather but very little wind. Memsahib sailing! We met lots of friends en route – and had the occasional incident.

We started with a nasty one. We had left Bangor on Wed 3 July and gone to Rathlin. After a night there we sailed for Port Ellen and as we rounded the west end of the island we hit the considerable overfalls that occur there. ‘No problem’ we thought as we went quickly through them with the tide under us. It was only when the seas had calmed a bit that we realised two hatches had been slightly open and that we had serious water in our bedding and the main cabin. Morale was low for a while! Very low. Matters were not eased when we found that we couldn’t with any degree of safety (because of the strong southerly wind that was blowing) moor alongside in Port Ellen and we had to retire to the NW corner of the bay for the night. Next morning we were able to go to the marina where we found excellent laundry facilities at the hotel near the marina and were able to use an electric heater to dry the boat for a couple of days. Order was restored and morale rose.

North Region was holding a rally at Port Ellen which attracted 18 boats and 50 members and friends. We held a BBQ by the pontoons and then were superbly looked after at the Ardbeg distillery which fed us a really fine buffet supper and plenty of samples of their product.

Next day, heading north through the Ardmores islands we fell in with Ed Wheeler (ICC) on *Witchcraft* and Peter Ronaldson (ICC) on *Seascope* with whom we shared a magnificent and huge lasagne.

We headed north to anchor briefly at Craighouse, and then overnight stops at Tayvallich and behind Goat Island in Loch Craignish.

We took on fuel and supplies at Ardfern but didn’t stop and continued north through the downhill thrill of Cuan Sound. Initially we headed for Iona along the Mull southwest coast but half way there realised that we could not possibly circumnavigate Mull to get to Dunstaff-

nage in time to meet the crew due in a few days. We therefore turned back and went into Loch Spelve, where in 2010 the RHYC had held a magnificent mussel party as part of the CCC centenary cruise. From there we went very slowly, in very light winds and a favourable tide, into the Sound of Mull to Loch Aline (which we later learnt to pronounce ‘Alin’ - rather like ‘Allen’). We woke next morning to find ourselves in dense fog which stayed until lunchtime. There was no wind as we motored up the Sound of Mull (for the first of six times on this cruise!) and anchored at the NE corner of Loch Drumbuie. Next day we took a berth in Tobermory and shopped in the Coop. I mention that because the Coops we visited throughout the islands were universally excellent- well stocked and well run.

On Sun 14 Jul we went back down the Sound in a freshening westerly breeze and took a VM off Oban. Actually the wind was now so fresh that we didn’t do it very well. Later we realised that we were on a mooring reserved for 30ft boats and made a much better job of moving to a higher spec mooring in the outer row. Then on to Dunstaffnage marina where we collected Ann’s daughter Jane and her daughter Alice. It was great having them on board because they were so appreciative and such fun. They all wanted to visit Loch Creran as many years ago they had all stayed for a week at Barcaldine castle. We spent a night at anchor in South Skian Bay and then motored up the loch –and back – but due to the poor vis we had to convince ourselves that we saw the castle, though we probably hadn’t!

From there we once again went up the Sound to Tobermory where we had dinner at the Mish and then a lovely evening on board *Gentle Spirit* with Harold and Vivienne Boyle (ICC). It’s this sort of occasion that makes being a member of our club such a pleasure. Next day we sailed up Loch Sunart as far as Salen. Then in very athletic style we BEAT our way back down the loch as far as the lovely anchorage at East Caol Carna from where, in the absence of any other boats, we had a fine old time roaring around in *Poppo*, our RIB fitted with a 9HP engine. Always a kid at heart! Next day we went back down the Sound and into Loch Aline again, this time to walk ashore to visit the gardens at Ardtornish House. We met Tony and Gina Weston (ICC) there who told us they had seen an otter in the river. It was still there fishing away when we went to look.

On leaving Loch Aline we saw a well meaning member from the south wearing a Union Flag as his courtesy flag. There’s no logic I know, but only the red ensign is correct.

We reluctantly dropped our guests back ashore at Dunstaffnage (having been given a lovely lunch by them at the ‘Wide Mouthed Frog’). We refuelled and did the laundry using a rather idiosyncratic machine at the marina, and later Kenneth and Hilary Boyd (ICC) came aboard for drinks. With



them we went again to the WMF – the meal was good but the service was slow. No matter, it was a lovely evening and we sat outside and enjoyed the view across the bay - and the craic.

We went back up the Sound again in lovely but windless conditions, stopped briefly at Tobermory for a shop at the Coop, and then headed around Ardnamurchan Point and out to Canna. What a stunning anchorage that is - and now it has a few mooring buoys too. We socialised there with another Bowman 40's crew and I went for a short walk ashore. Early next morning we went around the north side of the island. The sea was like oil as we made over to Castlebay on Barra. That was crowded with yachts and all 17 moorings were taken. We anchored and later went ashore to walk the 'Herring Walk' which has plaques describing the life and work of the girls that filleted the herrings that were landed here for so long. We also had a 'traditional Hebridean tea' but as they were 'closing in 45 minutes' we were required to have paper cups and plates and take them outside. Great tradition!

The plan from here had been to head out to St Kilda, something we have been trying to do for years. However going there via the Sound of Barra is the long way and anyway the wind was easterly and that's not good for St K. So we sailed on northwards on a cloudy day, but when we reached Eriskay the sun came out. Eriskay now has two moorings and a fine pontoon with really easy access to water. However the shop is still away over the hill and next day that provided me a fine walk while Ann, who has a knee problem, stayed near the boat to paint. I visited the church with its boat altar and the causeway and saw the white Eriskay ponies up on the hill. A lovely day.

Next day was 23 July and Prince George was at last born! We went north to Loch Boisdale where the wind got up from the east and the rain came in. Next day I went ashore, though there really is nothing to see or do there. There's not even a decent shop. A new marina is being built on one of the nearby islands though heaven knows who will use it. We left and motored north to anchor in the Wizard's Hole in Loch Skipport. Really good mud holding. For a while we were blown around by a brisk wind, but it later moderated. We went for a walk ashore at an old fish farm pontoon and came across several fine and quite tame dun ponies. The fish farms have all gone and the shore facilities are quietly rotting away. Back at the boat we found that we had been joined by *Reiver* with Peter Williams (ICC) and two friends who came aboard after dinner and gave us a fine evening of chat.

We did some loch gunkholing next day. The scenery had now altered from the hilly South Uist to the much flatter Benbecula. We went first into Loch a'Laip and anchored for a while in the sunshine at its head near the jetty. Then we paid a visit to Kallin which has tight little harbour with a really fast tidal stream running past it. Not a great place to stop. We retreated and anchored half a mile away in the fairway to take lunch. Finally that day we entered Loch Eyeport and anchored in the bay that is called Bagh a Bhiorain which we shared with two other yachts - and lots of noisy seals. That day's anchorages are all indicative of what makes cruising in

these waters so varied and interesting.

There was dense fog in the night but by 0800 the sun was out and we made away to Loch Maddy and took the last free mooring near the ferry terminal. We were now suffering a bit of a cooking gas crisis which tended to dominate events for few days. We were down to one Camping Gas container (which was to last three weeks - but we didn't know that then!) There was none available anywhere in Uist - and the next planned stop was due to be St Kilda via the Sound of Harris. Having what we thought was very little gas was a worry - could we get to St K and back with it? However more pertinently the wind had died and looked as though it was going to stay dead for some time as a big high pressure system had arrived. I decided that as much as we wanted to see St K we were not going to motor all the way there and all the way back. Just too boring.

Decision made, we motored across the Sound to the southern tip of Harris and entered Loch Rodel at about half tide. Those who know this delightful little bay know that you need about half tide to get in and out. Once in there are three moorings - and a hotel that does good plain catering, though surprisingly, no local fish.

We did the short passage to East Loch Tarbert, where we had arranged to get (rather overpriced) Camping Gaz. We had anchored close by the ferry jetty and had used our RIB to get ashore. When we left we were almost at Scalpay bridge before I realised that we had no RIB with us. We slunk back to the harbour and found it bobbing against the shore in view of the line of passengers waiting to board the ferry. No one came by in a small boat to help so I had to don my 'shorty' wet suit and swim to the shore to row *Poopy* back. Very silly.

It was only four miles to Loch Claidh where we



Loch Claidh (Eilean Thinnngarstaigh)

made our way round to the lovely bay behind Eilean Thinnngarstaigh. This was coming down with seals which quite quickly accepted our presence and even came across to inspect us. The following morning was another beauty and

we had a memorable sail across to the Shiant Islands where we anchored off the east side of the beach that connects the two high parts of the main island. After lunch I went ashore and climbed up to get the view and the picture – but then came down quickly as I realised that the anchor wasn't holding properly and Ann was drifting slowly but steadily out to sea. I should have anchored much nearer to the beach than I did. Once away we kept going and we returned to Lewis and went into Loch Shell. I tried a couple of the anchorages recommended by the CCC but liked neither of them and so we went on to Loch Erisort. I wanted to go into the little Loch Mariveg there but the entrance is a bit tricky and the sun was in my eyes. I settled for Camus Orasaidh which we shared with two others. They had the best bits! From there next day it was a short sail with the gentle breeze behind us that brought us to Stornoway.

We like Stornoway. It's a small town, easy to find your way around, it has all the facilities – and just across the stream that creates the harbour lies the extensive and beautiful grounds of Lews Castle. The 'Castle' is presently being converted to become a luxury hotel. The marina was small and for our 40ft boat rather tight, but they were building an extension and from next year there will be space for more and bigger boats. We stayed there for four quite eventful days.

We hired a car and went to explore Lewis. Although we were advised that it was not worth seeing I felt a need to visit the Butt of Lewis, so we trailed all the way there. 'They' were right – it was dull stuff. Much much better was the west coast. We were desperate for some lunch and from a previous visit knew that there was a restaurant at the Black House village. This is a collection of the famous black houses that are very well worth a visit. On this occasion we settled for lunch only and there met a party of American tourists, some of whom live in St Petersburg in Florida and knew Barbara Watson (ICC) well. Small world – but then Barbara has so many friends! We revisited the amazing 5000 year old Callanish Standing Stones before going onto Uig on the coast. This is wonderful area of hills and sea and land lochs. Near Uig we walked across the machair, which was heavily carpeted in wild flowers, to a long and wide sandy beach with not a person in sight. Sadly we ran out of daylight before we could do the area full justice. We should not have gone to the Butt.

It rained hard all that night and all next day. Nevertheless I took a long walk around the grounds of Lews Castle. You could walk there all day and rarely meet the same track junction. That evening we met up with Peter and Elaine Bunting (ICC) who had been out to St Kilda on an old but very well set up round-the-world 70ft yacht and we had fun drinks on board and were guests at a great dinner with the skipper and crew in the County Hotel.

On Sunday 4 Aug the wind was blowing hard and it continued to rain. However at 1000 it cleared a lot and we decided to leave before harbour-itis set in. We slipped after lunch and motored back down to Loch Erisort against a very brisk breeze. This time we had Camus Orasaidh to ourselves and we laid out a lot of chain against the strong wind. Ann and

I play a game called 'Upwards' which is a sort of Scrabble except that it's much better. It's a great game for wet nights on board and happily the scores between us are pretty even. You don't often see it on sale but we recommend it highly.

The plan now was to get to Loch Torridon on the mainland but the wind was coming from the SW. We made the best course we could but inevitably we were pushed further north than we wanted. About half way across the Minch I gave in and we headed for the Summer Isles, arriving at lunchtime. We didn't stop but weaved a pretty comprehensive route through the islands which we shared with lots of seals and quite a few canoeists. As we left the sun came out to show us the islands as they should look. We headed over towards Loch Ewe ten miles away but it looked pretty dull and we pressed on to Loch Shildaig in Loch Gairloch. The wind got up even stronger from the southwest and it was hard going getting around Rudha Reidh under sail. We motor sailed the last seven miles past the many rock arches on that coast to Loch Gairloch and took a VM at the head of the loch. We had been at sea for 12 hours - and Ann beat me at Upwards!

Next morning we meandered through Badachro to see the great pub we had once visited from the land side. It was grey and drizzly as we motored down to Loch Torridon and up to Loch Shildaig. There is there, as advised, a new pontoon but you are not permitted to stay on it longer than 3 hours. Ann's god-daughter and her husband own the excellent 'Tigh an Eilean' hotel, bar and shop in the village and next year they will re-laying some moorings opposite the hotel. We had a great meal in the upstairs room in the bar. I'm biased of course - but it IS recommended (though the dining room meals are quite expensive.)

We tacked out of the loch against a west wind with a reef in the main. Later the wind veered to the north a bit and we had a cracker of a sail across the Sound of Jura, around the north of Rona and on towards Skye. Then we bore off and sailed freely south and through Cael Rona, the gap between Rona and Raasay. With a dying wind we motored the last five miles to Plockton where we took a VM. It was a glorious evening. Who understands Scottish weather?

Next morning we 'Did' Plockton – shop, coffee, art galleries and a walk – and then left at near LW to head through the Strome Narrows and up to the head of Loch Carron. We anchored off the village of Lochcarron and went for a walk along the high road behind the village before having haggis at the hotel. I then realised that I may have moored the RIB



rather lower down the slip than was sensible given the rising tide and I went to look. Sure enough, the warp was 18 inches under water and I got wet trousers and shirt to recover it. Getting old.

The weather was vile in the morning and the loch was in a 'Fog' that turned out to be soft rain. Not nice. We followed our inward track to get through the Narrows safely and then headed for the Skye bridge. On the way I saw a couple of yachts moored in what looked like a nice bay – so we turned in. We had a very idle day there but at 9pm some large waves started coming in. I tested the anchor again - only to find that it wasn't really holding well enough to ensure a carefree night. I decided to return to Plockton and it took about an hour to get there. By the time we found a VM it was pretty dark. I was ashamed of myself - but I still had a large Jameson!

It was now Sat 10 Aug and we returned to the Skye bridge and held the Yankee to Kyle Rhea where the tide was just turning south. We went through quickly despite the increasing head wind. The rain bucketed out of low cloud as we passed the Sandaig Islands. We reached Mallaig at lunchtime and took a mooring in the new marina. In the town I wanted a haircut but the barber was away. Ann wanted the Internet but the Internet café had no connection. The mooring cost £32 plus £3.60 for power. There are no showers or loos and much of the marina isn't tenable in a northerly wind. Happily for the marina, today the wind was from the south. We stayed on in Mallaig over Sunday being very lazy.

On Monday we sailed to Ardnamurchan Point, 19 miles away, in a westerly breeze. As we got there we were hit by a mega 10 minute squall that caused waterfalls to come off the sails. It was a dead run towards Tobermory but when we got there we decided to go on down the Sound of Mull (last time!) to Loch Aline. Half way down the Sound we went to look at Salen but there was a green buoy on the chart that I couldn't find and we stayed prudently away.

We anchored at the head of Loch Aline where there is good holding. There was supposed to be a mass of shooting stars visible that night but despite clear skies, we saw none. In the morning we held the tide as we went down the Sound past Duart Castle and on to the anchorage at Puilladobhrain. There appears to be a yacht permanently moored at the end of the loch which somehow detracts from the expected isolation of this great place. We walked, as one does, over the hill to the 'Bridge over the Atlantic' and had a really good meal at the Tigh-an-Truish Inn.

Now it was just a case of getting home, but to make it interesting we sailed over to the Garvallachs. With the breeze in the south there was no question of stopping there as the anchorage is quite exposed. We crossed back over towards Jura and Corryvreckan. The tide was flowing hard to the east and so we were very careful to stay well to the south of the entrance as we made for the gap between Eilean Mor and Bulge Rock. The water was rushing around at great speed. Ann didn't enjoy it and I confess to some anxiety. However we tucked into Bagh Gleann nam Muc. The preferred anchorage

was taken by a motor cruiser so we took the western bay where initially we dragged in the stiff breeze until I let out very much more chain. We stayed there for about two hours before the tide in the Narrows had slackened sufficiently to allow us safe passage. We sailed through Dorus Mor and quietly up Loch Craignish to Ardfern where we refuelled and watered, and then went ashore to have a fairly ordinary meal at the Galley.

Next day the weather was awful and the forecast was for strongish SW winds. We decided to stay, and happily Christopher and Valentine Thornhill (ICC) arrived to join their beautiful S&S yawl *Sai See*. They later came for drinks and supper on *Faustina*. Earlier I had taken myself off for a long (and wet) walk on the hills above the marina. The marina staff will tell you how to get there. The weather and forecast didn't change next day and so we stayed on. The Thornhills kindly offered us the use of their car and we were really pleased to be given the chance to explore inland for a change. We went to look at Craobh Haven, then part way up the rather boring Loch Awe before going back past Craobh to look at the SNT gardens at Ardouine. By then the weather had improved and the winds never reached the speed forecast. However a very strong wind was forecast for the early morning. We had a fine meal on board *Sai See*.

The wind duly strengthened overnight and we were glad to be on a nice cosy boat. Ann cleaned cupboards; I re-marked the anchor chain. We went to bed early and next morning we slipped at 0530. We had to beat for the first 13 miles against the SW breeze but then at Rubha na Cille we were able to sail more freely and did so in fine style down to Gigha. I was about to turn into Ardmish Bay when I felt that the wind had veered to the west a bit and so we should get a great sail with a tide down along the west coast of Kintyre. The boat was being steered by the Aries and with Ann on watch I managed an hour's sleep. We ended the day anchored in Red Bay on the Antrim coast where it took a few attempts to get the anchor to hold. Next morning, Mon 19 Aug, we had a grand sail down to Black Head before motoring the last five miles to Bangor and home.

Not at all 'all bad'!

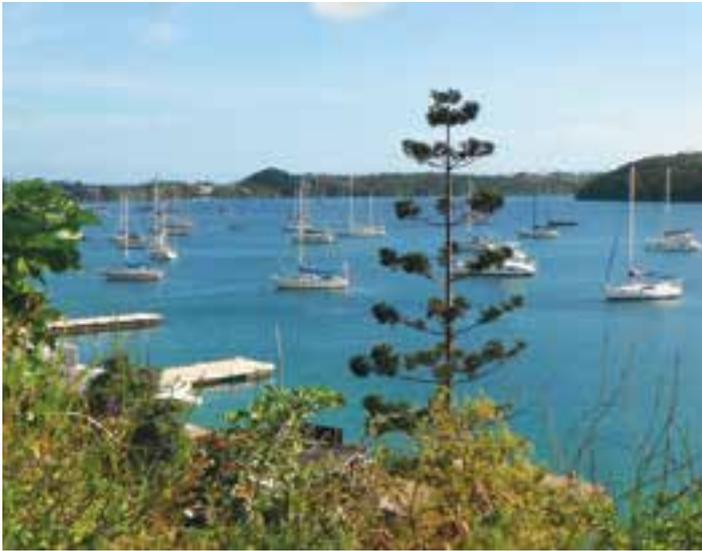


Ann at Callanish

Suvretta - Tonga to Strangford Lough by way of Cape Horn

Sam Davis

It was the beginning of November and getting late for departure south to the Southern Ocean. I had been in the northern group of the islands of Tonga since 14th August and whilst there I ordered a small storm jib of 70 sq ft with provision for a 20% reef. The storm jib I had on board of about 110 sq ft was much too large for the higher winds I expected to encounter. A friend at home offered to send out the new style 'Jordan' Series drogue that he had made up, but fortunately a New Zealand yachtsman had the makings of one that he sold me, which I started to make up, and later finished while on passage.



Suvretta Neiafu - Tonga

I stocked up on food stuffs, cleared out on 14th November and headed around to Thanna Island about ten miles away to finalise stowage before departing.

The first tropical depression was passing west of the Fijian Islands and tracking southeast towards the first convoy of yachts which was making its passage to New Zealand. This was quite nasty with open sea winds of 45 knots and gusts of 74 knots in Tongatapu. Vava'u in the northern group of islands missed that blow but some of the yachts already on passage and close to the Minerva Reefs turned back whilst others which were too far into the passage carried on. A 42ft modern design yacht, *Windigo*, managed to capsize - it was probably knocked down due to carrying too much sail. The rig was still standing at the time of rescue. Although both crew sustained some injuries, the vessel was undamaged. Nevertheless they activated their epi-irb and called to be rescued. This brought a NZ rescue aircraft and another yacht plus fishing trawler to the location. The vessel was abandoned two days later and that, together with the life raft which had been deployed, created yet another hazard for seafarers.



THE FAULKNER CUP

THE CLUB'S PREMIER AWARD

The yacht and life raft were still adrift a couple of weeks later when I passed a few hundred miles to the east. This type of seamanship now seems to be accepted and is a common occurrence.

As this depression was passing I noticed that the wind had moved into the north. When it was time to leave I was fortunate that another tropical depression was moving south eastwards just to the west of Fiji. Although these revolving storms can track in any direction, they mostly move south east passing to the south of the Tongan Group before dissipating into the Southern Ocean when they reach the colder waters.

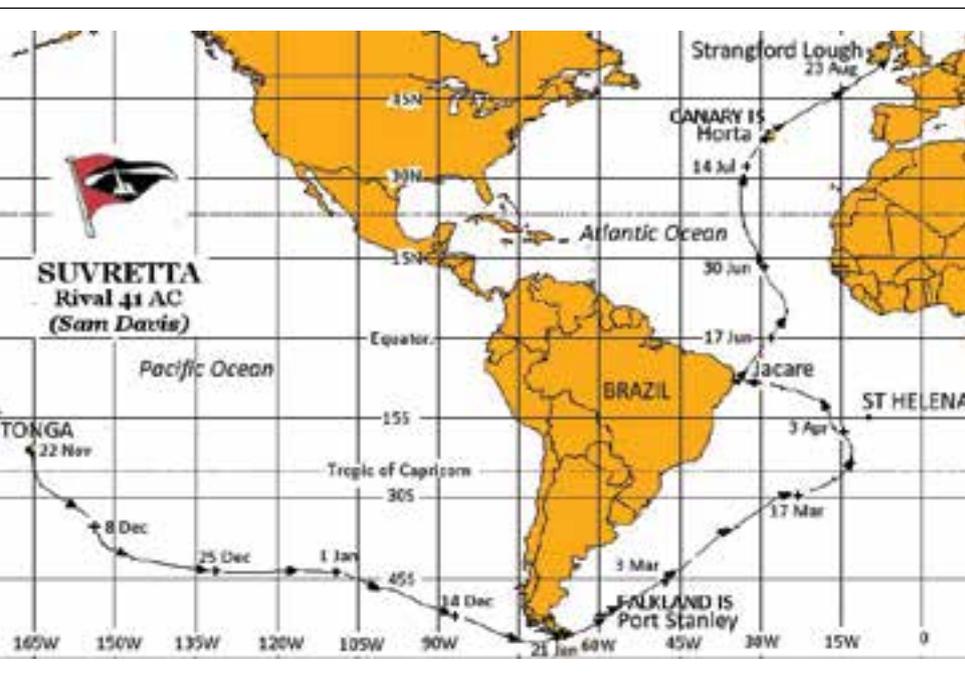


Sam Davis Aug 2013

I finally departed on 22nd November. The latest depression had formed at Vanuatu to the north west of Fiji and I hoped it would track south eastwards like the previous one. The winds moved into the north east as predicted and I made good passage time over the deep water of the Tongan Trench. This was very relaxing compared to what it would have been to the west of Tonga where one has to pass over the shallow waters of the Tongan Ridge, an area subject to earthquakes. There had been several over the past few months, as well as an eruption, with a lot of pumice stone floating around. One of these earthquakes shook *Suvretta* when she was at anchor in Neiafu during September; it woke me up early one morning. But these earthquakes were low on the Richter scale and presented no problem to sailors.

I was making good progress and on 27th November I was at 23° 30' south, 166° 44' west, departing the Tropics. The winds were less than 15 knots and still northerly. I was glad of this as I had hurt my left elbow a few weeks back and the pain and swelling were giving me sleepless nights. The elbow would give me grief for the next few months. The next day the wind shifted to the east and I was now hard on the wind on a course of south south east. I was now back in the trade winds with the influence of the depression passed.

On 29th November I listened to Russell Radio from NZ and to David who provides weather forecasts and shepherds yacht convoys back and forwards from Fiji and Tonga to NZ. He informed the fleet that, although it was not now officially the Cyclone season in the south west Pacific, a Tropical Storm which had formed just north of the equator had developed into a Tropical Typhoon. It was now at 2° 40' north, 144°



00° west, and tracking 295 degrees at a speed of 6 knots, with winds over 65 knots, gusting over 80 knots. This was very unusual storm for the north west Pacific. As the depression had started up at 01° 30' north it would have been a shock to those who believe that they were safe within 10 degrees of the line, and also to those yachts that went north to the Marshall Islands to seek safe anchorages away from the southern cyclone season.

The Admiralty publications clearly state that these revolving storms can track almost anywhere and at any time. One may get away with being ill-prepared or careless, but every year some yachts are caught out - usually the ones that are not prepared for heavy seas.

The most frustrating part of this passage was transiting the *Variables of Capricorn*, which lived up to their reputation. The further east you go on the transit, the wider the band. I was becalmed for days and days with the sea eventually becoming so calm that even the long swell for which the Pacific is renowned was completely gone. At times the sails just hung without a whisper of wind. I sailed in all directions to try to reach the famed Roaring Forties. I tried all combinations of rig, sometimes with full main combined with full genoa, staysail and gennaker, all set at the same time, boomed out in various ways to get some miles each day. I finally gave up and, with sails on the deck, resorted to reading books and putting my feet up, which was much more productive.

Eventually I worked down to 39° south and for a couple of days got hard winds from the west, probably the remains of a tropical disturbance passing by. I had changed to heavy weather sails and to prepare for the westerlies. I changed the genoa and bent on the yankee, removed the dorade vents and then stowed or re-arranged deck equipment, etc. My Series drogue was ready with its bridle attached, ready for deployment. I also carry two tyres with chain bridles for use with warps and weights if needed. This was the first time I had a Series drogue on board - it was to prove beneficial later in the

passage.

Now that *Suvretta* was settled for the long 4000 mile run eastwards and south towards Cape Horn, I read up on the conditions I could expect. Some great books like those written by Alan Villiers, Bob Griffith and Gerry Clarke gave me a flavour for what was to come. This part of the passage is probably the loneliest anywhere - you track through a position which is further from any land mass or community than anywhere else on earth.

The Atlas of Pilot Charts describes the gale frequencies and wave heights south of 40° during the southern summer. They resemble the mid-winter conditions in the North Atlantic with a continual procession of depressions heading eastwards.

I now encountered some quite strong winds, and at times *Suvretta* had bare poles and was still doing 7 to 8 knots, providing some lively and enjoyable sailing. Only once did I get any water in the cockpit and then it only half filled. The long swells had a period of 12 to 17 seconds, but as we were in deep water they presented no unusual problems. There are some reefs and seamounts far from land that are noted on the French and Admiralty paper charts which are not shown on the electronic charts that I used. It really is good practice to carry paper charts and professional publications as some of the Yachting Guides and Pilots also leave out some essential information.

There was one gale with breaking seas of note, which in general presented no undue problem but which lasted a few days.. *Suvretta* was under bare poles and I was down below when a sea broke just at the stern. I was lying in my quarter berth when I felt *Suvretta* being shunted forward so forcefully that it moved me in the bunk. These conditions were getting close to the need for trailing some gear, but as the directional stability was still good and seas were from directly astern and mostly breaking up the side decks, I decided to leave it as I was making good time and making up for all the calm periods. The only annoyance was that, because the Rival 41 AC has internal scuppers, the water running from the decks and draining to just below the water line made a loud gurgling noise - and these scuppers were situated right at my bunk.

In the open ocean and in deep water the seas rarely curl and break, even in storm conditions. But this does happen around areas of seamounts or other local areas such as arriving at a continental shelf, especially where currents are present that tend to follow the contours.

I planned my passage using the *Admiralty* publications, mostly *Ocean Passages for the World NP-136* and the associated charts, *Currents Chart No.5310*, *Climatic Chart 5301* and the *Sailing Ship Routes No.5308*. The information contained has been collated over many years by professional seafarers. I don't have internet on board so I pay particular attention the

barometric pressure, etc. I find this works well enough for me, but at times it would be beneficial to have the facility to download grib files and to adjust course accordingly. I mostly got it right, except for a couple of memorable occasions which I will describe below.

On Day 31 of the passage, on 22nd December I noted in the log a day run of 125 miles and a beautiful clear sparkling sunny day. My position was 42° south, 140° west, and the falling barometer indicated that another low pressure front was imminent. These depressions were regular and moving eastwards one after the other, some with little wind and others with considerably more than needed.

Day 34 was Christmas Day and I had a Fray Bentos chicken and mushroom pie with potatoes and peas for lunch and for dinner, followed by a pleasant sleep. The weather had been calm with a day's run of only 89 miles.

In the early morning on Day 37 and 44° south the wind was blustery all day with the swell rising, and by 02.00 the following morning it had become very nasty as the wind changed. I was considering slowing *Suvretta* down. I was under bare poles at the time, but the wind suddenly dropped to 10 to 12 knots. Now I had to set full sail to keep her steady in a confused sea. The wind had moved to the north as the low was passing to the south and I had high pressure to the north.

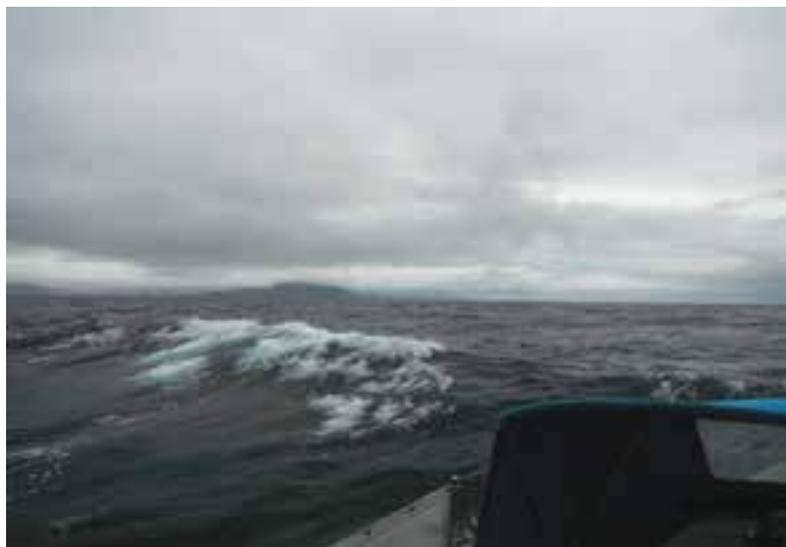
I continued running eastwards around 43° to 44° south. I was getting enough wind at these latitudes so there was no need to move further south yet. The climatic chart for January shows that at 110° west there is an area where the ice can come as high as 40° and where the warmer current and air from the north west converges with the cold waters from the Antarctic to create misty weather. I began experiencing poor visibility and thought it wise to pass this zone before shaping my course directly towards Cape Horn. I had these conditions for a week. Although I thought there was ice around I saw none. I enjoyed a full undisturbed night's sleep every day. I was about 1200 miles south of Pitcairn Island and gave some thought at times of sailing back up there again for another visit.

On 1st January 2013 the wind became changeable and dropped off. It was a beautiful starry night with an almost full moon on the wane: a night to remember. I was now 2000 miles from Cape Horn, so I began to shape my course to pass just to the south of the Diego Ramirez Islands, which are just south of the continental shelf and lie 65 miles to the south west of the Horn. All was going well and I was making steady progress.

Early on the morning of 9th January in position 49° south, 100° west, I saw a Wandering Albatross. It circled and landed very close to starboard. It just looked over at me and settled down, totally unafraid. Sadly these solitary far-ranging birds are losing out to the long-line fishing boats. This was the only one I was to see in the Southern Pacific Ocean. It was nice to have this visit as the barometer was down to 996mb - and still falling. I was getting set up for more wind and was now in the Fifties south, but this was to be only a short bout

of foul weather.

On 16th January, at 55° 30' south, the weather started to close in with rain and poor visibility. This was a worry as this is one of the signs that ice is about. A gale developed which lasted for a few days. By this time I was tracking towards the Diego Ramirez Islands and in deep water outside the continental shelf. However as I was becoming familiar with these depressions and knew that I had a few days of reasonable weather ahead, I couldn't resist coming to port a bit and steering a little north of east to have another look at Horn Island. The wind and seas continued to moderate as I closed Cape Horn. It was shrouded in cloud as I passed a few miles to the south at 07.30 hrs on Day 61 (21st January) and went on to enter the Bay of Nassau. This lies between the Cape and Staten Island (Isla de los Estados). I was now completely becalmed, with the sails on deck. As the cloud lifted we lay under a beautiful clear sunny sky with a calm sea around. It was almost two years since I was last down in this area. There were lots of sea birds about and I could see far away Tierra



Passing Cape Horn

del Fuego.

The weather here changes quickly and later, as a light wind got up, I made my way slowly to pass to the south and east of Staten Island, then west and north of the Burdwood Bank and then north eastwards towards Port Stanley. Only another four or five days left to finish the passage.

As I was passing to the south and east of Staten Island the wind started to rise some more and the barometer dropped as it backed to the west by south west.. I was soon down to working sail and moving along at 6 knots plus. The wind rose quickly to over 20 knots with *Suvretta* heading on a north easterly course.

At noon on 24th January, when I was 277 miles from the entrance to Port Stanley and now out of the long Pacific swell, it all seemed to be much more peaceful. But not for long. The wind began to increase and it stayed all day with the sea temperature going down to 3°C. Midnight was dark

and by 00.50 on 24th the wind had increased to 45 to 50 knots. It backed a little more and was now south west. By 02.00 I logged that I had passed the northwest edge of the Burdwood Bank and was now on track for the run in to Stanley harbour which is situated on the south east of the Falkland Islands. (Incidentally the Burdwood Bank is an area of 190 miles by 55 miles and is as shallow as 60 metres in places. It is not a place to be caught out in a heavy swell).

At 0020 on 25th I noted the cabin temperature was down to 5°C and the sea down was 3°C - one of those cold and dark windy nights with the seas and the wind getting higher. At 0400 I logged Beauchene Island bearing 350 degrees, distance 23 miles, the water depth 500 to 600 metres and the barometer at 998mb and falling. I was tracking 071° and, under bare poles, making 7 knots with the seas starting to break. I was getting further into shallower water by the hour. Just after I had taken one breaking sea, *Suvretta* was noticeably losing directional stability and the swell was moving slowly around to the south. This was a cause for concern as swells get steeper as the water depth decreases. After a semi broach, I deployed the Series drogue. This took only a minute to do, and as it took hold it was just like putting the brakes on. Suddenly *Suvretta* stabilised, but as the stern was held down, a sea immediately filled the cockpit. I saw it coming and got down in the cockpit protected by the wheel and binnacle. The cockpit emptied slowly through the small drains, but I had a large bag of warps tied down in it to reduce the capacity and weight of water it could hold.

By the evening the seas were getting so steep that they were all breaking and the cockpit was filling every 10 or 15 minutes. Once, when I was down below, the pressure on the wash boards was such as to press sheets of water inside the cabin at the sides - something I would not have thought possible. The cockpit hatches did not seal properly and they were letting water inside to the bilge;. Consequently I was pumping out every hour, sometimes 100 strokes. The inside of *Suvretta* was getting damp - or should I say damper than it was before?

The period of the waves was 5 seconds but as I was getting into ever more shallow water there was nothing I could do about it. The seas were so steep that I could not risk a course change. I just hoped as I watched the wild beauty of the seas that the drogue wouldn't part or a cleat pull out. Should that happen then I would get rolled over or pitch-pole. This was as bad as it could get. I stood at the stern watching the seas and, as each passed under *Suvretta's* stern and she dropped into the trough, the next sea looked so high that it was hard to believe that the stern would rise to it. But it did and the important thing to do now was get some rest. *Suvretta's* helm was lashed amidships and so she was tracking directly downwind with the seas directly on her stern. Thankfully all the seas were from directly astern and there were no cross seas evident.

I went down below and my radar detector's alarm went off alerting me that another vessel was close by. I switched on my VHF and listened to two stations talking, and then went

up on deck - but could see nothing. I went down below again and asked for a radio check and subsequently found out that they were two large survey vessels standing by because of the weather. I gave my position and tracking and was informed that one of them was only five miles away but was unable to pick me up on their radar. I went on deck again and after a while saw it on the port bow a few miles away. Visibility was dreadful due to the wind blown spray. When I next spoke to them I was informed that I would present no danger as I would pass by more than a mile off. Later I got a forecast and they informed me that the wind was 60 knots and gusting more. This was a good F12 with waves of more than 10 metres. I found the shallow water steep waves of 30 ft or more with the short period very awkward and uncomfortable. Anyway this was the afternoon of 25th and they told that the forecast was for the seas to drop the next morning to 25 ft and the winds to moderate to 35 kts, still a good force seven.

I had been moving quite fast even though the drogue was still deployed and I was tracking to miss the entrance to Stanley Harbour by 16 miles to the south. This was going to be a bit of a disaster because I was almost out of diesel as I had used it to charge batteries (as my wind charger had failed a few days after leaving Tonga). The present sea and wind conditions would not allow me to make a course change to port by the 15 degrees which was needed; we were just over 60 miles from the entrance. If I missed Port Stanley the only option would be to head on to South Africa. I would have to wait to see what the next morning would bring. During the night I could feel the wind decreasing but the seas remained steep and high.

I was just drifting off to sleep when there was an enormous bang and a crash followed by *Suvretta* falling over on her port side. I was flung from my bunk and must have bruised every part of me. She straightened up and when I got on deck she was stable. What had happened was this; as the wind speed had reduced *Suvretta* had less directional stability and, because we were moving steadily into shallower water, the seas started tumbling. One larger than usual wave had caught the boat and stood her on her bow. As she fell over on to her port side the Aries self steering oar had got over the top of the starboard leg of the drogue bridle. On the oar-to-pendulum leg fitting, there is a weak link which is designed to break if the oar hits a log or other such debris in the water. However on this occasion the bridle had come up hard above this weak link, breaking off the oar and bottom part of the pendulum leg. There was nothing I could do except pull in the steering oar which had a safety line attached and await daylight. The wind was indeed going down and the seas getting sloppy. I went down and to my bunk for what rest and sleep I could get. I have locking devices on my main hatch and wash boards that I dog down and fasten when I come on deck and retire below.

On 26th at 05.00 our speed was down to two and a half knots. The drogue was doing its job. It is worth remarking that heaving-to or lying a-hull in short and steep breaking seas like these would not have been an option as any yacht would

have been rolled by them. The only feasible protection is to achieve directional stability by putting out a drogue. When I woke I was feeling sore but in great spirits as I had thought of a solution to the problem of how to go some 30 degrees to port and to steer for the entrance to Stanley harbour without having a serious broach. This entailed releasing the starboard leg of the drogue bridle. *Suvretta* was now hanging on the port leg. The wind had reduced to the predicted 35 knots and the seas, although still big, had lost their steepness and were not breaking as much. I set some foresail, let out some of my furling yankee and used my electronic steering to hold *Suvretta* to port a few degrees. This was worked very well. The drogue was preventing *Suvretta* from broaching - although she was making a good attempt at times!

At 06.00 I commenced recovery of the drogue. The job was about ten times worse than I had anticipated. Under normal circumstances the drogue would be left until the wind had reduced to 20 knots or less; but I didn't have the time for this, so had to reach out over the stern and attach a small line on a rolling hitch, feed that to the winch in order to get a few feet of the drogue in each time. This went on all day. As the seas decreased a little I steered a little more to port until I was on course for Port Stanley entrance. Now and again a sea would wash over my head and down my neck. I was sweating at this work but eventually got enough sail set to make sufficient speed to keep control. I stopped recovering the drogue



Sam Davis and *Suvretta*, Howth, 2009

when I had about 75 % of it in and was able to steer into the calm waters of Stanley's outer bay, Port William, where I recovered the rest.

I entered Port Stanley at 16.30 on 26th January, feeling very tired and with the heel of my winch hand worn down to the flesh. I called the authorities and was directed alongside the pontoon in the middle of town and was quickly cleared in. It happened that this was my birthday. As I don't drink alcohol while at sea I poured a large gin and tonic, congratulated myself, and made my way up to the first restaurant

for a large steak with all the trimmings. Wine was taken. I suppose I was feeling so tired that I just remember waking in my bunk the next morning wondering why everything was so still and quiet. But when I tried to move I was sore and stiff. I could hardly get up and could barely walk properly. So that was my arrival in the Falkland Islands after rather more than 6600 miles and 66 days from Neiafu Tonga. All very enjoyable miles, and some of them more so than others.

The Antarctic survey vessel the *Earnest Shackleton* arrived in harbour from the south on the evening of the 25th. They had reported by email to the Port Authorities about an enormous swell with winds of 60 knots. The authorities copied me on this email for the record. The high winds were caused by a high pressure system just to the north and a low pressure squeezing past to the south, closing in the isobars. Each year there are half a dozen or so sailing yachts quietly making long passages in the Southern Ocean, some of them single-handed and mostly without support.

The Falkland Islands.

I stayed along side the pier pontoon in Port Stanley for a couple of days before moving down to the FIPAS Dock where I stayed for a month making repairs to my Aries steering gear. I had a spare unit minus the cracked mainframe from the time in Puerto Montt when a small ship went adrift in the harbour and broke the original Aries circumnavigator. I had to get a new unit from Denmark. I must say it is not nearly as efficient as the one I had as they substituted the Teflon cage rollers with plain nylon bearings. It seems that Teflon is too expensive.

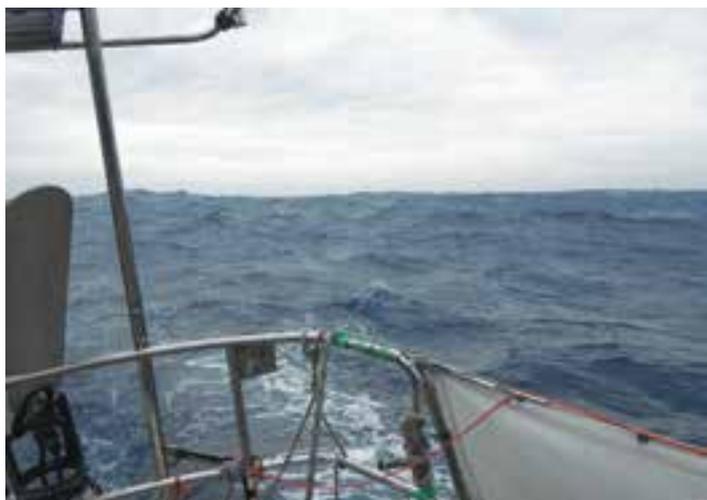
I enjoyed the Falklands and went over to Goose Green for a visit, and then met with Jerome Poncett who circumnavigated in the original *Damien* and who now lives in the Falklands. He showed me through *Golden Fleece* which he uses for South Georgia charters. *Australis*, another 70ft charter vessel arrived from South Georgia; they had been shepherding an army expedition 'In the footsteps of Shackleton' and said it had been successful with very good weather. Peter Smith, the designer of the Rocnor anchor was there on *Kiniviroa*, a 54ft aluminium cutter he built himself; we exchanged some information. Phil and Julia, both Canadians were cruising their 36ft steel cutter *Illawong* and had been there for some time and were getting ready to depart for Patagonia. Phil kindly found my wind charger fault and repaired it.

Port Stanley to Jacare, Brazil

I cleared out for the 'High Seas' with South Africa as a possible destination; but at the back of my mind I was always thinking of Strangford Lough. There was a high pressure system to the north and west which was stable at this time. I slipped the lines at 13.00 on 25th February and had good winds to take me north east. The wind dropped off on 26th and when I went up on deck at 07.00 I got a fright when I saw my second Wandering Albatross very close alongside, observing me quietly. It stayed with me for a few hours. This was to be the only one I saw in the South Atlantic; in fact I only saw two during the entire trip since Tonga, although I

did see quite a few of the smaller Black Browed Albatrosses, which range further north.

On 1st March we ran 119 miles and we were at 46° 30' north, 50° 00' west, and the wind was south westerly at 25 to 30 knots. Next day the wind dropped off and then veered southeasterly signalling a front passing from the northwest. The barometer was high at 1016mb and the sea temp was 12°C. The wind increased and I reduced sail to a three reefed main and a small patch of jib, still making good progress north eastwards. On 3rd March I hove-to under the deep-reefed main, with no foresail. Later the seas built up, the wind rose to around 40 knots and the pressure dropped to 1007mb. Early next morning the wind died completely and I recorded that I must be in the centre of the depression. At 15.00 the barometer was down to 996mb having dropped from 1016mb since morning. This did not look good, so I prepared for the worst. As the wind started to rise I was down to storm sails with a treble reef in the mainsail. By 18.30 the pressure was down to 995mb and the wind was getting fluky, rising and falling. As the barometer continued to drop the wind steadily increased until I reckoned it was blowing well over 60 kts. I



Southern Ocean sailing

knew that this was going to be a hard one, but was not overly concerned as I was in deep water. The wind was from the east and I hove-to under triple reefed main so as to keep what easting I had. My position was 44° 00' north, 47° 32' west, and the barometer at 994mb, but now steady.

I was down below at 23.00 when I felt the conditions change. The noise was horrendous, but that is normal with all the rigging a cutter has. There was a quiet - followed by a crash. I was knocked about a bit down below but got on deck quickly to discover things amiss. The spray cover and its stainless supports had been torn off and swept up the deck. There was also something unusual about the way the vessel was behaving. As the wind was still increasing I decided it was very important to get the reefed mainsail handed. I did this quickly while *Suvretta* was swept again and from the starboard quarter. Prior to this I had been hove-to on the starboard tack with the wind broad on the starboard bow. While

I was handing the mainsail a large wave from the starboard quarter picked *Suvretta* up and she knocked down well past the horizontal. Fortunately I was amongst the mainsail as I had it almost down and been tying it off; probably the best place to be, otherwise I would have been in danger of going overboard.

I finally got the situation under control and had *Suvretta* pumped out. For a while I thought I had I had breached the hull as I was at over 150 strokes of the pump before it lost suction. It's times like this that you enter the detached mode. As the situation was now under control and we were comfortable and *Suvretta* had settled down, I was able to observe the wild beauty of the seas and decided it was all well worth the trouble. I marvelled as it was all just a jumble of cross seas and pure white - a privilege to see.

The problem had occurred because the wind had been in the east and had built up a big sea. When the wind shifted through north to the northwest it left me in a very dangerous cross sea. *Suvretta*, being hove-to, had moved around with the wind and presented her starboard stern quarter to the east swell and allowed the seas to board. We were stable now and lying a-hull. This is the first time in my life that I have ever lain a-hull; you experience a completely different motion. But you require high winds to achieve this, otherwise the vessel can roll and expose the deck and the superstructure to heavy-water damage should a sea break at the wrong time. When the wind drops you need to be prepared to set some sail to stop any rolling. It is around this area that many sailing boats founder due to the quickly changing conditions and I consider myself very fortunate to come out of this one relatively unscathed, with only superficial damage to *Suvretta*.

I now had a high pressure to the west and maybe south a bit. There are depressions continually moving south eastwards from the River Plate and the usual depressions to the south coming eastwards from Cape Horn. When these join up and get squeezed together, with the added influence of a high pressure system, sometimes violent 100 degree wind shifts are caused. These winds can be blowing at 60 knots and more, and then change direction 100 degrees in a matter of minutes. This kind of circumstance is described in the old sailing books and in the professional publications.

Two years ago the *Marepoles*, a 70ft Antarctic charter boat got dismasted going to Mar del Plata from the Terra del Feugo, but eventually got to safety under jury rig. Last year the chap who writes the South Atlantic Yacht Pilot abandoned his steel yacht due to rigging failure. There are several more recent incidences I can mention; it was in this area that Bill Tillman, when on a voyage to the Smith Island in November 1977 was lost. He was on *En Avant*, a 62ft steel yacht with six crew. It is not an area to be taken lightly. I must have been getting complacent. It was a good lesson.

I had hurt my ribs during this episode and as I was feeling a bit tender, I decided to take it easy. The wind charger which I had got repaired in the Falklands had got dipped and had been screeching so much I thought it was going to take

off. I finally managed to tie it off and while doing this I noticed a bit of one of the blades was broken off. How that happened I do not know. I use small cable ties to tie down my cockpit dodgers and they broke free as usual; it was little things like this I attended to first as I assessed what all the other damage was.

When I went to start the engine there was nothing. I had that sinking feeling as I need to have an engine because, when the boat broaches badly, the blades of the Maxi propeller go out of feather. To feather them again the engine has to be started and then stopped while the engine while going slow ahead. It has to be feathered otherwise there is turbulence which prevents the Aries vane gear from steering properly. Water ingress through the centre sliding hatch which is just over the engine had got around the starter and caused this problem. I removed all the engine covers and got out the dry rags and WD 40, great stuff. After a few hours of doing everything possible without success, I hit the starter solenoid with a hammer and, believe it or not she started!

This was a relief, because not having self steering is a nuisance. I know it is quite easy to set up the sails and a steering balance sail, but with a wheel it is more difficult. I've done it with a tiller before and navigated many miles but never with a wheel. I started and ran the engine with the covers off every few hours to dry out the electrics and promised that at the first opportunity I would board over the sliding hatch, which incidentally sits down in a well therefore has a constant supply of water at hand to run through to the inside. A board over this and an opening hatch will serve much better. Under normal sailing the hatch works fine.

Now I had to make a decision where to head for to make some repairs and dry out. When I had raised the mainsail I discovered that it had burst between the second and third reef. This meant that there was only a small part of the main-sail that I could use. I had a spare main on board but I would have to transfer all the hardware from the old one and it would be better if I had somewhere to do this. I also needed to look at my wind charger again - and at the radar dome which was swaying about in danger of falling down; it is situated between the first and second crosstrees. Something had come loose. I



South Atlantic sunset



Rain in the South Atlantic

also needed to make sure my electrics would hold out.

I decided to head up the middle of the South Atlantic on the old sailing ship route and maybe edge over and visit St. Helena. During the next few weeks the winds were from the southern quarter and allowed me to make north easting but when I was about seven hundred miles south west of St. Helena the wind dropped and I suffered a few days of mirror calm. This was welcome at the time as it gave me time to dry the boat out a bit.

The *Admiralty Ocean Passages of the World* says that one should head for 35° north, 30° west, and then stand north by north east to 25° south, 20° west, before running north to pass the equator between the longitudes of 22° west and 25° west. As the calm got calmer and the high seemed to have established itself, and I had recovered a good bit, I decided to try to sail out of this calm area. It's called the South Atlantic High and is well known. I set every combination of sail over the next few weeks and some days only made 15 miles. There were many days like this; when I made 50 miles one day I thought it an achievement. This was very trying.

The wind was fickle in direction and strength, but generally from the north east. One tactic I developed was to steer a bit west to stay in front of the rain cloud systems that were coming from the north east and then edge north so as to get to the north and let them pass to the south. This way I could hold the wind, but sometimes I was making only two knots and usually less. But if I let the systems pass over me or to the north then I would lose the wind for many hours. This went on day after day and was an enormous amount of effort to make a few miles. But eventually it paid off and I picked up the south east trade winds and reached Jacare near Cabedelo in North East Brazil. I had logged just over 5100 miles in 56 days from Port Stanley. I arrived at night and navigated up the river to Jacare and anchored at 04.30 in the morning, having been deluged by heavy rain from the fairway buoy. I went alongside Phillip's small marina at 11.30 on 22nd April, just over two years and three months since I left there in January 2011.

I received an email from Peter Smith on *Kiviroa*. On his

way to Cape Town he had suffered a severe knockdown to 160 or 170 degrees. The months of February and March in the South Atlantic were not good weather-wise south of 40 degrees and I found the endless calms of the South Atlantic High a very difficult and frustrating experience.

Jacare Brazil towards Strangford Lough

It took me a month and more to make repairs and get *Suvretta* ready for the next part of the passage to Strangford Lough. I moved all the hardware from my old mainsail to my spare and also got some other sail repairs done. I then had Brian Stevens make two new polyester sail battens. I drilled out my radar dome bracket and refastened it. Then the re-fixing of my spray dodger caused me more problems than I had thought. I needed this spray dodger as I would be on the wind for over three thousand miles.

I departed on 13th June at 08.00. I had a good forecast and was on the starboard tack hard on the wind heading north east. There were varying degrees of wind during this initial part of the passage and never once did I have to take down sail except to reef for a few short periods. I passed Fernando do Noronha late in the evening four miles to the west and passed over the equator at 30° 24' west. The Aries was allowed to claw me as much to windward and eastwards as the seas allowed.

On mid-summer's day I encountered a severe line squall. I was still in the south east trades; this squall heralded a change. I had been on the wind for around ten days now and covered over a thousand miles. On 24th June I lost the south east trades and had to work slowly northwards in variable winds for a few days. With squalls and calms it was slow progress. On 26th June I picked up a light north east wind which was the start of the north east trades. The wind went up and down for a day or so before settling in. I was now on the starboard tack again and hard on the wind, heading a little north of west, and as I moved further north the wind veered more to the eastward and allowed *Suvretta* to track on a north west course. I was to hold the north east trades to a position, as recommended in *NP-136*, of 28° north, 38° west.

I departed the tropics near midnight on 4th July at 23° 30' north, 34° 05' west. I felt a lot closer to home. I keep a close watch on the barometer in this area because there is a good chance at this time of the year of getting a tropical depression, as this is where they develop before tracking over to the Caribbean. The northeast Trades now freshened for a few days as I passed over the stronger band that lies on the Trade wind route to the Caribbean; eventually I ran out of the Trades just to the south east of the position recommended. This left me with a few restful days with the sails on the deck. I could have sat here for a month as I had stocked up with a new selection of books; but it was soon time to be on the move again.

I slowly worked north hoping to reach the westerlies and then pass the Azores a couple of hundred miles to the west following the sailing ship route. I then got wind but it was northwest and I could only hold a course north east-

erly to Horta, where I arrived on 19th July at noon. On this passage I logged 3348 miles in 36 days. This was a relaxing and uneventful passage.

Horta, Azores towards Strangford Lough

After clearing in I went up to Café Sport and met with Jose who I last met with Peter when he was only 19 years old. We went through the old log books and I saw the entry I made in 1979. I had happy memories of this place and it has changed out of all recognition, and mostly good changes. I felt at home and almost dug in for the winter and had to drag myself away. On the way up from Brazil my main halyard sort of seized up at the top of the mast and it was difficult to raise and lower the sail. When I went up the mast to check, half of the sheave fell out. I ran a heavier line through the topping lift and swapped around the halyards.

I noted while looking at the weather that on the 23/24 July a Tropical Storm had developed at the Cape Verde Islands. As I mentioned before, that had been one of my concerns when I was passing to the west of the islands. I had been a few weeks later in leaving Jacare than was prudent. I departed Horta at 1600 on 2nd August and as there was a low just to the west and a little south I got good winds for a few days. The fair winds continued all the way north to the shelf and when I came to the Spanish fishing fleet I just steered a direct course through and they moved out of my way and let me past. This took about 24 hours and they inform each other that a sailing vessel is passing. I steered a course without variation so it caused little inconvenience to them. The usual school of dolphins came to visit me and stayed for a while.

I arrived in Kinsale at 1500 on 12th August which made my passage almost 10 days and about 1180 miles. I had departed Kinsale on 23 September 2010 - so this made my whole cruise about six weeks short of three years. From here I harbour-hopped and mostly day-sailed up the coast, visiting with some of my ICC friends on the way up. I picked up a friend's mooring in Strangford Lough on 25th August at 13.00. We had lunch and a celebration bottle of Pico wine, followed by a good sleep. And that finishes an enjoyable cruise.

Since leaving Neiafu in Tonga I had logged about 17,000 miles and about 170 sailing days, which averages about four knots. I am now finishing off this narrative sitting in a seriously neglected cottage beside the water with waist high grass. So I'll be here refitting the cottage and *Suvretta* for a year and more. By then I'm sure I'll be ready for the seas again. If you have persevered this far you will realise that writing is not something I'm used to, but if I can explain anything or be of assistance to any of the club members I'll be happy to do so. I will write up for the club the way I deployed the Series drogue and some brief particulars on it that may be helpful and of interest. I developed a simple method for doing this from the way I handled lines going up the Patagonian Channels.

Also if anyone is interested I can explain an easy way to preserve fresh meat that keeps for periods of more than a year and can be done on board. I found this very useful as in remote places you can only get corned beef and such like.

Round Ireland very slowly (lap two)

Mick Delap



This is the log of *North Star's* cruise from her winter quarters near Oban back to her home port of Valentia. We had come up from Valentia west-about in 2011, via Rathlin. In 2013 I intended to take her back via the Irish Sea. It turned out to be a trip with a brief prologue, and two even briefer postscripts. We were also carrying two items for delivery across the Irish Sea. For Belfast, I was carrying my latest poetry manuscript (my publisher had recently stopped accepting my phone calls!). For Dublin I had Michael McKee's handsome Marie Cup, carefully tied up in bubble wrap and stowed under the quarter berth, to get back into the safe hands of Ann Woulfe-Flanagan ahead of the 2014 AGM. Thanks to Michael, and also Winkie Nixon, since being awarded the cup earlier in the year I had been introduced, at least in print, to ICC veteran *Marie* herself. In rig and size (another gaff cutter, of 25 foot LOA and 5 tons) she is very comparable to *North Star's* 24 foot and 3 and a half tons. Launched in 1894 in Kingstown, and a pioneering participant in the early days of the club, I knew *Marie* was now restored, and based in Groomspoint, at the mouth of Belfast Lough; here I hoped to see her. Meanwhile, over the winter Michael had kindly sent me a copy of Desmond Keatinge's account in a 1931 Yachting Monthly of *Marie's* cruise that year from Howth to Mallaig. How, I wondered, would *North Star*, as *Marie's* junior sister (built 1978, though based on nineteenth century work boats), compare, as we sailed the same waters eighty two years after Desmond Keatinge? Most pertinent of all, though, on 11th July, as I dropped Loch Creran astern (looking superb, as ever, in lovely weather), were the strict instructions I had received separately from all three generations of the Delap women in my life: not on any account to be late for the family holiday on Valentia, starting on 20th August.



At the helm of *North Star*

Prologue in Scotland

As prologue, I spent the next few days taking my daughter Clare and husband Peter to some of the particularly attractive anchorages Judy and I had discovered the previous season: Loch a'Choire nestling into the rugged Morvern peninsular, Loch Spelve at the south east corner of Mull, and the isolated Garvellochs, close by the Grey Dogs and Corryvreckan, where we passed a tranquil afternoon ashore among the ruins of Columba and Brendan's ancient monastery. We spent that night anchored inside Eilean Dubh, and woke next morning to echoes of *Marie's* 1931 log. How on earth had they managed with not three, but five on board? According to Desmond Keatinge, it was simple enough. As well as the three permanent berths, number four slept on the cabin floor, and number five in a hammock slung from the mast to the main sheet horse, and suspended a few inches above his crew mate. For Clare and Peter (6' 4"), fitting our more modest three into *North Star* meant the two of them somehow cramming together into what in the 1970s had been optimistically billed as a double berth (while I shut myself into my accustomed single berth in the miniscule forepeak). Keatinge doesn't say how crew members numbers four and five fared, but Peter was not impressed.

After Clare and Peter left, Judy joined me in Ardfern for the next two weeks, and on the afternoon of 19th July we prepared to start for Valentia in earnest. Our target was Lowlandman's Bay, a modest 20 miles down towards the south east corner of Jura. The whole UK was still locked into high pressure, which meant bright sun, but fitful breezes. On her way up the Sound of Jura in 1931, *Marie* had had near gale easterlies off the Mull, then fog and rain, but equally light winds for the next two days. At one point, as they drifted up towards Loch Caolisport, Keatinge was reduced to towing *Marie* in the dinghy. That day, they didn't get their anchor down until near midnight. Thanks to our Beta 10, we were snug in Lowlandman Bay, just opposite Caolisport, by 18.30. The Clyde Cruising Club pilot warns against poor holding in the extensive kelp, but the water was so clear that we could pick a weed-free spot (back in 1931, the CCC pilot had already become an essential tool. *Marie* set off from Howth having forgotten their copy, and Keatinge was so bereft – "Without it the Western Isles are a riddle for sure" – that they called in to Donaghadee on their way north specially to borrow one). Our sunset, close in under the Paps of Jura, was spectacular. And through the night-long gloaming, the "Simmerdim" of the mid-summer Hebrides, we were treated to an extraordinary show from the bay's resident seal population, leaping clear of the water, and singing against a background of calling greylag and Canada geese, oyster catchers, the high cackle of common gulls, and the guttural bark of herring gulls - with the Paps floating far above it all to the west, picked out in an

afterlight augmented by soft stars and a setting moon. It was – and remains – a classic recipe for one of what Wallace Clark called his post-voyage “Brain hazes... hovering in the back of one’s mind afterwards.”

Next day we were headed to Port Ellen, via the white sand and blue waters of Gigha’s stunning West Tarbert Bay. The high was still dominant and we sailed, then motored in smooth conditions. Gathering clouds, though, signalled an end to the settled weather. 21st July dawned grey, with low cloud and force 3 to 4 southeasterlies. We were up early, to get the dinghy on board and to hoist my latest acquisition, a clear plastic inflatable EchoMax passive radar reflector – quickly nicknamed Mr Blobby. The wind stayed southeast or east under low cloud, but was up, then down then, as we approached Bull Point at the west end of Rathlin, up again to force 5. We popped a reef in, but still shot past the white-spattered sea-bird stacks so fast we had no time to wonder at the numbers and variety of birds all about us.

Down the North Channel

We were of course heading south as, two years on, we resumed *North Star*’s round Ireland odyssey. Odysseus, wrestling with angry gods and tender-hearted women, took a total of ten years to make it home to his own island. The current ICC pilots mention neither as potential hazards (though the annual logs contain some hints) and suggest allowing four weeks for a civilised round-Ireland cruise. That’s rather different from the record, Steve Fosset’s 1993 circumnavigation in his 60 foot trimaran *Lakota*, which took 1 day, 20 hours and 42 minutes. By contrast it had taken *North Star* 60 days in 2011 from Valentia to Rathlin (to be fair, we weren’t in a hurry), and as we took up the baton again and headed off for Glenarm, the Round Ireland Wooden Spoon (for which I could find no data) seemed a more realistic target. The south-east force 3 – 4 was dead on the nose as we motored off after tea on 21st July, but the strong flood had us into Glenarm’s friendly marina by 2000. I was up before breakfast on 22nd July, and was greatly amused by the antics of the stumpy Black Guillemots nesting in numbers in the crevices of the old harbour walls; shades of the 1930’s ICC mantra, “Wurra wurra” – “tiles and slates” (see “To Sail the Crested Sea”, page 34, for the story). By lunchtime, it was clear the high pressure had definitely shifted south, and was producing southerlies of varying directions and strengths, in often thick sea fog. We started the 22 miles on to Bangor after lunch, and ran into a pattern that was to become depressingly familiar for the rest of the trip, the wind against our favourable tide producing a head sea which *North Star* found it hard to make against. Turning the motor on with full sail up keeps her moving and improves her angle of tacking from 120 degrees to under 100 degrees; and rolling up both foresails and cinching in the main improves things to nearer 80 degrees. The alternative, putting the main to bed and motoring dead to windward, can work – but, as this trip was to reveal, the combination of her fine entry and a small boat laden well below her marks by cruising clobber (including a heavily packed forepeak) means she lacks the ability to rise as easily as she should over a steep head sea.

Under Ballygalley Head, to make matters worse, the visibility closed in to quarter of a mile, often less. We motor-sailed on in the gloom, had a tense board out from Larne past the (invisible) Hunter Rock buoys, before tacking back towards Bangor. As we closed, in clearing weather, an innocuous bank of mist about one and a half miles off to starboard towards the Fairway buoy suddenly solidified into a large outbound ferry. All we could hope was that Mr Blobby had made our presence clear on the radar plots of whatever else was coming through the mist towards us.

North Star and *Marie*

We stayed three nights in Bangor, to catch up with family, attempt to deliver my poetry manuscript (unsuccessfully – the publisher texted laconically “in Greece” when I tried to meet up in Belfast), and link up with the two Bangor residents with the closest connections with *Marie*. Michael McKee had owned her in the 1960s, and was donor of the Marie Cup and Roy “Taffy” Ashton was her present owner. First, Roy kindly drove me over to Groomsport, where *Marie* is currently laid up ashore. I admired her handsome canoe stern, crawled over her decks, into the curved and varnished depths of her capacious cockpit, and went below into a cabin well lit by the old fashioned glass window lights set into the cabin top overhead. It was a real privilege to be on board,



North Star



Marie (her gaff rig is still available)

after reading so much about her and I was struck by how solid she seemed, and how much more space that extra bit of draught, tonnage and length gave her, compared to *North Star*. Above all, by how well Roy has looked after her.

There was more talk of *Marie*, but of so many other aspects of the sea as well, when Michael McKee gave us the full Royal Ulster YC treatment that night. It was hospitality of the highest order, and it didn't make it any easier to catch the next day's flood down through Donaghadee Sound towards Strangford. In local, patchy mist, we managed to get away by 0700 under motor. By 1020 we were past Skullmartin. I was anxious about my first experience of Strangford Narrows and was aiming to enter later in the afternoon, as slack approached. So a spell of sailing, rather than motoring, seemed in order. But we did so well, we reached Bar Pladdy at the entrance by 1330, much earlier than anticipated. We pushed – or *were* pushed – on in, rocketing past the tidal generator, space age with its blades up, at 12 knots. Once into the Lough, we anchored by Chapel Island and caught our breath. Neither of us had explored Strangford before, so we were lucky to meet up with Alan and Elizabeth Leonard at Sketterick, who over the next couple of days looked after us magnificently, while showing us the wonders of this extraordinary cruising ground both by land and memorably, from *Ariadne's* cockpit, by sea.

We were sorry to leave. But Judy had to get back to London, and I had to pick up son Ben in her place. On 28th July we headed off in a breezy southerly, and ended up for the night in Strangford village, guided onto the peaceful and very picturesque pontoon by Derek White on *Ballyclaire*, before taking the early morning ebb out next day via a placidly swirling Routen Wheel and a West Channel much rougher than anticipated. Once alongside in Ardglass' welcoming Phennick Cove Marina, I said goodbye to Judy, and welcomed Ben.

I was keen to push on with him next day, either for Howth 55 miles to the south, or, more likely, for a stop over in Port Oriel, only 35 miles down the track. The forecast for 29th July was mixed: more headwinds, but only force 3 to 4 south or southwest, with talk of thunder and a frontal trough later in the afternoon. We decided to give it a go – but soon had second thoughts, as motor sailing into an increasingly steep head sea gave way after a couple of hours to straight motoring with everything furled. As the bow plunged and porpoised, the fair tide showed itself both help and hindrance. We gritted our teeth and plugged on. By 1500, Clogher Head was finally in sight but it quickly disappeared again as thunder and a vicious frontal trough crept on us from the northwest, unleashing horizontal rain carried by gusts we reckoned were force 6 or even 7 (a nearby boat later told us they had measured a solid 7, touching 8 briefly). Ben pointed *North Star* into wind and she sat there very happily until, after only half an hour, it cleared, the sun came out, and we slipped in to Port Oriel. As we began to relax, we both suddenly noticed that, after our 8 hour motor-driven slog to windward earlier in the day, there was now a brisk northwesterly! A quick check showed the tide turning in our favour by 1830. We cast off, hoisted sail and

headed for Howth in the fine early evening light, eating up the remaining 22 miles reaching across the smooth water at 5 or 6 knots. So much so that, past the Skerries and bathed in a memorable sunset, we furled the jib and took in all three reefs to slow her down and allow ourselves to do proper justice to the gourmet supper Ben had prepared under way. We slipped into Howth Marina after 2200, and grabbed the first berth we could find, dwarfed by the big masts towering over us in the dark.



Returning the Marie Cup

Over the next couple of days, as July gave way to August, I talked by phone with Anne Woulfe-Flanagan and arranged to leave the Marie Cup in the marina office (it emerged completely unscathed from under the quarter berth). The poet-sailor Theo Dorgan pitched up to cast his transatlantic eye over *North Star* and I passed over a copy of my well-travelled manuscript. Valentia was increasingly in our minds.

But the weather did not co-operate. That welcome northwesterly slant which had followed the frontal trough only lasted a few hours before southerlies returned and blew between 4 and 6 for the next three or four days. I pored over the logs, comparing *North Star's* 2013 voyage from Oban to Howth with *Marie's* reverse trip in 1931. Keatinge and his four friends had made Oban in five days' concentrated sailing, including the 84 mile leg to Donaghadee. They had had another fast day in strong winds up to Macrihanish, some 50 miles on. But then the weather turned light, and they could only manage 30 miles, 19 miles, and a final 25 to get them to Oban. *North Star*, by contrast, somewhat smaller and only ever two up, had dillied and dallied along the way down. Facing more headwinds, she had made it to Howth from Ardferrin in 6 separate sailing days. Apart from *Marie's* somewhat greater capacity allowing her to be more comprehensively crewed and therefore sailed harder and further, I feel it has been *North Star's* ability to turn on her iron topsail and either motor sail or rely 100% on the engine that divides the two experiences. The voyages are separated by over 80 years, and the Irish Sea and all its east Ireland ports have changed beyond recognition over that period. I had already had a glimpse of how smaller ports like Glanarm, Strangford and Ardglass had in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries contributed to a bustling Irish Sea economy linked by a network of seaways carrying (often on locally built bottoms) anything from iron ore and grain or herring to the *Maria Reid's* slates and tiles. When Keatinge and his pals had headed off from Howth in 1931, working sail was probably still as common as steam or motor, though the 1930s were to be its last hurrah. But while the context may have changed dramatically after World War Two, in their details our relative sailing experiences still seemed remarkably comparable. But for the motor. My favourite memory

of Desmond Keatinge's Yachting Monthly article is as they were waking up after a heavy night of celebration moored in the canal basin in Crinan: "We were just finishing breakfast when the skipper of *Torridon* knocked us up to say that the horse had arrived to tow us through the canal" (as postscript I should add *Marie* did eventually acquire the engine she still has today).

East Coast Passages

On Saturday I beat over to Dun Laoghaire on my own. It was a good sail, but I hated the marina in its vast size and cold 1984-style efficiency, and left on Monday for another solo beat down to Greystones, where the friendly new marina there has spent the last five years in a limbo it only emerged from in April 2013 (it's still not on my chart plotter). Ben got back aboard by midnight and on 5th August, his last day, we cast off for Arklow at 1030. The wind started fresh from the northwest and we ran under main and boomed-out stay-sail, reeling off 6 and 7 knots all the way down past Wicklow Head. By Mizen Head it had come more onto the beam, so we handed the pole, and hardened in. But this was still ideal gaff sailing – smooth sea, wind on the beam - and we kept our speed up all the way to Arklow, which we reached by 1430. Ben left me there – and *Viola* arrived, a vision in sleek white, picked out at bow and stern with gold leaf, and the



Viola: gilding the lily

second outstanding piece of maritime history to sail across our path over the summer. She was a 1908 Fife, on her way back to Brittany from July's Fife regatta on the Clyde, and was simply the most beautiful thing I had ever seen on the water. The French government obviously agreed, because her owner (since 1998) explained that they had made her into one of the fifteen French-flagged vessels that are designated as National Historic Monuments – on a par with Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower!

By now my final injunction before leaving ("Don't be late for the Valentia family gathering") was beginning to weigh heavily. Tides, especially inside the banks, would be crucial as I prepared to turn at last from south to west. But as it happens, I chose wrongly. The forecast on 6th August

was south or southeast, force 3 or less, and I motored off on my own at 1000 as the northerly tide slackened. By 1130 I was heading for Cahore Point five miles ahead. Here there were choices: continue close inshore, via The Ram, stay a bit further out in the Rusk Channel, or go completely offshore, outside the 15 mile long Blackwater Bank. I calculated there would be smoother seas closer in, and went through the Ram close off the beach. It was quickly clear the wind here was a solid force 4, and was kicking up the kind of steep, translucent green and white crests the seventeenth century Dutch painters loved to pitch their ships across. *North Star* hated it, even after I bore away and began motor sailing her tack for tack, first with just main, then eventually, as the seas reduced somewhat, under jib as well. She would clearly have been better off right outside. All afternoon I plugged on, tacking between the bank and the beach, with the engine ticking over to keep her moving, while the gantries of Rosslare gradually came closer. I was alongside the fishing wharf by 1730.

Along the South Coast

The next day, August 7th, as I finally prepared to turn west, produced the best conditions of the whole trip, a steady force 3 from the east that never faltered all day, breathing over flat seas under bright sun. By 1330 I was round Carnsore Point, making such faultless progress that I headed off for a look at the Saltees, taking *North Star* right out to the big gannetries at the south tip of Great Saltee, before making for a crowded, holiday-happy Kilmore Quay. I had arranged to pick up Paddy Bushe, my final crew member, at Youghal three days hence, on the evening of 10th August. But I had to wait two more days in Kilmore Quay for delivery of my repaired auto helm. I left at teatime on the 9th, motor sailing into a lumpy westerly; and was delighted to have the auto helm working again as I headed into Dunmore East for a night distinguished by the peculiar calling of the local kittiwake colony. Next day, 10th August, I was off early for Youghal. Another day of headwinds was forecast, force 4 to 5 westerly, and I had 24 miles to make. But the first half of the day was calm and sunny, and I motored along the Copper Coast (more Irish Sea history) towards Mine Head. Off the head the forecast westerly breeze began to fill in, and I hoisted sail, motor sailing at first, but then switching off the engine as I took long boards out and then close in, before easing off for a fast sail in over Youghal's brown-tossed bar, past Moll Goggin's Corner (best name for an Irish light?) and onto a spare mooring off the old Commercial Quays. Paddy came aboard and we had a peaceful night out of the main tide tucked in behind Ferry Point.

Next day, we made the 25 miles to Crosshaven (where, as, respectively, lapsed C of I and secular Irish language poet, we couldn't resist coming alongside the intriguingly named - and run - Salve Marina). It was Paddy's introduction to salt water sailing – or motor-sailing - at least on the south coast. The following day, we headed out past the Old Head of Kinsale in a generally more favourable breeze that moved between north and northwest and force 3 to 5. We reeled off the 45 miles to Castle Haven under sail in much more straightfor-

ward fashion and had our anchor down in this new (to me), quiet and very pretty harbour by 1930, after a very satisfactory 8 and a half hours. My ancient copy of Imray's C56 chart still marks cliffs with a very descriptive black-lined hatching.

West Cork to Bere Island

Castletownshend village, with its big house/new money aura, enjoys rolling pasture but looks out on Cape Clear and the Fastnet. We went past both next day, after a good wander round Castletownshend (where Paddy had been intrigued to find a dynasty of C of I namesake clergy memorialized). Looking seaward to where a grey sea merged with a purple grey sky, we were intrigued to see the Fastnet Race front-runners rounding the Rock in the distance, and disappearing quickly back into the indefinite horizon (a view that soon became Paddy's latest poem). For us, the wind was either on the nose, or too light, or both, and we motor-sailed most of the way to Crookhaven, coming in through murk and drizzle. The wet didn't seem to be damping any holiday spirits, and the pubs and their restaurants were still packed and noisy as we got ourselves back on board in gathering wind and rain. Next day, the 14th August, marked seven days before the family arrived in Valentia. We were nearly there, but needed to push on towards Bere Island, our penultimate stopover if all went to plan. It was another beat the 7 miles out to Mizen Head, but we knew we would be able to ease off across Bantry Bay once we were round. The wind and drizzle relented a bit around 1100, so we motor-sailed out under main towards the dark mass of first Brow Head, then Mizen itself; sailed for a while; then, as the weather clamped in again, visibility shrank, and the seas became steeper and more confused, we put the motor back on. In such unpleasant conditions, what we could see of Mizen under the low cloud looked bleak and wild. It was a relief to get round, ease off, and begin to sail more comfortably towards Bere Island. Visibility came and went, but with the help of my new chart plotter we picked our way in past Ardnakinna, up Berehaven, and in to Lawrence Cove Marina. The 20 miles had taken us six hours, hardly greyhound stuff, and in the peace of the cove, as we shared a pot of tea, Paddy had a couple of questions. How bad had it been round Mizen (he had not enjoyed it)? And what was the difference between the Bermudan rigs he saw all round him, and our more complicated gaff cutter rig? Now Mizen had been unpleasant: much more sea than I had expected, and miserable visibility. Not, I felt, marginal at all – though another 10 or 15 knots of wind would have been a different matter. But I did realise, belatedly, how stoical Paddy had been, and how stalwart, seeing seas like this from the cockpit of a small sailing boat, in bad visibility, for the first time. My answer to the second question, about the relative merits of gaff and Bermudan rig, genuinely astounded Paddy, when I had to admit gaff was in many ways an archaic and fundamentally inefficient hangover from the nineteenth century – but that, in the full knowledge of this, I still persevered with it. I suppose it sometimes astounds me too.

We did both agree that Lawrence Cove, and indeed the community around Rerrin, at this end of Bere Island, was

everything a marina should be. It was good that we appreciated the area, because next day's forecast for force 6 to 7 from the west, with drizzle and rain, kept us there. But 16th July dawned bright, with the westerly now light to moderate. Gale or near gale was forecast within 12 hours, and our target was to be safely sheltered somewhere snug well before then: either Derrynane or, preferably, Port Magee, just over the bridge from Valentia. We set off at 1100, motor sailed to windward to Crow Head, and once Dursey Sound opened up, eased off, still motor sailing, until we were through. Suddenly, the familiar south Kerry coast, with the Skelligs, Scariff, Bolus and far off, Bray Head, spread itself before us. We unrolled both foresails at 1430, and by 1745 were close in off Puffin Head. Too close. This is always a most disturbed piece of water, and today was no exception. But by 1900 we had an anchor down in Port Magee, just west of the Valentia Bridge (there are no more Visitors Buoys). After a farewell meal at a packed Point Bar, Paddy headed home to Waterville, and I spent the windy night ashore on Valentia with my brother and his family.

Horrible, rough finale

This was Friday. On Saturday, as it continued to blow from the west, I shifted *North Star* to a more secure anchorage, using both anchors. Sunday 18th August (two days to go!) was the day of the Port Magee Regatta, with the Valentia seine boat crew challenging for the summer's overall championship.

But it also seemed a good opportunity to get *North Star* the final ten miles round Bray Head to Knightstown. I hadn't noticed that the Port Magee tripper boats to the Skelligs were still all tied up to the pier, going nowhere that day. But I soon found out why. I hadn't reckoned with the after effects of the westerly outside, and especially the sea where the big Atlantic swells met the strong ebb out of the Port Magee Channel. Before we had gone half a mile towards Bray Head, the steepness and size of the wind-over-tide made it unsafe to continue, and I scuttled back in (just in time to see Valentia clinch the seine boat prize). I got the anchor down again and spent an uneasy night as gusts continued to funnel down off Bray Head.

Over breakfast on Monday 19th August I took stock. The forecast was a modest force 3 to 4 westerly. I was on my own, and Bray Head was a couple of miles dead to windward. But I only had 10 miles to go in total to reach Knightstown, and complete *North Star's* circumnavigation; my family were due on Tuesday, taking over from brother Tim; the sun was shining (for now, but with more strong winds due to return within 36 hours) – and here were the Skellig boats swarming past me and out to sea. By 1030 I had the anchor up, and was motoring out after them. There was none of yesterday's precipitous wind-over-tide. But the last half a mile to Bray Head quickly became horrendous. Not from the steepness or exceptional size of the swell, nor from breaking water, but from the chaotic nature of the sea train. Large waves were now taking *North Star* not just from dead ahead, but unpredictably on both port and starboard bow. She was being rolled heavily, and an occasional combination of two closely

associated rogue seas from the same direction would push her even further towards a knock down. I hung on grimly as we inched out past black, dripping rocks close to starboard, wishing ... wishing I had closed and bolted the main hatch boards; wishing I had clipped on; wondering if unrolling a jib would steady her somewhat (it would have been impossible to hoist the main. And I quickly decided that heading off, and filling the jib would make little difference); wondering if I had, so close to home, to turn back before she was pushed flat; wishing it would end. There was 100 yards to go before we were past the last streaming rock and could head off, then 50. Then the worst roll yet. And then, at last, I could head off to the north. Things immediately improved as the seas all started to come onto the port bow. They settled further as I unfurled the staysail, and it filled, and immediately steadied her even more - comparatively speaking, since the sea remained deeply unfriendly until we were clear of Beenaniller, the secondary headland at the northern end of Bray's massive Atlantic cliffs. But then I could ease some more, and tack down wind to keep the staysail full all the way in past the spouting Light-

house Rocks, and, finally, alongside Knightstown Marina. So familiar, so welcome, after 60 days west-about from Knightstown as far round as Rathlin in 2011; and now, 28 more days from Rathlin back again down the (very, splendidly) *Irish* Sea to Valentia. 88 days for the Round Ireland Wooden Spoon. And the last day had been the worst of them all.

That was followed by a couple more unpleasant passages south and then back north round Bray Head. But in between, Judy and I had three perfect days on the Kenmare River.



Dick Lovegrove describes a polite incident in Cardigan Bay

“Unidentified vessel, unidentified vessel. This is Aberporth Marine Control.”

My reverie was disturbed by the well modulated voice coming from the VHF. I was sitting at the chart table and had been ruminating over the events of the last twenty four hours. *Rupert* was returning from the ICC Rally in the Isles of Scilly. We had enjoyed our stopover in Padstow, but on the previous day had had a long and mildly tedious passage under engine, eventually picking up one of the four visitors' moorings at North Haven on the bird sanctuary island of Skomer. Any tedium from the passage had been quickly dispersed by gin and tonic, and the evening had been most pleasantly whiled away, eating, chatting and watching the thousands of puffins coming in to roost at this delightful anchorage.

That morning my attempt at an early departure had been thwarted by a reluctant starter motor. An hour or so later, when all remedies known to me had been tried and just when I had almost given up hope of getting away at all, the engine had miraculously lurched in to life and before it had time to change its mind we had dropped the mooring and headed out in to the now strongly flooding tide.

“Do you think he was calling us?” Nigel said, leaning down the companion way from the cockpit.

“Naah” I said. “They're probably tracking some clown who's heading up a Traffic Separation Zone the wrong way. They're very hot on that at the moment.”

But ten minutes later, when the call was repeated and I had checked our position on the chartplotter and responded, I was very politely informed that *Rupert* had just entered a Ministry of Defence unrestricted practice firing area and that the use of live ammunition could not commence until she got out of the way. Fortunately, appreciating that Her Majesty's forces held the military advantage, I suppressed the more facetious side of my nature and, instead of offering to surrender or invoking the United Nations' Charter on neutrality, I politely confirmed that *Rupert* would be prepared to do whatever was required. The well modulated voice thanked us politely for our co-operation and requested that we alter course to 350 degrees and hold that course for a distance of twelve miles, which we, politely, agreed to do. Two hours later, during which the visibility had closed in quite significantly and we had heard the unmistakable sound of low flying aircraft followed by the crumph, crumph of heavy ordnance, and having run the distance, I requested and was given permission to resume our passage to Pwllheli. The radio officer contacted us twice more and very politely, as before, requested our position. I thought that this was strange because with all the science at his disposal, he must surely have known exactly where we were, but on each occasion, I politely gave him the information and he cordially thanked me for our co-operation.

After the initial exchange, I, belatedly, had read the full notes, which appear on the large scale chart of the area. They confirmed that the diamond on the chart indicates that Cardigan Bay is not a prohibited area, but is an area where targets are anchored and which the Ministry of Defence does use regularly (later confirmed by sailing friends in Pwllheli) for live firing practice. The onus is on the Ministry to make sure that the area is clear of all vessels before commencing. That explains everything.

Atlantic Mini-Triangle: *Hecuba* to Madeira and Azores

John Duggan

Our 2012 cruise to the Azores was a resounding hit with the crew. The scenery is fabulous, the food generally good, the temperatures are comfortable, both night and day, the sailing is varied and the marinas are dirt-cheap. There was one niggle, however, in that some crew members suggested that the islands were just a little too far away and that a slightly shorter passage, there and back, would be nice. Sensitive as I am to every merest whim of my crew, I thought deeply on the matter but was unable to resolve the realities of geographical separation.

I thought about going to Northern Spain in 2013 but, for various reasons, was unenthusiastic about it and there was the nagging feeling that, in reality, I had fallen somewhat in love with the Azores and had not met my objective of visiting all the islands in the archipelago. I announced my intention of returning in 2013 and, as I secretly expected, the crew fell meekly into line. I thus had the nucleus of a team to undertake a more ambitious cruise, to take in the remaining islands, with a bonus visit to Madeira and Porto Santo.

After I had finalized my plans in 2012, to go directly to Santa Maria, in the Azores, I was advised by my good friend Charles Lindley that anyone with any sense would go via Madeira, increasing greatly the chances of favorable winds and more than compensating for the extra distance. I felt slightly vindicated when he returned from his annual cruise to the Azores - single handed, despite his seven and a bit decades - having spent most of the summer going to windward and almost getting taken out by the tail-end of an errant hurricane, to boot, but I reckoned that he had just been a bit unlucky and that the overall plan made sense.

Six weeks were required to do justice to it, involving crew changes in Madeira, Pico and Terceira. The optimum number aboard is three but four is OK. For the outward leg



Philip looks on while John has a painful moment



to Porto Santo and Madeira, I had already enlisted Desmond Green and Philip Portal, stalwarts of the 2012 adventure, but I was glad of the extra experience of Ailbe Millerick, press-ganged at a chance meeting in the Royal St George YC in April. We had not met for a great many years but we quickly took up the threads of friendship and, having campaigned several Tony Castro designs (Justine etc) in the 1980s, Ailbe was curious to have a go at *Hecuba*, a CS40 built in Canada in 1989 to a Castro design.

Fast sailing to Madeira

We left Cascais at 12.25 on Friday, 21st June, with a forecast of brisk north to north-east winds. The wind kicked in from the north as soon as we left the shelter of the Cascais coastline and *Hecuba* set off like a shot from a gun, broad reaching under full main and genoa. Despite the following wind, the motion was quite uncomfortable, with a sizeable sea running, and Desmond was feeling unwell. We encouraged him to try a rather ridiculous set of spectacles, claimed to establish an artificial horizon and ease the confusion between eye and inner ear sensations. Supposedly, 95 percent of the French matelots who were the guinea pigs for these things found them effective but zero percent of Desmond thought them helpful at all and he was soon *bors de combat*, his tuna sandwich lunch left far behind.

By late afternoon, it had freshened to Force 6-7 from the North and we put 2 reefs in the main. *Hecuba* was steering easily, although the Autohelm was earning its keep, and we were consistently clocking 8 knots plus, with a best-ever 15 knots showing at one stage. It turned into a wild night but the sailing was exhilarating, chilly but with a full moon behind ragged clouds and the occasional wave dumping into the cockpit to remind us who was boss.

The latter revealed the first of a series of problems with the newly installed Raymarine e7 plotter, whose touchscreen proved sensitive to all but the lightest of caresses by spray or any other form of contact. We ended up deactivating the touchscreen but this elegant but frustrating equipment had a more dangerous trick up its sleeve; on numerous occasions throughout our cruise it, literally, lost the plot and would take several minutes to fix its position, cancelling any "Go To Waypoint" instructions. Worst of all, it would put the Autohelm on Standby - not at all what one wants when running before 30 knots plus of wind - and we quickly deactivated the connection between plotter and Autohelm .

The log records a light breakfast on Saturday morning but the wind had reduced slightly and gone around towards the North East, so we poled out the genoa and the motion immediately became more comfortable. Proof of our cracking pace

came when we checked the first 24 hours' progress, to find we had logged 194 miles in that time – *Hecuba's* best day's run in my ownership.

Ailbe was tireless in driving the boat to ever-greater things and Philip, who in 2012 had avoided the galley as a vampire would a garlic patch, discovered reserves of on-board culinary talent, to produce meals, snacks and cups of tea at all hours of the day and night. I was still recovering from a rotten cold I had picked up the previous week and was happy to let them get on with it.

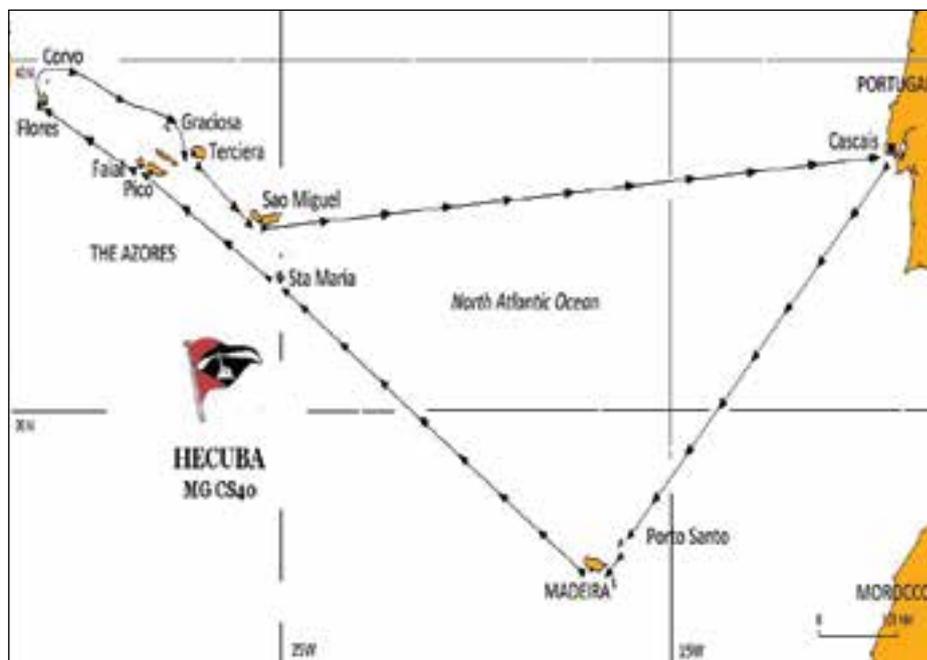
The wind picked up again towards evening and some wicked looking clouds lurked on the horizon, so we put the third reef in the main and took a few rolls in the poled-out genoa. All remained under good control, even with winds of more than 35 knots, and we stayed with this rig until the following night (Sunday), when we rolled out the genoa and watched Porto Santo unfold from under the low cloud covering the island.

We passed the breakwater at around 03.00 on Monday 24th June and, unable to make any sense of the lights around the marina, we anchored off in about 7 metres of water. We had covered the 480 miles in 62 hours, an average of 7.75 knots, and the boat was in good shape, apart from a leak from the mounting of the Hydrovane self-steering gear and the constant overpowering by the new solar panels of the original 8 amp fused switch.

We were awoken at 10.00 by a hammering on the hull – a boatman, warning that a ferry was about to arrive and we were too close to its turning area. There was much hurried fiddling with anchor and chain but we were soon safely berthed in the pleasant and spacious marina. The onshore facilities are being rebuilt but the showers were good and the reception efficient. The most notable feature of the marina is the glorious beach which adjoins it and the crew rediscovered childhood pleasures, splashing around in the gentle surf. We had a wander up to the town for a beer and some shopping but, in reality, the beach is the main attraction of the island and we didn't feel much inclined to spend a lot of time looking around. Nor did we see any particularly notable restaurants, so we decided to eat aboard and tonight it was *Hecuba's* signature dish, confit de canard with red cabbage and roast potatoes.

The social side

As ever, dinner in *Hecuba's* cozy saloon was a rambunctious affair. Philip's expensive English public school had, between floggings and cold showers, devoted insufficient attention to the finer points of the turbulent relationship between our island nations and he was fortunate to have Desmond, Ailbe and myself, to put him right on a few points. In the course of this and subsequent soirées, we addressed less taxing issues, such as the existence of God, the future of



the capitalist system, whether affluent tourists have a moral obligation to allow themselves to be ripped off by rustic fruit vendors, why posh people call dessert pudding, the beatification of Margaret Thatcher and so on. Despite a spirited quest for Truth and Consensus, neither was definitively found, although we enjoyed the search.

We had actually eaten pretty well on the way down, despite the trying conditions, thanks to frozen meals provided by Desmond and by Philip's wife, Cathy, whose chicken and leek dish had been welcome on a chilly evening. Desmond's curry was considered too provocative for early season tummies, as was the dish announced by Philip as "Some sort of lamb stew", which apparently underwent a transubstantiation in the freezer, subsequently emerging as Boeuf à la Bourguignonne!

We left the following day, 25th June, for Quinta do Lorde, at the eastern tip of Madeira Island, and had a pleasant sail under misty sunshine, ideal for a light lunch of smoked salmon and chilled white wine. The marina entrance was clear enough, apart from confusion caused by some fishing boats milling around, but we were met by a boatman in a RIB, who brought us straight to our berth.

Quinta do Lorde has been operating for about 10 years and is a sheltered and well appointed marina. It is surrounded by brightly colored villas and apartments, which give it a cheerful, Mediterranean air, but the difficult economy of the past few years has meant that they have struggled to sell units and the whole thing feels a bit desolate, being stranded a long way from Funchal, the capital. This is supposed to be the sunniest part of the island, which may well be so but, throughout our stay, we were blasted by chilly gusts from the north east, while the rest of the island basked in near-tropical warmth. The wind also brought with it a plague of volcanic grit, which was still turning up on the boat weeks later. The fees are steep enough too and we paid 42 euro per night. It was disappointing to find that, while a discount of 30 percent was offered to members of obscure (to us) French and Russian

sailing clubs, they had never heard of the ICC and our suggestion that they might offer us an inaugural discount was met with a sad shake of the head from the otherwise helpful staff.

Doing the tourist thing

The next day, we set off by hire car to see what we could of this spectacular island. 20 years ago, the most trivial of journeys here was an ordeal of winding paths, hair-raising drops and kamikaze drivers on the wrong side of the narrow roads. It is all much better now and the island is criss-crossed by a network of roads and tunnels that Switzerland would be proud of. Ailbe took his leave at this point, to be replaced by Steve Grigg. It can be mentioned here that most of my crew had not known one another before the cruise. Steve was an additional mystery as, although his son Jamie had sailed with me in a corporate regatta, he and I had not met previously and had merely evaluated one another by phone and email! Fortunately, he turned out to be a great shipmate and all around good egg, and he got on well with me and our third man, Barny Wainwright, also a 2012 Azores veteran.

Madeira to Santa Maria

After final farewells to Desmond and Philip, we set off at 17.10 on 29th June and motored in calm conditions along the dramatic south coast of Madeira. This enabled us to make the first part of our westing in peace and quiet and to have a decent meal before facing some 460 miles into the brisk north-easterly which, we knew, was waiting for us outside the shelter of the island. The wind arrived as expected, as we cleared the western tip of the island, when we set the genoa only, with a few rolls in. Blowing about force 5, about 50 degrees apparent off our starboard bow, the wind remained remarkably constant for the next few days, only easing when we were some 70 miles out from Santa Maria. The trip was mostly uneventful, with fast sailing under sunny skies, although working in the galley was a bit of a trial. We did have a spot of drama, however, on the morning of Monday, 1st July, when I was woken from a promisingly erotic dream by a ferocious rattling on deck. Initially, it sounded like a furiously flogging genoa but then Steve announced that the anchor had gone over the side! "Oh bother!" I exclaimed "What a nuisance!" or words to that effect. The anchor had, indeed, gone over the side and had been stopped only by the buoy on the tripping line, snagged inside the anchor locker. Most of the 60m of chain was hanging down in a huge bight and I speculated, irrelevantly, about the value of trailing warps etc in heavy weather, as we were still making more than 6 knots. Anyway, we rolled up the genoa and managed to get the chain onto the windlass, which made short work of getting things back where they should have been. The wretched affair was caused, of course, by my haste in stowing the anchor before entering the marina at Porto Santo, not securing it properly and not checking it before setting to sea. It won't happen again.

By midday on Tuesday 2nd July, the wind had eased and gone more to the east, and life was much more upright and comfortable. A heap of rashers and Clonakilty pudding was retrieved from the depths of the fridge for conversion into a

full fry-up for lunch, and on we sailed, in gradually lightening conditions, calling on the engine at 20.00 for the last 20 miles into Vila do Porto.

We had been here in 2012 and I remembered the entrance as intimidatingly narrow. The situation was not helped by a conflict of opinion between the Navionics chart in the plotter and Imrays' sketch in the iPad version of Reeds as to the position of the starboard hand light. One put it in the middle of the harbour while the other had it on top of an outhouse on the left-hand pier. In the event, it was a temporary buoy with a glow-worm light, just off the right-hand pier and we crept cautiously into the calm but busy port, where fishermen were unloading their first tuna catch of the night.

Vila do Porto is small but well-sheltered and is among the few places in the Azores where a boat can be safely left for the winter. The port is overlooked by fortifications which date back to the 17th century and, trudging up the weathered cobblestone road to the fort, it is not hard to conjure visions of the hardships of that time, as the town beat off sieges by French and Spanish armies and by English and Algerian privateers. Wandering through the town, we were particularly impressed by a fabulous new library and learning centre - well worth a look - and by an excellent new supermarket which had sprung up since the previous year.

After the brisk sailing of the previous days, it was not a total disappointment to leave Santa Maria in a flat calm and we motored the entire way to Pico, some 175 miles, in very pleasant conditions. A stop, to check engine temperature and oil levels, provided Barny with an opportunity to take a dip in some 4000m of water but the rest of us were not tempted. I was also very happy to diagnose a problem with the electric bilge pump, caused by a seized icebox drain pump on the same electrical circuit. As when travelling from Madeira to Santa Maria, we saw almost no shipping and our only company was provided by various schools of dolphins - always a cheerful encounter, whether in the light of day or outlined in phosphorescence at night.

My Favorite Place in the World

The bulky island of Pico was visible from a long way off and we had plenty of opportunity to take in its impressive scenery, before arriving at 11.00 on Friday 5th July at Lajes do Pico. Boats were rafted 3 deep at the reception pontoon of the tiny marina but we brazened it out and went into the one unoccupied berth on the outer trot. The harbourmaster came along later, to say that it had been reserved for a boat due to arrive the next day but, on the principle of "Would you like something while you wait for opening time?", he suggested that we could stay there until usurped and, as it happened, we got away with it for the week that I stayed.

Lajes do Pico remains, officially, my Favorite Place in the World and it was no hardship to arrange an extra few days there, for crew changeovers and general contingencies. With extra time in hand, we discovered treasures like an excellent 5 euro haircut and the fine, if bohemian, showers in the pretty campsite behind the town. We hired a car for the duration and

had an opportunity to cover a lot of the island - the scenery on the north side is especially stunning. As a bonus, there was a wine festival that weekend and we spent Saturday afternoon grazing among the wineries, enjoying the excellent white wines of Pico and the even better food that they had laid on to accompany them.

Barny set off for home later that day, while Steve and I took a day-trip to Horta, yachting capital of the mid-Atlantic. As well as the obligatory lunch in Peter's Bar, we took a trip over to the ruined lighthouse at Capelinhos, near the western tip of Faial Island. The excellent visitors' centre shows how this was overwhelmed by a volcanic eruption in 1957, which resulted in an increase of some 2.5 sq km in the area of the island and the emigration of 12,500 of the island's population, fearful of further tremors and eruptions. Emigration has been a feature of the entire Archipelago and, while São Miguel has resisted the trend, the population of the remaining islands is only about 40 percent of what it was 50 years ago.

A brisk handover at Pico airport on the morning of 10th July saw the departure of Steve and his replacement by Harry Whelehan (ICC), with whom I shared many a watch back in the 1970s. Our last outing together was in 1996, on a typically abstemious *Witchcraft* cruise with Winkie Nixon (ICC) and Ed Wheeler (ICC), from the Scillies to St Malo and the South Coast of England, so I was looking forward to sailing with him again.

We were joined later that day by Michael Langenbach, a long-time colleague of mine and veteran of Azores 2012, but, in the meantime, Harry was in need of medical attention, having contracted some sort of throat infection. Harry's Irish credentials pretty much overwhelmed the IT capabilities of the elderly but charming ladies in the local Health Centre but, at last, we found ourselves before The Doctor. This formidable lady informed Harry, sternly, that antibiotics would be the last resort and that pressurized salt water up the nostrils would be just the man to fix his problem. Harry was clearly aghast at this prospect, even when I assured him that I could personally vouch for its effectiveness. We purchased the requisite equipment, which Harry used diligently, and there was no further complaint from him about his condition,



Whaleboat at Horta, Faial. Pico in the distance

either because the cure had worked or because he was afraid of being prescribed even more drastic remedies!

We made our departure at 16.00 and, some 3 hours later, we were taking our pre-prandial G&T alongside the pier at Horta. For me, the main reason for this visit was to refill the Camping Gaz cylinder, a service not available on Pico, but a meal or a drink in Peter's is always enjoyable and Mid Atlantic Yacht Services could refit a square-rigger with the gear available in their tiny store on the sea-front. As a bonus, I tracked down Ralf Holzerland, a genial Dutchman who set up a sail-making business here some 20 years ago. For the price of a few beers, he converted a canvas awning into a much-needed extension to our spray hood, greatly appreciated in the weeks ahead.

The Westernmost Point of Europe

We made our departure from Horta at 16.45 on Friday, 4th July, heading towards Flores, 130 miles away and the most westerly island of the archipelago and we managed to get in some decent, if slightly roly, sailing overnight and through the next day. Harry drummed up a kickass spaghetti Bolognese, spiced with some well matured artisan chili sauce which had survived from a visit to Terceira the previous year and, as we sailed into the sunset towards the most remote corner of Western Europe, life left little to be desired.

Despite its diminutive size and remote location, Lajes das Flores turned out to be one of the liveliest spots we visited. The little marina was filled to capacity, with boats of all shapes and sizes rafted along the inner breakwater. There was one pontoon space available, however, which we grabbed without asking too many questions. Lines were grabbed by our neighbours-to-be, a jovial German couple who had sold everything to build a massive steel ketch in which they were finishing a 3 year circumnavigation. In fact, everyone seemed to be arriving from Bermuda, Canada or the Caribbean and we felt just a little bit humble, for having arrived only from an overnight sail from Horta.

In the little café up the hill, the Beira Mar, we also felt that we were low down on the pecking order, as the other clients had all established themselves over a period of days or weeks. Many of the boats in harbour had been trapped by the prevailing easterlies which had sped us on our way and, as our arrival coincided with a change of the wind to the west, the resulting turnover in marina occupancy saw us propelled to near the top of the hierarchy. Repeat visits to the bar were encouraged by the weapons-grade G&Ts of Beira Mar, its hospitable Ukrainian proprietor having clearly identified the key to client loyalty in the yachting community.

Our neighbors at the marina had told us of uncomfortable times a few weeks earlier, when a fresh breeze from the east took its toll in burst fenders, parted lines and scuffed topsides, so it was interesting to visit the town of Fajã Grande, on the west coast, where there is a reasonable anchorage in easterly winds. Also of interest, shortly after a local politician had built an extensive tourism rental complex, virtually on the seashore, the law was changed to forbid construction within

500m of the coast. Strange, that.

Our guide was the admirable César Fonseca, who was originally from Horta but who had migrated to Flores, to work with the Portuguese military at the LORAN transmitter, long-since de-activated. Flores in the 1970s was a hive of electronic buzzing, as the French government also had a station



Corvo, as seen from Flores

there, to track their rocket launches from Guyana. All this has now disappeared, together with the many well-paying jobs which went them.

Our tour took in a look at the hair-raising harbour at Santa Cruz and we were very happy that the facilities at Lajes have made it unnecessary to risk any attempt at entering Santa Cruz. John Guinness (ICC) was there in 1970 and his account in the ICC Annual of that year has a fine photo of *Sule Skerry* moored inside the breakwater. He made it clear, however, that he did not regard it as a suitable place to bring a yacht, other than in the most favorable circumstances.

Our immediate neighbours at the marina were the genial and aristocratic Gauthier Tyrel de Poix and his wife Thais, and we enjoyed some last minute whiskeys with them on Sunday night, while they waited for the weather to clear. They seemed not at all fazed by the prospect of a 1400 mile trip to La Trinité, except for a shortage of meat on board. We unearthed a spare tin of confit de canard and presented it to them before they left. While somewhat on the coals-to-Newcastle principle, it was gratefully received and we hope they enjoyed it as much as we did the splendid bottle of rosé from his brother's vineyard.

We had planned to visit Corvo, only ten miles from Flores but the rainy weather had set back our timetable and we decided to settle for a circumnavigation of the two islands. Corvo's remoteness and poor facilities mean that it is seldom visited by yachts and *Sule Skerry's* log entry for 1970 records that she was the first yacht to visit the island in 30 years. Had I known this at the time, we might have made more of an

effort. In the event, we had a stunning sail along the west coast of Flores, past the sea-stack of Ilheu de Monchique, the most westerly point of Europe, and on to Corvo, under brilliant sunshine and a brisk south-westerly wind.

Corvo's population of some 350 is concentrated in Vila do Corvo, on the southern tip and we saw not a sign of life as we passed by the steep cliffs on the back of the island. We lost the wind for a while but it soon filled in as we cleared the island and, by nightfall, our hardworking genoa was sufficient to carry us at a great rate towards Graciosa, our next destination.

A warm reception in Graciosa

As we passed along the north coast of Graciosa the following afternoon, the wind was really piping up, leading to some concerns about our arrival into an unfamiliar port with notoriously little accommodation for visitors. In the event, the harbour at Vila da Praia turned out to be very sheltered from winds out of the west (as is the anchorage outside) and we were waved alongside the convenient but wicked looking steps on the north side of the harbour.

We were immediately approached by an intimidatingly mustachioed police sergeant who belied his fierce appearance by informing us, cordially, that there was no rush to do the formalities, as the police station was open 24/7. He went up further in our estimation when Harry went looking for additional material to add to our fender board; our friendly



***Hecuba* at Graciosa**

copper went over to a fishing boat on the hard, filched two giant sausage fenders and told Harry to drop them back when we were leaving, much to the benefit of *Hecuba's* topsides.

We enjoyed Graciosa a lot; it is the second-smallest of the islands and its scenery is more gentle and pastoral than the others. We had a number of surprisingly good meals, visited the ghostly underwater lake in the extinct volcano, enjoyed sundowners in the modest Caribbean bar by the beach and bought a few bottles of the local dry white wine, Pedras Brancas, which overtook the also excellent Frei Gigante, from Pico, in our nomination of the best wine in the islands. The

town of Santa Cruz has a number of very fine buildings, going back to the 1700s, and I was surprised that such a small community could support such opulent construction. Our guide told us that, in its heyday, the island had become very wealthy, from fishing and exports of wheat, but that wheat farming had virtually disappeared and depopulation had greatly reduced the size of the local economy.

Angra and a final crew change

Six hours of mixed sailing and motoring were enough to get us to Angra do Heroísmo, the capital of Terceira, where we would have a few days of overlap with the new crew, being Shay and Stephanie Byrne, and John Malcolm (ICC). We asked for a berth in the inner part of the marina, as the outer berths can suffer from dramatic surge. Angra is a gem of a town, happily restored after extensive earthquake damage in 1980, and we all enjoyed the opportunity to spend a few days looking around.

Harry and Michael took their leave from Terceira and we set off in the late afternoon, for the overnight sail to Ponta Delgada, on São Miguel, the largest of all the islands. The weather was light but we covered the 92 miles with a mixture of sailing and motoring. The sight of another sail, as we closed the south coast of the island, was enough to excite John's competitive instincts and the spinnaker was soon in action. It mattered not that our adversary was a half-tonner with a broken main halyard, motor-sailing under genoa; a race is a race and the honours were ours as we passed the break-water, scant yards ahead of "The enemy"!

Parkinson's Law was well in evidence at the marina reception at Ponta Delgada, the heart of the Azores' regional Government. That which was accomplished in minutes by one person in the other islands required the marina office, an extraordinarily complex and ineffective computer system, and three separate official organs, all of which closed for lunch as we arrived. We had our own lunch and filled up the diesel tank while we waited but, even then, the official process took so long that even my saintly forbearance gave way and I (perhaps unwisely) let the customs officer have chapter and verse, in Portuguese, on why I thought it was all a load of cobblers. In a tribute to either my oratory or his patience, he agreed but, look, what else would all these people be doing on an island in the middle of nowhere?!

Equanimity was restored over chilled pints on the promenade and our thoughts turned to the on-shore recreation programme. John and I enthusiastically greeted Shay's suggestion of a See Bottom tour, although Stephanie's scowl of disapproval told a different story. The reality was more mundane – a Sea Bottom tour, on a pleasure boat – and we quickly lost interest.

We could not be tourists forever and we made our departure at 14.00 on Saturday, 27th July. Distance to Cascais, 768 miles; course 81°T, the first part of the Great Circle route, as calculated by Raymarine. Again, the wind gods were, if not 100 percent with us, at least, not dead against us, and the pattern of the days ahead was established early on, with

light to moderate breezes from the South-west, dropping off at nightfall. The price of this was a lot of motoring at night, and we discovered that the annoying slatting of the main could be countered by putting in the third reef, while still leaving enough sail area to quell the rolling. During the day, however, we had flat seas, bright sunshine and a grand, favorable breeze; the spinnaker was much in evidence and the sailing was as close to idyllic as one could reasonably ask for. The only fly in the ointment was the discovery that white wine had been left off the shopping list, requiring the kitchen staff to re-organize the lunchtime menus for the last few days.

On a serious note, we had a man-overboard seminar, to supplement my scanty briefing on the subject; after a lot of discussion about possible scenarios, the only clear recommendation we could make was – don't fall overboard.

Conversation aboard was the usual eclectic mixture, resulting from our very different life-stories. John Malcolm has many sea-miles under his belt but our last voyage together had been on Turtle in 1981 with Winkie Nixon and the late Brendan Cassidy (ICC). Noted for his skills with all things electrical and mechanical, he sorted out the problem with the solar panels, using bits sourced in an obscure shop in the backstreets of Ponta Delgada. Shay and Stephanie had a long-standing, unfulfilled ambition to make an ocean passage and they were very happy with the gentle sailing, star-studded nights and civilized dining. Our watches started at 22.00, three hours on and six hours off, until fizzling out at breakfast time, when people started to come to life - also very civilized.

Wednesday, 31st July saw us making great progress with main and genoa, still with the wind well free, and, for once, the breeze held overnight. It continued to pick up during Thursday, as it often does when approaching the Portuguese coast but, after a couple of final gusts, around 17.00, it suddenly dropped and it was over to you, Mr Volvo, for the rest of the way to Cascais. Our final dinner was enlivened by the appearance of two large Minke whales and there was great excitement aboard, as they repeatedly approached us to within less than 100m.

We arrived in Cascais and tied up at 10.30, some 5 days and 22 hours after leaving Ponta Delgada. It was good to be home but, after 6 weeks of sailing, provisioning, planning, repairing, touring and enjoying great company – what next?

Some statistics:

Hours at sea: 396

Engine hours (including battery charging): 135

Miles covered: 2390

Hours spent close hauled: Zero

Cross words exchanged: Zero

Teal Cruise: Circumnavigation and the year of the Engine

Ian French

This year's cruise was to be a modest affair. Rathlin Island and maybe the North coast of Ireland, with a vague possibility of going on around the corner if the weather was very settled. In the event, we completed a circumnavigation - going the other way around. So much for cruising plans. The date for the northbound departure was fixed as 21st May but as the day drew nigh, it was clear that the wind was going to be blowing stiffly between north and northeast. So a last minute change was made to turn right instead of left outside Dun Laoghaire, necessitating much rearranging of the crew changes. What a wise decision it proved to be. We set off in a force 4-5 northerly early in the morning with Maurice Brooks, Nerys Ryan and me aboard. With clearing skies and a sea breeze we played the tide well and in 13 hours were in Kilmore Quay marina. A whale was sighted just around Carnsore Point and the experts on board thought it was a Minke.

The next morning we said goodbye to Nerys who had to go back to work and Maurice and I continued on in a brisk northwest wind to Crosshaven. What a great sail in sunshine

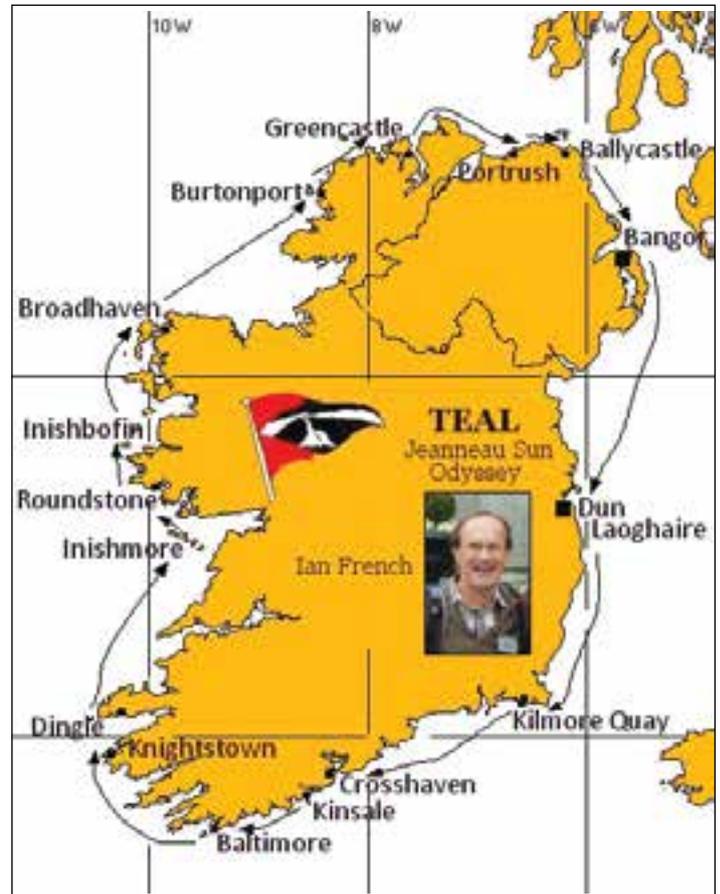


Nerys steering down Irish Sea - seriously

and force 4/5 on the beam. We were privileged to share a sailing supper with the National 18 sailors that evening in the Royal Cork Yacht Club. Next day we made the quick hop around to Kinsale in a very lively force 5/6 northwest wind to meet Graham Miles, who was joining us for a few days. Conscious of the fact that having good dinners ashore would be broadly off the agenda when we got around to the West coast that evening, we enjoyed an excellent dinner in Fishy Fishy.

When we were leaving next morning we met Harry Whelehan who was on a similar circumnavigation quest but was suffering from engine problems – a broken impeller belt. This was not to be a good omen. With a force 5/6 north-westerly, we had another glorious sail to Baltimore, where we were joined by Ken Price. The Wooden Boat Festival was on and a good Seisuin was had by all in Bushe's, where we

commiserated with some traditional Irish fiddlers from the UK who were unable to play because the third member of



the ensemble had failed to show up. We thought cruising was difficult.

Next day saw a change in the weather. There was very little wind but the sky was heavy. We rounded Cape Clear Island and were now in new territory for *Teal*. The crew wanted to stop at all manner of places in this magnificent cruising ground but I had a fix on the changing weather and our strategic objective of getting 'Around Ireland' so in a compromise agreement we deviated slightly and passed close to Fastnet Rock and took photos. We saw dolphins and another whale (again the experts deemed it to be a minke) We pressed on around Dursey with a great view of Bull Cow and Calf Islands. The Skelligs then appeared out of the mist and more dolphins provided us with entertainment on the way. We rounded Valentia and made for Knightstown where we tied up to the unfinished marina. This was an extraordinary place. The floating pontoon is vast. There is water and electricity but no fingers and amazingly no charges.

The next day we made the short trip across the bay to Dingle in a force 4/5 southerly. Fungi welcomed us at the entrance to Dingle Bay and we were able to point him out to the many Fungi boats in the vicinity. We reckoned that he

had been around for so many years at this stage that we had probably seen Fungi mark 3 or 4. Gale force westerly winds meant that we were holed up in Dingle for the next 3 days. Not that Dingle is a bad place to be stuck in and we pretty soon got used to imbibing in Dick Mack's sampling the local fare and doing some walking to Ventry and the Lighthouse. It also gave us the opportunity to have a chat and compare notes with Harry Whelehan who arrived a day after us.

After 3 days in port the crew were getting a little unruly so I decided on 29th May to leave very early (0445) to get to the Arran Islands in daylight. We were given a great send off by Fungi who was so close that he nearly jumped into the cockpit. Needless to say I was not the most popular with the early start, but when we hit a most unpleasant sea in the Blasket Sound with a force 5/6 on the nose, my sanity was called into question. When we cleared the Sound and headed north, the wind moderated, the sun came out and all was redeemed. We motor sailed at first into a heavy swell but then were able to free sheets put up the genoa and make 7.5 knots over the water. 3 lots of bottlenose dolphins gave spectacular displays. These distractions meant that in no time at all we sighted the distinctive low wall of Aran Mhor on the horizon. Having gone through Gregory Sound, we tied up alongside the new pier in Kiltonan. The next morning we were propositioned by a local taxi driver who took us to Dun Aeongus before the ferry crowds arrived. He was highly critical of the €35m that had been spent on the new pier, which had no toilets but 120 signs, including one prohibiting buses or taxis from going near the pier or marshalling area. Not popular with our friend. We also noted that no facilities had been put in for yachts except the few visitors' moorings outside the harbour.

After our visit to the Fort, we left Kiltonan for the trip across Galway Bay, motor sailing with the wind on the nose. We rounded Golam Head and were careful to leave the Namacken Rocks to starboard. There were rocks and shoals everywhere but we managed to wend our way through the all the hazards to Roundstone. Incidentally, the cardinal mark in Big Sound between Deer Island and Mace Head marked on the chart has lost its top and is only visible when you are virtually beside it. We have a cottage near Roundstone so I am reasonably familiar with this area but much to my embarrassment we went aground within sight of the harbour. Fortunately, the welcoming committee was confined to Rosie. We quietly dropped the anchor and packed up our belongings as though nothing had happened. When we floated off 20 minutes later we picked up our designated mooring buoy, inflated the dinghy and went ashore for a well deserved pint in O'Dowds.

We intended to stay a week or two in Roundstone, so we made a couple of most enjoyable day trips in glorious calm weather. One day we went to St. Macdara's Island, which is magical and is only crowded once a year during the pilgrimage in July. On our way back, a strange smell came from the engine and then smoke so we limped the last 100 yards or so back to the mooring with fire extinguishers at the ready. Fortunately

we found a good mechanic, Roger Snow, and he diagnosed the problem as a burnt-out starter motor. To cut a long story short, two weeks later the engine was going again after three visits by Roger; a new starter motor fitted and a replacement starter relay installed. Coincidentally, when I contacted my motor man in Dun Laoghaire to order a new starter motor he said that he had not encountered starter motor problems with Yanmar 29s before but the previous day a very nice man called Harry Whelehan had called from Inishbofin with exactly the same problem in exactly the same type of boat – another bad omen.

Before we start phase two, I must say that the people of Roundstone looked after us very well. We had prearranged a mooring through the good offices of Peter and Susan Gray and this worked out very satisfactorily. Also O'Dowds allowed us to park our dinghy in their car park (which meant we had to have a few pints and bowls of chowder) and Ferrons (the local shop) were understanding about our frequent trips up and down to the diesel pump to replenish fuel for the second half of the trip. Our departure from Roundstone was delayed due to all the engine problems but we eventually put to sea again on 1st July with fresh crew Ken Price, Roger Dore and Henry Irvine joining me. We had a bumpy trip to Slyne Head, motor sailing into a westerly wind and a huge swell. It seemed to take forever to get the mile and a half off the Head as prescribed in the ICC Guide. Once around, we headed north for Bofin on a beam reach which was more comfortable, but the swell as ever was massive. We picked up what was the only available mooring in Inishbofin Harbour – I have no idea who it belonged to. We had dinner in Murray's Hotel, where we met the boat from Galway that had followed us from Roundstone and it transpired that they were heading the same direction as ourselves. We never saw them again.

It blew hard in the night but the next morning we decided to head north in miserable damp and misty conditions and no wind. Unfortunately we saw nothing of the magnificent scenery and only got a glimpse of the bottom 20 feet or so of Achill as we passed. On our way up Inishkea Sound, the visibility improved, so we were able to see the Islands which have such a fascinating history. We headed on up past Inish Glora and Inish Keeragh up what seemed like a dead end but at the last minute opened up to port. We rounded Eagle Island at the north west corner of the Mullet peninsula and turned east for the first time into Broadhaven Bay. On the way in we were 'Buzzed' by an official looking motor boat. We then heard a warning on the radio that there was pipe laying going on in the vicinity, so it must have been Shell's private security launch keeping an eye out for protestors. We anchored for the night



St Macdara Island's Chapel

off Ballycastle with a Canadian boat beside us.

With a forecast force 6 from the south later, we made an early start next morning for the long trip across Donegal Bay. In fact, the winds were light southwest as we motor-sailed off and later the sun came out, making for a magnificent trip across the Bay in the ever present swell to Rathlin O'Birne Island. On the way up to Arranmore, the wind got up from the south as forecast and we did 9 knots off Aranmore Lighthouse. We saw the Canadian boat that had left before us making their way gingerly up the Sound to Aran Road. We followed but, with a poor forecast the following day, decided to navigate the tricky and very narrow channel up to Burtonport. We somewhat hesitantly tied up on the inside of the pier, expecting to be told to move by a fisherman or ferryman. In the event, we could not have been made more welcome, the ferry was moved to the outside of the pier to make way for us and there were no fishing boats. It was all a bit sad. Burtonport is a ghost town with acres of derelict warehouses and factories that used to serve the once vibrant fishing fleet.

The next day was very windy so we stayed in port and went by ferry to Arranmore. This is an interesting island whose inhabitants have a strong tradition in tunnelling in London and elsewhere. Consequently the houses are much more substantial than the norm. The following morning we set to round Malin Head with the plan to call into Tory Island on the way. The wind had moderated but there was a heavy swell from the southwest, which made for a bumpy ride. Tory looked tricky, with an onshore swell coming into the harbour but it flattened out as we approached. We tied up beside the pier leaving the engine on as I was worried about the strange noise it made as we left that morning. To our intense disappointment Patsy Dan, King of the island, was in Glasgow so we did not get an audience.

After an hour we set sail again in a light south south westerly in perfect sunshine bound for Malin Head. We saw Sooty Shearwater, Storm Petrels, Kittiwake but little enough other wildlife. We rounded Malin Head at 1745 with Inishtrahull Island in the distance and magically the swell that had been with us since the Basket Sound disappeared. With my concerns about the engine, we decided to carry on to Greencastle, where we could get help if we ran into difficulties. This is a dirty enough fishing port but like other places they now welcome yachts and there is a pontoon.

Next morning the engine started without difficulty so we headed off east to Portrush to wait for the tide to turn for the sail to Rathlin, We were made very welcome by the uniformed harbourmaster and his assistant, who helped us tie up alongside. We had a wander around the bustling town in full holiday mode and had lunch in the wonderful sunshine. We met the Canadian boat again and talked to John Briggs who had overwintered his boat in Baltimore and made friends with Cliff Hilliard. I had to rush back to the boat and put up the ICC flag and I asked him to report to the Officer that I had had it up all the time.

After lunch we set off again to Rathlin past the Giants

Causeway, which was crawling with people. To our disappointment, the pontoon in Rathlin Harbour was being repaired, leaving only 2 berths and the Hotel restaurant was closed to non residents. After a fairly bumpy night rafted up 4 deep we decided to move into the inner harbour. The engine started with great difficulty so we decided to head back to Ballycastle on the mainland where we could get what we thought was required - a new battery as diagnosed by the onboard engineers. The only problem was that it was Sunday and nowhere in Ballycastle was open. We pushed out the boat that evening and treated ourselves to an excellent dinner in the town.



Dawn at Fair Head

Next morning we left at the crack of dawn (0530) in a gorgeous still, sunny morning. We motored all the way to Bangor where we replaced the battery but the engine was still reluctant to start. We got a very helpful mechanic, Richard, on board and he said it was the starter motor. 'We have only just replaced the starter motor' I exclaimed. Richard gave us 2 options – he could replace the motor which could take a week or go home. We took the latter and left at 1530 for Dun Laoghaire with the engine on at very low revs hoping for the best. Murphy's Law meant that it was absolutely flat calm and I wished that I had given much bigger donations to the lifeboat. Fortunately we made it back overnight with an excellent breakfast on deck in the morning sunshine.

The circumnavigation of 772 miles was a great experience and most enjoyable, although I must admit that we did have very favourable conditions. Going the whole way around the island of Ireland was interesting, visiting all the different communities on the way round. Sailors are definitely more welcome by dint of the collapse of the fishing industry, which means that you have more ports of call available. Although the facilities for yachts may be lacking, in a way that is what makes it interesting and different. We found that when we got around to 'Civilisation' on the north and east coast,, where everybody was fussing about this and that on the marina, it got quite boring. The only black spot was the engine which did cast a slight shadow over things on the second half of the journey.

Infernal combustion machines: David Beattie is plagued with mechanical problems

They were right in the old days. Cruise without an engine, or if you must have one then plan on the basis that it won't work. Having long since fallen in to the trap of relying on my diesel engine to plan cruises that could not possibly have been contemplated in the limited time available in the 'Old days', the mistake of reliance on ICMs finally came home to roost repeatedly in 2013.

This year has been one of modest cruising objectives with *ReeSpray* based at Marina Dalmacija just south of the city of Zadar in Croatia. I went out for a week in July with John White (ICC) on his first cruise for many years, Michael Hosford-Tanner and Geoff Hilton – all contemporaries – for GOM potter down to the waterfalls at Skradin and back to Zadar. Anchored in the tiny bay of Bettina (room at a pinch for three yachts) in the brackish tidal lake whose name I cannot possibly reproduce, about two miles below Skradin we set off in the inflatable with my new (one season old) Parsun 5 hp four stroke. We got about half a mile along the shoreline of the lake when we lost power. Seemed like a shear pin. Rowed back (hard work with four men averaging over 15 stone each) and dismantled. There was no shear pin. The splined bush is merely glued to the prop. Some light engineering later and a hefty self-tapping screw inserted we set off again. This time the engine cut out. Another tough row, cleaning of the filters until she ran sweetly and we gave up on Skradin for that trip.

Fast-forward six weeks. Back in Bettina with a new crew – Aoife Nolan, Dermot Clarke and Eileen Browne – the outboard with a new bonded prop having been extensively used in the meantime and utterly reliable – so off we set for Skradin to see the waterfalls – and less than a quarter mile downwind of *ReeSpray* the outboard died. Another strenuous row and – dirty petrol picked up in Dubrovnik so we weighed anchor and went to Skradin in *ReeSpray*. The trip is well worthwhile.

What I left out is that on arrival back to the boat in Zadar after a six week absence we victualled and planned to depart the following day, Sunday. The berth is not a handy one, inevitably having a cross-wind and neither is *ReeSpray* handy, so a reliable engine is essential. With the hubris of the modern diesel owner I checked the oils, coolant and so forth and radioed my departure to the marina office. I then turned the key – the starter whirred into life, the engine started to fire and then seized. I tried the usual tricks, turning the crankshaft (utterly immobile) and hitting the flywheel casing beside the starter with a lump hammer, all to no avail. Thoughts of an hydraulic lock or worse still a broken conrod flooded into mind. The engine is a 1960s Ford Dorset – 5.9 litre – 120 HP – that has never been heavily used, but serviced regularly. There were no mechanics available, it being Sunday and my imagination ran riot. Would anyone in Croatia know about these engines? Could it be repaired? How could I possibly justify a replacement given the limited use I have been able to make of *ReeSpray* in the past couple of years?

On Monday morning I attended outside the marine engineer's office long before he surfaced, thinking black thoughts. No! they knew nothing of Ford marine conversions. Yes! a man would come but they had no spares and didn't know how to get them. In due course a strapping young mechanic in his thirties arrived. He had clearly been doing his homework on the internet. He quoted the capacity and output of the engine, applied a ring spanner to the crankshaft nut and pressed down. Sweat broke out on his arms and forehead, veins bulged on his head and neck, he braced himself against the engine-room bulkhead and after about 20 seconds there was an almost imperceptible click from the other end of the engine. "Try it now". Click, whirr brmmmm. Merely a jammed starter but it took a body builder type to free it. 30 euro changed hands and we were free to leave - all black thoughts now erased. But, how reliant we have become on the wretched things.



Waterfall at Skradin

Tam O'Shanter in the Baltic

Neil Hegarty

Anne Kenny and I flew to Stockholm on the May 13th. On arrival we took a taxi, first to a ship chandlery in Stockholm hoping to get a pilot in English of the archipelago to find that it is out of print, then to *Tam O'Shanter* at Wasa Yachts, Södertälje. Our plan was to be at Wasahamnen Marina in central Stockholm on the 20th where Paddy O'Sullivan (ICC) and Peter Cassidy were joining us. We left the boatyard after lunch on the 15th planning to sail to Nynäshamn. The passage took longer than expected, so we sailed into Ankrudden and lay alongside a Swedish Bavaria 40 at the small pier for the night. Nynäshamn was now nearby, so we arrived there soon after midday the next afternoon. It is an excellent marina with very welcoming staff. It is part of a group of marinas in Scandinavia and the Baltic where berths can be booked and paid for on line. This is very handy in high season in July and early August. It is also a good place for a crew change or to visit Stockholm, as there is a regular fast train to the centre of the city, which takes about one hour and thirty minutes. The next day after early breakfast, laundry and shopping we left at midday for Askfatshamn marina in Dalarö area, where we arrived at 17.30 to find it full of overwintering boats, very shallow and with nowhere we might risk anchoring. Fortunately, around the corner we found a small guest harbour at Tullbraken road. The first thing we noticed were the squeaking wheels on the access ramps. I went off to find where to pay at a small 18th century red-bricked house and met Michael the owner/chef. He wanted to know where we came from and after telling him, he asked if we were English/Irish or Irish/Irish. I explained we were from Kerry and Cork so he, having red hair, decided we were related and told me of his experiences of sailing Viking replicas. When I eventually got back to *Tam O'Shanter*, Anne had oiled all the wheels on the pontoon so we could have a quiet night.

We left Dalarö in calm and fog at 10.30 and followed two yachts motoring towards Stockholm until one peeled off and then the other. The fog had lifted by midday and we entered Stockholm by the back door through Baggensfjärden, where the city was defended many times through the centuries. It is very narrow in places, with depths less than three metres at the southern entrance. There are unique houses on both sides and some small marina/pontoons. We arrived at Wasahamnen Marina at 15.30 and found a berth inside the pontoon breakwater. It can be very uncomfortable on the outside because of the wash from ferries. Paddy and Peter arrived at 17.50 and we relaxed aboard for the evening.

On Wednesday 22nd, we woke to the alarm at 07.30 and left Wasahamnen at 08.00 for the forty mile passage on the mainland side of the Stockholm archipelago. Our destination was Gräddö near the Sea of Bothnia, across from the Åland Islands. A poor day with little wind and fog for the second half of the passage. AIS was a great help in avoiding ferries

travelling at speed in fog. The marina is expensive, twice the price of Wasahamnen in Stockholm city centre. Anne and Peter went for a shower and Anne returned unwashed, having found that the access to the womens' shower was through the mens'. Avoid Gräddö if you can. We planned to leave at 08.00 for Mariehamn, capital of the Åland Islands, but thick fog prevented this so we cast off at 09.00 when it had lifted a little. The fog descended again shortly after but we pressed on, though this course crossed a very busy ferry route between Stockholm and Mariehamn, with connections to Turku, Helsinki and Tallin. Thankfully there was little other traffic in the Sea of Bothnia. The fog lifted as we approached



Mariehamn, where we had been warned that ferries do not give way to smaller craft for fear of being grounded in the narrow channels. We spent the next three days cruising the Ålands, enjoying the fact that that Vodafone and other international phone providers do not cover the area.

The entrance to Naantali is restricted at a road bridge to 16 metres. *Tam O'Shanter* needs 15 metres so I thought I might lose the (ICC) burgee from the top. All was well, however, possibly helped by the fact that the Baltic sea level was 40 cm lower than normal. We never found out why that was, or how often it happens. Sunday 26th was our arrival date in Naantali where *Tam O'* was to be based for June. From here the four of us returned to Ireland via Helsinki on the 28th.

My son Neil, his wife Etain and their children Beth and Sophie cruised *Tam O'Shanter* from Naantali for ten days in

June. One morning before midday they were stopped on passage by a police launch and boarded. Boat and crew papers were checked, safety equipment was also checked and the adults were breathalysed. This was the first time that *Tam O'Shanter's* papers were required by officials, even at a marina,



since she came into my care as skipper four years ago and in travelling from Fenit to Finland.

Anne and I returned to Naantali on the 6th of July and found *Tam O'* comfortable in her berth and well secured by son Neil. There is a group of separate berths suitable for long stay at reasonable cost at the marina.

We were returning to Wasa Yachts for the winter because of our satisfaction with the yard and its location to allow us to join the RCC Baltic Meet in 2014. All being well we decided to overwinter in 2014/15 at Kotka towards the Russian border, so we spent two days travelling there and back by train to visit a yard and also enjoyed the Finnish countryside on the way. After that trip we stayed in Naantali, relaxing, and left on the morning of the 11th for a 35 mile passage to Korppo. We set full sail, having cleared the road bridge. We reefed later in a force seven squall and found the marina full when we arrived. I have been nervous of anchoring because of unknown ground conditions in the Baltic; however, in this case there was a Finnish yacht anchored nearby so we did so too. It turned out to be fine mud so we spent a comfortable night there. We sailed on to Degerö in the Ålands next day and got a berth at a small pontoon. We stayed until the morning of the 15th and left at 05.30 for the passage back to Sweden. As we cleared the main group of islands, we set sail and had an ideal passage in sunshine across the Gulf. As we entered Kapelliskar inside the marked channel we touched a rock. This was my first experience of

touching an unmarked rock within a marked channel. Thankfully rocks in Scandinavia are mostly flat topped and curved without jagged edges so they are easy to get off. I informed the harbour master who promised to move the buoy.

We sailed on to Ingmarsö the next day through the uncharted area, where it is taking a risk to go off piste away from the marked channels. I tried it once and found that the one marked rock on the chart was in fact acres of rocks. Sailing on to the Sandhamn headquarters of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club, we got immediate help to get a berth from a boat that was surprised to see an Irish flag in the area. Sandhamn on the beautiful small island of Sando is at the outside edge of the archipelago near the open sea and an ideal location for a yacht club. It has no cars, almost all the houses are holiday homes and there is a regular ferry service to Stockholm. A gun fires each morning at 08.00 as a notice to raise flags and at 21.00 to take them down. A band, sometimes rock, played each day outside the club from 16.00 to 18.00. We spent four relaxing days enjoying the atmosphere and walking the island. We sailed on to Nysänhamn through a beautiful landscape of islands in sunshine and spent another four days there. I wanted to stay a night in the small harbour at Landsort, the Land's End of Sweden, but when we got there it was packed, so we sailed on for Södertälje. I called the marina a mile out to find it full, so we spent the night at Wasa Yachts who were on holiday. We went to the marina next day which is in the town. Here we prepared *Tam O'* for the winter, returned her to Wasa Yachts and flew back to Ireland on the 31st.



Neil Hegarty held a 70th Birthday Party for Anne Kenny, before sailing from Cascais, Portugal for Las Palmas to participate in ARC 2013 on Shelduck. ICC members at the party, Len Curtin, Paddy O'Sullivan, Anne Kenny, Neil Hegarty and Kevin Dwyer

Early starts & adverse winds: *Safari of Howth* from Turkey to Spain

Ken and Carmel Kavanagh

Farewell to Turkey

In April 2013, we returned to Didim in Turkey and took delivery of *Safari*, resplendent in her new teak deck and with many other improvements. Our overall plan was to leave the Eastern Med and head back to Sant Carles de la Rapita in Spain to arrive there by early July. On May 1st, we bade a fond farewell to Didim and all our friends there and headed south for Turgutreis on a mini shake-down cruise. There was a strong north-westerly breeze which ensured the boat was well tried and tested. All went well on the 25 mile trip, with *Safari* responding to the conditions in her usual capable manner.

Celebrating the Greek Orthodox Easter

The following day, we crossed the 5 mile stretch to the Greek island of Kos - birth place of Hippocrates of Hippocratic Oath fame. We hadn't realised it was the Greek Orthodox Easter and the marina was full but with persuasion and a generous tip, a berth was found in this excellent and very sociable marina. On arrival, we were presented with an Easter breakfast basket consisting of red hard-boiled eggs and pastries. We were soon caught up in the festivities and even attended the Good Friday procession in the Main Square, which was a surprisingly colourful affair. While there, we enjoyed the company of Penny and Alan Spriggs of *Penny-pincher* (RCC) and the Clarke family from Bunclody on board their yacht *Sandeel*. We also had a pleasant catch-up with the crew of *Viva*, a HR42 that had crossed the Atlantic with us in 2007. It was proving difficult to find a weather window to allow us to head northwest to the Corinth Canal against the prevailing winds. Eventually, we decided to head north to either Lipsi or Samos, then west towards Mykonos, Athens and the canal.



Samos

How things can change in 2 years

On May 8th, we cast off and headed north. It was overcast and cold but taking advantage of a favourable westerly wind, we pressed on, leaving Lipsi to port and arriving 9 hours later in Pythagorion Marina on Samos. Two years ago, this was a thriving, lively place where berths had to be booked well in advance. Now, the shelves in the supermarket were as empty as the marina itself and cockroaches had taken over the showers and toilets. When the owners doubled the prices last year, the resident charter boat company simply relocated to Kos. After one night, we, too, departed and went on anchor in the bay of Pythagorion, which is named in honour of the geometrician, Pythagoras, a native of Samos. It is a delightful Greek town with a snug and well protected harbour, surrounded by lots of good restaurants and quaint little shops.

Mykonos - not such a gay stop-over for sailors.

Our next port of call was Mykonos, 80 miles west of Samos. On May 12th, with a forecast of winds from the south, we weighed anchor at 05.15 and headed along the south coast of Samos, cutting through the gap at Ikaria and sailing along its north coast towards Mykonos. As evening approached and with thunderstorms forecast, we were glad to see Mykonos on the horizon. By 20.45 we were safely tied up in the marina. Describing the few pontoons as a marina requires a considerable leap of imagination, as there were absolutely no facilities, no one in charge and many of the lines tailed to the quay were unusable. A once-off port tax of €15 to be paid upon registration with the port police in town was the only payment required. Prolonged thunderstorms forced us to stay in port for a number of days. We took the opportunity to go exploring by bus. The run-down marina was in sharp contrast to the rest of the island with its quaint and tasteful houses dotted around. Mykonos town itself was very pretty with cafes stretched along the attractive waterfront lending an air of colourful conviviality to this popular holiday resort.

2 hungry culture vultures descend on Athens

We departed Mykonos at sunrise on May 15th bound for Athens, 91 miles to the west. As luck and a favourable wind would have it, we clipped along under sail at 7 knots and were tucked up in a berth in Faliro Marina by 19.25. We had covered the 91 miles in 14 hours – a new record for *Safari*. We had chosen to stay at this marina instead of the more popular Zea Marina in Piraeus because of its proximity to a metro station which could take us speedily into the centre of Athens. However, its location near the deserted car park attached to the little-used Olympic Stadium leaves a lot to be desired. Over the following days we visited as many sights and museums as possible. The Acropolis and Parthenon along with the new Acropolis Museum were first on the list. The War Museum was also most interesting. We then enjoyed a full day in the National Archaeological Museum where we

saw a display of Linear B tablets and the amazing Antikithera Mechanism. We walked through the cobbled streets of Plaka in historic Athens where we enjoyed some delicious Greek meals- the galley slave had been given a few days holiday. We thoroughly enjoyed a wonderful 4 days exploring Athens and feel the bad press it sometimes gets is most undeserved.

The Corinth Canal and the 3 Corinths

Once again before sunrise, we left Faliro Marina on Monday May 20th to make the 35 mile trip across the Gulf of Saronikos to the Corinth Canal. The weather was unkind - at one stage we were motoring into 26 knots - but we still managed to arrive at the Canal entrance by 12.00. Immediately after paying a fee of €206, we were allowed to transit, emerging into the Gulf of Corinth by 13.00 where we were met by very windy and choppy conditions. The plan to head up to Itea was quickly abandoned in favour of heading straight for the protection of Corinth where we tied up in the Commercial Harbour. The wind got up during the day and by evening was blowing a near- gale which continued throughout the night. During our stay, we discovered that there are 3 Corinths – New Corinth, built after the earthquake of 1928, Old Corinth, most of which was destroyed by that earthquake and finally the archaeological site of Ancient Corinth .



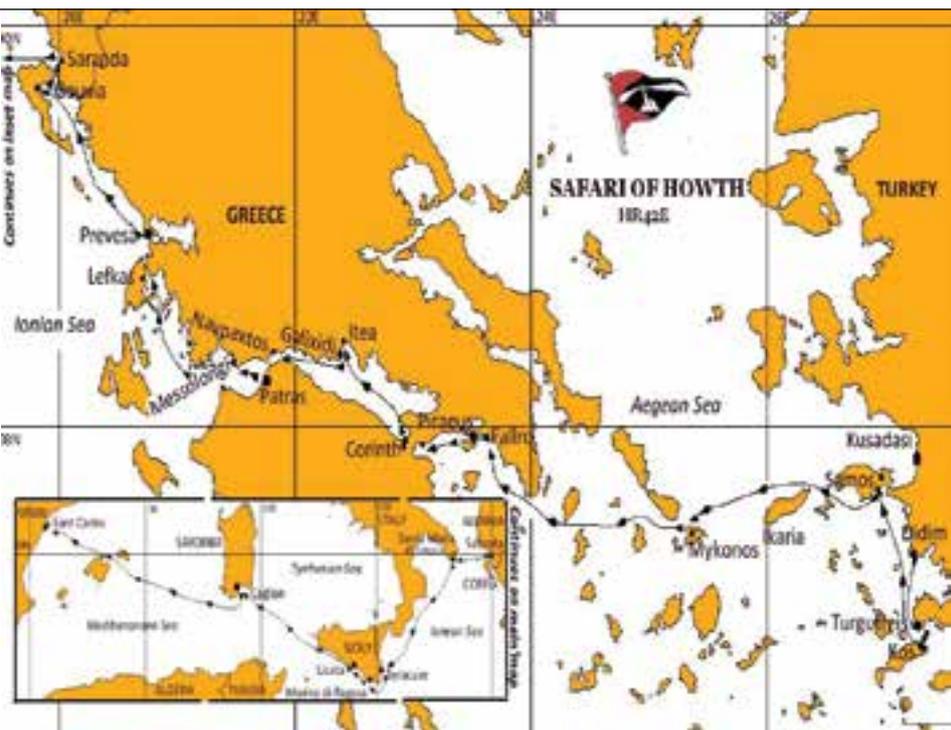
Athens

crashing against the hull was both deafening and frightening and made sleep impossible. Unfortunately, the wind was too strong for us to move the boat ourselves. However, a group of younger Australian sailors spotted our dilemma and helped to move the boat further along the quay wall - a blessed relief. The weather continued to deteriorate and gale-force winds kept us in port for the next 4 days, so we had ample time to explore further afield. Our first bus trip was to the little holiday town of Galixidhi at the mouth of the inlet. On another day, we took a 2 hour bus trip along the coast of the Gulf of Corinth to Navpaktos, formally Lepanto, where the great naval battle of 1571 was fought, halting the westward spread of the Ottoman Empire. The small harbour of Navpaktos, guarded by its castellated walls and fortress wins the prize for the most picturesque harbour we have seen.

The bumpiest night of them all .

Finally, on Sunday May 26th, there was a favourable forecast and by 04.45 we were underway, hoping to get through the infamous **Rion Bridge**, where the Gulf of Corinth meets the Gulf of Patras, before the midday wind got up. We got safely through the Bridge but a choppy sea and wind on the nose meant progress on to Messolongi, our destination, would be difficult so we headed over to the city of Patras just 3 miles away. Our stay there

was to be pretty short-lived. The visitors' pontoon is open to the northwest. The surge into the marina was so powerful, and *Safari* was bouncing around so wildly, that lines with heavy coil springs had to be put on. Getting on and off was quite difficult what with the bouncing boat and the swaying pontoon and all this caused by only 20 knots of wind. As gales were forecast for the next day, we checked out of Patras as early as possible the following morning and headed for the much safer haven of Messolongi just 3 hours away. When the storm eventually arrived, there were 40 knot gusts with



Itea and the night of the big surge

We decided it was time to be on the move again and 2 days later by 06.00 we were off the quay wall and heading west along the Gulf towards Itea, 45 miles away, which we reached by midday. It was unchanged from our previous visit 2 years ago- still no facilities even though the service boxes and the shower/toilet blocks are all in place. Our berth along the quay wall became untenable during that first night due to a surge which came gushing through an opening in the wall right where we were berthed. This occurs at low water when the wind is from a southerly direction. The noise of the water

torrential rain. That night there was little sleep on board *Safari* but we didn't mind - such was our relief that we had bailed out of Patras.

Preveza and Cleopatra

By May 30th the weather had settled sufficiently for us to depart either for Levkas or Preveza. There was little wind as we motor-sailed past Cephalonia and Ithaca. We arrived off Levkas marina just as the lock gates were opening at 15.00. We continued on to Preveza, a short distance further along the coast, arriving off the entrance to Cleopatra Marina at 16.30. We had wanted to visit this area, scene of the great naval battle of Actium in 31 BC which saw the combined fleets of Mark Antony and Cleopatra defeated by the fleet of Octavian, leaving him undisputed ruler of Rome. We soon realised we had chosen the wrong marina. Cleopatra Marina is located on the right hand side of the bay directly across from the town itself which can only be accessed either by water taxi (once a day from marina) or via a tunnel by taxi (€20 each way) or local bus which only runs about twice daily. The newly improved Preveza Marina (now with water and electricity) in the centre of town would have been a much better choice for a short stay, although it still awaits the building of a toilet and shower block.

Our last port of call in Greece

On June 2nd, we set off for Corfu, 60 miles further north. With a force 4 from the northeast and a big swell, we made good speed, though rather uncomfortably. Once inside the shelter of Corfu itself, the wallowing ceased and we



Saranda

motored along in relative calm, until the sky darkened and the thunderstorms which had been forecast seemed imminent. The wind soon freshened, which made for great sailing but we were, nevertheless, hoping to arrive in Gouvia Marina before things got too exciting. Luckily, the nasty clouds passed to the south and at 17.00 we entered Gouvia Marina in relative calm. However, the storm returned with a real vengeance during

the night and continued until around 09.00 the following morning. By now, we had had enough of Greece with its all too frequent gales and decided to head across the bay to visit the hitherto forbidden land of Albania.

An interesting detour

We thought it would be interesting to find out what kind of country it had become since emerging in 1991 from the yoke of a tyrannical communist regime. The port town of Saranda was the obvious choice as it was closest to Corfu. We first contacted the Port Agent for Saranda, Agim Zholi (agimzholi@yahoo.com) who assured us of a warm and hassle-free welcome. For a fee of €50, Agim would check us in/out with the authorities. Thereafter, each night would cost €10 which included electricity, water and the use of the showers and toilets in the Ferry Terminal just a few metres away. He also emailed us some charts of the Port, as there was little or no information available either on our chart plotter or in our collection of Cruising Guides. 2 hours after departing Gouvia Marina, we entered the bay of Saranda. At 2 miles out, we contacted the Harbour Master on channel 11 as per instructions. He answered immediately and told us to proceed in. After tying up alongside the harbour wall, Agim took our passports and boat papers to the Customs, returning an hour later with all relevant stamps. We were checked in. It is certainly easier to check into Albania than into most Greek ports and very definitely a lot simpler than checking into Istanbul in Turkey.

Some great sight-seeing

We spent the first day acquainting ourselves with Saranda itself, a pleasant sea-side town with a 1960s atmosphere and some excellent fish restaurants. On Day 2, we went by bus to Butrint, a UNESCO World Heritage Archaeological site near Saranda and spent a wonderful day exploring the site and the huge Lake of Butrint, with its extensive mussel farms. The next day we went on a longer bus journey through the mountains to visit the ancient fortress-town of Gjirokaster. The passage through the Muzina Pass had some exciting moments as the road was steep and extremely narrow. The scenery along the way was simply stunning – majestic mountains, deep valleys, meandering rivers, and lots of green foliage and, of course, a clear blue sky. Day 3 saw us once again on the bus, this time heading for “The Blue Eye” just below the Muzina Pass. It is a unique spring of crystal clear blue water shaped like an eye, which rises up into a small basin before flowing into the river of Bistrica. It is located in an area of great natural beauty – a real hikers’ paradise. So we abandoned the sailing shoes, donned the walking boots and became hikers for the day. Albania is a truly beautiful country and the Albanians themselves are a hard-working and pleasant people. They are still playing catch-up with Western Europe. While there, we witnessed some scenes of distressing poverty side by side with ostentatious displays of wealth, but on the whole, they must be lauded for the tremendous progress they have made since 1991. Agim is working hard to develop the port of Saranda as a yachting centre and is actively promoting the development of a marina, as there is currently only one

marina in Albania, in Vlore, 30 miles north of Saranda. We would liked to have stayed longer and gone up to Vlore but as our visit to Albania was an after-thought, we felt it would be wiser to press on and so at 05.00 on June 6 we motored out of the harbour bound for Santa Maria di Leuca, 75 miles across the Ionian on the heel of Italy.

Safari goes aground .

The winds were light and variable but mainly from the northwest throughout the day. Averaging 6.5 knots, we were delighted to arrive off the entrance to Santa Maria di Leuca by 17.00. Our delight was, however, extremely short-lived as we ran aground in the entrance to the marina in a charted depth of 8 metres. We had been advised to favour the right hand side as we entered – which we did but obviously not quite enough. The Guardia Costiera came to the rescue and thankfully no damage was done to *Safari*, as the bottom was sand and mud. We didn't feel so bad when we learned that the 3 boats ahead of us that day had also ran aground. When we spoke to the marina authorities, we were informed that the safe channel would be marked from June 20 onwards. We had arrived in Italy. In spite of the inauspicious start, we enjoyed our 2 night visit to this charming holiday town, famed for its Basilica and massive stone staircase built by Mussolini as a symbolic gateway to Italy. The marina itself was fine and we met some really nice fellow sailors who came aboard for drinks and an exchange of information - all the running aground had facilitated the bonding process. We learned that Crotona and Roccella Ionica, 2 ports on the way to Syracuse, our next major stop-over, also had silting problems and so we decided to do an over-night passage to Syracuse, foregoing the delights of those 2 ports.

Sicily and Syracuse

On June 8 we were up and away by 05.45. There were a few really anxious moments as we slowly motored through the gap in the bar, observing the rocks of the breakwater under the hull as we passed. This time, we exited without incident and were met by 15-18 knots of wind from the northwest, which was perfect. During the next 30 hours we sailed, motor-sailed and motored as the wind varied in strength and direction. At midday on Sunday, with 25 miles remaining, conditions suddenly changed dramatically as the wind came up and shifted to the west. Up went the sails and off we shot towards Syracuse. By 17.00, we found ourselves charging into Syracuse harbour after an exhilarating but tough beat in 25 knots of wind and a very lumpy sea. A well-earned berth and rest in Marina Yachting awaited. Remembering the advice of our friends in Leuca – that you should haggle and offer to pay cash when in Sicily – we tried this and saved ourselves €100 for the 5 night stay. We had wanted to visit Syracuse for many years and so were delighted to have finally arrived in this remarkable and beautiful city, with its vast Archaeological Park, Old Town on the island of Ortigia, (where the marina was located) and modern Syracuse with its broad avenues and lovely seaside promenades. Each day was filled with activity - visiting and admiring as many museums, galleries and ancient sites as possible. Of course, there were also practical matters

that needed attention – catching up on laundry, provisioning and having our bicycles repaired. So our 5 day holiday passed very quickly and for once we were enjoying an extended stay not caused by bad weather.

Sailing along the south coast of Sicily

After Syracuse we decided to head first for Ragusa, 55 miles away on the south coast. We wanted to check out Ragusa and Licata marinas, which have become very popular for overwintering owing to their keen pricing. Our first port of call was Marina Ragusa, a huge, well protected marina but in a rather isolated location. The newly developed resort of “Marina Ragusa” was deserted and the nearest supermarket was a bus ride away. Licata, 30 miles further along the coast, would be a much better option in our opinion, as the marina is located near all necessary facilities and is very much part of the town itself. The enormous above-ground graveyard with its very elaborate mausoleums in Rococo style, rising high above Licata, nearly rivals the even more famous site of the Valley of the Temples in Agrigento just a few miles down the road. Another plus for Licata was the fact that they gave us a 15% reduction because of our membership of the ICC.

An uneventful but at times “Spooky” trip.

As we had now reached the second half of June and with still a long way to go to Spain, we decided it was time to head for Cagliari in Sardinia, 260 miles northwest of Licata. We departed on June 18 and headed out with a promise of wind from the southwest. If any difficulty arose, we had the option of pulling into either Sciacca or Trapani on the northwest corner of the island, before crossing the Sardinian Channel into Cagliari. The conditions were a huge disappointment throughout the trip - mostly windless, hot and very humid. Apart from lots of “Spooky” voices on Channel 16 in the middle of the night- meowing cats, barking dogs, creaking and groaning reminiscent of scenes from a Hammer film- all went smoothly that first night. A force 5 from the southeast was forecast for the following day. Therefore, with Sicily behind us and the Aeolian Islands to starboard, we hoisted the mainsail in anticipation of a good sail across to Sardinia. 10 hours later we were still waiting. Finally at 21.30, just as we had lost all hope, the wind filled in from the southeast and away we went for what turned out to be a great sail through that second night. At 09.30, we swept majestically into Cagliari harbour where a warm welcome awaited us at Marina del Sole.

Sardinia and Marina del Sole

Marina del Sole consists of a few pontoons owned and run by 3 generations of a family: grandfather, father and son. While the pontoons and ground tackle were in good condition, the area around the office and facilities called for the sure-footedness of a mountain goat owing to the number of loose and broken planks. However, the family were so helpful and friendly that soon we didn't notice the more quirky aspects of the marina and, at €25 per night, could forgive a lot. As we ended up being weather-bound in Cagliari for 11 days, we were extremely relieved that we hadn't booked into the much more salubrious but expensive (€80 per night)

Marina San Elmo next door.

Cagliari turned out to be a surprisingly pleasant city. When we wintered in Alghero in 2010, we somehow formed the opinion that Cagliari was a large industrial city with few attractions. This couldn't have been further from the truth. It's a really beautiful old city which rivals Syracuse in terms of antiquity and culture. The Citadel of Castello is full of interest and charm. Sunsets viewed from the Bastione San Remy were



Cagliari

unforgettable. The cafes in Piazza Yenne were abuzz with tourists and locals alike and the beaches and Flamingo Park at Poetto well worth visiting. We also spent an enjoyable day out in Villasimius, an attractive holiday resort on the east coast which has both an excellent marina and a very good anchorage.

Spain – at last.

By now, we were tiring of constantly negotiating new ports and being governed by adverse weather conditions. So on Monday July 1st, with all traces of the Mistral finally gone and a forecast of 3 days of light winds from the southeast, we decided to depart Cagliari and head directly for Sant Carles de la Rapita, 445 miles away. When we started up the engine in Cagliari, little did we realise that it wouldn't be switched off again for the next 71 hours as we motored our way across the Med in near windless conditions. The main was hoisted each afternoon in the hope that some wind would fill in as it normally does only to be dropped again, unused, before sunset. The nights were dark and the days were hot, with only the company of the very occasional yacht seen in the distance.

Even a creepy midnight transmission on the radio would have made a welcome break from the monotony and the constant drone of the engine. And so after a very uneventful and super calm crossing, we arrived at Sant Carles Marina at 08.30 on Thursday July 4. Once tied up, we collapsed into our bunks and slept soundly for the next 6 hours, relieved to have finally switched off the engine. Our 2 month voyage of 1,680 miles from Didim in Turkey to Sant Carles de la Rapita in Spain had come to a safe and rather anticlimactic end.

Imagine cruising the Adriatic

Neil Kenefick

"I have not told half of what I saw." – Marco Polo

The sheer abundance of history and natural beauty in this sublime part of the world is astonishing. The area's perfect Mediterranean climate, endless archipelagos of diverse islands, stunning geography and great food and wine make it near impossible to believe that the region saw the most horrific wars and bloodshed less than two decades ago. On the practical side, once the former state of Yugoslavia broke up in the early 1990s, Italian entrepreneurs quickly moved in to the peaceful parts of the coastline and started building yacht marinas. Today, the legacy is a network of outstanding marina infrastructure, facilities and services just about the whole length of the eastern Adriatic coast – with the exception of Albania. Any cruise in the Adriatic starting from the south should avoid Albania unless you have a captain onboard. It just isn't ready for modern cruising and is riddled with bureaucracy and corruption. **(However, note the good experience the Kavanaghs had in Albania in *Safari of Howth* – Ed)**

I have owned *Imagine*, a Farr 54, for seven years now. For the last few years she has been based in Corfu. The boat winters in Gouvia Marina. The yard associated with the marina does a great job launching and preparing for our arrival each year. We arrived in Corfu on the first day of Greek Easter where, peculiarly, crowds gather in the Liston to watch locals throw massive terracotta pots from the fourth and fifth floor windows of stunning Italianate-inspired arcades. The custom is derived from the Venetians, who on New Year's Day would throw out their old possessions in the hope of acquiring new ones. The carnival atmosphere provided the perfect kick-start to our adventure.

With just five crew on board, myself, Grattan Roberts (ICC) Glynn Meredith, Roland Blennerhasset and Harold Cudmore (ICC), the plan was to wander up the Adriatic over several stages, basing the boat in the island of Ugljan, 400 miles to the north of Corfu, near Croatia's fifth largest city, Zadar (which is serviced by Ryanair). Comparatively speaking, if Zadar was Baltimore in West Cork, *Imagine* was moored in Sherkin.

We kept it short on our first day out. Provisioning and re-rigging the boat had taken its toll. With the wind on the beam, a short hop across Gouvia Bay took us to Nissaki. The north-eastern coastline of Corfu lies off the coast of Sarandë, Albania, from which it is separated by straits varying in width from 2 to 7 miles. The first part of the cruise therefore required a 180-mile delivery passage to the bottom of Montenegro, where we passed east of the stunning islands of Ericisa and Othanui. The delivery took us 21 hours with winds on the beam and code zero flying, arriving at the stunning Bay of Kotor just before breakfast, to the glow of a perfect Dalmatian sunrise.



Montenegro

A winding bay once called Europe's southernmost fjord, it is in fact a ria of the disintegrated Bokelj River, which used to run from the high, snowcapped mountain plateaux of Mount Orjen.

The bay, which is composed of several smaller broad bays united by narrower channels, is surely one of the finest natural harbours in Europe. It is about 28km long from the open sea to the harbor of the city of Kotor. The narrowest section, the Verige strait, is only 300 metres wide. Inhabited since antiquity, today it is a UNESCO World Heritage Site. The picturesque and well preserved mediaeval towns of Kotor, Risan, Tivat, Perast, Prčanj, Herceg Novi and Budva are a marvel to behold and punctuated by remarkable palaces, churches, fortresses and fortifications dating back to the Byzantine period. In Tivat, a small naval port is currently being

transformed into a state-of-the-art super yacht marina, Porto Montenegro. We visited an ex-Soviet underground submarine pen, which was used in a recent James Bond film. On the long descent back out of Kotor Bay, we experienced katabatic winds off the mountains.

Into Croatia

The next stage saw us leaving the short coastline of Montenegro and on to Croatia. This country, like all on the Adriatic, requires visiting yachts to buy cruising permits. The first port we stopped at was Cavtat just 18 miles upwind from the Bay of Kotor. We checked in quickly with customs and took care of all the paperwork with the permit port police. Dubrovnik was to be our next destination, a further seven miles up the coast. We anchored in flat calm mirror seas just south of the old town and went ashore to check it out. Another UNESCO World Heritage Site, it is a magnificently beautiful town that is steeped in history. Although severely damaged by an earthquake in 1667 and having taken a heavy pounding during the Serbian attack in 1991, it managed to preserve its Gothic, Renaissance and Baroque churches and monasteries.

We had had a good tip from some friends who recom-

mended the restaurant More, 23 miles away and around the top of Sipan Island and into a deep and narrow bay. There wasn't a lot of wind so we motor-sailed before anchoring off the restaurant and rowing ashore in the tender. The next day saw us enjoy champagne sailing conditions under Code 0 and a beam reach all the way to Lastovo, a further 45 miles northwest, where we met with a Galway charter under the command of Pearce Purcell. We left early the next morning and sailed up to a small circular bay called Giovanni on the northern tip of Korcula, the alleged birth place of Marco Polo, who travelled the famous Silk Road trade route. It is about a third of a mile in diameter and features gin-clear water.

The St. Tropez of the Adriatic

Then we pressed onwards to the St Tropez of the Adriatic, the town of Hvar on the island of Hvar. The island is exceptional in the area for having a large fertile coastal plain and fresh water springs. Its hillsides are covered in pine forests, vineyards, olive groves, fruit orchards and lavender fields. The city rose to importance within the Venetian Empire as a major naval base, and prosperity brought culture and art. The 40 square miles that surround this area is without doubt the Mecca of sailing in the Eastern Europe. The islands of Brac, Solta, Hvar, Vis and Lastovo, to name but a few, are breathtaking. We left early next morning and sailed up to a small circular bay called Giovanni on the northern tip of Korcula where we met up with Keith Hunt and Nigel and Heleen Lindsay-Fynn, (I.C.C)

The next morning saw us sail out towards Solta for the 'Standard short day programme' of lunch and a swim before a short hop to the next overnight cultural destination, yet another UNESCO town, Trogir. Like most of Croatia's towns and cities, Trogir has more than 2300 years of tradition created under the influence of old Greeks, Romans and Venetians. Here we had a crew change and collected Iris and Nigel and Margaret Brooks (RCC), who had flown into Split just seven miles across the bay.

Jugo Drama

That evening we dined on the terrace of Zori restau-



Blue Harbour

rant on Palmižana, a tiny resort on the island of St Clement just west of Hvar. As our coffees arrived, we all fell silent as we observed the masthead light swaying violently in the bay. Without uttering a word we stood up and made for the boat. We had to lift anchor and seek shelter immediately. It was a jugo, that intense wind from the Sahara that can reach hurricane speeds in North Africa and Southern Europe. The barometer was dropping like a stone as we travelled eight miles around the island to the north, where we settled in and maintained anchor watch until dawn. This was the start of a strong gale which lasted three days and claimed the lives of four people. We were fortunate enough to get into the ACI 160-berth marina to the northeast of St Clement, where we spent three days. Once safely tied up, we observed the intense drama of charter boats barging and colliding with their sails unfurling, all seeking shelter from what would be one of the most intense jugos the region had seen in a decade. Ferries were cancelled, flights were redirected, but we were lucky enough to pass the time with some leisurely walks and great lunches with Len and Mary Curtin (ICC), James and Cathy O'Sullivan and Larry and Debbie Keating (NYYC).

Once the gale had passed and the barometer rose we headed north and overnighted in the mainland town of Primosten. This is another Adriatic gem, with its quintessential narrow streets, old town core and buzzing bars and restaurants. We left mid-morning for lunch and a snorkel on the northern coast of Zlarin. The sea is a treasury of fish, coral and incredibly beautiful undersea landscapes. On land the pine trees tumble down to crystal blue waters of 27 degrees.

From there we sailed to the town of Sibenick where the inventor of the parachute, Faust Vrancic, was born in the 16th century. Then we motored 12 miles up the Krka River, which is surrounded by 109 square kilometres of national park, to the paradisiacal Krka waterfalls. *Imagine* negotiated corners, mussel farms, overhead power lines and bridges on the narrow inland river, which left a lasting impression on the skipper but the destination was worth it. That evening we docked at ACI Shradin marina for the night, where hundreds of sea swans glided between the reeds and rushes. And it was there that we had one of those 'Of all the people in all the world moments' when we bumped into John and Priscilla Baldwin from Florida, whom I first met in 2004 at Kilmore Quay in Co. Waterford. The American couple had spent the last nine years sailing around the world from the Lofoten islands in northern Norway to the Peloponnese in southern Greece before our rendezvous 12 miles inland.

Then to Kornati National Park archipelago. Made up of 89 separate island, islets and rocks, it is almost completely devoid of human settlement. We anchored in the beautiful bay of Zut and ate at Konoba Sabuni restaurant. This is the only building on the island and serves nothing but big fish, Swiss chard and thirst-quenching pints of ice-cold beer. The following day we headed back to Ugljan, where we left the boat in the third week of May for five weeks at Marina Preko.

Zadar to Venice

In mid-July we flew back to Zadar, whence we planned to make our way north to Venice. On board were Nick and Jan Musgrave (ICC) and Lizzie Norton. We overnighted into the islands of Ist, Silba, Susak (one of the only sandy islands in the Adriatic; the rest are made up of shingle and pebbles). At the island of Mali Losinj we anchored in Artaturi bay, 5.5 miles north east of the town of Mali Losinj. Ashore there is a restaurant called Aratatore, which is surrounded by thick pine forest and it is there that we enjoyed the most phenomenal lobster I have ever tasted.

Then to the Brijuni Islands, a group of fourteen small islands and the former home of Marshal Tito, the former leader of Yugoslavia. We hired bikes and cycled to see the wildlife. That night we barbecued fresh dentix, a large white meaty fish, on board and chatted to the dimming light of a crimson sunset.

Next morning we headed the 60 miles north to Venice and motor sailed until 11am, before a fresh breeze filled in from the north east. *Imagine* was at her best tramping along at 8.5 to 9 knots, easing the main in the squalls. For any sailor, bringing a boat into 'The Floating City of the World' for the first time is a magical feeling. We moored on the island of Certosa near St Mark's Square. It was one of the 118 islands that make up the ancient city. It was recommended by Bruno Troublé, whose boat is based there and with whom we had cruised the previous year around the islands of Hvar. We made our way to the city by dinghy, ferry or water taxi. We were lucky enough to have the local knowledge of Rebecca and Chao (ZYC), who brought us to Harry's Bar where we were joined by an old Cork friend Phelim McGovern. A favourite haunt of Ernest Hemingway and Orson Welles, the bar was declared a national landmark in 2001.

And then it was time to take the boat back to the marina in Preko, but not before a one-week wind-down traversing the towns of Istria, the triangular peninsula pointing down into the northern Adriatic. The peninsula is shared between Italy, Slovenia and Croatia and as a result offers the most amazing cuisine and a diverse culture. Our first stop was Rovinj, where Istriot, a Romance language once widely spoken, is still spoken by some of the residents. From there we travelled south to Pula. There we visited the Arena, a 1st-century amphitheatre, which is among the six largest surviving Roman arenas in the world. From there we headed to the Brijuni islands, Unije, Susak and the northern Kornatis. Back at Zadar, I was joined by three Swiss mountain guides and extreme skiers (Willie, Reiny and Fabi) for the trip of the three Z's - Zermatt to Zurich to Zadar. On our way back to Corfu, we stopped off at all the favorite anchorages in the Adriatic. Normally surrounded by mountains, my landlubber shipmates were in awe of the sea and took every advantage to learn more about the boat as we spent our days touring and our nights sailing along under the full moon.

And after all that "I (also) have not told half of what I saw".



Imagine in Venice



Fisherman's Hut, Pellestrina

Brenda Kelliher On Eleuthera By Night

Just one ocean passage this year, on *Alyone*, a Hallberg Rassy 41 ketch I have sailed previously from Newport to Bermuda in wicked November weather.

This time, after long flights from Maryland to Tortola, and a last hop on a tiny Cessna to Virgin Gorda, I met up with Dermot Bremner (R St.GYC) who is now living in Majorca, and Peter Kennedy, now of Annapolis. (Peter is an old comrade from *Silver Shadow* - Peter Gray and Dick Lovegrove will remember our Round Ireland knockdown)

Nothing remarkable to report. Warm and steamy following Trades for the first few days heading back to the USA, completely outside the Islands, rather than heading up closer to Hispaniola, Cuba etc.

NO tropical storm - and this year has ended with NO hurricane affecting us on the US Atlantic coast or the Chesapeake. Lighter winds and hot weather continued all the way to West Palm (Lake Worth). Stunning full moon as we closed Eleuthera, serious food discussions all the way. Easy sailing with good comrades. Logged 1079 nautical miles.

Since Spring, have been sailing *Lark* on the Severn River above Annapolis - some lovely classic cruising evenings with friends, plus picnics.

Also racing on the Severn on *Lightfoot*, an Olsen 30 half-tonner, on Wednesday nights, true Corinthian racing, protests not tolerated.

Ariadne to the Scillies

Alan Leonard

In the course of a telephone call one evening in the spring, the Commodore casually dropped into the conversation “Oh, by the way Alan, are you going to the Scillies?” On hearing my reply in the affirmative he responded: “That’s good because I can’t go”, so not only was I going to the Scillies, but I **had** to get there. There significance of this will become apparent later.

So it was that John McCrea (long time crew member), Robin Wright (prospective new member) and I went aboard *Ariadne* (Starlight 35) on the afternoon of Sunday 9 June. It was warm and sunny with a light southeasterly wind. As we motored down the Lough, we had no clear destination in mind other than that we were voyaging “Towards the Isles of Scilly”. We would take the tide out of Strangford Lough and after that stop when we felt we had had enough, with Ardglass as the first possibility. We had a heart stopping moment in the west channel when the echo sounder went suddenly, but fortunately briefly, down to 3.2 metres – the lowest figure I have ever seen in many transits of the west passage. Later, a review of the track on the chart plotter revealed that we had strayed off the transit. Outside the Lough, on a beautiful calm evening, there was no possible reason to stop. We made our way south in the Irish Sea under a sparkling, starlit sky. We passed Rockabill and the shadowy shape of Lambay before dawn and picked up a good ebb to sweep us past the Burford Bank, inside the Kish. Would we make the tidal gate at Wicklow Head? When we did not, this provided the first real reason to stop and diverting into Wicklow was seriously discussed for about thirty seconds. Although our speed over the ground was down to three knots, we were still making visible progress by the land and decided to press on, in the face of a forecast of freshening southeasterly wind and fronts coming through that night. As we passed Arklow, the wind started to freshen and we motor-sailed past the Glassgorman Bank. Picking up the next fair tide, we continued to motor-sail, so that we could lay down the Rusk Channel. Clear of the south end of it, we unfurled the Genoa and headed for Ross-lare in a southeasterly wind of 20 knots apparent. We beat down the South Shear with the tide, which spat us out round Carnsore Point in short order. We were glad to ease sheets, but by now there was a lumpy sea at the Bailies (is there ever not?). Having crossed St Patrick’s Bridge, it was “Interesting” keeping on the transit into Kilmore Quay, where we made fast alongside *Cadenza* (Robert Fowler) at 1900 hours on Monday 10 June. Log 178 miles from Whiterock. There just didn’t seem to be any point in stopping any sooner.

We were glad to arrive in Kilmore Quay in good time to join the East Coast Rally organised by Peter Courtney, in association with local member Ivan Sutton. We greatly enjoyed the dinner in the Silver Fox Restaurant and the bird watching trip to the Saltees the next day. No doubt all of this will be more fully reported elsewhere. As the week wore on, it blew hard from several quarters, all quite unsuitable for a passage to

the Scillies and we walked everywhere that there was to walk. Ivan Sutton entertained us royally and regaled us with tales about his paintings. When asked was there anything he particularly enjoyed painting he replied: “Well, I have launched a lot of Curraghs”.

One by one, several boats decided that the passage to the Scillies was not for them, as time commitments were pressing. Those of us who were determined to go hung on. It is said that “Harbours rot ships and the men in them”. I certainly find that being in harbour, waiting for suitable conditions, has a bad effect. I became very edgy and longed to be at sea. Eventually, we just had to go. John and Robin had flights booked home on Tuesday 18 June, not the first occasion on which I have had to leave in unsuitable conditions, so that the crew could get their flights home. On the afternoon of Sunday 16th, the wind moderated somewhat and went round to the east, so we set off. Of course, by the time we were past the Saltees, it had freshened again. Two reefs in the main and the Genoa deeply rolled and off we went to the south. With the wind having been all around the clock the previous week, the seas just didn’t know what to do and came at us from every direction. It was a most uncomfortable passage about which the less said the better. The wind moderated next morning and we motor sailed for the last couple of hours into Hughtown.

That evening we witnessed high drama. Going ashore for a meal, we saw the yacht *Windrose*, which had the look of an ocean going vessel, dried out alongside. There was a large, black RIB at her stern and she was being boarded by “Heavies” all dressed in black. We weren’t sure whether they were wearing life jackets or flak jackets. Anyway, we went on up the town and had our dinner and a few drinks. When we returned to the dinghy, the heavies were still onboard and we had the feeling that the atmosphere was less congenial. The tide had risen a bit and a large Border Force cutter was now alongside in the Scillonian’s berth. By the time we were back onboard, there was a blue-light ambulance on the quayside and we could see a figure lying there, with attempted resuscitation going on. The blue light went round the bay to the airport and shortly afterwards a helicopter took off, taking the skipper to hospital, where he died a short while later. We heard next day that, not liking the way things were going, he had climbed his mast (which was equipped with steps) and attempted to jump onto the quayside, striking his head in the process. A large quantity of cocaine was found on the yacht, which had been tracked from Portugal.

John and Robin departed for home on the morning of Tuesday 18th, leaving me on my own until Connla Magennis arrived next afternoon. I greatly enjoyed the lunch on St Agnes, to which I went by ferry. On Thursday 20th, we went across the Tresco Flats to New Grimbsy. I had hoped that at some stage the entire fleet would have been in one anchorage

and I could have entertained all onboard a raft up, but in the event only about half the fleet was in New Grimbsy. We had a good party for all that.

The forecast was for a strong northwesterly and I thought that New Grimbsy might be a bit uncomfortable, so on Friday 21st we moved to Old Grimbsy, prior to the final dinner. This proved to be a wise move as during the dinner in the New Inn, Tresco, the wind got up and those in New Grimbsy had difficulty in getting off the shore to get back onboard. We had no such problem. The only thing was, not to miss the boat, as it would have been hard to get back to her against the wind. It blew hard from the northwest for the next two days and we were unable to get ashore. There was a mass of white water across the entrance but the rocks broke up the seas and we were comfortable inside.

Having had a rough passage to the Scillies, I was determined to have a “Mini cruise” on the way home; also we had to pick up a crew man, Pat Crawley, somewhere in Cornwall on Monday 24 June. We told him to go to Padstow. I was concerned that there would still be a heavy sea running to the north of the islands, so elected to go south over the Flats to the Crow Rock, where we set the main and then out over the Crow Bar to the Hats Buoy, from which we took our departure. At 0800 we were crossing the separation zone at 7 knots in a fine northwesterly breeze, but later the wind eased and we had to motor-sail. The Coastguard safety traffic warned us of a cable-laying vessel engaged in repairs to a transatlantic cable and sure enough there she was, held on station by her



Padstow. *Samphire*, *Ariadne* & *Rupert*

computer and thrusters and just a single cable going down to the submersible which was doing the work.

We made fast alongside in Padstow, astern of *Samphire*, with Neil Hegarty and Anne Kenny onboard. We heard from them that the north entrance to New Grimbsy had been no problem, which meant that they got in about an hour before us. We were glad to be joined a little later by Dick Lovegrove and his crew on *Rupert*. Log 82 miles.

Leaving the Camel River the next morning, it seemed a pity, when in sea area Lundy with calm conditions, not

to visit the eponymous Island. We motored to the north-northeast and picked up a mooring at Lundy at 1430, Log 49 miles. Ashore for a walk, there is a brisk climb up past the former Governor’s house, to the main plateau of the island. We marvelled that the population could ever have been big enough to warrant the building of such a large Church. This was built when the island was in the ownership of the Heaven family and at that time it was known as “The Kingdom of Heaven”. We enjoyed the views from the lamp room of the old lighthouse. No health and safety here to prevent you from climbing the spiral staircase. After a pint in the pub, we



The anchorage at Lundy

made our way back down to the slipway and back onboard.

Next morning the wind was west/northwest, below 10 knots, so for our course to Milford Haven of 330 degrees, it was more motor-sailing. Closing the shore that afternoon, when we were nearing the Castlemartin Firing Range, we were approached by a range patrol vessel which instructed us to alter course. They were cross with us for not having responded to their calls on the VHF – we hadn’t realised that our cockpit speaker had packed in. We were at the entrance to Milford Haven at 1500 and motored in past all the oil installations, to make fast in Neyland Marina at 1715, Log 45 miles. It looked as if the nicest part of Milford Haven is to go under the bridge, on up the Claddau river, but time did not allow. On Friday 28 June, we spent the morning in Neyland and in the afternoon made our way down the Haven to Dale, in preparation for departure for Ireland next morning.

In contrast to the forecast northwesterly 4 or 5, there was only a light northwesterly as we motored out past Skomer. Eventually, the sun came out and by 1400, the wind had settled in the southwest. By 1600 we were in the separation zone off the Tuskar, reaching at 7 knots in 20 knots apparent. Our speed over the ground dropped in the South Shear, where there was a strong adverse tide. At 1830, we anchored off the beach some way to the west of Rosslare Harbour, a useful passage anchorage in southwesterly winds. Log 64 miles.

Checking the engine next morning, it was apparent that all was not well. There was a large amount of oil in the drip tray and the dipstick was down to the lowest mark, fortunately discovered before any serious damage was done. I had had some work done to the engine in the spring. It appeared that one of the gaskets had not been seated properly so when motoring it was pumping oil into the bilge. After a big clean up we put some oil absorbent pads under the engine and topped up the oil. Clearly, use of the engine would have to be minimised until repairs could be effected. Fortunately the engine was not required that day, as there was a brisk southwesterly. We reeled off the miles. To the north of Arklow, it eased a bit so we set the spinnaker, but off Wicklow Head it veered a bit and freshened so the spinnaker came down again. Inside the Kish it freshened further, so we pulled down a reef and put some rolls in the Genoa. Off the Burford Bank, it became fresher still, so a second reef and more rolls.

Eventually, as we approached the Baily, it was over 30 knots. A strong adverse tide slowed us up a bit, so we did not tie up in Howth until 1930, A great day's sailing. First thing on Monday 1 July, Pat got some stores, while I got engine oil. We left Howth at 1100, more motor-sailing and eventually just motoring. We entered the west channel into Strangford Lough at 2020 - just in time-and by the time we were off Strangford, the tide was against us. We were grateful to pick up Derek White's mooring in Audley's Roads, rather than make our way up Strangford Lough in the dark with a foul tide. Log 68 miles. Finally, next morning we motored up to Whiterock, cleaning ship and stowing our gear as we went. All things considered a very successful rally and an enjoyable cruise afterwards more than made up for the frustration of sitting in Kilmore Quay for the most of a week and then a bumpy passage to get to the Scillies.

Eleanda among the islands of Croatia

Nigel and Heleen Lindsay-Fynn

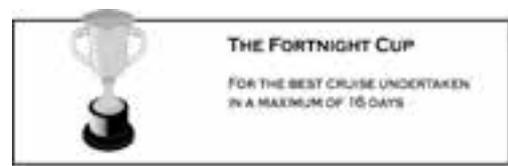
Eleanda had spent last winter out of the water at Gouvia Marina, Corfu. For 2013, we planned to spend the summer months in Croatia, only returning to Corfu in October. On our first cruise in early May we spent a night in the bay just East of Korčula. Approaching from the west late in the afternoon, we spotted an Irish Ensign and, as we drew nearer, an ICC burgee. It was Neil Kenefick on *Imagine*, temporarily moored to the customs quay. We hailed him and agreed to meet for a drink. Later, as the wine flowed, he told us he was based in a small friendly marina at Preko, on the long thin Island of Ugljan, opposite Zadar, and he strongly recommended it, far better than Marina Dalmatia or Biograd a few miles south. We did not forget. We based *Eleanda* there for more than four months.

This diary describes our second cruise of 10 days and 356 miles, in August – September. Joining us was Urs Biasi, a Swiss sailing and skiing friend and, of course, James, our young crew, now in his third year with us. ICC member Des Cummins, whose HR48, *Alpaire*, is based in Biograd, also joined us for the first four days. On 28th August we flew to Zadar and discovered that as Croatia is now in the EU we no longer need crew lists stamped at the harbour office every time we arrive. The marina whipped us across the 3.5 mile Zardarski Kanal in a RIB, to drop us right next to *Eleanda*. Preko is a friendly village with shopping, ATMs, local restaurants and a beach for swimming. The temperature was perfect, cool not the typical stifling August.

We are self sufficient on *Eleanda* with our generator and water maker, while the dinghy on its davits is quick to drop in the water. We tend to avoid town quays and marinas and usually anchor, sometimes with a line ashore, for which we have a 40m warp and a loop of chain to drop over any

protruding rock. Anchoring is quieter, you can swim and, usually, it's free. Unfortunately, to increase the capacity of an anchorage and as an income opportunity, there is a growing trend to lay moorings for which there is an official charge unless the mooring belongs to a restaurant. Furthermore, I believe that the EU has passed a safety regulation making it an offence to anchor within 200-300m of a laid mooring. In a typical mooring and anchoring depth of 10-15m this is totally absurd. We always anchor *Eleands* on the outside, well clear of the moorings, but have still had arguments. In the Islands the imposition of this rule is at present haphazard. Many harbour masters/boatmen think it is as absurd as we do.

On Thursday we departed at 09.25, heading some 96 miles north over two days to the beautiful old peninsula town of Rovinj, a Croatian jewel. There was no wind all day. We anchored for lunch in the south facing Uvala Siroka, Otok Ist, a good mile from the little town, swam in water at about 24°C and continued onto Artaturi, a south-facing bay on the West



side of Otok Losinj, where we had anchored in 2011, arriving at 18.17, a day's distance of 47.8 miles. It is a pleasant wide bay, the shores dotted with holiday homes and a couple of very basic restaurants. Urs, Des and Nigel repaired for wine and cheese to one with a fine view of Eleanda below. Later we could enjoy Heleen's special dinner on board in the gathering dusk, followed by an entirely peaceful night.

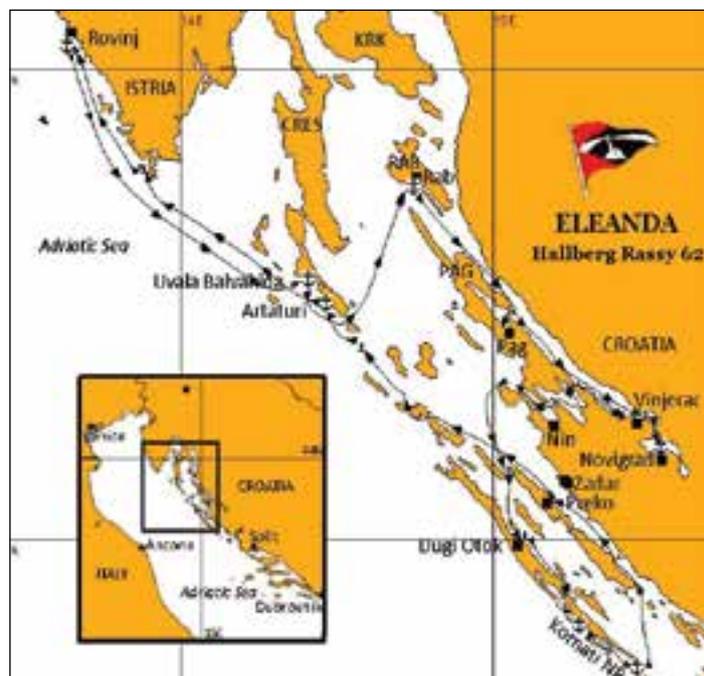
We departed northwards at 09.35 on Friday for Rovinj. At first we motor-sailed, but by 11.00 we cut the engine in 10-15 knots wind on a reach making around 8 knots. The lunch stop was no more than the shallow water off the southern point of Istria, east of the off-lying rock, Otok Fenoliga, well sheltered from winds with any northern component, but not good holding. We left at 14.45 for Rovinj, but the wind had died. We motored past the seaward side of the Brioni Islands, where Tito had his summer palace, and on to Uvala Lon, the bay south of Otok Sveti Katerina, now a luxury hotel, arriving at 17.45. In 2011 it was a free anchorage. Today it is full of mooring buoys, but we can still anchor south of the marina wall. We hadn't even set the anchor, before a boatman had charged us K270, €36.

We took the dinghy the half mile to the quay side and wandered through the maze of narrow streets and arches of Venetian-era pastel coloured houses up to the Church of Sveti Eufemia on the summit. The warm evening had encouraged a crowd of all ages to mill around, sit on the stone balustrades and just soak up the historic atmosphere. We urge all cruisers to make the pilgrimage north and visit this ancient town. We were heading for the famed Restaurant Monte, booked by Heleen weeks ago, for our most outstanding dinner of the season. Ordering the *surprise menu* we enjoyed 2½ hours of original dishes of taste and texture, a must do experience, expensive but value.

Early on Saturday morning we returned to visit the fruit, vegetable, fish and meat markets on the North side, where there is a further somewhat exposed quay, largely for tourist boats. Reluctantly we returned to *Eleanda* and departed south



Dead run to Otok Losinj



at 11.20. We motored with the main, once passed all the rocks and islets, with an 11 knot wind almost dead astern. Having once more passed the Brioni Islands, feeling like a lunch stop and on a whim, we turned into an anchorage just south of Otok Verdura, anchoring in 6m at 14.00 after 18.7 miles.

After lunch and a swim we spent 15 minutes rigging and hoisting the furling code 0 cruising chute, hoping to unfurl it for the long run back to Otok Losinj, 35 miles or over 4 hours away. Departing at 15.15 we once again motored with the main on a near run to the southern tip of Istria. Soon after passing through the shallow gap, at 16.15 we unfurled the cruising chute goose-winged on its pole opposite the main. It was a dead run with 10 – 15 knots wind, just enough to cut the engine at 17.45, but only for 30 minutes or so, and at 18.20 as the wind dropped further we furled the cruising chute. We had to keep up our speed to get to Uvala Balvanida before dark. It is a well protected banana-shaped inlet on the south west coast of Losinj. In the season it is a popular and crowded anchorage, yet on 31st August we were the only boat there. We arrived at 19.20 and within 15 minutes had completed a text book anchoring with a line ashore. Balvanida is one of Heleen's favourite anchorages. Later we went ashore to walk in the dark 500m along a track to a very simple but friendly restaurant. The daughter recognised us from our visit in July. But this time we had it to ourselves. She fired up the charcoal grill, fresh fish was produced and a happy and relaxed evening was had by all.

On Sunday we were to say farewell to Des, who had discovered he could take a direct ferry from Mali Losinj back to Zadar and so to Biograd and Alpaire. We relaxed for the morning, and left at 11.15 to motor the 8.2 miles to the pretty bay of Sveti Martin in the South East, from where Des could take a 5 minute taxi ride over the hill to the ferry terminal. We anchored with a line ashore and took the dinghy to the tiny harbour for lunch at Restaurant Porto. Only the most expensive red wine was left on the list and the sea bass was an arm and a leg. Despite the rip off, we really enjoyed the lunch, a

fitting send off for Des.

At 16.40 we departed to motor the 17.4 miles east to Rab, passing the northern tip of the barren Otok Pag. This time we anchored south east of the wooded islet of Tunera. You are no longer allowed to anchor in the bay east of the town. In July we were threatened with a fine if we stayed there. This is just a money raising exercise to drive you onto the town quay or into the marina. Before dark, a small chartered yacht and a super gin-palace had joined us, copying our unusual anchorage. We enjoyed a perfect sunset through the trees of the little island and settled down to a quiet evening on board.

We spent Tuesday morning ashore. Rab is even finer than Rovinj, with a 15th Century Monastery, four campaniles and several churches, all sympathetically restored, including the ancient paved streets joined by many steep steps. We also walked through the fine Komrčar botanical park to the north, home to Aleppo pines and native holm oaks. Residents let rooms to visitors, merchants' houses and small palaces are now hotels, fashionable shops and the inevitable restaurants and bars. Together history, culture and tourism are well merged for all tastes. We strolled, sipped white wine with ice and re-stocked *Eleanda* from the small supermarket. With reluctance we returned to *Eleanda* for a quick lunch before departing south at 13.35.



2 metres to spare under the road bridge to Pag

We motored down the Barbatski Kanal with Otok Dolin to our west. By 15.45 we cut the engine to enjoy a gusty reach in a 15 – 18 knot northeasterly, sailing along the east coast of Pag. The island is completely barren due to the winter Bora. But sheep still survive, their milk producing the much copied and famous Pag cheese.

The town of Pag is at the southern end of Paski Zaljev, an 8 mile long inland sea, protected enough to encourage some grazing and scrub. This area was the largest producer of salt in the 19th Century. We anchored off the town at 18.00 after 25.2 miles and took a wet and bumpy dinghy ride ashore in a 15 knot northerly. Most visitors are German, but the town feels off the tourist route. It has a fine, well-restored central square with an 18th century church and two well-recommended restaurants, one of which, Konoba Bodula, we tracked down in a back street. We got the last table and enjoyed a starter of Pag cheese, Dalmation ham and a bottle of Istrian wine, before attempting to return to *Eleanda*. It was blowing over 20 knots, fortunately on the beam, and we were relieved to climb back on board somewhat wet and bedraggled. But by 21.00 the wind had died, so yet again we could relax over Heleen's gourmet cooking.

Pag is over 30 miles long. At the southern end it is joined to the mainland by a road bridge with 30m air draft. The top of *Eleanda*'s mast is 27m above her waterline and the aerials add say 1.5m. Heleen was reluctant to try. Nevertheless we headed south for the inland water of Novigradsko More. We left at 10.25, motoring north to the entrance of Paski Zaljev and turned south. To the east, the mountains on the mainland soared to almost 1,000 metres, not unlike the awe-inspiring gulf of Kotor. At 13.47 after 25.7 miles we anchored off the pretty village of Vinjerac and took the dinghy ashore. We had hoped for lunch, but only a drink was on offer. Everything else was asleep, so back to *Eleanda* for lunch and a swim.

We departed at 16.25, continuing south to the spectacular one mile gorge into the Novigradsko More, passing under two road bridges, but with air drafts of roughly 70m. Only one was marked on our modern chart. Now we were totally off the charter boat routes. We hadn't seen another yacht since we left Rab. We crossed the sea to Novigrad, which turned out to be a tired fishing port, once again all asleep. We took a line ashore at the entrance, having felt that there was too much swell on any of the quays. Nigel and Urs went ashore to the one bar for a drink, not a restaurant in sight. Yet the village had its own charm, even if rather closed to outsiders in yachts.

On Wednesday 4th we left at 10.25 to motor back through the gorge, under the 2 bridges and then under the 30m Pag bridge, heading 21.3 miles to Uvala Lubjac on the mainland south of Pag. We had a plan to ease Heleen's worries. She and Urs would take the dinghy to the Pag shore under the bridge with a radio and watch *Eleanda* approach. In the event, there was a good 2m to spare. Whatever tide there is was pretty low. Much cheered, and with more than a day saved compared to rounding the northern end of Pag, at 13.20 we anchored in glorious turquoise water over sand at Lubjac for

lunch and a swim. We departed at 15.45 hoping to anchor in the Ninski Zaljev to take the dinghy to the ancient town of Nin. We reached off the anchorage but furled as we turned south into the bay. We were more than a mile off the coast to our south and just crossing the 5m contour on our chart, when the depth showed less than 3m. A burst of engine in reverse just stopped us from running aground. But we were too far from the shore, so we turned round and motored the 7.5 miles north to the wide bay of Provljana on the southwest coast of Pag, for a day's distance of 37.6 miles. Its bay faced west, the wind direction forecast for the night. Nevertheless we anchored at 18.05 without swell. There was a couple of other boats nearby.

We went ashore to discover that the little village had been overwhelmed by a new, unfinished, characterless development of flats, houses, bars and a supermarket. Now, at the end of the season, it was dead. Who would want a holiday here, when you could choose so many other attractive Croatian towns and villages? Eventually we found a restaurant and hotel, Villa Kastel, on the sea front boulevard with a friendly waiter and a not unreasonable menu, where we passed a pleasant enough evening.

Scattered like pebbles to the west of Otok Murterlie are the ninety or so islands of the Kornati archipelago, grouped around the 35km-long island of Kornat. A national park since 1980, with strictly managed and controlled anchorages, the Kornati archipelago comprises a distinctively harsh and bare environment, almost devoid of life. They were once covered in forests of holm oak but over the centuries they were burnt down, sometimes intentionally, to make pasture for sheep, which proceeded to eat everything in sight. The dry-stone walls used to pen them in are still visible, although the sheep themselves are long gone.

The islands were originally owned by the nobles of Zadar, who allowed the peasants of Murter to raise flocks and grow olives on them in return for a share of the cheese and oil thus produced. When the Zadar nobility fell on hard times in the nineteenth century, the islands were sold to the Murterians – and their descendants, the Kurnatari, remain owners of most of the Kornati to this day.

The following morning, with three days left and little wind in prospect, it was to these islands that we decided to head. After a shopping trip to a supermarket with near empty shelves, we departed at 11.00 and motored the 15.6 miles south to the northern end of Ugljan, where we anchored at 12.57 off Muline, a tiny village with a restaurant and several holiday homes, sheltered from the northwest by Otok Rivanj. An hour later we were again underway, motor-sailing south down the Srednji Kanal to Sali, a major fishing port on Dugi Otok, where we dropped off Heleen and Urs at 16.00 to buy our entrance pass for the Park, €133 for 3 nights, while James and Nigel anchored off. 30 minutes later they were back on board and we motored further south to the narrow channel of Prolaz Proversa Mala, between Dugi Otok and Otok Katina. We crawled west through the 4m deep channel, so narrow that a German waiting to go east shouted obscenities,

complaining we had kept him waiting.

From there we turned south to follow the west coast of Otok Kornat to the bay of Kravljacica, where we anchored in the north at 18.03 after a day's run of 40 miles. There were just two or three houses and a very basic restaurant. But the peace and quiet were overwhelming. Urs and Nigel went ashore and walked to the otherwise deserted restaurant for a drink. The Kornati was growing on us by the minute. .

We were doing the Kornatis in just 2 days, so for Friday 6th September we made 3 stops. Urs and James went ashore at 06.45 to clamber over scrub to the top of a nearby hill, so breakfast was at 09.00. At 10.10 we left to motor all of 1.6 miles to the bay and little hamlet of Vrulje. We watched the supplies and rubbish boat collecting and delivering food for self-catering houses and wandered round the village. Later, we took the dinghy to a restaurant on the shore close to where *Eleanda* was anchored and indulged in a mid morning glass of wine. The owner, from Murter, told us the water was delivered by tanker with all the food and she generated her own electricity. We said good bye and at 12.30 motored the next 5.3 miles to a deep bay on Otok Lavsa. A friendly park attendant stamped our pass and left us to swim and have lunch.

It was a further 6.3 miles through numerous little islands to Uvala Lojena on Otok Smokvica, chosen as the pilot referred to an award winning restaurant. But on going ashore we found it full of noisy beer swilling continentals, who were already pretty far gone at 19.00. Across the inlet was a second restaurant, Konoba Mare, where a very demanding proprietress chose our menu and even the time we should arrive – too early, we begged for 30 minutes extra. It was later to be our private dining room where she served fresh Turbot grilled to perfection over her charcoal fire, with *Eleanda's* anchor light twinkling in the distance as dusk fell. We fell in love with Mare, Smokvica and the Kornati National Park. So now we recommend not only Rovinj and Rab, but also these exceptional islands.

Friday 7th was our last day and we headed back to Marina Preko, just 29.9 miles to the north. We departed at 11.25 in flat calm and motor to the southern tip of Otok Passman, to the tiny bay of Uvala Gnai, when we had to anchor twice in poor holding. After the final lunch and swim we left at 16.10 to motor north up the Zardarski Kanal into a 14 knot headwind. There were numerous boats tacking and reaching all round us. But we just banged into the wind to much waste of diesel. We arrived off Preko around 18.00, dropped the dinghy and easily reversed into our Marina space.

We had covered 355.9 miles in 10 sailing days, but mostly under engine. Our highlights were Rovinj and Rab, followed by our lone cruise to Pag and the Novigradsko More, without another yacht to be seen. The Kornati Islands are deservedly popular. One day we will return for longer. But for now our next cruise will be to head south for Corfu and *Eleanda's* winter berth.

In Allegedly Unsettled Weather – Pottering in West Cork

Pat Lyons

Although it is well known that Ann and I are co-owners of *Stardancer*, I am always anxious to distance myself from one particular long-standing Cork sailing myth. The tradition holds that playing golf during the summer months is evidence of one's lack of boat ownership. And with Ann serving as 2013 Lady Captain of East Cork Golf Club, an opportunity to debunk this scurrilous myth and spend some time in exclusively male company proved irresistible. So with this in mind, Brendan O'Callaghan (ICC) and I slipped *Stardancer's* lines at the Royal Cork YC marina at 11.06 on Thursday July 25th, bound for West Cork. We would have the boat to ourselves for several days, before Ann would join us from the swards of East Cork sometime during the following week. Our only plan was to avoid one.

The forecast for the coming week was for "Unsettled weather", which was most unfortunate given the recent spell of exceptional drought and record temperatures across the country; but at least this meant that we would be unlikely to experience much sea fog. The previous day, July 24th was a significant one in Irish sailing terms, being the occasion on which one of the largest and perhaps most significant sea rescues was carried out on the Irish coast. I am referring of course to the successful rescue operation involving the ill-fated *Astrid*, near the entrance to Oysterhaven. Our course on that Thursday morning took us close to the scene, around which an exclusion zone had been established by the Coast Guard. Passing outside of the zone, we observed a flurry of maritime activity around the wreck, but were sobered and saddened by the sight of shredded sails hanging limply from the spars and rig of the once-proud vessel, now impaled ignobly on the south Cork shore.

A contrary flood tide, combined with southwest winds of force 4, slowed our passage westward on a lovely sunny afternoon; however, we stuck with the sailing until late in the evening and anchored in 4 metres at Castlehaven, just as night drew in at 21.50. A boef bourguignon dinner, liberally washed down with draughts of Chilean merlot, stayed our temptation to sample the fleshpots of Castletownshend and sent us to the land of Morpheus well victualled and watered.

We had originally planned to attend the Club's Southern Area Summer 'Get-together' scheduled for the Schull area on Saturday, July 27th. However, early on Friday, local organiser Tom Kirby (ICC) informed us that the event had been cancelled and this freed us off to engage in more liberal pursuits at our ease. We departed Castlehaven in bright sunshine at 11.30 and bent our course for Mizen Head and the quieter havens further north.

On *Stardancer*, we normally head for Berehaven when making north of the Mizen and with the afternoon flood under us, that seemed the logical destination. However, with a fair forecast and time on our hands, an opportunity to explore the anchorages in Dunmanus Bay was a real temptation. I

had once anchored our previous *Stardancer* at Kitchen Cove on the northern shore some 8 seasons ago, but apart from that, the Bay remained beyond our experience. So shortly after 16.00 we gybed the boat under Three Castle Head and headed for Dunmanus Harbour, which a recent edition of the Club's Sailing Directions had promoted as "A wild and attractive place". Entering the narrow entrance to this lagoon-like harbour, we anchored in 5.5 metres of shaley mud, just north of local boats at mid tide.

Dunmanus Harbour is indeed a wonderfully attractive place, and conditions on that evening were blissfully calm, with nothing but the sound of a curlew to break the silence. Brendan's wife Majella is a renowned cook and is always zealous in ensuring that he is well provided for in the food stakes. Her chilli con carne proved a serious match for our appetites that night and the drinks locker was again raided by way of accompaniment.

The pattern of "Unsettled" sunshine continued on Saturday 27th, as we weighed anchor at 10.30. Our abstention from the 'Black stuff' over several days now got the better of us, and it was deemed appropriate to seek solace among the hostleries of Durrus at the head of the Bay. Threading our way eastward between Carbery and Furze Islands, we anchored at noon among a high density of mussel rafts in Dunbeacon Harbour east of Mannion's Island in 3.1 metres mud.

The landing here is at a newly refurbished pier at the western approach to Four Mile Water, which is some distance from the anchorage. The pier is used by local fishing vessels and the associated slipway should be used with some caution as it drops off steeply at its seaward end, where there are also some offlying rocks which barely cover at half tide. An enjoyable walk of around 1 mile along the shore brought us to the pretty village of Durrus, where our thirst was slaked in the pleasant surroundings of Ross's Bar. Having consumed an adequate sufficiency of the finest quality stout, we returned to *Stardancer* and enjoyed a lazy afternoon of motoring against the flood tide, rounding Sheep's Head and eventually anchoring at Dunboy in 2.4 metres at 19.10.

After several days on the boat we were in need of some modest physical activity and having landed in the tiny cove under the walls of the O'Sullivan Beare castle, we walked the two miles to Castletownbere along the road which bounds the former Puxley mansion and the poignant scene where several local young lads drowned in a tragic driving accident a few years ago. The manor house was extensively refurbished and 'Restored' during the dying days of the Celtic Tiger era, but sadly it now lies ghostly and unoccupied. Some day in the future it may be opened in all its intended splendour; however, for now, the unsightly collection of residential 'Suites' constructed to the south of the main house is a blot on what was one of the most significant conservation proj-

ects ever undertaken in Ireland and a defilement of one of West Cork's prettiest anchorages.

In Castletownbere, we headed for our usual haunt, McCarthy's Bar, where we were welcomed warmly by Adrienne. The pub was crowded with a heady mix of locals and visitors and an air of holiday revelry pervaded.

Sunday morning was bright and clear and so we proceeded up Berehaven and berthed for lunch at Lawrence Cove marina, where we enjoyed showers and genial company, before catching the afternoon flood tide, which sped us eastward to Bantry. Following a fast passage, we took the more direct route into Bantry Harbour via the bar to the south of Whiddy Island, being careful to avoid Cracker Rock, with the intention of picking up a visitor's mooring in front of Bantry House. The moorings here are managed by the Harbour Authority and are reported to be regularly serviced. However, our experience on that evening was less than satisfactory, in that several of the moorings we tried to lift were heavily encrusted with mussels and weed or had their pick-up buoys so seriously fouled, as to render them of little value. After much huffing and puffing, we eventually secured ourselves, but with regrets that we did not simply anchor outside of the line of moorings in the first instance.

As we approached the area of moorings, we had observed a new pontoon that has been positioned just below the town graveyard at Abbey Point and during our struggles with the moorings this seemed an attractive option. However, at low water on the following day, we were aghast to find that the approach to the pontoon is strewn with large boulders, thereby making fast by any deep draft vessel a risky affair. Indeed, conversation with some local boat owners confirmed that this is an unsuitable landing place for other than dinghies, and the Bantry Bay Harbour Commissioners website now confirms that this is only suitable for boats with up to 1 metre draft.

On a more positive note, there is now a substantial pontoon moored at the head of the Bantry town pier and we had noted a number of yachts berthed there on the previous evening. This pontoon is of significant proportions and is primarily dedicated for use by the tugs and support vessels which service the Conoco Phillips oil storage facility on Whiddy Island. On Monday morning, we proceeded to tie up at this facility and were told by local fishermen that permission could be obtained from the harbour master to lie alongside for limited periods to facilitate crew changes, provisioning, etc. We are advised that an overnight fee for a 40 ft boat is levied at the rate of € 6.50, with the harbour master contactable on Channel 14.

In the event, while sailing in the Bantry area over the coming days, we experienced a very friendly welcome each time we sought permission to berth here and particular mention should be made of the crew of the heavy tug *Thrax*, which welcomed us and took our lines each time we contacted them requesting permission to lie alongside while they were bunkering at the pontoon. The pontoon certainly provides a



Ann, Paddy & Olga at the Bank House on Whiddy

more comfortable berth than the adjoining pier head, but it is essential for yachtsman to respect the commercial demands of both the tugs and fishing vessels by accessing this facility with due caution. However, we now understand that planning permission was granted in August for a substantial new marina development, to be located on the town side of the existing pier. One can only hope that this plan will eventually see the light of day, as it offers real potential to enhance facilities in the upper reaches of Bantry Bay for leisure sailors.

Another previously unvisited haven on our radar during our trip lay to the east of Whiddy Island. The Sailing Directions point to two anchorages in the lee of the island, one to both the north and south of the offlying Rabbit Island. On Monday 29th, we anchored at 16.10 south west of Rabbit Island adjacent to a small slipway, in 2 metres of good holding mud. On approach we observed a new landing pontoon being constructed on the Whiddy shore at the north end of the Rabbit Island sound, adjacent to the northerly anchorage illustrated on the charts, and were to learn that this has been developed as a project involving both the Harbour Authority and local interests. It provides a useful additional sailing resource to supplement the local pier landing, which is in frequent use by fishing vessels and ferries, and at which water is available from a hosepipe.

On Tuesday morning 30th of July, Brendan and I again moved *Stardancer* to berth alongside the Bantry pontoon. Our purpose was to provision the boat for the coming week, but more importantly, to welcome Ann who arrived on the bus from Cork at 10.20. Bantry is a lively tourist town with a wide variety of restaurants and hostelrys and is an excellent place to provision. However, on this occasion, with conditions freshening from the west and a forecast of some "Unsettled weather", we slipped our lines at 13.10 and headed westward around the north shore of Whiddy Island. Glengarrif looked most appealing in the afternoon sunshine, but our course lay elsewhere and for the remainder of the afternoon we tacked down Bantry Bay in winds gusting to force 5 under a single

reefed main and heavily reefed genoa.

Following an exhilarating sail, we eventually tied up alongside the Lawrence Cove marina at 18.00, where we were greeted by fellow ICC members, Brian and Eleanor Cudmore on *Ann Again* and Peter Cudmore aboard *Oneiro*. Completing the Cork-based company at the marina were former RCYC Admiral Conor O'Donovan and his wife Brenda aboard *X-Tension* and Michael and Gretta Wallace on *Felix*. Peter Cudmore had been busy fishing aboard *Oneiro* that afternoon while coming south from Derrynane, and in joining us for dinner he arrived with an accompaniment of fresh barbequed mackerel. These were devoured along with a dinner of roast pork and a selection of wines of wide geographical provenance, followed late into the evening with much talk of the pleasures of sailing West Cork and Kerry in the sunshine that made 2013 such a special season for us all.

Ann and I are always happy to be in Bere Island. It has a special significance for both of us, as it is here that we both started our sailing careers with Glenans many years ago. Also, when our children were young we regularly visited and the children were safe and free to roam the roads and play on the beaches, in what is a most peaceful and old-fashioned place. Over the years, we have made many friends among the island community and returning here always brings a sense of somehow coming home to our past. On this occasion, we met up with our old friend and publican Dessie O'Sullivan, whom we have known for almost 40 years. Sadly, this proved to be our last time together, as Dessie passed away on September 14th and with him went a part of our youth. We will miss his acerbic wit, but also his wry but welcoming smile. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam.

The long threatened "Unsettled weather" eventually rolled in on Wednesday 31st, with torrential rain falling during the early hours and through much of Wednesday and Thursday. Sleeping, reading, socializing aboard each other's boats and nostalgic walks to old haunts around Rerrin village between the showers, were the dominant pastimes during these two days, and all agreed that the absence of reliable mobile phone coverage provided a most welcome break from the pressures to which we all submit ourselves during our "Normal" lives on the mainland - for the 'die-hards' however, wi-fi is now available at the marina office. In the wake of the rain, the island glistened with a sparkling freshness and the smell of vegetation after a long dry spell.

On Thursday night we dined royally aboard *Oneiro* with Peter and Claire Cudmore and their son Ian. True to form, Brendan produced the melodeon and a lively sing-song of shanties and sea faring melodies ensued, accompanied by tall tales and good-humored banter – constituting what one wit in the company described as "Pulling out airy times".

On Friday, August 2nd, Brendan was due to depart for home and we were to be joined by Paddy McGlade (ICC) and his wife Olga, for the Bank Holiday weekend. The forecast was for south-westerly winds of force 5 to 7, decreasing. With this in mind, we departed Lawrence Cove at 08.57 and had a

lively broad reach back to Bantry. Brendan caught the bus to Bandon at 13.00 and the McGlades arrived shortly afterwards. On arrival we slipped our lines at Bantry and proceeded to the new pontoon at Whiddy, where *Stardancer* became the first yacht ever to berth.

We were warmly welcomed by Tim O'Leary and his wife, who operate the Bank House pub immediately adjacent to the pontoon. The O'Leary's run a fine house here, offering good drink and a limited but attractive menu, and plied us with shellfish and home-made brown bread, for which they refused any payment. The island has a community of less than 30 souls and has a distinct absence of any tourist feel. A walk around the island provides an opportunity to appreciate the scale of the oil storage facility, which dominates much of the landscape, but also provides excellent views across the inner reaches of Bantry Bay.

Perhaps the tragedy that befell the island when the tanker *Betelgeuse* exploded on January 8th 1979, with the loss of 50 lives, and leaving a pall of sadness here, has discouraged visitors. However, we experienced an optimistic mood among those we met on the island and strongly recommend a visit. With a regular ferry service plying between the island pier and Bantry, the new pontoon provides an excellent option for crew changing, access to provisions or simply a quiet place to sit out inclement weather in the lee of the sheltering island.

We stayed on Whiddy for two most enjoyable nights and were sad to depart. However, on Sunday, I received the news that my aunt, the last surviving member of my parents' generation, had passed away aged 93 years and this marked an unexpected end to our sojourning in West Cork. However, our proximity to Lawrence Cove marina where we could safely leave the boat, plus the fact that the McGlades had a car at Bantry to facilitate our return to Cork for the funeral, proved a godsend. In the event, Paddy and I sailed the boat back to the marina on Sunday afternoon while our "Girls" brought the car around to the Bere Island 'pontoon', having made several coffee, craft shop and gallery visits along the way.

On Monday August 5th we left *Stardancer* safely tucked up in the care of Phil Harrington and her family and headed back for Cork, with Ann and I returning later in the week to collect the boat and deliver her to her home berth in Crosshaven.

And although we covered less than 250 miles during our time aboard, our short summer cruise brought us novelty, variety and the convivial company of like-minded spirits. More significantly, I am happy to report that it is indeed possible to combine a modicum of sailing and golf during the Cork summer season, provided of course that you are in favour with the wind gods and that on the average day, any allegations of "Unsettled weather" remain unfounded.

“Mainely” Motoring

Alan Leonard

Our elder son, David, has been living in Boston for several years, so it seemed to be a good time for a cruise in Maine, with the ready availability of strong crew. We wanted to revisit the Penobscot Bay/Mount Desert Island area, where we had been for the CCA anniversary cruise in 1997.

David, his girlfriend Hollie, Elizabeth and I drove from Boston to Buck’s Harbour, at the northwestern end of the Eggemogin Reach on Monday 12 August, to pick up our chartered O’Day 34. We were met at Buck’s Harbour by Tony and Ann Solley, who previously been the owners of *Tritsch Tratsch*, which they had bought from Otto Glazer (ICC)

After a briefing onboard (which included instruction in how to dismember lobsters) and stowing our gear, we eventually got underway at 1730. There was a whiff from the heads but we were keen to get underway, so ignored it. We motored out into the Eggemogin Reach and set sail to a light southerly. At first we were close-hauled, heading towards the suspension bridge and then the wind veered slightly and freshened. We had a nice reach down the Eggemogin Reach, until the wind eased. We handed sail off Stump Cove Ledge and motored into the Benjamin River, taking care to avoid the end of the reef on the way in, as advised in the sailing directions, as the mark is not on the end of the reef. At first glance, there was plenty of room to anchor, but we soon discovered that the depths in the centre were prohibitive and the shallow water all round the edge was fully occupied with moorings. It was a case of getting the anchor caught on the edge of a cliff, outside the moorings, but before the water became too deep. Fortunately, there was little wind. We had a fine meal of lobster bought straight from a fishing boat in Buck’s Harbour. A large pot, for boiling the lobsters, is an essential part of galley equipment in this part of the world.

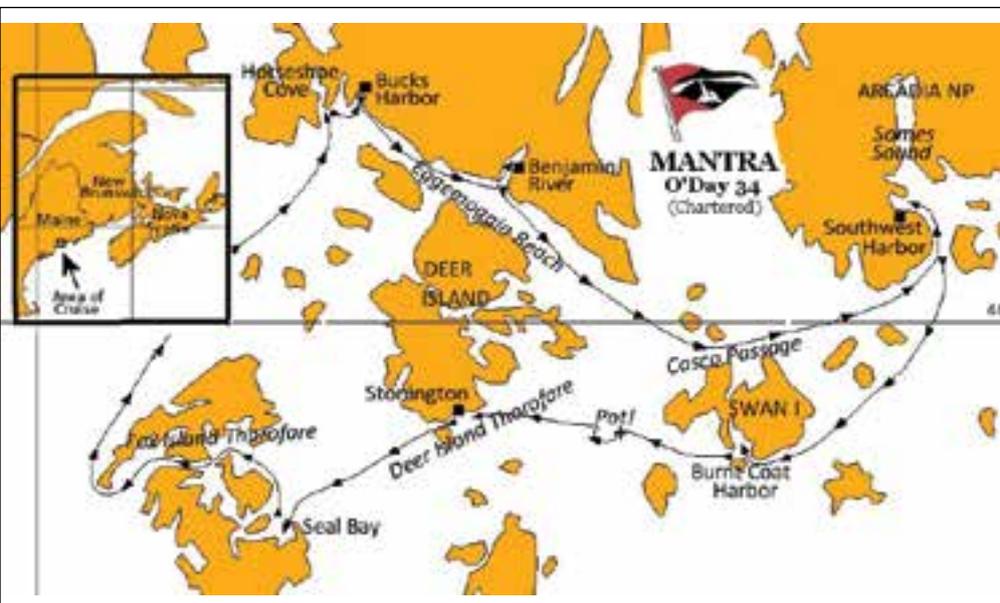
Next morning was alternately sunny and grey, but as we motored out into the Eggemogin Reach we encountered



Towards the Eggemogin reach Suspension bridge

thick fog. We motored southeast, from mark to mark and in between, dodging lobster pots and yachts going the other way. It was “Interesting” to say the least. We passed the headquarters of Wooden Boat magazine, where there had been a Clam bake on the Anniversary Cruise, but no time to stop this time. South East of Hog Island, we altered course for the Casco Passage, second of the four classic passages in this area that we wished to transit. Fortunately, at the buoy which marks the entrance to the Casco Passage, a nice breeze blew the fog away and we carried a fair tide through the passage, between tree lined islands. Once we were through into Blue Hill Bay, the visibility closed in again and we saw nothing more until we felt our way into South West Harbour, Mount Desert Island. We eventually got a berth in Great Harbour Marina, tucked in amongst the super yachts, approached close alongside some gleaming topsides to avoid off-lying piles. Ominously, the odour from the head was becoming more intrusive, but purchase of a tub of activated charcoal smell absorber in a local hardware store provided some relief.

On Wednesday 14 August, thick fog persisted and we abandoned our proposed visit to Somes Sound, there being little point going somewhere with spectacular scenery if you can’t see it. We motored out into the fog and headed southwest past Black Island and across towards Swan’s Island. There were various foghorns, but we saw little. The fog lifted a bit to provide a glimpse of the Green Islands and then closed in again as we passed the Sister Islands. The chart plotter is a great boon in these conditions, but you could be left in difficulties if it went down. The fog





Entering Burnt Coat Harbor by the western entrance

finally cleared as we approached the Baker Islands with the arrival of a moderate southwesterly breeze. We entered Burnt Coat Harbour, Swan's Island, by the Eastern entrance, which the sailing directions describe as "A neat little tickle between Stanley Point and Harbour Island". The smell seemed to be becoming steadily more persistent, to the extent that serious investigation was required. This revealed potent fumes arising from the holding tank, under the bunk in the fore cabin. Fortunately application of duct tape to the vents to the space under the bunk helped.

The southwesterly wind had blown the fog away and for the next two days we enjoyed a good sailing breeze in sparkling sunny conditions. We motored out of Burnt Coat Harbour by the western entrance and set sail to beat across to the Deer Island Thorofare, the next of our classic passages. As we passed between Shabby Island and Eastern Mark Island we found that we were towing a lobster buoy. It is said that you haven't cruised in Maine until you have had this experience. The tackle usually has two buoys and one was caught on our propeller shaft. We struggled for a long time attempting to free it, including one "Volunteer" in the tender taking regular dunkings under the transom, but eventually had to abandon the attempt and cut the rope. Fortunately, the other buoy was still attached to the pot. Our original plan had been to beat across to the Deer Island Thorofare and then motor upwind through it but now, with the remnants of the lobster buoy still attached to the propeller, we had no alternative but to beat through the narrow passage. We were perplexed by a yacht lying stationary, right in the narrowest part of the passage. Could he not see that we were beating through and get out of our way? As we approached we saw that it was the Solleys, waiting to photograph us, a pleasant surprise. Having beat the length of the Thorofare, and passed Stonington, we picked up a mooring at Billing's Marine at the western end and arranged for a diver to attend the following morning.

The smell was still in evidence. Further exploration revealed yet another vent, right up in the forepeak. Application of duct tape to this finally trapped the problem and we could leave it to the staff at Buck's Harbour Marine to solve on our return.

On Friday 16 August, we awoke to another beautiful sunny day. John the diver removed the offending pot buoy in thirty seconds. Again, there was a lovely sailing breeze, but our batteries were by now completely flat, so we motored to charge them, straight upwind across East Penobscot Bay to Seal Bay on Vinalhaven, where we anchored in the innermost recess for lunch. This is a most beautiful and remote anchorage. It was tempting to stay, but time was running out and we still had our fourth transit, the Fox Island Thorofare, to achieve. In the late afternoon we sailed north from Seal Bay and beat into the Thorofare as far as North Haven, where we picked up a mooring. After paying our mooring fee and buying more lobsters for the evening meal, we completed the transit, with many yachts of all shapes and sizes passing in both directions. We motored northeast up West Penobscot Bay and had a nice sail for the last hour or so to Horse Shoe Cove, just a short distance from Buck's Harbour. The sailing directions say "Horse Shoe Cove is a slot on the eastern side of Cape Rosier. On the chart it looks impossible to enter but once inside, this beautiful, unspoiled harbour has almost perfect protection"; my sort of anchorage. We explored the inner reaches of the harbour by dinghy and saw several birds of prey, including a bald eagle, and their nests in this remote area. Next morning, we returned the boat (and its problem) to Buck's Harbour Marine and set off to drive (through Belfast) back to Boston.

This is an outstanding cruising area, with attractive scenery, sheltered anchorages, wonderful seafood, intricate pilotage and good weather. The only problem can be the fog but we were fortunate not to have too much of that.



O'Day 34 *Mantra* closehauled in Deer Island Thorofare

Peter Williams writes of the continued cruise of the *Reiver*

I took over the *Reiver* at Kyle of LochAlsh on the 20th July in hot sunshine and flat calm. We motored-always we motored-sails up sometimes, flapping. Up to Aarseid Mor (Rona) and on to The Shiants- ideal weather for anchoring there by the rocky beach which joins the North and South parts (Tombolo?). This covered over at the top of a high spring tide as we watched and a flock of ducks sailed delightedly through.

We had thought of going up to Kinlochbervie to visit friends who were at their lodge there and I put it to the crew (Jock Workman and Robert Perceval-Price) that there was 50 miles of motoring to get there and 50 miles to get back and we would still be North of Skye. Did they want to do it? We motored South next day to Rodel. Had dinner in the new and spectacularly hideous Hotel. On South to Kallin where I had never been, arrived at LW Springs and came to a stop outside the harbour, being stopped had lunch and departed afterward to the Wizard Pool (L.Skipport) where we found *Faustina II* with John and Ann Clementson and enjoyed their hospitality. Next day we went to Castlebay, Barra as we were running out of most stores. There is a good Co-op there now.

Thick Fog next morning and eventually decided to depart under GPS and nil Vis. Found the buoys one by one and sailed (no, motored) into sunshine outside and over to Gunna Sound, where we anchored. On next day to Tobermory, where we were joined by Alison Balmforth. Alison writes the next part of the cruise, hereinafter called Alison's Loop: The final leg home was dead into a very strong South wind and took a long and not very comfortable time. 80 hours motoring in 2 weeks is a lot.

Alison's Loop By Alison Balmforth:

Alison's Loop was a generous backtrack for Peter and his crew on *Reiver*, wending their rather windless way back from their Hebridean cruise to Strangford Lough in late July 2013.

It began on a warm sunny day in Tobermory, where I arrived before they did and had time to inspect the eating ashore options, which still include the old Mishnish now revamped as a Seafood Bar but still friendly and enjoyable. Travel to Tobermory is very easy from Glasgow via train or bus to Oban and ferry to Mull and is easily done in less than a day. If the men had been tidying for my arrival, they had been successful and I was allocated the best foc'sle berth and given a revision of the facilities .

Reiver has done many Scottish and continental cruises but is looking great, a real Mylne sailing boat.

We set off in poor visibility round Ardnamurchan, heading for the Small Isles and beginning with Muck. The day improved after we anchored in the bay near the ferry jetty and we were able to walk to and enjoy the sandy beaches and great views on the west side of the island . Despite some modernisation it still has the feel of an island more remote and unexploited than its geography suggests.

However we did not stay overnight but crossed to Eigg, which surprisingly for a Scot I had not visited, as we always seemed to be in too much of a hurry. It seems a massively high island with towering cliffs and tragic history but now is busy and cheerful with a well run market garden and excellent shop . The harbour is well sheltered and actually quite large; the night was quiet.

Our next stop was Canna , via the exposed southwest coast of Rum, with its raised beaches and strange folly, motoring in order to bag a good place in the anchorage, which is busy with visitors' moorings and 'Wild' anchoring, despite its rocky approach. A walk around the bay yields the interest of a small museum in a church and another in an old dairy. There is an interesting big house which was closed but had a garden which wasn't and there are showers and loos less than a mile from the beach where we went ashore near the ferry terminal. There did not appear to be any functioning pub or restaurant. There is a bridge to the neighbouring island, which boasts one of the ugliest churches in Scotland but Canna remains an interesting and strangely civilised island .

Next morning we headed off in good time to visit Soay. It is a tiny island west of Loch Scavaig on Skye and is still scarred with the remains of the shark processing station built by Gavin Maxwell in the late 1940s. There is a tricky bar guarding the bay, where the the industrial archeology is slowly rusting away . Nature has almost reclaimed the ugliness of what must have been, as well as a doubtful venture in the Ecology of the basking shark, a gross destruction of a small and beautiful island which is hard to imagine, never mind the cost of transporting and building the plant. Things must have been very different then.

After our visit it was time to head for Mallaig with a view to closing the loop .We had the most sporty sail of my time on board with headwinds and some rain but gained the marina and the last berth in good time for dinner .As usual in the west of Scotland we had some of each of the four seasons in as many days. I was not made to cook all the dinners and wash up and was able to take my turn on the not for the faint hearted tiller (I had to have an extension rigged). I had a jolly good sail and left Peter and the crew to beat home into a rising Southerly.

Maybe they will think up another loop for me next year.

Yet another cruise to the Hebrides for *Marie Claire*

Seán McCormack

After experiencing a force 10 in Loch Boisdale on South Uist and some very poor weather during our 2010 cruise of the Hebrides, were we pushing our luck by planning yet another cruise to this, one of my favourite cruising grounds? After the very poor cruising weather of the past 3 years, surely this year would be different.

With these hopeful thoughts in mind, we departed Howth on Saturday 15th June. Long time sailing friends John Ahern and Vincent Dromey were doing the first half of a five week cruise, with a planned crew change in Mallaig, where Con Moran and Vivienne Cahill were to join ship. This was Vivienne's first time to cruise in the Hebrides. With overnight stops in Ardglass and Port Dandy in the Copeland Islands, we then made a tidal stop in Red Bay before berthing in Rathlin Island's handy little marina.

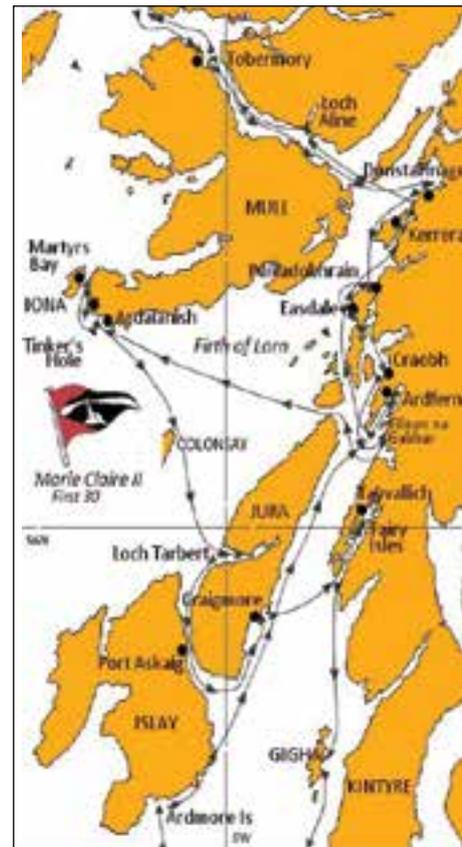
The next morning we realised we had to slow down and adapt to a more leisurely cruising life, as our departure was delayed due to the local shop not opening until the civilised hour of 11.00. We arrived into Plod Sgeireann, a sheltered pool ringed by skerries and islets in the remote Ardmere Islands, on the southeast corner of Islay. This anchorage, which is teeming with wildlife and home to the second largest colony of common seals in Europe, poses a significant navigational challenge on a first visit. The following day brought us to Ardfern marina near the head of Loch Craignish. That evening we dined and wined well in The Galley of Lorne Inn, where we met up with ICC members Dickie Gomes and Brian Law from yacht *Ainmara*.

The following day, Thursday 20th June, produced a bit of a roller coaster ride, as we came out of the tidal gate of the Dorus Mor and then north through the Sound of Luing, to arrive into Oban marina on the island of Kerrera. There is a free ferry service to nearby Oban every hour, which we availed of to dine ashore that evening and also to provision the next morning. In the afternoon we passed Duart Castle and its tidal gate, as we entered the Sound of Mull on our way

to the lovely and appropriately-named Loch Aline. We tied up at the fairly new pontoons and availed of the new on shore facilities which had only opened three weeks previously.

On the afternoon of Saturday 22nd June, we continued up the Sound of Mull to the busy and colourful town of Tobermory, where the new pontoons and shore-side facilities are proving very popular. My two grandchildren know this main town of Mull as 'Balmory' from the popular children's television programme. We spent a pleasant two days here in very mixed weather, exploring this sea-side town, with its picture postcard, brightly painted houses and also checking out the liquid fare on offer in the Mishnish pub. Shortly before our departure, Joe and Trish Phelan (ICC) arrived on *Lydia* to join *Ainmara*, which was already berthed here. On our way out of the harbour we met *Mystique of Malabide* with Robert and Rose Michael (ICC) on board. Perhaps we were about to miss out on a good ICC/Howth party. We anchored in the beautiful and very sheltered Loch Drumbuie in the mouth of Loch Sunart, where we enjoyed a very pleasant evening and a quiet night. The next morning we returned briefly to Tobermory to provision the boat and take on water and diesel before heading north.

On our way north at mid-day at John's suggestion, we tried a spot of fishing at Ardnamurchan L.H. This effort was only rewarded by some small coley, which I cooked for lunch while underway. Tonight's anchorage was Loch Scresort on the island of Rum, which is the biggest, most mountainous and spectacular of the four islands comprising the group known as the Small Isles. We anchored off the ferry pier and dined on board. The next morning we went ashore and walked to Kinlough Castle, an Edwardian mansion built by former owners of the island. On the way we met an energetic Robert and Rose Michael, who had hired bicycles to explore the island. Sadly, we found the castle closed and in a state of some decay, with warning signs of falling glass. The ostentatious Kinlough Castle was built as a fantasy home by a super rich industrialist and contains a working orchestration, one of only six that were ever made. In its time, this epic example



Vincent, Seán and John in Loch Scaivaig



Kinlough Castle, Rum

of upper-class Edwardian eccentricity contrasts sharply with the present day, where neglect, decay and recessionary times are taking such a toll here on Rum. In the nearby coffee shop, we failed to get a coffee at 11.30. It appears that coffee is served around noon, when the daily ferry arrives. From here we inched our way at low-water into the wild and dramatic anchorage of Loch Scavaig, under the Black Cuillins, on the south coast of Skye. We explored ashore looking down on the spectacular Loch Coruisk on a beautiful afternoon. Cruising seldom gets better than this. In the evening we moved the short distance to Soay Harbour for a more restful night, as Loch Scavaig can produce dangerous downdraughts.

On Thursday 27th June we weighed anchor and motored in misty, miserable conditions to Loch Harport, on the west coast of Skye where

we picked up one of the Talisker Distillery visitor moorings, off the village of Carbost. This is the only distillery on Skye, built in 1830, so a check on its product was deemed necessary. We explored ashore in the afternoon and on returning to *Marie Claire* discovered that *El-Torro* was at anchor. Peter Bullick and Myles Lindsay, both ICC, together with Rosemary and Brenda were on board and about to go ashore for a meal. The crew of *Marie Claire* were invited back to *El-Torro* for after-dinner drinks and this proved to be a very convivial get together. The following day was again miser-



able as we headed up the west coast of Skye, but was much improved as we picked up a visitors' mooring in Loch Dunvegan. Nearby Dunvegan Castle has been the home of the chiefs of MacLeod for nearly 800 years. Ashore we were served an excellent meal in the very professionally-run Old Schoolhouse Restaurant, before enjoying a nightcap in the Dunvegan Hotel.

With mixed weather forecast for the next few days and a crew change looming in Mallaig, it was thought prudent to get around the top of Skye. We decided on the small marina in Kyleakin on Skye, which would be sheltered from the forecasted southerly winds. All went well until we came out through Caol Sound. This is the sound between the islands of Rona and Raasay that takes you into the Inner Sound, from where we would lay a course to our destination. We were approached by a protection vessel and instructed that owing, to a submarine exercise in the Inner Sound, we must stay close to the east Raasay shore until we were contacted again. This change of course resulted in us now beating into a fresh southerly wind, instead of being closed hauled on our desired southeasterly course to Kyleakin. No sooner had we received the all clear to proceed directly to Kyleakin, than the wind backed and we still had the wind on the nose. We were none too pleased with their submarine war games. Arriving in Kyleakin at 19.50, having clocked up 55 miles, we went aground briefly while trying to get into an inside berth, in a very congested small marina. The 2.5 metre depth indicated in the pilot is no longer the case. Since the construction of the Skye Road-bridge and bypass, this harbour which was the Skye ferry port and gateway to the island has become a more tranquil place. It now depends more than ever on the business generated from an increasing number of visiting yachts. Especially in southerly winds, it is a far better option than the Kyle of Lochalsh on the other side of Kyle Akin. Also here were Hugh Morrison and Sandy Taggart, both ICC on *Quaila* and hospitality on board was enjoyed by the crew of *Marie Claire*.

On Monday 1st July we departed Kyleakin at lunchtime to make our way south through Kyle Rhea and the Sound of Sleat, to our crew change port of Mallaig. We encountered head winds as expected in Kyle Rhea and surprisingly just two knots of favourable tide. We beat most of the way to Mallaig, where we had pre-booked a berth in this fairly new, small and very convenient marina. Mallaig is a busy fishing and handy crew-change port, with a train service direct from Glasgow. John, Vincent and I had planned to eat ashore as this was their last night on board, but owing to heavy rain this idea was dropped and a meal on board was put together from very limited supplies. Here we again met up with Dickie Gomes and Brian Law on *Ainmara*. It's hard to get away from ICC members while cruising in Scotland. John and Vincent left for Dublin on Wednesday morning 3rd July, while the new crew of Con Moran and Vivienne Cahill arrived that evening, delighted with their very scenic train journey from Glasgow. I was receiving reports from home of beautiful summer weather, but it was rather slow in moving north to Scotland. In fact strong winds forced us to stay a fourth night in Mallaig.

We were all looking forward to this new weather system finally reaching Scotland. However Vivienne appeared very happy to stay watching tennis on TV.

On Friday 5th July with more southerly winds forecast, we decided in the afternoon after the wind eased a bit, to seek a change of scenery. We picked up a visitors' mooring in the very sheltered Dun Ban Bay, otherwise known as Doune Bay, which is four miles north of Mallaig on the east side of the Sound of Sleat. We had the place to ourselves except for two small fishing trawlers. The following day was wet and miserable with the wind still in the south, so any chance of getting south today was out. We were still getting reports of fine settled weather to the south of us, so perhaps tomorrow would bring us the expected improvement. The following morning brought welcome sunshine but no wind. We set a course under motor for Ardnamurchan Point and then to Tobermory, which looked splendid in the newly-arrived 2013 summer weather. The next day, having made full use of the facilities of this port, we motored down the Sound of Mull to Dunstaffnage Marina. It is a number of years since I was here last and I was surprised at the increased number of yachts on moorings, while there were a lot of vacant marina berths.

The morning of 9th July saw us passing Oban in Kerrera Sound, as we made our way to one of my favourite anchorages, the very popular Puilladobhrain. No visit here would be complete without a ramble over the hill to Clachan Bridge ("Bridge over the Atlantic") and a thirst killing pint in the famous Tigh-an-Truish Inn. We signed the "Visiting Yachts Book" on the very last page. This book contains the history of visiting yachts going back over thirty years. The skipper was able to show Con and Vivienne where *Marie Claire's*



Sean and Vivienne on way to pub

previous visits in 1983, 1993, 2000 and 2010 were recorded. Many other ICC yachts that visited over the years are also recorded and I presume a new book will be available soon.

The next day we made a lunch time stop at Easdale on our way to Craobh Marina. This former slate quarry has been flooded and transformed into a very popular tourist attrac-

tion.

The former workers' cottages are now attractive holiday homes, while a Folk Museum, together with shops, post office, restaurants and pub surround an attractive square overlooking Easdale Sound. After lunch on board and with the fine settled weather, the now very relaxed skipper failed to work out the tides for the very tidal Cuan Sound, resulting in a very slow and embarrassing passage through, with an adverse tide of at least five knots at times. Don't try it. A chastened skipper arrived safely into Craobh Marina.

The next morning 11th July, we came in through the Dorus Mor and up Loch Craignish to Ardfern marina. For the past week we had had a troublesome leak from the water pump and I phoned the workshop in the marina and they agreed to order and fit a new shaft seal. This they did quickly and efficiently. In the evening we moved down the loch to the anchorage of Eilean nan Gabhar (Goat Island). We enjoyed a very peaceful night here, with just the sound of birds for company and not a goat in sight.

The next morning as we headed west for the southwest corner of Mull, after passing out through the Dorus Mor, we set a course for the infamous whirlpool known as the Gulf of Corryvreckan, so as to arrive at slack water. During this passage, the earlier light fog became very dense and as we approached the Gulf, we got a call on the radio from a yacht behind us that had picked us up on radar, to confirm our intentions. Fortunately the fog lifted a bit just before we went through and apart from a few whirlpools it was quite tranquil. We arrived into the attractive and protected anchorage of Ardalanish, on the west side of Ru Ardalanish, the most southerly point of the Ross of Mull. Here we had the company of three other yachts for the night, in blissful isolation. Over the next two days we made calls to Iona and Tinker's Hole. A desire to visit Fingal's Cave on Staffa had to be dropped due to a fresh wind. On arrival into Tinker's Hole in mid afternoon, we were very surprised to find not a single yacht, but three others came in later. Perhaps because of the settled weather, the nearby anchorages of Ardalanish and David Balfour's Bay, where six yachts in total were at anchor, were proving popular.

I had never been into Loch Tarbert on Jura, a favourite with many local sailors, which the Pilot describes as the most remote loch south of Ardnamurchan. A desire to visit on previous cruises was thwarted by unsuitable weather. So it was that on Sunday 14th July we found ourselves at the entrance trying to find the leading marks, which are the key to safe navigation in the three lochs that comprise Loch Tarbert. How did we manage before GPS and chart plotters? It was low water as we made our cautious approach on the leading lines and even so, a lot of rocks were very close. We got safely into the anchorage at Cumhann Mor, which is the narrows between the outer and inner lochs. This is a wild loch in a spectacular setting, but only suitable in settled weather. However, seclusion is usually guaranteed and the prospect of stunning sunsets and if you are lucky, perhaps seeing the deer come down to the water's edge in the evening. We were

the only boat here until late evening, when a small Northern Ireland boat joined us. The next morning we availed of the favourable tide in the Sound of Islay, to make a lunchtime stop in Port Askaig, before going on to Craighouse on Jura for the night.

The following morning we headed up Loch Sween, to a lunchtime stop in the very pretty Fairy Isles, a new anchorage for *Marie Claire*, where having the place to ourselves, we tied up to the only mooring buoy. We later moved around the corner to the popular anchorage of Tayvallich, where we availed of the last free visitors' mooring. We were now seriously on our way home and next day found us at our final Scottish anchorage, the lovely Island of Gigha, where we anchored as all the visitor moorings were taken. Ashore we discovered that the late Mr McSporrans' shop had closed last December, frustrating our plans to buy some provisions and a can of diesel. We dined well ashore in the Gigha Hotel, well known to sailing folk over the years. Also in the hotel we met Derek and Vivienne White, ICC, from yacht *Ballyclaire* and a most convivial evening ensued, with a final night nightcap on their Fastnet 34. Derek very kindly offered us a ten litre container of diesel, as I suspected we might have to motor all the way to Howth.

Away the next morning motoring at 10.50 to avail of the tide and we made better progress than expected, to arrive into Brown's Bay, Larne, at 18.55. A local fog as we arrived was so dense that it was only as the anchor went down, that we saw

land to the east. Thirty minutes later we could see all the headlands to the north as far as Fair Head. A very early start the next morning, Friday 19th July, got us into Bangor Marina at 07.30. Away again at 14.00 on passage to the very convenient Ardglass Marina and from where the next morning we did the final leg to Howth. As we tied up *Marie Claire*, adorned with a bunch of heather from north of Ardnamurchan, the skipper and crew were well pleased with themselves.

Conclusion

This year's cruise could be described as a cruise of two halves. The first part was sailed in typical Scottish weather, cool, some strong winds and rather wet and miserable at times. With the exception of the first three days of the second part of the cruise, we enjoyed warm settled summer weather. This was the weather system that Ireland enjoyed for a few days, before it reached us in Scotland. The Western Isles looked magnificent in these conditions and was just reward for all the work and expense involved in owning and running a yacht. This good weather resulted in little wind for periods and consequently a lot of engine use, but nobody was complaining. *Marie Claire*, a Beneteau First 30 of early eighties vintage, did us proud yet again.

Duration of cruise 36 days

Total mileage 753

Anchorage/ports visited 34

New to *Marie Claire* 7



Tobermory - Fleishpot capital of the Islands

Two Lambs Heads: *Sancerre's* cruise round Ireland

Peter Mullan



You can be, and we were, lucky in love, lucky with the weather, lucky in your friends or lucky in all of these. On Friday 31st May, *Sancerre* set out from Quoile yacht club early to head south. The crew were Brian Best and Colin Stewart, who is commodore of Dundee University Sailing Club. There was a very short passage on the ebb tide round to Ardglass to position her for setting off properly on Saturday night. The GPS showed 11.5 knots past Strangford village with no wind. By 10.00, we were tied up in Ardglass marina. On Saturday 1st of June, we slipped off to Ardglass marina. My crew were Brian Best and now Michael Bready. I had my doctor and my vet, what could go wrong? My wife Paddy had two nearly new grandchildren to keep her busy and would not notice if I was away. It is a long sail due south and the best way to pass the time is with an overnight sail. With no wind, we motored through the night. We stood a two hour watch each from midnight to 06.00. Howth was passed at 05.40. With a good breakfast and a good tide giving us up to 9.2 knots, the ship was tidy for arriving in Arklow at 11.00. Good pontoons along the river, good Guinness in the Bridge Hotel, excellent stew from the fridge thanks to my wife and a warm welcome in Arklow sailing club. Please note, the river is not very deep in the middle at the new marina.



Peter in grandfather mode

Joe Timbs had recommended we go out round Glasgorman No2 buoy and sail away south. We had a wander around Rosslare Harbour at lunchtime and the sun came out. With careful navigation, we passed close to Carnsore point. The wind farm is very impressive. I think the turbines are beautiful. The locals may not agree. Tuskar can be awful but we had glorious sunshine and a little wind motoring round to Kilmore Quay. To me *Sancerre* is a modern hybrid. She is excellent under power and sails well when there is any wind. There is no reason to ever make less than six knots. Peter Courtney (ICC) had organised a dinner in the Silver Fox in Kilmore Quay for (ICC) boats going south, so we just had

to check it out. We were ten days early but it didn't matter, the food was excellent. Special starter was a trio of scallops, prawn and crab, special main was Monkfish and John Dory. It was Brians' birthday, so a candle in an icecream was his birthday cake. Instead of champagne, we celebrated with Dungarvan Black Rock stout.

Setting out from Kilmore Quay next morning, we missed seeing a lobster pot buoy. We were motor sailing after our very early start. There was an awful bang and Brian stopped the engine at once. Serious vibration from the prop shaft on restart meant turning off the engine. We looked at the ICC sailing directions in case we had to dry the boat out to check the prop and shaft. Our speed was down to three knots so the spinnaker went up. We tried the engine again after lunch and gently built up speed and all seemed OK. We had shaken off whatever was wrapped round the gear. A new Brunton folding prop was fitted just weeks before we set off so we did not know how well it would cope. Our speed picked up again so we made it into Crosshaven after having dinner under way. Evening racing had a sea of spinnakers across our path, so we kept well clear as best we could.

As foreigners from the wee north, we found Crosshaven quite delightful in warm morning sunshine. Very picturesque as we say. After breakfast and shopping, we walked round the boatyard admiring the beautiful restoration work being done. We had a much later start than usual for the short sail round to Kinsale. Wind was 20 knots easterly so we had an excellent blast. There was plenty of time in Kinsale for Guinness and photos and restaurant picking. Back on board, we were boarded by the Irish customs. My crew were highly amused when they were asked for passports. Michael married a girl from Wexford and had never been asked for a passport before in Ireland. The customs men were not amused but were happy with driving licences. Thanks to Norman Kean's warning in the Cruising Guide, I had the necessary papers so all was well. In the town, we admired the fine new building work done by Kinsale Yacht Club,

Thursday 6th June. The fuel berth at Castlepark marina had no diesel as it had an airlock. We were lucky again as there was plenty of wind. Once west of Kinsale, I had a list as long as my arm of must-see places. Everyone reading this will have half a dozen places between Kinsale and Baltimore where I should have stopped. The only regret I have is not going to see Norman Kean. His Sailing Directions were invaluable but more of that anon. With 20 knots easterly again, we rolled along at 6-7 knots past Seven Heads. We dithered between going to Sherkin or Baltimore. Baltimore was the more sheltered and there was a convenient berth alongside the pontoon. Diesel and water were available and the service was excellent. We can see why it can be the land of the lost cruise. It was hazy coming in at 1630, so we didn't see the Fastnet. Irish

Customs came aboard again, smiled and left.

Next morning, the sun was splitting the stones again as we headed out to go round the Rock. We had been given a parcel on departure from the Quoile with a label saying it was to be opened at the Fastnet. Thank you Malcolm Crichton. It was a bottle of Laphroaig single malt. We toasted *Sancerre's* arrival at the mighty rock. We had motored and sailed 300 miles from the Quoile. We took lots of photos and altered course to Dursey sound. Adrian and Maeve Bell got under the cable car in *Oisín Bán* last summer so we knew we would have no difficulty in *Sancerre*. A great sail across the Kenmare River to Lambs Head and we wriggled in to Derrynane at 17.00. Brian had seen the anchorage on a drive round the Ring of Kerry and was delighted to be sailing in. It lived up to its reputation for being a beautiful place. (If Carlsberg did moorings, this would be it). We went ashore for a pint or two and met Richard and Dee Fox. It was Brian's turn to cook for us and Dee may have noticed our lack of enthusiasm for Brian's cooking. She did the decent thing and offered to cook on board her boat for all five of us. I didn't want any messing about in dinghies, so Richard rafted *Mimosa* (ex Peter Crowley) beside *Sancerre*. He introduced us to Dingle Gin, seemingly only available in Dingle. We brought the appropriate wines and had a superb dinner.

Saturday 8th June Richard went ashore looking for his mobile phone. Sadly he had no luck. As consolation, I cooked us all the full Ulster Fry. Dee produced Clonakilty black pudding for me to make it an Ulster Monster Fry. We had long discussions about sending a text to his phone offering a reward for its safe return. Should the reward be 50 or 100 Euro. 100 Euro was agreed to be about right. We then bade our farewells and promised to meet up again. Then we were off. Richard was sailing to Cahirciveen under massive blue Gennaker, minus phone, and we were off to Dingle. First though, we had to pay homage in the sunshine to the Skelligs. A special place demanded a special lunch. Smoked salmon, wheaten bread and a fine chilled white Rioja. Like the Fastnet, or Fingals cave last summer, this was a real experience when seen for the first time. Dramatic scenery and lots of tripper boats. We had Richard's berth in Dingle marina and arrived there in afternoon sun.

[My plan for this seasons cruise was to make good progress and get to Lambs Head near Derrynane. My wife was to come down with Liam and his wife to meet us there. We were all going to have a few days' sailing in the sunshine. For this trip, we were to get to Lambs head and then decide if we were going right round or coming home up the east coast. There were no gales in the forecast for the next five days at least. As we had left Ardglass on a Saturday night and had arrived in Derrynane in less than a week, we decided to crack on up the west coast.]

We woke up early in Dingle on Sunday, planning to leave at 06.00. I pulled on my trousers and took my phone out of my pocket. It looked a bit old and worn and yet I had been given a brand new phone the week before we left home..... Oh Dear.... 05.45, too early to ring Richard and we had to

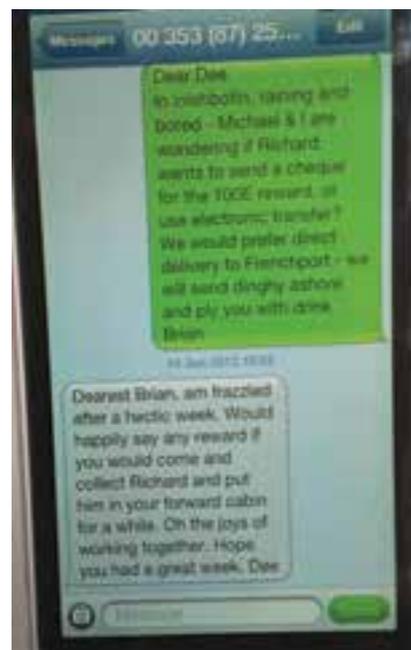
leave. A text was sent to his phone. *Good morning Dee, Richard's phone wandered off with the handsome dentist and was found sleeping in his cabin. As punishment it has been put in the cupboard with the fire extinguisher beside Richard's marina berth. Sorry. Sancerre.* Did I ever get stick from the crew?. "Magpie", "Klepto", and other names for the dozy skipper.

With the phone securely hidden, we set off for Inismore in the Aran islands. Fungie came to say goodbye as we left the harbour. After passing Stromboli, we had just a little foul tide through the Blasket sound. Wind was light and variable so we motored quietly onwards. I was still getting stick over the phone theft. They would visit me in jail

etc. At 09.30 a few dolphins splashed around us for a little while. Then they disappeared off to get some friends. They came back after half an hour for a few minutes' play, and left again. By the time we had finished our late fry, they had rounded up a gang of their mates and we had seven dolphins swimming around the bow. I set my camera to video and stood on top of the stem of *Sancerre* filming. The biggest one was about ten feet long and the littlest one only about five. They swam about on both sides of the bow weaving from one side to the other. The sunlight was intense and the water was so clear that the video clips were really good. After about ten minutes, they dived deep below us and disappeared. It was the most magic moment of the entire trip. We were so lucky to see them for so long. My new antifouling is VC offshore in white so I think they liked the colour! We resisted the urge to go exploring up the Shannon. It too was left for another year. The afternoon sun saw us into Kilonan on Inismore at 15.05. A new EU concrete pier with our starboard shroud tethered to the ladder on the wall gave us a comfortable berth for the next two nights. The laptop came up to the Pier head hotel to use the free WiFi. I took the opportunity to check Met Eireann's five day forecast. Heaps of wind was forecast for the next day. We decided over dinner in the Pier Hotel to take a day's rest.

28 knot gusts next morning confirmed it was time to stop for a day. After eight days' sailing, Michael and Brian needed to stretch their legs. A walk up to and around the fort of Dun Aengus fitted the bill for them and I had time for some repairs. Good food again at the Pier head to fortify us for the next leg.

Tuesday 11th June 07.00 *Sancerre* left Inismore in a grey



mizzle. We decided against a visit to Roundstone but to press on instead. By 14.30, we had Slyne head abeam. With the wind becoming light, we motored on up towards Inishbofin. A big French cruising yacht *Mio Palmo* from Concarneau overtook us a bit to windward and kept disappearing hull down in the swell. This was a new experience for us. Again the scenery was stunning as we tacked up through the islands. We had a look in the beautiful but very small anchorage on the east side of Friar Island. With the wind in the northwest, we were tempted to stay but pressed on to Inishbofin instead, arriving at 1700. The entrance is narrow enough and the bright red ferry coming out at full tilt did not slow to pass us. The approach to the inner pier looked interesting in the sailing directions so we had to have a go. There was water on the pier and we decided to fill up. Memo to self: buy a hose that folds flat with lots of end fittings. There were inches under our keel so we went out and found a visitors' mooring again. It was Brian's turn to show off his culinary skills with a magnificent Shepherd's Pie.

Early in the morning, I went ashore for a walk with Brian. We took the opportunity to explore Cromwell's fort and take photographs. It is an extensive structure in remarkable condition. The views are amazing from the top. There are the remains of a submerged pier coming out from the shore and the water is so clear it is totally visible. The plant life gives great colour to photos. It was the most beautiful place apart from Derrynane on our adventure. We left Inishbofin at 08.30 in calm bright conditions under engine. After an hour, we were abeam of Inishturk and had the most spectacular view to starboard of Connemara. We decided to skip lunch ashore. Instead we pressed on out round Achill head. There were spectacular views of Achill head but lumpy seas, lots of motion, lots of sunshine but not much warmth. By 14.00 the sails were on and the engine off for a cracking sail up inside the Inishkea islands. We were hard on the wind. Brian and Michael were bored so sent a text to Dee asking how she was going to pay the reward for the phone. She said she was back at work and promised to pay us only if we took Richard away off with us. As we passed inside Eagle Island the wind was on the nose again. Erris head was abeam at 17.00 and by 1800



Bills Rocks

we were on a mooring to the south of Ballyglass pier. There is exploration work going on and the contractors Belcoss have a large number of moorings laid. I asked a passing team for a mooring and was directed to one at once. Very friendly people and no charge. My turn to cook so, Sweet and Sour chicken was produced and declared very satisfactory. We watched the Ballyglass lifeboat go out on manoeuvres.

Thursday 13th June. Left Gubnacashela after a very good cooked breakfast. Wind light westerly. By 10.00 we were off the Stags in confused seas. While he was pulling on his oilies, Brian fell across the cabin onto the table and removed one leaf. It was the only damage to the boat on the whole trip. I decided to leave fixing it until we were attached to something. By 11.00 the seas had settled and by 12 the genoa was poled out and we were rolling along towards Downpatrick Head. at over 7 knots. The shipping forecast at 16.00 gave a series of Atlantic lows bringing strong westerly breezes with a full gale forecast for Saturday. Sligo seemed a good place to be for a crew changeover. Our original choice of Mullaghmore did not seem to be sensible any longer. On the previous Monday, when I had an internet connection, I wrote down the Met Eirean forecast for the next five days. It said then we would have 22 knots of wind on Thursday at 2pm, easing later. They were spot on and we had a great sail downwind to Sligo, doing 8 knots past Rosses Point with the Black man showing the way. ICC South and West Sailing Directions were clear all the way up to Sligo town. If I had not missed the last instruction, we would not have been stuck in the mud for a while just five minutes from the Pontoon. We were tied up just after 18.00.

Friday 14th June *Sancerre* was very snug in Sligo town tied up beside the bridge with a group of local Cruiser-racing yachts. The crew took off for a walkabout waiting impatiently for the sun to rise over the yardarm. I eventually found the harbourmaster "Red". A most helpful man, he organised magic electricity cards. He then took me in his Jeep to the fuel depot to fill *Sancerre* with diesel for the trip round Donegal. I repaired the cabin table good as new and repaired the shower head even better than new. He recommended that we eat at "Coach Lane" at Donaghys Pub and the food was fantastic.

On 15th June, Heather Best arrived with a new boiled cake and the new crew Chris and Liam. There was another food parcel from home. Two more excellent home-cooked dinners. We expected to fend a little more for ourselves in Donegal. After lunch the old crew left and the new crew explored Sligo in glorious sunshine. All our stores were replenished, liquid and otherwise. There was a festival on the main street with clowns and magicians and street theatre. The Guinness in Hardagans pub was perfect. We were on our holidays. Another great meal in Coach Lane set us up for the next few days.

On Sunday, we were going to start out at 08.00 but this was delayed by the late arrival of the Sunday papers in Sligo. Liam McKeating had gone for the papers and we couldn't very well leave without him. Our start was further delayed by the odd tidal time in the river. We had another session on the mud until the tide lifted us and we were away free to Rosses

Point against the flood tide. There are stunning beaches on the way out from Rosses Point and I will come back and walk them with Paddy. At 10.00 we set the sails and by 11.00 the wind was on the nose. The high cliffs of Slieve League are very impressive and my crew Chris Rodgers is a keen photographer. We had to go and admire these wonders. We stayed close in heading round Malin Beg and Malin More heads. That took us inside Rathlin O' Birne and that was a bad idea. Conditions were very lumpy with waves coming back from the cliffs, giving a very confused sea. The motion was very unpleasant as we motored north with the wind on the nose. Bearing away in any direction and even slowing to 2-3 knots did not improve the comfort. Liam really struggled with the motion and did not have a good day. Approaching Dawros head, careful perusal of the ICC guide advised us to take the easier way in from the west. With the wind from the north, it was very sheltered and flat calm at last. We anchored at 17.30 "Close southwest of the port hand perch".

Monday 17th June: Dawn may have been beautiful but after the previous day's struggle, we slept late (to 07.00). The sun had come out and Donegal was looking stunningly beautiful. After an early breakfast, we motored the 15 minutes out to Dawros head and turned north to pass outside Aran Island. Another boat, this time with some fishermen, was disappearing hull-down in the swell. It looked like they were walking on water. By 09.45, Aranmore light was abeam. We were off Rinrawros point. The spirit of Saint Brendan called me up on deck. Liam on watch said "Lobster pot to port but we will clear it." For some reason, I called for a plus 10 degrees on the autohelm anyway. The pot had 50 metres of floating rope across our path. We just missed it. Thanks Saint Brendan. There was a little tide against us. As the tide turned, the flood pushed us out towards Tory. This seemed a good



Tory Harbour Clouds

hint so we tied up in Tory harbour at 13.15. We all had a good lunch as Liam was back in good form.

15.30 Leaving Tory, we had a cracking sail to Downings and yesterday's discomforts were soon forgotten. As we passed Horn head, we could see the new houses on the hill above Carrigart, including Chris's house. He was delighted to see the view of his house from the sea. We were tied up by 19.00 in Downings alongside the pier. Paddy's pie went into

the oven and we all walked up the hill to the pub. After a few pints, the crew returned to a very well done Shepherds pie. It was felt to be necessary to go back up to see if we had missed anything in the pub. The crew said it was to walk off the wonderful food.

Next day, we left Downings under engine again. We wandered into Mulroy bay for some personal reminiscences and then by 11.00 we were off Fanad head. Engine off, sails on. After some time, the autohelm stopped working. By 13.00, we had tied up in Faughan marina. The showers were not working. Back in Ulster, we had an Ulster fry. A long walk stretched our legs. Liam was waiting to be collected by his wife Bridie as he was working next day. We said farewell and headed over to Rathmullan. The entrance to Faughan marina is narrow and shallow but we cleared Fahan spit by 16.00 and sailed over the lough under Genoa. We tied up at Rathmullan pontoon and soon were ensconced in the Hotel. After baths and a very fine meal (thanks to Michael Wheeler), we retired to the boat. I was worried about the lack of Autohelm. I realised we had turned off the engine and the fridge was running. This had dropped the voltage so upsetting the autohelm. We kept the engine running after that and had no more problems.

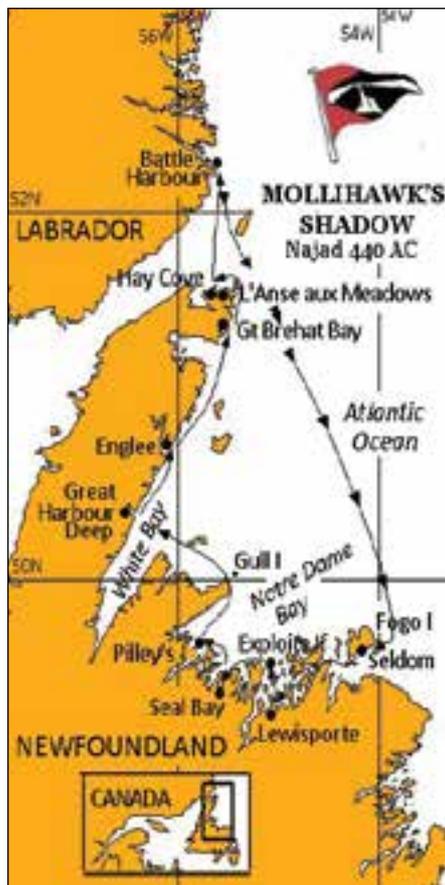
On Wednesday morning, we left Rathmullan with a knot of ebb. By 08.00, Lambs Head was abeam. This was the second Lambs head along with Derrynane's Lambs Head. Two Lambs Heads meant we had gone right round Ireland instead of turning back up the east coast. There was a horrible sea all the way out to Inishtrahull. The best option was to go charging through Garvan sound. It is 500 feet wide and 75 metres deep. By 13.00 we had 2 knots of tide against us. A mayday call relayed from Fanad head had us listening attentively to Malin Head radio. We were 4 hours past Fanad head and were relieved to hear two lifeboats and a fishing boat rescue three men from a boat that had sunk from under them. A helicopter took one of them to Sligo and all were cold and wet but OK. 14.30 and it was time to take down the Irish Courtesy flag. Our fuel tank was less than 1/4 full so we phoned Portrush Yacht Club. We motored into the harbour, filled our tank and left all inside 20 minutes. A real formula one pitstop thanks to the friendly people in Portrush. Rattling on to Rathlin with main and engine we had great fun surfing on big swells at up to 12.1 knots on the GPS. At 18.00 with the log at 2751, Sancerre crossed her track from last year and completed her circumnavigation of Ireland. 19.30 had us having a pint in Rathlin but there was no craic in the pub and the sun was too strong so we went on over to Ballycastle Marina. This was a good idea as Ballycastle has opened a new Marina building just up the road with fine facilities.

Thursday 20th June: slipped out of Ballycastle in the mizzle with little wind. Overfalls made the passage lumpy but we missed the worst by staying very close in. The wind built until it was on the nose at 23 knots. Boat speed was 6.2 but GPS said just 4.5 At 15.10 the tide finally turned and started to give us a wee lift. The sun came out. At 18.30 we crossed our outward track as we sailed in under full rig over the bar and at 19.00 we tied up at Strangford pontoon with the job done. The total distance was 912 miles.

Mollihawk's Shadow from Lewisporte to Labrador Return

Eddie Nicholson

As I sit here with the wind in my face and the sun going down in Hay bay Newfoundland, anchored alone as we do most nights in a typical Newfoundland setting of a few Swedish styled wooden houses, mostly uninhabited, I cannot stop thinking of what happened today. With the normal cruising chores of provisioning *Mollihawk* done and the bonus of a bag of shrimp from the friendly trawlers, we made our plan to leave the pier and sail up the coast to the most northerly point of Newfoundland to visit the early Viking settlement of L'Anse aux Meadows. Heading out to sea, leaving Cape Saint Anthony behind us, JP caught the first glimpse of what I thought was the familiar sight up here: a humpback whale splashing his fluke on the water like an oar. We motored out to it and as we approached we saw to our amazement (and delight) it was in fact a Killer Whale with his family. Mum, Dad and two kids. They swam together in a close pod and the male Orca's fin stands so tall out of the water that it is visible over 3 miles from shore. Soon they had submerged and were gone, paying no real heed to our presence and we headed north reeling in the moment we had just had, close enough to throw a stone at the most powerful of mammals in the sea. In some ways you felt you had the comfort one assumes as you sit in the stadium of Seaworld watching Disney's display of Orcas. But on the other you wonder what if they don't like the look of you? There is no one else out here. We pushed on North passing Great Breat Bay, where a small iceberg (the size of a Tug) had wedged itself on a rock at



the entrance as it made its way South, prolonging its existence by a few days. Then from nowhere the Orcas reappeared and again they were in our space, or more accurately we in theirs. No more than 20 feet away and cruising along at our speed of 6 knots, I for one this time was quite anxious. The male had a towering fin standing at least 4 m high and it appeared like the periscope of a submarine as it came up for air before submerging again. They travelled alongside us

for quite a while as they were evidently also on a passage north. We held a little comfort in the fact that, as they looked at us sailing alongside them that we were bigger than them, that is, in height but not in length. The male we estimated to be at least 50 foot long. On several occasions one of the kids, presumably an inquisitive teenager decided to swim towards us, just passing our stern. This really had us on edge and one really sensed that we were at one with nature and anything could occur, (a bit too much David Attenborough is not always a good thing.) Thankfully the seas here are full of easier prey than us. The experience of being surrounded by Orcas was one never to be forgotten. But such is the way of life up here that the next show started shortly afterwards at the tip of Cape Baud. Two playful humpbacks entertained us by breaching out of the water time after time and slapping their flukes on the surface. We were cruising in a very special place and we all knew it.

Pressing on we rounded Cape Baud and headed for L'Anse aux Meadows, the first Viking settlement this side of the Atlantic.

On recollection of Paddy Barry's ICC entry of the same port we chose not to try to anchor there and moved around to the neighbouring bay, Hay Cove or as it is locally known, Muddy Bay. By this stage after two major detours on our journey the day was getting on and we dropped anchor in 2m of water as recommended in the Newfoundland pilot:" ...Hay Cove 51° 36'N 55° 31'W Hay Cove is bounded on the north by Cape Ardoise and on the southeast by Cape Noir, which has sheer 100 foot overhanging cliffs. The cove is exposed to the north-east and is not recommended in threatening weather. Avoid the rock, having only 5 feet over it, which lays a little north of the middle of the approach between Cape Ardoise and Cape Noir. Go into the inner cove beyond the constriction where you can anchor in sand and mud near the 8-foot spot in the north west part of the inner cove. You can row ashore here and leave your boat on the shingle beach and walk to the road, which leads to the museum at L'Anse aux Meadows. In clear weather, from the top of the hill on the way to the Viking settlement, you can see across the Straits of Belle Isle to the coast of Labrador..."

After several unsuccessful attempts to secure a solid anchorage we were left with three options around 22.00: Either head out to sea where we knew there were 10 icebergs lurking (as per the Canadian daily ice alert chart), move to the next bay in what is a fairly inhospitable rocky coastline in the dark and tie up to Paddy's rickety dock, or finally Anchor Watch. Opting for number 3 we took our turns through the night with an exit course plotted on the chart if required. We made one move during the night as we dragged towards the shore and at 05.00 with the sun rising I set out to see why we failed to set our anchor the night before. The answer was simple: the mud had turned to rock. The entire seabed

was rock. Our anchor chain was the only holding we had that night and thankfully it was a calm night. While the bible tells us to build our house on rock I have to tell you it's not the best holding for a sailboat with a Bruce anchor. It all goes to show you can't be too careful when cruising and your own research is best. We should have been earlier to anchor and also should have checked the holding with a snorkel from the RIB.

We had left *Mollibank's Shadow* in Lewisporte, Newfoundland last year, under the expert care of Coast to Coast Marine run by Ivan and Jean Boone and returned this Summer to cruise the islands of the north in Notre Dame Bay and across to the coast of Labrador. The crew this year were well known to the boat, which is a great help to the skipper and, with a last minute cry off of one new member, we were four: Dermot O'Morchoe, Mike Hodder, JP Reilly and myself. There are so many islands in the Notre Dame Bay that we took advice from the local cruising folk and headed out in light winds and a good seven day forecast. First on our list of recommendations was Exploits Island. Exploits Harbour, positioned 49° 31' N x 55° 05' W consisting of Upper and Lower Harbours, lies in the channel between the two Exploits Islands. We overnighted here, availing of one of the many Lewisporte yacht club moorings positioned around Notre Dame Bay for its members and visitors at no charge. The two harbours are connected by a 30-foot wide passage, which is navigable with great care and at high tide if you draw less than 8 feet. For that reason we reversed out the way we came in the following day. With no services here (water or power) the homes which surrounded us are all for summer retreat. You might mistakenly think that this adds up to a peacefully quiet evening, but add in the teenagers' Boom Box which echoed out from the shore and you'll understand why we stayed only one night. The names here are a bit confusing, as the Upper Harbour is to the south and Lower to the north. They do say 'Down North' up there which might help to explain it. Sailing next day past Fortune Harbour bound for a night anchorage in Seal Bay, we stopped for a spot of cod fishing. The season

opens for two weeks twice a year for recreational anglers only and this was the first day. The locals are out in force every day they are allowed, aboard every size and shape of boat, to fill their freezers for the winter. With no fish finder on board, we used local knowledge and motored up to any group of boats we saw that were catching fish. This worked well for us and didn't seem to bother the locals. The lures they use are the size of a small anchor



Little Bay Island



Lunch in the Strait of Belle Isle - Mike, Eddie, JP

and we could only surmise it was so as to get down past the small cod, as the cod were large and plentiful on the bottom. Within a few minutes we had our fill and were on our way. We discovered on this trip that to say you have caught cod comes with the question: what is your favourite part? The tongue, the gills, the under belly, the cheeks, the eyes. Everyone we met had a different answer. This comes from overeating of one species, I guess.

Then on to Seal Bay; also known as "God's Pocket" Lies 49° 26.5' N x 55° 34' W. This is as snug and perfect an anchorage as the name implies. There are any amount of islands in Notre Dame Bay and as many suitable anchorages but very few cruising boats about which made it even more surprising that we had to share our night's anchorage with another boat, in God's Pocket. Next morning we motored the 6 miles across New Bay for a swim and a feed of mussels as our lunch in Glovers Harbour, before heading west through Long Island Tickle which separates Pilley's Island and Long Islands, passing Great Tinker Island on the way. Once past the narrowest point at 500m we steered north for Little Bay Island. Little Bay Island 49° 38.5' N x 55° 47' W situated on the western side of Notre Dame Bay came highly recommended to us by a resident skipper on Lewisporte marina. With two good harbours (Southern & Northern) but only one safe entrance, and the obligatory rock to be avoided at the narrowest point of the entrance, we motored in without event. The main pier was free as we approached and had showers and a laundry room attached but no wi-fi; that for some reason was down by the children's playground. Luckily there were no children there as we 4 sailors hung around there while Skype-ing home and downloading a weather forecast. It is a quiet outpost now with much charm and we experienced the same friendliness from all the residents who still remain. We were invited to the local Museum-cum-shebeen and heard all the fisherman's stories from the next generation, most of whom are refusing to be resettled to the neighbouring inland town. But time will tell as the Government brings an end to all the services here and offers attractive cash incentives to move.

High above the port is a lookout and it was from there we spotted a large iceberg on the horizon. This motivated us to move on, but not before we collected bucket loads of mussels and I had a snorkel in the bay for scallops, which were enormous in size but small in numbers and well guarded by the jellyfish. Our next destination was to be Great Harbour Deep, a fjord positioned mid-way up on the north eastern tip of Newfoundland. We decided to make landfall at first light and to push on north after lunch, as our schedule was tightening slightly. This required a passage of 80 miles to be sailed overnight, taking us out of the Notre Dame Bay area and into White Bay. We headed off north east for Gull Island 20 miles ahead, whose history is steeped in stories of shipwrecks and cannibalism. It was also the vicinity where the iceberg had been spotted. History relates that on 6 December 1867, the Queen of Swansea left St. John's bound for the mines of Tilt Cove with fifteen people aboard, including two of the mine manager's children and a druggist, Felix Downsley, who



Great Harbour Deep Fjord

was to have become a Tilt Cove doctor. Twelve miles from Tilt Cove, the ship ran aground off Gull Island, less than 5 miles off the mainland. The survivors lit a fire and waited in vain for help to arrive. In desperation, they resorted to systematic cannibalism, the unlucky victims being chosen by drawn straws. These measures only postponed the death of all hands, and when fishermen visited Gull Island a year later they found little but bones and Felix Downsley's diary. We sailed between Cape St. John Point and Gull Island (oblivious at this stage of its history) and stopped for a photo shoot at the berg as the sun set. Great Harbour Deep was once a busy place but sadly now is uninhabited, with many wooden huts remaining in various stages of dilapidation. Its sheer rock sides, covered by vast amounts of trees towering high above and the constant sight of eagles, form a very impressive backdrop for those sitting at anchor in the fjord below.

Heading north with an eventual aim of crossing the Strait of Belle Isle and landing on the coast of Labrador at Battle Harbour, we made for Cape St. Anthony, another 50 mile hop, putting into a somewhat unattractive Englee for a night on the way. From Cape St. Anthony we made for L'Anse

aux Meadows, where we visited the Viking settlement early (ahead of opening hours), not solely to avoid the entry charge but more in an effort to get across the Strait of Belle Isle early, as the forecast was good, predicting just a little fog. The fog creates a strange optical illusion and the view on the horizon is often deceiving, with clumps of fog looking like icebergs or appearing to be a massive tidal wave coming towards you and then, like all mirages, when you next look it's gone. Crossing the Strait of Belle Isle can be a treacherous passage and the weather is highly unpredictable but for us it was flat calm and a stop for lunch and a swim was enjoyed amid plumes of spray in the distance as the many whales came up for air.

Our experience was unlike Bear Grylls' in 2003 as he recorded in his novel 'Facing the frozen ocean' ".... it felt like we were riding some kind of wild beast..." "The boat rose and fell, as huge waves lifted her hull before throwing us down the face of the wave in front." Just shows you the difference a good forecast can make. As we made our way up the Labrador coast, we passed a few more grounded icebergs tucked in close to shore. Two Helicopters were seen circling the island and landing as we approached Battle Harbour. We surmised the worst in this small and tight community, where any form of assistance needs to be flown in. Truth was, it was a corporate fishing group stopping in for a few supplies. The entrance through the tickle (the waters between two islands) from the south was partially blocked by a large iceberg grounded on a rock, so we made our entrance from the north, arriving through this narrow divide between Caribou Island and Battle Island hardly wide enough for us, let alone the seaplane which landed in the same sea space the following afternoon. Approaching the wharf of Battle Harbour through the thinnest of tickles, you are met with a pier that had collapsed and later we learn that this was put in by the Canadian government only recently against the advices of the locals who pointed out that the pontoon could not be manufactured off site and delivered and sit square, as the sea bed was not level, but no one knows better than the government engineer eh? The local fishermen, now 7 in number, turned tour guides and carpenters were there to take our lines and we received the kindest welcome from Catherine Watt, the island Development Tourist manager. Full facilities of power,



Battle Harbour

water and showers along with a full restaurant and free wi-fi were available (but no diesel). A tour of the island for its history is not to be missed. On the tour we learnt that this small tickle of water between the two islands was so popular in the heyday of cod fishing because of its proximity to the fishing grounds. There were fishermen living on huts placed on every blade of grass and fishing boats clogged the entire tickle. The routine was very tough for the fishermen, who were slaves to the Merchants who bought their fish. He controlled the fishermen by giving them credit to buy basic food and provisions over the season in exchange for the cod they caught, but would only set the price of the fish when he knew how plentiful the season would be, thereby only ever paying the fishermen enough to survive and no more. In 1992, prohibition of Cod fishing was imposed by the Canadian Government and with that the industry vanished and the coastal communities scattered along the Labrador coast. The Battle Harbour Historic Trust has overall ownership of the area now and is restoring the buildings to their former uses. They are very keen to welcome all visiting yachts to the area and develop the Island for tourism. Catherine Watt can be contacted on e mail at Bhht73@gmail.com or VHF Ch # 69. For full details see: <http://www.labradorcoastaldrive.com/home/85>

The weather to date had been very much like a normal Irish Summer, (unlike the one they were having in Ireland this summer) and, even though there was an odd icebergs or two around, it was not cold. But in the winter here it completely freezes over and to think that Ireland is two degrees further north. How lucky we are to have the Gulf Stream passing by us. While this region is renowned for its fog, we encountered only small doses of it. We departed Battle Harbour at 12 noon the following day, dipped our ensign at the iceberg lodged at the entrance, and settled down for an overnight trip to the Island of Fogo. "The most Irish island in the world." (Irish Times article 25th September 2013). With no fuel available in Battle Harbour we calculated that we just had enough in our tanks to motor all the way if necessary but in fact we experienced a westerly breeze behind us the whole way. The southern port of Fogo is called Seldom, or Seldom Come By, to give it its full title, named so because the fishermen who passed seldom failed to call in. It was once the home of a large cod liver plant now a fish processing plant. A new pier for sailboats with showers and wi-fi were the only attraction to Seldom that we could find, so we took exclusive hire of the only taxi on the island and headed off for the day. Greg delivered us to an Irish settlement in the north east corner of the island called Tilting for an introduction to the owners of the Sheed. (Shebeen could be exchanged For Sheed.) A fine cabin-cum-bar-cum-workshop. On meeting Maureen and Phil Foley, the bottle of whiskey was immediately produced to test our Irish authenticity, even though it was only 11am. We passed the test and politely excused ourselves before we all got too settled. A much needed stretch of the legs was in order. But not before the guided tour to the local graveyard to trace the Irish lineage of the Foley family. The government



Sunken Pier at Sunset

here had tried in vain to resettle the inhabitants of Fogo in the 1970s but the locals refused to move, and while they are still determined to stay put it is hard to see this remaining so, too far into the future. With no employment on the island bar a small fish plant and the cod moratorium remaining firm, the young aren't staying and the population is mostly retired. The story is the same in all the outports and resettlement eventually becomes the only alternative. It is a depressing thought when you consider that in the past they were a self-sufficient thriving fishing community catching and drying their cod up and down these coasts. These ports we visited were in days gone by, bustling with activity as the cod were so plentiful and the sole source of income for all islanders. The cod ban has decimated island life and for those who have remained the only work seems to be in the oil fields of Alberta.

The black and white photos hanging on the walls of the cafes, of which there are few, are constant reminders of just how busy it was. They show bays filled to the brim with fishing boats where today there are none. Once the sightseeing was over, we headed back as promised, bottle in hand to Maureen's Sheed for a session of Irish music and to hear more tales of the night when *Northabout* arrived in Tilting. This has been a regular occurrence as we cruised the Newfoundland coastline. (Very friendly, very musical and in most cases very well behaved, is what we heard and in all cases a memorable night had been had). With two hours sleep and the Irish music still ringing in our ears we cast off from the pier in Seldom and made for Lewisporte. On arrival back to Lewisporte after two weeks' cruising we were met by Ivan and Jean and *Molliehawk's Shadow* was pulled and chocked before we departed. While the cruise was short in terms of weeks the experiences with nature and the friendships we made were long lasting.

Meandering to an Amphidrome, and quite the opposite

James Nixon

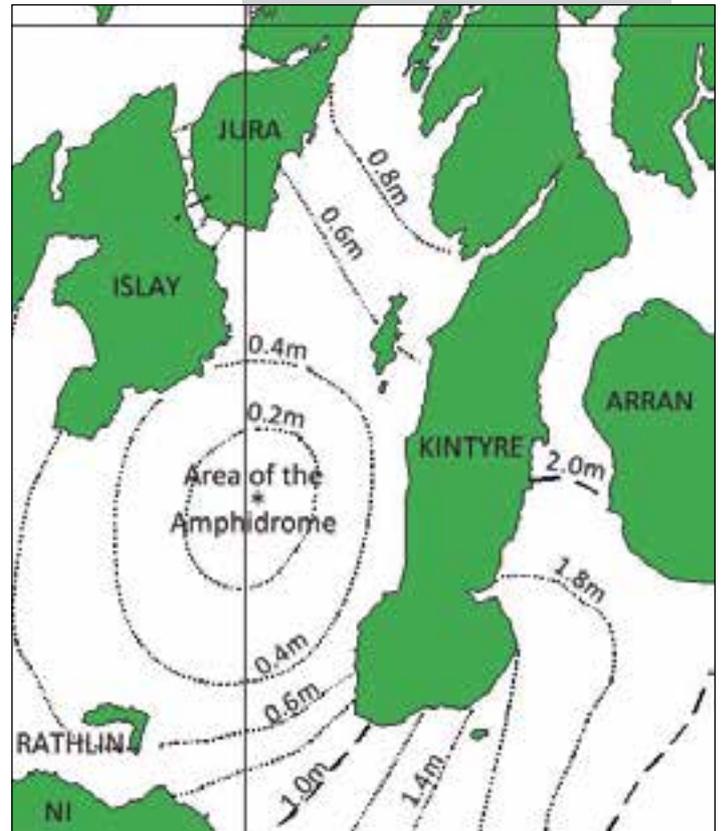
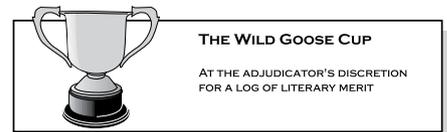
I bought *Meander* a year ago and apart from exploring her new home in Strangford Lough, there were no voyages into open sea. She is a Twister 28, all glass fibre, built in 1969. Designed by Kim Holman, they proved to be competitive in the early years, and are still popular as small sea-worthy cruisers. Arguable one of Holman's prettier designs, she is different in size and looks from my previous boat *Scilla Verna*, an Oyster 435, also a Holman design. The comforts are basic, even Spartan by current standards: tiny fresh water capacity, the galley sink (the only one) has to be pumped out by hand to the top-sides, no pressurized or heated water, no 'fridge, a tiny Garmin GPS, and a manual anchor windlass. *Scilla Verna* had 17 seacocks and *Meander* has five, 2 of which are cockpit drains. I could continue in this hair-shirt mode, but enough. During the winter I fitted a Webasto heater, which has been a success, and general refurbishment was done. She has a sturdy Beta 20HP diesel which was called upon a lot this year.

With David Lindsay, I co-own one of the elegant River Class 29ft Mylne one-designs which race on Strangford Lough and he joined me on the first outing in July. Our foredeck hand John Witchell came with me for the second. Both had cruised many miles with me in the past, and they hoped that my racing *mien* would disappear when cruising.

A Meander Around the Amphidrome

We left the Down Cruising Club pontoons at the light-ship *Petrel* at Ballydorn at 0900 on Monday 15th July. This was the start of a heat-wave that was to break records and dismay gardeners. In calm, we motored out of the lough and turned north along the Ards coast. The heat created some spectacular mirages, with distant ships appearing to float suspended above the horizon, sometimes inverted. The East Maidens Rock with its lighthouse seemed to have developed spectacular cliffs. Apart from occasional zephyrs these conditions continued until we berthed in Glenarm at 2000. We were underway at 0500 the next morning in similar conditions, with several others heading for the West Coast of Scotland, continuing a cruising tradition of leaving Ulster at (or for) the "Twelfth". Catching the ebb northwards through the North Channel, we passed Kintyre and entered the area of the North Channel Amphidrome.

An amphidrome is a point where the range of the tide is zero. They are formed when a nodal system is modified by the Earth's rotation. Several exist in these islands, one near Courtown Co Wexford, one on the south coast of England east of Portland Bill and another which we approached in the "Waters of Moyle" between Rathlin, Islay, Gigha and Kintyre. The paper "Anatomy of an Amphidrome" by K J George, MSc, PhD in the *Hydrographic Journal*, No 18, August 1980, is very instructive. This is a fascinating and (to me) not always comprehensible paper, with lots of sums included. The precise site of an amphidrome can move, depending on spring or



neap tidal phase. At Courtown the site is "Real" just off the town at neaps. However at springs it is inland, and referred to as "Degenerate". It seems that the North Channel one is always real but does move in the general area described earlier.

Counter-intuitively, the phenomenon is often seen with brisk tidal streams nearby, as in the three sites mentioned. In the Faroe Islands, the range in Torshavn is negligible, but the streams are formidable in places. In 1980 a paper by Cartwright and others in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* indicates that there is an amphidrome east of the Faroes, but not within the archipelago.

We motored on in calm warmth and picked up a mooring in Ardmish Bay, Gigha at 1300, where the spring tidal range is 0.9 metres. At the start of this passage the spring range at Portavogie near the mouth of Strangford Lough is 4.1m, and 1.4m near Glenarm where we neared the amphidrome.

Gigha is a lovely island, and we landed at the jetty which was busy with other sailors and visitors camping nearby. McSporrans' shop, at one time the hub of the Island, was shut. Evidently the islanders, who now own the title to Gigha, advertised for a post-master/mistress and shopkeeper, but some irregularity in accounting resulted in the postmistress spending some time out of circulation. The good news is that the shop was about to re-open with new staff.

The gem of Gigha is the garden at Achamore House and David and I were the sole visitors. It was a balmy evening and despite difficulties in the past, the gardens are as glorious as I remember. The *Ecchium* were spectacular, as was the

array of Rhododendrons. The viewing point on the ridge west of the garden allowed us to look out over the Sound of Jura to Islay and the Paps of Jura through the haze after the heat of the day. Since 1944 Sir James Horlicks created this famous garden out of a bleak unpromising site, and it now has a Scottish botanical research role. The short walk back took us past the hotel where we dined well, if undeservedly.

After another warm night we woke early and left through Caolas Gigulum to catch the north-going stream in the Sound of Islay. We briefly picked up a gentle breeze but it didn't last, so we motored on and were whisked through the sound past Port Askaig. We learnt later that there is now a small pontoon near the moored lifeboat, with the village hotel nearby. A light westerly allowed slow sailing to Outer Loch Tarbert on Jura, and, using the leading marks established by "Blondie" Hasler, into the Cumhann Mor and on into Loch Tarbert, Jura. We met the departing fleet of an Ocean Cruising Club rally, and to our relief we later had this lovely anchorage to ourselves. It had been a gentle passage with the Paps keeping us company throughout.

Our limited water supply encouraged us to bathe after we landed, and the sea water was warm in the sea-weed as we dipped. It was a lot colder in deeper water. On my last visit, Ed Wheeler and I had fun fly-fishing for little trout in the small lakes above the anchorage, but this time the stream draining them was dry in the drought conditions. The wild flowers were spectacular, particularly Asphodel, as we walked round the shore to the bothy. It is in good condition and can now be rented out. Getting there overland would be testing, and my favourite old walking boots disintegrated on our short hike.

The spring range here is 3.1metres so we were distant from the amphidrome. The spring range at Port Askaig is 2.2m, and next day we motored and drifted back south into the amphidrome area. Passing through the Ardmores Islands we made for Port Ellen where the spring range is 0.6m, very near the centre.

We took a pontoon berth, and were lucky to do so as there were many visitors. The village was buzzing too and we couldn't get a table in the smartly renovated hotel, though there were good showers in a B&B annex (leave £3 in the honesty box). There was no diesel left in the local petrol station but a kindly fisherman helped us out. We had used most of the tank, and the weather did not promise wind for the next few days.

We left at a civilized 1030 next morning and motored in a bright sunny force zero to Rathlin Island, rounding close under the cliffs at Bull Point. The huge guillemot and other sea-bird populations are less spectacular in July, but it was still busy and aromatic. We berthed at the pontoon in the harbour in Church Bay at 1530.

Walking towards Rue Point with little enthusiasm in the persisting heat, we turned back to McCuaig's Bar for beers, and then back aboard to eat. The dining on Rathlin has been good when the Manor House has been open. It is now a

National Trust property and looks very smart, but did not offer dinner when we were there. I first visited Rathlin in 1964 crewing on Ninian Falkiner's Dublin Bay 24 *Euphazel* on a circumnavigation of Ireland. Also aboard was Michael d'Alton, the very traditional navigator, his wife Mabel and Aidan Tyrrell, a fellow student/crew. All pillars of ICC now or in the past. It was another glorious summer that year and we walked the Island, with a corncrake calling in every little field, long gone now. There was no sheltered harbour but we lay alongside the old stone pier that night. Aidan and I were on deck before dawn fending off as a swell came in from the west. The skipper, navigator and Mabel had been offered (and accepted) beds ashore by the Gage family who owned the Manor House at that time. It is a good safe haven there now, built with help from taxpayers all over Europe.

The spring range here is 1.0m, but timing is unpredictable and irregular. Norman Kean in *The ICC Sailing Directions* states "The rise of tide is irregular and the tidal curves quite asymmetric..." A strange situation on the edge of the North Channel amphidrome.

We left before dawn at 0400 the next day, Saturday 20th July and picked up the first of the south-east stream in Rathlin Sound. The nice south-easterly breeze gave us hope of sailing, but after Fair and Torr Heads were astern it petered out. David practiced navigation as we motored south through the last of the north-going stream in Donaghadee Sound. More desultory sailing along the Ards Peninsula was enlivened by a plumbing problem. A plate in the galley sink became firmly attached to the outlet by the suction of the little hand pump, and despite all efforts could not be moved. I suggested a destructive cure but David has a subtle engineering streak and eventually broke the vacuum by gently unscrewing the pipe below the sink. His joy was unconstrained, and yet another pot of coffee was made.

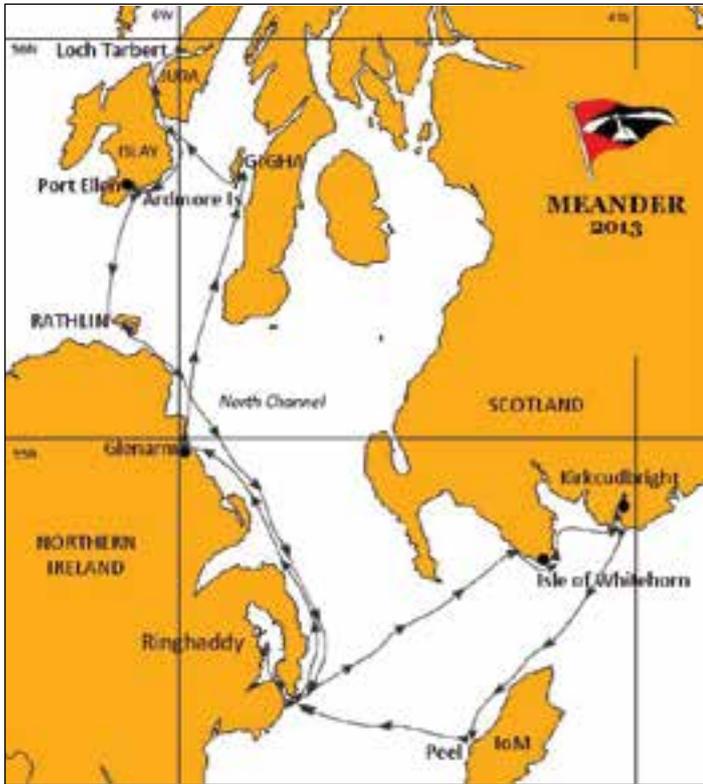
I bemoaned the lack of a revolution counter to allow us to set the engine consistently, and he solved that also by downloading an app to his iPhone that worked quite well. Amazing.

We were soon back into Strangford Lough and on to the Ballydorn pontoon, berthing alongside at 2030. Our lines were taken by the sunburnt members of the ever-friendly Down CC.

It had been a grand little six day motoring trip, but great fun visiting some old haunts. However 2 days were spent getting to and from the north coast of Ireland, so next time I would try to position *Meander* in advance in Ballycastle or Glenarm, both being within easy distance of those lovely isles.

Quite the Opposite: A Solway-Manx Meander

If the first cruise was marked by small, sometimes negligible tidal ranges, this second one into the Solway Firth was into an area of impressive tidal ranges, and streams. The maximum range in Solway varies between 5.3m in Luce Bay



to 7.4m at Kippford, and 7.7m at Maryport on the Cumbrian coast. These are formidable ranges, but the Bay of Fundy in Nova Scotia reaches a maximum range of 16.3m (53.5 feet). This is the greatest in the world. The streams reach 4.5knots at Burrow Head, as we were to discover. The name Solway evidently has an Anglo-Saxon root: "Sol" meaning mud, and the further east one travels, there is lots.

I had never been there, as indeed few ICC boats have. I know the late JR (Russy) O'Neill went there some years ago with Michael McKee and Ed Wheeler aboard *Miss Molly*.

I was joined by John Witchell for this trip, starting again from the Down CC on Monday 26th August, we headed for a party at David and Judy Lindsay's house on the Quoile estuary. The weather pattern was more unsettled than earlier, but we motored and sailed that evening in sunshine.

After an excellent supper ashore, we left Strangford



Isle of Whithorn at LW.

Lough late next morning and were through the Narrows by noon. It was calm as we motored across the North Channel, but a fine north-westerly filled in as we passed the Mull of Galloway, well to port. Burrow Head was the next hurdle, but our late departure meant that we faced a gathering ebb heading into that nice breeze. In an unpromising sunset we surged and bumped in the race towards the Machars Peninsula and the headland. The latest edition of the Clyde Cruising Club's Sailing Directions for the Firth of Clyde (2011) include the Solway, and I should have studied it more closely. The advice is to hold well inshore, and eventually we found smooth water and a favourable eddy to help us round Burrow Head at dusk. The leading lights into Isle of Whithorn guided us to anchor in the bay at 2130, about an hour before LW. The range at springs is 6.2m.

This is a sheltered spot in a northwesterly, and we were wakened on a sunny morning by small fishing boats leaving before they dried out in the harbour. We landed from the dinghy outside the pier and explored. John had worked on an estate in the area as a student, and the farm-land in Dumfries and Galloway is fertile.

Saint Ninian, the patron saint of gardeners, is credited with converting the Southern Picts to Christianity in the 4th century AD. The town of Whithorn, a few miles inland from the Isle, became a centre for pilgrimages for about a thousand years. Its significance has now been eclipsed by Saint Columba and his mission to Iona. We walked to the partially restored chapel of St. Ninian on the Isle itself, the peninsula that forms the east side of the inlet where we anchored. By this time it was again LW, and the harbour had dried. Ed Wheeler has told me *Miss Molly* had dried out alongside there, a few paces from Steam Packet Inn where we had coffee before setting off eastwards.

John helmed as we had a grand run in sunshine across Wigtown Bay, briefly inspecting Portyerry Bay, about 1.5 miles north of Isle of Whithorn. It would provide good shelter from the west, and even some from the south, with good holding. As we bowled across this lovely bay in sunshine, the wooded hills and distant mountains made a grand spectacle to the north. We caught sight of the wind farm on the Robin Rigg Bank further to the east. It seemed immense, even at that distance. The Cumbrian mountains of the Lake District were clearly visible to the south. A sail to remember.

I was able to contact Dr Jill Burland who had qualified with me in Trinity. We arranged to meet on arrival. She has retired to Kirkcudbright with her husband Dr. Douglas Mellon, one of our consultant lecturers, and a keen sailor in his youth. He joined the ICC in 1947, only beaten by Joe FitzGerald who joined 3 years earlier.

As we approached Little Ross Island we were called on VHF by the Kirkcudbright Firing Range Patrol Boat. The Range was active using live rounds. We had heard a few noises that I thought were sonic booms, but they had detected us on radar and insisted that we follow the patrol boat into the Dee Estuary and the channel up to the town. The safe water had

us a little closer to Little Ross Island than one would like, but they were helpful as we yawed our way through the race just to the south of the island. The military area was used for training prior to the D Day invasion.

The pretty channel is well buoyed and we sailed up most of the way to Kirkcudbright, berthing at 1630, just over 3 hours from Isle of Whithorn. There are good pontoons and showers run by the local Sailing Club. The ancient town is close, and I met Jill and Douglas as I walked. We hadn't met for years and we had a great evening of reminiscences and good food. However there wasn't time to see more of this elegant little town, though I had been there by road. It is



Kirkcudbright

celebrated as the artists' colony where the Glasgow Boys and Scottish Colourists were based.

We had to leave early next morning to catch the ebb, and with brisk southwesterlies forecast, we left at 0500 in grey damp conditions, hoping to get to the Isle of Man. Once out of the estuary we motor-sailed uncomfortably for about 7 hours towards the Point of Ayre, which we left to port. I had last been there on *Ainmara* 50 years ago when racing round the Island with brother Winkie in command. Conditions then were warm and sunny, as ever in memory, and our lively conversation aboard must have been clearly audible to the families picnicking ashore that day. Modesty doesn't prevent us continuing to tell of winning that race.

In slightly better weather we continued along the west coast of the Isle of Man to Peel and through the entrance into the basin. We berthed after a passage of about 12 hours, all by motor-sailing. We like Peel, but there is still a collection of sad boats of varying sizes and stages of decrepitude, berthed permanently it seems, the dreams long unfulfilled. The efficient lifting sill has transformed the use of the harbour, and the town appears to be thriving. There were many vintage motorcycles on display and driving noisily, with equally vintage riders.

Again we were under pressure to leave early next morning. There were arrangements at home and a persisting poor forecast, with the freshening wind to veer to the west,

and force 7 possible, and our destination was Strangford Narrows, in that direction. Another factor was the time at which the stream there would become favourable. We got under way at 0800 on Friday 30th August, and as we did so a fine salmon leapt just astern, quite amazing. The fish-pass at the "Gate" must be



Witchell tries to flee Patrol Boat

having some effect. At that time we had to radio the Harbour Control at Douglas, and the sill and bridge were opened by remote control for us. The berthing charges pursued me and the bill arrived at home a few weeks later.

Before rounding the outer breakwater we took in a reef and unrolled a little genoa and headed out into a fresh breeze. It became even fresher and we motor-sailed again to hold course and try to get in before it got even worse. After 4 hours it cleared a little and we had some good sailing, before slowing deliberately as the ebb was still running at the Narrows.

At the Bar we were able to sail through the last half-hour of ebb and into smooth water at last. We carried the westerly through the Narrows and up Strangford Lough past Long Sheelagh where it really piped up. By Deadman's Rock it was over force 6 and now almost north-westerly as a cold front passed. We stowed sails and plugged the last mile into the Dorn, berthing back at the Lightship, in just under nine hours from Peel.

John and I have sailed many miles together, and this had been another memorable, if short, trip. I would like to have more time to explore the Solway, to get the tides right, and to read the sailing directions. There are several ports on the Cumbrian coast that would deserve a visit next time. This year *Meander* proved to be the excellent sea-boat that many had told me was so. The Beta engine also proved its worth. These two short cruises with old friends in a small boat demonstrated for me how I can derive just as much enjoyment as from a longer voyage. But maybe we will venture a little longer and further next year.

Old Lady in a hurry – *Ainmara* at the Dublin Old Gaffers' weekend

Winkie Nixon

Our skipper had the look of the little lad on the farm the night Lassie didn't come home. Yet it was bright daylight, and the sun shone. But we were in Mistral conditions downwind of the Mourne, on course from Strangford towards Howth, and reaching along like a bat out of hell with the wind seeming to rise even further every time we took in yet more rolls to ease the battering on the 101-year-old *Ainmara*.



The Dear Leader

She was loving it, clocking more than seven knots, but the captain didn't like it one little bit for this first sail of the season. It was Thursday May 30th on a busy programme, starting with the first weekend of June in Dublin Bay for the local section of the Old Gaffers Association Golden Jubilee circuit of Britain, which was heading sufficiently west to take in Dublin and Belfast.

Dickie's crew for the hop to Dublin were Brian Law, Ed Wheeler and WMN, and we were going initially to Howth, as *Ainmara* won Howth SC's annual Lambay Race in 1921 when still owned and skippered by her designer-builder, John B Kearney.

Next day we took aboard Pierce Purcell Jnr from Galway whose father Pierce had been Commodore of the National YC from 1946-48, in which role he ensured that John Kearney became NYC Rear Commodore until the great designer-boat-builder's death in 1967. *Ainmara* was able to provide him with a sail in the senior Kearney yawl under everything to jib tops'l in gentle conditions across Dublin Bay to the National YC, where Ronan Beirne (ICC) co-ordinated a splendid welcome, with a couple of 17ft Mermaids (designed by Kearney in 1932) and the flag officers in Ronan's RIB meeting us at the harbour mouth.

NYC Commodore Paul Barrington and his members were very hospitable and all our problems were solved, for although Ed had to head back to Belfast next morning for a Donaghadee Male Voice Choir gala performance, in his stead we recruited Mermaid National Champion Jonathan O'Rourke and his wife Carol for next morning's race in Dublin Bay for the *Leinster* Plate, the opening event of the Old Gaffer's visit to Dublin.

The race was starting in Scotsmans Bay east of Dun Laoghaire so that the fleet would replicate some of the route followed by the RMS *Leinster* in 1918. She'd been torpedoed by a U-Boat out near the Kish, with hundreds of lives lost. In putting up the *Leinster* Plate, the Communications Workers Union wished to commemorate all of the victims, and particularly the 21 postal workers in the ship's mail sorting room.

Conditions were perfect, with sunshine coming and

going in a brisk west to northwest wind, though as it was forecast to soften in early afternoon, we went no further into the channel than the North Burford Buoy. In all, around 14 diverse boats took part, about a quarter of the OGA fleet which had been assembling at Poolbeg.

We weren't the only Bermuda-rigged boat, as Brian Comerford and his family from Dun Laoghaire were taking part and celebrating the Golden Jubilee of their beautiful 1963 Tyrrell-built Robb-designed 37-foot yawl *Verve*, which has spent most of her life involved with the ICC. She was built for Paul Campbell, who had been Commodore from 1954-1958, but with *Verve* he spread his wings afloat, and was Honorary Editor for years of both the *Sailing Directions* and the *Annual*.

The Dutch contingent impressed with Rik Janssen's mighty steel-built Galway Hooker *Cine Mara* (which he and his brothers built themselves) and Fred Schotman's Lyle Hess 28 *Raven*, also owner-built and displaying the most beautiful transom stern you've ever seen. The local contingent were led by *Naomb Cronan*, the big Galway hooker which was built by a co-operative in Clondalkin in Dublin 15 years ago, while vying for traditional effect at the top end of the fleet was Joe Pennington's handsome cutter *Master Frank* from the Isle of Man.

Built in Ramsey in 1896, *Master Frank* was the last surviving Isle of Man sailing longliner. But though the Manx government had been entrusted with her, they didn't really know what to do. So Joe, who runs a woodworking business and had demonstrated his classic boat preservation credentials, is reputed to have marched in his overalls into the Manx parliament in the House of Keys to make an impassioned speech deploring the state of the *Master Frank*. He concluded by offering to take full personal responsibility for the vessel and her restoration if they'd sell her to him for £1. They accepted.

So there was *Master Frank* on that fine morning, sweeping around Scotsmans Bay in style, a worthy Manx flagship, her crew including Paddy Barry ICC and other renowned traditional salts. We'd a two part start with *Master Frank* and *Naomb Cronan* and their enormous bowsprits tearing off towards the horizon a good minute in advance of the official start for the rest of the fleet, where the best of it was had by one of the Round Britain boats. This was the Cornish Pilot Cutter 34 *High Barbaree*, owned by very senior sailors Tim and Liz Dodwell from the Beaulieu River, who despite their rugged voyage to get to Dublin Bay, gallantly went out and proved that with a cutter rig, this hull sister of Alan and Irene Aston's ketch *Golden Nomad* can be a flyer.

In his wisdom the skipper had stuck me on the helm,



***Ainmara* emerged from the pack and loved it**

and those first twenty minutes with bowsprits coming at us every which way were a dry-mouthed affair. But sheets being cracked, *Ainmara* was just able to carry full main and soon was emerging from the pack, and loving it. And once we'd eased off round the first mark for the long leg to the Burford, she could take the jib tops'l, soon going so well we could pick our way to leeward past *Naomb Cronan*, and then start hauling in *Master Frank*, which was going like a train.

But the day suited *Ainmara*, and soon enough the lead was ours to chuck away. By the final beat I was knackered, and Dickie suggested Jonathan might like to take the old girl up to the finish off Drumleck. Jonathan was ace on that tricky last beat, nipping round the limit mark so neatly, as the tide swept across, that if the mizzen boom been an inch or two longer, we'd have hit it.

Under-pinning the enthusiasm for *Ainmara's* proposed visit to Poolbeg Y & BC was the fact that she'd been built in Ringsend in 1912, yet hadn't been back since 1923. But now that we'd first-to-finish in the inaugural race for the *Leinster* Plate, we could finally take the old girl back to her birthplace for the first time in 90 years with added honour. *Ainmara* berthed at Poolbeg alongside the biggest of the round Britain boats, Philip Cogdell's 57ft steel pilot cutter *Annabel-J*.

The place was heaving with gaffers old and new, and it became even livelier with the arrival of a dozen Howth Seventeens under jackyard tops'ls – they'd raced from their home port. The Howth class have been in existence for 115 years, and the OGA was celebrating its 50th birthday, but the two groups had never formally got together. There was a real buzz with the arrival of the Seventeens, and it greatly increased the ICC involvement as the Howth boats brought in Peter Courtney, Reggie Reville, Davy Jones, and John Massey, while John Delap was also there with *Sceolaing*.

Then too, the overnight crew of *Ainmara* was wall-to-wall ICC, as Ed was to return in the small hours, finding the ship by looking for a yawl with ensign still aloft, as only he regarded lowering the colours as a priority. Meanwhile, I'd been taking in the full impact of this extraordinary assembly of craft in the evening light, crowded up along the pontoons with ships manoeuvring close nearby, when a fresh addition came into view, a hefty gaff yawl coming gently up the river.

It surely couldn't be...?.....but it was, Mr & Mrs Wilkes aka Andrew W and Marie Breathnath RCC & ICC, aboard their handsome North America-circumnavigating *Young Larry*, on a round Ireland cruise and diverting into Ringsend to join the throng.

The club was buzzing as the mood built up into the prize-giving, with DBOGA President and world-circumnavigator-under-gaff-rig Tim Magennis and his eccentric team keeping the show on the road. We'd been more than happy to take line honours, and never thought we'd be in the frame on handicap, as our beloved skipper was never done telling us how punitive his handicap is when he carries his jib tops'l. And anyway we thought that only a gaffer could win the *Leinster* Plate. In fact, we assumed that the winner would be Sean Walsh's Heard 28 *Tir na nOg*, which had gone exceptionally well on the beats.

But Tim read out the prize-winners starting from third, and that went to *Tir n nOg*. The little Dutch thoroughbred *Raven* was next announced as second. Pregnant pause. Then the place erupted as *Ainmara* was named as first winner of the *Leinster* Plate. Not because there was disagreement about it going to a non-gaffer. On the contrary, it was because of the huge amount of goodwill for our doughty skipper and his loving restoration of an old Ringsend-built boat. For a moment we thought emotion was going to get the better of him, but he managed a heartfelt speech, and after that there was nothing for it but to continue partying once we'd had a photo taken on board with the trophy, as we'd only be allowed to take a replica back to Strangford Lough.

But there was a busy day to be put in before we headed



Dickie, Winkie and Brian with the *Leinster* Trophy

back north, as next morning (Sunday June 2nd) the entire fleet passed through the Eastlink Bridge and upriver to berth immediately downstream of the *Cill Airne*, the restaurant ship, for a Riverfest in the heart of town. Nobody quite knew what to expect, as this was a first for everyone. But the weather was gentle even if there was scarcely enough wind for the Howth Seventeens' in-river racing, yet they managed a couple of heats and had a set of results before the scene was taken over by Dublin Port's two super-modern mega-tugs putting on their waterborne ballet, and with the captains' families on

board in their 360 degree bridges.

The *Cill Airne* was an inspired choice as the base of operations, for though this former Cork Harbour Liner Tender is stylishly finished as a hospitality hub in classic ship style, the job was done by somehow getting her up the Ilan River in West Cork to the boatyards at Oldcourt, exactly the sort of place where old gaffers feel at home. In Oldcourt, 132 different tradesmen – most of them recruited locally – worked on the ship until she was finished to international standard, and presumably for much less than it would have cost in an “Official” dockyard.

So from the grandstand of the *Cill Airne* we watched the crazy scene, and somehow made sense of it all, but for some of the visitors it was just chaotic. *Ainmara* was berthed in the Liffey alongside Alistair Randall’s 31ft 1898 gaff cutter *Witch*, which was designed and built by Dickie’s of Tarbert to be the ferry boat to Gigha. She did this for the first twenty years of her life, then she was converted to a yacht, though you could still see evidence of her original role, including some seating for passengers up forward, as the best space amidships had been given over to the much more important cargoes of cattle and sheep.

Despite her deep draught, *Witch*’s home port for fifty years in the ownership of Alistair’s family has been the Walton Backwaters in north Essex, so *Witch* was just one of two British boats which went the whole way round from the start on the Blackwater where the OGA originated in 1963. The Dutch contingent supplied more circumnavigators, but the interest was in *Witch* as senior boat, particularly as she was still going strong after needing an emergency tingle fitted forward after she’d fallen out of a wave off Start Point earlier in the circuit. Subsequently, it was intriguing to read Alistair’s Round Britain blog of his experiences in the Dublin river:

“On Saturday there was a race but I decided to opt out as there was maintenance I wanted to do on *Witch*, and in any case on a 2000 mile cruise it seemed silly to risk thrashing her round the cans. Paul joined *High Barbaree* as crew for the race, and Hugh went off to catch up with some more friends. In the evening there was more music and drinking.

“I have found the Irish concept of time a bit challenging, as things never seem to happen at the advertised time, or they just happen without an advertised time at all, yet other people seem to be there at the right time and we miss things. Today we took part in a parade of sail up into the quayside through a lifting bridge, but the advertised time for exit came and went and there was utter chaos of sailing boats with no engines, giant tugboats and the entire fleet of gaffers milling around trying to avoid each other while the bridge stayed obstinately closed.”

For the many Irish participants, it was no problem. With the light airs for the Seventeens’ racing, and with everything else also running over time as everyone was enjoying themselves so much, the decision was taken to delay the bridge opening by half an hour. This was as usual transmitted by telepathy, and at 1600 hrs prompt, up it came, and everyone



Despite light airs, the Howth Seventeens managed to complete two races

tried to leave at once.

A perfect still summer’s morning, Monday June 3rd, and time to head towards Belfast. We departed away across a calm sunlit Dublin Bay. We pushed the tide past the Baily in company with *Annabel J* and went close inshore along Ireland’s Eye to avoid the foul tide. Passing close by Rockabill at lunch-time, the warden for the roseate terns was taking her daily swim at the jetty, disappointingly clad in a swimsuit. It was a somnolent afternoon with just enough southeasterly to help us as we motor-sailed and briefly sailed across a smooth blue sea, with the purple peaks of the Mourne’s looming distantly above the summer haze.

Ardglass that night was a balm for partied-out people. The last time the three of us had been in Ardglass together was 1968, when Dickie had been on *Ainmara* with his brother and others, bound for La Rochelle, while Ed and I were headed for La Coruna on the 25ft *Ice Bird*. Everyone was back in Ireland by the Autumn except Ed, who was bound south and east from Spain towards Shanghai aboard an ancient ship on a voyage worthy of Conrad.

Next morning while motor-sailing northwards in a sunny easterly, we suggested to the skipper that a mildly celebratory yet brief lunch stop might just be possible at Donaghadee, where our cruising with *Ainmara* began in 1960. He gruffly agreed on condition that there’d be no lingering in the place, as the tide would be against us in Donaghadee Sound after 1400 hrs. This message was passed on in phone calls to two former ICC Commodores, Peter Ronaldson and Michael McKee, so everyone was primed for a quick bite as we came into a little port at its picture postcard best.

Everyone, that is, except the skipper who’d been insisting on the compressed nature of our arrangements. He hadn’t reached the top of the steps on the pier before some passer-by had stopped him to talk about the boat, so 35 minutes had elapsed by the time he’d put the world to rights with sundry well wishers and joined the rest of us in Pier 36, where he was made even more cheerful by the news that the Harbour Master had taken an admiring look at the elegant old

girl in the visitors berth and declared that for such a short stay, there'd be no charge.

It was well gone 1530 by the time we departed with the tide strong against us, sure didn't we know how to burst the tide in Donaghadee Sound, and couldn't we go through the tortuous Gillet inside the South Briggs Rocks to save time? So we did those things, and by the time we reached Bangor there was a decent little northeast sea-breeze to remind us how pleasant sailing in Belfast Lough can be, so we hugged the coast and hung out all the finery unto the mizzen staysail.

Belfast itself was basking in the evening heat as we made our way up the Lagan with the vacant acres of the former shipyard on our port hand increasingly dominated by the shining new Titanic Centre. The marina is in the Abercorn Basin, where *Ainmara* berthed many times all those years ago, so it was a sort of homecoming, and as we were coming in as part of the OGA celebration, the welcome mat was out in a big way. Belfast Harbour had decided it was totally in favour of the Old Gaffers on their Golden Jubilee, so *Ainmara* and the other bowsprit-toting gaffers were very much in, and for free too, under a package so generous that Dickie could keep the old boat in Belfast at no charge until he was ready to depart for Scotland on June 18th.

The OGA Belfast celebrations were from Friday 7th June to Monday June 10th, but though there were no sailing events,



The Belfast Lough 18ft Waverley OD *Liliás* sailing in the River Lagan with the Titanic Centre beyond. *Liliás* was built by Paddy MacKeown, the Belfast back-street boatbuilder, in 1903

Alan and Irene Aston and their team had organized a busy programme to welcome the fleet. New additions included Adrian Spence ICC's 1875-built pilot cutter *Madcap*, and Isabel Hood's 1894-built 17-tonner *Glance*, which was already of well-advanced years when Frank & Eric Hopkirk (ICC) of

Belfast raced her regularly in the RORC programme in the 1950s.

Also there were a couple of restored 18ft Belfast Lough Waverleys, able little keelboats in which I hadn't sailed since coming back from the Universities Racing in the Gareloch across the North Channel with the late Colm McLaverty in the Ireland-circumnavigating *Durward* in 1961. An opportunity to sail with Jeff Gouk in his beautifully restored *Liliás* was too good to miss as she handled a treat. And it may well be that it was a first return to her birthplace after 110 years. *Liliás* was built by the noted Belfast back-street shipwright Paddy McKeown nearby in 1903, but as he didn't have a slipway, few boats returned to his virtually inaccessible yard.

We were invited to a party in late afternoon on Annabel J, a very enjoyable affair which fitted in neatly with our plan to go on to dinner at Tedford's, which we once knew as somewhere very different from today's seafood restaurant. In days of yore, Tedford's was the chandlers and sailmakers which were the first port of call in Belfast for any impecunious young skipper when fitting out. They carried an enormous stock, they would try to do things to old sails that no other sailmaker would contemplate, and they were very generous in extending credit until Christmas, when there was a faint hope some kind aunt might see her way to a sensible cash gift. It was a place of character and characters, whether it was Jimmy with his eternal duncher cap, I suppose you'd call him the sales executive, or Billy the Twitch, who was the sailmaker. In 1967, Billy finally gave in to Dickie Gomes' persuasive powers and reduced the large second-hand mainsail somehow acquired from the RORC Club Yacht Griffin II to make it into *Ainmara*'s first terylene mainsail. It was such an economy job that he simply left half the sail number on the new leech. Though very heavy, it was an excellent sail, living testimony to Tedford's skill and tolerance.

The next item on the agenda was the first function to be held aboard the newly-restored *Nomadic*, which was the tender ship which took the passengers from Cherbourg out to the Titanic in April 1912. On Sunday morning there was a river-cruise up the Lagan for a very good barbecue at the new pub at Cutter's Wharf. And where better? For we had just re-lived The Cruise of the Calabar:

The Cruise of the Calabar

Come all ye dry-land sail-y-ors and listen to my song,

'Tis only forty verses, so I won't detain yez long,

It's all about the voyagings of this ould Lisburn tar

Who sailed as man afore the mast on board the Calabar.

.....

(for the rest of this interminable ditty, please refer to a dusty volume of forgotten lore or to Google - Ed)

Ainmara's Scottish Cruise

For Dickie Gomes by Winkie Nixon

An 0500 hrs departure from Belfast on Tuesday 18th June found Belfast Lough and the North Channel calm at first, but a westerly breeze and fair tide had them at Ardminish in Gigha by the prescribed time of 1600. After Deirdre had put style on the breakfast next morning, they headed on north at 0840 and carried a light southwester with some sunshine to four miles south of Crinan, then engined along to *Truant's* vacant mooring off the Crinan Hotel. Originally built as an 8 Metre in 1910 by Fife of Fairlie to the old rule, *Truant* was owned by the Murtagh family of Athlone, who raced her on Lough Ree and Lough Derg when she was gaff rigged with a shorter mast. It's said that you can still see scrape marks under Athlone bridge where the Murtaghs miscalculated the amount of heel their boat needed to get downriver to race on Lough Derg without having to unstep the mast.

It was in Crinan with the pretty canoe yawl *Macaria* that Brian and Dickie first got involved with the Scottish classic and old gaffer scene. *Macaria* so impressed that she was bought by a local owner who has happily since spent a fortune up-grading her even more, bronze floors and all that sort of thing, and she was lying in the Crinan moorings looking immaculate. Then just to blow everyone's mind, a stroll along to the little boatyard revealed that in one of the sheds, a quality refit was nearing completion on *Redwing*, the 28.5ft Albert Strange gaff yawl of 1911 vintage which Brian raced single-handed in the AZAB rather more years ago than he cares to remember.

Smothered in memories, the *Ainmariners* escaped to Ardfern that evening, where there were so many more old friends they stayed for a day or two. Finally at 0915 Friday June 21st they got away, warping *Ainmara* out of her tight berth, and then had a good sail in a brisk westerly across to Pladda, but it headed and died going up the Sound of Mull, and they motored the final miles to Tobermory, berthing at the marina at the eminently civilized hour of 1630, which merited Double

Dockers. They then took things easy, as the forecast for the next couple of days was for west to northwest gales with much rain, which made Tobermory very much the place to be.

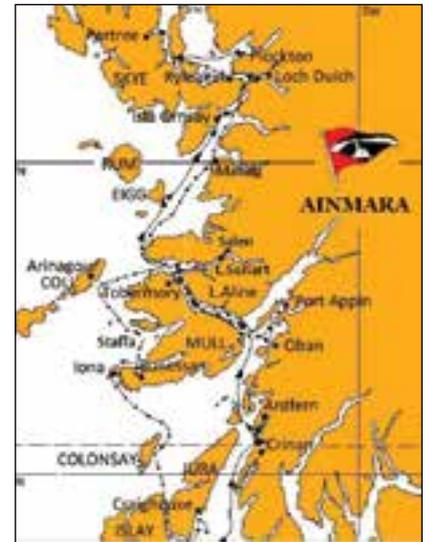
The weather was only slowly settling on Monday June 24th, but they'd a fine sail up Loch Sunart to Salen for a berth at the pier. Tuesday brought a light southwester, so they

were past Ardnamurchan at 1500 hours (rounders big time) and into Eigg by 1700. A busy morning, and then under way at 1335 hrs towards the Sound of Sleat in a fine west south-westerly for the best sail of the year, creaming along at 6.5 to 7.5 knots in sunshine with everything set to the jib tops'l, and the scenery looking marvellous in the bright clear sunlit air. They carried the breeze to within a mile of Isle Ornsay, and when it died it meant that that lovely anchorage was a totally peaceful place.

Scottish weather had returned in the morning with a dreicht day. The mist was low on the coast motoring to Loch Duich and on up to Eilean Donan Castle, anchoring close-in to the slip. Although the castle was blown to smithereens after a Jacobite rising of 1719, one of the lairds sensibly married a lot of American money to become MacRae-Gilstrap, and in 1920-1932 the iconic castle was re-built.

Ainmara motored on in the afternoon under the Skye Bridge (a hazardous quota of "Rounders" and "unders" on this short passage) to Plockton, where they found a handy mooring close off the pontoon. The weather had cleared a bit, but it was raining again in the morning (Friday June 24th), so oilskins were needed for the skipper to escort Deirdre to the little railway station to begin the long journey home.

Foul weather being forecast for the weekend, the two lads went over to Portree in the hope that it would prove to be Skye's equivalent to Mull's Tobermory, which had proven so cosy the previous weekend that bad weather had been almost enjoyable. But the most sheltered moorings in Portree were already taken by five yachts cruising in company with the RYS, so they spent Saturday night on the last mooring out in the middle, with the old girl not at all happy in a full southwest gale and a steep 18" chop. In the morning one of the RYS yachts departed from a more sheltered mooring, so they took it, but to re-phrase P G Wodehouse: "There is little difficulty in telling the difference between Portree on a wet and windy



Ainmara with the Sgurr in the background on the criss-crossed island of Eigg

Sabbath, and St Tropez on a summer morning”. So *Ainmara* cleared out in the afternoon down to Kyleakin, where the boats were sheltering three deep at the snug pontoon, but miraculously there was a vacant mooring off Mary’s Pub.

The weather remained unsettled for several more days as they got themselves down the Sound of Sleat for a very sociable visit to Mallaig. Kevin Lagan joined after getting a lift from Oban where he’d left his motorbike, then an early departure next day (Wednesday 3rd July) provided a nice reach round Ardnamurchan in a westerly to get into Tobermory before a forecast southerly gale, with the boat comfortably berthed facing south in a marina chock-a-block by nightfall as the weather turmoil went through. It left a bright and squally westerly in the morning, developing even more punch as they swept down the Sound of Mull under headsails and mizzen only, such that at one stage they’d to roll the jib, yet with just mizzen and staysail she was clocking 7.8 knots.

The marina at Loch Aline was completely full with RYS boats, so they’d to anchor off, before the mandatory visit ashore towards the Loch Aline Social Club. There were friendly exchanges on the road with Gordon McNabb of the New York YC and Sandy and Christine Taggart ICC & RYS before the cruisers-in-company were whisked away in a bus for dinner at some castle or other. Quite what the Squadron party would have made of that unique institution the LASC, heaven only knows, but the crew of *Ainmara* were among friends. They then dined at the Loch Aline Hotel, which is logged by Brian as “V. Presbyterian”. If a cruising man from Killinchy thinks a place is “V. Presbyterian” on a Thursday night, it boggles the mind to think what the rest of us might have made of it.

Ainmara left Loch Aline in fine style under everything to jib tops’l to head across to Oban in a moderate southwester which was forecast to increase rapidly. It did that very thing, resulting in the dropping of the jib tops’l and the reefing of the main in one seamless move which was rewarded by a great sail past Lismore and on into Oban with a flourish. Things were busy at *Ainmara*’s preferred berth at the northeast corner of the North Pier, but eventually they got the desired spot outside the big Colin Archer charter ketch *Elizabeth G.* Then Mike Huntley arrived from Plymouth to make it four old stagers on board together for a couple of days of pleasant mini-cruising in the lee of Lismore.

Sunday 7th July brought a beautifully sunny morning going back to Oban, where Kevin collected his motorbike at noon and headed for the ferry at Stranraer. Meanwhile Captain Gomes on *Ainmara* was in the mood to cover a bit of ground, and as the tides suited, they motor-sailed in a very light southwester all the way through the Sound of Mull in sunshine and out to Arinagour in Coll, which was very satisfactorily reached at 1945 hrs. After securing to a mooring beside the former America’s Cup Challenger *Sceptre*, they made their number at the inn for a spot of conviviality, and returned contented to the boat at midnight.

Summer now being completely upon them, they could

take their time across the seas west of Mull, and the morning (Monday 8th July) found *Ainmara* trundling along in gentle style towards Staffa where Fingal’s Cave was looking superb – it far outshines its supposed cousin, the Giant’s Causeway. Nobody aboard had been to Bunessan before, so they made that their anchorage for the night, and were enchanted with that pretty place in idyllic summer weather.

But it was weather which meant there was little wind, and next day was engine work, out to Iona for an anchor stop, then round north of the Torran Rocks shaping a course for Colonsay. There were some fog patches which soon coalesced, and the north point of Colonsay was hidden with visibility down to 150 yards as they made their way to Scalasaig and berthed outside *Merganser* at the busy little pier. It immediately became busier as Ed Wheeler (ICC) followed them in out of



Ainmara, *Witchcraft* and *Reiver* in misty Scalasaig

the fog on *Witchcraft* with Peter Minnis (ICC) and Carolyn on board. Then David Williams (ICC) came in with *Reiver* making it one of those unplanned meetings of cruising friends which had to be duly celebrated aboard *Witchcraft*. *Reiver* and *Ainmara* shared the additional distinction of having been ICC Annual cover girls in recent years. The word from home was of hay needing saved, but Dickie was determined to squeeze the last drops of enjoyment out of his Scottish cruise, so he cooked a leisurely full breakfast in the misty morning (Wednesday July 10th) as the other boats slipped away into the fog, and then at 1100 hrs *Ainmara* cast off in leisurely style to take the last of the tide down the Sound of Islay. The mist was slowly lifting, yet fog clung along the Islay side, then lifted to reveal the Sound in all its glory. But it also revealed they’d lingered a little too long at Scalasaig, and had to push tide the last bit by going close inshore on Jura before getting round the corner on a very warm afternoon to make their way up to Craighouse, where they were on a mooring at the civilized time of 1600 hrs.

The morning was even more utterly Mediterranean, clear and calm. It seemed a good idea to take on fuel and water, and while the skipper found himself many little jobs to do on board as skippers do at such times, Brian and Mike found that getting diesel involved getting a key from the hotel to operate a pump which was at some distance, and the morning getting brighter and hotter by the minute. Finally it was all

done, and while Brian took the load out to the boat in the dinghy, Mike went to the hotel to return the key and tell them that *Ainmara* had moved the dial to 20.04 litres. “How much?” they asked. “20.04” says Mike. “No no”, they said, “not the quantity, what did the money side say?” “Dunno” said Mike,



Ainmara at Craighouse on Jura, with the Paps beyond

“but the amount was 20.04”. “Sorry”, they said, “we just do the paperwork and take the money, we don’t do calculations. You’ll have to tell us what money the dial says”.

He’d to walk all the way back to the pump, read the money, then walk what now seemed even further back to the hotel, and pay. Mr Huntley was very ready for nooners when he finally back aboard the boat, and all in favour when they put out to sea and had a lovely sail with everything set in a light southerly across to Gigha, where they were moored shortly before 1600 hours. But now the call of home could no longer be ignored, and on Friday the Glorious 12th July they crossed to Ballycastle, and it was motor all the way, coming in west of Rathlin. The log sums it up: 1450: Berthed to starboard alongside Outer Pier. Dockers. 1520: Moved into marina outer berth. Double Dockers. Siesta.

On Saturday July 13th, they scampered south goose-winged, with the giant masthead genoa balancing the main as the miles roared past on a fair tide. They were getting near Ballywalter on the County Down coast before the tide began to turn against them, though its power was evident as they approached the sound inside Burial Island.

Progress had been so good that they decided to buck the tide up Strangford Narrows, as contact with Ballygarvan indicated that the grass was going mad and the least that Farmer Gomes could do was go home soonest and have a look at it, which he could do easily if he got into Portaferry where Deirdre could conveniently collect him. They entered the Narrows at 1810 hrs, but it was 1910 hrs before they picked up a mooring off Portaferry. However, *Ainmara* was in home waters, the world was put to rights in Portaferry Hotel, and the Lady of the Manor was able to convey the farmer home to his fields amidst much bawdy comment from his crew about tossing the hay.

Tradboats and another trophy

W.M. Nixon

We’d hoped to combine the Isle of Man’s Peel Traditional Boat Weekend (which has developed into a four day affair) with some proper cruising around the island beforehand, but the place is dominated by the tides. The range is huge, the streams run strong, every headland has a race, and though two of the harbours – Douglas and Peel – have automatic gate-flaps to maintain a comfortable depth in the marinas within, you still need a good rise of tide to come and go.

So the best time for Manx cruising is when high water is morning and evening with departure and access at civilized times, and enough space during the day for easy passage-making to the next tidal port, where admittedly you may have to dry out alongside. A bonus is that tides will tend to be neaps, with weaker streams creating less turbulence, and adverse tides more easily overcome.

But this timing proved impossible as the Peel weekend is scheduled to be around a period of high water at lunchtime, to facilitate the event’s two mid-day Parades of Sail, which see the fleet leave port, clap on all sail for a fine display, and then return to port on the same big tide. So we decided to head over to Peel for the weekend of 9th to 12th August well beforehand, as demands on our time closed in immediately afterwards. We’d stay in the port except for the Parades of Sail, but would have an active programme of island exploration by other means.

Thus it was that at lunchtime on the perfect summer’s day of Wednesday August 7th, *Ainmara* was manoeuvred into a handy berth in Peel Marina adjacent to the Creek Inn. She was nicely on time for our plan for the day, after a 0530 departure from the lightship at Ballydorn and a smooth passage across the 42 miles, 35 of them on the Irish Sea. Before throwing ourselves into all the usual diversions of sailors in port, the three of us (Dickie, Brian and WMN) had a pious duty to visit the 224 year old yacht *Peggy* across in Castletown on the



The 224-year-old 26ft schooner *Peggy* in her “boat cellar” at Castletown. She may be the oldest yacht in the world.

island's south coast For as this was to be the Old Gaffers Association concluding event of their Golden Jubilee Celebrations in the Irish Sea, we had to pay our respects to the most senior gaffer of them all.

I'd only seen her once before, in 1984, while Brian had also visited her once, back in the 1970s. However, Dickie had never seen her, as museums and mouldy old boats aren't really his thing. But it was a time for action not words, and our hosts in the Creek Inn rustled up a taxi as we finished a late but good lunch. By mid afternoon we were in the sunshine beside Castletown harbour outside the Manx Nautical Museum in Bridge House, the former home of the Quayle family whose most energetic member George Quayle (1751-1835) was the creator of the *Peggy* in 1789, the fastest little yacht of her day in the Irish Sea.

He was a great man for the innovation, was George, so the *Peggy* you see today may still be based on the original hull of 1789, but his continuing improvements mean that her design was always work in progress. Thus today's boat is not so much the original as the *Peggy* as she was by 1796, when he sailed her across to the Cumbrian coast and hauled her from Morecambe Bay up the side of the river to Windermere (128ft above sea level) to race against the noted fleet of locally-based yachts, and beat the lot of them.

He'd a tough sail back across the Irish Sea, but the *Peggy* came through, and he continued to love her and modify and sail her until the end of his long and productive life in 1835. During their time together, the *Peggy* had been kept in a "Boat cellar" under Quayle's maritime-themed personal quarters in Bridge House, the cellar having direct access through two arches into Castletown Harbour. But when he died, the two arches were closed off to immure the little schooner, and there she stayed, entombed and virtually forgotten, until the inner arch was unblocked a hundred years later in 1935 to reveal the *Peggy* in remarkably good order in her little mausoleum, and as alive as ever.

For many years she has been the main exhibit in the Manx Nautical Museum in Quayle's personal quarters at Bridge House, but in 2014 the Manx Nation, her owners, are going to put in train a conservation programme on this unique boat, and it is to be hoped that after it's completed, they'll find some way of properly displaying the *Peggy* in Castletown, enclosed for her necessary protection but fully rigged to provide the full impact of her astonishing survival, and show her advanced rig.

Hence our urgency in making a visit the *Peggy* a priority of our Manx visit. 2013 was to be the last year in which the old boat will be seen as revealed in 1935, and as George Quayle last saw her 178 years ago, crammed away and hidden in her boat cellar. So it was a quietly emotional time for the three of us, even for our down-to-earth skipper, who was interested in



Ainmara passing the 1957-vintage *Drumbeat*

the technical demands of the approaching conservation, for it will include replacing all *Peggy's* fastenings, as the originals have become "Mineralised".

In truth, our skipper was a bit mineralized himself, as he'd been led astray by third parties the night before while waiting for his shipmates to join him at Ballydorn. So like pilgrims the world over, we immediately followed the sacred with the profane by leaving the hallowed little museum and crossing the footbridge across the entrance to Castletown's ancient and characterful little drying harbour to reach that splendid establishment, The Castle Arms, *aka* The Gluepot. There, extra-strong medication under the Woods label greatly improved the captain's condition, and in no time at all we were discussing how great it would be if Castletown Harbour had a gate-flap and marina like Douglas and Peel. It's a super place to visit, but even with his traditional long keel, our skipper doesn't like drying out alongside when cruising with *Ainmara*, as it feels like the boat has died.

We gave ourselves ample opportunity to suss out the Isle of Man harbours, for after the taxi indulgence to see the *Peggy*, we used special economy travel tickets to get about by bus, though on the Saturday we had a treat with the old steam train from Douglas to Port St Mary. You can, like Alan and Irene Aston off *Golden Nomad*, ICC, simply rent a motor for £40 per day from Bespoke Cars on the quayside at Peel. But that provides a rather insulated method of getting about, whereas the bus and train provide real interaction with the friendly island community.

That said, we'd counsel against trying the picturesque tram from Douglas to Ramsey, as it's unbelievably slow. So up front on top of a double decker bus is probably the best way to cruise the Isle of Man. We saw more than we'd have seen even had we managed our detailed cruise round the island, and we were made fully aware of just how deeply the TT Races are embedded in the island's culture. As it is, the little roads are pure 1950s, albeit with better surfaces. The Isle of Man must be the only place in the world where, if the road engineers want to make a corner safer, then the tourist authorities will object.

Our travels took us to all the main harbours, and while



You just couldn't hope for a better berth than this. *Aimara* at her ease, looking down the harbour towards Peel Castle on St Patrick's Island, which protects the harbour entrance

Douglas is larger, there's no doubt that Peel is the maritime heart of the island, for although Castletown has the same spirit, it awkwardly dries. Poor old Ramsey is asleep on its feet, and the island's supposed sailing capital of Port St Mary could have a much better harbour if there was some community and governmental effort.

But Peel has always had something special, and since it got its gate flap in 2005 and the 124-berth marina three years later, the harbour area has been on the up and up, and the maritime community spirit in the town is a real tonic. We got our first taste of it that night in the Peel Sailing and Cruising Club where there was a merry buzz and a sense of anticipation with greetings for many old friends already there, and more on the way with the clubhouse affording a fine view of the outer breakwater, above which the upper rigs of gaffers could be seen as they headed for port in the last of the evening light, providing an entertaining guessing game as to which boat would be revealed as they came past the end.

In the morning the harbour was sunlit and lively with more boats which had come in on the midnight tide. We finalised our entry and found that as were to do our duty by making a holy show of ourselves during the Parades of Sail for the delectation of the public, our hosts in turn would feed and water us in port, with the makings of breakfast put aboard each morning, and a fine feed for all crews each night in the Masonic Hall, the only room in Peel big enough to cater for the crowd, as the ICC discovered two or three years ago during a successful rally in Peel.



Manx Nobby *White Heather*

All this hospitality at the Peel Traditional Boat Weekend involved many people and several organizations, and it was a bit difficult to keep track, but as the two days of sport afloat had their timing dictated by when the gate-flap to the marina was

lowered, it was literally a case of going with the flow and enjoying yourself.

The basics of the weekend's administration were provided by Mike Clark of the traditional Manx Nobby *White Heather* and his PL 2013 team, but while they with their access to the Masonic Hall had the space for the crowd scenes, Andy Hall the Commodore of Peel S & Cr C and his many volunteers provided an additional key focal point in their fine clubhouse. So we'd all these delightful folk making a massive and very effective voluntary input to our enjoyment, and that was before we acknowledged the contribution of the top honchos of the various OGAs from all round the Irish Sea.

Peel is a natural centre to draw in boats from Scotland, Ireland north and south, North Wales, and northwest England, so much so we had to stop ourselves thinking it was like a conference of Sub-Saharan African states, as the gathering was eventually to include Their Excellencies the Presidents of Nioga, Dboga, Nwoga and Soga. More boats came in on every tide, and as the fleet wouldn't be able to get out across the gate-flap until late morning next day (Friday August 9th) for the first Parade of Sail, there was ample time in the sunshine to inspect the fleet in its glorious variety.

Stu Spence's *Madcap* was in, just back the Isles of Scilly where they'd renewed the rudder stock after breaking it west of Brittany, and steering themselves unaided by the cunning use of trailed buckets all the way to Hughtown. There, they arranged for new oak for a replacement stock to be delivered out from Penzance. The crew included Joe Pennington who shaped the rudder re-build, and then they ingeniously used the rise and fall of tide alongside the inner part of the pier to raise and lower this hefty big old vessel until they'd got the new rudder into place, with Joe spending a lot of time in the water. It all came together beautifully. In fact, they'd worked out so neatly how to do this that the biggest and most time-consuming hassle had been sourcing the new oak in England, and its delivery to Penzance, then out by ship from Cornwall. When the job was done, Joe was relaxing on deck, and his shipwright's eyes settled on the two enormous drying-out legs which *Madcap* carries on deck as a matter of course. "Tell me, skipper" says he, what would those great big legs be made of?" "Oak of course" said Captain Spence. Eloquent silence, followed by loud expletives.

Ingenuity on a massive scale had also been involved in the creation of Graham Bailey's lugger *Peel Castle* from West Cork, which despite her name had originally been a 50ft Cornish-built Penzance fishing boat built in 1929, but had been so named because Peel Castle was a familiar landmark for the roving Penzance fleet. Though built as a motorized vessel, this fine vessel effectively had a sailing hull, thus when Graham bought her in 1999 he was acquiring a traditional sailing hull just as new as he could get. He spent nine years restoring and converting her at Oldcourt on the Ilen River, rigging her as an eye-catching French bisquine. With three masts in a fan configuration, she certainly looks unusual, but her sailing record speaks for itself, as she has cruised the length of the Mediterranean to Greece, and was in Peel in the

latter stages of a three-month round Ireland cruise with extras which had already included a detailed cruise of the Hebrides and a passage out to St Kilda.

Irish traditional boats were flagshipged by the big Galway Hooker *Naomb Cronan*, while the long story of Welsh slate schooners was represented by Scott Metcalfe's *Vilma* from the Menai Straits. She may have started life in 1934 as a ketch-rigged Danish sailing fishing boat, but when Ross and his wife Ruth restored the hull at their boatyard in Port Penrhyn on the Straits, they fitted her with a classic Welsh schooner rig, with the square sails aloft on the foremast mainly handled from deck. The hull certainly shows *Vilma's* Baltic origins but her rig, as we were to see when the Parade got going, is very much Welsh schooner, and apparently easy to use, though that may have been the skill of the crew.

Finally the gate-flap opened later than expected on the Friday morning, and those who were up for the Parade – not everyone by any means – went out onto a lively sea with the sun coming and going and a good breeze sweeping in from the west. Provided we didn't have to go to windward, *Ainmara* could carry full main, and so long as we kept reaching, she could carry jib tops'l too. So with Brian on the helm, she reached up and down in all her finery, and though we had to throw the outer tack a couple of miles out in a rumbly seaway each time we shaped up to parade back towards the Peel, when nearing the shore on the inward track we asked our helmsman to tack as far up the outer harbour as he could at the inner turn in order to provide the smoothest possible water for elderly gentlemen hopping about the deck to clear sheets.

Being a biker, Brian is an ace close quarters helmsman, and each time coming in he brought *Ainmara* right into the upper reaches of the outer harbour as though he expected to go straight on up the main street. Then a long elegant curving tack, and out we went again with everything setting to perfection before open water was reached, and the old girl outsailing everything else large and small, all great fun.

We'd more of the hospitality that evening with a substantial supper in the Masonic Hall and a great session in the sailing club with Adrian Spence and Joe Pennington in fine form as they detailed their experiences in getting the rudderless *Madcap* in to Hughtown from somewhere off Ushant, and then a blow-by-blow account of the re-installation of the re-built rudder.

The Peel people were as good as their word in putting the makings of breakfast on board board each morning, but they had started gently enough with standard bacon and egg and the usual extras on the Friday. Then Saturday started the grown-up breakfasts, with a bag of magnificent Manx kippers placed into the cockpit. Dickie became the kipper skipper. We were pleasantly surprised at how much of a dab hand our captain was in cooking them lightly to perfection, and by the time we got back from the island, it was difficult to imagine starting the day any other way.

That Saturday (August 10th) was a sort of public inter-



***Ainmara* leppin' along with jib tops'l set in the Parade of Sail. With her lighter mast, lighter engine, and lead ballast removed to make way for tankage, she's a different boat from the heavily-sparred old girl we used to sail in the 1960s**



And here IS the heavily-sparred old girl, in 1967

action day, and included a "Dirty boatbuilding" competition beside the harbour, with each team being given enough material to build a small boat – well, not so much a boat, more something that would just about float - then they were given a time limit to finish. The whistle blew to start, it blew again to signal time up, and the winners were the first team whose crewed boat managed to get across the harbour. They had all the teams they needed, though few enough old gaffer owners took part, as they reckoned most of their winters were spent like this, and they'd prefer to do just about anything else.

For *Ainmara's* crew, it was the day of the great steam train ride. There's a lovely little narrow gauge line with steam trains which runs all the way from Douglas to Port Erin. If you time it right, you can start with a massive brunch of Fireman's Breakfast in the miniature main station in Douglas, which is served on a coal shovel and is your cholesterol intake for the year. But as we were still being fuelled by the skipper's kippers, we gave it a miss and got aboard the train like a bunch

of schoolboys for a leisurely ride in which the No Smoking notice in the tiny compartment was made a nonsense by the newly-stoked engine's acrid brown smoke getting into every nook and cranny.

Back in Peel for the Saturday night festivities, Andy Hall, Commodore of the Peel S & Cr C (which is twinned with Down Cr C) had told us not to eat ourselves silly early on, as the real feasting would take place in his club from 21.00 onwards. It was a masterwork of voluntary enthusiasm. His members threw themselves into preparing a mountain of queenies cooked six different ways, and a very eclectic clientele (for this seems to be one of the highlights of the Manx social calendar) threw themselves into a massive over-consumption in which all pretences at dining delicacy went by the board. We ate ourselves to a standstill with strangers now the best of friends, but it wasn't an exceedingly late night, for with a week's supply of protein taken aboard in one go, we'd to go back to the ship and sleep it off.

It must have all been cooked to perfection, for there were no ill effects in the morning (Sunday August 11th) and we could breakfast off the skipper's kippers with relish. But while our guts were well settled, the weather was anything but. Though a passage home was a possible if rugged proposition for that Sunday with a fresh to strong sou'wester expected, strong west to nor'wester forecast for the Monday would have meant a dead beat, and no go.

We were all on a three-line whip to be back by Monday night. So instead of taking part in Sunday's Parade of Sail, we crossed the Irish Sea while we could. We'd to hang around while waiting for the flap to lower, and with the restlessness outside, it was nearly 40 minute later than predicted. By that time we'd been waiting between the marina and the gate for long enough to take our farewells from friends old and new, but even so when the gate finally went down and the old girl headed for sea, the air of mutual goodwill was palpable, it was a genuinely moving moment.

Outside it was still sunny, but hefty dark clouds were



The old lady is home. *Ainmara* gets a harbour stow at Down Cr C's lightship *Petrel*, also built in 1912

marching across from Ireland. Until we got five miles from the island, the sea was extraordinarily lumpy. It was a time for deep-reefed main and judicious use of engine, not yachting but slugging, but slowly we crawled away and gradually that most hospitable island faded astern.

The tide times precluded going into Strangford, but if we got across on Sunday evening, we could use Monday as we wished with a good weather shore. So Ardglass became our sanctuary for the second time in 2013. The morning (Monday August 12th) brought the forecast strong westerly, cold too as there was a northwester coming behind it, but in shelter we ambled up into Strangford Lough, and going in with the new tide there was a nice little fishing launch with a useful wheel shelter jogging along beside us. It was Dickie Brown and a couple of friends out from Portaferry, down with the last of the ebb for enough fishing for the morning that was in it, and back with the new flood and a good catch – it was quite like old times, and he congratulated our skipper on how well the boat was looking. There were enough white-tops rolling across the lough to make us very glad to be in, and at Ballydorn the gusts made berthing at the pontoon tricky, but the old lady was secured soon enough and that seemed to mark the end of the cruising season, and everyone in the best of form and home comfortably on time too.

It was two or three weeks later when the news filtered through to Ballygarvan that *Ainmara* had been awarded some trophy or other from the Peel Traditional Boat Weekend, as communication between the OGA and its members far down the Ards Peninsula is only in its infancy. But eventually Dickie heard that she'd been awarded the Creek Inn Trophy for her performance in Friday's Parade of Sail. Apparently it was for what the dressage people would call "Best in Show".

We'd thought that our absence from the second Parade of Sail on the Sunday would automatically disqualify from any award, and anyway we'd only been out showing off and enjoying ourselves, so surely the awards should have gone to serious punters like *Peel Castle* and *Vilma*? But they had received awards as befitted their dignity. *Ainmara*, however, got the award for showing off, and for being the best-looking performer in the fleet - all in just one appearance. Not bad going for a 101-year-old boat owner-maintained in a farm shed.

It changed a little plan for the late season. Brian and Dickie had been hatching a notion of going up the Clyde for a final mini-cruise in late September's good weather. But instead they simply slipped gently across to Peel to enjoy the place for a day or two without any pressure, and in happy memories of a good season. Then they sailed as smoothly back again in a nice easterly which made things ideal for hauling at the slip at Kircubbin. So on Saturday September 28th she was safely brought ashore four-and-a-half-months after launching, during which time she'd been at 45 different ports of call, and covered 910 mostly very enjoyable miles. It was time for a rest.

Pete Hogan reports from the Dublin Glen Class

The Glens in Dun Laoghaire had a very successful season I am happy to report. The weather helped in contrast to the miserable calms and cancelled days of last year. Chance plays a part in this but in general there were more nice breezy days this year than the misty calms of last year. It was a Volvo regatta year which ironically was sailed in balmy, sunny, conditions. Glenluce (G67) ran away with the trophy, but Adrian Lee was there on the podium with Glenariff (G10). Glenshane and I prefer stronger breezes and brought up the rear. Not inappropriate for a cruising man.

Elsewhere it was the Dun Laoghaire Glens' turn to travel north and take on the Strangford Lough fleet. I did not travel. This inter-fleet rivalry is a tradition stretching back many years and is accompanied by legendary hospitality and après sail partying. This year the overall sailing prize went to the northern fleet. 'But it was close' I am informed. This year also marked Donald O'Connor's 50th season in ownership with son Richard of Glenluce and the family gave a party to celebrate.

The Glens, all 12 of them, continue to thrive. Perhaps in step with the state of the economy I can detect an uplift, a following wind, in the class. At least four boats had major work done to them this year. The fleets out on the race course were bigger. The Glens are a jewel in the crown of the R St. George YC, where the vast majority of them are based, sitting proudly out on their moorings in front of the clubhouse completing the vista. While Dun Laoghaire Harbour Company develops plans to turn the harbour into a swimming pool, artificial beach, cruise ship terminal and general theme park, hopefully they will realize the priceless value of this resource on their doorstep.

More stuff: The Dun Laoghaire Glen website has been redesigned and contains much of interest: www.glenclass.com And I have been blogging on Glen related matters at: www.glenguy.blogspot.ie

Anybody wishing to get involved with the Glens in Dublin could contact me. 087 930 9559. The class is restoring a Glen and seeks interested parties to sail her.



Calico Jack: A Sweltering July cruise from Galway to Donegal

Conor O'Byrne

If I could have guaranteed the weather we were to get in those first two weeks of July, I'm sure I would have had no trouble attracting crew for the whole trip. But as it was we departed our mooring in Rinville, Galway in *Calico Jack* with crew signed up for only 12 of the 15 days sailing I had planned. The Sadler 26 is a boat with good manners at sea and she can easily be managed with two. From time to time I had sailed her in Galway Bay on my own, and once across Dingle Bay, but never for more than a few hours at a time. This season we had a new autohelm - a Simrad TP22 tiller pilot - so maybe it was time to see how both skipper and gear would cope with a few days of solo sailing.

The plan for this cruise was to try and get to Islay in Scotland and back in 15 days (roughly 550 miles), perhaps a little ambitious for a boat that averages around 4 knots when cruising, but without an objective like this I thought we might never get north of Slyne Head. So at 18.30 on Friday July 5th myself and Sean Dockry set out for Kilronan on Inis Mór. As is usual in Galway Bay, the wind was due west, force 4-5, which meant a long beat. Because the bay is fairly shallow (mostly less than 20 m), the prevailing westerly winds usually generate short steep waves that can test the strongest stomach but we both held up ok, and even had soup and sandwiches. Straw Island light appeared around 02.00 and after a good night's sailing we arrived into Kilronan at 04.00. The harbour was busy because our arrival coincided with Galway Bay Sailing Club's annual race around the Aran islands, an overnight race from Galway docks leaving all three of the Aran Islands to port, and finishing in Kilronan. All the visitors' moorings were occupied so we dropped the anchor in 6 m and slept soundly until 10.00.

Now we faced a bit of a dilemma: we had a lot of sea miles to cover if we were to get anywhere near Scotland but there was a social gathering planned for Tí Joe Watty's on Inis Mór on the Saturday evening. To go, or not to go? We went ashore to see the lie of the land and after meeting Pierce Purcell (ISA director, and organiser of a Galway Afloat cruise out to Kilronan that weekend) we decided the craic would be too good to miss. So after a couple of couple of sociable drinks in Tí Joe Macs, and dinner in the American bar we strolled up to Tí Joe Watty's. There we met the great and the good of Galway's sailing fraternity and were entertained by some very good local musicians. Although the party still had

plenty of life in it, we retired back to *Calico Jack* at around 2330.

The murky, windless dawn that followed didn't promise much of a day's sailing. And so it was to be. We motored out into the North Sound and then set a course for Slyne Head. The fog lifted and the sun shone on a calm sea with a big rolling swell. Having failed to get through Joyce's Pass last season because of rough seas, we thought we would surely manage it in these benign conditions, so we motored right up to the entrance of the narrow channel only to find that the channel was breaking all the way across because of the big swell that was running. With limited room for manoeuvre we managed a hasty retreat and motored close around the headland instead. We passed between High Island and Friar Island and sailed for a while in the light sea breeze that was developing. We entered Inishbofin harbour at 18.00 with almost no wind, glorious sunshine and temperatures in the mid-twenties. We had dinner sitting outside Day's bar and restaurant, followed by a short loop walk over to the East village. En route we came to the assistance of a woman and two children who were trying unsuccessfully to chase two large duroc pigs out of their garden. Sean, who grew up on a pig farm, commanded the intricate operation and in no time we had moved them back to their own field. It's amazing the hidden talents that emerge on a sailing trip.

The following morning (8th July) brought a bright sunny morning and we went ashore for showers and breakfast in the Inishbofin House Hotel. The dining room in the hotel overlooks the inner harbour and on this sunny morning a finer outlook would be hard to imagine. It was only over breakfast that I discovered that my sailing companion Sean Dockry was the architect behind this hotel. Built in the heady days of the Celtic Tiger, the owners were urged to include a spa facility by Bord Fáilte, who provided a grant for its construction

We weighed anchor at 10.20 and with flat calm conditions we motored through Ship Sound between Inishshark and Inishbofin. With numerous hazards in this sound and about 2 knots of tide against us we motored carefully, with a man on the bow to help with pilotage. Once through we set a course for Achill Head about 20 miles to the north. In these calm conditions the tiller pilot had no difficulty in holding a good course, so the crew were free to sit back and enjoy the sunshine. We passed Achill head at 14.50 and a slight breeze filled in from the NW so we were able to sail the remaining 10 miles or so in to Blacksod quay, where we were due to have a crew changeover. We picked up a visitors' mooring at 17.45 and took the dinghy ashore to have a look at the impressive old granite lighthouse which is located just beside the pier.

We decided that an overnight sail would be required to get to Teelin in Donegal, which is over 80 miles from Blacksod, especially as the forecast was predicting a good deal



South Iniskea

of north in the wind. To ensure a morning arrival in Teelin, we decided to visit the Iniskea islands en route and depart for Donegal mid-afternoon. At 08.20 with no wind and blue skies we motored out through the sound between Gaghta Island and Duvillaun Beg, following the leading beacons on Inishkea South. We dropped the anchor just south of Rusheen Island, a small islet just off the northeast tip of Inishkea South. This has to be one of the nicest anchorages in the west of Ireland, with stunning views south to the mountains on Achill Island, east to the beaches of the Mullet peninsula, and west to Inishkea South itself.

We took the dinghy ashore and spent an enjoyable couple of hours exploring the island. The remains of the Norwegian whaling station from the early 1900s are still visible, as are the ruined cottages of an old village. Now the islands are a haven for migrating birds (Barnacle geese give the islands their name; Inis Gé) and while we wandered the derelict village, the nesting Oyster Catchers seemed very put out by the intruders.

We weighed anchor at 1500 bound for Teelin. With the wind northeast force 2-3, we sailed northnorthwest out to sea, passing between Carrickmoylenacurhoga and Carrickmoneagh, lying to the north of the Inishkeas. After a couple of hours we went about onto port tack giving us a course that would take us well north of Erris head. A cold dense fog closed in around 18.00, a dramatic contrast to the blue skies we had earlier, and then the wind veered further east pushing us onto a course for the Stags of Broadhaven. We tacked out into Donegal Bay for 2 hours and then returned to the east-going tack once we were well clear of the Stags. And this was to be the theme for the night; battling to make ground east in murky, damp, cold weather with winds varying between force 1 and 3. We used the tiller pilot to do most of the steering overnight and it worked very well, holding as true a course to weather as any tired helmsman might. Just after John returned to his sea berth at 05.00, I was treated to a beautiful sunrise and a few short hours later we closed on the spectacular sea cliffs west of Teelin. As we closed on the coast the fog cleared to give stunning views of the impressive south Donegal coastline and by 11.30, when we picked up a visitors' mooring in Teelin, the day was shaping up to be a scorcher.

On the 11th of July we departed Teelin at 10.30 and motored west along the coast to White Strand Bay, just east of Malin Beg head. We anchored as close to the beach at the head of the bay as we could, where we had a very refreshing swim. Then with a light northwest breeze we sailed out through the Rathlin O'Birne sound and headed towards Arranmore Island, some 25 miles to the northnortheast. We were barely making 3 knots in these conditions but were in no hurry as we wanted at least half tide to pass through the South Sound of Aran to the visitors' moorings south of Calf Island (local HW was 2105). We entered the sound at around 18.00 and had plenty of water; we recorded 3.2m at the lowest point just east of the Clutch Beacon. We picked up the mooring at 19.00 and made for Early's pub in the village of Leabgarrow (An Leadhb Gharbh) on Arranmore for dinner, followed by a very enjoyable visit to Phil Bán's where we met a few of the



Calico Jack at Arranmore

local "Characters".

Next morning through the hazy sunshine we saw our neighbour at the visitors' moorings surreptitiously taking pictures of *Calico Jack*. When challenged he confessed he was taken by our lovely lines. Naturally with this flattery he won us over. He was Neil Spurway (Clyde Cruising Club), skipper of *Hunter's Moon*, on a solo circumnavigation of Ireland. He certainly picked a great few weeks for it. We had new crew arriving that morning - John's wife Marie had driven up from Galway to join us. After a lovely swim from the slip all three of us returned to the boat for lunch and then in flat calm sunny conditions dropped the mooring and headed for Owey Sound (between Owey Island and Cruit Island), en route to Sheephaven Bay. This narrow dog-leg sound (about 0.5 cables at the narrowest point) has two sets of leading marks to guide you through; they were hard to spot on the calm sunny day we had, so are not to be relied on in poor visibility. We had superb views of Errigal as we passed outside the islands of Gola and Inishsirrer. A couple of hours later we motored around Bloody Foreland, then on through Tory sound, passed Horn Head and then into Sheephaven bay. At 19.00 we picked up the last visitors' mooring off the pier at Downings and made our way ashore to the village, which was thronged with visitors for the 12th July weekend.

Now I was faced with a tough decision. The wind was due to fill in from the southwest the following day (14th) which would make feasible the passage to Port Ellen on Islay, about 60 miles away. But with work commitments on the 22nd July I really had to be back home by the 21st. This meant that if I went on to Port Ellen I would have time to have literally one celebratory whisky in one of the famous distilleries there and then make straight for home. A further consideration was that I would be single-handed for the leg to Port-Ellen as John and Marie had to leave the boat on the 14th. The southwest winds were due to settle in for a few days so that would mean windward passages for at least a few days. So on the morning of the 14th, with just a tinge of regret, we started the trip back

home.

The plan was to bring John and Marie back to Arranmore, since that was where their car was parked. They are both keen bird watchers and had always been frustrated in their attempts to get to Tory Island to see the wild-life (in all its varieties), so we decided to stop off there for a few hours on our way back to Arranmore. With the wind north north-east force 3-4 we had a lovely reach over to Tory. There was lots of sea bird activity around the island (guillemots, razor bills, gannets, skuas, etc) and Marie was particularly delighted to see that there were still lots of puffins around.

We berthed at the pier in West Town harbour on Tory just in time for lunch. We were welcomed to the island by none other than Patsy Dan Rodgers, the King of Tory and acclaimed painter. We spent a very enjoyable couple of hours there with the sound of corncrakes and traditional Irish music wafting through the hot summer's air. Then at 16.05 we departed Tory for Arranmore. With a force 2 north-north-east breeze we were able to sail for a couple of hours but as the breeze died we were forced to motor the last couple of hours, picking up a mooring at 20.15. A second visit to Early's and then Phil Báns in Leabgarrow – to spread the custom of course - rounded off the day very nicely.

We went ashore for a fine breakfast in the pier-side café in Leabgarrow and then I said goodbye to John and Marie. I needed a few provisions for the next few days so I had to wait for the shop to open, which being a Sunday wasn't going to be until 11.30. This was cutting it a little fine for me to have enough water to leave the island via the South Sound. The owner sauntered in to open up at about 11.55 by which time I was getting decidedly twitchy. I jogged back to the dinghy and made for *Calico Jack*. Then after hoisting the mainsail and casting off the visitors' mooring, I made for the South Sound under sail in a good force 3 northwesterly breeze. I nervously watched the depth sounder as we reached the shallow patch just east of Cloghcor Point. I'm sorry to report that I lost my nerve when the sounder recorded 2m and I decided that discretion was the better part of valour. Just as I came around into the NW wind to retrace my steps my hat (the only one I had remembered to bring) went overboard. Given the weather we were having and the dearth of natural cover at my disposal, I decided that the hat must be retrieved. After a quick gybe I came alongside the hat but by the time I had freed the boat hook the hat had drifted off on its merry way. Now in 1.8m of water I decided that I would only get one more try before the hat was in shallows beyond my reach. Sure enough after another tack and gybe and a very long reach with boat hook, I was reunited with my hat, albeit now in 1.6m.

After that excitement I resigned myself to the extra couple of hours it would take to sail around the North side of Arranmore. And it really was worth the effort, as I got a good look at the cliffs on the northwest side of the island and the impressive lighthouse that commands Rinrawros Point. The wind now backed to southwest and this made it a long slog down to Rathlin O' Birne, where I planned to anchor for the night. I arrived at 21.00 and dropped the hook in 6m of water

in the lee of the island, sufficiently far south, I hoped, from Bullig rock which breaks at LW. There is not much shelter from the swell behind this small island but I wasn't going to have any trouble sleeping that night after my first day's solo sailing.

By morning the wind had freshened to southwesterly force 4-5 and Bullig rock was breaking much closer than I had planned, 50m instead of the 200m I thought I had allowed. Now with a moderate to fresh southwest wind it was going to be a long haul across Donegal Bay to Broadhaven bay where I planned to spend the next evening. If I beat across the bay I wouldn't be there before dark, so very reluctantly I had to forgo probably the best breeze of the trip so far and motor into the wind. Nine hours later I passed through the channel between Benwee Head on the North Mayo coast and the spectacular Stags of Broadhaven. Then when Broadhaven Bay had opened up I hoisted sail and enjoyed a fast reach for the last few of miles into the anchorage at Ballyglass.

I weighed anchor at 07.15 and with the wind southwest F2-3 we reached out across Broadhaven Bay towards Erris head. I was surprised to see a powerful motor launch pass very close to our port side and then circle us. I gave them a friendly wave but saw no reply nor heard any call on channel 16. The launch continued to motor alongside at 4 knots, keeping a distance of 50m or so to leeward. My imagination was working overtime: customs drug patrol, the press, Mayo pirates? Then I noticed a large working vessel about 2 miles ahead and about 2 miles E of Erris head. It was the *Havila Phoenix* which was engaged in pipe laying from the Corrib gas field. It was only when I finally passed ahead of her that the launch returned to the mother ship, having fended off the potential threat from a solo ICC sailor.

Once we passed Erris head I hardened up and sailed out past Eagle Island and on out to sea for another 2 hours before tacking back inshore. I sailed inside Leacarrick and Broad Rock and then passed between Inishglora and Corraun Point at 11.15, almost HW, where the depth dropped to 9m. Then with the wind on the nose I motored for the next 4 hours to Achill Head. As we rounded it just 0.5 miles off, the seas were lumpy and confused, but with blue skies and a magnificent view of the towering cliffs on the headland, I was not complaining. Now as I bore away to head for Clare Island, my next port of call, I had the sun on my back and with the wind now southwesterly force 4, I had a fantastic 15 mile reach to my destination, touching 8 knots in the gusts. I picked up a visitors' mooring at 18.15, 15 minutes before my next crew arrived by ferry from Roonagh.

For the next 2 days I was joined by Ulrich Martin, a Swiss national who has fallen in love with Mayo and spends about half the year there, sailing *Subador*, a Comfort 30, out of Mayo Sailing Club. When his gear was stowed on board we headed to The Sailor's Bar & Restaurant, which has panoramic views over Clew Bay, and we had a really superb meal there – the pan-fried hake was exceptional. Then we adjourned to the community centre for an evening of ceolagus craic. Some of the local teenagers put on a fantastic display of set dancing

and sean nós dancing, and there were some memorable solo recitations and songs. All in all a memorable visit to one of my favourite islands on the west coast.

The following morning brought light south westerly winds and foggy heads for our passage to Inishbofin, a mere 20 miles away. There was a sloppy swell but the light winds meant we were making very slow progress. Ulrich, who was initially chatty, became quiet and the colour drained from his cheeks only to be replaced by the characteristic hues of *mal de mer*. He had never experienced sea sickness before and was a bit shocked at how quickly he became incapacitated. I decided that a breather at Inishturk should help get him back on his feet so we made for the visitors' moorings there, where we spent 3 hours recovering, with the appropriate medication dispensed. We spotted the fine lines of *Waxwing*, a Rival 41, on another mooring there and we exchanged brief hellos with Peter and Susan Gray (ICC) as they departed heading north. We finally arrived into Inishbofin harbour at LW (18.45) and dropped the anchor in 5m. It was another beautiful evening and we enjoyed dinner outside Day's bar with fantastic views over the harbour and farther off to the south and west.

On a very murky morning with no wind we left Inishbofin at 07.50, bound for Roundstone. With the auto pilot helming, we cautiously made our way between High Island and Friar Island. Although these islands are only 3 cables apart, we couldn't see either through the dense fog as we passed between them. Only a few hours later as we entered Gorteen Bay, 3 miles southwest of Roundstone, the sun had broken through and the temperature was rising rapidly. To get the best views of the beach in Gorteen Bay we passed north of Inishlacken, through Inishlacken sound, which is only navigable 3 hours or so on either side of HW, and even then with caution. We anchored off the pier in Roundstone at 12.45, right next to Paddy Barry's (ICC) *Ar Seachrán*. The anchorage gave stunning views to the summits of the Twelve Pins across the bows of a dozen Connemara Hookers at anchor in the harbour. My father, Walter O'Byrne, arrived that evening from Cork to join me for the last few days of the trip. After an excellent meal in a very busy O'Dowd's we retired to the boat for a night cap in the cockpit. It was a beautiful still evening and the reflection of the village lights in the water just after sunset gave the scene a picture-postcard feel.



A drink at Downings

The following morning (19th July) brought another day of gentle breezes and blue skies. With a light easterly wind we reached out towards Saint Macdara's Island, about 5 miles south of Roundstone. Then we beat southeast along the inner coastal passage as far as Inishmuskerry Island, a small uninhabited island with a beautiful white sandy beach on the northeast side; perfect for a lunch stop and a swim. The high point of the island (4m) was jealously guarded by nesting gulls and they made it very clear that we weren't welcome. Back on board, we motored the 5 miles or so up to Kilkieran pier and came alongside the pier head. There are several well-maintained visitors' moorings close to the pier, which were all empty while we were there. That evening we had dinner in Tigh Cadhain's (Coynes) bar in Kilkieran, which was unexpectedly excellent (unexpected, because the pub looked like it was mainly a drinking man's bar). The Irish language is alive and well in these parts and it was great to be surrounded by native Irish speakers for the evening.

With only one night left before we had to be back in Galway, we decided that Inis Meáin, the least visited of the three Aran Islands, would be nice to visit. It also boasts a fine restaurant, appropriately called the Inis Meáin, and we felt that it would be right and proper to celebrate the last night of the cruise with a good meal. We sailed out of Kilkieran Bay at 09.45, stopping off about 2 miles south of Golam Head to catch some mackerel for lunch. The wind died at 13.00 so we motored the remaining 12 miles to the new harbour on the north side of Inis Meáin. In the harbour we came alongside another visiting yacht, *Lady Kate*, a Moody 31 belonging to Donal Walsh (ICC) from Dungarvan.

We left at 09.45, shortly after *Lady Kate* had departed for Doolin. Frustratingly the wind was now easterly (force 2-3), which meant a long beat home (30 miles) to our mooring in Rinville. We resigned ourselves to a long haul home and soon busied ourselves with cooking up brunch, which after a late night was now badly needed, by the skipper at least (the old man is made of tougher stuff). After brunch things were looking up as the wind veered to southeast, allowing us to make good progress along the north shore of Galway Bay. Then, as if to welcome us home after our 2 week cruise, the Irish naval vessel *LÉ Aisling* passed us close to starboard as she made her way out the bay. We picked up *Calico Jack's* mooring at 16.45 on Sunday 21st July, tired but happy at the end of a very enjoyable cruise. The single malts of the Scottish Isles will just have to wait for 2014.

Farewell

Sal and Jeffrey O’Riordan

When Sal and I set sail from Crosshaven this summer, we knew that this would probably be our last cruise on board *Adrigole*, a Rival 36 we have sailed happily for 26 years. When she was launched in 1987 she had things that seemed new and excessive then – like running hot water and a fridge, facilities that we now take for granted. At the time we thought the fridge too large and because of that we wondered about not buying a Rival 36 at all. What a mistake that would have been. And technologically things have continued to change on board. We no longer trail a Walker log astern, as dead reckoning is a thing of the past and we navigate in a completely different way. Over time, GPS replaced other systems, and recording a long string of numbers allowed a position to be plotted on a paper chart. Those sheets of paper in turn have almost gone, with electronic Admiralty charts now viewed on an iPad. And as we can also get shipping forecasts on that same device, Navtex has gone as well, though its functionless antenna is still mounted on the pushpit.

This time, we set off as we’ve often done over the years with old friends Neil and Jenny Fair. We cast off from the mooring opposite the RCYC on one side of the river and our house in Currabinny on the other. The weather was sunnier than we had experienced for years and progress under engine was good. We soon anchored on the south side of Glandore in thick mud.

Next morning there was a better breeze so that we could sail nicely with an easterly wind. The weather forecast was so good that we anchored in South Harbour on Cape Clear Island, there being no possibility of the southerly winds that make South Harbour untenable. From there we could see Minke whales jumping at the entrance. We could also see the big “Yurt” tents ashore. Historically “Yurts” are a feature of Central Asia, used by nomads and are fairly simple structures that can be dismantled and carried on camels. The modern yurt is very different, however. Shelagh, one of our daughters, stayed in one of the yurts on Clear Island later in the summer and described their fantastic luxury. Like so many other things, camping is not what it was.

Getting up next morning, Neil had great difficulty finding an essential piece of clothing; in helping him Jenny produced the quote of the cruise saying, “He is a very good looker but a hopeless finder”. The weather was so good that all rules were



broken and we even towed a dinghy as we headed for Baltimore. On the way, there was concern that the steering was “A bit stiff”, so we sought an engineer who was easily found by enquiries in the pub, where he was well known. He found that the control cables needed replacing. Fortunately we were able to get new ones in nearby Skibbereen and had them fitted quickly so that we could get moving again that evening.

In bygone days going north of Sherkin there was always nervous tension when we went through the narrows under electric cables and fearful of a rock. Now the cables are gone and the dangerous rock, Mealbeg, is marked with a buoy so the stress is removed. Overnight, we anchored off Hare Island. As we enjoyed a beautiful sunny evening, we were passed by a succession of fast moving RIBs and motorboats. This too was a new phenomenon. Despite the noise they made, it was good to see so many people enjoying this lovely stretch of water.

In the morning we motored to the head of Roaringwater Bay inside a forest of buoys marking a giant mussel farm, going close inshore and anchoring near Jeremy Irons’s much renovated Kilcoe Castle. Coming back out of the Bay we sailed to Schull. Neil and Jenny left that evening and we were joined by Nancy Harrison, a friend from Essex. We saw a lot of goats on Goat Island that led Nancy to wonder what it would be like when we passed Bear Island. We went around the Mizzen in a flat calm. As we headed North, we could look out for the three castles on Three Castle Head without the hassle we usually had on that bit of the coast and anchored in Castletown Berehaven, where it was good to see that the fishing fleet was very active.

Next day it was nice to sail into *Adrigole*’s namesake harbour and pause for tea before moving along to Glengarriff. There was a large but quite elegant French cruising vessel anchored nearby, not the usual monster type cruise ship that we see in Cork Harbour. Ashore on Ilnacullin Island the gardens were as lovely as ever. Annan and Violet Bryce had purchased the island in 1910 from the British War Office and began to create a lovely garden. Subsequently their son Roland took over and on his death he gave the gardens to the Irish state in 1951 and they are still well



Adrigole

maintained. We were interested to read the plaque honouring “Roland L’Estrange Bryce”. From his middle name L’Estrange we wondered if he might be a relation and later we worked out that he was a distant cousin of Sal’s mother Cicely Berridge. She was a keen gardener and had sailed happily in these waters for years with her husband, Bob, a former Commodore of ICC, but she had never mentioned this family link.

It was a short trip over to Bantry where we picked up a mooring in front of Bantry House. For old times’ sake, on the way out of the bay we called into Lawrence Cove Marina on Bere Island and got a great greeting from Mrs. Harrington who recognised Adrigole from previous visits. Next morning we filled up with water and diesel and headed out of Bantry Bay. We were surprised to see the flapping dorsal fin of a sunfish, which took no notice of us. We were able to motor up and get to within a couple of metres of it. It is an extraordinary beast, with a large body and no tail. We thought it was a bad design and really “Not fit for purpose” but apparently it does a good job eating jellyfish and there were plenty of those around for the taking.

Up Dunmanus Bay we headed to another old haunt, Kitchen Cove, where friends of the family used to live. Civilisation has got there in the form of a local patisserie that now sells croissants. Parts of the West are not so wild as they used to be. Heading back out of Dunmanus Bay, the wind got up to force five and we were glad Nancy could remember the reefing system. The wind had become easterly so the mooring in Crookhaven was rather bumpy. Next day we picked up a mooring in Baltimore. At low tide in the morning we found ourselves lying rather close to another boat which was pointing in a different direction. It turned out that the owner of that boat was on his own mooring and was rather keen that we should move away, which we did. After breakfast it was time to head eastwards again.

As we sailed inside the Stags, we thought we recognised a fishing boat and later saw her landing lobster across the harbour in Castletownshend. Of course, we moved across to see if we could source our dinner. In one of the onboard mobile phones, there is an entry down as “Lobster Joe”, that enables us to contact a lobster fisherman in Castletownshend. Joe recognised us as we approached. The last time we had got lobster and crab from him he was at sea and passed us a line to transfer a pot containing the goodies. Having got them safely, money in a plastic bag was then transferred back to him in the same pot. This time the transfer was much less traumatic, being from hand to hand.

Ashore in Castletownsend we went up the street to Mary Ann’s bar. The town was so quiet that the contrast with Baltimore was striking. The craic in Baltimore had been over-

whelming. An artist was unloading some very large paintings for an exhibition in Mary Ann’s. The paintings were quite nice and were “For Sale” but we certainly could not have got them aboard Adrigole.

Coming out of Castletownsend next morning the weather had changed – there was little wind so we had to motor initially but then we got a beam wind and speed over the ground was 7.2 knots. We were passed by an even faster-moving motor vessel. At first we thought it was going to keep out of our way but it became clear that this was not an option. Then we spotted that she was showing signals that she was “Manoeuvring with difficulty”. In fact she was a survey vessel and we wisely kept out of her way. We spent the night in Kinsale Yacht Club Marina. How smart their clubhouse is now. Alongside a pontoon we took the opportunity to dispose of our “Bere Island Brown Water” and wash out our water tank.



Sunfish

The passage back to Crosshaven was memorable for all the wrong reasons. We headed outside the Bulman sailing fast under jib alone and were going south of the Stags at about 6 knots. A lot of boats were coming out of Oysterhaven and we were surprised that suddenly they all dropped their sails. Listening on VHF we heard a call to “All ships near Oysterhaven”. We answered that call but got no reply. The next thing we heard was a call to “All ribs near Oysterhaven”. From the VHF we heard *Spirit of Oysterhaven* calling. Then we realised that there was a vessel aground just outside the entrance to Oysterhaven, so we were witnesses to the sinking of *Astrid*- 42 metres long and 96 years old. Watching this square rigger bash against the rocks and slowly list with gunwales underwater had elements of watching an historical film of yesteryear. Not a sight to be enjoyed in real time. We listened as various lifeboats arrived, inshore lifeboats from Kinsale and Crosshaven and the big lifeboat from Courtmacsherry congregated. Helicopters too mustered. First we heard that 10 people were taken off and then another 20. It was a miracle that all were taken off to safety. The rescue services did a grand job.

As we sailed into Cork harbour we caught many mackerel, enough to stock the deep freeze ashore. In the two weeks we had logged 200 miles and eaten 37 mackerel. The sun had shone, the winds were kind, the wildlife was amazing and more noticeable in calm conditions. Adrigole had looked after us well as usual, as she has done for 26 years and many thousands of miles. It had been a great cruise. Alas she now flies a “For Sale” notice. We think we are ending on a high but with regret.

Fare thee well.

Lydia returns to Scotland

Joe Phelan

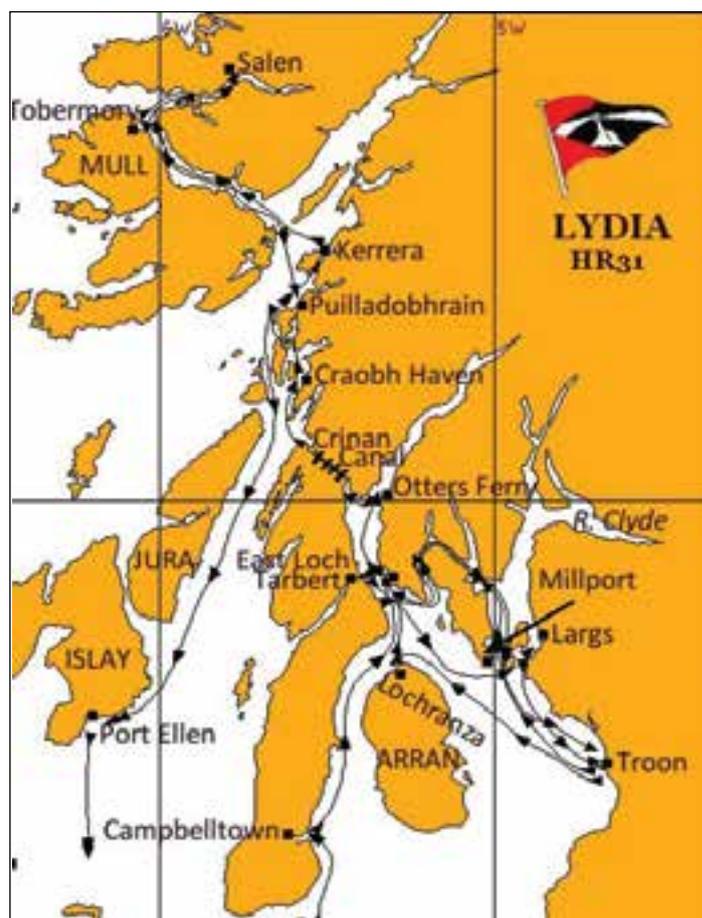


And so it was back to Scotland again for our 2013 cruise. Trish and I intended spending about six weeks up there and would be joined by our son and grandson for a short cruise in the Clyde.

The weather forecast for later in the week didn't look too promising, so we decided to try and get north for a couple of days before the really nasty stuff came in. We departed Howth for Ardglass at 07.30 on 19th of May. It was a calm dull morning, wind from northeast, and not the forecast east to southeast. By 13.00 the sun was out, it was warm, time for shorts and T-shirts. No other boats in sight. By 15.00 both sun and wind had gone, so we motored full speed to Ardglass. At 17.50 we were tied up in a very empty marina. A Scottish sail-training ship offered us a pot of shrimp which they had left over from a fish box given to them by a local fisherman. We cooked the shrimp and ate royally for dinner and lunch the next day.

We departed Ardglass at 07.30, having got a forecast of northwest force 3 to 4, rising 5 to 6 later. Our original plan was to head to Glenarm, but with a long term forecast of 4 or 5 days of strong north winds, we decided to change our plan and head to Bangor. We had a cold dark but dry sail into a force 4 which came right from the mark. The boat reefed a dream and handled very well. We arrived in Bangor marina at 14.40, dieselled up and were no sooner in our berth than we had a visit from Peter Ronaldson.

The forecast looked appalling for the next 4 to 5 days, so I decided to return to Dublin to sort out a couple of problems with my OU course – where would we be without the bus pass? Trish stayed behind to stock the boat, as it looks as though we might get away next day. Stanton Adair suggested that we should join a mini-cruise to Scotland being organised by the marina – there were 12 boats originally but the number was now down to 4. He invited us to a wine and cheese in the marina. There we met the other participating boat owners, including ICC member Tony Weston and his



wife Gina. A very pleasant evening was had by all and plans to leave for Campbeltown at 10.00 the following morning were confirmed.

Saturday, 25th May, five boats departed in company for Campbeltown (Stanton Adair had taken the previous evening's tide). It was a lovely sunny day, wind force 3 to 4 southeast. The wind stayed constant all day and we made good time; at 15.30 we were 5 miles from the waypoint, east of Sanda. We had a smashing sail into Campbeltown, where we tied up at the pontoon at 18.50. A very pleasant drinks session on *Mandolin Wind*, hosted by Gina and Tony Weston, was followed by a smashing dinner in the newly refurbished Royal Hotel. An unpleasant forecast meant that plans for the following few days were reassessed, some boats heading for home and others going further up the Clyde. We decided to head straight for Portavadie the following day, rather than stopping at Lochranza.

We departed Campbeltown at 11.45. The wind was light from the southeast and we sailed nicely along. A group of 20 dolphins accompanied us for a while, mostly bottlenose, but an occasional common dolphin as well. The wind increased during the day, so we had a smashing sail in a force 4, with the barometer dropping all the time. At 18.00 we tied up at Portavadie, which was quite full, with lots of boats from the Scottish Series opting to stay there. The restaurant was full so



Lydia in Campbeltown with Bangor Marina cruise

we ate on board, then up for the ceilidh. – took part in the local reel, then made a quick dash in lashing rain for *Lydia*. The heat turned on, we were soon cosy, on a terrible night.

We went walking the following day and departed next day for East Loch Tarbert. All of the boats from the Scottish series had departed, so the town was quiet. We paid a visit, as usual to the local fish shop and the shellfish shop at the ferry terminus, so we dined like lords on magnificent Scottish seafood. Next day we set out for Troon at 08.30. There was a light northeasterly wind. Around midday, we changed our mind and headed for Largs. We had a nice sail under main and jib and tied up in Largs at 13.45. We blew up the dinghy the following morning while we were still on shore power. We departed Largs for Millport at 10.30. There was no wind, so we motored all the way. At 11.45 we picked up a visitor's mooring, using our new Handy Duck mooring hook for the first time – it worked a treat. We took the dinghy ashore and went for a long walk. I thought I was seeing things when I saw a sign in the fish and chip shop for “Deep fried chocolate chip muffins”.

We slipped the mooring early the next day and got under way for Troon, motoring all the way. We were meeting Trish's cousin Nora and her husband Frank. They joined us on *Lydia* for lunch. Saturday, 1st June was the start of our family cruise in the Clyde. Our son John and his 13 year old son Finn left their house in Howth at 07.30 and we were sailing out of Troon harbour at 11.00. The wind was southwest force 3 to 4. It was dull and overcast and inclined to rain. We had a smashing sail and tied up in the inner harbour in Rothesay at



Lydia at Loch Ranza

15.45

The following morning we had an 11.00 departure (after the ferry) for East Loch Tarbert, via the Burnt Isles. At 14.15 we rounded Buoy 47 off Ardlamont Point, when Finn noticed one common dolphin circling the buoy continuously in a clockwise direction. After 10 minutes we gave up watching this odd behaviour and headed on. We tied up at East Loch Tarbert at 15.30. I heard the first cuckoo of 2013 today. We decided to spend another day in East Loch Tarbert. It was a beautiful sunny day as we departed East Loch Tarbert at 13.15 for the Burnt Isles. There was no wind, so we were motoring. We saw three harbour porpoises off Ardlamont Point, but no sign of the dizzy dolphin.

We anchored in 5.4 metres in Balnakailly Bay. There was one boat there when we arrived, but they hauled their anchor shortly afterwards. John and Finn went off exploring in the dinghy. The next day dawned dull and wet. At 09.15 we hauled the anchor chain (which had a star fish on it) and set off for Troon. At Ardrossan the wind filled in from the southwest and we sailed to Troon. We had an early night, as a taxi was ordered for 06.10 the following morning – John had to get back to Dublin and do a quick turnaround down to Kinsale for the SB20 Southernns.

It was a great cruise with the family – the weather was warm and we got a reasonable amount of sailing during the five short days.

At 10.45 we filled up with diesel and departed Troon for Loch Ranza. It was a lovely sunny day, with very little wind from the northwest. We picked up a mooring buoy at Loch Ranza at 16.00. Our mooring duck worked a treat; however the extension handle (not part of the purchase) split and we lost the end part, including the retrieval gadget. We decided, having checked the forecast, to stay an extra day.

We slipped the mooring buoy at 08.25. There was no wind until we got outside, then we had a steady southeasterly force 3 to 4. We had a smashing sail to Otter Ferry, where we picked up a mooring at 13.00. We went ashore in the dinghy and had an hours walk. We got wi-fi and got an up to date forecast. This helped us decide to go into the Crinan Canal the following morning.

We slipped the mooring at Otter Ferry at 09.15. It was a dull, dry morning with little wind. We tied up at the pontoon at Ardrishaig at 10.30. We entered Lock 1 and did the paperwork for the canal licence. We were delighted to hear that a new system was in place for short-handed boats. We flew a yellow Crinan flag and this informed the lockkeepers that we were short of crew. They asked us to stay on board and tend the ropes, while they did all the work on shore. This system worked a treat and there was no extra charge on top of the licence fee.

We tied up after Lock 4 (Oakfield, at Millers Bridge). We ate on board, and the forecast rain started in earnest, as did the midges. Despite nets on hatches and the vents plugged they still managed to get in. Our original plan was to spend 3 or 4 nights on the canal, do some walking and visit the museums,

but the midges might change this. We departed Millers Bridge at 08.10 and went through locks 5, 6, 7 and 8 in company with a Scottish boat who were heading for Puilladobhrain. We turned the boat around and tied up at the pontoon just beyond Cairnbaan. It was dry initially, but the rain had started by the time we were tied up.

We got up early for the 08.10 forecast. We departed Cairnbaan at 08.30. We waited on the pontoon at lock 9 for at least an hour in the lashing rain. We went through all 5 locks on our own – it's much easier going down. At 12.00 we were at Crinan. We went through the last two locks with a very nervous lady skipper and her husband on a Hunter 27 – they were heading for Ardfern. We tidied up the boat and set sails. We sailed through the Dorus Mor and tied up at Craobh Haven at 15.15. We had excellent Wi Fi on the boat in this marina. The forecast for tomorrow was not good.

We had a text from our son John early next morning to say that his father in law had died after a long illness. Now we had to find a way back to Dublin for the funeral on Saturday. The marina manager, Jim, in Craobh was most helpful, making lots of phone calls and eventually suggesting that we should take the Kintyre Express, which is a 12 seater enclosed RIB that runs daily from Campbeltown to Ballycastle, weather permitting. The cost was £60 return per person. We investigated this option and decided to go for it. We got the 07.30 school bus from the marina to Lochgilphead. A wait of 30 minutes saw us on the bus to Campbeltown. We had time there for a coffee before the RIB took off at 12.30. The weather was on the verge as regards strength of wind, so we had a bumpy ride, getting to Ballycastle at 13.45. Then it was onto Ulster Bus (with the bus pass.) to Belfast and we transferred immediately to an express coach to Dublin. We got the Dart home and were in Baldoyle at 21.30- a long but interesting day.

We decided to return to *Lydia* by the same route. Tuesday was our return day and we got back to Craobh at 19.00, having taken a taxi from Lochgilphead, having missed the last bus connection. We departed Craobh Haven at 09.00 on 19th June, took the tide through Cuan Sound and then set sail for Kerrera. With full main (and a preventer) and the jib goose winged, we made great progress and tied up at Kerrera marina at 12.40 after a very pleasant sail. We went into Oban and restocked the boat.

We departed Kerrera the following morning at 09.00 for Tobermory. It was a dull drizzly morning with little wind; however the wind did fill in from astern, so we sailed in the rain, all the way to Tobermory. It rained all day and the forecast for later in the week was for strong winds, so we abandoned our plans to visit Iona by sea, and instead decided to see it by local bus the following day.

The forecast for the weekend was horrendous, so we booked onto the pontoon at Salen, up Loch Sunart. Having done some shopping, we departed Tobermory at 11.10 and had a pleasant sail up Loch Sunart until the wind died. We stopped for lunch in 86 metres depth in the middle of Loch

Sunart. – sunshine, total stillness, quiet – what more could you ask for? After lunch we continued our lovely trip up the loch and tied up at the pontoon at 14.30. I reversed in to face north, the expected wind direction. This was our first visit to Salen and we were very impressed. The pontoons are of a very high standard, with water and electricity. The toilet block and shop are a work-in-progress and should be ready for next year. The welcome we got was amazing and we will be back.

Sunday was very wet and windy, but we were very sheltered. An unexpected asset was marvellous wi-fi on the boat. Monday dawned bright and cool after the strong winds of Sunday. Now we were on our way to Tobermory to meet up with the Michaels on *Mystique of Malabide*. We motored down the loch and got some nice pictures of Dickie Gomes's 100 year old yacht *Ainmara*. At the entrance to the loch, we rolled out the jib and had a fine sail to Tobermory, arriving there at 14.10. It almost looked like HYC, as not only *Mystique*, but also Sean McCormack's *Marie Claire 2* and the O'Reilly's *WildAgain* were also tied up.

We departed Tobermory at 09.15 for Puilladobhrain. It was a dry, dull morning, with the wind on the nose to start, but by midday it had freed and we had a fine sail to the anchorage. There was only one other boat anchored and three others arrived later – virtually empty compared to previous visits. We hauled the anchor at 07.30 and headed for Port Ellen. The sea was smooth and it was a sunny morning. At 09.10 we were through the sound of Luing, with a maximum speed of 10.8 knots. Passing the Corryvreckan, we had the engine at 1,800 revs and were doing 12.5 knots SOG. A short time later we killed the engine and were still doing 10.8 knots under sail through the Sound of Jura. The wind strengthened as we approached Islay and we had a smashing sail into Port Ellen.

We departed at 07.15 for Bangor. It was a dull wet morning with very poor visibility. We put the main up with one reef and with the help of radar and AIS we kept an eye on lots of fishing boats which were not visible in the conditions. At 10.50 the stream finally turned with us. We were doing 11.5 knots with a reefed main, the engine at 1,900 rpm and a stream of 6.6 knots helping us along. At 14.30 we were off Larne; it was still raining; there was no wind, so we added a 10 litre can of diesel to the tank. We were making good time, so we kept going for Ardglass, rather than stopping at Bangor. At 16.30 we were outside Mew Island, motoring at 2,800 rpm, doing 2.1 knots with a 5.0 tide against us. At 22.15 we decided to anchor north of Ardglass, in Benders Bay, just north of Guns Island, in 3.1 metres of water. Still calm, but at least the rain has stopped.

We hauled the anchor at 07.15 and set sail in a westerly wind, force 3. By 09.15 this had increased 4 to 5 south-westerly. We were making very poor progress, in a very uncomfortable sea, so we decided to turn back and sail with jib only into Phennick Cove marina in Ardglass. We were under no time pressure, so this seemed like a good idea. We tied up at the marina at 11.00 and realised we were in for a few days in Ardglass as the forecast for the following couple of days was heavy and on the nose.

We departed the marina at 07.40 on Monday 1st July. There was a left-over sea running, with a westsouthwest wind force 3 to 4. We motor-sailed with main only, on a dull grey morning. By 13.50 the wind had freed and we sailed to our berth in HYC tying up there at 17.45.

And so our cruise to Scotland on *Lydia* came to an end. We had 10 very good days' weather at the end of May/beginning of June, otherwise it was typical Scottish weather, but for the most part it was dry and we had very few midges, apart from the two monsoon days in the Crinan. Our cruise was curtailed by our unexpected return to Dublin. On the plus side we had good sailing, unlike later in the summer. We used 136 litres of diesel and covered 762 miles during our six and a half week cruise. Plenty more still to see in Scotland – we'll be back.



Trish and Joe at Craignure, Mull

Red Face ----- *Could this have happened to you?? asks Harry Whelehan*

On the first day of our round Ireland cruise, we found ourselves at the entrance to Arklow with the engine disabled and no wind to get us up the river. Two unsuccessful attempts saw us still drifting just off the pier. We hung around the entrance hoping that a Good Samaritan would appear and offer assistance. Then I spotted, out to sea, a powerful looking motor vessel, with a navy blue hull and orange superstructure travelling at speed for Arklow. I took this to be the lifeboat, returning from an exercise, the perfect coincidence. We could now get a tow up the river without any fuss, so I called the lifeboat on channel 16.

Very promptly I had a response, not from the lifeboat, but from Wicklow coastguard, to whom I explained our predicament (they like me, were unaware of my misidentification of the approaching vessel).

The coastguard, having taken particulars of our boat, its position, the number of people on board, and the fact that we were all wearing life jackets etc, and having noted my assurance that we were not in distress, asked me to stand by. As all this was happening I was watching the approaching vessel, which I assumed would make a slight course alteration and come and take us up the river on its way home. However as it approached, it maintained its speed and course for the harbour, obviously unaware of us or our problem.

It transpired that this vessel was much larger than a lifeboat and was in fact a service vessel for the offshore wind farm. As she disappeared up the river, the actual lifeboat came to our assistance, just a couple of cables off the pier head and took us in tow for the short journey into Arklow basin.

Thus ended the first leg of our circumnavigation, leaving us with a significant engine difficulty to overcome and strong feelings of ignominy and despair at having been rescued/assisted by the lifeboat on a calm sea, within shouting distance of a harbour. These negative feelings were tempered by our gratitude to the RNLI and the coastguard, both agencies displaying the skill and courtesy which endears them to us

When we were safely tied up, I dusted myself off and went to the lifeboat station to thank the skipper and the crew for their kindness, express my regret at the inconvenience caused, and to compliment them on the manner in which the exercise had been carried out. They made it clear that we were most welcome to the assistance which they had given, and as it was put, "That's what we are here for".

As I was speaking with the crew, and trying to put some balm on my own embarrassment, the launching officer of the lifeboat came into the picture, and who did it turn out to be but Jimmy Tyrell, one of my oldest friends from school days, (a son of Jack Tyrell, the renowned boat builder and designer).

Having repeated my apology to him, and explained, the nature of our problem with the engine cooling system, he immediately contacted a cousin of his who had, of course, the precise expertise needed to resolve our problems. John (also a Tyrell) was on the boat within three quarters of an hour and had sourced and fitted a replacement fitting, thereby restoring some of our morale, and keeping our mission alive and on schedule.

We moved the boat from the basin to the pontoon in the river where we were able to avail of shore power. If the fault had not materialised when it did, and if we had not gone into Arklow, and if the lifeboat and Jimmy Tyrell had not become involved, and if we had not been put in touch with John Tyrell----- who knows when or where our problem would have arisen, or how it would have been resolved ---- good luck and bad luck ---- in equal measure.

Pylades Meanders the West Coast

Fergus Quinlan

Pressure 1028 steady, wind light variable, sea breezes later, sea state light, high sunburn index. With such weather references echoing in our ears, Kay and I pushed slowly west out Galway bay. A few weeks before, with *Pylades* still on its winter mooring at Bellharbour, the skipper had been snorkelling to clean the propeller; it looked like a marine furze bush and the water was murky and freezing. It had not been anti-fouled since Auckland (just love that) and growth was copious. Dragging the well-bearded hull around to Kinvara with sail and engine was slow, where its leg was bolted on and we grounded. At tide's ebb, we scraped sheets of every conceivable marine life off the hull, our emotions swinging between guilt and satisfaction. A coat of poison paint, a few anodes and back to the summer mooring at the head of the bay.

10th July: Arriving Kiltonan in the Aran Islands, *Danu* (ICC) was swinging at a mooring, enjoying the company of all. We went for walks and feasted on local lobster prepared by daughter Vera with champagne: well it was husband Peter's birthday. After a few days, we sailed south through easy seas, meeting hosts of dolphins en route. Our plan had been to anchor off the Great Blasket and explore the next morning. But the anchorage looked unhappy, surging in the evening light and we pushed on to Ventry. Picking up a mooring, we wined, dined, launched and explored, walking the fine beach and visiting the architecturally-challenged 'Paudie O Shea' bar. The next day, returning to the Great Blasket, conditions were perfect and, anchoring off the beach, we brought the dinghy ashore at the slip.

The organic clusters of cottage ruins, their ghostly inhabitants now sleeping in beds of nettles, scanning the sea through frameless windows and standing in door-less doors, gave a warm sense of being and passing. A gull called down, displaying its mastery of the summer air. The simple form of the buildings, their unity of materials and the slow-moving waters of the sound below combined exquisitely. Kay and I



Looking out from Inish Mhic Uileáion

on the high ground, captivated by the sounds and visions, the smell of high summer and our fabulous ship below which had given so much, lucky we were, lucky we are and know it.

Further west, anchored off Inis Mhic Uileáion, fearless Puffins plunged and landed around us. They were delightful; how did they evolve that wonderful pecker? The water clarity was excellent so one could observe them flying under as over. Landing at the vertical ladder bolted to the rock face, we were the only ones of our species about the island but counted 30 red deer. The dwelling, originally built by a former disgraced Taoiseach, is still intact; the skipper recalled having a bit of a session in the house 25 years before, after anchoring there on the old Sabre 27, a former *Pylades*. The wind generator and swimming pool were all in the same dilapidated state that they were in then, which might indicate something. But it still is a most delightful place.

The sail south to the Kenmare River was powered by a sea breeze, with but the rumour of an Atlantic swell, and the islands and coast of the west never looked so good. Anchoring in Ballycrovane, we were again on our own except for curious Selkies. The landing at the boathouse to the south is of special significance to Kay, as her mother was born and raised just up the boreen. The house, destroyed by fire in 1946, is now a ruin. We fixed a small timber plaque, commemorating Kay's grandparents and the 12 children born there. Kay's mother Johanna was the last born in 1922; all survived to see the sea. In her Eighties she had sailed with us to the Aran Islands. Where would the apple fall?

18th July: the dark swirling waters hurried our ship through the splendid Dursey Sound to anchor at Crookhaven. There, outside the pub we enjoyed sundowners, the whispering sea, the gulls and conversation until an electronic drummer with boom-boxes saw us off. Very few boats had been seen so far on our meandering, but arriving at Schull we found a fleet of vessels. Next day, a most pleasant evening was spent with Ken and Aileen on board *Roulette*, with their three children. We first met in 2000 on their honeymoon, when they were chartering in the Caribbean. Next day we headed back north around the Mizzen, anchoring at Portmagee and playing the box on deck for the seals and a local fisherman.

22nd July: at Dingle, enjoying the hospitality of Peadar the dock master and nights in Mick Macs; the wild-spending skipper even bought a shirt. Leaving on the 24th into a 20 knot southeasterly there was a race of sorts at the exit from Dingle harbour as the wind battled the ebb. Under increasing wind, rain and reduced sail we closed the Blasket Islands. By the time we entered the sound it was blowing 35 knots over a boisterous sea and the mainsail was stowed. We were hoping the tides had turned north and it must have, it was ok. This was the same squall, methinks, that did for the sail training

ship *Astrid* which struck and went down that day off Kinsale entrance. Changing our plan to push for the Aran's, we tucked instead into Smerwick harbour. It was flat calm, the sun returned and with the backdrop of the imposing Brandon Mountain it added up to a stunning evening.

25th July: the trip north was mainly to the beat of a slow propeller; the compensation was the company of Dolphins. After spending a few days walking the ever-revealing Inishmore, *Pylades* tied at the new marina at Rossaveal. The skipper mellowed on board reading and writing great works, alternating between anchoring off Sruthan pier or the marina, while Kay checked out work and dwelling.

1st August: On Kay's return we had a fine sail to Inishmaan. Not having landed here for many a year we cautiously crept into its new harbour and tied at the pier wall. There was a bit of pressure to alter our location when an 18ft local open boat arrived, but as there was literally nowhere else to go and through rendering profuse assistance we managed to hold our position. That evening in the pub any residual antipathy was erased and all was well. The Island itself in these long summer evenings was drenched in a hard beauty so thick you could cut it with a knife. The walk out to the south western edge was never to be forgotten as the Atlantic wind threw back the cliff-rivers, forming sheets of silvered spray and dancing rainbows. As the day retired so did we, to the one and only bar, the accelerated reels and jigs played by overzealous youth touching its own mad cadenza. We shall return for sure.

8th August: Anchored off Maumeen pier in Greatmans Bay, which was bustling with race training gleoiteog's, we walked to the pub beyond Lettirmullen bridge, where we had an interesting chat with Mhicilín Bailey, brother of deceased Johnny Bailey, skipper of the hooker *Capall*. If our ability to labhair na gaeilge was a bit better than 'School Irish', it would be a big help.

14th August: close hauling northwest with the wild bellows of the Namackan and the Skerd rocks to starboard, we were back in normal western weather, rain, poor visibility and lumpy seas. Turning north *Pylades* with freed sheets was reaching under full sail, when abeam of Slyne head, a sharp crack, like a rifle shot was heard from forward. Fear gripped as we scanned the rig. The baby stay spoon attachment at the mast had snapped off. This stay had cracked two years previously when it shredded the toggle at the deck end. (Short stays snap first) Head sail was reduced, flattened, the runner was ground on and we cautiously ploughed on for Inish Bofin. Having established that we would not be able to get a replacement in time for our return, we set up the following: taped the 8mm wire near the spoon end and cut with bolt choppers, formed a loop in wire secured with three bolted dog clamps. Looped short length of 12mm Kevlar into mast slot, secured plastic ties to open stainless shackle, manoeuvred in to mast slot to capture the Kevlar loop. Secured to loop in rigging and tightened bottle screw until it groaned. The walks in Boffin were better than ever and a great session was had with Paddy Barry and the sailors from *Ar Seachrán*, who were bound north for Scotland.

21st August: the forecast was for the wind to stay moderate westerly during the night, but turn south by morning, so with our dodgy stay we took the night shift south and a fabulous sail it was, with light showers and the moon weaving through the slow moving clouds. Travelling down the coast at night is akin to being passed from one guardian light to the next, as the steady rhythmic flashing of Slyne Head is replaced by North Island and finally Straw Island. Mooring in Kilonan at 04.00 we slept well. Later in the day we ran out of gas, how careless our stocking had become, but Declan and Debbie Connolly (ICC) of *Kbepri* come to the rescue by inviting us for an excellent meal on board and further with a loan of a camping gas cooker.

24th August: at 06.00 a circling helicopter and a launch awoke us. They were filming the start of a hooker race from Kilonan to Smerwick and splendid it looked. Unfortunately we learned later that it had been abandoned due to very light wind and lumpy swells, the last thing a hooker with a heavy gaff needs. Dropping Kay off at Rossaveal to drive around to Kinvara bay the skipper brought *Pylades* back to the same destination, but picking a mooring, launching a dinghy and packing away all the sailing bits underlined how he missed his wonderful fellow sailor. The babystay setup held and we fitted a replacement a week later. Apart from a sojourn to Galway docks for our birthday celebrations and a final nail-biting passage back through the tide swirling reef strewn cut at east of Ballyvaughan bay to our winter mooring in front of Dooneen, it marked the end of a most enjoyable summer sailing season.



Looking out from Blasket Mór

Katrilli : A quick dash to the Shetlands

Frank Smyth

This year we decided to go to The Shetlands. The usual crew of Robert Hume and Roley Richards were joined by John Cochrane who was only able to stay for ten days. It was agreed therefore that he would be put ashore somewhere to make his own way home.

We set off from Bangor at 16.00 on 31st May heading north. The intention was to do an all-night sail. However by the time we were abeam of Muck Island, the evening had become cold with the wind in the North, so we decided to put into Glenarm for the night. A good meal and a wee dram settled us down for the evening.



Robert, Roley, Frank and John

Next morning at 05.15 we left Glenarm heading for Ardbeg in Islay. Ardbeg has always had a magnetic attraction for the crew of *Katrilli* – we find it difficult to sail past this anchorage. To our delight we found that on this occasion Ardbeg was hosting an ‘Open day’ and we discovered that ‘free’ drams were being handed out wholesale. Needless to say we helped with the sampling. After a meal on board, we headed off to a stiff westerly breeze which gave us a great sail up the Sound of Jura, through Fladda, across the Firth of Lorne and we anchored in Duart Bay at 23.30. It had been a long but satisfying day - a good start to our trip.

To catch the tide next morning we had an early start up the Sound of Mull. It was a beautiful morning but not a breath of wind so it entailed motoring all day as far as Kyle of Loch Alsh. We motored past Tobermory, round Ardnamurchan Pt, past Muck and Eigg, up the Sound of Sleat, through Kyle Rhea, eventually tying up at the pontoon at Kyleakin at 18.30. We managed to punch the tide through Kyle Rhea, although at times progress was very slow. Sometimes we were down to less than two knots. By carefully creeping up the Skye shore there appeared to be an eddy which enabled us to beat the south-going stream. At Loch Alsh there is a small pontoon which although limited in size enables one to go ashore and stock up with last minute supplies from the local supermarket.

As we had a long way to go it was necessary to push

on as quickly as possible. Also we wanted to take advantage of the calm weather. The morning was overcast but at least it was not raining. Again no wind, so on with the Iron topsail for another day of motoring. By lunchtime however a little breeze came from the south for a time and we were able to set the spinnaker. The sky cleared, the sun shone and the yard arm was duly acknowledged. We arrived at Loch Inver at 18.15; a pleasant if uneventful journey. Compared to Ullapool, Loch Inver, whilst it is that bit further north, in my opinion it is much more convenient. It is not so far from the open sea and is sheltered by a breakwater which makes the small marina safe in any weather. Shore facilities include a couple of hotels, a restaurant and a leisure centre. There is also a modern fish landing facility which can handle very large trawlers.

We set off from Lough Inver having filled up with diesel for what would probably be a long haul using the engine for a good part of the time. With Cape Wrath abeam at 16.30, the wind did freshen but was very tight on the nose, so we motor-sailed with one reef in the main and no headsail. The swell was not too bad and we had a great view of the lighthouse. John took several photos which he would later commit to brush and paper. Needless to say when rounding Cape Wrath we stood off at a respectable distance. Once round, we caught an east-going tide and made good progress, especially as we were able to free off and set course for the Island of Westray, the most westerly island of the Orkney group. This would entail an overnight sail, so we split watches and settled in for what was to become a somewhat tricky passage with fog at times with poor visibility. However by 05.00 we entered Papa Sound and tied up at the pontoon at Pirowall in Westray at 06.30, having been at sea for almost 22 hrs. The harbour at Pirowall was built after the war using a system of sheet piling which is now showing signs of deterioration. There is a pontoon which can accommodate a number of yachts. Westray and Papa Westray are famous for having the shortest air journey in the world - some 57 seconds from take off to landing between the islands. Apparently if you take a flight you will be issued with a certificate.

The island of Westray is very flat. Pirowall itself is rather uninteresting except for the coming and going of fishing boats in the harbour. The people however are very friendly



and are more than happy to stop to have a conversation.

Wednesday 5th June was a rather drab windless day so again it was the Iron Topsail. We motored past North Ronaldsay in poor visibility and set course for Fair Isle. We sighted Fair Isle at 12.30 and entered North Haven at 16.15. It had been an uneventful day except for the entrance into the North Haven. Even with a chart plotter I found the entrance rather tricky with underwater rocks on both sides of the entrance. I certainly would not like to approach on a dark night with a following sea. There is of course the South Haven which, if close inshore, would offer good shelter. A stone breakwater has been built to give good shelter in the North Haven and we lay alongside some other yachts. That evening we visited the community centre and were made very welcome by some bird watchers who had an extended stay due to low cloud when their plane could not land.

Next morning we left at 07.30 in order to catch the tide round Sumburgh Head. Full sail was set as we had a light northwest wind but by the time we reached Sumburgh it had increased to 18/24 knots and we had a great sail to Lerwick. One reef in the main, several rolls in the genoa and *Katrilli* was going like a train. The wind was offshore, the sky had cleared and we had our first view of the Shetland Islands. Whilst it could be considered a barren landscape, it nevertheless had interesting scenery, especially when passing the airport and entering Bressay Sound. We passed a couple of very large oil tankers at anchor which made an impressive sight, and entered Albert Dock in Lerwick at 14.30.

As our stay in Shetland was going to be very short we hired a car for the Saturday and Sunday to explore the islands.



Shetland Bus Monument

My impression was one of considerable wealth. Very few old cars. Clean streets and no graffiti. Lots of taxis, as drink laws are very rigidly enforced. Good harbour facilities and plenty of small marinas. The oil industry has obviously brought considerable prosperity to the islands which would appear to have been sympathetically mixed with the old buildings of considerable charm. Narrow streets and old stone buildings tell of a past era when The Shetlands derived its income purely from the fishing industry and trade with Scandinavian countries. We visited Scalloway where there is a monument to the Shet-

land Bus. This was the name given to fishing boats which were used to ferry agents and people to and from Norway during the war. Many lives were lost and the statue commemorates the sacrifices made by the Shetland fishermen.

All too soon our return journey began on 10th June on an overcast day. Wind was northwest at 9kts, so in order to get the tide round Sumburgh Head we set full sail but kept the engine running at 1500 revs. This enabled us to make a good speed of between 6 and 7 knots. The wind was fluky all day. Sometimes it was northwest but then it would go to north-east but always light. We set the spinnaker when possible but found that we had to motor a good deal of the time.

As we wanted to make as far south as possible we decided to keep going for the Scottish mainland. John had to get home, so it was either go into Kirkwall or keep going for the mainland. As it turned out we had a great sail that night past Westray. The wind reached 30 kts at times and *Katrilli* was in her element. Next morning the wind eased and we managed to hit the tide right for Cape Wrath. This meant that instead of going into Lough Eriboll we could continue south and head for Lough Inver. As usual the wind died and we had to motor the last few miles. We tied up alongside a pontoon at 20.15.

Next morning we set off from Lough Inver at 10.15 into a light southwest wind bound for Ullapool. It was raining and generally miserable with an uneventful passage. John left us at 17.00 and headed for Inverness where he would catch a flight next day for Belfast. We were sorry to see him go as he had been a great asset to the cruise. His good humour and the way he fitted in with our company was very good indeed. That evening Robert, Roley and I went for a meal in an Irish pub just along from the quayside. The meal was excellent, and when washed down with a few jars of Guinness, an enjoyable evening was had by all.

The rest of the journey was a matter of getting home as quickly as possible. Next day the wind freshened considerably from the south so we stayed in Ullapool for an extra day. Even after the wind had eased our sail to Kyleakin was hard as the wind was up to 20 kts on our nose. The one consolation was that it was a lovely bright day with only the occasional shower. We docked at Kyleakin pontoon at 21.30. From Kyleakin we had to motor to Tobermory where we obtained more fuel and did some shopping. We then sailed down the Sound of Mull and called in at Crinan for the night. From Crinan our passage was to Port Ellen and then on to Bangor.

It had been a great cruise. Our only problem was with the autopilot. As the linear drive unit had packed up, we had to hand steer from abeam of Westray back to Bangor. We covered just short of 1000 miles, had a few great sails but as usual when the weather is good in Scotland one has to motor for most of the time.

Cruise to St Kilda 'Journey to the edge of the World' (McCutcheon)

Rosemary Stevenson and Peter Bullick

The title of this log is a direct quote from Campbell McCutcheon's Book about St. Kilda and describes our feelings before we made our departure for our 2013 cruise in *El Torro*. Unfortunately the forecast was not good. We had decided to set off in a determined 'Attempt or bust' to make it to St Kilda. *El Torro*, an Elan 434, left Bangor Marina at 08.00 on Saturday 22nd June. She had an experienced crew of four. Peter Bullick as skipper, with Rosemary Stevenson, Myles and Brenda Lyndsay as crew and all with the same ambition: to arrive and make a landing, if at all possible, in Village Bay, on the remote island of Hirta, the main island of the St. Kilda archipelago.

El Torro was fully loaded to the gunwales with stores, water and fuel. Although the islands are a challenging place to visit because of their remoteness and exposure to the ferocity of the Atlantic wind and waves, the modern journey, we hoped, with careful tidal planning and always keeping the weather forecast in mind, would turn out to be a successful voyage and allow us a safe landing so that we could explore the world heritage site for ourselves.

Bangor to Tobermory – 22nd-24th June

The first part of the journey gave us a false sense of security. There was no sign of the Force 8 gale predicted for Sunday. The sea was calm and there was no wind as we motored north past Gigha, towards Craighouse on Jura, with a favourable tide and magnificent scenery. We were all in good spirits when we arrived without incident, an hour and a half earlier than our ETA of 18.00. So at 16.30 we were pleased to find that since our last visit in 2012, pick-up buoys had been attached to the mooring buoys in the bay. After an arrival drink, we settled in to our first dinner, as we waited for the gale forecast as 'Soon'. We spent some time contemplating the chances of us actually achieving our ambition. We made sure we did not use terms such as 'We are going to St. Kilda' but rather 'we hope to try and make it to St. Kilda'. No point in tempting providence. Tales from friends of their experiences from past years, such as donning wet suits and fins to be able to go ashore in Village Bay in the huge swell which in a southerly wind rolled into the only sheltered mooring area, kept our expectations of even making it ashore at all, under control. We had logged 73 miles, a long trip, so after doubling up our mooring lines we retired for some sleep, as the forecast for strong winds was imminent.

During the night the wind increased to 'Very strong,' with gusts up to 33kts from the Craighouse direction, and a very choppy sea. A night watch was set to check lines hourly, and adjustments were made to mooring lines at the fairlead. By breakfast time a decision was made to stay on board all day as going ashore would have been dangerous. This gave us some time to plan our next passage and look up the weather forecast for possible weather windows which would allow us

to continue with our plan to be on our way to St. Kilda. In the afternoon 40 knot gusts prevented two visiting yachts' efforts to pick up moorings near to us. One left with no success, after trying for an hour, but the other was able to loop the mooring buoy and two and a half hours later, were properly secured. During the night the wind became light and the sea calm.

Next day we made an early start, with a light 10 knot head wind from the north/northwest. The sea was calm as we headed along the picturesque coast of Jura, past the gulf of Corryvreckan, all the time keeping an eye open for the sheep reputed to live north of there, who eat seaweed (I think we saw some). Then on up through the Sound of Luing past Kerrera and up the Sound of Mull to Tobermory, arriving at 17.00. We covered 53 miles in pleasant but rather cool weather. On arrival we saw twenty RYS yachts mustered in the harbour on a cruise rally with their distinctive, White Ensigns. We were even more delighted to see two yachts from Northern Ireland which we knew. *Gentle Spirit*, Harold and Vivienne Boyle's Hallberg Rassay and *Finisterre*, Sue and Colin Cunningham's yacht from Strangford, were also in Tobermory. We were glad to take the opportunity to refuel here, as our plans for St. Kilda had to be kept as flexible as possible, if we were to reach our much wanted destination.

After a well prepared dinner on board we visited the Mishnish, (as you do), in Tobermory but were a bit disappointed to find it rather run down since memories of previous years. Although the black exterior was back to the original yellow (as I remember it) inside was very quiet and we found out a few weeks later that it had been taken over by new owners. Sadly an era had passed. We were still undecided about our destination as the weather forecasts we had studied were all very different.

Tobermory to Leverburgh 25th/26th June

We departed Tobermory in very calm conditions. There was no wind but plenty of bright sunshine, though rather cool. It appeared from our study of the charts that if we



Sunset in Leverburgh

could make it to Leverburgh today (80 mile passage) we would be within reaching distance (50 miles) of St. Kilda's main island of Hirta and the other islands of Dun, Soay and Boreray. Calm, windless conditions allowed us to press on. During the trip we studied the charts and manuals keeping our fingers crossed that we would make it before a possible forecast of very windy, rough sea conditions.

There are three possible channels through the Sound of Harris but the best passage to choose appeared to be Stanton Channel, the main deep water channel near the Harris shore. If the tide was in a northwesterly direction and the Atlantic swell not too heavy, this would allow us to identify and follow a series of transits. At neaps in summer the tide runs northwest during the whole of the night and south-east during the day. We worked out that the tide would be in our favour for leaving the channel around 21.00, and as darkness did not descend until around 23.00, this would allow us to carry out a night passage to reach Village Bay in St. Kilda, before the morning.

The weather forecasts showed an immediate window of opportunity which might only last one day. The entrance to the channel from the southeast is a mile wide between Renish point and Dùn-aarin and Leverburgh was an ideal resting point. On entering the channel, the first three miles of our trip were straight forward. The passage into Leverburgh was well marked by beacons and buoys and finally by rounding Jane's Tower we arrived to a warm welcome from the local boat owners who cleared a place on the pontoon for our short stay and said the conditions were perfect for a visit to St. Kilda. They also said that they would leave us a place on the pontoon the following night for our return trip.

Sunset as we depart Leverburgh in El Torro.

The 80 mile passage to Leverburgh was made in calm windless conditions. We arrived at 20.00. We had some dinner aboard and then a quick pint in the local pub. We departed Leverburgh for St. Kilda just as the setting sun was slowly descending in a beautiful panoramic scene before the few hours of semi darkness of the June evening. We set off at 22.00, due west, to cross the fifty miles of Atlantic swell in calm, clear conditions. The first watch (Peter and Rosemary) just sighted the St. Kilda archipelago before going below and the second watch, Myles and Brenda, brought the yacht to within a few miles of our target, before everyone was on deck anticipating our arrival and planned anchoring in Village Bay, the best anchorage, on the main island of Hirta.

The first impressions at 05.00, were that as it was barely daylight, it appeared rather grey and cold with wild and rugged cliffs, rising to stupendous heights (up to 1300ft) from the sea. We were all glad to go below, as the bay was calm and shel-



El Torro in Village Bay

tered, and catch some sleep for a few hours before venturing ashore. We dropped anchor, caught up on sleep, then as the sun rose, lighting up the bay with a pink light, we saw much more clearly the inspiring and incredible sight of the rocks and hills surrounding the bay. We launched the dinghy to go ashore at 08.30.

A Day on Hirta (Wednesday 26th June 2013)

What a surprise. The sun was shining and the island looked very inviting. Not nearly as hostile as our early morning arrival. We had a quick breakfast and were ashore by 09.00 to explore as much as we could.

It was incredible, The Soay sheep met us as we came ashore. They were brown with long legs, not unlike goats and very tame. Although not native to Hirta, they are independent enough to survive without needing human help. We were made very welcome by the National Trust Warden, who lives on the island from time to time, to work with volunteers who pay £800 for two weeks to help building (mixing tar/pitch for roofing) and catering (baking bread etc. for volunteers) or animal projects during the summer.

Often the island is not inhabited even though some army installations are still there. It was an important island during the last war due to its surveillance position in the Atlantic. We were amazed with the wild life and saw puffins in hoards swimming in the bay, the wren, larger than our wren but similar in colour, many different sea birds. Myles who climbed higher up the grassy slopes, than the rest of us, was attacked by a fulmar guarding its youngbut managed a couple of great photographs.

The museum had many photographs and plenty of information about the history of the island which has been inhabited since before Viking times. It is a great example of a UNESCO heritage site.

Cleits, or old stone buildings were used to store food and keep animals and there was evidence of the old stone houses

the population lived in until early 1900s when the more up to date houses were built. The population shared everything and lived on 'Guga', young sea birds which had a fishy taste which the islanders liked, as they were used to it. They ate on average two per person per week all year round. Higher up the hill-sides crops were grown in walled gardens to be sheltered from the animals. The history was well documented in the museum, housed in one of the houses which had been built in the early part of the century under the insistence of the minister at the time. His wife who had been a nurse in Glasgow helped introduce changes to hygiene policies for mothers and new born babies which helped prevent tetanus deaths which had been a tragedy for the inhabitants over a long period.

What an experience it was. We really enjoyed our stay and felt we were tempting providence by stopping to have lunch in the middle of Village Bay, before departing to have a look at Stac Lee, and Boreray on our way back to Leverburgh. We departed at 13.45 in calm conditions, but still with an Atlantic swell and arrived by way of the sound of Harris, at the pontoon in Leverburgh at 20.55. As promised the fishermen had left it clear for us. Elation on our faces, we enjoyed dinner and a visit to the pub, for a couple of pints and general chat with the locals and holiday visitors.

Leverburgh, Loch Harport, Mallaig 27th-30th June

We had logged 185 miles from Tobermory to St Kilda, via Leverburgh and back, in 36 . Slack water in The Sound of Harris at our departure time of 10.10 allowed us to make our way down The Minch in drizzle, poor visibility and an over-cast sky. We decided the best route was south west of Skye, which meant we would take some adverse tide and arrive in Carbost by the afternoon ready to drop anchor. Arrival time was 15.45. The food in the local pub was excellent and we had some time to plan the next part of the cruise which would eventually take us to Islay for the Irish Cruising Club Rally.

Next day we had to motor along the Skye coast, across The Sound of Sleat and into Mallaig, where we had to refuel in the main harbour with the tide out. The wind had increased and we were blown onto the wall which was piled with thick, dirty, rubber fenders. We would not advise yachts to refuel here; however after fuelling, we went round into the new main marina area, which although there were no facilities, had water and electricity which was nice, but expensive, considering. The town was lively and interesting and due to strong winds we stayed for a pleasant couple of days. The Calmac ferry to Armadale gave us an afternoon out. Our friends Harold and Vivienne and the family of *Gentle Spirit*, who happened to be in Mallaig, came aboard for drinks that evening, and we chatted again the next evening over drinks before departing for Salen, in Loch Sunart at 09.00 the next day.

Salen, Oban, Ardfern and Port Ellen 1st to 5th July

The weather was improving with a light south westerly breeze, sunny intervals and a few light showers. On passage for Oban, the wind much stronger as we viewed the *'World Cruise Liner'* anchored off Tobermory. Arrival at Kerrera at 13.20 gave us time to go ashore for some provisions and

the evening was pleasantly spent swapping sailing adventure stories, with Brian Black (ICC), who was moored off the pontoons.

We departed next day hoping to spend a day in Puil-ladobhrain but when we heard the weather forecast at 10.00, from Stornaway Coastguard, we changed our plans. A gale warning for Rockall, Malin, and Hebrides of southwest Force 8 made a sunny Ardfern much more welcoming and, as it happened, we met up with old friends Liz and Willie Dickinson (ICC) in *Tertia* who were also on their way to the rally in Port Ellen. A quiet sail down the sound of Luing and into Loch Craignish by a calm Dorus Mor and we arrived at Ardfern at 13.30 . We were met by Des and Phyllis McDowell (ICC), in *Model B* and David and Caroline Meeke in *Serenity*.

A very strong South wind was forecast next day, so we decided to have a pleasant sunny day relaxing and spending some time watching Andy Murray winning the tennis match. *Enigma* had arrived with Stanton (ICC) and Pat Adair, George and Rosemary Gracey, and David and Jackie Jordan aboard.

Port Ellen 6th July

The next day we made an early start at 06.00 to cover the 43 miles to Port Ellen hoping to arrive in time for lunch and of course gain a berth in the quite small, marina. Fortunately all boats found berths and were able to relax for the rest of the day. The weather was warm and sunny and the scenery 'Magic', a good omen for the Cruising rally over the weekend. The visit to The Ardbeg Distillery was planned for the next evening. This was really our last day, of the cruise to St. Kilda, as Brenda and Myles would be departing south to return home in *'Model B'* with Des and Phyllis McDowell, around 14.00 the next day. We planned to head north, for a more leisurely Scottish cruise.

Reference

1. Campbell McCutcheon, St. Kilda. A Journey to the End of the World, Amberley Publishing



Peter and Rosemary, Village Bay

Ann Woulfe-Flanagan sails on *Ann Again* to the Isles of Scilly

Eleanor and Brian Cudmore kindly asked me to join them for a summer cruise with a twist, to take in Holyhead, the Menai Straits and the Swellies, the west coast of Wales and on to Lundy and Padstow – all new places to them, and to the Scilly Isles for the ICC Rally. They picked me up at the Royal St. George Yacht Club pontoon on Wednesday evening 5th June. On Thursday it was an uneventful motor sail to Holyhead marina for the night.

There we gathered all the information we could about “Going through the Swellies”. The best advice was to leave Holyhead at low water and the flood would take us all the way to Beaumaris, where we could get a mooring for the night and go through with the ebbing tide the next morning. Following an amble around Holyhead, we had a mixed sail and motor to Beaumaris on Friday afternoon and had a tranquil night. Next morning as the seaweed started to drift past it was time to head towards the Swellies. All was calm and we floated under the bridges and around the corners wondering what is all the fuss.

In Caernarfon marina, we secured the last pontoon space on the town side. It is a nice town and Eleanor led me a merry dance around the ramparts of the Castle, pausing to look at the magnificent views over the sands. At 10.00 on Saturday the sill lowered and we motor-sailed to Fishguard for the night and then early next morning we had a lively sail around to Milford Haven, arriving at 17.00 – an hour to wait for Milford marina to open. It is a fine marina with good facilities. Unfortunately the weather was closing in from the southwest, the direction we wished to go, first to Lundy and then Padstow before our planned arrival in the Scillies on Saturday 15th June.

Gales were forecast for leave on Wednesday 12th and but 36 knots was registered in we headed back up to Neyland Milford Marina, which is accessible there at 08.00 and stayed two restaurant.

An all tide pontoon had across the way from Neyland. who said we could stay the night was an almighty bang and Brian knew that all our warps were going to bed. They had been asleep and we were drifting up flowing tide towards the yacht ourselves to a club mooring

Over Sunday the wind was on Monday 17th and *Ann Again* calm sea thank goodness and a on *Tara of Moyle* had also sheltered. There was a lovely dawn as up a mooring, it was into the knock on the boat for the



Ann

The Rally itself was great and lovely to meet old and new friends. I left on Saturday 22nd and was very glad to have organised a Water Taxi to collect me from the boat in New Grimsby Sound. £40.00 sounds a lot but there was no way, due to the adverse weather and low water, that I could have made it to St.Mary's for the flight to Exeter.

the next few days. We had hoped to motored to the entrance of the Haven the shelter so Brian shook his head and marina, 6 miles further up from sible at all tides. We tucked ourselves nights enjoying walks and an excellent

been mentioned at Hobb's Quay, We met some of the Yacht club people on the pontoon. At around 05.00 there shot out to find *Ann Again* adrift. We secure as we checked them before thrown off by vandals as we were stream with a 30 knott wind and fast club moorings. We managed to secure buoy and went back to sleep.

due to abate. The gate opened at 10.00 was on her way to the Isles of Scilly – a peaceful overnight sail. Oliver Lynas tered in Milford Marina and left with we arrived in Hugh Town and taking bunks – not even disturbed by the mooring fee.

Blue Squirrel To The Isles Of Scilly

Gregg Taylor

For the crew this year, once again I was delighted to welcome on board our Master Mariner Michael McKee, John Mc Kee (no relation), who has been promoted from the Boy to chef and Alan Nocher- chef and raconteur. Helen my wife and Sally, John's wife, would join us for a week on the Isles of Scilly.

Sunday 9th June

Bangor - Beaumaris

We left Bangor Marina at 0515 at low water on passage to Beaumaris with a good forecast. The sun was soon out, blue sky and flat calm. We reached the south of the Isle of Man by 1200, picked up a breeze and under sail at last making 7.5 knots. Passed Puffin Island at 2130 and moored off Beaumaris at 2200.. Slept well after an excellent first day.



Of course we'll fit under. John & Alan approaching Menai Suspension Bridge

Monday 10th June, Beaumaris - Caernarfon

All up for early breakfast and ready to enjoy the challenge of the Menai Strait and the Swellies. Passage planning completed, we left the moorings at 1000 to arrive at the Menai Bridge and go through the Swellies at High Water slack. All worked out perfectly and we enjoyed the fabulous scenery and beautiful weather. This was my second time through, the last being on route to an ICC East Coast rally a few years ago. We arrived at Caernarfon Marina at 1230 as planned and the gate was open. On returning from shopping, we picked up Michael from a local refreshment spot overlooking the marina, where he was holding court with some locals. We went for a walk round Caernarfon and were surprised to find Welsh was more common than English.

Tuesday 11th June: Caernarfon - Dinllan

Once the gate opened at 1030, we left in order to get a favourable tide out over the Caernarfon Bar and through the Narrows. We threaded our way down to the Bar past all the sandbanks. Still dry but not sunny. The weather started

to deteriorate and we decided to take shelter in Dinllan Bay. Arrived at 1445 and selected an area to anchor, close to the moored boats..

Wednesday 12th June: Dinllan - Pwllheli

Weighed anchor at 0920 after a pleasant, if somewhat noisy night, with the sound of the wind and the excitement of a Survey Vessel arriving at midnight to find a yacht on its mooring. Sailing down parallel to the Lley Peninsula, visibility was poor, we were close hauled and making good headway. As we approached the end of the Peninsula, we started losing power. Eventually switched everything off, yet the consumption unit indicated power going to the batteries. Decided not to go through Bardsey Sound, since visibility was now very poor. Instead I continued out to sea and tacked for Fishguard. This would give me time to work on the problem. After working at the engine for an hour, I found a broken wire after stripping back the outer cover and cable ties. Once the problem was identified it was quickly repaired, by which time we were well out to sea ready to tack for Fishguard. However, the wind and sea had increased significantly, so my best option was to abort the original plan and head instead for Pwllheli Marina. As we made our approach, the entrance was difficult to identify as it was very close to the beach. It was low water and we were surfing in on big seas - there was no room for error, otherwise we would be on the beach. As fortune would have it the RNLI inshore boat was out on exercise and they came alongside and asked if we would like to be guided in as it was extreme conditions. We were delighted to accept their kind offer. They zigzagged back and forth through the entrance avoiding the sand banks which had built up due to the bad weather. Once into the channel, they went ahead, tied up and were on the pontoon to take our lines, as there was a very strong breeze blowing us off. We thanked them and put extra lines on to be sure of a safe night's sleep. After sailing for nine hours we had only made five miles in a southerly direction, in other words we were on the other side of Lley Peninsula from where we started the day.



Michael, John, Gregg & Alan at Fishguard

Thursday 13th June: Pwllheli - Fishguard

Early breakfast and I filled with water and fuel while John went up to pay the marina fees and we were under way by 10.15. Great sail across Cardigan Bay making 8.5 knots passing the west cardinal off Sarn Badrig. Wind continued to increase and we reduced sail accordingly. By 18.00 we were glad to be getting flatter water and some lee from the land. We sailed right into Newport Bay and reduced sail to a pocket handkerchief. Alan was on the helm and anyone on deck had lifejacket and harness on and clipped on. The wind speed was now up to 35 knots with the occasional gust of 40 and as a result, we were knocked off our rhum line and had to beat up the coast 4 miles. Anchored close in shore under the cliffs of the Old Town of Fishguard and glad to be there. Alan prepared the evening meal and early to bed after another exciting day



Friday 14th June:

Stormbound - Fishguard

The barometer had dropped dramatically and a gale force 9 was forecast for the next 2 days. After breakfast we started to prepare the boat for the gale, even though it appeared quite calm and the wind had gone down. We inflated the dinghy and prepared the kedge. I was satisfied that we were securely anchored and everything was well tied down. Went ashore for some shopping and a look around. Very picturesque anchorage. The town is steeped in history. The last invasion of Britain took place there in 1797, when the French under the command of General Tate with a squadron of 4 ships landed under cover of darkness with 600 regulars and 800 convicts. Colonel Thomas Knox, commander of the Fishguard Fencibles, was at a ball in Treguynant when news of the landing was received. He

assembled the Fencibles but when he heard the strength of the enemy he retreated. Knox then met up with Lord Cawdor, who had a complement of 750 men of the Pembrokehire Yeomanry. They then travelled to Fishguard where they made their headquarters at the Royal Oak Inn. Believing he was outnumbered, General Tate decided to surrender to the British. After lunch I decided it was time to get back on board as the wind had now increased to 30 knots and I had concerns about being able to motor against it in order to get every one on board. All turned in at 23.30 by which time the wind was

gusting at over 45 knots. I remained on anchor watch. It was noisy when the boat took up on the kedge with a tug and then the main anchor.

Saturday 15th June: Stormbound - Fishguard

Leisurely start to the day after a disturbed night. Michael cooked an excellent fry under trying circumstances strapped in to the galley with the lee gunnel under, and we were only at anchor. The wind eased by 13.00 and we were able to get ashore. John and I went for an exhilarating cliff walk while Alan and Michael chose a restaurant for our evening meal. We enjoyed an exotic seafood evening and returned to the boat after stopping at the Ship Inn, where *Moby Dick* was filmed, to collect our oilskins and lifejackets. One last stop at the Yacht Club where we were made very welcome and they gave us a large bag of ice for our fridge.

Sunday 16th June: Fishguard - Isles of Scilly

I prepared two passage plans, since we had received a favorable forecast - we would either go to Milford Haven or the Isles of Scilly. After a late breakfast we started to prepare the boat for sea. I expected difficulty in lifting the anchors as they would be well bedded in but with the help of the windlass we soon had them lifted and were under way by 10.40. I was looking forward to the navigational challenge of Ramsey and Jack Sound. We had a nice sail down to Strumble Head then on down the coast to St Davids Head. After successfully navigating Ramsey Sound, we would have had to beat up to Jack Sound, so instead, with a good forecast, we set course for the Isles of Scilly. We had a 20 knot beam breeze. With little sail up we were skipping along at 7.5 knots. By 19.30 we had 85 miles to run to a waypoint off the Seven Stones. The dolphins kept us company as we made our way across the Bristol Channel. I organized a rolling watch from 22.00 between John, Alan and myself - 2 off and 4 on - which worked well. We were kept very busy down the Cornish coast manoeuvring round the fishing fleet but still maintained over 7.2 knots until we reached Round Island off the Scillies. It had been a great 156 mile sail and Blue Squirrel performed very well. With the lee gunnel under, meal preparation was tricky, but I managed to produce a wholesome lamb stew. I decided that in view of the conditions it should be an alcohol free day and life jackets and harness to be worn at all times while on deck. Michael was heard to say that the last alcohol free day he had was on a return trip from the ICC Brittany rally from the Scillies to Bangor aboard Blue Squirrel. He said it was becoming a bit of a habit. We navigated up the coast and into St Mary's Sound. We were fortunate to get a free mooring in Hugh Town and were tied up by 09.40. Another tremendous sail and we were the first Irish boat to arrive for the Rally.

Monday 17th June: St Mary's

Helen and Sally McKee had been due to fly into the Isles of Scilly on Saturday. Unfortunately the Belfast flight was delayed and they missed the connecting flight. Lynn Johnston and his party of 6 were in the same position. In the true style of an ICC member, Lynn took charge and selected a five star hotel in Newquay for the weekend since there were no



Gregg, Helen & Michael - is that a case of wine on the running-board?

flights until Monday. He also organized a trip to Padstow. I am indebted to Lynn for looking after my wife and Sally. It was a bright sunny day with blue sky for the girls' arrival.

Tuesday 18th June: St Mary's

The previous day I had met the owner of a vintage Riley who did tours of the Island and booked him for Tuesday as a surprise for Helen. When we arrived ashore he was waiting in the square for us. Helen, Michael and I had a most interesting and informative tour of the island in style while John and Sally took on pedal power on a tandem. We met Oliver Lynas and his crew for coffee and invited them for a meal at 19.00.

Wednesday 19th June: St Mary's

Oliver went ashore early to get tickets for the ferry to St Angus for the first of the lunches organized by Robert Fowler. We arrived on the Island at 10.30 and walked round in the warm sunshine. It is one of the most picturesque of the Islands.

Thursday 20th June: St Mary's - Tresco

While the rest of the crew went ashore for some shopping and coffee, John and I took the boat to the quay to collect the crew and take on some water. Left the quay at 14.30 as high water was 14.45 in order to get over the sand banks to Tresco. Moored in New Grimsby Sound which is one of my favorite anchorages. Went ashore for a walk and pre-dinner drinks in the New Inn. Back on board for evening meal and started to prepare Blue Squirrel for yet another gale.

Friday 21st June: Tresco

Sadly this was the last day of the ICC Rally. We had a great dinner and everyone was keen to swap stories of their cruise to date. Ferrying everyone back to the boat was very challenging since the wind had increased and it was low water. On my first attempt to get into deep water, in order to start the engine, I broke an oar but eventually got it started and slowly made our way out to the boat. On the last trip there was only John and I - the engine stopped and we were washed ashore, by which time the gale had arrived. We spent an hour

unsuccessfully trying to start the engine. Everything was wet but even after drying it there was still no success so I thought I had dirty fuel. Luckily along came Liam Bohane to the rescue and gallantly took us in tow. I did not think there was any chance of towing us against the seas and wind but he succeeded. On leaving he said "Make sure that Michael McKee is told that you were rescued by a good Republican".

Saturday 22nd June: Tresco

We arranged for a ferry to collect Helen and Sally at 09.45 from the pier at the south of the island as it was low water and the ferry was unable to get into the Sound. I started at 06.00 to examine the engine. It was new and had given no trouble. In the light of day I quickly identified the problem - a loose plug top. Once dried and replaced it started first time. When I got on deck after breakfast there was no sign of the dinghy, at first I thought one of the boys had tied it off forward for a joke, unfortunately that was not the case. To my horror I could see it ashore up on the rocks. While trying to start the engine in the dark the night before I had got the painter round the prop and it had cut through it. Time was now of the essence as the girls had a flight to catch. We tried unsuccessfully to rouse some of the other boats to get a lift ashore. There was no alternative but for me to strip off and swim ashore. Alan, who is Performance Manager for the Irish Olympic Team, commented on my lack of style.

Sunday 23rd June: Stormbound - Tresco

The gale had arrived at 03.00 and I had spent most of the night on anchor watch; there were large seas blowing in from the entrance. I ran additional lines out to the mooring buoy, as I was concerned about chafing. We were unable to get ashore so the day was spent catching up on some of the jobs I had not got round to completing.

Monday 24th June: Tresco - Arklow

Up at 06.00 to prepare passage plan for Arklow. The forecast was favourable and we were under way by 09.00. There was no wind only a lumpy sea left from the gale so we motor sailed until 13.00 when the wind filled in and we were reaching along at 7 knots. Our only obstacle was the Traffic Separation Zone off the Tusker. It was an uneventful but pleasant trip.

Tuesday 25th June: Arklow

Arrived in Arklow as conditions had started to freshen. There were big spring tides and the river was well silted up but we managed to get onto the pontoon outside the Marina. It had taken us twenty eight hours to complete the 170 miles from the Isles of Scilly.

Wednesday 26th June: Arklow - Ardglass

We had taken the bottom and had to wait until 08.30 before we floated. We then made our way slowly out of the river. We made good progress up the coast on a favourable spring tide passing Mizzen Head at over 7.8 knots. As we passed Wicklow Head our SOG increased to 14.9 knots. We arrived at Ardglass at 2200 to await the tide for the remainder of the journey

to Bangor.

Thursday 25th June: Ardglass - Bangor

We left Ardglass at 0215 for the short 31 mile trip to Bangor. Once again we enjoyed a bright sunny morning to finish off our cruise. Arrived Bangor 0715 and after arrival drinks to celebrate another great cruise we all turned in for some well deserved sleep before starting to clean the boat. Just enough time to cut the grass and prepare for the ICC cruise to Islay.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CRUISE

The companionship of the excellent crew I had on board and the trust they placed in me regarding navigation and skippering and my culinary skills -possibly misguided.

- The picturesque passage through the Menai Strait
- Anchoring off Fishguard and learning about its history
- The 160 mile passage from Fishguard to Scilly
- The magic of approaching the Isles of Scilly at dawn

- The vintage car tour of the Island
- The early morning swim in New Grimsby Sound to retrieve the dinghy.

In conclusion the cruise on Blue Squirrel was deemed a great success and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It was satisfying to take Michael McKee, who has cruised in many parts of the world, to anchorages in Wales which he had not previously visited. This was my sixth visit to the Isles of Scilly and it was great that Helen was able to join me on this occasion, even if it took three days to get there and two days to get home. During the cruise we covered 714 miles, mainly under sail. Blue Squirrel performed well under the heavy conditions with only one hiccup, a broken alternator wire. Thanks and appreciation go to Robert Fowler for all the hard work he put in to ensure a successful Rally.



Fleet anchored in New Grimsby Sound

Interesting Times: *Twayblade* in home waters

Jonathan Virden

It is said that there was an old Chinese curse “May you live in interesting times”. The summer of 2013 brought elements of that saying to us. An alternative title could have been “The Agony and the Ecstasy”, but that would be an exaggeration. And it all happened close to British shores.

Twayblade was built in 1961 by Harry King at Pin Mill, of iroko, mahogany and teak. After several owners, all of whom I had met, I bought her and she was rebuilt in 1982 by John Hill under the supervision of Ian Nicholson. In 1988 I rebuilt the interior. The 32ft Buchanan design has suited us very well ever since. Until a few years ago I could single-hand her easily: now Joy and I cruise as a team. However geriatric sailing has become our way of “Going upon the waters”. *Twayblade* looks like a classic yacht at the end of centuries of evolution and is a wonderfully sea-kindly craft. Today she is out of place among modern designs, but is often admired.

Twayblade was ashore for the 2011 season because we take every fifth year off any sort of sailing to do other things. Some people say “What a good idea!” but usually do not follow our example. The whole 2012 season was cancelled at short notice before launch by urgent medical necessity. Thus she dried out more comprehensively than usual in Blagdon’s yard in Plymouth. All was ready for the season at the end of May 2013. When gingerly launched, *Twayblade* leaked from

every seam and I hoped that she would take up quickly.

A few hours later, in the evening, it became clear that it would be next to impossible to pump enough during the night to avoid flooding the batteries. The basic problem was that the engine would not start again to charge batteries for the electric pump, which was itself adequate for the purpose. The staff of the Mayflower Marina saved the situation by finding a mobile mains-powered bilge pump. I spent a fraught hour taking the quite adequate but unusable auto-pump out of the deep narrow bilge to make working space for the borrowed one.

Next day a kindly peripatetic engineer came to inspect the problem. Having searched all likely reasons for non-starting, together with the odd symptoms, he concluded that the starting switch panel was most likely to be at fault. However he did manage to start the engine. This allowed us to return to the yard for lifting *Twayblade* out of the water for “Stopping”. We spent a day pushing oil-based mastic into all the seams that would take any with a piece of plastic like a credit card. After going afloat again this treatment served well enough to allow progress while we were on board until the hull had taken up enough. This took about three weeks. At the same time we replaced the starter button panel and that seemed to cure the problem, until some time later.

We went up the Tamar River to our normal mooring, only to find it occupied by a yacht belonging to an owner who was in France at that time and could not be contacted. Another mooring was found for us although it was only suitable at very neap tides. We spent three nights at Cargreen, commissioning the boat for cruising, doing our stretch of “Boat watch” for the club and having dinner ashore with David and Marcia Pirie (RCC). At last cruising could begin.

Our target for this cruise was Jersey, Channel Isles, where we had an appointment with our daughter Jane and her husband Jules and son of 19 months called Harry. On 3rd June we went down river to Barn Pool for the night. We used detailed GPS to avoid the wreck and the obstruction which bedevil that lovely anchorage. This evening included a visit to the Edgcumbe Arms at Cremyll, a source of excellent beer.

In the morning the wind had changed so that *Twayblade* touched the bottom and we moved across Plymouth Sound to Jennycliff Bay to wait for a favourable tide to go east to Salcombe. There was a light easterly wind so we motored to Hope Cove east of Bolt Tail and spent the night there. Contrary to reputation, we found that the holding there was good. Next day we had intended to anchor at Stare Hole bay at the entrance to Salcombe but forecast of increasing easterly wind made it wise to go to the town.

We set off for Guernsey at 0440 on 6th June. Wind allowed a reach until 1000 when it made the course a close



Twayblade in Salcombe

reach. By noon we had dead headwind of f6 gusting f7, rather than the forecast f5 – f6 from just forward of the beam. The seas increased steadily and we took to hard motoring and getting very wet. At 1630 we passed the west end of Guernsey and drove hard along the south shore against some tide and wind f7 gusting f8 and becoming extremely wet on deck and below. Eventually we found good shelter at 1930 in Icart Bay: plenty of room, good holding and only occasional squalls from over the cliffs. There the peace was wonderful after that passage.

We went to Jersey on 7th June through a brief very rough patch and reached St Helier by 1800 in total calm. At the marina we found a good pontoon and excellent facilities. Next day the family came to see us for tea just after they had arrived. They had flown from Newcastle and stayed in a comfortable hotel. During our stay in Jersey the wind was cold and strong from northeast. This did not allow Harry to enjoy a sunny beach. There were other things to do: the Durrell zoo for endangered species, the world class orchid exhibition centre and the fortress converted into a leisure centre for all ages and activities. We did make a short excursion to sea with the “Crew”. The sea was bit lumpy. Jane was pregnant and went to sleep below. Harry went to sleep on his father Jules in the cockpit clinging on like a young monkey and all my crew felt “Ill”. After an hour and a half we were back in the marina and every one proclaimed “Success”.

The return passages were from Jersey to Guernsey and thence to Stare Hole Bay and on to Cargreen. There was no useful wind so we motored all the way. On arrival at St Peter Port on Guernsey we had the delight of meeting Mike Pidsley (RCC) of *Gas Pirate* and his crew. They were the best of company, first suggesting that we do a tour by bus all round the island, as they had just done and which we did immediately. Later they caught up with us at the most hospitable Guernsey Yacht Club. From GYC we returned to *Twayblade* to sample our apple wine (16% abv) and for much conversation.

We planned to leave St Peter Port early on Sunday 16th June in a favourable slot in the predicted weather. All was ready at 0600, but the engine would not start with the same symptoms as before. Trying to start made the starter work

very briefly and then shut down. The obvious cause was low batteries although that did not correspond with the voltages. Great frustration, because there was no way to get out of the marina and there was no wind at all. Assuming low charge in both batteries we had one of them charged all day by the dock keepers. Next morning exactly the same happened and we called an engineer. He came promptly and searched through the whole system for causes and found none. But he did manage to start the engine, without knowing why it had not been working. This allowed us to go out of the marina to a pontoon to await the tide next morning.

Early next morning the same happened again. Even greater frustration; and another day to be lost. The same engineer came back, admitting that he had half expected to come again because he had not found the real cause. Deeper investigation revealed that the crankshaft was locked and that the whole engine was full of water to the point of overflowing the air-intake filter. Once clear of water the engine behaved quite normally. Description of the technical details of the whole system would take too long for this account. The real cause is still unknown at the time of writing, but it is definitely not a malfunction of the vacuum relief valve but probably is due to the layout of the pipework. And the same problem did not occur at all during the whole of the previous season’s cruising in 2010 with the same new engine and water system. Since that time, before stopping the engine we turn off the sea-water at the intake, run the engine fast, briefly, to blow the exhaust clear of much water, and then stop it. That seems to work but is tedious.

We left the same day and motored across a peaceful channel to Stare Hole Bay, arriving at 2330 in total darkness. This is a very useful anchorage with excellent shelter from southwest through northwest to northnortheast, although one has to avoid the wreck in the north part of the bay. Next day we motored in complete calm to Cargreen and the end of the first little cruise of 2013.

For the second cruise of this year we planned to go to the Scilly Isles, one of our most favourite places. Every time we come back to Cargreen and *Twayblade* we hope to see some of our friends who live nearby. This time we had Charles Evans (RCC) for drinks and talk, followed by David and Marcia Pirie (RCC) for dinner on board. They left rather late and their passage to the shore was hazardous in near total darkness.

The forecast was not favourable for sailing southwest, so we stopped at Barn Pool for the night of 27th July. On the following day we prepared for an uncomfortable beat to Fowey. However crossing Cawsand Bay (southwest part of Plymouth sound) it was clear that the discomfort would be quite disproportionate and we retreated to partial shelter near the south shore of Cawsand Bay. Even there it was not quiet. For three nights we remained at anchor with strong wind and heavy sea from south west outside Rame Head. We found a very congenial pub and walked round Rame peninsula (worth doing at any time) and visited the National Coastwatch post above Rame Head. We had long and most interesting talks



JV with visitors from *Gas Pirate* (RCC)

with them. But time was slipping away.

Finally there was a slot in the weather and we sailed for Falmouth on 1st August. At first we aimed for the Lizard which it just might have been possible to round on the tide. It was a pleasant sailing day but too slow to go that far. We spent a night in St Mawes anchored between the moorings and the south shore where there was just enough shelter from the swell. The weather turned contrary again and we went to the Visitors Yacht Haven in Falmouth. From there we called in friends and had a splendid dinner on board: Andrew and Veryan Pool, David and Candia Cox and Gavin and Georgie McLaren, all RCC. One morning we needed exercise and went to the gym at the leisure centre but as we were not members they would not let us in and there was no means there of becoming members or temporary visitors. We celebrated this reverse by walking round the Pendennis peninsula in the heaviest rain for many years. About 50 mm of rain fell during that two hour period. Roads in the town were overflowing and we were totally sodden from the start. For our last night in Falmouth we moved across to Flushing to a borrowed mooring below the house of Andrew and Veryan. Thence to a superb supper with them overlooking the harbour. On the following day, 6th August, we went from Falmouth to Helford to take Hugh Davies (RCC) to lunch at the Ferryboat Inn. He has been a friend for decades but was rather frail, but we had his lovely company for a while.

By this time we had lost so much time that it was not going to be wise to go as far as the Scilly Isles, because Joy had an appointment with a train on 11th August to go to Jane in Newcastle for a week. From Helford we motored round the Lizard on a quiet sunny day. We anchored at Mullion for lunch and then sailed slowly across Mounts Bay to the wet dock at Penzance. *Twayblade* stayed there for five nights. Among other things we visited the Morrab gardens at Penzance: not very large but with wonderful collection of trees and shrubs.

This was the end of cruising for Joy and she left by train on 11th August. I waited for the fresh crew, Alix Boyd. Alix is a friend of Joy from Cambridge days and had sailed with us before. She duly arrived by train and next day she and I sailed and motored to Coverack on the east of the Lizard peninsula. I had not anchored there before and found that it was a good place to anchor for the night. The bay is well sheltered from south west to north through west but is quite exposed to easterly wind. From Coverack we sailed to St Mawes where Alix had spent much of her youth. This was Falmouth week so it was with some trepidation that we diverted up Falmouth sound and back between the groups of racing boats of many sorts. It was a lovely day for sailing. The hospitable yacht club at St Mawes provided showers and beer and internet connection for Alix.

16th August was the last day of sailing in 2013. *Twayblade* had a delightful gentle sunny passage from St Mawes to Barn Pool on a gentle broad reach. There Alix bought us supper at the Edgcumbe Arms. As we had no further opportunity for sailing this year *Twayblade* was lifted out on the following day for the winter.

David Whitehead writes about the Dublin Bay 24 ft One Designs

I imagine quite a number of members of the ICC have raced and cruised aboard yachts of the Dublin Bay 24 foot One Design Class and there would have been a significant proportion of the Dublin based members of the club in who qualified for membership on these boats in the 1950s and 1960s - so I thought it might be of interest to present members to know a little more about the class.

The 24s – as they were always known in Dublin Bay - were the largest one design yacht racing yacht in Ireland in the aftermath of WW II, and probably in the British Isles as well. Their design, with narrow beam and deep draft with long overhangs and a tall fractional Bermuda sloop rig, and their carvel, pitch-pine planked construction on steamed rock elm timbers, was completely conventional for their time. They were intermediate in size between the IYRU Six Meter and Eight Metre classes but with rather more beam and less draft than the Sixes and they were shorter and more moderate than the Eights in all dimensions. They were replacements of the rather larger Dublin Bay 25 ft class of gaff cutters, big sisters of the 21 footers, which class had broken up following the sale out of Dun Laoghaire of some of them and the loss of **Acushla** on the Puck Rock in Howth. The most similar class to the 24s was the International One Design of Bjarne Aas – a class that never caught on in the UK outside Cowes - but became well established in Bermuda and on the east coast of the USA. The 24s were nearly contemporary with the IYRU 8 Metre Cruiser Racer Class, which were considerably larger and more commodious vessels.

The 24s were very keenly raced developed a competitively high standard of crew, and races were very frequently decided by seconds, with two or even three boats overlapping on the finish line and the entire class usually finished within a minute or two – even after an overnight 100 mile race. They had what would now be considered rudimentary accommodation and some of them were cruised extensively by ICC members. *Euphanzel* ventured as far as the Faroe Islands. Trips to Scotland for Clyde Week and to West Cork for family summer holidays and Calves Week were routine for some 24s and all of them participated in the overnight Races of the Royal Alfred yacht Club and the Irish Cruising Club. A few also competed in RORC races in and around the Irish Sea and **Harmony** participated in the windy 1961 Fastnet Race. As a consequence of the rise of offshore racing in the 1960s, the Class Association changed its rules so that from 1962 onwards the yachts had to comply with the RORC safety regulations and pulpits and guard rails were shipped and sail area was reduced slightly (by cutting a bit off the leech of the mainsail and shortening the boom) so as to obtain an RORC Rating in Class III rather than Class II, where they would have been uncompetitive. Three or four competed and **Fenestra** was the Class III and overall winner of the very wild and windy RORC Morecambe Bay Race in 1963.

The 24 foot class in Dublin Bay comprised seven of the eight yachts built to the design of Alfred Mylne by the Bute Dock Slip company on the Clyde. The seven in Dun Laoghaire were *Zephyra*, *Adastra*, *Fenestra*, *Vandra*, *Euphanzel*, *Arandora* and *Harmony*. The eighth, *Periwinkle*, never left the Clyde and was subsequently taken out of class by changing to masthead sloop rig. The first four 24s were ordered by members of the Royal Alfred Yacht Club, hence the terminating RA in their names. Construction was commenced in 1939 but was suspended for the duration of the war and they were only delivered to their Irish owners in the early 1950s.

It is an apocryphal story that the commissioning owners had agreed to have their boats allocated by ballot but it is known that one of them, Herb Wright, paid frequent visits to the boatyard while they were being built and it was suspected that he took a particular interest in one of the hulls. When the yachts were completed and the ballot held, Wright drew number two and his yacht was allocated that sail number and named **Vandra**. Number five was drawn by Mr Martin of the Royal Irish Yacht Club and became **Adastra**, which was raced by his three sons, Derek, Kenneth and Clive and which was the 24 I sailed on.

By a quirk of fate, as a result of a minor collision while racing, **Adastra** had to have some work done on her bow and on the forward side of the forward deck beam was found a small plaque with the number “2” punched on it. I later had an opportunity to check the number on **Vandra** – which turned out to be “5” – so it would appear that the boatyard

made sure that Wright got the (w)right boat! Interestingly on the occasion of the class annual ballot race, when the owners of **Adastra** and **Vandra** drew each other's yachts, **Vandra** won the race helmed by Derek Martin and **Adastra**, helmed by **Vandra's** then owner “Dyko” Wall-Morris, was second.

Vandra was generally considered the best of the bunch – and she certainly had a racing record to match – but she was also the only 24 to be lost - she broke up on the outside of the East Pier at Howth, which she struck having missed stays while entering the harbour in a gale on a day when racing had been cancelled but **Vandra** had gone out for a sail in any case.

Although there are no longer any 24s in Dublin Bay, the class has not totally disappeared, as at the end of their racing lives all were purchased by a commercial entity which intended to restore them and hire them out as a class to syndicates or corporate sponsors, who could then use them to participate in Classic Yacht Racing in the Mediterranean or some such scheme. The scheme foundered for whatever reason and, like their smaller cousins the Dublin Bay 21 footers, the 24s are now languishing in storage awaiting their promised restoration.



Adastra

Lady Kate Round Ireland

Donal Walsh

The plan was to sail round Ireland with emphasis on pilotage and visiting places we had never been to before. Cruising in home waters, it would be convenient and flexible to make crew changes without the complications of prebooking flights and arranging to have the boat in a particular place at a given time. My preference – weather permitting – was for an eastabout or anticlockwise circuit. I wanted to spend time exploring the Donegal /Sligo bay area. On previous circumnavigations, in common with most round Ireland sailors, we went from Broadhaven to Aranmore and bypassed this area. In the event my plans got very messed up due to crew work commitments and illness. Approaching departure day it looked like it was going to be a single handed affair. Clare offered to join me for a long weekend, when we would cover as much ground as possible and get *Lady Kate* closer to the preferred cruising ground on the west coast.

We succeeded in getting away to sea late on a Thursday afternoon and, with plenty of wind out of the south west, the east / west about decision was easily made. A fast sail of a few hours put us into Dunmore East where we were able to use a vacant mooring - the new pontoon is a welcome addition, but located in a corner of the pier it can be very difficult to get away from the inside corner if there is a large raft outside. Out of Dunmore, we had a brilliant sail; we got



the tidal gate at Carnsore and on the east coast just right. A fresh offshore wind made for a flat sea and fast sailing. Approaching Wicklow Head, we were caught by adverse tidal streams but avoided most of it by keeping close up to the shore and catching eddies where possible. Despite this, we made Wicklow by late evening after a fantastic passage of 84 miles in 12 hours. Early next day there was little or no wind but it freshened steadily during the day and by evening we had ideal sailing conditions. Our overnight was at Skerries, where we were able to get alongside to pick up supplies. Later we borrowed a mooring and had an undisturbed night.

As Clare had to return to Dungarvan for work on Tuesday morning, our next passage had to put us in easy reach of the public transport system. Drogheda was ideal – and because I had not visited by sea before it attracted me - but it was too short a hop from Skerries and would be a waste of a good day that could be better spent at sea. Another option, Dundalk, was ruled out because of the tidal conditions we would find on arrival. Internet access gave us details of a bus service from Carlingford to Dundalk. Now we could have a full day's sailing, visit a new harbour and effect the crew change. It was interesting to enter Carlingford Lough; there was good light and the mountains looked their best. The pilotage is easy but the current is strong. We made a mistake of berthing in the marina, which is a fair distance from the town and was expensive relative to the facilities on offer. Next time I would dry alongside the town pier.

In the morning I saw Clare safely aboard the bus, then headed north again. I would be alone for a few days, as Michael could not join until Wednesday and I arranged to meet him in Belfast. It was mostly calm with a lot of motoring; once or twice the wind tried to blow but it was insufficient for passage making. In the calm, I took the opportunity to take a few inshore passages, passing inside North rocks and Burial Island. By evening *Lady Kate* was alongside in Donaghadee. There were 3 boats in the raft and being the outside boat I ran a long shoreline to hold things together. Ashore, I explored on foot, got some food and had a beer. It was disappointing to wake next morning to find my shoreline had been cut at the quayside.

Today was to be a short hop into Belfast city Marina, where I would wait & explore until Michael joined. Belfast port control was very helpful and informative as I transited the shipping channel. It was interesting to pass by the now defunct shipyard area and marvel at what it might have been like 100 years ago. The marina at Abercorn Basin is ideally placed for visiting the city and extremely good value. The automatic pay facility dispenses codes for gate & showers and saves hanging about to meet marina staff. Of course I

visited the Titanic Centre, which was enjoyable, I explored on foot and somehow managed to end up in an area surrounded by red, white & blue lampposts, pavements and gables with fantastic murals.

Michael arrived off the early Dublin train and we headed for sea. Cruising Ireland was a great book to have onboard - as we passed along the coast we read of massacres, mining, & geology. Internet access allowed us to obtain further information on interesting topics. At Cushendall, we used a visitors' mooring and ashore later found ourselves in a pub where the topic of conversation was hurling - it was so animated we were lucky to escape being hit by a sliotar. Rathlin was in the course of getting a new 40 berth marina / pontoon, which seems like a bit of overkill - how often will there be sufficient visitors to fill it?

While the south of the country was basking in sunshine, we were still getting fresh winds. We headed west, went alongside at Culdaff and visited the village for supplies but it was such a fine evening we decided to carry on a bit further and eventually went alongside at Malin. Although there is limited space here, it is possible to lie alongside a fishing vessel overnight. As Michael had never been to Tory, we decided to make a stopover there. It was a dirty slog from Malin to Tory, a big ocean swell, fresh wind, & rain. Michael walked the island and found some Commonwealth war graves on the western end. Meanwhile, I had the privilege of an audience with the King. It was a miserable damp evening, so bad there was even a fire lit in the hotel bar.

We departed in poor visibility and headed south, took the passage between Owey and Cruit, then entered Burtonport. It was early afternoon and much too early to finish up for the day, so we headed south again through Rutland south channel. More pilotage through Rathlin O'Birne sound, then off Slieve League the sun broke through. Now we knew what everyone was raving about down south. Late that evening we got into Killybegs where we overnighted on a vacant mooring.

I needed fuel and the truck driver was very busy. But he would deliver, provided I would take more than 100 litres. I assured him I could and would, gave him my number and



Inishmurray anchorage and landing place

asked him to contact me when he was on his way. I was ashore at the chandlery when Michael called to say the tanker truck had arrived unannounced, told Michael to start filling, got a lift back just in time to find a Peyton cartoon scenario on the quayside - fuming truck driver, 10,000 litre tanker truck, Michael and a single 20 litre drum - of course it never dawned on Michael to fill the ships tank.

Out of Killybegs, it was all new ground for me. We crossed to Ballyshannon, made it over the bar and successfully made our way to the town quay. Some of the navigation marks here might need relocating but it is possible to find the way. The overhead cable from the island to the south bank is marked with bunting. Don't know why it wasn't brought from the north shore or better still put underwater. By going north of the island we were able to make it alongside the quay and, although we could have stayed, our mission was



***Young Larry & Lady Kate* seen in Sligo**

accomplished and we put to sea again. Mullaghmore was brilliant in the sunshine; we went alongside for a short time then anchored off the pier for the night. Inishmurray was calling us and lived up to all expectations. Fantastic anchorage and landing place, hallowed ground where long forgotten folk lie, now marked only by a simple stone, a sobering experience. At Sligo town pontoon we caught up with *Young Larry*, also out of Dungarvan on a round Ireland cruise.

I enjoyed Sligo; the pontoon facility is excellent. Michael left by train for Dublin and Maire Breathnach invited me round for dinner on *Young Larry*. Clare returned to *Lady Kate* and we left bound for Killala Bay. I had been to Killala Quay last time round. This time I was going to try Ballina. After crossing the bar, I was impressed at how well-marked the channel is. Although it appears tricky in places, it is straightforward enough once you get a feel for what's happening. The place was alive with well-fed seals. We spent the night on a mooring at the limit of navigation at Crocketstown Quay.

It was delightful to sail the north Mayo coast in fine weather. Downpatrick head was impressive and despite its height there were several anglers fishing from the top of the

cliff. One wonders do they ever actually land a fish, keeping it on a hook from water surface to cliff top must require a lot more skill than getting it to the shore. I always wanted to sail through the Stags of Broadhaven. Previously the sea conditions were always too rough to attempt it. Des Moran also advised against it when we met in Sligo. Now I had the right day, and I might not pass this way again... We sailed round a few times, had a look at the passage between An Teach Mór and An Teach Beag from both sides, then decided to go for



Lady Kate anchored at Rossport

it. In reality, there is plenty of room and good depth but the passage should only be attempted in settled weather.

It was low water when we approached the bar at Rossport and it took a few attempts and a rise of tide before we could cross. We anchored off the pier and went ashore. When we returned the tide was making very strongly through the narrows and we decided to move to an anchorage off the pier at Rinroe where there would be less stream and we would be unlikely to drag during the night.

Next day in light winds and glorious sunshine we rounded Erris Head, passed inside Eagle Island and Innisglora - where the children of Lir spent 300 years as swans - then on to the Inishkeas, where we dropped anchor, landed on both the north and south islands and marvelled at how people eked out a living here. Later we anchored in Keem bay at Achill and, despite some swell, had a comfortable night. Clare had a swim here in the morning, brrr! Then we sailed to Westport Bay and made our way through the islands to the town quay. Unfortunately our arrival was at dead low water, so we had to anchor and await tide before berthing. For variety, we left Westport by a different route from when we entered, which gave a new pilotage challenge. We passed between Inisdaugh and Bartraw and kept close along the shore to Old Head. We were able to go alongside and land on Clare Island, from where we headed to Inishturk. Here we picked up a visitors' buoy and went ashore. The very first person that we met was none other than Fr. Deasy, a friend and native of Dungarvan. He borrowed a van - in Dublin it would be called stealing, just sit in and drive away - and brought us on a tour of the island. Mary

Jo was ordered to make tea and we were given a potted history of the island. We commented on a photograph of Charlie Haughey on the wall - "He was great for Inishturk, he got us the pier and the light".



Joyce's Pass

Living on an island, electricity and all-weather communication with the mainland must rank high on the priority list.

Clare had never been to Innisboffin, so we decided to make the short hop across and overnight there. We anchored in Bofin Harbour but regretted we hadn't stayed on Turk. Slyne Head beckoned, but for me it has to be Joyce's Pass if at all possible. The difficulty of positively identifying it has long passed with modern GPS systems. Although it was a little bit rough in the entrance to the Pass, with lots of broken water, there were none of the lobster pots that we encountered here previously - a real hazard with their marker buoys on ropes designed for deeper water. Once safely through, we headed for Mac Dara's island, where I had my first swim of 2013. A party of day trippers on board a RIB found themselves aground on the falling tide. It now fell to the oldest man on the island to push them off. It was lovely to explore this wonderful place on such a glorious day. Later that evening, we found ourselves alongside at Kilkieran. I had arranged to meet Brendan, who now works in Galway on Friday, and he would spend the weekend with us. In light winds we drifted along the south coast of Galway all day. It is not a particularly interesting piece of coast viewed from sea. We anchored off a beach and had a swim.

In Galway we were able to top up our fuel tank again directly from a road tanker, which was filling a nearby fishing vessel. We used the opportunity of being alongside in a large



Clare on St. Mac Daras Island

town to replenish supplies. Just after I had visited the fish shop, a local fisherman came over with a few lobster. Brendan arrived after work and we put to sea. There was absolutely no wind and we motored across the bay to Ballyvaughan and negotiated the channel at low water. We anchored off the pier, swam in the evening sunshine and dined like kings on lobster, tuna and swordfish. The boys went ashore



that evening and found a pub with hundreds of different whiskeys. Next day, we headed west again toward Aran and landed on Inisheer. Luckily there was a vacant mooring which we were able to borrow - I wouldn't fancy lying to an anchor here, as the ferry wash, even on a fine day, could be enough to cause the anchor to drag. Later in the afternoon we crossed to Inishmaan and went alongside the new pier. This is a fine facility, although it is a long way to the pub on foot. The water was crystal clear and tempted us to swim once again. *Calico Jack* (ICC) arrived, returning from a cruise on the northwest coast and came alongside. Brendan found a party somewhere ashore and didn't return until we were about to put to sea. We arranged to drop him in Doolin, from where he could return to Galway by bus .

It was brilliant along the coast of Clare in the sunshine and with flat seas we could get really close to shore. We anchored in Kilbaha Bay that evening. Freshening winds were forecast in the course of the next few days. We headed south again thinking of Valentia but the forecast made me opt for Portmagee. We went alongside a fishing vessel while we got some stores. Later we anchored off the pier. During the night there was commotion on deck: a French yacht anchored nearby had dragged down onto *Lady Kate*. The skipper, an obnoxious pup, was insisting that I haul up and move. I pointed out to him that it was his boat that was dragging, and he needed to move. Then I explained that, were it not for our anchor which was now holding both boats, he would have been swept under the bridge by the strong flood. He persisted and I had to resort to the use of a few soldiers' words, after which he seemed to have a better understanding of the situ-

ation.

We sailed out to the Skelligs and discovered fantastic passages between rocks around the Little Skellig – some were too scary for me to attempt. We sailed around Skellig Michael and Clare had a swim while I looked after the boat – well someone had to, and it looked really cold to me. That evening we anchored in Derrynane, where it was my turn to swim. By morning the wind was fresh and almost on the nose. We struggled through Dursey Sound and nearly opted for Castletown but, considering the extra hardship that would follow next day, we decided to keep going and get around the Mizzen. At times we had gusts of 40 knots of wind – incidentally this was the same day that the *Astrid* went ashore off Oysterhaven. Once we cleared the Mizzen, the wind freed and we raced along. We headed for Goleen, where we were able to lie alongside for the night. By morning the wind had died and we drifted gently along, passing through Gascanane Sound then on again past the Stags. We anchored in a cove at Squince Harbour and swam, then took the passage inside Rabbit Island and headed for Union Hall. Here we met some friends from Dungarvan aboard *Valentina*. Heading east past Galley and Old Head, we encountered large numbers of westbound yachts. We diverted to Oysterhaven to see the *Astrid* wreck, and noted that already the wheel and binnacle had been removed. That evening we anchored off Ballycotton. On our last leg homeward to Dungarvan we had a great sail in a following wind and *Lady Kate* performed well. We missed the tide in Dungarvan and had to anchor for a few hours before we could get onto our mooring in the town quay. Our journey had taken us 30 days in which we covered 1037 miles. In fine weather, such as the summer of 2013, Ireland must rank as one of the finest cruising grounds. This was my fourth time round and we visited 43 harbours and anchorages, 26 for the first time. Three nights were spent in marinas, 3 more on the pontoons in Sligo. We spent 9 nights alongside in piers & harbours. Great use was made of our anchor - 16 nights were spent at anchor or on mooring buoys, and we made 12 day-time anchorages while we went ashore to explore islands and coves along the coast.

Sea Dancer "Rock n Roll" Around Ireland

Harry Whelehan

As *Sea Dancer* is a mere 32 foot Sun Odyssey, she is ideally crewed and comfortable with three people aboard. Liz and I were lucky to sign up three flexible friends to join us for different parts of the Odyssey. Robert Barker agreed to join us for the first week, Mark Tierney for the next week and John Kavanagh to finish the cruise with us. This year, the decision on which way to go was left over until the days before departure.

The plan was to leave Howth on May 21st and feel our way around the coast without taking risks or pushing too hard, but to keep alive our circumnavigation aspiration. (The previous year, our attempt at sailing round Ireland had been frustrated by bad weather and contrary winds). Throughout May this year the weather was extremely cold and dominated by north/northeast marrow-chilling winds. As our departure date approached, none of the forecasting bodies were predicting any change in this pattern. There was only one way



to go ----- southabout.

First stop Arklow - day 1

With Robert aboard on 21 May, and a forecast of fresh northwesterly winds moderating, we left Howth at 07.00 on the ebb with a crisp, cold breeze on our starboard quarter,

giving us the ideal start for our voyage. Alas just south of the Baily, we lost the wind. I started the engine to get out into the breeze, which we could see just ahead of us in the bay. After about 10 minutes motoring the engine alarm sounded. Robert discovered that the exhaust was not getting water, so he got busy in the engine department while Liz and I kept the boat going under sail. He discovered that the water intake skin fitting was caked with a mixture of salt and corrosive metal- it appeared that copper and brass had been used together in the skin fitting and some form of galvanic action/ electrolysis had left the fitting jammed solid, starving the cooling system. Robert dismantled the unit and reported that a replacement fitting would have to be sourced and installed.

By the time all of this was discovered we were back in the favourable wind and off Bray Head. I decided to continue to Arklow believing that when we arrived there, given the forecast, that we would be able to get up the river and berth under sail, either on the pontoon in the river, or in the old basin. We had a delightful sail and arrived at Arklow entrance at 16.00. The reality of getting up the river without an engine had to be faced. The wind had eased to a whisper as we coaxed the boat between the pier heads and up to the first bend with great patience, working against the river current. However, we were forced to abort our bid and accept a tow (see my Dunn's Ditty on this, which also describes how the engine problem was fixed).

Next stop-- Dunmore East - day 2

The main purpose of our circumnavigation attempt was to get *Sea Dancer* to the west coast and to concentrate on the coast between Mizen Head and Malin Head. We wanted to get as far west as possible while the wind was northerly and maximise the time which we would have on the west coast. We left Arklow at 08.30 to carry the favourable tide, took the Rusk channel and carried a favourable breeze round Carnsore Point, where we hardened sheets to sail inside the Barrels and across St Patrick's bridge at 15.00. We had a good breeze and time in hand, so we decided to kick on for Dunmore East.

I had read some unfavourable comments in recent years about Dunmore East and the attitude of fishermen there to visiting yachtsmen. I telephoned the harbourmaster as we rounded the Hook and he was most helpful and assured me of a berth alongside a fishing boat (the pontoons which were on the quayside were due to be installed the following week). We arrived at 17.50 and were offered us a choice of three berths alongside; we made our choice, the harbourmaster helped us to tie up, gave us his mobile number in case we needed anything overnight, and showed us the showers. This was a most refreshing and enthusiastic reception



Dunmore East to Kinsale - day 3

The forecast was for northwest 4/5 increasing 6 locally 7 and backing south-southwest. We left in fresh conditions, with the main fully reefed and a tiny genoa. With this rig we were just about able to maintain our course of 245°. It was a good and challenging sail, visibility was clear and all of the south coast landmarks showed themselves at their best, Mine Head as usual being hard to reach and stubborn to leave behind. When we reached the entrance to Kinsale, we were happy to start the engine and drop the sails as we reached the Bullman. We had just entered the estuary when the engine alarm sounded again. This time it was the fan belt. We sailed up the river onto the Kinsale Y.C. pontoon.

We were unprepared for the fact that the Yacht Club was in the early phase of a major refurbishment and no facilities or members were available. It was now 19.30. I spoke to George of the Kinsale Boatyard who agreed to come aboard the following morning with a spare fan belt and he did the necessary fitting. As we were waiting, we saw *Teal*, Ian French (ICC), heading for Dingle. Having topped up our fuel, we left Kinsale with confidence restored in the engine and headed for Glandore, where Liz has a cousin living nearby.

Kinsale to Glandore – day 4

The forecast was northerly force 3 to 5 decreasing 2 to 4, perfect wind to get us to Glandore and ideal for lying there overnight at anchor. We departed from Kinsale at 14.30 and arrived at 19.30, where we found a convenient visitors' mooring close enough to the harbour. One of the advantages of cruising this time of the year is the very long daylight hours, so we rowed ashore in daylight and still had considerable daylight as we returned to the boat two pints later at about midnight.

Glandore to Crookhaven - day 5

Since we had been to Castletownsend, Schull and Baltimore before, and we knew the "Glue pot" characteristics of these anchorages, we decided to bypass them and press on to Crookhaven, a strategic jump-off point for rounding the Mizen. We were impatient to embark on that part of the coast which would see us covering this territory for the first time in *Sea Dancer*. With a forecast of a mild and moderate southerly airflow veering southwest, we left Glandore for Crookhaven at 10.00 and had a gentle sail. Just south of Barlogue we met a Minke whale, which breached just two boat lengths away, and four more times as he made his way eastward.

By now we were motoring and considering whether to visit South Harbour Cape Clear or head for Crookhaven. A combination of the southerly forecast and the fact that Leinster were playing Munster in a televised Rabo Direct rugby match, brought in a decision in favour of Crookhaven, where we arrived via Gascanane Sound, and picked up a mooring at 14.15 just off the village slip and adjacent to O' Sullivans



Loving paperwork!

pub, where we watched the match in comfort, and the best of company.

Crookhaven –Glengariff – Lawrence Cove – day 6

On leaving Crookhaven at 08.50, we had an escort of five dolphins. We rounded the Mizen at 10.10 with the sun breaking through and had a very pleasant sail from Sheep Head to Glengariff, where we dropped anchor. It was too cold to go ashore and explore Garnish Island.

After lunch we had a long, cold and unrewarding beat along the north of Bantry Bay and into Lawrence Cove, where we tied up, hoping to find some place to eat ashore, encouraged by the favourable comments of Paul Butler in his log last year. Sadly for us, the restaurant was not open, the pub wasn't open, and the shop was open but had very limited supplies. We ate on board from our own resources, and as so often turns out to be the case, what was achieved in adversity proved most rewarding and delicious.

Lawrence Cove to Cahersiveen –day 7

I had never been to Cahersiveen, and I was curious to investigate the new marina which has been installed there. I was also interested to see what the pilotage of the Caher River would entail. We left Lawrence Cove at 06.00 to catch the tide at Dursey Sound. It was a fresh drizzly morning and we were on the wind from Fair Head to Crow Head but as we reached Black Head, the mist lifted and this stunning piece of coast was most impressive and colourful. It was still bitterly cold but we were pleased with progress and the tide came with us for the last hour. On entering the sound we enjoyed the full sweep of the tide through, our excitement enhanced by the fact that the cable car crossed just as we were below.

At the northern end of the sound the sea became very turbulent and angry, and as we emerged into the Kenmare River we hoped that the mild south westerly forecast would greet us. Alas, we found the wind coming in from the northwest and kicking up a most uncomfortable and disturbed sea. I expected this to settle down as we got away from the land and the influence of the tide and, as we fetched out into the Kenmare River, I also expected that the wind would go into the west and better still back to the southwest as had been forecast. I still ruled out Derrynane on the basis of the freshening south-westerly winds predicted for the next 24 hours.

We therefore decided to crack on for Cahersiveen hoping the wind would follow the forecast and the seas would settle down. Our course for Bolus Head was 325°, the wind continued from the northnorthwest 25 knots, right on the nose, and gusting between 31 and 33 knots regularly. The sea built up as the wind increased and we needed to motor sail to give a wide berth to Bolus Head and Puffin Island, being on a lee shore in heavy seas. We had to carry a tiny handkerchief jib to stabilise the boat against the seas and to assist in the handling of the boat. I was so preoccupied with this unex-

pected set of conditions that I hadn't focussed very much on the problems with which we would be faced when we came to enter Valencia harbour on our way to the Caher River. I was busy and relieved at having rounded Bray Head and eased sheets for the northern entrance to Valencia harbour, surfing now with the wind on the beam under a tiny jib at 7 to 8 knots.

When I did go below to look at the details of the entrance, I saw the options that are available: one is to the north of Begenish, and the other is to the south directly into the harbour and then an easterly course to the entrance of the river. As we got close in, both options looked very unattractive. A rolling sea had built up behind us and ahead seas were breaking dramatically on Begenish: the passage to the north could not be identified and there was white water breaking all the way across that entrance. The entrance to the south, which is very narrow, was also awash with white water and foam stretching out to sea towards us, and foam was also visible deep within, and no sign of blue water beyond the harbour entrance.

Bald man's hair stands on end.

This was a very dangerous situation, as getting into port and out of the northwesterly 7 was visibly hazardous and challenging. The idea of returning to sea was also bleak, given the forecast and the steady build up of the sea. We had come 45 miles and taken a considerable bashing and we knew we had a safe haven a few miles up the river in Cahersiveen, if we could get there. The only alternative was to proceed 15 miles across the bay to Dingle, where we would have a soft landing after two or three hours more at sea. I didn't really consider this, the only safe course, in hindsight ---- I don't quite understand why.

I decided to go for Valencia harbour south of Begenish, because there we had the benefit of the leading lights (which are tight in this harbour and even tighter in the very difficult sea conditions prevailing). With the sailing directions in the cockpit, the GPS zoomed in and the leading lights in line, one hand on the wheel, one hand on the throttle and our hearts in our mouths we went coolly at our task. It was difficult keeping the leading lights in line with the sea conditions; it was also disconcerting that we were for about a cable and a half in white water or foam. Thankfully we made our way into the harbour and finally turned east along the southern shore of Begenish, in the lee of the island, to find the entrance to the river, but we still had the challenge of contending with the very shallow bar at the rivermouth.

This is well described in the ICC sailing directions but is nonetheless an interesting stretch of water. For me it was now a pleasure to have this challenge, in calm and sheltered waters, after a very difficult day at sea; now the worst that could happen would be touching a sandy bottom.

We tied up in the marina at 16.00 all calm and tranquil with loads of space to select a berth, a friendly marina manager to greet us ("How long will yiz stay?"), showers on the quayside and a very typical Irish provincial town as a backdrop, nicely removed from the coast. We had a few pints in

the perfect pub, and went to another pub where we had a very pleasant meal.

We were very happy with this stop and I would recommend it to anybody to put on their itinerary, because of its difference, and the rather quirky access from seaward. However I would not just caution, but warn, against attempting it if there is any build up of sea at the entrance to Valencia Harbour or in strong west or northwesterly winds.

Cahersiveen - Dingle - Red beard goes White - day 8

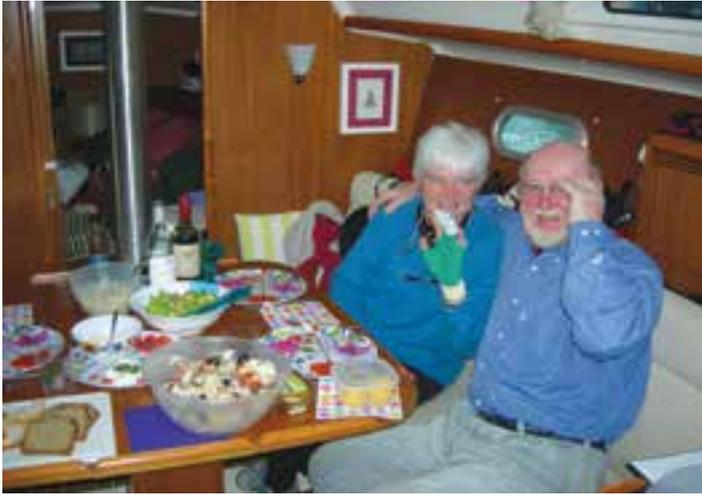
While Dingle was only a short hop, I was conscious that we could not judge the conditions at sea from our well protected position in the marina upriver. I got the 06.00 forecast from RTE where there was a small craft warning for the Irish Sea, but in our area the forecast was for south southwest 4 to 6, possibly 7 later.

Having taken a leisurely stroll ashore in the town, we departed at 10.00 and took the boat gently down the river hoping to take the alternative route out to the north of Begenish Island. As we approached the entrance to that channel it was still angry from the previous day and could not be attempted, as the seas were still breaking in through that entrance. We proceeded towards the harbour on the reciprocal course to that which we had taken on entering. I was surprised that the seas did not seem to have settled down and there was still a great deal of white water and foam both within the harbour and at the harbour mouth, not quite as bad as it had been when we made our entry. I was not happy about attempting to face again conditions at the harbour mouth, as I had ruminated overnight about the decision we made the previous day to come in, and I felt we had used up a lot of good luck in successfully making our entry.

However the leading lights had seen us in, they were still operating, and Robert and Liz would be able to call them out to me as I focused on the road ahead. Most important was the fact that on the chart plotter, the track of our entry was recorded and showing on the monitor in the cockpit so I had the precise line we had taken in on making our entry. This course had seen us safely in so if I could keep the boat on that track and Liz and Robert could keep me advised about the leading lights astern, we would be sure to make a safe exit.

This we duly accomplished, but to our horror, once we got clear of the harbour, and climbed out past Bolus Head, the seas became mountainous. We were thrown about so much that the engine alarm sounded more than once from overheating, due to the water intake spending so much time out of the water. In this extreme turbulence Liz, while clinging on in the cockpit, had her hand in the hatch and the hatch cover closed violently on the ring finger of her left hand, causing a fracture and serious laceration to one of the bones of her left ring finger.

Having cleared the land on the south side of Dingle Bay we had very strong winds from the northwest of 25 knots gusting regularly to 34 and yet again we were using a tiny amount of jib and the engine to get the boat to look up to our course. We were very happy and relieved when we arrived



Crab claws and injured paw

in Dingle and we had our morale seriously restored as we rounded Reenbeg Point to be greeted by a very light-hearted and active Fungi, who was performing for three tourist boats which were in attendance. We tied up in the marina at 13.15 after a very exhausting three hours at sea and with a crew-member who needed medical attention.

Once we tidied up the ship and stepped ashore our spirits were lifted, for while the wind was still very brisk, the clouds had gone, there was bright sunshine and the first sign of warmth since we left home nine days earlier. Liz and I took a taxi to Tralee General Hospital, where the suspected fracture was confirmed, and her laceration stitched. It was an easy decision for us to spend an extra day in Dingle, to refuel gather ourselves together and await the arrival of Mark Tierney after Robert's departure. Liz quite heroically decided to stay with the ship despite injury, and the strong warnings from the medical staff in the hospital "Don't get your finger wet whatever happens".

Dingle to Kilonan (Inismore) - day 10

This was to be one of the longer hops, and it called for an early start at 05.00. There was a sister ship of ours, *Liberty Solent*, leaving Dingle at the same time heading for Kilrush. This boat belonged to a retired gentleman whose mission was to circumnavigate the UK and Ireland over a three-month period, his way of celebrating his retirement.

As our twin boats motored out of Dingle in the pre dawn, the sleep still in our eyes, we were treated to the most extravagant display of acrobatics by Fungi who stayed with us for at least ten minutes, jumping alongside and almost aboard *Sea Dancer*. It was amazing to see his size in relation to our boat; he is enormous. Later in the day we were able to compare his size with many other dolphins that came to visit us. The passage to Sleah Head was very scenic, but uneventful, in the breaking dawn.

While we had got the tide right, we still had to contend with a northwest 3 to 4 wind. This combination of wind and tide had turned the waters in the Blasket Sound into a turbulent, unruly and unpredictable seaway, which had built up over the previous three or four days of northwesterly wind.

It was a most uncomfortable sail as far as Sybil Point, but the discomfort aboard was well compensated by the clear visibility and the stark beauty of the Blasket Islands astern and all of the beautiful and varied features of the Dingle Peninsula on our starboard hand. We came through this earlier part of the passage motor sailing on half the jib and just holding a course to clear Sybil Point.

The wind speed varied between 20 and 30 knots, but gradually freed us and allowed us to carry a full jib. This turned out to be by far our most enjoyable day so far, though still cold, the temperature had risen considerably, the wind had freed us and we had dolphins in constant attendance from Loop Head right up to the Aran Islands. They were in groups from 5 to 15, and I estimate that in size they were about one fifth the size of the massive 30 to 40-year-old Fungi.

After 14 hours at sea we tied up alongside a small fishing boat in Kilonan, where the two brothers who worked her gave us a friendly reception, assured us that we were welcome to stay alongside, once we didn't mind them leaving in the morning at 06.00. They gave us a large saucepan of crab claws for dinner.

I wanted to top up with diesel but there was no fuel available at the quayside, despite it having been recently extended and upgraded. I was told to enquire at the Farmers Co-op which is nearby the harbour. It transpired that the depot where the fuel is stored is in the middle of the island and members of the island community have a card which they keep in credit, then help themselves to fuel. The staff in the office were most helpful and one of them drove me with my jerry cans to the depot, used her card to supply the fuel, for which I reimbursed her.

Kilonan To Inisbofin - day 11

Thankfully the early morning forecast was now predicting westsouthwest force 4 to 5, decreasing 3 to 4. Visibility was to be poor but to clear as the winds freshened from the southwest. We had a slow lumpy slog against the last of the foul tide as far as the Skerdmore Islands but then we caught the north-going tide, which took us past Slyne Head at 12.35.

At 14.30, we entered the anchorage at Inisbofin, and as elsewhere we were surprised at how few boats had been launched locally, and by the absence of visiting boats. The good anchorage here is a long way off the shore; this also applies to the visitors' moorings. I'm also aware that the dredging of the channel to the old pier in recent years has made the holding less secure in the vicinity of the channel.

We edged our way to the old pier beside the hotel and found a fishing boat tied up there for the weekend. The owner was aboard and invited us to tie alongside him as he did not intend moving. Since I don't carry an outboard for the dinghy, this offer was most attractive and was accepted. We planned to stay two nights. I can't think of a better place to escape from the hysteria of a June bank holiday on the mainland.

However the weekend was not to be free of excitement or challenges.

Shortly after we tied up, our friend inside changed his mind and decided to move his boat so we made ready to let him out- this we were going to do on the warps but I decided to have the engine on stand-by, as a precaution, it was not needed, but just as I was about to stop the engine, a most obnoxious plastic burning smell manifested itself, the engine alarm sounded and smoke was coming from below. I stopped the engine promptly.

Further investigation by me, and later by experts, established that the starting motor was “Banjaxed”. I immediately telephoned the Yanmar agent in Dublin, who said he had a replacement starter motor in stock. Now I had just two problems remaining (a) the delivery of the component and (b) to find somebody competent to fit it.

Whatever happened to me in my sleep, I woke at 05.30 with an inspired plan that had developed while I was asleep (perhaps inspired by having heard the corncrake the night before). The plan was to go to the hotel, find out what guests were expected there from Dublin over the weekend, prevail on the receptionist to let me have telephone details, and see if one of them would agree to carry the necessary spare part to Inishbofin for me.

I was supplied with three names and three telephone numbers. One of the numbers yielded a response and a most obliging and willing person agreed to take the new starter with him to Inishbofin on the Monday. Meanwhile I had visited my old and dear friend Margaret Day, one of the most distinguished persons living on the Island. She assured me that Augustine Coyne would be the man to fit the new starter motor. I phoned Augustine and he came to make his own assessment of the problem, confirmed that the starter motor was the problem and agreed that he would fit it once the component arrived.

At midday on the Monday my new best friend arrived on the ferry from Cleggan and delivered the component. Augustine was already on board the boat and he suggested I take my courier for a drink and some lunch in the hotel while he fitted the new starter motor. As I was finishing lunch with my hero, Augustine arrived to confirm that the engine was running and all was in order. We had a drink with Augustine, I assembled my crew and we departed from at 14.15 for Clare Island on



Magic Mayo from Clare Island

schedule.

Inishbofin to Clare Island – days 12 and 13

Intoxicated with relief we headed to sea and had a beautiful passage with “High definition” visibility as we passed Inishturk, the smaller islands on our course as well as the entrance to Killary harbour, Croagh Patrick, and Achill Head, all taking on the wonderful colours reflected and portrayed in the paintings of Paul Henry, colours changing and varying gently across a huge spectrum from smoky blue to intense gold, rust and bracken. We had taken the inside passage on the last three hours of favourable tide, leaving Inishturk and Caher islands to port. We picked up a visitors’ mooring at 17.30 at Clare Island in the shadow of Granuaile’s Castle. The weather forecast was predicting high pressure and light variable winds which, with a healthy engine, and in the light of the cold we had endured to date, was music to our ears. The next morning was glorious and sunny. The moorings here are reasonably close to the shore.

Clare Ireland to Frenchport – day 14

The overall plan of the cruise didn’t include Sligo Bay or Donegal Bay, but both Liz and I had a long-standing wish to visit Inishmurray and its ancient sixth century settlement. If conditions seemed at all favourable for such a visit we would make the necessary detour. It also happened to be the eve of our wedding anniversary. Liz, coming from Sligo, was keen to sail in there and come at the city from the Atlantic up through Rosses Point to the pontoons in the middle of the city. What we now needed was an anchorage that would not take us too far off our rhum line, and would give us a good stepping off point to round Erris Head and enjoy the coast of North Mayo and West Sligo across Kilalla Bay. We chose Frenchport and hoped to stop for lunch at south Iniskea Island..

We left Clare Island at 12.10, and motored, with no wind, but with the tide under us, rounding Achill head at 15.00. As we approached Black Rock, the aftermath of the winds of the earlier days had left an uncomfortable swell and this increased as we turned north to enter the sound between the Iniskeas and the Mullet peninsula. We set a course for South Iniskea but it became clear that the sea was far too disturbed to permit anchoring, much less landing on either of the islands. We did however sail close along shore of the south island and we were well able to see the deserted village and the magnificent beach beneath.

As we sailed on I was becoming concerned about the breaking seas along the Mullet peninsula, and wondered whether we would be able to make the entrance of Frenchport, as it is exposed to westerlies. This underlying worry did not take from the magnificent spectacle provided by the land and seascape between Achill and the Iniskea-Mullet sound through to Corraun Point, and on to Annagh Head. When we did get to Frenchport, the entrance was very frothy with breakers on both the south and north shores of the entrance. We had good look at it, and as I trying to make up my mind, a local boat came out, thus giving us reassurance for our line to the entrance, so in we went. Once inside we had absolute tran-



Approaching Frenchport -Eagle Island to the north.

quillity and remoteness, a spectacular mill pond with virtually no buildings visible on the shore. We dropped anchor in 5 metres, and holding was instant.

Frenchport to Sligo –day 15

We lifted the anchor at 04.45, and again I used the track on the chart plotter to retrace my steps through the entrance, as the seas were still breaking on both sides. We passed inside Eagle Island and had Erris Head abeam at 05.45. Our course was almost due east, into the rising sun, which was showing us Broadhaven Bay, the Stags, the Buddagh and Downpatrick Head. The forecast predicted high-pressure for the next two days, with light and variable eastnortheast winds. The north Mayo coast was truly spectacular, showing itself to us to starboard while straight ahead we had the imposing spectacle of Sligo's Benbulbin and Knocknarea.

While for Liz the trip from Rosses Point to downtown Sligo was quite emotional, for me it was an interesting piece of pilotage. The channel is marked but in places we had very little water under the keel. I resolved to make our exit the following day well before low-water. The Inishmurray visit was very definitely on; this was confirmed to me by local yachtsman Seamus Maye, who reassured me that sea conditions would be perfect for a landing the following day. Good fortune shone further on us because Mark Tierney decided he would stay on for a few more days, and Liz's brother Brian said he would come with us to Inishmurray.



Inishmurray looking towards Benbulbin

Sligo---Inishmurray--- Teelin - day 16

We left Sligo with only two hours of the ebb to run, which was cutting it very fine. Even with Brian's knowledge of the channel, I noted one spell of 5 minutes when we had less than 1 foot under the keel. However we reached the deep water without even kissing the bottom. At 13.15 we dropped anchor in the natural harbour Clashmore, Inishmurray. I couldn't go right into the harbour as there were some lobster pots there. Unfortunately there was a mild but worrying swell in the anchorage so I decided that we should go ashore in pairs, leaving the boat with two people on anchor watch, just to be sure to be sure. I am delighted to report I had greatly underestimated the emotional and visual impact that this beautiful place, and its history, would have on me. I believe the same is true for each of the four of us who set foot on that island that day. I cannot begin to describe, nor can the many excellent photographs that were taken, demonstrate the impact on us of the place and its aura. I will just urge you, should you ever have the same good fortune as me, to pass that way, when conditions permit a landing, to make whatever detour or sacrifices that are necessary to visit .

We had lunch under way, all disrupted by rising wind and a building sea from the northwest of course. We motored as far as the Bowmore rocks before bearing off for Teelin and setting the genoa. The harbour here has been upgraded and visitors' moorings have been laid a long way off the shore. Since the wind had piped up significantly, we ventured into the small harbour, where we found a berth alongside a sea-angling boat, the owner of which came to take our lines and make us snug alongside. Brian was leaving the ship in search of a lift from this very remote outpost yet to our surprise he was home in Sligo in jig time due to a series of extraordinary coincidences and acts of kindness.

Teelin--- Arranmore---- Burtonport - day 17

We left Teelin at 06.00, under a calm clear blue sky and flat sea and motored all the way, passing Rathlin O'Birne at 07.00 and picked up a visitors' mooring at Arranmore at 12.30. Liz and I went ashore for a walk, and by the time we returned, the wind had freshened and the mooring was no longer comfortable. I decided that it would be more agreeable to move to Burtonport. This harbour has also been significantly redeveloped since I was last here. We found, yet again, a safe and quiet berth alongside a fishing boat, and the harbourmaster confirmed that we would be safe and welcome to remain there overnight.

Burtonport--- Tory-----Downings - day 18

We left Burtonport at 0600 for Tory Island under engine in very calm conditions. As we approached Camusmore Bay, we saw four basking sharks lazing about nonchalantly quite close to the mouth of the harbour, their dorsal fins and tails clearly visible and their bodies breaking the surface. In the harbour, we tied up alongside *Calimbo* (out of Rush) owned by Jonathan Mason who, with this crew, was making a TV documentary retracing the footsteps of his grandfather, who had visited and photographed remote islands in the 1930s and



***Sea Dancer* Alongside in Tory**

published a book on the subject at that time. We went ashore, but didn't get very far before we received a royal welcome from the King of Tory himself, and he set the tone for the visit, giving us the necessary information to enjoy and explore the points of greatest interest on the island. At 13.30 we left for Downings in calm conditions and a light northerly breeze. On our way we met a fleet of boats racing from Lough Swilly to Tory.

This sail from Tory was idyllic, a close reach in smooth waters with sunshine galore. Downings was as beautiful as ever, though since my last visit is somewhat overburdened with new holiday homes and, alas, it being a fine weekend, speedboats, jet skis and waterskiers creating a lot of noise pollution and turbulence.

Downings to Rathmullan - day 19

At 09.50 we left for Rathmullan in a southerly force 2 which later pepped up to southeast force three. We had a lovely sail to the entrance of Lough Swilly and tied up at the pontoon at Rathmullan, to allow Mark to depart for Dublin, and to await the arrival of John Kavanagh. We were happy to contemplate spending two nights at this pontoon and enjoy a couple of lazy days. Unfortunately the weather forecasts were indicating the break up of the high-pressure which we had been enjoying and unsettled weather was forecast.

Next morning the forecast was more pessimistic, south-southeast force 4 to 5, possibly 6. John Kavanagh arrived in the early afternoon and went ashore for a walk with Liz while I pottered about on the boat. As I was below the wind began to pipe up, and the boat was being blown onto and working very hard against the pontoon. Along the pontoon another boat carried away one of its cleats and was lying askew. With difficulty I made my way along the pontoon to secure this boat; it was very unstable underfoot and the pontoon was articulating violently. I managed to secure the distressed boat, and returned to *Sea Dancer*. As I tentatively picked my steps along the unstable pontoon a decision was easily made to get out of Dodge city as quickly as possible.

Rathmullan to Fahan - day 20

We had a choice of refuge within the Lough, either the marina at Fahan or the sheltered anchorage at Macamish a few miles north. We chose Fahan to the east across the Lough. With the help of two other boat owners who came to our assistance we managed to spring *Sea Dancer* off the pontoon and headed across. We took our time, and a circuitous route, to allow the tide to fill the channel. I was relieved to be off the pontoon and at sea and even more relieved when we tied up. This marina proved well sheltered, though it is very much a work in progress (having had litigation difficulties with the government in the course of its development). It also seems to be beset by silting, which one hopes will be sorted out by dredging, and perhaps some reconfiguration of the breakwaters. The shore facilities are rudimentary, though there are showers and toilets in temporary buildings.

Fahan to Portrush - day 21

We left Fahan at 16.20 and had a delightfully calm and colourful passage down the Lough, and of course the wind managed to back to the north-west just as we passed Dunaff Head at 1800 and, as a mist came in, we were able to make out the sinister looking shape of one of our Irish naval vessels lurking off Portsalon. We started the engine, as we needed to catch the tide at Malin Head in order to get to Portrush for a night's sleep before collecting Liz's nephew Aidan the following morning at 08.00 on the quayside there.

We rounded Malin Head at 20.15, and we seemed to get the tide just right as our speed jumped from 6 to 8.5 knots. Visibility was closing in all the time, but we did see the light on Inishowen Head as we crossed the entrance to Lough Foyle. We arrived at Portrush before midnight with a freshening westerly breeze; we tied up at the pontoon, just east of the lifeboat mooring, had a night cap and went to bed. Next morning we had the full Ulster breakfast in a hotel before meeting Aidan and his mother and hijacking him en route for Glenarm.

Portrush to Glenarm - day 22

With an east-going tide, a sea mist and no wind we left at 09.00. The sea was bumpy off Portrush and it appeared that the westerly winds overnight had caused a sea to build while meeting the west going tide during the previous six hours. I decided to go outside the Skerries. There was no wind until Fair Head, and by then the mist had lifted, and there was a light air off the land. I have never enjoyed Rathlin sound so much, with both the Antrim Glens and Rathlin in high colour, clearly visible, calm seas and a rising breeze off the land. Having a 2 knot tide under us, we were happy to carry just the genoa, and enjoy the coast in its splendour and linger over it, without a mainsail and the extra knots it might have given us.

The tide went foul for us at 14:00: our own fault for indulging in the Ulster fry and leaving an hour later than we should have and not setting the mainsail, but the wind did pipe up to help us against this tide for the last few hours into Glenarm. At 14.10 Belfast coastguard gave a warning of a

northwest gale for the Irish Sea with a complex low developing. A special day was capped by the warm reception, to which we have become accustomed in Glenarm.

Glenarm to Bangor - days 23 – 24 - 25

The weather was emphatically changing, small craft warnings were in the forecasts and talk of strong southerly winds over the next few days. We decided to dash for Bangor to sit it out there, and left Glenarm at 10.15, strong winds from the south gusting 8 being forecast for later in the day. We got into Bangor at 13.15 ahead of the forecast. Aidan, who had been with us from Portrush, left us for his home in Coleraine.

We hunkered down in a visitors' berth, surrounded by a small flotilla of large boats from the Royal Yacht Squadron also hiding from the weather, which actually didn't materialise until the following day. I was happy to have a few days to tidy and look over the ship, as, by now we had been continually at sea and on the go for over three weeks. By the time lunch ended, on day 24, a gale was howling, and it was lashing rain. The weather kept us in Bangor for a third day. Unfortunately the prolonged stay in Bangor, put paid to the possibility of spending a few days in Strangford Lough on our way home to Howth

Bangor to Howth - day 26

With a forecast of west-southwest force 2 to 4, backing to southeast and then backing further to settle in the northeast, we left Bangor at 08.00 with a clear sky, calm sea and a good tide under us, our ETA Howth was 23.00 to complete our circumnavigation. With that forecast we were looking forward to a pleasant final passage to our home port. As the wind filled in it was dead ahead at Skulmartin, and, of course, when we got to South Rock and bore off 50 degrees ----- the wind was still "On the nose" and so it happened that this became yet another cruise with a nasty sting in the tail. We carried the genoa as far as Ardglass, and having decided we were now passage making (not cruising), we started the engine to help us to carry the tide past St. Johns Point, in the hope that this we would prevent our cruise slipping into a 27th day.

Throughout a long and miserable slog, during which we experienced all sorts of weather, adverse winds, rain and lumpy seas, our only joy was a VHF contact with my old friend

Freddie Moran on *Arctic Fern*. He and Hilary were on their way home to the Clyde having cruised our east coast. Interestingly, this contact was due to him identifying us via the AIS system, as visibility was at that point very poor.

We tied up in Howth at 23.50, having sailed 894 miles in 26 days and visited 25 anchorages (including 7 islands), our aspiration achieved .

Reflections on a May – June circumnavigation

POSITIVE:

Long days and little darkness, facilitating daylight sailing, for up to 20 hours.

No problems with crowding, in anchorages or marinas, and no issues with fishermen, when seeking a berth alongside.

Clear, and high definition visibility, by which to enjoy the sea and landscape

particularly on the west coast, which later in the season can be lost by heat haze

NEGATIVE:

The likelihood, of greater periods of high winds and low temperatures.

The absence of other boats, with whom to fraternise (mixed blessing??)

The greater risk of having the weather, rather than you, decide where you will visit.

The greater likelihood of general forecasts not being relevant to where you happen to be.

An additional friend on board.

Cruising Ireland was a wonderful companion, and a must have for anybody sailing on the coast of Ireland, I found it invaluable as a source, and as a friend, especially when faced with choosing a destination not already on the itinerary , as happens when the weather changes dramatically, as it frequently does on our coast. It has more than fulfilled its purpose of being a "Companion to the Sailing Directions". It is a publication of huge merit, in its own right, and one of which we, and more particularly the authors, should be very proud.

Serendipity Raids the Great Glen

Duncan Whitehead

Two years ago, Tiernan Roe of Ballydehob built a Carl Stambaugh-designed Catbird 16 camper-sailer for me. A blog of her construction can be found at <http://en.wordpress.com/tag/catbird-16/>. She is a modern version of a typical Chesapeake Bay centreboard sailing sharpie, a class which first became popular in the closing years of the 19th century on the east coast of the United States. She is built in plywood instead of the typical planked construction, the theory being that she would be much lighter and thus easier to trail than her original sister ships might have been. In fact, historical rumour (and this might be said of most small sailing vessels) is that the sharpie design initially came into use as a successor to the dugout canoe. This has personal resonance, as previous adventures exploring inland and coastal waters in the British Isles and North America have inspired my wanderlust. A manageable and sea-worthy design, suitable for a camping conversion and easily trailable is a perfect fit for adventures ahead.

The off-the-shelf Stambaugh design offers two different rig options: the original ketch setting leg- o'-mutton sails on unstayed masts with sprit booms has a cuddy about six feet long which provides some shelter for gear and from the elements. However, I opted for the alternative lug yawl rig, with a 100 sq ft, loose footed balanced-lug mainsail with a conventional boom and a 22 sq ft leg-o'-mutton mizzen with a sprit boom sheeting to a removable aft bumpkin, with the cuddy roof not fitted. This both opens up the cockpit and allows easy access to work at the mast. Meanwhile, the mizzen is offset to starboard to avoid having a complicated arrangement for the tiller and to allow room for a sculling rowlock and outboard bracket to port. The sails were made by Jeckells in tan dacron and set very well. Once construction was complete, my father (David) brought her up from Ballydehob to Galway, where she was beautifully painted by Jason Forrester in Carnmore, to a standard that leaves many thinking she is constructed of GRP.

Like R. T. McMullan with the *Leo* in 1850, the first sight I had of my new boat last summer was of her just visible above water, as she had capsized on her mooring the night before my arrival in Kinvara from Edinburgh to pick up the trailer and bring her back to Scotland, where I live. In the preceding days, there had been a number of heavy bouts of rain and, unbeknownst to us, the contacts on the battery-powered bailer system had failed. She must have just filled enough to become unstable and capsize. Anyway David and I rowed out, righted her very easily and towed her into the shore where, grounded on the mud, we were able to bail her out. We then towed her to the slipway, loaded her up on the trailer, and I took her back to Scotland to be kept at Port Edgar in South Queensferry.

Later that summer, in September, David and my young

daughter (Alex) and *Serendipity* participated in the Royal Cruising Club's "Swallows and Amazons" weekend on Windermere; an enjoyable but very muddy event, camping by the lake with child-friendly activities ashore and afloat, and made new friends. I found the boat trailed well (even through tiny village lanes and over mountain passes), launched easily (once you found a slipway you are actually allowed to use) and sailed effortlessly.

This year I entered *Serendipity* in the so called "Scottish Raid" organised by Sail Caledonia and planned for the first week of June. My father agreed to come as crew provided he was not obliged to camp, so he was booked into a cabin aboard the support barge *Ros Crana* while I would join the camping contingent. To prepare the boat for the raid, Tiernan Roe made up a pair of removable rowlocks that could be clamped to the cockpit coamings at any location and my father provided a noisy, but reliable 2 hp, two stroke Yamaha outboard motor. We had not appreciated how much rowing the raid involved, as British Waterways do not allow sailing on the canal. We found that several of the competing boats were really geared as rowing boats that could be sailed rather than sailing boats that could be rowed. As a result we were happy to have the outboard – as the arrangements for rowing *Serendipity* were imperfect and she really needs two pairs of oars to be pulled fast enough to compete in the rowing races of the Raid – a job for the winter.

Two days before the start, David arrived and we went to Port Edgar and picked up the boat and bought various necessary bits of gear, including an outboard motor bracket. The next day we set off for the west coast to the Lochaber Yacht Club near Fort William, where the event was to start. There we rigged the boat. After a briefing for participants, there was a short race to Banavie, where the boats would enter the Canal via a sea loch. We went aboard, and to our surprise found a considerable volume of water in the bilge, which was quickly pumped out but left us wondering about the source of the ingress. As a result we were late for the start so we motored to Banavie. A minibus collected and returned us to Lochaber YC where the trailers were hitched up and brought back to Banavie for the night.

Next morning my father shepherded the boat up through the staircase of locks at Banavie while I and the other drivers took the trailers to Dochgaroch at the north end of the canal – a journey greatly extended in time because of a head-on collision on the road (unfortunately not an uncommon occurrence on Highlands roads). Rejoining the Raid we participated in the first rowing event, a race of 5 miles or so to Gairloch, during which we discovered the shortcomings of our rowing arrangements and so after a couple of miles we started the outboard and motored the rest of the way.

Next day there was a sailing race from Gairloch to

Laggan locks – the full length of Loch Lochy. The course included a couple of buoys, laid by one of the support boats to provide a beat. It started out very light and we were doing poorly, as we had not yet learned how sensitive *Serendipity* is to fore and aft trim, nor what a difference it makes when it is got right. It being very light a lot of the boats took to rowing and pulled away from those, including us, who were not proficient in this department. So when the weather started to look threatening, being last boat we decided to retire – a good decision as the weather suddenly turned very wet and windy. We scorched up the lake on a dead run and tied up at a pontoon beside the locks at Laggan where we went ashore, cold and wet, to join other crews huddling for shelter in the lee of the lock control building. It cleared up in the afternoon and after ascending the locks we started in (and completed) the rowing race to Laggan Bridge as the weather gradually cleared over to a fine afternoon. We all berthed at the Great Glen Waterpark and after supper found an actual pub for the first time on the raid.

Next morning we entered Loch Oich and motored a couple of miles to the start of the only “All sailing” race of the Raid. The wind was again very light and we did not do well, but we did finish and improved our position in as far as we were not last. We had lunch while waiting for some yachts to arrive for the opening of the Aberchalder Bridge and then motored to Kytra where another rowing race was scheduled. At this stage it had become obvious that (a) *Serendipity*'s leak was systemic – always in the morning there was a good volume of water in the boat, we also had to pump her out several times a day and (b) the rowing was very competitive and our inadequate arrangements gave us no hope of a decent result.

We arrived at Fort Augustus, which is at the northern end of the summit level and after descending the eight locks of “Neptune’s Staircase” and passing through the road bridge we tied up on a pontoon and joined up with another two Raid crews. Now we had arrived on Lough Ness and there were two races. One on a long course of 56 km, called the Lough Ness Challenge, took the boats the length of the lake via Lochend or Dores and started very early in the morning with about six boats coming to the line in a hard breeze. The other course was direct to Foyers, located half way along the south shore of the lake. We participated in the latter race and on this day found the right trim for *Serendipity* and suddenly we were very competitive. There was a decent breeze at first, which suited us fine but regrettably it tended to die away later in the day. The wind was north easterly, blowing straight down the lake and we beat steadily along the south shore until about five miles from Foyers after which it seemed to pay to be in the middle of the lake. It is interesting to have high mountains on either side but a clean horizon across the lake. The views were splendid, with snow still lying in lines along the shadowed ridges on the higher mountains and with uninhabited cliffs and open stands of birch and Scots pine clinging to the steep rocky shore, split here and there by busy streams tumbling down to the lake. We had a splendid sail and arrived at Foyers not last, and would have done better if

sailing-only was the rule. Whenever we closed in on one of the lighter boats they promptly dropped sail and rowed away into the eye of the wind for a mile or so – leaving us the job of catching up with them all over again.

We reached Foyers late in the afternoon and having crossed the finish line were directed by a girl standing up to her waist on a sand bar, poled our way up the river and grounded *Serendipity* on the gravel bank for the night. The camp site was set up close by on the Shinty (Hurling to the Irish) pitch nearby but Dad had a good walk to the other side of the bay to join the *Ros Crana* lying on a pontoon close to the pump storage generating station. Next morning Thursday 7 June dawned a flat calm with the lake lying like a mirror – and the forecast was for it to stay like that for the rest of the day. Strangely, *Serendipity* was well aground although we had left her afloat the previous night. Theories were put forward to explain this phenomenon, such as lowering of the lake level by the nearby pumped storage scheme. Later we were told that the previous day’s northeasterly breeze pushed water down to the south end of the lake, lowering the level in the north. Apparently this effect can change the lake level as much as a couple of feet. *Serendipity* and *Blanche*, a Goat Island skiff with our new friends Fergus and Keith, my father’s cabin mate aboard *Ros Crana*, opted to take a tow from one of the support boats as neither of us were well fitted for rowing so we watched the rest of the fleet row practically the whole way from Foyers to the race finish at Lochend – about 20 miles. At its north end, Loch Ness emerges from a mountainous hinterland into lower and softer, more agricultural country dominated by the ruins of Castle Urquhart, which is located on the shore of a deep bay, the only one, other than at Foyers, in the whole thirty two mile length of the lake. Still under tow we entered the canal again for the leg to Dochgarroch, where we would spend the night.

The following day we proceeded under motor along the canal to the boatyard at Tomnahurich, a suburb of Inverness where, having recovered the trailer we loaded *Serendipity* and drove back to Dochgarroch for the closing event of the Raid. This was a barbecue and party in the village hall, followed by a lively Ceilidh to the music of the Raid’s resident piper. Every crew had to do a turn either singing, reciting poetry, acting a charade or telling a joke – after which the craic lasted well into the wee hours. We didn’t participate in the ultimate event, a short race on the tidal Firth which actually turned out to be a bit of a fiasco due to strong tides and virtually no wind. By the time it started we were already trailered up and ready for the party.

Foggy Fortnight: *Reiver*

David Williams

Crew: David Williams, George Wylie, PJ Gault

We set off from Whiterock at 11.00 on Saturday 6 July, motoring into a gentle southerly wind, to catch the top of the tide which turned at 13.00 hours in Strangford Narrows. We reached across to the South Rock and then had a very slow dead run northwards. By the time we reached Donaghadee Sound, the tide had turned and eventually we gave in off Whitehead and lit the motor. We were not going to make Glenarm before dark so put in to Brown's Bay, Island Magee.

We awoke next morning to thick fog, not being able to see either side of Brown's Bay at times. On the VHF we heard a fisherman and Larne Harbour discussing how extensive the fog was so thought it prudent to sit tight for a while, even though the north going tide started mid morning. Little did we know at the time that this was to be the theme for most of the cruise. Eventually the sun came out and cleared most of the fog but there was no wind so we motored all the way to Rathlin. A dredger was at work (on a Sunday) in Church Bay to extend the pontoons but about half of them had been removed to accommodate the work, so we were forced to go far up the east side, past an unfriendly, pontoon-hogging, English boat and bumped the bottom. After dinner we had a pint in the very unattractive, midge-infested McCuaig's Bar and retired to *Reiver* to start the Ballymena Whist 2013 Championship and introduced newcomer PJ to the vagaries of the game. During the night we bumped the bottom again a few times at low water.

We left at 11.10 to take the tide across the North Channel. With light winds and sunshine we sailed about half way across and then motored the rest to the Ardmore Islands, anchoring in the inner pool in 2 metres. The Islands were magical with the only noise being made by the wildlife; mostly seals suffering from serious indigestion. During the evening a herd of deer came down to the water's edge and crossed to one of the islands.

We awoke to blue skies and birdsong but weren't in a hurry because the tide in the Sound of Islay would not be fair until the afternoon. A yacht arrived mid morning and on the way into the inner pool, cut the corner and hit the bottom. We departed at noon motoring northwards in bright sunshine. Beyond Islay there were thick banks of fog blanking Colonsay and Jura and upon reaching the north end of Colonsay the fog was impenetrable so we turned and headed south again as we did not fancy tackling the Torran Rocks with no visibility. Entering Scalasaig at 18.00 hours we rafted outside ICC yachts *Ainmara* and *Witchcraft of Howth* and before we had attached shorelines, were invited for drinks onboard *Witchcraft* by Ed Wheeler, accompanied by Dickie Gomes, Brian Law and Mike from Plymouth, who were doing their best to kill a 40oz bottle of rum. Later we were joined by Peter and Carolyn Minnis.

The scene next morning was thick fog again so we

dallied for a while and set off into clearing conditions at 11.00. We motored, then sailed a bit, then motored the rest of the way to the Tinkers Hole; anchored and ran a line ashore. As we arrived we saw a black furry animal (probably a mink) amongst the rocks near the water's edge; unusually we saw one in the same place a few years ago. We took the dinghy through the shallow leads to the beach below Stevensons' Lookout on Erraid and walked through the long ferns over the hill to the quarry from which the stone that built Skerryvore (completed in 1844) and Dubh Artach (1872) was hewn. On the way back we set the lobster pot and chatted to the crew of *Glance* from the Quoile.

In the morning we retrieved the lobster pot and kept two biggish brown crabs but even they attracted complaints from the Chef. We have come to the conclusion the entrance designed for lobsters is too small to let the large crabs in, hence the poor catches. We set off slowly under sail through the shallow, sandy Sound of Iona, past many boats standing off Staffa in the calm conditions, caught two pollock (one very large), saw a minke whale and anchored in the wide exposed bay at Inch Kenneth. The island had been owned by the Mitfords during WW2 and 'Muv' looked after Unity there after she shot herself in the head when war was declared on her friend Hitler. We went for a walk on the island after seeking permission from the gillie who met us at the gate and were told that we were welcome but to stay away from the big house as the new owner was in residence. We walked to the chapel and graveyard where Scottish Kings are said to have been buried if bad weather prevented passage to Iona; no Mitfords seem to be buried there. That evening we had crab on toast followed by fillets of pollock (much nicer than mackerel).

Again the morning was very foggy. The fog eventually cleared enough for us to set off at 13.15 sailing slowly for a while but we were becalmed off the Dutchman's Cap and proceeded to Coll under motor, arriving in early evening. After dinner we went ashore, had a few pints at the hotel and returned to *Reiver* for another game of whist which depressed most of the crew further as George won again.



Reiver at InchKenneth

We awoke to cloud and a freshening north westerly and set off early into the first decent breeze of the cruise, ending up with two slabs in the main and about half jib. Even George did not wear his shorts that day as we sailed in the much cooler wind past Eigg and Muck to Rhum and anchored at 15.15 in Loch Scresort amongst yachts from Canada, Holland, Norway and Ireland. We had difficulty making a landing in the dinghy without getting wet, as it was dead low water springs. After a visit to the rudimentary shop we watched for a while the Small Isles Games being held in front of Kinloch Castle.

The breeze and clearer weather continued on Sunday 14 July, so we set off early to ensure that there would be sufficient water over the bar in Soay Harbour. On the way George, whilst steering, insisted on trying to listen to the Archers Omnibus on his personal radio which kept dropping out so he rigged the ship's portable radio on the end of a rope round his neck and so spared the rest of the crew from the boredom of having to listen as well. After a good sail we slipped over the bar with about half a metre to spare and were the only boat anchored in the harbour. As it was mid afternoon we explored the industrial archaeology of Gavin Maxwell's hare-brained, post WW2 basking shark processing plant and then headed along the path to the other side of the island. The first house past the world's first solar powered telephone exchange used to belong to Tex Geddes, who was Gavin Maxwell's fellow instructor in the Special Forces and then shark harpoonist. We spoke to the couple working at the house and discovered that the man tarring the outbuilding roof was Tex's son and now lives in Orkney.

Next morning we left as soon as there was enough water over the bar and started with a reach which soon developed into a heavy beat to make it round the Point of Sleat; then a



SoayHarbour

rough reach to Mallaig in order to obtain much needed food and some fuel. We entered the shelter of the harbour with ferry and other traffic and eventually found a slot in the busy new marina. On the way in we noticed *Seascope of Down* (Peter & Evie Ronaldson) and *Witchcraft* through the first rain that we had encountered. We ended up facing an English boat proudly sporting a very small sprig of heather on its bow: the owner roared with laughter when he saw our huge effort

about a foot away from his. We met a rather miserable Ed Wheeler on *Witchcraft*, who had been stuck for three days with a dud battery and asked him, along with Peter Ronaldson, to join us for a drink. Later we spied the arrival of *Orca*, who in previous years had plagued us by dragging her anchor into us and were relieved when she went well away from us beside the fishing boats.

We headed off on the short hop into Loch Nevis and picked up a mooring at Inverie. We booked dinner at the Old Forge (mainland Britain's remotest pub). The mooring was slipped at 04.50 to make the north going tide through the Kyles in lively conditions and as we emerged into Loch Alsh we noticed that the stitching on the foot of the jib had let go and the foot rope was hanging down in loops so we aborted our plan to go to Rona and put in to Kyleakin at 09.00 hours to see if we could find someone to do some stitching. A fisherman gave us Kyle of Lochalsh Harbourmaster's phone number; he said ring me back in fifteen minutes and when that was done said that Isle of Skye Yachts in Ardvassar/Armadale could do it. George and the Skipper set off with the jib in a taxi through the rain to the bottom of Skye, had the stitching repaired by very helpful Charmaine (who complained that the sail was wet), returned on two buses and were back on the boat at 14.20 hours; job done. It was a waste of a day but the weather was foul so we didn't mind. We recovered that evening in Saucy Mary's pub where we encountered a large black man with hair in long ringlets, wearing a kilt and black tights.

We left at 09.30 in the rain and headed north, under the Skye Bridge, avoiding HMS Astute's shallows. The rain cleared, the sun came out and we had a slow sail through the Sound of Raasay to Acarseid Mhor, Rona. The Skipper took some time out to fix the rev counter's wiring and then we all went ashore, setting the lobster pot on the way. It was foggy again so, after lifting an unproductive pot, we left mid morning with Cambridge University Sailing Club's yacht *Kestrel*. Both boats were soon becalmed and we fuffed about for a while trying to set the sails and eventually a breeze filled which gave us a super spinnaker reach, maintaining over six knots, virtually all the way to Plockton. After watching the excellent dinghy racing round the bay we went ashore for a few drinks. PJ thought that the inhabitants should be called Plonkters.

We slipped the mooring at 09.30 and sailed for a while but the wind died again so we motored the rest of the way to Kyle of Lochalsh, arriving at 11.30 hours which gave us lots of time to clean and re-water the boat, and await the arrival of the incoming crew. Next morning we set off to drive to Cairnryan.

(For the second part of *Reiver's* cruise, see Peter Williams's & Alison Balmforth's *Dunn's Ditties* on p86 – Ed)

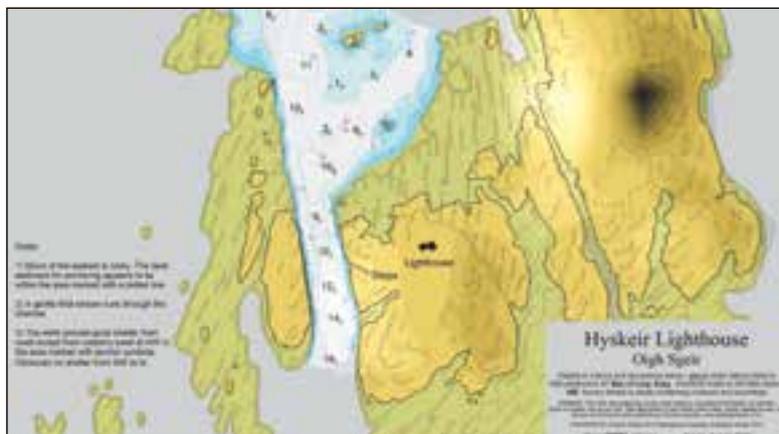
Pilotage by a (single) Star - Ed Wheeler uses Antares Charts in Scotland

This year, *Witchcraft* had a leisurely meander around the West Coast of Scotland, basking in the glorious weather (most of the time). Leaving our home mooring at Ballydorn in Strangford Lough in early July, we were in time to attend the ICC Northern Rally at Port Ellen and Ardbeg Distillery. For the first week, I had Carolyn and Peter Minnis (ICC) aboard and we explored some old favourite ports and anchorages, such as Plod Sgeireann (Armore Islands), Loch Tarbert (Jura), Scalasaig on Colonsay and, of course, Tobermory. There wasn't a lot of wind most of the time but the warm sunshine compensated adequately for the less than thrilling sailing. The downside was the mist, thickening to fog, often an accompaniment to fair weather in Scotland.

After rounding Ardnamurchan, we anchored in Loch Scresort, Rum, where there was considerable activity in and around Kinloch Castle, with volunteers doing restoration work, outward-bound groups, painters and alternative lifestyle gurus much in evidence. Peter and Carolyn had to leave in Mallaig, so I pootled around on my own for the next couple of weeks, up to Loch Nevis, then back to Mallaig with battery problems (I have heavy ground tackle. This is conducive to sound sleep at night but not ideal for hauling single-handed with no working windlass). Anyway, I had to wait at Mallaig for three days for a new battery, then got out of there on the evening of Tuesday 16th July and sailed the short distance back to Rum in a freshening breeze and lowering sky. This heralded a bit of a blow, and I was stuck in Loch Scresort for two nights with boats dragging all round me. My ground tackle stood me in good stead during this uncharacteristic change in an otherwise very settled month.

I then put into the lagoon harbour at Soay (see previous log by David Williams), where I met one of those solitary heroes that one encounters from time to time. Cully Pettigrew spends many months of the year sailing around the West Coast of Scotland in his Dufour 28, mostly on his own. He has been doing this for 35 years, never joined any club but is nonetheless sociable and good company. He lives and keeps his boat coincidentally enough in Cullipool on the island of Luing, another place which I visited this year for the first time with the aid of the Antares charts (see below).

I had with me my laptop computer, on which I was running Memory-Map software with raster (facsimile) charts of the British Isles, with a miniature GPS plugged in to the USB port. This works very well and has most of the features of expensive chart plotters at a fraction of the cost, as well as offering much better screen quality. I had been at a talk given by Bob Bradfield of Antares Charts, at which he showed the work he had been doing in surveying and charting in great detail many anchorages on the West Coast of Scotland where Admiralty charts are deficient in detail or inaccurate. He provides these charts at nominal cost (to cover media and postage) and they work on PCs, Tablets and Smart Phones. Equipped with the Antares Charts, I felt more comfortable exploring new (to me) anchorages, especially single-handed,



Witchcraft at Hyskeir Lighthouse

where good accurate information instantly available is of the essence. I dropped into various places, one of which I illustrate here as an example. This is Hyskeir Lighthouse, south-west of Canna, in the middle of a rock-strewn stretch of water. There is actually a snug fair-weather anchorage right beside the lighthouse. Bob has even provided seabed information and sketched out a small area with gravel bottom and reasonable holding. Hyskeir is also interesting because it has columnar basalt, a sort of miniature Giant's Causeway or Staffa. It is a remote and peaceful place (in the kind of weather I had), teeming with birdlife and seals and one which I would never have thought to visit without the Antares Charts.

After popping out to South Uist and Eriskay, I returned home via Tobermory, the Sound of Mull and Gigha. Three weeks of uneventful cruising were marred by my ramming one of the piles in Bangor Marina while waving to the crowds, thus adding greatly to the gaiety of nations.



Isles of Scilly on *Cadenza*: Robert Fowler organised the ICC Rally

Crew:- Robert Fowler ICC Skipper, Wendy Fowler, Michael Paltridge, Denis Woods ICC.

The weather was glorious: blue skies, brisk northerly winds and a smooth sea, perfect for going south. Sadly this was the week prior to our leaving Dun Laoghaire for the ICC cruise to the Scilly Isles. As I was the organizer of the event, I was afraid this would be the cruise that never was but, despite some interesting weather conditions, fourteen of the original nineteen boats made it. On the day of the first event, boats were held up in five ports in Ireland and Wales.

After a week weather bound in Kilmore Quay, we finally made the passage to Hugh Town on St Mary's, where a good few hours sleep beckoned before sailing over to St Agnes for the first event, which was the cruise lunch at the Turk's Head. We anchored between St Agnes and Gugh. It was glorious. Blue skies, white sandy beaches and turquoise seas, a welcome break from the gales of the previous week. Lunch involved great seafood, including the most amazing lobster, and a glass or two of wine whilst overlooking the stunning natural harbour on the north side of the island. A few glasses of wine later and all sailors were getting very

happy.

Our next destination was Treviso where we were to attend the final dinner. We picked up one of the very good moorings in New Grimsby. Making the most of the day before the dinner and forecast gale, we set off to visit the Treviso Abbey Gardens, which are absolutely stunning. The cruise dinner at New Inn was fantastic, with great speeches all round. We were delighted that the Treviso Harbour Master joined us for the dinner. As the dinner went on, we were all watching the weather come in and the wind steadily build up. Depressingly early, we pulled on our oilies over our dinner clothes to head back to *Cadenza* before it got really bad. Getting off the beach was both hairy and scary but we found the boats in the dark and made it back aboard, a little shaken and very wet.

After a bad day aboard, the weather abated and it was back to St Mary's to re-fuel and then to one of the new moorings in Porthcressa. Finally, we bid farewell to the Scilly Isles and set sail on our journey home, motoring most of the passage of thirty six hours. We arrived back in Dun Laoghaire just in time for lunch. I love the Scilly Isles and can't wait to go back again soon. It turned out to be a great event and the meals, locations and company were excellent.



Partying in the Isles of Scilly



Sunset, New Grimsby Sound



Part of the fleet anchored in the Cove, St. Agnes



Bound for the seafood lunch at St. Agnes

OBITUARIES

It is with sadness and fondness that we remember the following deceased members, as well as those who died this year and for whom obituaries were not received.

David Nicholson

David Nicholson, an ICC member since 1980, and Commodore 1993/96, died peacefully on October 4th. He was born in Cork in 1933.

He married Joan Brewitt in 1958, and she shared his love of sailing and the sea. With their four children growing up, cruising called, and *Crescendo*, a 30 foot Ballad was bought in 1972 and the family cruised her around the SW of Ireland and the Brittany coast.



In 1978 they bought a Contessa 35, *Black Shadow*, a very powerful cruiser/racer. With her he completed a 13,000 mile Atlantic Circuit over three years, starting in 1979. He followed in the wake of his cousin Commander Vernon Nicholson to English Harbour, Antigua, to be greeted by his cousins there; a special moment for him. He returned in 1982

from Newport, RI to Cork. Two days out, they suffered several knockdowns during 24 hours lying a-hull in a violent storm.

This period reveals much about David. His planning was meticulous, the boat strong and well found, and crew selection assured harmony and gaiety, as well as complementary skills. Ultimately, for him, it was all about friendship and companionship, and how relationships sparked and developed in new surroundings and varied (sometimes stressful) circumstances.

Black Shadow came to a heartbreaking end in 1990, when she was lost on a reef in an anchorage in Corfu, while on loan to friends. Typically, David's reaction was only fervent thankfulness that none of the family on board had come to harm.

He bought *White Shadow*, an Oyster Heritage 37, in 1991

and set off on his second Atlantic Circuit the following year, joining the Columbus 500 Rally from Huelva in Spain to San Salvador in the Bahamas. This included a special two-week regatta of races between the six Canary Islands, which of course brought out David's intensely competitive spirit. We were under spinnaker, beneath the high cliffs of Fuerteventura, when a vicious williwaw gybed the mainsail and a mighty broach ensued, plunging spinnaker, mainsail, the starboard spreaders, Joan and half the crew under water. A following boat photographed the event, showing the keel clear out of the water. David called "I'll sail her out". And he did. And the spinnaker stayed up for another hour. Cool?

At this time, life was hectic, as he had been elected ICC Commodore in 1993, serving until 1996 with great grace and unfailing good humour. On his return from Florida, (another 14,000 mile Circuit) he felt he should encourage greater cohesion among the dispersed membership of the ICC and he embarked on a Round-Ireland cruise, stopping at numerous ports, with a social gathering of local ICC members in each.

In 1997, the Mediterranean beckoned again and over the next 10 years David and Joan cruised there and around the Iberian peninsula.

He next went into partnership with his son Eddie in *Mollibawk's Shadow*, which Eddie took on the 2008 ARC to St Lucia. Over the next three years, David and Joan enjoyed fine cruising in the Caribbean and in New England.

David introduced many people to cruising, and he made great efforts to ensure that the experience was enjoyable and fulfilling. Invariably, with David, it was. He will be sadly missed, and remembered with great affection, by his many crew, and his friends in the ICC and the broader sailing community. Our deepest sympathies are with Joan, Anna, Eddie, Christine, Lorraine and David and Joan's nine grandchildren.

Leo Conway

Dr. David Park

David Park joined the ICC in 1969 and has been an enthusiastic and participative member ever since. He came from a time and a place which produced some of the Club's most memorable characters such as Barry Bramwell, Michael McKee, Hugh Kennedy and many others, all of whom were his close friends. He won The Club's Second Award, the Strangford Cup three times in 1994, 1996 and 1998. He also served for many years on the Committee. However, it was meeting sailors from all over Ireland that he



really delighted in, and he rarely missed a dinner no matter how far the drive.

His interest in sailing was always a social one. He loved the camaraderie of racing, whether on *Capella*, the 23' boat he built himself, or taking part in the Fastnet in *Aquila* in 1973. He won some great races, his best being a round the Isle of Man race in *Capella*. In calm, foggy conditions he beat every boat back, including all the large class 1 boats. After ambitious cruising holidays, including to Norway in 1976, and France several times, on *Cruiskeen* with his young family, he crossed the Atlantic with Barry Bramwell in 1980.

He was brought because he was the only one on board who could use a sextant, kind of vital in those days. After 19 days at sea he announced to an unconvinced crew that the lights of Barbados would be spotted at 10pm; they were spotted at 10 past 10. Upon retirement he then sailed widely with Hilary, reaching the Baltic, the Azores, the Canaries and many parts of the Mediterranean.

Most of all he liked people with a sense of fun. For many years in the 60s and 70s he worked as a ship's doctor, which is where he had some of his happiest times. He had a sense of mischief. Once when his ship was in Maderia, he went with some of the ships officers for a very watery lunch. On coming back to the ship in an open topped World War 2 Mercedes taxi, in his full naval uniform, there was a German destroyer leaving the dock with its sailors lined up on the side. He couldn't resist standing up in the back of the taxi and giving them a full Nazi salute. On arriving back at his ship he was immediately carpeted by the Norwegian captain: to be fully congratulated, as he thought it was one of the funniest things he had heard.

He was a man who charmed people with his warmth and intellect, a craftsman with great hands, an adventurer who pushed boundaries, a man who enjoyed a life that we could all only wish for.

Michael Park

Paul Harald Osterberg

Born in Copenhagen, Paul's father Harald, a civil engineer, came to Ireland in 1937 to help establish the precursor of Cement Roadstone in Ireland. He was also the Consul General for Denmark. His Danish grandfather had been a lighthouse keeper, and ultimately became head of the whole Danish Lighthouse Service. Harald was elected a member of the ICC in 1938, and served as Rear Commodore in 1947. He owned a 14-ton Bermudan cutter *Marama* which featured regularly in ICC events and logs. Sailing was in the genes and Paul inherited a love of the sea and boats. He started undergraduate civil engineering education in Trinity College aged 17, but he enlisted as a volunteer in the British Army 3 days after his 18th birthday in 1944. He said he was determined to fight to restore freedom to Denmark.

He then decided to study medicine in Trinity, qualifying in 1953 and pursued a surgical career, training in orthopaedic surgery in Dublin, Belfast and London. He was elected to ICC membership in 1949 and was a regular member of crew on *Marama*, including on a cruise in 1950 to Denmark. This fine voyage through mine-fields and other remnants of war was awarded the Faulkner Cup. Paul owned a series of elegant sailing boats, including the Dragon *AlpaII*, which he sailed to the Clyde to take part in the Gold Cup.

He also owned a 16ft clinker built canoe yawl *Satanella*, designed and built by JB Kearney in 1901. She proved to be rather heavy for him to launch and he presented her to the Ulster Folk and Transport Museum.

He continued sailing with friends in Scandinavian, Scottish and French waters to the end. In 1995 he wrote a log of a cruise with friends in Danish waters. Titled "A Sentimental Journey in Denmark"; he used the original spelling of his name as Østerberg. As a friend, colleague and shipmate, Paul was great company. Always interested, lively and enthusiastic, he enlivened any company, even up to his dignified death.

Pre-deceased by Valerie (née Goodbody), he leaves two daughters and four grandsons.

James Nixon

Michael J. Ahern

Growing up in Cobh, it was natural that Mick would be drawn into sailing, introduced by George Radley. He went on to cruise with other great names of Cork Harbour sailing. These included Stanley Roche, who trained him well, Hugh Coveney, Somers Payne, Archie O'Leary, Jim Collins, and more recently Dermot Lovett and Richard Cudmore.

Mick was much sought after by skippers. He was a meticulous navigator, very aware of boats, knowledgeable about engines and things mechanical, an enthusiastic breakfast cook and full of energy. As a result of his reputation he made five trips in this season up and down to Spain and Portugal delivering or cruising there.

He had an endless fund of stories which were told all day long. One story was of a trip to Torbay when the crew crashed Jack Musgrave's Dragon, which was being carried on a truck, into a bus, running the mast the length of the upper deck without touching a passenger!

Mick had a heart bypass 38 years before his end. It did not slow him down in the least, but he was conscientious about his daily walk to maintain his health. That he managed to live such an active life is a tribute to his love of life and his fondness for the company of others.

Mick was caring, considerate and generous of his time and knowledge. He was a good friend to many. He was a committed family man, and his wife, Ronnie, his five children and ten grandchildren were the key part of his life. He will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

Cliff Hilliard



Patrick W. Knatchbull

Patrick died on 5th November, after a long and debilitating illness, borne with great stoicism. Born in 1936, he came to live in Northern Ireland after schooling in England, and studied engineering at Queen's University, later joining Gallahers in Belfast before moving to London. In the early 70s he returned to NI and with his wife Mary established a successful carpet weaving business. His early seafaring ambitions were fulfilled when he joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve (now the Royal Naval Reserve) and rose to command the Ulster Division from *HMS Caroline*, a WW1 Light Cruiser berthed in Belfast. He later talked of exercises and excitement from Norway to Gibraltar in the minesweeper *HMS Kilmorey*, which at times involved other ICC members. He was awarded the Reserve Decoration for his services to the RNR.



He and Mary bought their first house at Cultra in Co. Down close by the Royal North of Ireland YC which he joined. With Billy Martin, he became joint owner of the Fairy Class *Banshee* until his death nearly 40 years later. He started cruising in boats with or lent by John Clementson, exploring cruising grounds in the Baltic, Channel

Isles and Mediterranean, and later crewed with James Nixon on Irish, Scottish and Faroese voyages. He was elected a member of the ICC in 1999. His identical twin Michael had been a member since 1986, and much confusion has been caused at ICC events by their similarity. Even at school the 'wrong Knatchbull' was nearly caned.

He served as chairman of the Royal Yachting Association, Northern Ireland Council and on the RYA Cruising Committee, acting as an advocate for those cruising in Northern Irish waters.

In retirement he and Mary bought a time-share in a yacht which gave them the chance to cruise in the Caribbean and Mediterranean, and the Pacific and Indian Oceans. This gave them enormous fun and they entertained many friends and relatives. Two years ago his illness prevented him from further sailing. 20 months ago he was devastated by Mary's untimely death.

He moved into the Somme Nursing Home in Belfast in July this year but remained as active as his illness permitted until his death, which was mercifully quick and dignified. He leaves three children and seven grandchildren.

Many of us will remember Patrick for his full life and as a fun-loving and dependable friend, a family man, a Fairy sailor and a reliable shipmate, with a fondness for school puddings and Colonel Jamison's whiskey. Best of all, he made us laugh.

MK & JRN

Denis Bamford Johnston

Denis was born into a legal family in 1931 when they lived in Belfast; he went to Campbell when it was in Portrush before the war. On leaving Cambridge, Denis returned to practice law in Belfast. He married Margaret in London in 1957. The family increased in size consisting of 4 sons, 13 grandchildren and one great grandson. Denis, Margaret and family enjoyed many years camping in France in their VW camper van touring Europe, which must have been interesting with 6 aboard.



Sailing played a great part in Denis's life and through the 1940s and 50s he raced Insects and Flying Fifteens in Belfast Lough. His first offshore yacht was *Marianda*, a Fairy Atlanta, which was moored off their house Benvue in Groomsport harbour. Denis en-

joyed racing offshore and this encouraged him to purchase *Igraine*, an elegant Excalibur in which the family cruised the Scottish isles and raced round the buoys. Denis joined the Irish Cruising Club in 1979. After one of these grey damp cruises on the West Coast, a couple of years were enjoyed sailing in Greece, which was a lot warmer. Sadly, 'Igraine' was wrecked at Ballyholme having broken her moorings. *Vamp*, a fine Vashti class, was next purchased and cruised and raced for the next 10 years until she became a little too much of a handful for 2 people. Denis' next choice was *Trininga* a 40 ft ketch, which he bought in Palma in 1990. Margaret and Denis spent a year exploring the Balearics before bringing her home to Bangor. She was much used as a committee boat for RUYC but also was ideal for Scotland, being very well designed for Scottish weather and for grandchildren. Denis also sailed *Trininga* round Ireland, which he enjoyed immensely.

Past Officers of the Irish Cruising Club

Commodores	1977 A. D. Macllwaine	1981 J. Gore-Grimes	2010 J. Phelan & E. Cudmore
1929 H. M. Wright	1978 P. J. Bunting	1983 L. McGonagle	
1942 A. W. Mooney	1980 G. Kenefick	1984 M. McKee	2011 A. Leonard
1950 M. A. Sullivan	1982 C. J. FitzGerald	1986 H. P. Kennedy	F. Ranalow
1953 J. B. Hollwey	1984 L. McGonagle	1987 M. R. Sullivan & D. H. B. Fitzgerald	2012 T. Foote
1954 R. P. Campbell	1986 J. Gore-Grimes		P. Courtney
1958 F. Cudmore	1987 H. P. Kennedy	1988 B. Hassett & D. H. B. Fitzgerald	Honorary Treasurers
1960 H. W. S. Clark	1989 D. H. B. FitzGerald		1929 W. MacBride
1963 P. H. Greer	1990 Arthur S. P. Orr	1989 B. Hassett & A. S. P. Orr	1948 G. B. Moore
1966 R. L. Berridge	1993 Brian Hegarty	1990 Clayton Love Jnr & D. J. Ryan	1964 N. Watson
1969 J. D. Faulkner	1996 Michael O'Farrell	1992 Brian Hegarty & David Nicholson	1973 L. Sheil
1972 R. H. O'Hanlon	1997 Arthur Baker	1993 Michael O'Farrell & David H.B. Fitzgerald	1979 R. Shanks
1975 D. N. Doyle	1999 T.C. Johnson	1994 Michael O'Farrell & P. Walsh	1984 D. O'Boyle
1978 J. H. Guinness	2001 Donal Brazil	1995 L. McGonagle & P. Walsh	1993 D. Brazil
1981 P. J. Bunting	2002 Peter Ronaldson	1996 Arthur Baker & Jarlath Cunnane	2001 A. Baker
1984 C. J. FitzGerald	2004 Cormac McHenry	1997 J. Cunnane & P. Ronaldson	2002 B. MacManus
1987 J. Gore-Grimes	2005 James Nixon	1999 P. O'Sullivan & J.C. Bruen	2005 M. Kirby
1990 H. P. Kennedy	2007 David Tucker	2000 J.C. Bruen & P. Ronaldson	2007 T. Fitzpatrick
1993 D. Nicholson	2009 David Whitehead	2001 P. Ronaldson & P. Killen	Honorary Secretaries *
1996 L. McGonagle	2011 Joe Phelan	2002 T. Clarke & P. Killen	1929 H. B. Wright
1998 M. McKee	2012 Alan Leonard	2003 T. Clarke & C. McHenry	1933 D. Keatinge
2000 D.H. Fitzgerald	Rear Commodores	2004 J. Nixon & G. MacMahon	1935 R. P. Campbell
2002 A.R. Baker	1929 H. R. Wallace	2005 D. Tucker & G. MacMahon	1937 K. McFerran
2005 C. McHenry	1930 A. W. Mooney	2006 D. Tucker & D. Whitehead	1941 D. Keatinge
2008 Peter Ronaldson	1941 H. E. Donegan	2007 C. Magennis & D. Whitehead	1944 M. F. Hally
Vice-Commodores	1942 D. Mellon	2008 C. Hilliard & B. Kenny	1948 T. J. Hanan
1929 H. P. F. Donegan	1947 H. Osterberg	2009 C. Hilliard & E. Cudmore	1960 P. D. Morck
1941 A. W. Mooney	1950 K. McFerran		1965 A. Dunn
1942 H. E. Donegan	1951 R. P. Campbell		1977 P. J. D. Mullins
1947 P. O'Keefe	1953 B. C. Maguire		1981 B. Hegarty
1948 M. A. Sullivan	1954 F. Cudmore		1990 C. P. McHenry
1950 J. B. Hollwey	1956 H. W. S. Clark		2003 R. Cudmore
1953 R. P. Campbell	1958 P. H. Greer		2008 G. Fitzgerald
1954 B. C. Maguire	1961 C. Riordan		
1956 F. Cudmore	1963 W. H. D. McCormick		
1958 H. W. S. Clark	1965 R. L. Berridge		
1960 P. H. Greer	1966 J. C. McConnell		
1963 C. Riordan	1968 J. H. Guinness		
1965 W. H. D. McCormick	1970 R. H. O'Hanlon		
1967 J. D. Faulkner	1971 R. J. Fielding		
1969 D. N. Doyle	1973 H. Cudmore		
1971 R. H. O'Hanlon	1975 J. M. Wolfe		
1972 P. J. Bunting	1976 A. D. Macllwaine		
1974 G. B. Leonard	1977 J. M. Wolte		
1976 J. M. Wolfe	1978 G. Kenefick		
	1980 M. McKee		

* NOTE: From time to time there were acting Honorary Secretaries; the names listed are where the incumbent has held office for at least one year.

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Arctic	89.02, 90.04, 92.20, 94.06, 98.02, 98.07, 99.06, 00.16, 01.04, 01.23, 04.27, 04.09, 05.31, 06.32, 08.03, 08.30, 09.15, 12.09, 13.05
Atlantic	93.02, 97.04, 97.31, 97.08, 98.18, 99.15, 00.04, 00.14, 01.01, 01.17, 02.02, 02.06, 04.31, 05.25, 07.12, 07.16, 08.02, 09.04, 10.04, 10.07, 11.10, 12.29, 13.13, 13.15
Atlantic Islands	88.16, 89.10, 89.05, 89.07, 90.07, 90.10, 90.20, 91.19, 91.13, 92.05, 92.11, 93.02, 93.13, 93.15, 94.11, 94.13, 95.14, 95.18, 96.07, 01.12, 02.19, 04.22, 05.03, 07.20, 08.33, 08.27, 09.06, 09.07, 09.14, 09.23, 09.26, 09.31, 12.02, 12.24, 13.15
Australia	88.13, 01.18, 06.16
Black Sea	12.30
Baltic	90.08, 91.22, 92.13, 96.09, 97.11, 00.10, 01.20, 04.15, 06.09, 06.35, 06.41, 08.11, 08.2, 08.38, 09.13, 09.20, 13.04, 13.17
Brittany & Biscay	90.12, 90.17, 91.15, 91.18, 91.08, 92.21, 91.06, 92.07, 92.17, 92.23, 92.25, 93.12, 93.19, 93.22, 94.20, 94.18, 94.01, 94.16, 96.13, 96.20, 96.21, 97.10, 98.13, 01.15, 01.09, 02.10, 02.16, 02.32, 02.13, 04.04, 05.04, 05.07, 06.06, 06.15, 06.18, 06.24, 06.25, 06.34, 06.43, 07.06, 07.19, 07.32, 09.27, 09.28, 09.32, 10.18, 10.25, 10.14, 11.03, 11.23, 11.24, 11.26, 12.05, 12.08
Caribbean	90.06, 90.10, 90.12, 93.02, 94.03, 95.08, 96.14, 97.12, 97.18, 98.10, 99.15, 05.20, 06.23, 08.26, 10.34, 12.07
Channel Islands	89.15, 90.22, 94.20, 95.19, 95.23, 13.39
Chile	88.02, 04.03
Clyde	91.11, 95.21, 02.14, 08.13, 08.28, 09.17, 13.34
England – East Coast	90.16, 99.20
England – South Coast	89.15, 90.03, 90.22, 93.20, 94.12, 94, 25, 94.17, 95.11, 96.28, 97.02, 97.05, 01.08, 04.06, 07.24, 13.39
European Waterways	08.09, 08.16, 08.24
Faroe Islands	93.06, 96.15, 09.35, 11.18, 12.21
Greenland	92.01, 93.01, 95.02, 98.12, 01.04, 01.13, 05.23, 09.15, 13.05
Hebrides	91.16, 91.09, 91.13, 00.19, 02.11, 02.02, 02.18, 04.05, 05.09, 05.15, 05.28, 05.35, 06.05, 06.14, 09.02, 09.24, 09.09, 10.06, 10.11, 10.20, 11.11, 11.15, 12.01, 13.12, 13.24, 13.29, 13.36, 13.37, 13.43
Holland and Belgium	89.03, 90.16, 92.13, 94.12, 97.14, 97.23, 01.06, 02.24, 03.23, 05.34, 10.13
Iceland	91.13, 93.18, 94.06, 97.01, 97.17, 99.03, 00.21, 02.01, 05.19, 06.20, 08.10, 11.12
Ireland – Circumnavigation	95.05, 95.15, 95.24, 96.06, 96.08, 96.10, 96.04, 96.18, 99.04, 99.08, 99.14, 00.06, 00.10, 00.17, 00.18, 01.25, 01.03, 02.04, 02.12, 02.21, 02.08, 04.11, 04.21, 04.26, 05.30, 06.42, 07.25, 08.23, 10.24, 10.12, 10.36, 11.08, 12.16, 12.20, 13.08, 13.11, 13.14, 13.16, 13.25, 13.40, 13.41
Ireland – West Coast	03.08, 07.03, 07.08, 09.18, 11.21, 11.33, 13.03, 13.10, 13.31, 13.32, 13.35
Ireland – North Coast	91.09, 91.20, 92.26, 93.14, 93.17, 00.03, 04.19, 06.30, 11.25
Ireland – South West Coast	90.18, 91.10, 91.07, 92.02, 94.07, 94.09, 96.01, 96.13, 97.20, 01.24, 06.10, 06.19, 06.28, 06.39, 08.19, 09.18, 11.14, 12.06, 13.22, 13.33
Irish Sea	88.03, 88.21, 92.09, 92.18, 93.14, 94.25, 94.16, 95.03, 98.01, 98.16, 04.13, 05.10, 07.14, 07.21, 08.18, 10.31, 11.09, 11.16, 12.23, 12.27, 13.38
Mediterranean – East including Aegean	93.08, 93.09, 95.04, 95.16, 96.11, 97.03, 98.06, 00.09, 01.10, 01.07, 02.05, 02.31, 02.33, 04.14, 04.03, 05.06, 05.12, 06.07, 06.21, 07.05, 07.10, 07.26, 07.27, 07.28, 08.04, 08.40, 08.29, 09.03, 09.08, 09.22, 10.08, 10.19, 10.29, 11.13, 11.19, 11.29, 11.31, 13.01, 13.18
Mediterranean – West including Adriatic	91.04, 91.02, 92.16, 93.08, 93.09, 94.07, 94.15, 96.05, 97.06, 99.07, 01.02, 05.05, 05.13, 05.18, 05.24, 05.26, 05.36, 06.02, 06.11, 06.19, 06.36, 06.38, 06.40, 07.02, 07.23, 07.31, 08.29, 08.39, 09.10, 10.01, 10.15, 10.16, 10.21, 10.27, 11.07, 12.04, 12.12, 12.13, 12.14, 13.02, 13.07, 13.19, 13.21
Normandy	90.16, 94.17
Norway	93.08, 94.08, 94.06, 05.14, 05.22, 06.17, 07.07, 08.17, 09.20, 10.02, 10.23, 10.28, 11.02, 11.20, 11.30
Orkney Islands	90.13, 91.14, 93.07, 97.09, 01.05, 08.22
Pacific	93.21, 94.05, 98.04, 99.11, 10.03, 10.34, 11.32, 13.13
Portugal	89.06, 90.07, 94.04, 94.23, 99.20, 05.08, 06.01, 06.31, 13.15
Russia	93.08, 04.27, 12.28
Scandinavia	88.12, 89.02, 90.04, 90.08, 90.13, 92.20, 96.09, 96.12, 96.22, 96.26, 96.17, 00.10, 00.25, 02.27, 05.02, 05.16, 05.27, 10.28, 12.15, 12.28, 13.04, 13.17
Scilly, Isles of	88.19, 89.15, 90.03, 90.17, 91.10, 96.27, 96.16, 13.20, 13.38
Scotland – East	90.15, 95.17
Scotland – West	88.09, 89.13, 89.14, 89.16, 90.15, 90.21, 91.14, 91.16, 91.20, 91.09, 91.17, 92.19, 92.24, 93.11, 93.17, 93.20, 94.10, 94.22, 95.06, 96.03, 96.19, 97.09, 97.15, 97.16, 97.19, 97.24, 98.09, 98.14, 98.17, 01.11, 06.22, 07.04, 07.09, 07.11, 07.17, 08.05, 10.24, 10.17, 10.22, 11.01, 11.06, 12.03, 12.18, 12.19, 12.32, 13.03, 13.12, 13.24, 13.27, 13.29, 13.34, 13.36, 13.37, 13.42, 13.43
Shetland Islands	90.13, 90.15, 91.14, 92.08, 93.07, 10.26, 13.36
Spain – North Coast & Galicia	90.07, 90.12, 92.14, 92.15, 92.21, 93.05, 93.13, 93.16, 93.19, 95.10, 95.22, 96.24, 97.07, 97.21, 98.03, 01.19, 02.22, 02.13, 05.32, 06.27, 06.37, 07.15, 07.29, 08.35, 09.19, 09.33, 10.05, 10.10, 10.33, 11.17, 12.31, 13.09
Spain & Portugal	08.20, 08.25, 10.09, 10.32, 11.24, 11.28, 11.30, 11.34, 12.10, 13.09
Venezuela	88.14, 88.16, 90.19, 94.03, 96.02, 04.03
World Cruising	91.03, 92.10, 94.24, 95.07, 95.12, 00.12, 01.18, 01.22, 07.18, 08.08, 11.22, 12.11, 13.13

List of Award Winners

Year	Winner	Yacht	Year	Winner	Yacht	Year	Winner	Yacht
THE FAULKNER CUP			2002	John & Ann Clementson	<i>Faustina II</i>	1982	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>
1931	Keatinge & McFerran	<i>Marie</i>	2003	John Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>	1983	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1932	A.W. Mooney	<i>Nirvana</i>	2004	Máire Breathnach	<i>King of Hearts</i>	1984	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1933	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>	2005	Peter Killen	<i>Pure Magic</i>	1985	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>
1934	Mrs Crimmins	<i>Nirvana</i>	2006	Mike Alexander	<i>Katielok II</i>	1986	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>
1935	H.D.E. Barton	<i>Dauntless</i>	2007	Michael Holland	<i>Celtic Spirit</i>	1987	James Cahill	<i>Ricjak</i>
1936	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>	2008	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft</i>	1988	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilaun</i>
1937	D. Tidmarsh	<i>Foam</i>	2009	Trevor Lusty	<i>Seafever of Cuan</i>	1989	Dermot Ryan	<i>Sceolaing</i>
1938	H.P. Donegan	<i>Gull</i>	2010	Fergus Quinlan	<i>Pylades</i>	1990	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1939	Miss D. French	<i>Embla</i>	2011	Fergus Quinlan	<i>Pylades</i>	1991	Ronnie Slater	<i>Tandara</i>
1947	A.W. Mooney	<i>Aideen</i>	2012	Fergus Quinlan	<i>Pylades</i>	1992	David McBride	<i>Deerhound</i>
1949	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>	2013	Sam Davis	<i>Suvretta</i>	1993	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Lir</i>
1950	H. Osterberg	<i>Marama</i>	THE STRANGFORD CUP			1994	Jonathan Virden	<i>Twayblade</i>
1951	Wallace Clark	<i>Zamorin</i>	1970	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Clarion</i>	1995	Henry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
1952	P. O'Keefe	<i>Mavis</i>	1971	M. Park	<i>Kitugani</i>	1996	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>
1953	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>	1972	R. Gomes	<i>Ainmara</i>	1997	Brendan Bradley	<i>Shalini</i>
1954	B.C. Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>	1973	J. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>	1998	Adrian Spence	<i>Madcap</i>
1955	C. Love	<i>Galcador</i>	1974	J. Guinness	<i>Sule Skerry</i>	1999	Bernard Corbally	<i>Rionnag</i>
1956	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>	1975	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>	2000	Henry & Ivy Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>
1957	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>	1976	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>	2001	Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
1958	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>	1977	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>	2002	Peter Killen	<i>White Magic</i>
1959	P.H. Greer	<i>Ann Gail</i>	1978	J. Villiers Stuart	<i>Vinter</i>	2003	Susan & Peter Gray	<i>Waxwing</i>
1960	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>	1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	2004	Noel Casey	<i>Kish</i>
1961	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>	1980	M. Villiers Stuart	<i>Winifreda</i>	2005	Marilyn Kenworthy	<i>Flica</i>
1962	R.D. Heard	<i>Huff of Arklow</i>	1981	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>	2006	Peter Killen	<i>Pure Magic</i>
1963	T.H. Roche	<i>Neon Tetra</i>	1982	D.J. Ryan	<i>Red Velvet</i>	2007	Seamus Salmon	<i>Saoirse</i>
1964	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>	1983	W.A. Smyth	<i>Velma</i>	2008	Máire Breathnach	<i>Arctic Tern</i>
1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>	1984	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>	2009	Frank Randalow	<i>Shady Maid</i>
1966	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>	1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	2010	Michael Coleman	<i>Oyster Cove</i>
1967	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>	1986	A. Morton	<i>Sung Foon</i>	2011	Stephen Hyde	<i>A Lady</i>
1968	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Tjaldur</i>	1987	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>	2012	Máire Breathnach	<i>Young Larry</i>
1969	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>	1988	Brian Dalton	<i>Boru</i>	2013	Sam Davis	<i>Suvretta</i>
1970	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>	1989	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>	THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP		
1971	R. Sewell	<i>Thalassa</i>	1990	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>	1941	E.J. Odlum	
1972	J. Virden	<i>Sharavogue</i>	1991	Tommy O'Keefe	<i>Tir na nOg</i>	1951	Brendan Maguire	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1973	A. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>	1992	David FitzGerald	<i>Peigin Eile</i>	From 1954 the Navigation Cup was awarded for the best cruise around Ireland.		
1974	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	1993	W. M. Nixon & E. Wheeler	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>	1954	Wallace Clark	<i>Caru</i>
1975	J. Eves	<i>Aeolus</i>	1994	David Park	<i>Witchcraft of Howth</i>	1955	Dr. R.H. O'Hanlon	<i>Ancora</i>
1976	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>	1995	Bernard Corbally	<i>Alys</i>	1956	R.C. Arnold	<i>Maid of York</i>
1977	B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>	1996	David Park	<i>Alys</i>	1957	R.P. Campbell	<i>Minx of Malham</i>
1978	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	1997	Brian Black	<i>Beowulf</i>	1961	C. O'Ceallaigh	<i>Julia</i>
1979	M.P. O'Flaherty	<i>Cuilaun of Kinsale</i>	1998	David Park	<i>White Heather</i>	1963	W. & B. Smyth	<i>Wynalda</i>
1980	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	1999	Peter Mullins	<i>Ann Again</i>	1964	N. Falkiner	<i>Euphanzel</i>
1981	J.F. Coffey	<i>Meg of Muglins</i>	2000	Michael Balmforth	<i>Scilla Verna</i>	1965	L. McMullen	<i>Rainbow</i>
1982	E.P.E. Byrne	<i>Beaver</i>	2001	Michael Balmforth	<i>Ann Again</i>	1966	C.H. Green	<i>Helen</i>
1983	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>	2002	Bernard Corbally	<i>Scilla Verna</i>	1967	J.D. Beckett	<i>Dara</i>
1984	O. Glaser	<i>Verna</i>	2003	David FitzGerald	<i>Ann Again</i>	1968	R.E. Mollard	<i>Osina</i>
1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	2004	E & B Cudmore	<i>Ann Again</i>	1871	M. Tomlinson	<i>Pellegrina</i>
1986	B. Bramwell	<i>Tor</i>	2005	James Nixon	<i>Ann Again</i>	1973	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>
1987	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>	2006	B & E Cudmore	<i>Ann Again</i>	1974	R.P. Campbell	<i>Verve</i>
1988	Terence Kennedy	<i>Icarus of Cuan</i>	2007	James Nixon	<i>Ann Again</i>	1975	J.B. Law	<i>Sai See</i>
1989	Cormac McHenry	<i>Ring of Kerry</i>	2008	Bernard Corbally and Ann Woulfe-Flanagan	<i>Beowulf</i>	1977	G. Leonard	<i>Wishbone</i>
1990	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>	2009	Michael Coleman	<i>Oyster Cove</i>	1978	R.P. Campbell & J.R. Osborne	<i>Verve</i>
1991	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>	2010	Michael Coleman	<i>Lady Kate</i>	1979	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1992	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>	2011	Donal Walsh	<i>Young Larry</i>	1980	P. Gray	<i>Korsar</i>
1993	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>	2012	Máire Breathnach	<i>A Lady</i>	1981	Ronan Beirne	<i>Rila</i>
1994	Michael Coleman	<i>Stella Maris</i>	2013	Stephen Hyde	<i>Northabout</i>	1982	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
1995	Peter Killen	<i>Black Pepper</i>	THE ATLANTIC TROPHY			1983	A. Doherty	<i>Svegala</i>
1996	Hugo du Plessis	<i>Samharcin an Lar</i>	Year	Winner	Yacht	1984	J. Guinness	<i>Deerhound</i>
1997	Cormac McHenry	<i>Erquy</i>	1978	R. Cudmore	<i>Morgana</i>	1985	T. O'Keefe	<i>Orion</i>
1998	John Waddell	<i>Heather of Mourne</i>	1979	A. Doherty	<i>Bali Hai</i>	1986	B. Hegarty	<i>Freebird</i>
1999	Brian Black	<i>Caelan</i>	1980	David Nicholson	<i>Black Shadow</i>	1987	Wallace Clark	<i>Wild Goose</i>
2000	John Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>	1981	M.H. Snell	<i>Golden Harvest</i>	1988	W.M. Nixon	<i>Turtle</i>
2001	Paddy Barry & Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Northabout</i>				1989	Tony Morton	<i>Lamorna III</i>

Year	Winner	Yacht	Year	Winner	Yacht	Year	Winner	Yacht
THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY			From 1985 the Rockabill Trophy was for 'A Feat of Exceptional Navigation/Seamanship.'			From 2007 it reverted to its first designation.		
This Waterford Glass trophy is awarded by the adjudicator for the best cruise in Irish waters.			1985	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	2007	Ger O'Rourke	<i>Chieftain</i>
1993	James Nixon	<i>Sea Pie</i>	1986	John Olver	<i>Moody Blue</i>	2008	No award	
1994	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>	1987	J.B. Law	<i>Redwing/ Spirit of Shell</i>	2009	Mick Cotter	<i>Whisper</i>
1995	Bill Rea	<i>Elysium</i>				2010	No award	
1996	Maeve Bell	<i>Réalta</i>	1988	No Award		2011	Bruce Douglas	<i>Spirit of Jacana</i>
1997	Máire Breathnach	<i>Romist</i>	1989	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>	2012	No award	
1998	Brendan Travers	<i>Sea Maiden</i>	1990	Colin Chapman	<i>Deerhound</i>	2013	Martin Breen	Discover Ireland
1999	Máire Breathnach	<i>SeaDance</i>	1991	Wallace Clark	<i>Aileach</i>	THE PERRY GREER BOWL		
2000	Paddy Barry	<i>Saint Patrick</i>	1992	Peter Bunting	<i>Gulkarna II</i>	Awarded for the best first ICC log		
2001	No Award		1993	Bernard Corbally	<i>L'Exocet</i>	1995	Alan Rountree	<i>Tallulah</i>
2002	Brendan Travers	<i>Seodin</i>	1994	Peter Hogan	<i>Molly B</i>	1996	Jimmy Conlon	<i>Saint Patrick</i>
2003	No Award		1995	Brian Smullen	<i>Zaberdast</i>	1997	Hilary Keatinge	<i>Kilpatrick</i>
2004	David Beattie	<i>Schollevaer</i>	1996	Tom Foote	<i>White Heather</i>	1998	No Award	
2005	No Award		1997	P Barry/ J Cunnane	<i>Tom Crean</i>	1999	Jack McCann	<i>Mary Lee</i>
2006	Alan Markey	<i>Crackerjack</i>	1998	No Award		2000	David Beattie	<i>Aeolus</i>
2007	Sal & Jeffrey O'Riordan	<i>Adrigole</i>	1999	Donal Lynch	<i>Laroha</i>	2001	Noel Casey	Chartered
2008	Harry Barnwell	<i>Hylasia</i>	2000	Susan & Peter Grey	<i>Waxwing</i>	2002	No Award	
2009	David Whitehead	<i>Joyster</i>	2002	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Arctic Fern</i>	2003	Paddy McGlade	<i>Sabrone</i>
2010	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft</i>	2003	Ed Wheeler	<i>Witchcraft</i>	2004	Sean Fergus	<i>Estrellita</i>
2011	Mick Delap	<i>North Star</i>	2004	Jarlath Cunnane	<i>Northabout</i>	2005	Robert Barker	<i>Alchemist</i>
2012	A & M Bell	<i>Oisín Ban</i>	2005	Brian Black	<i>Caelan</i>	2006	Ian Stevenson	<i>Raptor</i>
2013	Harry Whelehan	<i>Sea Dancer</i>	2006	John Clementson	<i>Faustina II</i>	2007	Nigel Lindsay-Finn	<i>Eleanda</i>
ROCKABILL TROPHY			2007	No Award		2008	Patrick Dorgan	<i>Verdi III</i>
1959	P.H. Green	<i>Ann Gail</i>	2008	Paul Bryans	<i>Odysseus</i>	2009	Declan Connolly	<i>Khepri</i>
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>	2009	Wallace Clark	<i>Agivey</i>	2010	Anne Kenny	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>
1961	R. O'Hanlon	<i>Harmony</i>	2010	Tom Foote	<i>Picnic</i>	2011	David Jones	<i>Tidal Dancer</i>
1962/63	No Award		2011	Norman Kean	<i>Xanadu</i>	2012	Ann Lyons	<i>Stardancer</i>
1964	J.D. Faulkner	<i>Angelique</i>	2012	Brian Black	<i>Séafra</i>	2013	Peter Mullan	<i>Sancerre</i>
1965	J.H. Guinness	<i>Sharavogue</i>	2013	Sam Davis	<i>Suvretta</i>	THE WILD GOOSE CUP		
1966	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>	THE GULL SALVER			Awarded for a log of literary merit		
1967	No Award		Highest placed Irish boat in the Fastnet Race.			1995	Robert Barr	<i>Pen Men</i>
1968	P.H. Greer	<i>Helen of Howth</i>	1971	Otto Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>	1996	James Nixon	<i>Ardnagee</i>
1969	No Award		1973	Mungo Park	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	1997	D & J Nicholson	<i>White Shadow</i>
1970	J.P. Jameson	<i>Ganiamore</i>	1975	Otto Glaser	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch II</i>	1998	No Award	
1971	R. Courtney	<i>Bandersnatch</i>	1977	Otto Glaser	<i>Red Rock III</i>	1999	Ray O'Toole	<i>Lotophagi</i>
1972/73	No Award		1991	Donal Morrissey	<i>Joggernaut</i>	2000	Bill & Hilary Keatinge	<i>Rafiki</i>
1974	J.P. Bourke	<i>Korsar</i>	1995	Donal Morrissey	<i>Joggernaut</i>	2001	Robert Barr	<i>Oyster River</i>
1975/78	No Award		2001	Denis Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	2002	Peter Fernie	
1979	J. Gore-Grimes	<i>Shardana</i>	2003	D & T Andrews	<i>Amethyst</i>	2003	Paddy Barry	<i>Ar Seachrán</i>
1980	J. Wolfe	<i>Deerhound</i>	From 2004-2006 this Trophy was awarded for distinction in an international event by a member sailing his/her own boat.			2004	Peter Fernie	
1981	No Award		2005	Brian Smullen	<i>Cuilain</i>	2005	Dick Lovegrove	<i>Vivace</i>
1983	K. & C. Martin	<i>Estrellita</i>	2006	No Award		2006	John Madden	<i>Bagheera</i>
1984	No Award					2007	Wallace Clarke	<i>Agivey</i>

JOHN B. KEARNEY CUP

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>
2012	Annalise Murphy, Con Murphy and Cathy McAleavy
2013	Brian Craig - organisation of Irish Sailing, etc

THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

Year	Recipient	Yacht	Race
1950	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	
1951	R.A. Hall	<i>Flica</i>	Islands Race
1956	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	Islands Race
1957	S.F. Thompson	<i>Ithurial</i>	
1958	J. Ronan	<i>Wye</i>	Islands Race
1959	J. Butler	<i>Happy Morning</i>	Pollock Race
1960	R.I. Morrison	<i>Vanja IV</i>	
1961	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1962	D.N. Doyle	<i>Severn II</i>	
1964	A.E. Pope	<i>Susette</i>	
1965	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1966	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1967	S.F. Thompson	<i>Wye</i>	
1968	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1969	F. Cudmore	<i>Setanta</i>	
1970	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1971	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1972	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1973	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1974	G. Radley	<i>Cecille</i>	
1976	J.C. Butler	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	
1977	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1978	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	Islands Race
1979	B. Cudmore	<i>Anna Petrea</i>	
1980	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1981	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1982	C. Love Jnr	<i>Rebel County</i>	
1983	S. Mansfield	<i>Luv Is</i>	
1984	D.N. Doyle	<i>Moonduster</i>	
1985	J. Donegan	<i>White Rooster</i>	
1987	T.E. Crosbie	<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	Ilen's 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	
2012	Norman Kean	Co-authorship of <i>Cruising Ireland</i> and ICC Sailing Directions	
2013	RNLI Kinsale	Rescue of crew of STV Astrid	

WRIGHT MEMORIAL SALVER

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

Year	Race	Yacht	Recipient
1943	Whit	<i>Marama</i>	H. Osterberg
1945	Whit	<i>Mavis</i>	J. B. Kearney
1949	Whit	<i>Evora</i>	A.W. Mooney
1950	Whit	<i>John Dory</i>	P. O'Keefe
1951	Whit	<i>Alata</i>	R.P. Campbell
1952	Whit	<i>Setanta</i>	F. Cudmore
1954	Whit	<i>Euphazel</i>	N. Falkiner

Year	Race	Yacht	Recipient
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>Fiomualla</i>	R. Courtney
1969	Cork-Fastnet-Castletownshend	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle
1972	Dun Laoghaire-Arklow	<i>Tryphena</i>	F. Ryan
1973	Cork-Fastnet-Schull	<i>Cecille</i>	G. Radley
1974	-	<i>Korsar</i>	J.P. Bourke
1976	ICC	<i>Querida of Howth</i>	I.R. Morrison
1977	Crosshaven-Fastnet-Baltimore	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler
1978	Howth-Strangford	<i>Leemara</i>	W.R. Cuffe-Smith
1979	-	<i>Four Seasons</i>	L.G.F. Heath
1980	-	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1981	-	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mollard
1982	-	<i>Tritsch Tratsch IV</i>	Dr. O. Glaser
1983	-	<i>Deerhound</i>	J.H. Guinness
1984	-	<i>Beaver</i>	E.P.E. Byrne
1986	-	<i>Misty</i>	M.W. Knatchbull

From 1993 Awarded by the Northern Area Committee

Year	Recipient	Yacht
1993	J. Russell	Service to Sailing
1995	Adrian Spence	
1998	Adrian Spence	Greenland cruise
1999	Brian Black	Greenland cruise
2000	Roy Waters	
2001	John & Ann Clementson	Carribean 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
2012	Mike Balmforth	Co-authorship of <i>Cruising Ireland</i>
2013	John Clementson	<i>Webmaster and Green Book author</i>

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	Morecambe Bay
1964	<i>Susanna</i>	J.C. McConnell	Irish Sea Race

Year	Yacht	Recipient	Race
1965	<i>Cu na Mara</i>	D. Barnes	Morecambe Bay
1966	<i>Orana</i>	P.D. Pearson	Irish Sea Race
1967	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecambe Bay
1968	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1969	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecambe Bay
1970	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Cowes/Cork Race
1971	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecambe Bay
1972	<i>Tritsch-Tratsch</i>	O. Glaser	Irish Sea Race
1973	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Morecambe Bay
1974	<i>Assiduous</i>	C. Love	(1st ICC Boat)
1975	<i>Dictator</i>	D.M. Irwin	Morecambe Bay
1976	<i>Tam O'Shanter</i>	J.C. Butler	Irish Sea Race
1977	<i>Red Rock III</i>	O. Glaser	Morecambe Bay
1978	<i>Moonduster</i>	D.N. Doyle	Irish Sea Race
1979	<i>Korsar</i>	R.E. Mollard	Morecambe Bay
1980	<i>Standfast</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecambe Bay
1981	<i>Bandersnatch of Howth</i>	R. Courtney	Morecambe Bay
1982	<i>Joggernaut</i>	D.J. Morrissey	Irish Sea Race
1983	<i>Imp</i>	H.B. Sisk	Morecambe 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>Finnabhar of Howth</i>	P. Jameson	Round Ireland

From 1993 Awarded by the Eastern Area Committee

Year	Recipient	Recipient
1993	P. Hogan	Circumnavigation of the Globe
1994	Brendan Bradley	Brittany Rally Organiser
1995	Barbara Fox-Mills	Distributor of Publications
1996	Evelyn O'Gallagher	Sailing Directions
1998	Bruce Lyster	Tall Ships Committee Chairman
1999	Susan & Peter Gray	Pacific cruising
2000	Arthur Orr	ICC Publications
2001	Mungo Park	Sailing into his 80s
2002	Cormac McHenry	Holland to Dun Laoghaire
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
2012	Sean Flood	Support for youth sail training
2013	Winkie Nixon	50 years of Annual contributions

THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

Awarded by the Western Area Committee

Year	Winner	Year	Winner
1993	Dave FitzGerald	2004	Dick Scott
1994	Brian Lynch	2005	David FitzGerald
1995	Paddy O'Sullivan	2006	Peter Haden
1996	Jarlath Cunnane	2007	Seamus Salmon
1997	Pat Lavelle	2008	Michael Craughwell
1998	Brendan Travers	2009	Anne Kenny & Paddy O'Sullivan
1999	John Cunningham	2010	Fergus Quinlan
2000	Jack McCann	2011	Fergus Quinlan
2001	Roger Bourke	2012	Brian Sheridan
2002	Dave FitzGerald	2013	Anne Kenny
2003	Frank Larkin		

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>
2012	Mick Delap	<i>North Star</i>
2013	Mick Delap	<i>North Star</i>

DUNN'S DITTY SALVER

2001	Brendan Travers	2009	Diana Gleadhill
2002	Wallace Clark	2010	David Whitehead
2003	John Bourke	2011	James Nixon
2004	Fergus Quinlan	2012	Alan Leonard
2005	Eleanor Cudmore	2013	Raymond Fielding
2006	Dan Cross		
2007	Wallace Clark		
2008	Hugh Barry		

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
2012	No Award
2013	No Award

TRANS OCEANIC PENNANT

Awarded by the Committee

Auchincloss, Les	Kenworthy, Marilyn
Barnes, Sean	Killen, Peter
Barnwell, Henry	King, Heather
Barry, Paddy	Lindsay-Finn, Nigel
Bradley, Brendan	Leonard, Alan
Bramwell, Barry	Lusty, Trevor
Bunting, Peter	McBride, Davy
Cahill, Bernie	McClement, Donal
Cahill, James	McHenry, Cormac
Casey, Noel	Mullins, Peter
Chapman, Colin	Nicholson, David
Clementson, John	Nicholson, Eddie
Coffey, Jack	O'Farrell, Kevin
Coleman, Michael	O'Farrell, Vincent
Corbally, Bernard	O'Flaherty, Michael
Cudmore, Ronald	Osborne, James
Cunnane, Jarlath	Osmundsvaag, Arve
Davis, Sam	Petch, John
Drew, Bob	du Plessis, Hugo
Espey, Fred	Prendeville, Neil
Glaser, Otto	Quinlan, Fergus
Gore-Grimes, John	Smullen, Brian
Gray, Peter	Smyth, William
Gray, Susan	Snell, Michael
Greer, Perry	Virden, Jonathan
Hogan, Peter	Whelan, Michael J.
Hyde, Stephen	Whelan, Pat
Kean, Norman	White, Lawrence

List of Yachts 2013

To amend an entry, email Cliff Hilliard or use members' pages in website.

Yacht	Owner	Class	LOA	Hull Colour	Sail No.	Rig/Built	Designer
70M (PO)	R Lovegrove	Canal Boat	18.3m	Black	NA	1935	Dublin Shipyard Ltd
A Lady	S Hyde	Oyster 56	17.06m	Navy	1758IRL	Bnu Cutter 2002	Rob Humphreys
Adrigole	J O'Riordan	Rival 36	11m	White	R	Sloop 1987	P Brett
After Midnight (PO)	A FitzGerald	Cork 1720	8m	White	IRL 1797	Sloop 1998	Tony Castro
Ainmara	H Gomes	One-off	11m	Dark		Bnu Yawl 1912	JB Kearney
Ajay (PO)	D & G FitzGerald	Westerly Konsort	8.9m	White	IRL 2351	Sloop 1980	Laurent Giles
Al Shaheen	J Franklin	Pocock	12.8m	White		Sloop 2001	Mike Pocock
Alakush (PO)	A Booth & J Guinness	Sabre 426	12.8m	White	IR426	Sloop 2004	Jim Taylor
Aldebaran (PO)	O & P Murphy	Crossbow 40	12.2m	White/Green	IRL 1999	Sloop 1991	Angelo Lavranus
Aleria	A Blackwell	Bowman 57	17.4m	White	57	Ketch 1976	Hollman & Pye
Alphida of Howth	H Byrne	Jeanneau Sunrise	10.36m	White	IRL1517	Sloop 1986	Jacques Fauroux
Altair	J Smullen	Intl OD	10.2m	Pale	39	Sloop 1937	Bjarne Aas
Amigo	B Siggins	Kelt 29	8.7m	White	IRL1212	Sloop 1986	Giles Vaton
Ann Again (PO)	B & E Cudmore	Bavaria 42	12.80m	White	IRL 1182	Sloop 2000	J&J designs
Aoibhne (PO)	M O'Gallagher	Stevens 1040	10.4m	White		1990	Stevens
Aoife (PO)	J O'Donnell	Dolphin 31	9.5m	Blue	21	Sloop 1978	John Sharp
Aoife (PO)	R.O'Toole	Dolphin 31	9.5m	Blue	21	Sloop 1978	John Sharp
Ar Seachrán	P Barry	Frers 45	13.7m.	Black		Sloop 1979	Germán Frers
Arcady	R Heard	Motor Cruiser	12.6m	Blue		MV	
Arctic Fern	J Coyle	Najad 45	13.7m	White	4441	Sloop 1999	Najad
Ariadne	A Leonard	Starlight 35	10.67m	White	6094 T	Sloop 2000	Stephen Jones
As Lathair	R Casey	Beneteau First	9.98m	White	IRL2301	Frac sloop 1998	Bruce Farr
Atlantic Islander	F McCarthy	Atlantic		White		Ketch 1980	Walter Raynor
Bagheera	J Madden	Jeanneau Sun	12m	White	KH7125	Sloop 1990	Jacques Faroux
Baily of Howth	M Hall	Oyster 46	14.02m			Ketch 1981	Holman & Pye
Bali Hai	M Murphy	Beneteau Oceanis	11.5	White		Sloop 1989	
Ballyclaire (PO)	D & V White	Fastnet 34	10.3m	White	156	Sloop 1976	Finot
Bandit	S Musgrave	Ruffian 23	12.5m	White	IRL 3333	Sloop 1998	Brown
Beezneeze	B Fennell	Beneteau Oceanis	14.4m	Blue	IRL 1180	Sloop 2002	Berret/Racoupeau
Belladonna	R Lovett	Privilege Cat		White		Sloop	Marc Lombard
Beowulf (PO)	B Corbally & A Woulfe -Flanagan	Hallberg-Rassy 42	13.2m	White		Sloop 2001	Germán Frers
Bigwig	G Chambers	Jeanneau DS	12.8m	White		Sloop 2007	Jean Faroux
Birmayne (PO)	J McKenna & S O'Loughlin	Roberts 45	13.6m	White	IRL756	Cutter 1992	Bruce Roberts
Black Pepper 2	H Barry	Sigma 36	11m	White	IR 3636	Sloop 1984	D Thomas
Blackjack (PO)	P Coad	One Off	11.4m	Blue	IRL 1988	Cutter 1980	Mike Pocock
Blue Echo	P Minnis	Mitchell 31	9.45m	Blue		1988	Alan Hill
Blue Oyster	J Powell	Oyster 37	11m	Blue	IR 3854	Sloop 1979	Holman & Pye
Blue Squirrel (PO)	S Furney & G Taylor	Jeanneau Sun	13.41m	Blue	5500C	Sloop 1989	Daniel Andrieu
Bluebell	A Walsh	Drascombe Lugger		5.7m	Blue	Lugger 2003	
Bonnie Boots	D Greenhalgh	Dufour 44	13.2m	White	87	Sloop 2007	U. Felci/P. Rosbo
Boston	B Brady	Whaler	6.1m	White		MV 1996	Boston Whaler
Busy Bee (PO)	A & J Ley	Beneteau First	9.8m	White	IR 615	Sloop 1990	J Berret
Cadenza	R Fowler	Jeanneau Sun	10.75m	White	IRL1470	Sloop 2004	Marc Lombard
Calico Jack	C O'Byrne	Sadler 26	7.9m	White	IRL 1260	Sloop 1985	Martin Sadler
Canna	W Kellett	Sabre 28				Sloop	
Capriole (PO)	G & W Nixon	Cape Dory	7.6m	White	IRL 2544	Sloop 1982	Carl Alberg
Captain O'Brien	M Wood	Bavaria 44	13.41m			Sloop 1995	
Caranja	J Menton	Moody 40	12.19m	White	IRL 801	Sloop 1981	A Primrose
Carna	C Currie	Westerly Konsort	8.10m	White		Sloop 1980	Laurent Giles
Carragheen	M McKee	Westerly Griffin	7.92m	White		Sloop 1980	Ed Dubois
Carraig Ban	B Layng	Rosebank 34	10.5m	White		MV 2000	J Bennett
Carrigdoun	W Walsh	Jeanneau 45.2		White		Sloop 2001	Bruce Farr
Celtic Spirit of Fastnet	M Holland	Custom Built	21.3m	Navy		Ketch 1993	Ed Dubois
C'est Formidable	P Clandillon	Dufour Classic	10.9m	White	IRL2036	Sloop 1999	Mortain & Mavrikios
Chain	L J Curtin	Moody 376	11.40m	White		Sloop 1991	Bill Dixon
Changeling	K Jameson	Sigma 38	11.58m	Dark	IRL 8331	Sloop 1989	D Thomas
Chinook	A Bradley	Beneteau 211	6.4m			Sloop	Group Finot
Christina of Howth	R McCaffrey	Westerly Solway	11m	Green	SY29	Ketch 1978	Laurent Giles
Clarabelle	P O'Mahony	Beneteau 40	12.19m	White		Sloop 1999	Group Finot
Clio	J Banim	Jeanneau Attalia	9.9m	White	IRL1435	Sloop 1984	Joubert & Nivelte
Clipper	M Stokes	Amphitrite	13.7m	White		Sloop 1990	Henri Wauquiez
Colla Voce	P Lavelle	Vancouver 27	8.23m			Cutter 1982	R Harris
Concerto (PO)	B Craig	Dufour 455	13.76m	White		Sloop 2006	Umberto Felci/Patrick
Confusion	B Scanlon	Xc 42	12.8m	White	IRL 5750	Sloop 2009	Neils Jeppesen
Crackerjack	A Markey	Bavaria 31	9.3m	White	IRL 1015	Sloop 2000	J&J
Crackers	O Waldron	Boston Whaler	6.1m	White		MV 1966	Whaler
Crème de la Crème	H Irvine	Jeanneau SO	9.75m			Sloop	
Crimson Rambler III	H du Plessis	Colvic 23	7m	Blue		Sloop 1985	GL Watson
Crosby	P D'Arcy	Jeanneau 43DS	13.11m	Blue		Sloop 2005	
Cruiskeen	M Park	Beneteau Oceanis	12	Blue		Sloop 2007	Berret-Racoupeau
Cu Two	S Barnes	Nauticat 40	12m	White	None	Ketch 1989	Sparkman & Stevens
Cuchulain	M O'Farrell	Rival 32	9.6m	White	Z 598	Sloop 1971	P Brett
Cuilan (PO)	O'Flaherty & Smullen	McGruer One-Off	55m	Varnish	K1988T	Ketch 1970	GT McGruer

Yacht	Owner	Class	LOA	Hull Colour	Sail No.	Rig/Built	Designer
Daedalus	T Barry	Dehler 41	12.5m	White		Frac 2000	Van de Stadt
Dame de Jade	S Cudmore	Beneteau 32	11m	White		Sloop 1995	Group Finot
Danu	V Quinlan	Mauritius	13.1m	White		Ketch 1993	Bruce Roberts
Dom Perignon	A Stokes	Salar 40	12.19m	White		Sloop 1970	L Giles
Doran Glas	P Horan	Oyster Mariner	10.9m	White	9	Sloop 1980	Holman & Pye
Dux	A Gore-Grimes	X 302	9.1m	White	IRL 988	Sloop 2000	X-yachts
Eleanda	H & N Lindsay-Fynn	H'berg-Rassy 62	18.8m	White	GBR1609L	Cutter 2007	Germán Frers
Elgin	M O'Rahilly	Romilly		Black	R 19	Lugger 1999	Nigel Irens
Elsie	P Dorgan	Cork Harbour	10m	Blue		Gaff Cutter 1896	Fife
El-Torro	P Bullick	Elan 434	13.1m	White	GBR 9720T	Sloop 2007	Humphries
Elva	L Johnston	Sweden Yacht	11.8m	White		Sloop 2005	Judel/Vrolijk
Elysium	B Rea	Shipman 28	8.8m	White	IR 653	Sloop 1988-90	Olle Enderlein
Empress III	T Fitzpatrick	Bavaria 47	15m	White	IRL 1811	Sloop 1998	Bavaria Yachts
Encore	F Eves	Bavaria 33	13.1m	White		Sloop 2006	J & J
Endgame	F Doyle	Arcambault 35	10.59m	White	IRL3209	Sloop 2008	N Jeppen
Enigma (PO)	S Adair	Beneteau Oceanis	12.5m	White	IRL4111	Sloop 2002	Group Finot
Escapade	H Barry	Drascombe Lgr	6m	White		Yawl 2007	John Watkinson
Euphanzel III	G Crisp	Shipman 28	8.4m			Sloop	Olle Enderlein
Evolution II (PO)	T Dunphy & G Whelan	First 345	11m	White	IR 1345	Sloop 1987	P Briand
Fable (PO)	S Garvin	Legend 34	10.2m	Blue	K 8105	Sloop 1986	Van de Stadt
Family's Pride	R Monson	Fife Ringer		Red		Ketch 1932	
Faughan (PO)	J Nixon	SLYC River	8.6m	Green	R3	Sloop 1946	Alfred Mylne
Faustina II (PO)	A & J Clementson	Bowman 40	12.17m	White	GBR9862	Cutter 1991	Chuck Paine
Feeric	S Cullen	Jeanneau Sundrm	8.5m	White	IRL 1112	Sloop 1987	Tony Castro
Fiakra	P Bourke	Westerly Centaur	7.92m	Blue	CR 3581	Sloop 1979	L Giles
Fidget (PO)	D Mowlam	Bavaria 390	12.1m	White	GBR9390R	Sloop 1990	Axel Mohnhaupt
Finavarra	B Sheridan	Nicholson 345	10.5m	White		Frac 1979	Ron Holland
Finisterre	C Cunningham	Cromarty 36	11m	Blue		Ketch 1988	Wyatt & Freeman
Flamingo	E Bann	East Coast	9.4m	Cream		Sloop 1954	John E Powell
Flica	M Kenworthy	Oyster 53	16.15m	White	5312	Cutter 2001	Rob Humphries
Flight of Fantasy	N Smyth	Oyster 42	12.6m	White		Sloop	Holman & Pye
Freya	D Doyle	X442	13.4m	Blue	IRL4477	Sloop 2003	N Jeppen
Freycinet	G O'Connor	Moody 44	13.34m	White	GBR5311T	Sloop 1995	Bill Dixon
Freyja	S Moore	HR 46	14m	White		Sloop 2000	Germán Frers
Galileo	D Counihan	Beneteau First	11m	White	IRL 3617	Sloop 2002	Bruce Farr
Gentle Spirit	H Boyle	Hallberg-Rassy	11.6m	Cream	K4291T	Sloop 1979	Olle Enderlein
Giggles	P Morehead	Moody S31	9m	White	IRL 3739	Sloop 1996	Bill Dixon
Godot	J Godkin	Dufour 44	13.35m	White	IRL 4475	Sloop 2006	Umberto Felci
Golden Nomad	A Aston	Cornish Crabber	9.2m+	Yellow	6	Gaff Ketch 1981	R Dongrey
Grand Slam (PO)	J Bourke	Dufour 41	12.5m	White	IRL2710	Sloop 1998	
Greenfly	A Balmforth						
Gwili 3	A McCarter	Sadler Starlight	10.67m	White	IRL 839	Sloop 1997	Stephen Jones
Hadrian's Beard	R Barker	Greenline 33	10m	White		MV 2012	J&J Design /Seaway
Hafod	H Gibson	Horizon 36	10m	White		Sloop 1966	
Hallowe'en (PO)	D O'Connor	Fife	24.7m	White	2	Bdn Cutter 1926	William Fife III
Hecuba	J Duggan	MG CS	12m	White	GBR 3778	Sloop 1989	T Castro
Hylasia	I Barnwell	Hylas 42	12.73m	White	IRL 1413	Sloop 1985	Germán Frers
Ibaraki (PO)	P Ryan	GK 34	9.5m	White		Sloop	
Imagine	N Kenefick	Farr 545	16.2m	White		Sloop 2005	Bruce Farr
Imagine	J O'Brien	Jeanneau Sun	13.8m	White		Sloop 2000	
Indulgence	D Sargent	Elan 333	10.2m	White	GBR 8068T	Frac 2002	Rob Humphreys
Insouciance	G Ralston	Nordia 58	17.68m	White	GBR 6024T	Ketch 1983	Van Dam Nordia
Intrigue	D Tucker	Sigma 41	12.5m	White	IRL 906	Sloop 1984	David Thomas
Ionian	B Lynch	Westerly Seahawk	10.67m	White		Sloop 1990	Ed Dubois
Irish Mist	A O'Leary	Nelson 40		Navy	1994	MV	
Island Life	C McHenry	Island Packet	12.19m	Beige		Cutter 1998	Bob Johnson
Jabberwock	P Courtney	Sigma 41	12.8m	White	IR 9377	Sloop 1984	D. Thomas/WH Boyd
James Finlay	G Donovan	Seaward MC	7.6m	Blue			
Jasmine	N Musgrave	Jeanneau Sun	15.07	White		Sloop 2009	Philippe Briand
Jasmine of Shian	J Massey	Cutlass 27	8.22m	White	1163Y	Sloop 1971	Eric White
Jomora	A Robertson	Starlight 35		White	2203 C	Sloop 1996	Stephen Jones
Juffra	M Hill	Nicholson 32	9.7m	White	2246	Sloop 1966	Nicholson
Julia B	B O'Mahony	She 33	10m	White		Sloop	S&S
Kariba	N Duffin	Hardy 20		Blue	NA	NA	Colin Mudie
Katrill of Dover (PO)	F Smyth	S&S 38	11.6m	White		Sloop 1977	Olin Stephens
Keirah	D Smyth	H'g-Rassy 342	10.3m	White	GBR1401L	Sloop 2006	Germán Frers
Khepri	D Connolly	Laurent Giles	11.6m	White		Sloop 1972	Laurent Giles
Kilindini	M Bourke	Dhow	11.9m			Lateen 2008	
Kilpatrick	D Brazil	Oyster Heritage	11.28m	White	GBR1401L	Sloop 2006	Germán Frers
Kish	N Casey	Tayana 37	12.5m	White	315	Cutter 1982	Bob Perry
K-Sera	G Coad	Crealock 37	11.28m			Bmu Cutter 1993	WIB Crealock
Kuhela	A Hutchinson	HR 29	8.8m	White	5151T	Sloop 1990	Rassy/Enderlein
La Reveuse	J Banim	Evasion 29	8.8m	Cream	IRL 3124	Sloop 1981	Andre Beneteau
Lady Kate	D Walsh	Moody 31	9.45m	White		Sloop 1986	Bill Dixon
Lark	E Kelliher	Ensign 23	6.9m	Navy		Sloop 1963	Alberg
Lazy Life	R Glentoran	Moody 47	14.3m	White		Sloop 1986	Bill Dixon
Leda	S O'Carroll	Westerly Falcon	10.4m	White	IRL1230	Sloop 1986	Ed Dubois
Lee Overlay Partners	A Lee	Cookson 50	15m			Sloop	Bruce Farr
Leemara of Howth (PO)	M Butler	Sadler Starlight	11.9m	White	K 3711	Sloop 1990	Stephen Jones
Lir	J Coyne	Van de Stadt	10.4m	Blue		Sloop 1990	Van de Stadt

Yacht	Owner	Class	Loa	Hull Colour	Sail No.	Rig/Built	Designer
Little Wing	P Ryan	Hawk 20					
Lively Lady	F Martin	Beneteau First	13.62m	White	IRL 1644	Sloop 2004	Bruce Farr
Lonehort	D Lovett	Salar 40	12.19m			Sloop 1971	Laurent Giles
Lydia	J Phelan	HR 31	9.6m	White	HR 87	Sloop 1995	Frers
Mac Duach	M Brogan	Galway Hooker	13.9m	Black		Ketch 1979	Colm Mulkerirns
Madcap	S Spence	Bristol Channel	13.11m	Cream		Gaff Cutter 1875	Davies and Plain
Maelduin	P Blaney	H'berg-Rassy 54	17m	White/Blue	IRL942	Sloop 2009	Germán Frers
Maimoune (PO)	H & R Barr	Fairy		Green	F 2	Sloop 1902	Linton Hope
Mairi	T Magowan	Achill Curragh	5.5m	Black			
Mandalay	C FitzGerald	Nauticat 33	10m	Dark	IRL 924	Sloop 1974	Saltalia Finland
Mandolin Wind	T Weston	Jeanneau SO	12.85m	White	GBR 1988L	Sloop 2009	Marc Lombard
Marie Claire II	S McCormack	First 30	9.1m	Cream	IRL 806	Sloop 1980	A Maurice
Marula	S McConnell	Pedro 35	10.7m	White		MY 1982	Bederbeke
Mary Lee	J McCann	Reliance 44	13.4m	White		Cutter 1984	Borealis Yachts
Mary P	N Prendeville	Grand Soleil	13m	White	IRL	Sloop 1990	Germán Frers
Marydom	D O'Flynn	Albin Motorsailer	7.6m	White		Berm 1975	Per Brohall
Maximizar	B Branigan	Nordwest 370	11.7m	White		MV 2010	Benny Martinsson
Meander (PO)	J Nixon	Twister 28	8.6m	White	981Y	Sloop 1969	Kim Holman
Medi-Mode (PO)	D Dwyer	Moody 39	11.70m	Blue	IRL 6330	Sloop 1979	A.Primrose
Merette	J Kidney	Dragon				Sloop 1998	Johan Hanker
Merlin	D Cummins	1720		White	IRL 1818	Sloop 2003	Castro
Minerva	L Lardner	Jeanneau SO	11.3m	White	IRL 1307	Sloop 2005	
Minuette	P Butler	One design	5,5m			Gaff Cutter	
Misbehavin (PO)	B Keane	Sigma 33	10m	White	IR 4412	Frac Sloop 1987	David Thomas
Miss Demena	F Long	Mistral	11m	Blue	2303	Sloop 1966	John Alden
Misty of Clyde	J Bruen	Hunter 701mod.	7.1m	Sky	K 8136	Sloop 1976	Oliver J Lee
Model Bee	D McDowell	Beneteau Oceanis	12.5m	White		Sloop 1999	Group Finot
Modus Vivendi of Down	P Adams	Oyster 55	17m	White		Cutter 1991	Holman & Pye
Mollihawk's Shadow	E Nicholson	Najad 440	13.2m	White	IRL4030	Sloop 2007	Judel/Vrollijk
Molly Bán	H Sisk	One Off	19.3m	Cream		SSMY 2008	N.Irens & T.Rye
Moondrifter	M Webb	Macwester	11m			Ketch 1978	J. Roy
Moonshadow (PO)	J Kilkenny	Moody 29	8.3m	White/Blue		Sloop 1984	
Morning Calm 3 of Sark	L Auchincloss	Trintella 65	19.8m	Green		Cutter 2002	Ron Holland
Moshulu III (PO)	J & M Woodward	Salar 40	12.19m	White	2755	Sloop 1976	Laurent Giles
Muglins (PO)	P Butler	Bavaria 36	10.93m	White	IRL 1327	Sloop 2003	J & J Designs
Muirneog	P Gallagher	Sadler 29	8.8m	White	K 9429	Sloop 1985	David Sadler
Muscadet (PO)	I Sutton	Seastream 34	10.6m	White		Ketch 1980	Ian Anderson
Mystic (PO)	Fernie & Whitehead	Moody 27	8.2	White	988Y	Sloop 1984	Bill Dixon
Mystic Tide	D Laurence	Dutchman36CS	11m	White	NA	MY 1993	Linssen
Mystique of Malahide	R Michael	Jeanneau Sun	11.7m	White	IR 387	Sloop 1983	Phillipe Briand
Narnia	D Jones	Najad	13.41m	White	6667 T	Cutter 1999	Najadvaret
Navillus	B O'Sullivan	Bavaria 50	15.2m	White/Blue	IRL 9094	Bmu 2006	J & J Designs
Nerina	E Devenney	Hustler 30	9m	White	1436 Y	Sloop 1977	Holman & Pye
Nimrod of Down (PO)	K Boyd	Hunter Pilot	8.2m	Blue		Sloop 2002	David Thomas
No Excuse	T Crosbie	X 302	9m	Blue	IRL1972	Sloop	Jeppesen
North Star	M Delap	Tamarisk 24	7.3m	White	(Tan sails)	Gaff Cutter 1978	David Cannell
Northabout	J Cunnane	Nadja	15m	Aluminium		Cutter 2001	Caroff-Dufloss
Now What (PO)	D Morrissy	Dubois 33	9.9m	Blue	IRL 3865	Sloop 1994	Ed Dubois
Nyabo	T Johnson	Contest 46	14.2m	Dark		Sloop 1994	Dick Zal
Ocean Blue	F Cassidy	Pacific Sea	12.8m	Cream/White		Cutter 2000	Bill Crealock
Ocean Gypsy	J Crebbin	Beneteau Oceanis	12.6m	White	IRL 79420	Sloop 2004	Beneteau
Ocean Sapphire	L Bohane	Dehler 41	12.5m	Blue	IRL1741	Sloop 1998	Judel/Vrollijk
Odysseus	P Bryans	Jeanneau SO	10.97m	White	IRL 7171	Bmu 1997	Fauroux
Oisín Bán (PO)	A & M Bell	Arcona 430	13.15m	White		Sloop 2009	Stephan Qviberg
Oneiro	P Cudmore	Oceanis Clipper	11.9m	White	IRL 3930	Sloop 2002	Berret/Racoupeau
Oona	P Courtney	Howth 17	6.9m	Yellow	17	Gaff Sloop 1909	WH Boyd
Orchestra	M Craughwell	Jongert 20s	22m	White		Ketch 1984	Petersen
Orion na Mara (PO)	F Hand	She 36	10.8m	White	IRL 1995	Sloop 1977	Sparkman & Stephens
Orkan II	F Moore	Fjord MS	10.3m	Cream	-	Sloop 1974	Elvind Amble
Oyster Cove	M Coleman	Oyster 53	16.1m	White		Sloop 1988	Holman and Pye
Papageno	P Haden	Westerly Seahawk	10.67m	White	SK 23	Sloop 1985	Ed Dubois
Pegasus	P O'Connor	Dufour 32	9.7m	White	2701	Sloop 2000	J&J Designs
Peggy Bawn/	H Sisk	One Off	11m	White		Gaff Cutter 1894	GLWatson
Phoenix	C O'Carroll	Int Dragon	9m	White	IRL 126	Bmu 1980	Johann Anker
Picnic	T Foote	Vagabond 31	9.45m	White		Cutter 1983	Harry Becker
Pilgrim Soul	A Curtain	Malo 39	11.89m	White	IRL 1920	Sloop 2003	Leif Angemark
Pip (PO)	G Sargent	LM Vitesse	9.85m	White	IRL 3312	Sloop 1989	
Piper of Dart	P D'Arcy	Moody 29	8.8m	White	IRL1687	Sloop 1981	Angus Primrose
Playtime	G Sheridan	Elan 333	10.45m	White	IRL 2558	Sloop 2006	Rob Humphreys
Poppy (PO)	W Lyster	Shipman 28	8.84m	Navy	IR 639	Sloop 1980	Olle Enderlein
Prince of Tides (PO)	J Marrow	Sun Odyssey	14.4m	White	IRL 747	Sloop 1994	Jeanneau
Pure Magic (PO)	B & P Killen	Super Maramu	16.2m	White		Ketch 2004	H Amel
Pylades	F Quinlan	Caribbean 12m	12m	Grey	IRL	Cutter 1995-97	Van de Stadt
Quaila	H Morrison	Voyager 40	12.00m	White	3860C	Bmu 1991	B Dixon / A Primrose
Quinta Essentia	C Quinn	Island Packet	8.8m			Cutter 1993	
Rabbit	D Dyer III	Black Watch	11.3m	White	6366	Sloop 1968	Ted Hood
Rapparee XXX	D McKenna	Jeanneau SO42	12.80m	White	IRL 1903	Sloop 1993	Guy Ribadeau Dumas
Raptor	I Stevenson	Beneteau First	12.95m	White	GBR 5517	Sloop 1994	Bruce Farr

Yacht	Owner	Class	LOA	Hull Colour	Sail No.	Rig/Built	Designer
Rebound (PO)	D Morrissy	Mayflower 48	14.63m	White	IRL 3865	Ketch 1986	George Stadel Jnr
ReeSpray	D Beattie	Spray 40	12.2m	Black		Bmu Cutter 2006	Bruce Roberts
Reiver (PO)	J & W Williams	Mylne Design	10.67m	White/Grn	IR 576	Sloop 1988	A Mylne
Reziki	R McCutcheon	Legend 376	11.3m	White	376	Sloop 1998	Warren Luhrs
Rezy	J Lyons	Motor	9.5m	White	Motor Cruiser	1974	de Vries Lentsch
Rhapsody	S Flood	Club Shamrock	9.2m	Blue	IRL 88	Sloop 1978	Ron Holland
RicJak	J Cahill	One off		Blue		Cutter 1982	Cahill
Roaring Water	J Forde	Moody 33	10.06m	White	IR 360	Sloop 1978	Angus Primrose
Rockstar	F Ennis	Jeanneau 42i	12.85m	White	IRL 2575	Sloop 2007	Marc Lombard
Ruinette (PO)	J Gallagher & D Brazil	Nicholson 32	9.7m	Blue	1475Y	Sloop 1971	Camper & Nicholson
Running Wild (PO)	R Sullivan	Hunter Impala	8.5m	Blue	IRL 9570	Sloop 1980	David Thomas
Rupert (PO)	R Lovegrove	Sigma 33	9.9m	White	IRL 4518	Sloop 1987	David Thomas
Rusalka	R Butler	Corribee Mk	6.25m	Dark	37	Sloop c.1970	P. Milne
Sabrone	P McGlade	Moody 44	13.13m	White		Sloop 1991	Bill Dixon
Safari of Howth	C&K Kavanagh	HR42E	12.8m	White	IRL 4251	Ketch 1982	Enderlein / Rassy
Sai See (PO)	C Thornhill		12.2m	Green		Yawl 1959	Sparkman & Stephens
Saki	P McCormack	Nicholson 31	9.4m	White	IR 246	Sloop 1979	Camper & Nicholson
Samphire	P O'Sullivan		10m	White		Sloop 2008	J&J designs
Sancerre	P Mullan	Jeanneau SO	10m	White		Sloop 2010	Marc Lombard
Sandy Ways	T Cooke		10.7m	Green	IRL 741	Ketch 1979	Holman & Pye
Saoirse of Cork	C Hayes	Najad 520	15.85m	White	IR52000	Cutter 1996	Carl Beyer
Sapphira	R Brown	Halmatic 30	9.5m	Blue		Sloop 1980	John Sharp
Sattwa	V Moran	Jeanneau Sun	12.2m	White		Sloop 1999	Daniel Andrieu
Sceolaing	J Delap	Nicholson 43	12.9m	Navy	2455	Sloop 1965	R Wall
Schollevaer	D Beattie	Lemsteraak	17.98m	White	VA32	Gaff Cutter 1013	Van Groningen
Sea Dancer	H Whelehan	Sun Odyssey	9.7m	White	IRL 1692	Sloop	Jeanneau
Sea Fever of Cuan	T Lusty	Amel Super	15.97m	White	425	Ketch 2004	Henri Amel
Sea Fox	J Magee	Motor Sailer		White	1940	Ketch 1940	WM Hand
Sea Spirit 1	G Fasensfeld	Fisher 34	10.0m	Navy		Ketch 1990	Wyatt and Freeman
Sea Sprite	C Hilliard	Jeanneau	9.6m	White	IR 7435	Sloop 1982	Philippe Briande
Seaduction	A Doherty	Jeanneau 42i	13.1m	Blue	EI 1199	Sloop 2009	Marc Lombard
Séaфра	B Black	Trident Voyager	11m	White		Sloop 1985	Angus Primrose
Seascape of Down	E & P Ronaldson	Westerly Conway	10.9m	White	255	Ketch 1981	Laurent Giles
Selkie	J McDonagh	Van de	12.19m	Alloy	RL404040	Cutter 2010	Van de Stadt
Seoidin	B Travers	Cornish Crabber	7.3m			Gaff Cutter 1978	Ron Dongray
Serendipity	D Whitehead	Catbird 16	4.9m	Black		Lug Ketch 2012	Karl Stambaugh
Setanta	J Cudmore	Jeanneau Sun	11.28m	White	IRL1566	Sloop 2000	J Fauroux
Shady Maid	F Ranalow	Oyster 39	12m	White		Ketch 1979	Holman & Pye
Shamrock	B Drew	Down East	11m	Blue		Motor Cruiser	Jarvis Newman
Shanagan	V O'Farrell	Norseman 40	12.1			Sloop	Alexander Simonis
Shelduck	N Hegarty	Dufour 34	10.2m	White	IRL 412	Sloop 2003	Umberto Felci
Shoestring	D Bothwell	Beneteau 33.7	10.3m	White	IRL13718	Sloop	
Siamsa (PO)	M D'Alton	Ruffian 23	7m	White	268	Sloop	WP Brown
Siolta	B McKean	Victoire	11.22m	white	40C	Cutter 1998	Koopmans
Sirikit III (PO)	B Colfer & G Johnston	Nicholson 32	9.75m	White	IR 32	Sloop 1968	Nicholson
Solitaire	D Turvey	Jeanneau SO	10.8m	White		Sloop	
Southerly (PO)	J Osborne	Custom	17.07m	Blue		Ketch 1973	Sparkman & Stephens
Southern Breeze	S Brownlow	Jeanneau SO	13.7m	White		Sloop 2008	Philippe Briand
Sparetime	P Crowley	Beneteau Swift	13.6m	White	IRL 1203	MV 2008	Joubert Nivelt
Sparkle	B Gallagher	Sadler 34	10.36m	White	IRL 702	Sloop 1986	Martin Sadler
Spirit of Oysterhaven	O Hart	Marconi	21.3m	White		Schooner 1972	Frederick Parker
Splashdance	G Roberts	Dufour 40	12.2m	White	IRL 4073	Sloop 2003	U Felci
Springtide	P Mullins	Piper 24	7.3m	Magenta	ANT24	Sloop 1966	David Boyd
Stardancer (PO)	A & P Lyons	Dufour 385	11.7m	White	1511	Sloop 2007	Umberto Felci
Stardust	T Irwin	Malo 36	11m	Cream	GBR113	Sloop 1997	Leif Angermark
Storm Boy	L McElligott	Fisher 37	11.3m	Blue		Ketch 1978	David Freeman
Sundowner	S O'Loughlin	Phantom 38	11.58m	White	IRL1349	Sloop 1986	
Sunflower of St Mawes	V O'Farrell	Macwester Wight	9.67m			Ketch	CSJ Roy
Suselle	M Cotter	Dragon	9.1m	White		Sloop	
Suvretta	S Davis	Rival 41	12.5m	White		Sloop 1994	Peter Brett
SwanSong	R Fielding	Jeanneau 655	7.3m	Cream		MV 2008	Jeanneau
Talisker	N Wright	Moody 40	12.03m	Blue	1355 C	Sloop 1998	W Dixon
Tallulah	A Rountree	Legend 34	10.36m	Cream	IR 527	Sloop 1987	Van de Stadt
Tam O'Shanter	A Kenny	Chance 37	11.28m	Blue	IRL112	Cutter 1972	Britton Chance
Tara	R Stewart	Alden 54	16.4m				
Tara of Moyle	O Lynas	Fjord 33	10m	Beige		Sloop 1973	Eivind Amble
Teal	I French	Jeanneau Sun	10.7m	White	IRL 1237	Sloop 2006	
Tertia of Lymington	W Dickinson	Contessa 35	10.7m	White	K 4187	Sloop 1978	Doug Peterson
Texa	J Watson	Elan 40	12.2m		4049C	Sloop	Rob Humphreys
Tidal Dancer	D Jones	Oceanis 43	13.1m	White		Bmu Sloop 2007	Berret Racoupeau
Toirse II	J Cudmore	Jeanneau Sun	12.85m	White	IRL	Sloop 2009	Marc Lombard
Tresillian of Torbay	J Clapham	Nimbus Coupe	9.18	Blue		2000	
Trick or Treat	A Pearson	Poppeteer 22	6.6m	Red	15	Sloop 1981	Chris Boyd Yachts
Tritsch-Tratsch IV	O Glaser	F&C 44	13.4m	Red	IR 381	Ketch 1981	Germán Frers
Tux	M O'Keefe	X332	8.84m	White	IRL 892	Frac 1997	N Jeppesen
Twayblade	J Virden	Norman	9.80m	Blue		Sloop 1961	A. Buchanan
Twilight	J Law	35ft. Lion	10.36m	Black	T	Bmu Yawl 1961	Arthur Robb
Twilight Song	M Buckley	Westerly Centaur	7.9m	White		Sloop 1980	Laurent Giles
Twocan	F Freeman	Shipman 29	8.8m	White	IR 553	Sloop 1973	Olle Enderlein
Ursula	R Watson	H'berg-Rassy 312	9.42m	White/Blue		Sloop 1985	
Vivace	J Sammon	Jeanneau 37	11.3m	White	GBR 7676T	Sloop 2001	Jacques Fauroux

Yacht	Owner	Class	Loa	Hull Colour	Sail No.	Rig/Built	Designer
Voyager (PO)	R MacManus	Sweden 42	13.88m	Blue		Sloop 2004	Norlin
Voyager (PO)	B MacManus	Sweden 42	13.88m	Blue		Sloop 2004	Norlin
Voyageuse	L Kavanagh	Voyager 35	10.7m	Green		Sloop 1978	Angus Primrose
Wave Dancer	J Daly	Moody 376	11.45m	White	IR 1376	Sloop 1989	Bill Dixon
Waxwing (PO)	P & S Gray	Rival 41	12.50m	White		Cutter 1980	Peter Brett
Wayfarer (PO)	D Whitaker	Hallberg Rassy	11.3m	White		Frac Sloop 2000	Germán Frers
Whimbrel	D Faulkner	Hawk dinghy	6.1m	White		Sloop 2008	
William Tell of Uri	S Lantry	Bowman 40	12.19m	White		Cutter 1988	Chuck Paine
Winefreda	G Villiers-Stuart	9.75m	White	Bdn Cutter 1890		Admiralty	
Wish Hound II	N Wollen	Bowman 40	12.17m	White	K4026	Cutter 1989	Chuck Paine
Witchcraft of Howth	E Wheeler	Contessa 35	10.8m	Red	IR777	Sloop 1976	Doug Peterson
Wizard	D Glover	Northshore 33	10m	White	6349	Sloop 1983	J Kaufman
Y2K	D Lindsay	RIB	5.5m	Black/Orange			Humber
Yami Yami	M Kirby	Sadler 25	7.63m	Red	IR 46	Sloop 1978	D Sadler
Yoshi (PO)	D & J Cross	Sweden Yacht	14.1m	White	IR 4541	Sloop 2003	Norlin/Ostmann
Young Larry (PO)	M Breathnach	One-off	15.2m	Cream		Gaff Yawl 1996	Dick Couture
Zephyr	T Clarke	Targa 31	9.4m	Dark		2007	
Zig Zag	P Cullen	Beneteau	15.10m	Blue		Sloop 2004	Bruce Farr

List of Members 2013

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 November 2013. To amend an entry, email Cliff Hilliard or log into the members's area of the website and follow directions..

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 2012 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)		Enigma (PO)
1970 Adams, Peter J (Gillian), Ballyholme, Manor Bourne, Down Thomas, Plymouth, Devon, PL9 0AS (H: +44 1752 862984 / M: 07966 901927)		Modus Vivendi of Down
2004 Alexander, Michael (Janice Patterson), 3 Newtown Villas, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 6522)		
1988 Andrews, Tom M (Dianne), Springbank, 55 Old Ballygowan Road, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, 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)		
1997 Aston, Alan (Irene), 1 Marino Station Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 OAH (H: 028 9042 6497 / M: 07921 050400)		Golden Nomad
1992 Auchincloss, Leslie (Marie), Beau Manoir, Rue Mairidonnaux, St. Martin, Guernsey, GY4 6AH (H: +44 1481 39840 / M: 0777 3375520)		Morning Calm 3 of Sark
* 1990 Baker, Arthur R (Marjorie), Shournagh Lodge, St Joseph's Lawn, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork (H: 021 487 0031 / M: 086 837 9100)		
1998 Ballagh, John B (Rosie), Camelot, 19 Seafont Road, Cultra, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0BB (H: 028 9042 8335 / M: 07815 743077)		
2000 Balmforth, Alison (-), Westgate, Toward, Dunoon, Argyll, PA23 7UA (H: +44 1369 870271 / M: 07979 527487)		Greenfly
2006 Banim, John St G (Beth Behan), Castlecore Lodge, Ballymahon, Co. Longford (H: 090 643 8393 / M: 087 244 6938)		Clio / La Reveuse
2010 Bann, Eric (Dr Eleanor Ballard), 23 Reid's Road, Islandmagee, Co. Antrim, BT40 3SS (H: 028 9337 3669 / M: 07867 981564)		Flamingo
! 2004 BARKER, [Hon. Treasurer], Robert G (Patricia), Karibu Sana, Broomfield, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 846 0919 / M: 087 636 0216)		Hadrian's Beard
1998 Barnes, Seán (Brioni), Lynwood, Cunningham Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 8088 / M: 086 810 4104)		Cu Two
1990 Barnwell, Ivy M (-), Menapia, Silchester Park, Glengearry, Co. Dublin (H: 01 230 3831 / M: 086 086 3459)		Hylasia
# 1971 Barr, Hazel (Ronnie), 60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 4TB (H: 028 9181 3369)		Maimoune (PO)
#+ 1969 Barr, Robert (Mary), Heather Lodge, Kerrymount Avenue, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (H: 01 289 3269)		
#+ 1973 Barr, Ronnie GM (Hazel), 60 Tullynagardy Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 4TB (H: 028 9181 3369)		Maimoune (PO)
1983 Barrington, Desmond J (Helen), Aoihgreine, 37A Ballinclea Heights, Killiney, Co Dublin (H: 01 285 5732)		
2004 Barry, Hugh J (Christine), Clonkellure, Clashavanna, Kilbrittain, Bandon, Co. Cork (H: 023 884 9900 / M: 086 169 8739)		Black Pepper 2 / Escapade
# 1984 Barry, Paddy (Mary), 21 Belgrave Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 0820 / M: 087 928 2393)		Ar Seachrán
2001 Barry, Tim (Judie), Innishannon House, Innishannon, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 5333 / M: 087 241 4028)		Daedalus
1999 Beattie, David (Marry), Abha na g-Carad, Derry, Ballymahon, Co. Longford (H: 090 643 8088 / W: 01 664 4201 / M: 087 255 6241)		ReeSpray / Scholleveaer
#+ 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)		
1996 Bell, Adrian (Maeve), 1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast, BT9 5EG (H: 028 9066 8435 / W: 028 9066 7914)		Oisín Bán (PO)
1994 Bell, J Alan (Gillian), The Coach House, 1A Carnathen Lane, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0EH (H: 028 9188 8949 / W: 028 9042 8136)		
1996 Bell, Maeve (Adrian), 1 The Drive, Richmond Park, Belfast, BT9 5EG (H: 028 9066 8435 / M: 07713 739482)		Oisín Bán (PO)
1981 Black, Brian (Lesley), Fiddler's Green, 135a Shore Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7NP (H: 028 4488 1678 / M: 07967 108111)		Séafra
2011 Blackwell, Alex M (Daria), Port Aleria, Rosnakilly, Kilmeeena, Westport, Co. Mayo (H: 098 42511 / M: 087 624 3907)		Aleria
2004 Blaney, Patrick H (Camilla), Castlelough, Portroe, Nenagh, Co. Tipperary (H: 067 23128 / W: 067 23128 / M: 086 850 3600)		Maeldúin
1990 Bohane, Liam A (-), 14 Siddons Court, Aghada, Co. Cork (M: 087 220 2877)		Ocean Sapphires
2009 Booth, Alex TD (Jennifer Guinness), Quichon, Ceanchor Road, Baily, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3123 / M: 085 816 5913)		Alakush (PO)
2013 Bothwell, Derek W (Gaye), 42, Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 839 1098 / M: 086 803 4477)		Shoestring
# 1975 Bourke, Dr. Michael P (Gabi), 11 Tryon House, 17 Mallord St, Chelsea, London, SW3 6AJ (M: +44 7983 914997 / +254 71 088 1756)		Kilindini
# 1965 Bourke, John P (Margaret), Parkwood, Carrickbrennan Road, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 1657 / W: 01 280 1657 / M: 086 607 8759)		Grand Slam (PO)
1983 Bourke, Philip (Ann), Avon Wood, Avoca Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 086 246 6823 / M: 086 246 6823)		Fiacra
1987 Boyd, Kenneth M (Hilary), Coolbeg, 23 Seafont Road, Cultra, Holywood, BT18 0BB (H: 028 9042 4422)		Nimrod of Down (PO)
2002 Boyle, Harold C (Vivienne), 59 Malone Heights, Belfast, BT9 5PG (H: 028 9061 0896 / M: 07785 793729)		Gentle Spirit
2009 Bradley, Andrew (-), 17 Mount Merion Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 278 0981 / M: 086 258 4368)		Chinook
# 1980 Bradley, Brendan (Pamela), Blue Rock, Killough, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 286 9645 / M: 086 811 2643)		
1985 Brady, Bill (-), Mahonville, Castle Road, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 435 7963 / W: 021 455 3042 / M: 087 261 7634)		Boston
1989 Branagan, Michael (Noreen), 220, Malahide Marina Village, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 547 0103 / M: 087 215 1633)		
2005 Branagan, Owen (-), 210 Burnell Square, Northern Cross, Malahide Road, Dublin 17 (W: 01 846 2554 / M: 086 160 1262)		
1990 Branigan, Brenda (-), Tahilla, Woodside Road, Sandyford, Dublin 18 (H: 01 295 6273 / M: 086 232 5721)		Maximizar
1990 Brazil, Donal (Clare), Killard, John's Hill, Waterford (H: 051 875636)		Ruinette (PO) / Kilpatrick
1997 Breathnach, Máire (Andrew), Old Coastguard House, Lymington, Hants, SO41 3QA (H: +44 1590 678770)		Young Larry (PO)
1997 Brogan, Dr. Michael (Laura), Doctor's Road, Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo (H: 094 963 2232 / M: 087 251 0922)		Mac Duach
2004 Brown, Robert (Linda), Rathmullan House, 3 Orchard Road, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 8TA (H: 028 448 51255 / M: 07793 564041)		Sapphira
2009 Brownlow, Stuart A (Nora), White Oaks, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1550 / W: 021 431 3377 / M: 087 919 0834)		Southern Breeze
1990 Bruen, J. Chris (Maureen), Calypso, Fairy Hill, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 3389 / M: 087 251 1077)		Misty of Clyde
2005 Bryans, Paul MA (Ruth), Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: +353 21 437 8595 / W: +44 1483 282697 / M: +44 7785 990762)		Odysseus
1969 Bryce, Robert G (-), St Benedicts, Thormanby Road, Baily, 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)		Twilight Song
2009 Bullick, Peter E (-), 5 Folly Bay Apts, 2 Baylands 1st Avenue, Ballyholme Rd, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5JT (H: 02891472784/W: 028 9147 2784/M: 07802 537371) El-Torro		
1986 Bunting, Christopher J (Claire), 211 Pennwood Road, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010-6519, USA (H: +1 610 527 1560 / M: +1 610 996 0745)		
* 1962 Bunting, Peter J (Elaine), Briffs, West Tytherley, Salisbury, SP5 1LY (H: +44 1794 341521)		
2000 Butler, Maurice R (Margaret), 274 Sealcliffe Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HS (H: 028 9146 5066)		Leemara of Howth (PO)
1987 Butler, Paul (Noirin), 32 Oakley Grove, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 4393 / W: 01 888 6580 / M: 087 618 2141)		Muglins (PO)
1995 Butler, Pierce (Vivienne), Rosenallis, Barnaslingan Lane, Kiltarnan, Dublin 18 (H: 01 295 5166 / M: 087 255 1519)		Minuette
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)		Rusalka
#+ 1982 Byrne, E Philip (Rosemary), Sunnydale, 4 Nugent Road, Churchtown, Dublin 14 (H: 01 298 1951)		
# 1974 Byrne, Harry E O C (-), Lismoyle, Coast Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 0498 / M: 086 841 4116)		Alphida of Howth
1978 Cahill, James J (Katherine), 9 Ellison St, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (W: 094 902 5500 / M: 087 695 0208)		RicJak
2001 Casey, Noel (Mary), 19 Rostrevor Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6 (H: 01 497 9611 / M: 087 258 1805)		Kish

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
2005	Casey, Rory (Eavan Mongey), 2 Knockthomas, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (W: 094 902 7822 / M: 087 286 0235)	As Lathair
2005	Casey, Dr. Tony (Margaret), Brooklodge, Blackwater, Co. Clare (H: 061 344658 / M: 087 254 9052)	
2009	Cassidy, Frank H (Gemma), 59 York Road, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (W: 01 666 3202 / M: 087 234 0925)	Ocean Blue
# 1978	Cassidy, Liam (Vera), 5 St. Helens North, Marine Parade, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 3717)	
! 2006	Chambers, Graham A (Julie), 88 Clea Lough Road, Killyleagh, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 9SZ (H: 028 4482 8106 / W: 028 9181 2222 / M: 07719 573388)	Bigwig
2006	Cherry, Ivor (Melissa), Oldcourt House, Donadea, Co. Kildare (H: 045 909994 / M: 087 686 8248)	
2005	Clandillon, Paul K (Patricia), Warren, 2 Bellevue Lodge, Ballinclea Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 440 4261 / W: 01 440 4261 / M: 086 222 6058)	C'est Formidable
# 1965	Clapham, John FC (Rosie), Mertoun, Cliffs Road, Torquay, Devon, TQ1 3LB (H: +44 1803 324726)	Tresillian of Torbay
2002	Clarke, Deirdre (-), Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co. Limerick (H: 061 229035 / M: 087 836 0775)	
1985	Clarke, Tony (-), Friarstown, Ballyclough, Co. Limerick (H: 061 229035 / W: 061 414852 / M: 087 618 8512)	Zephyr
# 1969	Clementson, Ann (John), Ballyreagh, 84 Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 8SN (H: 028 9181 2310 / M: 07767 270858)	Faustina II (PO)
1997	Clementson, John (Ann), Ballyreagh, 84 Portaferry Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 8SN (H: 028 9181 2310 / M: 07767 270858)	Faustina II (PO)
1991	Coad, Geoffrey C (Catherine), Pine Cottage, Ballinakill, Dunmore Road, Waterford (H: 051 875651 / M: 087 238 5559)	K-Sera
2006	Coad, Peter (Ruth), High Seas, Newtown, Tramore, Co. Waterford (H: 051 391974 / M: 087 299 1978)	Blackjack (PO)
1988	Coleman, Michael C (Eileen), Mount Carmel, High Road, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co. Cork (H: 021 481 1397 / M: 086 850 2845)	Oyster Cove
+ 1999	Colfer, Bill (-), Grangecon Demesne, Grangecon, Co. Wicklow (H: 045 403212 / M: 087 280 0305)	Sirikit III (PO)
1996	Conlon, Jimmy (Kathleen), 9 Avondale Crescent, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 235 1869)	
2009	Connolly, Declan (-), The Mill, Carron Road, Kinvara, Co. Galway (H: 091 637500 / M: 087 797 2811)	Khepri
# 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)	Sandy Ways
+ 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)	Beowulf (PO)
1979	Costello, Walter F (Susan Luke), PO Box 561, Bondi Junction, NSW 1355, Australia (H: +61 418 723030 / M: +61 418 723030)	
2000	Cotter, Maeve (Martin Dooney), Prospect Villa, Scilly, Kinsale, Co. Cork (W: 021 477 9343 / M: 087 272 7883)	Suselle
2012	Counihan, Dan (Berenice), Belmont, Ballyard, Tralee, Co. Cork (H: 066 712 3318 / W: 066 712 4488 / M: 087 902 0486)	Galileo
! 1982	COURTNEY, [Rear Commodore], Peter (Helena), Seamount, Balscadden Road, Howth, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2008 / M: 087 257 0488)	Jabberwock / Oona
2010	Coyle, John (Sally), 12 The Long Walk, Galway (H: 091 566782 / W: 091 794722 / M: 087 256 5863)	Arctic Fern
2011	Coyne, John J (Mary), Ballagh Road, Tonabrocky, Bushypark, Galway (H: 091 588646 / M: 0867228720)	Lir
2005	Craig, Brian (Anne), Rocklands, Harbour Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 02 214 3850 / M: 086 256 3351)	Concerto (PO)
1997	Craughwell, Michael (Anne), 39 Threadneedle Rd, Salthill, Galway (H: 091 52118 / W: 087 258 4210 / M: +44 7866 144146 / 087 258 4210)	Orchestra
1992	Crebbin, John F (Jennifer), 3 Eaton Brae, Corbawn Lane, Shankill, Co. Dublin (H: 01 282 4468 / M: 087 2554 838)	Ocean Gypsy
2000	Crisp, Graham D (Patricia), 5 Percy Place, Dublin 4 (H: 01 668 1560 / M: 087 255 8397)	Euphanzel III
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)	No Excuse
1986	Cross, Dan (Jill), Setlands, Camden Lane, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1521 / M: 086 259 8770)	Yoshi (PO)
2012	Cross, Jill (Dan), Setlands, Camden Lane, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1521 / W: 021 483 1521 / M: 086 851 5880)	Yoshi (PO)
2001	Crowley, Peter D (Marie), 47 Lindville, Blackrock Road, Cork (H: 021 491 6747 / W: 021 432 2444 / M: 086 820 0290)	Sparetime
# 1979	Cudmore, Anne L (Ron), Aghowle Upper, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (H: 0404 49925 / M: 085 131 9593)	
# 1966	Cudmore, Brian (Eleanor), Cloudhill, Moneygourney, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 489 3625 / M: 086 803 4645)	Ann Again (PO)
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)	Ann Again (PO)
1966	Cudmore, Fred (Mary), Coast Road, Myrtleville, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1541 / W: 021 429 7981 / M: 087 950 4800)	
# 1959	Cudmore, Harold (Lauren), Yeomans, 4 Queens Rd., Cowes, Isle of Wight, PO31 8BQ (H: +44 1983 291376 / M: +44 7710 270952)	
1977	Cudmore, Dr. John (Aideen), The Garden Village, Talbots Inch, Freshford Road, Kilkenny (H: 056 776 5838 / W: 056 778 5000 / M: 087 252 3519)	Setanta
! # 1966	Cudmore, J Richard (Kate), Southcourt, South Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 489 2242 / M: 087 239 2760)	Toirse II
# 1966	Cudmore, Peter F (Claire), 18 Willowmere, Rochestown Road, Cork (H: 021 436 4257 / M: 087 639 0009)	Oneiro
# 1964	Cudmore, Ronald (Anne), Aghowle Upper, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (H: 0404 49925 / M: 086 811 1235)	
2012	Cudmore, Sally (Vincent Guenebaut), Beechmount, Wellington Road, St Lukes, Cork (H: 021 450 3964 / W: 021 490 1320 / M: 087 289 5646)	Dame de Jade
1971	Cullen, Maurice (Elizabeth), 5 The Fosters, Mount Merrion, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 8356)	
1999	Cullen, Peter C (Kerri), "Tedburn", Claremont Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 2819 / W: 01 640 9333 / M: 087 247 6647)	Zig Zag
2001	Cullen, Stephen (Maryvonne), 5 Montevela, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 6906 / M: 086 243 5450)	Feeric
2012	Cullinane, Bill (Valerie), Cortna, 1 Ardfoyle Crescent, Ballintemple, Cork (H: 021 429 1839 / W: 921 429 1839 / M: 086 838 6289)	
2005	Cummins, Desmond (Angela), 37 Eglinton Road, Donnybrook, Dublin 4 (H: 01 283 9567 / M: 087 243 7916)	Merlin
1988	Cunnane, Jarlath J (Madeline), Terra Nova, Spencer Park, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (H: 094 902 5231 / M: 085 846 5231)	Northabout
2013	Cunningham, Colin R (Sue), Tullycove, 61 Ballymorran Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6UA (H: 028 9754 1630 / M: 07712 005455)	Finisterre
1998	Cunningham, Dr. John (Patricia), Dunmore Road, Tuam, Co. Galway (H: 09 328 842)	
2004	Currie, Chris (Susan), 11 Carshaulton Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 00B (H: 028 9188 4325 / W: 028 9188 9340 / M: 07831 203321)	Carna
1985	Currie, John D (Wendy), 4 Shore Street, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0DG (H: 028 9188 3517 / M: 07887 577991)	
1971	Curtain, Prof. Andrew (Helen), PO 15503, Adliya, Bahrain (W: +973 17351450 ext 3540 / M: 087 254 3010)	Pilgrim Soul
1993	Curtin, J Leonard (Mary), Springmount, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork (H: 021 487 1508 / M: 086 815 7909)	Chain
# 1956	D'Alton, Michael MA (-), Kilda Lodge, St. George's Ave, Killiney, Co. Dublin	Siamsa (PO)
# 1968	Daly, Dominic J (-), Pembroke House, Pembroke Street, Cork (H: 021 450 5965 / W: 021 427 7399 / M: 087 255 0486)	
! 1990	Daly, John E (-), The Glade, Moneygourney, Douglas, Co. Cork (H: 021 436 2833 / W: 021 427 7911 / M: 087 231 0840)	Wave Dancer
2008	D'Arcy, Patrick J (Michelle), 11 Woodford, St Philomenas Rd, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (M: 086 258 3278)	Crosby
2005	D'Arcy, Patrick N (Eileen), Barrow View, Crossneen, Leighlin Road, Carlow (H: 059 913 1050 / M: 086 074 9006)	Piper of Dart
# 1980	Davis, Sam M (Helen), Conly Island, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6UD (H: 028 9754 1294 / M: 07986 090940)	Suvretta
# 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)	
2006	Delap, John (Ruth), 7 Blackheath Park, Clontarf, Dublin 3 (H: 01 833 5235 / M: 086 247 8944)	Sceolaing
2011	Delap, Mick (Judy), 17 Egerton Drive, Greenwich, London, SE10 8JS (H: 020 8692 3025 / M: 07977 494178)	North Star
# 1973	Devenney, Ernest K (Anne), 4 Vernon Park, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 4PH (H: 028 9146 1410 / M: 07951 050724)	Nerina
# 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)	Tertia of Lymington
2000	Doherty, Anne (-), Castlebar Road, Westport, Co. Mayo (H: 098 26633 / M: 087 246 1757)	Seaduction
2004	Donovan, Gerry (-), The Orchard, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 3033 / M: 086 258 0499)	James Finlay
1986	Doonan, Paul S (Francesca), Boothill, Durrus, Co. Cork (H: 027 61236 / M: 086 609 3145)	
2000	Dooney, Martin (Maeve Cotter), The Mall House, Newman's Mall, Kinsale, Co. Cork (W: 021 470 9344 / M: 087 280 7186)	
2008	Dorgan, Patrick (Maria), Ardcaein, Hettyfield, Douglas, Cork (H: 021 429 2447 / W: 021 427 3133 / M: 087 246 3434)	Elsie

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
# 1966 Doyle, D Conor (Mareta), Knockduff, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 2348 / W: 021 427 5235)		Freya
# 1966 Doyle, Frank (-), 17 Barnstead Drive, Church Road, Blackrock, Cork (W: 021 427 5235)		Endgame
1997 Drew, Bob E (Mindy), 47 Fair Street, Guilford, CT 06437, USA (H: +1 203 453 5474 / M: +1 203 623 1933)		Shamrock
# 1978 du Plessis, Hugo (-), 29 Greenway Close, Lymington, Hants, SO41 9JJ (H: +44 1590 673631)		Crimson Rambler III
# 1990 Duffin, Nikko SR (Andrena), 11 Grey Point, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1LE (H: 028 9185 2688 / M: 07771 886414)		Kariba
1986 Duggan, John P (Raili), Rua e Escadinhas de Santa Cruz 64, Monte Estoril, 2765-442 Estoril, Portugal (M: +351916139831)		Hecuba
+ 1990 Dunphy, T Austin (-), Sealawn, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2853)		Evolution II (PO)
1993 Dwyer, David M (-), 32 Radcliffe, Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4910 / M: 087 230 0510)		Medi-Mode (PO)
# 1966 Dwyer, Kevin F (Fiona), Blue Cottage, Ballycrenane, Cloyne, Co. Cork (H: 021 465 2910 / M: 086 251 1776)		
* 2012 Dyer III, Daniel P (Mimi), 84 Main St, Wickford, RI 02852, USA (H: +1 401 295 0753 / M: +1 401 639 8739)		Rabbit
2002 Ennis, Francis P (-), Green Ivies, Thormanby Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3287 / W: 01 817 1650 / M: 086 250 8901)		Rockstar
# 1978 Espey, Fred JK (-), 4 Myrtle Park, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 5160)		
#+ 1967 Eves, F Maitland (Eva), 8 Brompton Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3RE (H: 028 9146 0048)		Encore
+ 1975 Eves, Jeremy RF (Heather), 30A Downshire Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3RD (H: 028 9127 0460 / W: 028 9145 4344)		
+ 1981 Fannin, Robert J (-), 46 Montague Court, Montague Hill South, Kingsdown, Bristol, BS2 8HT (H: +44 117 9090871 / M: +44 7970 930 492)		
1997 Fasnfeld, George J J (Eve), 3 Elgin Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin 4 (H: 01 660 9488)		Sea Spirit I
* 1960 Faulkner, CBE, DL, Sir Dennis J (-), Ringhaddy House, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6TU (H: 028 9754 1114)		Whimbrel
2011 Fennell, Bruce G (Barbara), Crossneen House, Carlow (H: 059 913 1541 / M: 087 238 3533)		Beezneeze
1985 Fergus, Seán G (Karen), 76 The Rise, Mount Merrion, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 210 9779 / M: 087 666 9045)		
! 2002 Fernie, Peter J (Louise), Tawin Island, Maree, Oranmore, Galway, IRL LSB-23-NR9 (H: 091 794350 / W: 091 790693 / M: 087 256 4570)		Mystic (PO)
#+ 1956 Fielding, Dr. Raymond J (-), Skellig, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1428 / M: 086 843 2649)		SwanSong
# 1969 Fisher, John DF (Susan), Rathturret, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down, BT34 3RX (H: 028 4177 3667)		
2001 FitzGerald, Aodhan (Zoe), 152 Costa na Mara, Oranmore, Galway (H: 091 795754 / W: 091 387470 / M: 087 248 8765)		After Midnight (PO)
*+ 1944 FitzGerald, C Joe (-), Apt. # 6, The Grand, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1796)		Mandalay
* 1966 FitzGerald, David HB (-), Apt 5, Margretholm, Claremont Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4 (H: 01 660 9829 / M: 087 418 6346)		Ajay (PO)
1993 FitzGerald, Gráinne A (Chris Curry), Apt. 45, The Anchorage, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 230 4170 / M: 087 418 7190)		Ajay (PO)
1986 Fitzgerald, Jack J (-), 27 Hyde Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 0490)		
! 1985 Fitzpatrick, Tom J (Mary), Kincora, Deerpark, Howth Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 5554 / W: 01 645 2002 / M: 086 256 2157)		Empress III
1994 Flood, Seán (Joan), Roskeen, 32 Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 3188)		Rhapsody
# 1983 Flowers, Maurice H (Edna), 42B Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9127 4664 / M: 07718 588661)		
! 1996 FOOTE, (Rear Commodore), Tom S (Hilary), The Moorings, Tonabrocky, Bushy Park, Galway (H: 091 522833 / M: 086 203 7012)		Picnic
+ 1990 Forde, John B (-), Elmford, Menloe Gardens, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 429 1299)		Roaring Water
! 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)		Cadenza
* 2012 Franklin, John F (Jenny), 8 Plymouth Park, Sevenoaks, Kent, TN13 3RR (H: +44 1732 457 299 / M: +44 7766 663394)		Al Shaheen
+ 1986 Freeman, F David (Valerie), Knollycroft, Coliemore Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 9439 / W: 01 676 0261)		Twocan
2010 French, Ian F (Rosemary), 45 Silchester Road, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 3263 / M: 087 245 6834)		Teal
2004 Furney, Sarah (John), 82 Ward Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HX (H: 028 9146 2067)		Blue Squirrel (PO)
#+ 1980 Gallagher, Benignus N (Mary), 4 Carrickbrack Hill, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 3755)		Sparkle
+ 1992 Gallagher, Dr. Jack (-), Weir House, Woodstown, Co. Waterford (H: 051 382704 / M: 086 242 4110)		Ruinette (PO)
+ 2000 Gallagher, Patrick (Kathleen), Seskin West, Bantry, Co. Cork (H: 027 50128 / M: 086 892 2186)		Muirneog
2006 Garvin, Stephen J (Margaret), Ring Hill, 24 Mullaghbane Road, Armagh, BT61 9HW (H: 028 3752 3004 / M: 07710 604967)		Fable (PO)
+ 2008 Gibson, Hugh (-), 24 Diamond Hill, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1092 / M: 086 835 8265)		Hafod
1992 Gibson, Richard Y (Sue), Kimberley, Camden Road, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1408 / M: 087 909 4599)		
# 1972 Glaser, Dr. Otto E (Patricia), Thalassa, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 4797)		Tritsch-Tratsch IV
1996 Gleadhill, Diana (-), Lough Hill, 30 Ballymacashen Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 0SH (H: 028 9754 1815)		
1977 Glentoran, CBE, DL, Lord Robin (Maggie), Drumadaragh House, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim, BT39 0TA (H: 028 9334 0222 / W: 020 7219 5123 / M: 07785 995655)		Lazy Life
# 1961 Glover, Darty (Lillian), 2 Coolong Road, Vaucluse, NSW 2030, Australia (H: +61 2 9337 4342)		Wizard
1992 Godkin, John (Sandy), Sandycove, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 4189 / M: 086 834 1039)		Godot
#+ 1980 Gomes, Deirdre (Richard), Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2RU (H: 028 4278 8365)		
#+ 1967 Gomes, H Richard (Deirdre), Ballygarvan House, Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2RU (H: 028 4278 8365 / M: 07816 705751)		Ainmara
1991 Good, Courtenay (Valerie), Ardkillly 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)		Dux
* 1973 Gore-Grimes, John (Katie), Shack, Baily, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3670 / W: 01 872 9299)		
2005 Gore-Grimes, Nicholas (-), 59 Francis Street, Dublin 8 (H: 01 473 8978 / M: 086 803 5842)		
2010 Graham, Stephen (Carol), 26 Shandon Drive, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5HL (H: 028 9146 5404 / W: 028 9024 3456 / M: 07802 626796)		
# 1980 Gray, Peter C (Susan), 45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 3911 / M: 087 216 0682)		Waxwing (PO)
1990 Gray, Susan D (Peter), 45 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 3911 / M: 087 216 1656)		Waxwing (PO)
#+ 1978 Greenhalgh, David HT (Maureen), 15 Ashley Park, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5RQ (H: 028 9145 4860)		Bonnie Boots
# 1966 Greer, Dr. Heather (-), Emough, Cleggan, Co. Galway (H: 085 44845 / W: 095 44845 / M: 086 854 7279)		
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)		Alakush (PO)
2000 Haden, Peter D (Moirá), Lisheen, Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare (M: 087 417 7161)		Papageno
# 1970 Hall, Mervyn J (Caroline), The Whitehorse Lodge, Bay Hill, Ilminster, Somerset, TA19 0AT (H: +44 1460 55671 / M: +44 7979 596815)		Baily of Howth
1985 Hand, Frank (Alexandra), Pf. 15, Kärtner Straße 391, Graz-Straßgang, 8054, Austria (H: +43 316 253626/M: +43 676 558 3727 & +353 86 239 7935)		Orion na Mara (PO)
2001 Harris-Barke, Michael L (Marie), Mizzen Cottage, Chapel Pass, Blackrock, Co. Louth (H: 042 932 1680)		
2011 Hart, Oliver (Kate), Kinallea House, Oysterhaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 0008 / W: 021 477 0738 / M: 087 989 7837)		Spirit of Oysterhaven
#+ 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)		Saoirse of Cork
#+ 1967 Heard, Ruth (-), Stone Cottage, Claremont Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 2258)		Arcady
1986 Hegarty, Betty (-), Cairngorm, Old Carrickbrack Road, Baily, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 3421 / M: 087 750 0067)		
#+ 1959 Hegarty, Dermot (-), 30 Offington Drive, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4080 / W: 01 649 2000)		
1990 Hegarty, Neil D (-), 6 North Mall, Cork (H: 021 430 0807 / M: 086 852 1650)		Shelduck
2002 Hegarty, Paul M (Nuala), 15 Dundanion Court, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 429 4132 / W: 021 425 0322 / M: 086 669 8749)		
1995 Hill, Eric AG (Margaret), 164 Glenageary Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 4310 / M: 087 257 2524)		
1980 Hill, Dr. Michael J (Babs), 86 Rashee Road, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim, BT39 9HT (H: 028 9332 2245)		Juffra
! 1961 HILLIARD, [Hon Secretary], Cliff (June), Araglen, Proby Square, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 283 6760 / M: 086 283 5301)		Sea Sprite
*+ 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)		Celtic Spirit of Fastnet
1998 Horan, Paddy (Maria), 21 Fairyfield, Parteen, Co. Clare (H: 061 340831 / M: 087 796 2777)		Doran Glas

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
2008	Horgan, Michael (Catherine), 1 Tivoli Close, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 6581 / M: 086 246 9082)	
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 Chain 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 0RL (H: 028 9086 3629 / M: 07535 263490)	Kuhela
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)	A Lady
2013	Irvine, Henry M (Marianne), Culladine, 5 Cunningham Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 8136 / M: 086 376 2247)	Crème de la Crème
2013	Irwin, Tony EW (Rosemary), Killyneill House, 19 Killyneill Road, Dungannon, Co. Tyrone, BT71 6LL (H: 028 8772 4632 / W: 028 8772 2746 / M: 07799 718723)	Stardust
1998	Jameson, Kieran J (Daire), 23 Harbour View, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 839 0649 / W: 01 839 0649 / M: 087 255 0666)	Changeling .
# 1960	Johnson, Terry C (-), Frazerbank, Strathmore Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 1439 / M: 086 257 1807)	Nyabo
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)	Sirikit III (PO)
! 2006	Johnston, Lynn C (Laura), 22 Clanbrassil Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0AR (H: 028 9042 5014 / W: 028 9026 3530 / M: 07769 645504)	Elva
2003	Jones, David (Trish), 26 Harbour View, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 5016 / M: 086 813 8550)	Tidal Dancer
2007	Jones, Derek R (Margaret), Fo'c'sle, Kiln Lane, Banbridge, Co. Down, BT32 4PD (H: 028 4066 2476 / M: 07714 233309)	Narnia
2011	Kavanagh, Carmel V (Ken), 18 Seafield, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 441 5496 / M: 086 604 9055)	Safari of Howth (PO)
#+ 1980	Kavanagh, Gerald P (Ann), 11 Redford Rise, Redford Park, Greystones, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 287 2476)	
2013	Kavanagh, Ken (Carmel), 18 Seafield, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 441 5496 / M: 086 820 6344)	safari of Howth
1994	Kavanagh, Liam F (Elizabeth), 1 The Crescent, Compass Quay, Kinsale, Co. Cork (H: 021 477 3814 / M: 086 854 7613)	Voyageuse
1991	Kean, Norman (Geraldine), Burren, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (H: 023 884 6891 / M: 087 907 9478)	
+ 1975	Keane, Barry (-), 4 Arkendale Woods, Glengearry, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 5569 / W: 01 205 4719 / M: 085 722 2832)	Misbehavin (PO)
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)	Canna
1983	Kelliher, E Brenda (-), 1028 Tudor Drive, Crownsville, MD 21032-1117, USA (H: +1 410 349 1822)	Lark
1985	Kenefick, Neil G (Iris), Waterside, Currabinny, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 8024 / W: 021 489 2813 / M: 086 225 7714)	Imagine
#+ 1973	Kennedy, Bridget (-), Blackwater Rocks, Saintfield Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6RL (H: 028 9754 1470)	
*+ 1963	Kennedy, Hugh (Aoife), Edgebank, 16 Deramore Park South, Belfast, BT9 5JY (H: 028 9066 0500)	Tosca V
2010	Kenny, Anne (-), Alderbrooke, Ballyard, Tralee, Co. Kerry (H: 066 712 6590 / W: 066 712 1426 / M: 087 251 1283)	Tam O'Shanter
1990	Kenworthy, Marilyn (-), Brandon Lodge, 2 Mount Ovel, Rochestown, Cork (H: 021 436 1860 / M: 086 252 0707)	Flica
+ 1991	Kidney, John (Zsuzi), Caragh, Gordon Avenue, Foxrock, Co. Dublin	Merette
1986	Kidney, Noel J (Rita), Littlefield, Glencullen Road, Kilternan, Dublin 18 (H: 01 294 2053 / M: 086 256 9795)	
#+ 1971	Kilkenny, Joseph (-), The Hatch, Gray's Lane, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3442)	Moonshadow (PO)
2006	Killen, Andrew (-), Padua, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 3019 / M: 087 991 9423)	
2005	Killen, Beverly G (Peter), Padua, Grove Road, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 3019 / M: 086 856 6904)	Pure Magic (PO)
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)	Pure Magic (PO)
2004	Kirby, Myles (Deirdre), 5 Ashfield Avenue, Ranelagh, Dublin 6 (W: 01 678 9089 / M: 087 626 1142)	Yami Yami
! 1971	Kirby, Tom (Eileen), 15 Glebe House Gardens, Clonakilty, Co. Cork (H: 023 883 3553 / M: 087 266 7998)	
# 1986	Knatchbull, Michael W (Rhona), Gambles Lodge, Upper Mountown, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 1420 / M: 086 317 9858)	
1990	Lantry, Seamus (Eileen), An Griannan, 8 Fitton Street, Morrison's Island, Cork (W: 021 427 0789 / M: 087 256 1915)	William Tell of Uri
2009	Lardner, Lonan H (Maura), Cinnard, Tramore, Co. Waterford (H: 051 381371 / M: 087 240 3552)	Minerva
# 1982	Larkin, Frank J (Caroline), San Jose, North Circular Road, Limerick (H: 061 453267 / M: 086 207 0773)	
1975	Laurence, Dr. David T (Madeleine), 31, Sutherland Avenue, Jacobs Well, Guildford, Surrey, GU4 7QX (H: +44 1483 539876 / M: 07774 130696)	Mystic Tide
1991	Lavelle, Pat (-), 30 The Green, College Road, Galway (H: 091 567707 / W: 091 567707)	Colla Voce
1975	Law, J Brian (Rosie), Cherryhill, 15 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6PR (H: 028 9754 1386 / W: 028 9267 7317 / M: 07765 231530)	Twilight
1988	Layng, Capt. Brian (Joann), 51 Corr Castle, Howth Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4104 / M: 086 819 2336)	Carraig Ban
1992	Lee, Adrian F (Irina), 17 Wellington Place, Ballsbridge, Dublin (H: 1 667 8505 / W: +44 207 427 6960)	Lee Overlay Partners
! # 1964	LEONARD, [Vice Commodore], Alan G (Elizabeth), 28 Knockdene Park South, Belfast, BT5 7AB (H: 028 9065 3162 / W: 028 9065 3162 / M: 07775 577108)	Ariadne
# 1986	Ley, Angela (John), Flat 16, 4 Princtown Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3BD (H: 028 9145 4937 / M: 07980 575347)	Busy Bee (PO)
# 1986	Ley, John E (Angela), Flat 16, 4 Princtown Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3BD (H: 028 9145 4937 / M: 07531 278759)	Busy Bee (PO)
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)	Y2K
2010	Lindsay-Fynn, Heleen VM (Nigel), Lee Ford, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, EX9 7AJ (H: +44 1395 445894 / M: 07785 534537)	Eleanda (PO)
2003	Lindsay-Fynn, Nigel (Heleen), Lee Ford, Budleigh Salterton, Devon, EX9 7AJ (H: +44 1395 445894 / W: +44 1395 445894 / M: 07785 534536)	Eleanda (PO)
2007	Long, Flor (Brenda), Leevine House, Garravagh, Inniscarra, Co. Cork (H: 021 487 0444 / M: 086 838 5474)	Miss Demena
# 1991	Long, Norman (Kay), 20 Mapas Avenue, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 9847)	
# 1971	Love Jnr., Clayton (Barbara), Tanglewood, Currabinny, Catigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 451 2611 / M: 087 241 0830)	
! 1981	Lovegrove, Richard V (Heather), Corrig, Convent Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 9782 / W: 01 6770335 / M: 087 234 3467)	70M (PO) / Rupert (PO)
1995	Lovett, Dermot (Margaret), High Water, Coast Road, Fountainstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 2142 / M: 086 895 5809)	Lonehort
2002	Lovett, Raymond (Mary), Southcliffe, Lovers Walk, Montenotte, Cork (H: 021 450 0797 / M: 086 817 3616)	Belladonna
#+ 1959	Luke, Derek (-), Seafield, Ballure Road, Ramsey, Isle of Man, IM8 1NL	
2004	Lusty, Trevor H (Fiona), The Narrows, 9 Killinakin Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Down, BT23 6PS (W: 028 9043 9393 / M: 07803 020888)	Sea Fever of Cuan
2011	Lynas, Oliver (Noreen), 22 Ballyrogan Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 4ST (H: 028 9181 2387 / M: 07702 526827)	Tara of Moyle
1988	Lynch, Brian R (-), Geevagh Lodge, 85 Devon Park, Salthill, Galway (H: 091 522214 / W: 091 563131)	Ionian
1996	Lynch, Donal (Sheila), 10 Lima Lawn, Magazine Road, Cork (H: 021 454 2826 / M: 086 677 1897)	
2010	Lyons, Ann C (Pat), Fairwinds, 3 Riverview Terrace, Glenbrook, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1085 / W: 021 486 3275 / M: 087 285 8124)	Stardancer (PO)
2005	Lyons, Jim (Bridget), 43 Upper Kensington, Rochestown, Cork (H: 021 489 2567 / M: 085 851 0213)	Rezy
2004	Lyons, Pat (Ann), Fairwinds, 3 Riverview Terrace, Glenbrook, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1085 / W: 021 486 3275 / M: 087 238 2138)	Stardancer (PO)
1985	Lyster, W Bruce (-), Huckleberry, Knocknackee Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 2620)	Poppy (PO)
1992	MacMahon, Gary (Michelle), Analore House, St Nessans Road, Dooradoyle, Limerick (H: 061 227778 / M: 086 264 0479)	
1999	MacManus, Brian (Heather), Shelmalier, Victoria Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 284 7724 / M: 087 236 7713)	Voyager (PO)
2005	MacManus, Rachel (-), Apt 16, Gallery Quay, Dublin 2 (M: 086 682 3927)	Voyager (PO)
2006	Madden, Dr. John (Pauline), Rossllyn, Tiernaleague, Carndonagh, Co. Donegal (H: 074 937 4433 / W: 074 937 4262 / M: 086 833 3208)	Bagheera
1990	Magee, John R (Mary Lou), c/o James Cahill, Ellison Street, Castlebar, Co. Mayo (H: 401 245 6400 / W: 401 351 6000)	Sea Fox
1975	Magennis, Conna (Geraldine), Landfall, 43 Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down, BT34 3RU (H: 028 4177 2237)	
2004	Magowan, Dr. Terence (Mary), 26 Aghnadore Road, Broughshane, Co. Antrim, BT42 4QB (H: 028 2586 1266 / W: 028 2563 9399 / M: 07808 079015)	Mairi
+ 1991	Malcolm, John (-), Willow Cottage, Langley Upper Green, Saffron Walden, Essex, CB11 4RU (H: +44 1799 5500334 / W: +44 1279 658412 / M: 07786 277478)	
2000	Malone, John (Ailish Malone), 433 Kilmainham Square, Kilmainham, Dublin 8 (M: 086 805 8022)	
2006	Markey, Alan J (Helen), 55 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 0846 / W: 01 206 5565 / M: 086 826 2590)	Crackerjack
# 1984	Markey, Jimmy (Marie), 18 Harbour View, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 2906 / M: 086 264 8251)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
2001	Marrow, John C (Angela), 237 Seapark, Malahide, Co. Dublin (H: 01 845 2003 / M: 087 255 1345)	Prince of Tides (PO)
# 1978	Martin, Clive C (Mary), 3 Hainault Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (H: 01 289 3565 / W: 01 289 3565 / M: 086 807 7694)	
# 1954	Martin, F Derek (Oonagh), Woodley, Eaton Brae, Shankill, Co. Dublin (H: 01 282 4457)	Lively Lady
1992	Massey, John (Susan), 7 Glencarraig, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 5636 / M: 086 262 0200)	Jasmine of Shian
# 1982	Maxwell, RN, Retd, Cdr. David JD (Carolyn), 50 Old Court, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7NG (H: 028 4488 1205)	
! 2001	McAuliffe, Philip (Sheila), 13 The Avenue, Woodville, Dunkettle, Co. Cork (H: 021 455 6148 / M: 087 6709009)	
# 1970	McBride, E Davy (-), 14 Sutton Grove, Sutton, Dublin (M: 087 629 3004)	
2009	McCaffrey, Richard (Brigid), The Hawthorn, 5 Balglass Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 839 0736 / M: 087 254 4397)	Christina of Howth
1999	McCann, Jack (Moya), Portacarron House, Oughterard, Co Galway (W: 091 866689 / M: 087 248 5880)	Mary Lee
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)	Gwili 3
1985	McCarthy, Francis (Foinnuala), 3 Ardbrack Hts, Kinsale, Co. Cork (M: 087 913 7929)	Atlantic Islander
# 1983	McClement, Donal J (-), 7 Sunset Court, Ballinrea Road, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 5638 / W: 021 483 1161 / M: 086 856 3095)	
1965	McConnell, John H (Marie Therese), Breegee, Ardmhuire Park, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (M: 087 249 1413)	
#+ 1971	McConnell, Stafford C (Mariana), Killaloe, Co. Clare (H: 061 376908)	Marula
1991	McCormack, Paget J (Andrea), 24 Booterstown Avenue, Blackrock, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 4382)	Saki
1990	McCormack, Seán (Mary), 15 The Avenue, Woodpark, Ballinteer, Dublin 16 (H: 01 298 4120 / M: 087 769 8556)	Marie Claire II
2009	McCutcheon, Ralph M (Patricia), 150 High Street, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 9HS (H: 028 9042 8015 / W: 028 9042 5953 / M: 07876 353339)	Reziki
2005	McDonagh, Justin (Irish), Artigallivan, Headford, Killarney, Co. Kerry (M: 086 832 8050)	Selkie
2009	McDowell, Des T (Phyllis), 15 Deanfield, Bangor, BT19 6NX (H: 028 9146 1263 / M: 07802 387474)	Model Bee
2002	McElligott, Liam (Anne), 6 Monaskeha, Clonlara, Co. Clare (H: 061 354194 / W: 061 316833 / M: 087 231 1037)	Storm Boy
# 1965	McFerran, Neil V (-), 65 Marlborough Park S, Belfast, BT9 6HS (H: 028 9066 7208)	
! 2003	McGettigan, Alan E (Natalie), Ard Sonas House, Torca Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 8321 / M: 087 922 6842)	
2003	McGlade, Paddy (Olga), Ballinvoultig, Waterfall, Nr. Cork, Co. Cork (H: 021 488 5286 / M: 086 240 4903)	Sabrone
1981	McGonagle, Barbara (Clayton), Carrigooona, Ceanchor Road, Baily, Co. Dublin. (H: 01 832 2823)	
* 1993	McHenry, Barbara (Cormac), 8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14 (H: 01 288 4733)	
* 1980	McHenry, Cormac P (Barbara), 8 Heidelberg, Ardilea, Dublin 14 (H: 01 288 4733 / M: 086 853 0907)	Island Life
1986	McKean, Bill W (Rosemary), 27 Fotheringay Road, Glasgow, G41 4NL (H: +44 141 423 6370 / M: 07593 373831)	Siolta
2012	McKee, John W (Sally), Ballyminetragh Lodge, 162 Springwell Road, Groomsport, Co. Down, BT19 6LY (H: 028 9146 8004 / W: 028 9049 4573 / M: 07711 789214)	
* 1962	McKee, Michael, 6 Godfrey Gate, 59 Groomsport Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5ND (H: 028 9147 2692 / M: 07927 904435)	Carragheen
# 1964	McKenna, David C, 44 Palmetto Street, Verdana Homes, Daang Hari, Cavite 4012, Philippines (H: +6329093057/W: +6328901091/M: +63917846 2907) Rapparee XXX	
2011	McKenna, Justin (Clare), Pilot House, Bulloch Harbour, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 236 6901 / W: 01 280 0340 / M: 086 254 0634)	Birmayne (PO)
# 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 (H: +44 1557 339199)	
# 1986	Menton, James F (Margaret), Tuskarville, Ballylucas, Ballymurn, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford (H: 053 913 8965 / W: 053 913 8965 / M: 087 276 5821)	Caranja
+ 1989	Metcalfe, Peter (-), Harrysgarden, 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)	Mystique of Malahide
1996	Minnis, Peter (Carolyn), 4 Warren Lane, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0WL (H: 028 9188 2577 / W: 028 9181 8853 / M: 07802 162255)	Blue Echo
1983	Monson, Roderick G (Valerie), 14b Burr Point, Sandylands, Ballyhalbert, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 1BT (H: 028 4275 7593 / M: 07812 341686)	Family's Pride
2012	Moore, Fred J (Carolyn), 26 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7LP (H: 028 4488 1354 / M: 07740 625949)	Orkan II
2001	Moore, Nelson J (-), The Moorings, Maryborough Hill, Douglas, 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)	Freyja
1991	Moran, Desmond (-), Stephen House, Stephen Street, Sligo (H: 071 914 2886 / M: 087 260 4489)	
2010	Moran, Michael M (-), 51 Clonkeen Road, Deansgrange, Co. Dublin (H: 01 289 6949 / W: 01 214 8707 / M: 087 264 6223)	
2008	Moran, Dr. Val P (Joan), Temple Hill, Carrigrohane, Cork (H: 021 487 4970 / M: 087 254 8942)	Sattwa
#+ 1962	Morck, Patricia C (-), Lowertown, Schull, Co. Cork	
2004	Morehead, Peter (Eleanor), 2 Glandore Villas, Blackrock, Cork (H: 021 435 9989 / M: 086 267 0834)	Giggles
1997	Morrison, Hugh F (Sue), 18 Newton Place, Newton Mearns, Glasgow, G77 5PG (H: +44 1416 393639 / M: 07766 760798)	Quaila
1982	Morrissy, Donal (Brenda), Fuchsia, Aspen Lane, Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare (H: 065 707 7981 / M: 087 255 7615)	Rebound (PO) / Now What (PO)
2002	Morrow, Ian RV (-), Gortflugh, Rathmullan, Co. Donegal, and 2 Victoria Mill, Bangor, Co. Down (H: 074 915 8882 / M: 07802 912701)	
* 2011	Mowlam, RN [Hon Sec RCC], Cdre. David J M (Kay), Flints, Langrish, Petersfield, Hants, GU32 1RQ (H: +44 1730 264592)	Fidget (PO)
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)	Sancerre
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)	Springtide
2004	Murphy, John (Katherine Spencer), 4 Prospect Villas, Rushbrooke, Cobh, Co. Cork (H: 021 481 3797 / M: 086 805 7770)	
2012	Murphy, Michael (Mary), 54 Beach Park, Laytown, Co. Meath (H: 041 982 7396 / M: 087 236 6291)	Bali Hai
2009	Murphy, Olivia (Pat), 46 Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2312 / W: 01 832 2312 / M: 087 253 1341)	Aldebaran (PO)
2009	Murphy, Pat F (Olivia), 46 Dublin Road, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2312 / W: 01 832 2312 / M: 087 253 13 41)	Aldebaran (PO)
2007	Musgrave, Nick R (Jan), The Cottage, French Furze, Carrigaline, Co Cork (H: 021 437 3119 / M: 086 820 9941)	Jasmine
2005	Musgrave, Stuart (Avril), Ferndale, Raffeen, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 1640 / M: 087 255 0029)	Bandit
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)	Mollihawk's Shadow (PO)
# 1991	Nicholson, Joan (-), Diamond Lodge, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 2160)	
1996	Nicholson, Max (Helen), Seabank, Dunmore East, Co. Waterford (H: 051 383207 / W: 058 41206)	
1987	Nixon, Georgina A (William), 14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3929)	Capriole (PO)
1971	Nixon, Prof. James R (Katherine), 48 Ballydom Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6QB (H: 028 9754 3336 / M: 07811 397546)	Faughan (PO); Meander (PO)
# 1963	Nixon, William M (Georgina), 14 Evora Park, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3929)	Capriole (PO)
# 1974	O'Boyle, Donal (Liz), 83 Brightwater, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1028 / W: 021 483 2422)	
2004	O'Brien, James 'Joxer' (Cathy Hughes), Woodview Cottage, Passage West, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 1491 / M: 086 255 5112)	Imagine
2013	O'Byrne, Dr. Conor P (Aine Dillon), Caherdaly, Ardahan, Co. Galway (H: 091 635861 / W: 091 493957 / M: 087 670 3856)	Calico Jack
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)	Phoenix
2009	O'Carroll, Seamus (Eileen), 71 St Fintan's Crescent, Sutton, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 6614 / M: 087 248 7870)	Leda
# 1971	O'Connor, Daniel (-), The Pines, Westminster Road, Foxrock, Dublin 18 (H: 01 289 2286 / M: 087 241 8090)	Hallowe'en (PO)
# 1987	O'Connor, Gilbert J (Hilda), 36 Whiterock Road, Killinchy, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6PT (H: 028 9754 1345 / M: 07710 030398)	Freycinet
1996	O'Connor, Patrick (Bernadette), Hill Road, Whitegate, Co. Cork (H: 021 466 2842 / M: 087 220 6370)	Pegasus
2013	O'Dea, MB, Dr. John (Deborah Evers), Clareville House, Ballyvaughan, Co. Clare (M: 086 259 7799)	
! 2005	O'Donnell, John (Dympna), 29 Sea Road, Galway (H: 091 584255 / M: 087 255 2893)	Aoife (PO)
+ 1975	O'Farrell, Michael (Anne), Moorcroft, Rostrevor Road, Warrenpoint, Co. Down, BT34 3RU (H: 028 4177 2620)	Cuchulain
# 1981	O'Farrell, Vincent J (Maureen), The Weavers, Schull, Co. Cork (H: 028 28253 / M: 087 248 4683)	Shanagan/Sunflower of St Mawes
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)	Cuilan (PO)
1990	O'Flynn, Dominic (-), Journeys End, The Cove, Baltimore, Co. Cork (H: 028 20227 / M: 086 255 9206)	Marydom

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
# 1968	O'Gallagher, Malachi (Evelyn), 12 Cypress Lawn, Templeogue, Dublin 6W (H: 01 490 5800 / M: 087 258 1368)	Aoibhne (PO)
2003	O'Gorman, Kyran (Trish), 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)	
1994	O'Keefe, Mary (-), 12 Castlepoint Court, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483300 / M: 086 233 4805)	Tux
1991	O'Kelly, Brian C (-), Grange, Co. Sligo (H: 071 916 3197)	
1990	O'Leary, Archie (Violet), Strand Lodge, Currabinny, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 8526 / W: 021 427 7567)	Irish Mist
2012	O'Loughlin, Sean F (Attracta), Sundown, Bluebell Woods, Oranmore, Co. Galway (H: 091 787934 / M: 087 241 6861)	Sundowner
2005	O'Loughlin, Shane G (Vanessa), The Old Post Office, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 2765921 / W: 087 267 7953 / M: 087 267 7953)	Birmayne (PO)
1991	O'Mahony, Bill (Brenda), 6 Castlerock, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 2588 / W: 021 427 0365 / M: 086 268 4778)	Julia B
1996	O'Mahony, Patrick J (Clare), Willowhill, 15 Ballyfouloo, Monkstown, Co. Cork (H: 021 484 2387 / M: 087 264 6918)	Clarabelle
1981	O'Morchoe, CB, CBE, The (David & Margaret), Oulartleigh House, Tara Hill, Gorey, Co. Wexford (H: 053 942 1803 / M: 087 226 6572)	
# 1979	O'Rahilly, Dr. Michael (Frances), 31 Dundela Avenue, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 214 0679)	Elgin
2001	O'Riain, Gearoid (-), 301 Olcovar, Shankill, Co. Dublin (M: 086 649 3719)	
2004	O'Riordan, Jeffrey (Sally), Owenmore, Currabinny, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 8531 / M: +44 7977 458802)	Adrigole
# 1970	Orr, VRD*, DL, FRIN, Arthur SP (Jane), Evergreen, 11 Old Hollywood Road, Belfast, BT4 2HJ (H: 028 9076 3601)	
1974	Osborne, James R (-), 30 Mount Pleasant Sq, Ranelagh, Dublin 6 (W: 01 649 2000 / M: 086 255 5158)	Southerly (PO)
2009	O'Sullivan, Brian (Frances Clifford), Coastguard Station, Fenit, Co. Kerry (W: 066 712 4524 / M: 087 260 0066)	Navillus
1984	O'Sullivan, Patrick JF (-), 15, Tralee Marina, Tralee, Co. Kerry (H: 066 712 1434 / W: 066 712 1522 / M: 087 238 8412)	Samphire
1986	O'Tierney, Dr. Donal (Win), 41 Seaview, Warrenpoint, Newry, Co. Down, BT34 3NJ (H: 028 4177 3630)	
1996	O'Toole, Dr. Ray (Valerie), Corcullen, Galway (H: 091 555168 / M: 087 798 6891)	Aoife (PO)
2008	Park, Dr. Michael D (Liz), 6 Finlay's Road, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 8SW (H: 028 9181 0112 / W: 028 9181 3288 / M: 07595 392610)	Cruiskeen
1987	Park, Jonathan S (Deborah), The Ivies, 41 Station Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0BP (H: 028 9042 1938)	
1983	Pearson, Alan J (Claire), 35 Offington Park, Sutton, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 4856 / M: 086 813 1990)	Trick or Treat
# 1987	Petch, John A (Libb), Seaview Farm, Kilbrittain, Co. Cork (H: 023 884 6910)	
2002	Phelan, Joe E (Trish), 33 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 3876 / W: 01 832 3876 / M: 086 812 3460)	Lydia
2004	Powell, Jim (Fifi), Chetwynd, Myrtleville, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1265 / M: 086 867 6317)	Blue Oyster
1990	Prendevice, Neil J (Felicity), 73 Clevedon, Lower Kilmoney Road, Carrigaline, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 5219 / M: 087 283 7639)	Mary P
+ 2013	Price, Kenneth (-), 16 Clarinda Manor, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 6152)	
2003	Quinlan, Fergus (Kay), Dooneen, Burrin, Co. Clare (H: 065 707 8929 / M: 087 989 3203)	Pylades
2006	Quinlan, Vera (Peter Owens), Dooneen, Burrin, Co. Clare (W: 091 387364 / M: 087 681 5189)	Danu
2009	Quinn, Charles J (Bridgette Brew), 15 The Parklands, Clarinbridge, Co. Galway (H: 091 777015 / M: 087 231 6735)	Quinta Essentia
1986	Ralston, George LD (Lynne), Island Cottage, Reagh Island, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6EN (H: 028 9754 1431)	Insouciance
2006	Ranalow, Frank (Yvonne), The Old School House, Gortglass Lake, Cranny, Kilrush, Co. Clare (H: 065 683 2334 / M: 087 417 6244)	Shady Maid
# 1977	Rea, Bill (Eithne), 7 Verona, Queen's Park, Monkstown, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 7987 / W: 087 224 5435 / M: 087 224 5435)	Elysium
2006	Rea, Eddie JF (Brenda), 31 Hans Sloane Square, Killyleagh, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 9GA (H: 028 4482 8364 / M: 07802 715158)	
# 1989	Richardson, Cecil (Lily), 52 Avondale Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 3800)	
1989	Roberts, Grattan d'Estere (Mairead), Riverwood, Currabinny, Co. Cork (H: 021 437 8383 / W: 021 437 4444 / M: 087 202 6802)	Splashdance
# 2001	Robertson, Alan (Joyce), 22 Dumyat Drive, Falkirk, Scotland, FK1 5PD (H: +44 1324 624430 / M: 07884 488675)	Jomora
1983	Rogerson, Fred J (Janet), 113 Lakelands Close, Stillorgan, Co. Dublin (H: 01 288 6437 / W: 01 663 0893 / M: 087 246 4721)	
2004	Rohan, John (Mai), Ros na Laoi, Richmond Wood, Glanmire, Co. Cork (H: 021 482 2588 / M: 087 246 0685)	
1997	Ronaldson, Evie (Peter), 1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3SN (H: 028 9147 4131 / M: 07902 865368)	Seascope of Down (PO)
* 1967	Ronaldson, Peter (Evie), 1 Ranfurly Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 3SN (H: 028 9147 4131 / M: 07906 812684)	Seascope of Down (PO)
1994	Rooney, John W (Penny), 28 Park Drive, Ranelagh, Dublin 6 (H: 01 497 7004 / W: 01 676 6167 / M: 086 8399 353)	
+ 1995	Rountree, Alan H (Angela), Ballylusk, Ashford, Co. Wicklow (H: 0404 40156 / W: 0404 40156)	Tallulah
1973	Ryan, David F (-), 30 Dublin Road, Skerries, Co. Dublin (H: 01 849 5997 / M: 086 035 6088)	
2006	Ryan, Patrick (-), 7 Bar na Carraige, Fort Lorenzo, Galway (W: 091 742485 / M: 087 249 8307)	Ibaraki (PO)
+ 1984	Ryan, Paul J (-), 17 Arkendale Road, Dalkey, Co. Dublin (H: 01 235 0546 / M: 087 631 8624)	
1988	Ryan, Peter (Margaret), 44 Banbridge Road, Waringstown, Craigavon, Co. Armagh, BT66 7QD (H: 028 3888 1418)	Little Wing
# 1985	Sadlier, Frank A (Marion), 19 Quay Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7LL (H: 028 4488 1830)	
2013	Sammon, Jim (Kathleen), Bogay, Letterkenny, Co. Donegal (H: 074 912 2377 / W: 028 7127 1323 / M: 087 224 3135)	Vivace
2011	Sargent, David (Alison), 41, Thormanby Woods, Howth, Dublin 13 (H: 01 839 3742 / W: 01 242 6793 / M: 087 686 5195)	Indulgence
1996	Sargent, Gerard M (Barbara), 49 Strand Road, Baldoyle, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 5392 / M: 086 399 0004)	Pip (PO)
2004	Scanlon, Bryan (-), Whitehall, Parteen, Limerick (H: 061 327328 / M: 087 259 5666)	Confusion
2010	Scully, Lorraine (-), 16 Renville Court, Renville, Oranmore, Co. Galway (H: 091 792137 / W: 091 567600 / M: 087 263 2655)	
# 1974	Sharp, Ronald L (Sheila-May), Ardbeg, 6 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 / M: 086 214 5701)	
#+ 1968	Sheil, Leonard (Hazel), Portlet, 24 Haddington Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 7838 / M: 086 337 6590)	
2010	Sheridan, Capt. Brian T (Didi), 66 Windfield Gardens, Clybaun Road, Galway (H: 091 520034 / W: 091 561874 / M: 087 664 6633)	Finavarra
1995	Sheridan, Gerry A (Terry), Swiss Cottage, Newtown, Waterford (H: 051 870847 / W: 051 334700 / M: 086 255 8813)	Playtime
# 1985	Siggins, Brian (Mary), Mount Music, Bunulun, Skibbereen, Co. Cork (H: 028 22465 / M: 087 258 5010)	Amigo
#+ 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)	Peggy Bawn / Molly Bán
# 1977	Slater, Ronnie (Denise), Oak House, 39a Sheridan Drive, Helen's Bay, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1LB (H: 028 9185 2373)	
# 1986	Slevin, Jim (-), Arenal, The Mall, Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal (H: 071 985 1379 / M: 087 222 4854)	
1968	Smullen, Brian P (-), 21 Seabank Court, Sandycove, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 7350 / W: 01 660 5011 / M: 07780 705071)	Cuilau (PO)
# 1961	Smullen, John (Cas) D (Helen), 11 Connolly Square, Bray, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 286 2679 / W: 01 286 2679 / M: 087 245 2044)	
1987	Smullen, Johnny A (Theresa), 2907, Shelter Island Drive 105-257, San Diego, CA 92106, USA (H: +1 (619) 758 9198 / W: +1 (619) 507 3422 / M: +1 (619) 507 3422)	Altair
1979	Smyth, Frank G (Muriel), 30 Portaferry Road, Greyabbey, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT22 2RX (H: 028 4278 8214 / M: 07974 643621)	Katrilli of Dover (PO)
+ 1983	Smyth, N Louis (-), Ardkeen, Castletroy, Co. Limerick (H: 061 337756)	Flight of Fantasy
2002	Smyth, OBE, Douglas D (Lillian), 2 Oldstone Close, Greenisland, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim, BT38 8YG (H: 028 9085 4557 / M: 07715 174420)	Keirah
# 1980	Somerville, R Andrew (Sue), Sallys Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 281 8253)	
1989	Somerville, Sue MG (Andrew), Sallys Bridge House, Sraghmore, Roundwood, Co. Wicklow (H: 01 281 8253 / W: 01 896 2733)	
1991	Spence, Stuart A (-), 169 Church Road, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 9RN (H: 028 9042 6922 / W: 028 9056 2159 / M: 07802 830583)	Madcap
1991	Stevenson, Dr. Ian J (Frances McArthur), 55 Churchtown Road, Ballyculter, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7AZ (H: 028 4488 1798 / M: 07801 628909)	Raptor
# 1964	Stevenson, John A (Clodagh), 22 Baring Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks, HP9 2NE	
+ 1984	Stevenson, John C (Ann), 3 Sandringham Gardens, Bangor, Co. Down, BT20 5NB (H: 028 9147 2779)	
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)	Tara
# 1985	Stillman, Prof. Chris J (Helen), 3 Thomastown Road, Dún Laoghaire, Co. Dublin (H: 01 285 2084 / W: 01 677 2941 / M: 087 242 9141)	

NAME AND YEAR ELECTED	ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER	NAME OF YACHT
# 1990	Stokes, Adrian (Deirdre), Summer Lodge, Wellington Road, Cork (H: 021 450 2464 / W: 021 427 7622 / M: 086 239 8711 / +34 689 102371)	Dom Perignon
1997	Stokes, Mandy (Patrick McCarthy), Summerville, Summerhill North, Cork (H: 021 450 4551 / W: 021 427 7622 / M: 086 857 9393)	Clipper
1992	Sullivan, Richard A (-), Eglantine, Crab Lane, Blackrock Road, Cork (H: 021 429 2734)	Running Wild (PO)
2008	Sutton, Ivan (Mary), Marine Lodge, Kilmore Quay, Co. Wexford (H: 053 912 9515 / M: 087 256 1178)	Muscadet (PO)
+ 1999	Taggart, John I (Gail), 18 Quarry Road, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 5NF (H: 028 9754 2777)	
* 1970	Taggart, Sandy AG (Christine), 8 Whistlefield Court, Bearsden, Glasgow, G61 1PX (H: +44 141 942 0615 / W: +44 141 892 2186)	
# 1986	Taplin, Prof. David (-), 302-1868 West 5th Avenue, Vancouver, V6J 1P3, Canada (H: +44 1752 243940 / W: 07899 755927)	
2003	Taylor, Gregg (Helen), Ballymacormick House, Ballymacormick Road, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 6AB (H: 028 9146 7955 / M: 07850 598223)	Blue Squirrel (PO)
2000	Thornhill, Christopher JH (Valentine), Home Farm House, Lower Wraxhall, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, BA15 2RS (H: +44 1225 862552 / M: +44 7715 240276)	Sai See (PO)
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)	Seoidin
! 2000	TUCKER, [Commodore], David E (Meta), Coonlocken House, Ardbrack, Kinsale, Co. Cork, WDJ-41-F66 (H: 021 477 2468 / W: 021 470 2122 / M: 087 259 3647)	Intrigue
# 1980	Turvey, Des E (Margaret), Cuan na Mara, 2 Abbey Terrace, Abbey Street, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 4241 / W: 01 676 3914)	Solitaire
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)	Winefreda of Greenisland
# 1968	Virden, Jonathan (Joy), The Court Lodge, High Street, Yalding, Maidstone, ME18 6HX (H: +44 1622 814509)	Twayblade
1978	Waldron, Dr. Oliver C (Margo), Luibeen, Colla Road, Schull, Co. Cork (H: 028 28814)	Crackers
# 1979	Walsh, Anthony (Aideen), Red Island, Skerries, Co. Dublin (H: 01 849 0113 / M: 086 826 6406)	Bluebell
1992	Walsh, Donal (-), Meadowlands, Abbeyside, Dungarvan, Co. Waterford (H: 058 44074 / M: 087 245 5199)	Lady Kate
+ 1990	Walsh, Enda (William), Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1483)	
# 1968	Walsh, William (Enda), Dolphin Lodge, Crosshaven, Co. Cork (H: 021 483 1483 / W: 021 450 2358)	Carrigdoun
1985	Waters, Capt. Roy (Susanne), 15 Ballymullan Road, Crawfordsburn, Bangor, Co. Down, BT19 1JG (H: 028 9185 3249 / M: 07712 775250)	
* 2011	Watson, [Commodore CCC], John (Fiona), Kenmore, 49 Broompark Drive, Newton Mearns, Glasgow, G77 5DZ (H: +44 141 639 2127 / M: +44 7885 258931)	Texa
1993	Watson, Barbara N (-), 6860 Gulfport Blvd S, South Pasadena, FL 33707, USA (H: +1 (727) 345 3933 / M: +1 (727) 667 0395)	
#+ 1966	Watson, Patricia (-), Barra, 29 Balkill Road, Howth, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2472)	
# 1962	Watson, Richard R (Pat), Barra, 29 Balkill Road, Howth, Dublin 13 (H: 01 832 2472 / W: 01 832 2472 / M: 087 233 4891)	Ursula
1986	Webb, Michael J (Ruth), 11 The Moorings, Athlone, Co. Westmeath (H: 090 647 7705)	Moondrifter
! 2007	Weston, Tony (Gina), 113 Millisle Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0LA (H: 028 9188 8711 / M: 07792 836315)	Mandolin Wind
! 1975	Wheeler, Ed M (Jan), Hilltop Farm, 31 Ballyhay Road, Donaghadee, Co. Down, BT21 0LU (H: 028 9188 4098 / M: 07896 733942)	Witchcraft of Howth
# 1985	Whelan, Geoffrey F (Valerie), The Stables, Nashville Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 3536 / W: 01 677 7532)	Evolution II (PO)
# 1979	Whelehan, Harold (Liz), Treetops, Claremont Road, Howth, Co. Dublin (H: 01 832 4139)	Sea Dancer
1991	Whitaker, D Mark (Liz), Orchard House, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 436 2773 / W: 021 428 1143 / M: 086 813 8612)	Wayfarer (PO)
1999	White, Derek F (Viv), The Mallard, 4 Audleystown Rd, Strangford, Co. Down, BT30 7LP (H: 028 4488 1331 / W: 028 4488 1323 / M: 07831 332273)	Ballyclaire (PO)
+ 1974	White, John N (Sarah), 142 Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 8364 / M: 087 259 4729)	
2013	White, Viv (Derek), 4 Audleystown Road, Strangford, Downpatrick, Co. Down, BT30 7LP (H: 028 4488 1331 / W: 028 4488 1323 / M: 07701 132525)	Ballyclaire (PO)
1972	Whitehead, David (Marie), Glebe, Kinvara, Co. Galway (H: 091 638195 / W: 091 638211 / M: 087 240 9808)	Mystic (PO)
2001	Whitehead, Duncan (Kerry), 7, Constitution Place, Edinburgh, EH6 7DL (H: +44 (131) 553 2907 / M: +44 (7980) 613 758)	Serendipity
1984	Williams, J David (Ena), 24, Middle Road, Saintfield, Ballynahinch, Co. Down, BT24 7LP (H: 028 9751 9060 / M: 07763 777502)	Reiver (PO)
# 1968	Williams, W Peter (Anne), 49 The Straits, Lisbane, Comber, Newtownards, Co. Down, BT23 6AQ (H: 028 9754 1189)	Reiver (PO)
#+ 1959	Wolfe, Jack M (-), 3A Dunbo Hill, Howth, Dublin, 13 (H: 01 839 4154 / M: 086 397 6441)	
# 1974	Wolfe, Peter C (Jill), Inglewood, 26 Gilford Road, Sandymount, Dublin 4 (H: 01 269 4316 / M: 086 258 3100)	
* 2009	Wollen, [Commodore RCC], Nigel J (Bindy), St Annes, Higher Woodfield Road, Torquay, Devon, TQ1 2LE (H: +44 1803 293047)	Wish Hound II
2006	Wood, Michael (-), 1 Rte de la Galandière-Villaret, 79190 Mairé-Lévescault, France (H: +33 5 49 07 61 38 / M: +353 7 224 7776)	Captain O'Brien
1987	Wood, Trevor RC (Angela), Rostynan, 1 Haddington Lawn, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 0471 / M: 087 226 1737)	
2012	Woods, Dennis (Deirdre), Lasserre, Military Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin (H: 01 272 2062 / M: 086 221 0606)	
1990	Woodward, Joe B (Mary), Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 429 1215 / W: 021 427 3327 / M: 087 243 2120)	Moshulu III (PO)
+ 1999	Woodward, Mary (Joe), Chartwell, Douglas Road, Cork (H: 021 429 1215)	Moshulu III (PO)
1996	Woulfe-Flanagan, Ann (-), 60 Silchester Park, Glenageary, Co. Dublin (H: 01 280 3979 / M: 086 264 6231)	Beowulf (PO)
2003	Wright, Nick (Marwyn), 11 Brackenrig Crescent, Waterfoot, Glasgow, G76 0HF (H: +44 141 644 4253)	Talisker
# 1971	Wylie, Ian E (Margaret Haddow), Flat 1, 2 Clanbrassil Terrace, Holywood, Co. Down, BT18 0AP (H: 028 9042 1515 / M: 07715 172059)	

The Challenge Cup Awards

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

The following are the Challenge Cup Awards:



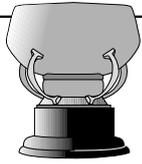
THE FAULKNER CUP

THE CLUB'S PREMIER AWARD



THE PERRY GREER BOWL

FOR THE BEST FIRST ICC LOG



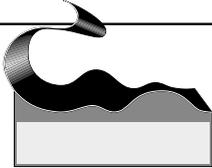
THE STRANGFORD CUP

FOR AN ALTERNATIVE BEST CRUISE



THE GLENGARRIFF TROPHY

FOR THE BEST CRUISE
IN IRISH WATERS



THE ATLANTIC TROPHY

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



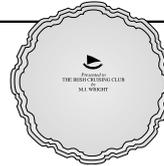
THE JOHN B KEARNEY CUP

FOR AN OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION
TO IRISH SAILING



THE FORTNIGHT CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE UNDERTAKEN
IN A MAXIMUM OF 16 DAYS



THE WRIGHT SALVER

AWARDED BY THE
NORTHERN COMMITTEE



THE ROUND IRELAND NAVIGATION CUP

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



THE WATERFORD HARBOUR CUP

AWARDED BY THE
SOUTHERN COMMITTEE



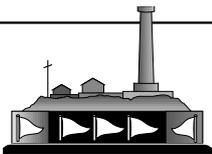
THE FINGAL CUP

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



THE DONEGAN MEMORIAL CUP

AWARDED BY THE
EASTERN COMMITTEE



THE ROCKABILL TROPHY

FOR A CRUISE WHICH INVOLVES AN
EXCEPTIONAL FEAT OF NAVIGATION
AND/OR SEAMANSHIP



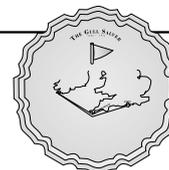
THE ARAN ISLANDS TROPHY

AWARDED BY THE
WESTERN COMMITTEE



THE WYBRANTS CUP

FOR THE BEST CRUISE IN
SCOTTISH WATERS



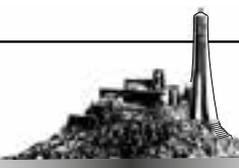
THE GULL SALVER

FOR THE HIGHEST PLACED IRISH YACHT
IN THE RORC FASTNET RACE



THE WILD GOOSE CUP

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



THE FASTNET AWARD

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



THE MARIE TROPHY

FOR THE BEST CRUISE FOR A
YACHT UNDER 30' LOA



THE DUNN'S DITTY SALVER

AWARDED FOR THE BEST
DUNN'S DITTY SUBMITTED

